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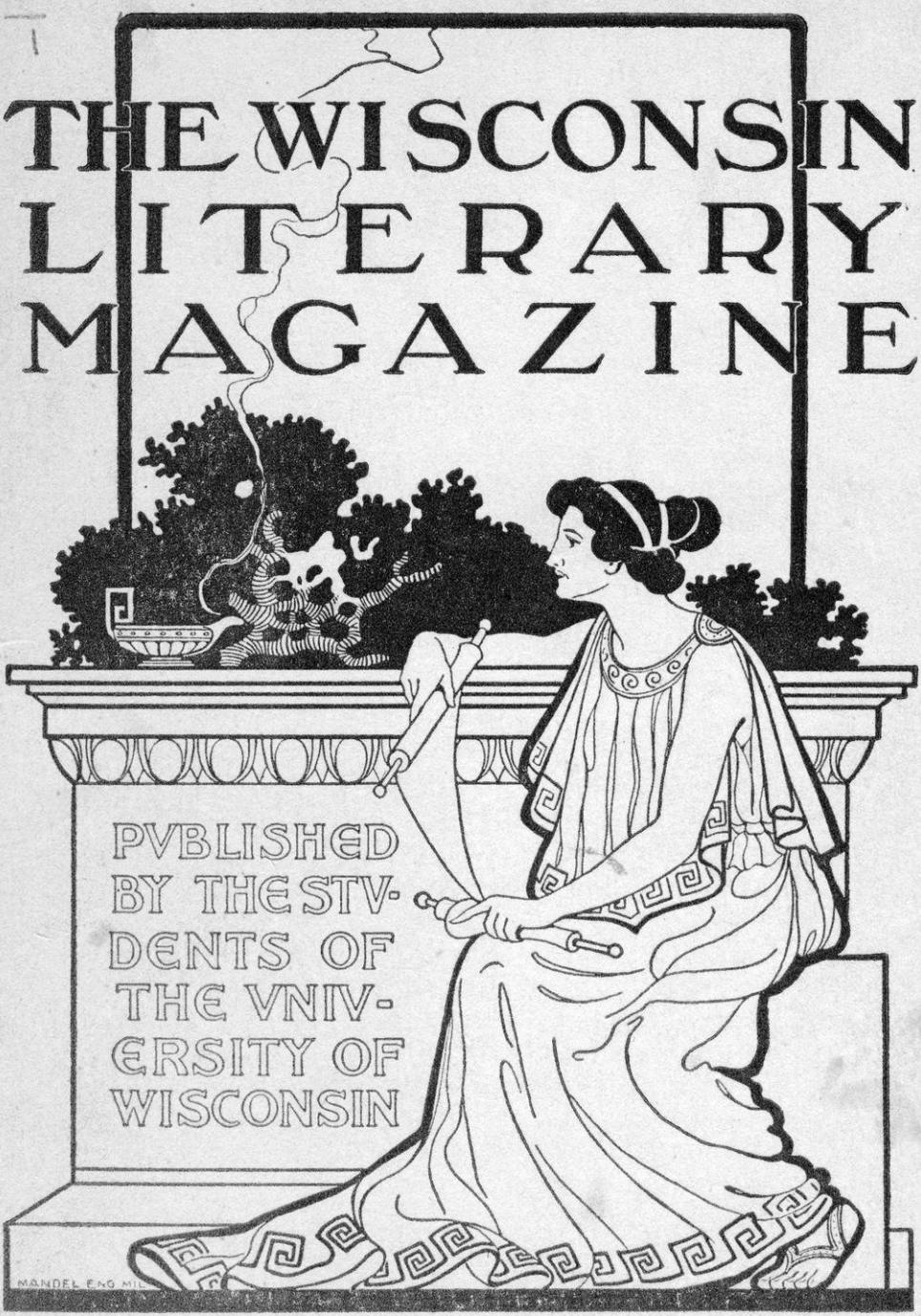
THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



OCTOBER, 1904

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. II OCTOBER, 1904 No. 1

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Carpets
Millinery

FOR

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MADISON, WIS.

THE

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1904

VOLUME II NUMBER 1

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A MATERIALIZED SEQUEL

"Oh," groaned the medium.

Mrs. Peasley, with eyes bent on the little black curtained corner, groaned in sympathy.

"Sh-h-h!" hissed someone from the chair behind.

The little sparks of light, which had first shown dimly behind the extemporized cabinet, had become brighter and more defined until now instead of indistinct flames, one could see that they were in the shapes of a man and a woman.

The medium said nothing but groaned again while his head sank limply between his hands.

"I—I can't—do nothing else," he gasped, "anyway not just now. I'm exhausted. They'll have to wait before I dematerialize 'em. I—feel as if—I—was going to—," and the medium tumbled over, very much like an ordinary person, to be carried out by Mr. Peasley.

The curtain fluttered and amid a profound hush the woman stepped haughtily out, followed by the man. They were young both of them and for all one might see they were as purely flesh and blood as the rotund Mrs. Peasley herself.

"Ain't that just sublime!" gasped Mrs. Peasley as she hurried out through the door to the kitchen.

A woman in black spoke first.

"Tell me about Henry," she cried. "Do you know him, either of you? He's tall and dark and he's my husband and went over to the other life about six months ago. Is he happy? O, tell me about him—tell me about him!"

The girl spoke, a little hesitatingly, but in a rich clear golden voice that made one think of a bell far off.

"No, I—don't believe I've met him and you see the spirit world is so different that it's hard to say just what is happiness and what isn't."

She looked around, then, for the first time, glanced at the man beside her. As their eyes met they started. The little group in the room stared at the two wonderingly.

"Entertain 'em till I come in," said Mrs. Peasley popping her head in from the kitchen.

The girl turned to her imploringly.

"Please, please, whoever you are, please ask them all to go out for a moment—just a moment—I, that is—we aren't used to being looked at this way and—and being in the flesh again."

Mrs. Peasley stared open-mouthed and the little group in the chairs murmured with dissatisfaction. But a glance at the girl's imploring face made all the motherly instincts grow warm in her heart.

"Why, of course. Now all you people come out in the other room. No wonder they want to be alone. They're prob'ly real nervous after having the accident happen to the mejum. You just come out here, all of you, into the kitchen."

The girl turned to the man.

Except for a dozen chairs ranged in two semicircles the little

rag-carpeted parlor was emptied now and the door in the kitchen was shut.

"So it's you!"

She laughed with a note of pleasure in her voice.

"Correct. You always were observing and you are here also, 'in flesh,' as our friends have it."

"So it's really you—Jack—really you. It's so good to see you again only its so queer to—"

They broke out laughing together.

"To see ourselves in a little two by four parlor materialized by a man who says, 'I done' and 'I seen' and talks about 'the sperrit,' " he finished.

She sank down in a chair.

"But it is strange to see you here. Don't you miss your cigar and your cocktail and your den. On my word I think you are more out of place than I."

"Not a bit of it," he said cheerily. "But—a—I thought I'd seen you for the last time in tangible existence when we said goodby that afternoon."

"I don't remember that we said goodby."

"N-no, on thinking it over I don't believe we did."

"We simply left each other."

"Still, Marjorie, looking it over calmly and dispassionately, you will admit that you were—well—unpleasant."

"Jack, I was nothing of the sort. I was kind but firm. I merely stated my position on the subject of the Giddings woman."

"But it was so absurd. I didn't care for Miss Giddings."

"You pretended to."

"Yes, but you pretended to care for Jack Templeton and a lot more. I didn't say anything about it until that afternoon."

"A man ought not to be jealous."

"I wasn't."

"Then you're a capital mimic."

They looked at each other until he spoke.

"Why didn't you write?"

"Why didn't *you* write. You should have made up first. Besides you were away where interesting things happened and I wasn't. At least you could have let me know when you died. That would have been only common politeness."

"Don't be ridiculous, Marjorie. If you'd ever died yourself you—a—," he stopped suddenly. "Really it's very stupid of me not to notice it before, but you are dead, too, aren't you? You've looked so substantial that I never thought of it until this very moment. Are congratulations in order?"

"For the bereaved relatives—yes."

She smiled at him as she added:

"And you, now that I think of it, I never heard that you had 'crossed over,' as our friends say."

"Strange! It must have been in all the papers."

"I didn't see it. What did you die of?"

"Ostensibly it was the fever. We were in a dirty little port in Argentine, and somehow the fever came aboard. It wasn't a very bad fever. Only three of the men had it besides myself and they got well."

"And you?"

"I lingered along for a couple of weeks and then the doctor said that the trouble with me was not so much the fever, as the fact that I didn't seem to have a single interest in life. I felt that was true—quite true—so I died.

"Exactly like me. Yes, mine was a cold. I caught it at a picnic the day after you left, and it kept on and kept on, and grew worse until the doctor said he thought I would be all right if I only had something to interest me. I tried very hard, but I really couldn't find anything so I died."

"Marjorie!"

"But when did your—a—demise take place?"

"The eighth of September."

"Why, Jack, so was mine and to think we never knew. But I supposed you were getting long letters every day from that Giddings woman."

"And I supposed you were solacing yourself with Billy Templeton and others."

"And we weren't."

"And we weren't."

"Didn't the Giddings woman ever enter into your existence?"

"She wasn't even a quarter-mile-stone. And Billy Templeton?"

"He never caused a ripple in my quiet life."

"Marjorie, are you telling an untruth to the dear departed?"

"Indeed I'm not." She rose to her feet indignantly.

"Well, I am surprised."

"And, Jack, when I was waiting for you to write, you were sitting on the after deck or somewhere thinking of me?"

"That was my invariable custom."

"Until now—"

"We're dead, Marjorie."

"Ridiculous."

"And so you died of love. Don't try to get around it. You did."

"But you did too. Just exactly as much."

"But I needn't have done it, you know, if I hadn't wanted to."

"Neither need I."

"But you did though."

"So did you."

"Marjorie, you romantic little thing!"

"Jack!"

"Marjie!"

"Suppose we hadn't found each other, and suppose you had gone wandering around space till you met that Giddings woman—who will die some day of over-eating—and suppose you had suddenly discovered that there was an affinity between you and had gone off with her through the Fourth Dimension."

"It's too horrible to contemplate. Marjorie!"

"Jack!"

"Suppose you hadn't been materialized this afternoon and you

had waited about until you had met Billy Templeton and had gone with him and listened through centuries after centuries of asinine witticisms."

"Don't make me think of it."

"Marjorie, don't you believe you were the least little bit to blame that afternoon. Just a little bit of a bit?"

"Yes, but—

"I know I was to blame the more."

"Jacky it was all my fault."

"How can you say that, Marjie? It was mine. I acted like a perfect—"

She put her hand over his mouth to stop him as Mrs. Peasley smiled her way into the room.

"Would you like to see the folks now? The mejum's all right and he says he'll send you back in the sperrit in no time at all. I suppose it must be terribly wearin' to put on the flesh again after soarin' through the empyrean."

Mrs. Peasley looked down at her own two hundred pounds and sighed.

"Shall I call in the folks now?"

"Call them in," said the man, "we're all ready."

And standing hand in hand the two of them changed from flesh and blood to radiant flame shapes and then to quiet phosphorescent glows which faded into the twilight.

—*Horatio Winslow.*

A BI-PLANETARY DINNER

The evening crowd was just assembling in the St. Denis Café, when Caruthers sauntered in and seated himself at a table, in a rather obscure corner of the room. With no great reluctance, he passed his heavy hat and Inverness to the waiter, for in town, even in summer, Caruthers was very proper in his dress. He gazed indifferently at the menu card before him, and then raising his eyes looked squarely into those of a young girl, seated opposite. She appeared so unconcerned, even smiling, that Caruthers, who had not noticed her when he came in, actually became embarrassed. He half rose, mumbled an apology for intruding, and then a strange idea came into his head. He knew no one in the place and was out for some amusement, so he decided to break one of his most stringent rules of etiquette and present himself.

"I beg your pardon, but have you dined?"

"No."

"May I order for two?"

The girl colored slightly. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said, and then laughed a little rippling laugh that startled Caruthers, for it was not the brazen cackle of the adventuress or the guffaw of a vulgar woman.

Caruthers composed himself while ordering and when he raised his eyes again to her she was still smiling expectantly, as if she were thinking, "What is your next move?"

It had been said "up town" on various occasions, that the best butler on the Avenue could take lessons from Caruthers in ordering, and on this occasion his art was at its best. By the time the salad had been removed, the girl was in the best of spirits. Caruthers suggested a bottle of wine and she laughingly accepted, with the remark, "Remember, just one glass for me."

Caruthers thought it a most delightful evening as he sipped his wine, puffed hard at his black Havana, and talked to the pretty girl before him. The first gentle breezes of the night had quite

cooled the air. The women in their dainty summer costumes; the tastily arranged tables; the palms—everything seemed so pleasant. From the Hungarian orchestra in the garden opposite, drifted in the strains of mellow and sensuous music. Caruthers was momentarily lost in a reverie, when suddenly he heard the girl say, "I am to meet Auntie at ten, so I dropped in here. I told her I wanted to stroll out and would be back to the hotel by that time. I suppose you think this is very unconventional and that I have shown bad form; but when a girl comes to New York only once a year, for a week, and when it is her last night, you see she might feel as if she could make a few exceptions."

Caruthers filled his glass and looked at her. "Do you like New York?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but New York as a whole is way beyond my comprehension. You see I am from such a wee, small place." She balanced her thin stemmed wine glass on her fingers, and smiled across the table.

Caruthers was half incredulous. "She really is devilish pretty, anyway," he thought, as he noted her snapping brown eyes, her beautiful features and complexion. He made a mental note of how pretty a white plumed hat could look, when set on such glossy black hair.

"I say," he said' "we have got along jolly well together. Let's introduce ourselves. I'd like to have you meet my sister. Now, my name is ——."

"No." She held up one finger authoritatively. "No, I would rather let it go as it is. We will probably never see each other again. You see, we are of such different worlds. Tomorrow you will go back to yours; to your clubs, your dinners, your friends. You would only forget my name. Tomorrow I will go back to mine; to my little country town, with its dust-blown streets, its peaceful quiet, and its monotony. Perhaps some evening, when I am wearied with my day's trials and my own lonesomeness, I will go out and sit on my porch and look at the far-away hills, back of which I know lies New York, and I can

think that in a certain café there I once ate a most pleasing dinner, with a pleasing gentleman, a real New York clubman, and that I enjoyed myself very much. You see this means a whole lot to me. Now I must be going, because Auntie will be waiting for me."

She arose and accepted the light wrap which Caruthers had silently handed to her. He escorted her through the maze of tables, through the door and to the crowded pavement.

"I shall never forget this evening," he said slowly.

"Nor I," she replied, as she waved to a coachman. She stepped lightly into the carriage and held out to him her small gloved hand. "Here," she said, "a token of friendship between an incognita and an incognita. Goodbye, for you go to your world and I to mine."

And the carriage rolled around the corner.

—*Pyatt.*

COMPUNCTION

In her sweet eyes I gazed when back I came
From year-long absence; sudden glad surprise
Leaped up and died away in maiden shame,
In her sweet eyes.
My words a year ago were scarcely wise.
I think I meant them then—am I to blame
That fancies change and new desires arise?
Not long the heart of man remains the same;
In woman's heart they say love never dies—
I would I had not seen that tell-tale flame
In her sweet eyes.

—*Margaret E. Ashman.*

DAD'S GOOD ADVICE

In the library of his home, Joe Cocran, just home from college, stood uneasily before his father. His father plainly was in a temper. This was the wealthy Cocran, the hard-headed business man, Cocran, who never betrayed his emotions to his partners. Yet at this moment he seemed greatly provoked. He looked almost scornfully at his son before he spoke.

"So you want a job, eh? Want an easy one, I suppose. Come here from school, failed in everything—absolutely everything!", his face grew red and his voice loud,"—'conned' as you call it, flunked in everything—except in that d——m football, and your crazy boxing. No! I wash my hands of you. Let me see you do something first"—his hand came down heavily on his newspaper—"and then come around for a job. Get out and make some money! If you can't work with your brains, work with your hands. Clear out now and let me see you make things hum. I don't want you to be a little runt among men," he said, softening some. "What are those jaws and those shoulders made for? Let 'em see you're somebody."

He turned in his chair and raised his newspaper. Joe went slowly to his little bed room.

"Work with my hands, eh?" he grunted. "Make some money —Hell!" he said scornfully. He walked slowly back and forth for some time. "Well, he'll simply have to cool down." He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, trying to think, a process to which he was scarcely inured. Finally—"Well, there's no use worrying over it," he murmured, trying to cheer himself. "Wilks wanted me to see that bout tonight. Two preliminaries and the state championship, eh? Wood and the upstart—Corbin," he mused. "Well, I'll go down and think this matter over there." He jammed his hat on, and went out.

Two bouts were over. A half hour recess and then would come the championship contest between Wood, the veteran, and Corbin.

Joe Cocran got up from a dark seat in a corner to stroll out into the cool night air and smoke a cigarette. He half closed his eyes as he leaned up against the dark wall of the building. His thoughts were not with the groups of sporting men in the corridor, nor with the crowds in the brilliant blazing hall. He was thinking of what his father had said. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't even form a plan. He impatiently threw away his cigarette, and, with his hands deep in the pockets of widely cut homespuns, he went to look up Wilks. He wandered aimlessly to the manager's office. Wilks was just about to close the door of the office.

"Hello Joe!" he said shaking his hand. "Looking for me? Come in here just a minute, while I speak to the manager. He's badly 'fussed' about something."

There was only one other man in the room besides Joe, Wilks and the manager. He was a slouchy fellow with a "hard' eye and bulging jaws. Joe sat down before a desk littered with papers. "—Make some money—work with your hands—make things hum—." The words kept coming back to him. He didn't hear the heated discussion, going on in the room, nor did he see the angry face of the manager. He sat there dreaming, until he was jolted suddenly awake by the insistent loudness of the third man's voice.

"I tell yuh he can't do a stroke o' work with his hand," he shouted.

"You're a fine guy to come around at this time, an' say that Corbin can't fight—'e's got a busted wrist, punching the bag. You come here on the nine o'clock train to tell me that—an' this the biggest fight o' the year. We want to see a fight! Busted wrist—bah!—cold feet!—Well, he forfeits his five hundred," fairly yelled the wrathful manager.

"Call in Wood and his trainer," said Wilks, "And we will explain. That's all we can do."

"It's a devilish mess," said the manager. "As sure as my name's

Beggs, it won't hap——" Joe Cocran jumped to his feet. A daring thought had suddenly come to him.

"I'll work with my hands and make some money too," he thought. Aloud he said, Say!—What about this? You tell me Corbin's out o' it? Well, I'll go in. No one in that crowd knows me and I hear Corbin's an unknown. I'll put on the gloves and pose as Corbin." He turned to the astonished Wilks and said, "Arrange it with Wood's manager. See if he'll fight, and how much he'll bet. Hurry now. We've got just fifteen minutes."

In a short time Wilks came back with Wood and his trainer.

What d' ye weigh? asked Wood.

" 'Bout a hundred-sixty."

"Been in the ring before? No? Huh! How much coin ye got?"

"Not much—but I'll give Beggs my note for what you like."

'Tough' Wood turned to his trainer and said, in an undertone, "What d' ye think o' him. He's got a smashing form, but I think he's soft. We'll skin him for every cent he's got. Would a thousand do?"

"All right."

The manager grimmed with satisfaction. Even if the bout were a 'frost,' he wouldn't have to turn the people away. "I'll get you the togs," he said to Joe.

In the little dressing room, Joe said to Wilks, who was to act as his second, "I haven't been plugging at this for the last ten years for nothing—here's where it comes in."

"You're in good training now?" asked Wilks anxiously, feeling of Cocran's superb shoulders.

"Football all the fall," answered Cocran shortly. "Now go out Wilkie, old boy, and scrape up all the money you can. I want to make a devil of a sweep tonight. I'll have to knock him out by the third round. I'm not in full training for the six."

When Cocran stepped up into the ring to shake hands with his opponent, after the referee had introduced them to the shouting

mob around the ring, he said looking straight into 'Tough' Wood's eyes, "Now look out, Toughy, old boy."

"Huh!" snorted 'Tough,' "I've got your cash won already."

"Git on to de form o' dat guy, will ye," yelled someone in the balcony.

"Look out for him, 'Toughy.' He'll poke your slats," called another.

'Tough' Wood was not a favorite, although he did hold the state championship. "He's a shark, when tings is comin' his way," some one had said, "But he's a quitter, when dey aint."

The gong rang. Joe only remembered Wilk's last words. "Look out for his dives. He'll get to your gut if he can." And he did. It seemed that Wood shot like a cannon ball across the ring, and bored with both fists into Cocran's stomach. Joe sank almost to the floor under the force of the blow. He grunted like a grouchy bear and a fleering yell came from the 'toughs' in the balcony. A man in a box jumped to his feet and leaned towards the crowd. "I've a hundred here, he shouted, holding a bunch of bills above his head, "At five to one for Wood!"

"Taken," called a shrewd looking man who had entered only a few moments before.

Cocran gained his feet again in an instant. He ducked a furious blow from Wood's left and landed a beautiful counter over his opponent's heart. Both fighters lost all discretion; each angry because the other had reached him so easily. Wood dug viciously, at Cocran's stomach, and received in turn heavy blows about the head and shoulders. Joe swung his left and missed; ducked a wicked swing and landed sharply on Wood's jaw with a right counter. His opponent stumbled, balanced on one foot and then made a terrific rush. He planted two almost knock-out blows on Cocran's stomach and then sprang away, grinning, expecting to see his opponent drop. Cocran staggered, doubled up, and then clutched the ropes; his face paled to chalk white. Wood sprang in for a finishing jab when, "Gong!" sounded the bell. One round was over and Joe was saved.

Cocran revived quickly under Wilk's ministrations. He felt the cool sponge splashing water on his face and chest. He heard the betting—heard the odds going against him, five, six—eight—even ten to one. Somebody out in the boxes was taking every bet in sight.

"Somebody's out there working with me," thought Joe. I'll win this, or I'm—blasted! Another dose of that water Wilks. This round I'm going to rest up."

'Gong!' clanged the bell. The two men sprang from their seats —Wood to deliver 'punishment,' Cocran to avoid it. He glided under and around the terrible, digging blows aimed at him. Here his long practiced foot work came to a test. He had had a good master.

"Get in on him, 'Tough,' came from the balcony. "Spoil his Greek statuary. He's getting 'bucked.'"

But Wood couldn't 'get in on him,' try as he would. The entire round was slugging on Wood's part and evasion on Cocran's. The round ended with a clinch. Before they had parted the gong rang. This time the rest seemed longer. Joe was completely refreshed when the third round began, but he continued his dodging tactics. Wood thought his opponent winded, and trying merely to last through the six rounds.

"I'll make quick work of him this time," he thought. He became eager and over confident. Cocran saw the avid carelessness grow in his eyes, and he gritted his teeth and awaited his chance to 'fix him.' His opportunity soon came. Wood suddenly backed off, and, as suddenly jumped in to deliver one of his 'belly drills.' Cocran sprang aside and, as Wood passed, with his head lowered and gloves extended, he swung his right with all the force he possessed to his opponent's jaw. Wood threw up his arms and fell like a corpse. He lay flacidly in the middle of the ring.

"—eight—nine—ten!"—his eye lids barely flickered.

When Joe, carefully dressed, stepped from his little dressing room, amid the yells of the few remaining enthusiasts, Wilks came up to him and said, "Some one to see you in the office, Joe."

Anxiety and expectation arose in Cocran's mind at once. He seemed to know that something unlooked for was about to happen. With a shaking hand he opened the manager's door. There, with his chair tilted back against the wall, with a queer smile about his mouth, sat his father.

He shook Joe's hand and helped him on with his coat. They went out together to the carriage awaiting them. "I saw it all—Wilks telephoned me—you did well, my boy," he said soberly.

"You see, I worked with my hands—and made some money."

"Huh!" chuckled his father, "I knew you'd win." Then, after a pause and another chuckle, "I cleared up three odd thousand myself."

—*R. G. Estee.*

AUTUMN

(From the French of J. Richepin)

Speak not to me of spring when the warm sap
  Teeming in nature's veins swells, buds and blooms;
Nay, speak of winter, whose snow-covered lap
  Hints of reposeful death in marble tombs.
Hail, Winter! in the spirit's dismal deeps,
  Thy melancholy wakes an answering rhyme;
Season of death that in the darkness weeps
  Wearing funeral weeds for summer's prime.
Too gay is April aureoled with flowers,
  Flame-helmeted July, or August swart;
Our sombre spirit loves a sky that lowers
  And fields as barren as our own tired heart;
Horizons dark with snow whose steadfast flakes
  Form a white lint that sifts in still repose
Down o'er our melancholy dreams and makes
  Them sleep like a hurt child whose eyes upclose.
We dream, O snow! To see thy avalanche
  Bury life's barren hopes and vain remorse;
To see thy spreading shroud the champaign blanch
  Till all the world appear a white-robed corse.

* * *

Nature, outworn by myriad transformation,
  Shuts her tired fingers that at last rebel
Against the sterile task-work of creation
  And sounds unto the world its funeral knell.
Then, making the vast universe her tomb,
  Outstretched, with closed eyes and impassive mien,
Draped in a shroud of snow, she waits her doom,
  And quenches suns and stars that she may die unseen.

William F. Giese.

THE WINNING OF VAN SUYTHEN

Cornelius Van Suythen was broke. There was a crack along the right side of his derby, a sag in the knees of his trousers and his coat was buttoned way up to hide a soiled collar. Down in the bottom of his trousers' pocket he fumbled a fifty-cent piece, together with a yellow pawn ticket and a scattered remnant of a tobacco sack. It was cold, beastly cold, along the pavement and people hurried by from the stores and office buildings, all going somewhere. Van Suythen did not care where. He knew the coin would keep him until morning but what then? He shivered and shambled into a saloon door. In the back of the crowded room a dozen men were gathered around a roulette wheel. Van Suythen knew the game but he clung tighter to the coin in his pocket as he edged back toward the group and leaned against a radiator. A portly man was spinning the wheel and piles of dollars were scattered about the colored board. Van Suythen loosened his hold on the pawn ticket, pulled his hand from his pocket and leaned forward. For a moment he hesitated. Then he weakened and edged closer. Pulling the coin from his right pocket with the air of a man who owned a mine, he said: "One chip, please." He put it on the green. The wheel spun around, sang with a buzzing noise, for a moment hesitated, wavered and stopped on the green. Van Suythen's face flushed and he took a pile of chips. And another time the green was shadowed by the nickel plated arrow. That night after the crowd had ceased wondering at the phenomenal luck of the man with the cracked derby, Van Suythen, Cornelius Van Suythen, sat in a down town café in a nobby suit of gray and ate from a plate garnished with green. He dropped his R's when he talked to the waiter who edged up to the table, and he smoked a cigar which he took from a gilt wrapper when he leaned back to read the afternoon paper. The crowd hurried by the windows, all going somewhere, but where Cornelius Van Suythen did not care.

—E. S. Jordan.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

As the conductor called out "Madison," a young man in the rear of the car started, looked out of the window for a second, muttered to himself, "By Jove! I'll do it," hastily picked up his suit case and jumped onto the station platform. He was only just in time, for the train immediately pulled out and left him standing looking around in a rather uncertain fashion.

"I suppose I'm all kinds of a fool to stop off here, but I would like mighty well to see my old Alma Mater before I rush off to the other end of the world again." He picked up his much be-labeled suit case and boarded a street car. "Not much use going up to the frat house," he thought, "because there's not likely to be anyone around there in the middle of the summer, and besides I don't know where it is now. They've moved twice since I was here." He got off the car when it reached one of the hotels.

"You want a room for the night only?" the clerk asked him.

"Yes, that's all. Please have my suit case taken up. I'm going out."

He hastened out on the street again. A perfect fever seemed to have seized him to see once more the 'varsity buildings and the campus, and all the old-time associations. "Seven years is a long time to have been gone from a place, and I suppose everything on 'the hill' is changed," he thought, as he walked along. But as he approached the University, he saw that it was much the same as ever. True, there were several new buildings along the campus, but Main Hall and North and South Halls were just the same, and so was the height of the hill on which they were situated. He stood at the foot of the hill, wondering whether it was worth the effort to ascend it. He remembered how he used to dread going up there to make "eight o'clocks" on cold winter mornings. It seemed almost as if the doors of Main Hall must open and a long line of students come trooping out. Even as he thought, the doors *did* open, and students began to come out, not

very many, it is true, but how did it happen that any were there in the summer time?

Then he laughed softly. "Of course. Summer school must be in session. Why didn't I think of it before? Wonder if I'll meet anyone I used to know? Not very likely. Here's the very place I used to stand senior year and wait for that pretty little sophomore girl—what was her name?—to come down the hill and walk as far as her sorority house with me." He gave a little sigh. "I reckon I had a pretty fierce case on just at that time. Jove! she was pretty—and nice, too. I wonder whatever became of her? Probably married, with several kids, by now. That girl coming down the hill now makes me think of her, only she looks a little larger than Harriet. Yes, now I remember her name. Harriet Hayes—such a pretty name—just suited her." He gazed at the girl approaching in a rather absent minded fashion. How easy it was to imagine himself back seven years, waiting at the foot of the hill for Harriet!

The girl came still nearer; the man drew a breath of surprise. This must be Harriet, or else her double. He face was not that of the girl Harriet any more, but of the woman into which the girl had developed. Without a doubt it was Harriet. He removed his hat as she descended the steps. "I beg your pardon, but aren't you Miss Hayes?"

The woman nodded, and gravely surveyed him, but there was no hint of recognition in her eye. She saw before her a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty, with steady grey eyes which emitted little twinkles of fun now and then. Then he smiled and a light of recognition came into her face. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "It isn't Al Hunt?"

"The very same," he replied, taking her outstretched hand. "And you are Harriet Hayes?"

"I am," she responded, as they moved slowly down the street. "But where in the world did you come from? I haven't seen you for—seven years, isn't it?"

"That's right, seven years. And to think of our meeting here.

You see it was just by pure accident that I stopped off here today; a sudden longing to see the old U. W., you know."

"Well, I'm mighty glad you did. Do tell me what you've been doing since you left college. We were—quite good friends when you were a senior, you know. But after that you dropped out of my life so suddenly, and I never thought to see you again." She turned her large dark eyes on him. Those eyes weren't in the least changed; kindly, sympathetic in their expression as always, yet there was a hint of sadness in their depths.

"Well, I'll tell you, Hat," he dropped unconsciously into his old nick-name for her. "I've been knocking around all over the world since then. First, I got a consulship in Chili—stayed there four years; then I got an appointment of one year in China; and then in the Philippines for two years. I'm taking a vacation this summer and don't know where the government will send me next. And you—what have you been doing?"

"Couldn't you tell by my appearance? They say a schoolmarm always shows her occupation in her face," she answered, with the old merry laugh he remembered so well. Then her face grew sober. "You know father had financial losses soon after I graduated, and then two years after that moher died, so I thought I'd teach. I couldn't bear to be a burden on father—my sister keeps house for him—and I just had to do something to earn money. I've been going to summer school here all summer, in order to get a better position this fall. I always was ambitious." She smiled reflectively.

"I remember you were; but do you know, I never for an instant imagined I'd come back and find you teaching. I—I always thought you were the kind that would marry young, because you were so distractingly pretty."

A bright flush overspread the woman's face. Then she laughed. "I don't believe if you had lived in the wilds of South America for twenty years you'd forget the gentle art of 'jollying.'"

The man looked at her gravely. "That wasn't a jolly. It was the truth."

Harriet paused in front of a boarding house. "Here is where I am living at present. Come see me while you're here."

"Thank you, may I come tonight?"

"If you like. Goodbye." She shook hands with him, then went into the house.

"She's just the same as ever," said the man, gazing after her, "just the same. Only she's not pretty any more—she's beautiful. I wish it were seven years ago. What opportunities I missed!"

That night at the end of his call, Al said: "Say, Hat, I've a proposition to make. I'm going to be here all next week," rather a sudden decision, "and let's pretend it is seven years ago, and do just the things we used to do in college. I'll take you rowing and driving—and call on you and leave at ten o'clock sharp—perhaps—and if there are any dances across the lake we'll go to them. What else did we use to do?"

"Go out to Middleton and have supper," suggested Hat, laughing.

"Sure thing, I'd forgotten that. Well, we'll do just everything —wasn't there anything else?"

"We might telephone some. Seems to me we used to talk to each other in that way a good deal—seven years ago," Hat said.

"Yes, we can jolly over the 'phone, too," assented the man eagerly. "Oh, won't you do it, Hat?"

"Surely, I think it will be a lark," said Hat, and she dimpled roguishly. Her dimples were one of her chief marks of beauty.

"All right." All shook her hand warmly and departed.

What a glorious week the following one was! In the first place the weather,—that all-necessary adjunct,—was beautiful; in the second place, it is not difficult to pretend to let seven years be ignored when one is still young, in splendid health, and good spirits. Harriet and Al drove, rowed, walked and danced to their hearts' content. The telephone was almost continually in service when they were not together. True, Harriet did try to send him away at times, just as in the old days, because she had to study. But her efforts to do so were just about fruitless now, as then, and her lessons suffered.

What did it matter, anyhow? Wasn't this a golden week? One to which she could look back as the happiest of her life? And as for studying—well, she had all the rest of her life in which to study. This was what she was thinking on that last Saturday evening as she leaned back in the comfortable trap which Al was driving. They had been out to Middleton for supper that night, and on the way out, and during the meal, they had been livelier than ever. But on the way home a strange silence had fallen upon them. Perhaps it was the effect of the night, perhaps it was the thought that their week was over, that made them silent.

At last, when Al heaved a particularly long sigh, Harriet looked over at him. "Why that sigh?" she asked softly.

"Did I sigh?" the man touched the horse lightly with the whip, then suddenly slowed him to a walk. What was the use of ending that drive sooner than was necessary?

"Well, our week ends tonight and tomorrow it will be seven years from now, once more," said Hat slowly.

"Yes," said the man nodding. Then he turned toward her. "Hat, why need it be so—why can't we keep on pretending?"

"I—I can't, Al. I've got to teach this winter and must keep on studying. I can't lose any more time."

"Then there's just one thing to do," said Al' abruptly. "We can have weeks and weeks and months and years, just like this, if you will only do it."

"Do what, Al?"

"Why, marry me, Hat." He had taken one of her hands and was holding it closely. "Don't you know that I love you, girl? I always have loved you, in fact, but I was too much of a fool to know it seven years ago."

"Well, Al," the woman's voice rang clear and sweet, "I'll do it. I'll marry you, because I love you too, and I was such a fool that I *knew* it—seven years ago." Then was silence for a few minutes, broken only by the crunch of the horses feet on the smooth gravel road. Then the woman said, "Al, do you know, I'm mighty glad it's *now,* instead of seven years ago."

"So am I," said the man, and, strange to say, he did not relinquish the hand he was holding. —*K. M. S.*

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMAN

The great chair across the fireplace seemed to glower emptily at the artist, yet with a yearning pathos, as though in its loneliness it were trying to cover a breaking heart by a show of sullenness.

"Dear old Frank," said the artist, musingly, "somehow the old chair looks as though it missed him as much as I do, and its arms look as empty as my heart."

He reached out toward the tabourette where his pipe lay amid a jumble of matches, cigar ends, tobacco boxes and other pipes,—but checked himself.

"No, I can't do it. I know he said I should go right on using the old tray just's if he were here, said he'd be happier among the shades if he knew that his pipes still lay there, and kept place with mine, and that I still swiped his pet clay, but well, maybe I'm a sentimental and foolish old man, but I'll have to be more used to having him gone before I can use any of them.

"Why, last time he sat there he took his clay, jammed in some of that awful baccy of his, and while he was trying to make its clogged flue draw, he gave me one of those fool disquisitions of his on the Poetry of the Pre-Raphaelites, and I jeered him as usual. I don't regret the mockery I made, for it was 'all in the game,' but I wish I could hear him disquisate again.

"I want to see him sit there, smoking his old brown pipe, smiling his old-time grin, wearing his out-at-elbows working jacket, his out-at-heels slippers, and his out-at-crown hat which he couldn't and wouldn't work without. I want to hear the gurgling chuckle he had when he read those articles of his to me, those little glistering, glinting bits of word enamel that made him famous, and the stories that made him loved.

"We lived together, played together, and greatest of all, worked together, and the old chair is empty, the old pipe is untouched

and stale, the old room is lonesome, and the old partner is alone. Come back, old Frank, come back!"

The artist stared wearily at the slowly deadening coals in the grate. From beside the artist's chair the soft eyed collie looked up at his master, then rose and placed his brown head across the hand that lay on the chair arm. The artist's eyes turned to the gentle old dog.

"Rob," he said, smoothing the dog's neck, "there's just you and I now, old friend, just you and I."

—*A. B. Braley.*

SMITH

Smith was odd; there was no doubt of it. Added to that, he was a freshman. The combination of conditions was too strong for any self-respecting Sophomore to resist. Smith was hazed, bulldozed, knocked about, all first semester, but it didn't seem to affect him. He remained, to all appearances, as odd as ever. In the first place he was a funny looking fellow. His hands seemed hung on just for the occasion, and his feet as well, while his head rose an abnormal distance from his collar. His coat was an old black cutaway, with a vest that might have belonged to an ancient dress suit, and his trousers, of uncertain age and color, bore no little resemblance to a pair of jointed stove pipes. If people had ever looked at his eyes, they would have seen that Smith had good eyes—honest, straight forward eyes, that showed they had something back of them. But people never took the trouble to look at Smith thus closely; they would merely glance at him and laugh.

It soon became the custom for students to say, "Good morning, Smith," whenever they met him, and at first Smith would answer, "Good morning," and smile back. But he found out, finally, that he was being laughed at, and as someone said, he seemed to crawl way back inside himself and sit down. After that, every laugh was a mock to him, and he would walk along with his eyes on the ground and notice no one.

Early in the spring, baseball practice began. "Funny Smith is out trying for the 'varsity," some one said. He didn't know that "Funny Smith" had played for four years on the Earl Valley High-school team; and probably, if he had, he would not have laughed any the less, for where a college man once becomes a joke, he is spared little. As practice continued on the campus, fellows would come just to watch Smith go through his funny motions, but this time Smith didn't mind them. He was working

to make the team, and he really seemed to come out of himself a little.

Well, the upshot of it was that Smith did make the team. He amused everyone except the coach, and the coach, who was not there for amusement, picked him as the surest fielder on the squad. After that the students would have laughed at the coach, only the coach wasn't a man to be laughed at.

* * *

The first championship game was almost over. In the second half of the last inning, the score stood four to three against the 'varsity. Smith had not played well the first two innings, and no one noticed during the rest of the game, how he had picked up. He saw he must do something now, to keep his place on the nine. There were two men out. No one had any hope left. "Look out or the ball will hit your head, Smith," they yelled from the bleachers as Smith came to bat. But it didn't. Smith's bat got in the way and the ball sailing out over right field, gave him an easy second base. The next man slid to first on a poorly handled bunt, Smith took third, and the 'varsity rooters began to get excited. Smith knew that if he got home safe, his reputation would be made and saved,—if he was put out, the game would be lost. The best batter on the team was up. One ball, two, and he lived up to his reputaion. A clean hit gave him first, sent the man already on second to third, and started Smith—but Smith never reached the home-plate. The shouts of the wildly excited rooters, as the hit was made, frightened a horse on the circular track outside the diamond. Just as Smith started for the plate, the horse came tearing down the track, dragging a buggy behind him with two girls hanging on to the seat. Smith never hesitated. He was not brought up on a farm for nothing. Running straight across the field, he caught the back of the buggy as the horse shot past him, pulled himself in, grabbed the dragging reins, and had the animal under control. It was all over so quickly, half the players didn't know what had happened. But

the people in the bleachers did. Contrary to all rules, the game was declared a tie, and Smith, funny Smith, was carried home in triumph.

It is still the custom in the 'varsity to say "Good morning, Smith," but somehow the greeting doesn't sound the way it used to, and Smith always smiles and answers, "Good morning."

Walter S. Underwood.

THE SILENT FIVE

The fall night was clear, the moon bright, as I "chugged" along the road at a twenty mile per hour clip. The engines were working nicely, in fact I felt at last I owned an automobile I could depend upon. I slowed down the machine while I refilled my pipe and lighted it. As I rounded a sharp turn, a stretch of road perhaps two miles long, straight and level extended before me. I could not resist; the smooth, firm road was too inviting and I opened up the throttle. Instantly the machine leaped forward like a spirited horse at the touch of the whip. So smoothly did the machine glide along that it seemed as if it were suspended a few inches above the road and that the ground were passing by beneath. I was nearing a turn in the road and was just on the point of slowing down when above the noise of the exhaust of the engine, I heard a sharp metallic snap followed by a clanking noise. I choked off the engine and jammed the brakes on. The rattling had sounded like a broken chain. On investigation that proved to be the case. I soon saw that the break could not be repaired that night, so began to look about for a lodging place. Along the road about a quarter of a mile, I spied a light and straightforth set out for it.

As I approached the house I saw that it stood on a hill, sloping abruptly up from the road. I entered the grounds through a rusty iron gate, flanked on both sides by a stone wall, badly weathered and ill-kept. The winding driveway, bordered on both sides by large gnarled oaks, led up to the porte-cochère. The house was square and substantially built of stone. A wide veranda, the tall white pillars of which stood out clearly in the moonlight, ran along the entire front. Evidently some one of means had once owned the place, but now it presented a rather ill cared for appearance. Apparently there was a light in but one room, for although the shutters were tightly closed, a ray crept out here and there. A heavy brass knocker hung on the massive oak door

and I thumped it once or twice. After a moment the door opened and an old negro, gray and bent and bearing a candle stood before me.

"Good evening, sah," he said, "What is it, sah?"

I explained my predicament and he asked me in, going then, as he said, to call the "Colonel."

The interior of the house had the same substantial air as the exterior. The woodwork in the hall was heavy, as was the furniture. The dim light of the flickering candle barely showed four or five portraits of young men in uniform.

Suddenly a door at my right opened, and the old negro beckoned to me to come in. As I entered an old gentleman in evening dress arose from his chair before the fireplace. He was a large man, very erect and of distinguished appearance, well past sixty years.

"Good evening, sir. Joe has told me of your accident, and I assure you it will be a pleasure to have you with me this evening."

As he spoke I noticed that he had been drinking, as was also evidenced by a decanter and glasses on the mahogany table.

"I am sure you are kind," I said, but noticing his evening dress, I protested lest I might be intruding.

"Certainly not, sir. You shall stay with me, right here. And indeed you are most welcome."

He came forward and clasping my hand hospitably drew me into a chair, the servant having taken my heavy ulster and cap.

"I have never had much faith in automobiles," began my host, "in fact I know very little about them. They may be exhiliarating sport, but for a sure means of conveyance I believe I prefer good, reliable horses."

"For a man in such a fix as I found myself to-night there is not much ground on which to base a reply. I must say, however, that I consider myself most fortunate in finding such a delightful lodging place."

"By the way, do you think anyone will disturb my machine down on the road?" I asked.

"No, I hardly think so, but it will be safer in the stables."

"Joe," he called, "have old Ben and Nan up to the buckboard at once."

The negro shuffled off and soon drew up to the door. He and I rode down to the machine and after much maneuvering succeeded in hitching it on the buckboard and towing it to the house. A place in the carriage house was cleared and the machine was wheeled in there.

Joe showed me into the house and up to a bedroom, saying that the "Colonel" thought, perhaps I might want to clean up a bit and put on "stylish." A dress suit and clean linen lay out upon the bed, hence Joe's remark about "stylish." I thought it rather queer that here, miles away from civilization, a bachelor gentleman dressed for dinner and expected it of his guest who came in a couple of hours or so after the meal. I got into the clothes, however, and went down stairs to my host. Evidently he had continued to drink freely while Joe and I had been bringing up the machine, for, as he rose, he stumbled and barely caught himself before falling.

"Won't you join me?" he asked, filling a glass.

"I will, thank you," I replied, "with pleasure."

"You will find this a very good liquor, I think," he observed. "It is one of which I am very fond and indeed it is quite old,"

I proposed his health and we drank together. He immediately refilled the glasses and we drank a second time. He talked excitedly for awhile about liquors, then lapsed off into silence and sat moodily staring at the fire. All my efforts to start a conversation were fruitless. He would merely refill the glasses, drink his off and resume the same posture.

I was sitting half dozing in my chair, for it was nearly midnight, when he suddenly broke out in a hoarse, thick voice.

"I presume you have been wondering at my attire and my manner to-night. No doubt it seems strange and peculiar to you."

He refilled his glass, drank again and began abruptly.

"This is the one evening that I put on these clothes during the

whole year. As you probably noticed, I live alone here with old Joe. No one ever calls, because I will not receive them. I wish usually to be alone; that is why I live here. But to-night is an anniversary. I always celebrate it just this way."

He glanced up at me searchingly and asked abruptly:

"Do you believe in a hereafter?"

I thought the peculiar actions of the man due to too much drink. He repeated his question.

I replied that I always had.

He waved his arm slowly around, indicating the bookcases which lined the room on three sides.

"Many years have I read and studied the matter. Do I believe in a hereafter? It's all bosh," he exclaimed derisively.

He filled up the two glasses, raised his to his lips, but set it down untouched and continued:

"Sir, I am lonely tonight. I am getting old. I want to confide in some one. I know no one better than you as I have no friends on this earth. Will you listen to a peculiar story?"

I did not want to listen to the man's confessions or stories, when he was under the influence of drink, but he insisted and I let him go.

"Very well," he said. "About three years before the outbreak of the Civil War, five young men including myself entered the University of Virginia. We came from the same state, the same county. In fact we had grown up together. For some reason, we had never mixed with other young fellows, had always been contented with ourselves. Naturally, when we went to college together we did not affiliate with the other students. After a time our crowd was dubbed 'The Silent Five.'"

My host drained the glass he had filled a few minutes before.

"Now it happened," he resumed, "that two of the five were studying for the ministry, though, strange as it may seem, those two were the worst harum-scarums in the crowd. But that is not my story. One evening we were all together drinking. Joe, the old negro who is still my servant, was kept busy serving us. It

was then that the subject of an hereafter was brought up by one of the fellows preparing for the ministry. A discussion followed and thenceforth we were all deeply interested in the matter. We studied the subject, read up on it, and talked with our professors. Naturally suicide came up—I will burden you no longer—we formed a suicide club.

"A binding compact was drawn up, in which it was provided that on the tenth of November of every year, all of the five who were living, were to meet and spend the evening drinking. Each time, before breaking up, we were to draw a slip of paper from a specially arranged box. Now in that box were placed five slips with the words 'The Silent Five' written on them. Besides these, fifty or sixty blank slips were also placed in the box. If one drew a blank slip he was safe until the next meeting, but if he drew a "Silent Five' slip he was to kill himself before sunrise."

Here he again resorted to his decanter.

"At our first meeting one 'Silent Five' was drawn, and a suicide followed. Then the war broke out and the remaining four enlisted in the same company. On the following November, we all secured leave of absence, and held our celebration. Four blank slips were drawn at that meeting. Before the next drawing, one of the five was killed in battle. Regularly we held our meetings, but it was not till eight years later that the second 'Silent Five' was drawn. Just six years ago, the third marked slip sent my one remaining companion to his grave. Needless to say, I am the last of 'The Silent Five,' and to-night is November tenth."

He filled my glass, then his own, staggered to his feet and drank to the four dead members of "The Silent Five."

Being a rather plain and matter of fact man myself, I decided without hesitation, that the man was plainly and simply drunk, and his story the mere creation of a drink-touched fancy. After sitting in silence for a while, I proposed to retire. My host, rousing himself from a half stupor, called to the negro, who lighted me up to my chamber. While passing through the lower hall, I

noticed the four portraits on the walls which I had noted earlier in the evening. Of a sudden it struck me that perhaps they were the likenesses of the dead members of "The Silent Five." I passed it off, however, as a fancy. The silent, gloomy hall upstairs along with my host's morbid tale rather unsettled me despite myself, and as Joe was leaving I suggested that he better get his master to bed.

I undressed, blew out the light and got into bed. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not get to sleep. Those four portraits passed and repassed before my eyes. I lay perhaps for half an hour tossing about when I heard Joe's step outside my door. I called him to fetch me a pitcher of water. He started off on his errand and in a minute I heard him at the well outside drawing the water—crack! It was the report of a revolver, without doubt. I leaped from my bed instantly and rushed down the stairway. Joe came screaming and hobbling along as I reached the lower floor, and in my haste I bowled him over. Bursting into my host's room, I found him lying prone upon his face, with an ugly wound in his head. I rolled him over and felt his heart. It was perfectly still. On the table lay a small paper. I picked it up. It was one of the two remaining "Silent Five" slips.

mahogany box and on the hearth a partially consumed piece of

—*H. F. P.*

THE WIDOW'S STORY

"It happened in the days of hoops and shakers," said the widow, scraping her thimble over a needle that would not go through.

Several of the women raised their eyes from the quilt and smiled their attention.

"A hoop has been the turning in my life," resumed the widow. "For a whole year after they first came into fashion I had longed and looked in vain for one; there was no appeal from the decision of my aunt, who pronounced it the devil's ring. But when I commenced going with a John Kerby, a city boy, who had an eye for fashion, I resolved to be in style and a hoop became an absolute necessity. For three months I saved and scraped and calculated, then one afternoon, the 3rd of July, I remember it as though it were yesterday, I came from the village with a large round package which I buried under the hay in the barn-loft. That night I could hardly sleep for the very joy of having a hoop. I fancied myself strolling through the park the next day beside John Kerby as proud and stylish as anybody. It was to be the happiest Fourth of July I had ever known. In the morning I successfully manoevered away my aunt. Then I put on my hoop in triumph, disdainfully flung my skaker into a corner, and wore my first milinery hat. John's look of admiration completed my joy.

We decided at once to go to the park to see the fire-works, and walked slowly along the country-wood talking of this and that. But all at once I felt my steps getting shorter, and thrills of horror crept up and down my spine. I stood stock still. John looked up at me embarrassed. A hot flush crept over my face.

"What's the matter, Bessie," he said tenderly. "You aren't ill, are you?"

I could not rally my senses, but stood looking down at the tip of my shoe, vaguely thinking of an expedient.

"I—I'm ill,—I—leave me alone—I'm not going to the park," I stuttered at last, and sank down on the grass by the road-side.

John's face became a caricature of alarm. In vain he tried to comfort me. Then like a flash an idea came to me, and like a flash I acted upon it:

"You heathen," I said, "get out of my sight, I hate you."

It needed no more. John gave me one pitiful look, then darted from my side, his teeth chattering.

"My," interrupted one of the women, drawing her thread to full length, "there might have been some other way."

"There might have been, but I was awfully modest."

—*Z.*

THE NEW BIRTH

Professor Elihu Van Weltinghausen had settled into a deep seal brown study. The eminent psychologist minded the gruesome atmosphere of the state asylum, through which the train was passing, not at all. He would have concerned himself as little with the group of ballet dancers in the forward car—except as a matter of scientific interest.

We are not to understand from this that the professor was of that handsome haughty indifferent sort described in dyspeptic literature. He had this in common with that class, however, in that he did not live in the world of common sense reality. As he himself remarked to the delight of a visiting Pomeranian scientist his actual self was merely a machine which passively observed the great mental warfare his mind carried on with the belligerent mentalities of Spinoza, Immanuel Kant and Herbert Spencer.

At the moment this chronicle opens the mind was giving the mentality of H. Spencer a terrible drubbing. With however good form, the British philosopher would square off, a mass of inductions would buffet until finally the crest-fallen intellect was counted out after a stinging syllogism which the professor paused to write down on his cuff. As the eyes of his soul gazed on the crest-fallen Spencer, exhaustion seized the professor and he sought his corner as it were to rest his tired brain cells. Rest for the professor's brain cells always meant that a few pink thoughts on the subject of New England witchcraft were expected.

Elihu sparred a moment looking for an opening. He found it in a remark of Cotton Matter's to the effect that anyone who said the Lord's prayer backward would raise the devil. Elihu naturally believed this statement incorrect. However, there is no dogma so preposterous that some Elijah Dowie might not raise devout followers to worship. Although on this account Elihu saw the vast importance of disproving Cotton Mather's assertions he perceived he could not do so not having the notes of any scientist who had said his "Now I lay me" in reverse order.

Here then was the right place for the right man. Elihu said the incantation in Latin, Greek, Choctaw, Transvaal Dutch, Hebrew, Chinese, and incidentally English. Toward the close of the last rendition he awoke to the fact that a whiskered individual who came from some where was gazing anxiously his way. "I am the devil," said the stranger with some concern.

He of the whiskers straightway demolished such furniture as an all-wise railway company had not bolted into place. His next move was to puncture both darkies with a simultaneous twist of hand and foot. The incarnate one next proceeded toward a defenseless damsel of rare beauty in the rear of the car.

Elihu was now back to earth. Whether real or imitation this devil must not reek his fury on the girl. There ensued such a rough house as the damsel only remembered seeing in fierce class rushes at the business college which was her alma matter. The knight and the demon waltzed from the observation steps to the buffet in fierce conflict. It bode no good to the cause of science until the maid courageously spiked the demon's trousers with a hat pin. At this his hold broke, and vanquished but not subdued, he relaxed only to free himself and leap into the river from the car window.

That night the great scientist sat in his den transplanting field notes from his cuff to his journal. Close to the fasteners were written a few sentiments which recorded the great passion of the professor's life. "Three P. M., have raised the devil."—"Four P. M., last note erroneous, it was not the devil but an escaped lunatic."—"Five P. M., married a surpassingly intelligent female. To my utter amazement I found that the oscullation necessitated by the marriage ceremony acted as a pleasant mental tonic."—P. S. "I intend to spend a few moments each day investigating this matter." —*M. B. Westcott.*

JIMKINS THE GENIUS

Up in Spring Valley they called Jimkins a genius. He wrote poetry for the "Bugle" and carried off oratorical prizes on the last day of school. Jimkins parted his hair far down the side and let it grow long on the other. This was for effect. Jimkins' only fault was that he was bowlegged, but the earthly criticism of his Spring Valley world never feased Jimkins. Sometimes he wore revolving shirtfronts, to be eccentric he said, to be economical, Spring Valley said. It was fall and the brown and sere leaves that fell from the poplars must have been sorry to see Jimkins go. He had said so many poetic things about them. Jimkins was practical when he bought a ticket for Madison but he made up some lyrics on the journey that meant something to Jimkins. Of course English was Jimkins' forte and he entered an advanced class. Most of the people Jimkins met in his classes were "takin' it because it was a lunch." At least so he decided when he found lacking the old appreciation for Jimkins that had made Spring Valley endurable for a genius. He wrote themes about the frowning brow of the hill, the sedate columns of main hall and once in a while when sentiment took hold of Jimkins he wrote letters to sorority girls and told them that he longed to know them better. Once he wrote a theme which he "dubbed" a masterpiece. He saw the class, in his day dreams, marveling at the lucidity of his style and he even went so far as to imagine himself giving Robert Louis Stevenson a race for literary money. But the class was unappreciative. It was not advanced enough. Only Jimkins could see that, but it was true. So Jimkins told them where they fell short and slid back in his chair to think of the waving fields and the sympathetic poplars of his own Spring Valley. And the class looked bored and was glad when Jimkins "cut."

—*E. S. Jordan.*

JUST GIRLS

THAT FRESHMAN.

To fully appreciate her you must visit her room, which resembles a bazaar gone mad. You cannot safely turn around in it. You cannot find a vacant spot to rest your dazzled eyes upon. In a midst of a pile of variegated sofa-pillows perches that Freshman. As she glances up with her head on one side, her bright eyes and sharp little face remind you of a fat little wren. She is never still a second. She talks all the time, accompanying her words with quick gestures and little paroxysms of giggling. Whatever subject is broached in her presence meets the invariable response, "Why, now that's just like me, too! I always, etc., etc." As Thackeray says, women only talk on three topics, and she is proficient in all three. She has had all known illnesses. She knows the newest styles. And you must believe her to have been a reigning belle for several seasons if you would accept in good faith the account of her affairs of heart. But take her for all in all, she is charming. She has such a child-like unquestioning faith in you, in herself, in the whole world. With her "conceit is as salt to the ocean which keeps it fresh and renders it endurable."

THE HEROINE WORSHIPPER.

She is a curious, meagre, dark little girl. My first impression of her was that she had been several times reincarnated and had grown smaller each time. Her voice is high-pitched, her hazel eyes peer eager and restless from under a tangled brown brush of hair. She seems half woman—half fairy. She is considerably the mental superior of most of her associates, but often the least worthy of them becomes the object of her violent adoration. She puts the chosen one on an imaginary pedestal and surrounds her most commonplace characteristics with a glamour of fancied glory. She does little else than chant her praises and follow her with worshipful glances. She sits up half the night to get the other girl's lessons or to make her fudges. Her friends submit patiently to being thus bored for they know well that sooner or later the crash will come. But the girl, never daunted by the fall of one idol, straightway instates another.

—*J.*

SHOP TALK

We'd like to chat with you a minute about our personal affairs. We'd like to show you the situation at home as we see it. The situation involves us all and is worthy of attention. It concerns advertising.

The merchants and business men of Madison are called upon each fall by the representatives of some half a dozen University publications. A little later they are approached with regard to the support of "the team;" then there are various programs ranging from the football roster to the semi-humorous accompaniment of the U. W. indoor circus. A little later a request is made for crew subscriptions and for ads in the baseball program; and so it goes.

Now our University is very much interested in its student publications. They are sent all over the country and are no mean criterions of the character of the work done here. You may feel that there is vast room for improvement and we heartily agree with you. We believe that the "Lit" has advanced this year and we intend it shall advance in the future, and that brings us back to the subject in hand.

The management of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine wishes you could appreciate how absolutely dependent the life of all student publications is upon the support of Madison business men. Not one could exist if it were not for the local advertising. Now many merchants feel that their advertising is a straight contribution to a good cause, and right here we hope to appeal to you. There are over 3,000 students in our University. They spend at a conservative estimate about $1,200,000 in Madison each year. Directly or indirectly the greater part comes to these same business men. We wish you would help us in our effort to improve the "Lit." Help the student publications by really patronizing those who advertise. If the 'varsity prints could get one-tenth the support accorded the team we could get out work that would put any eastern college sheet in the shade for a century. Next time you buy a tie or a sofa pillow, a pipe or what you will, just mention that you noticed the ad in the "Lit." You have little idea how how your help will boost the fortunes of the papers published by your fellow students. Really it will take but a moment and in the aggregate these little friendly boosts will prove a tremendous shove.

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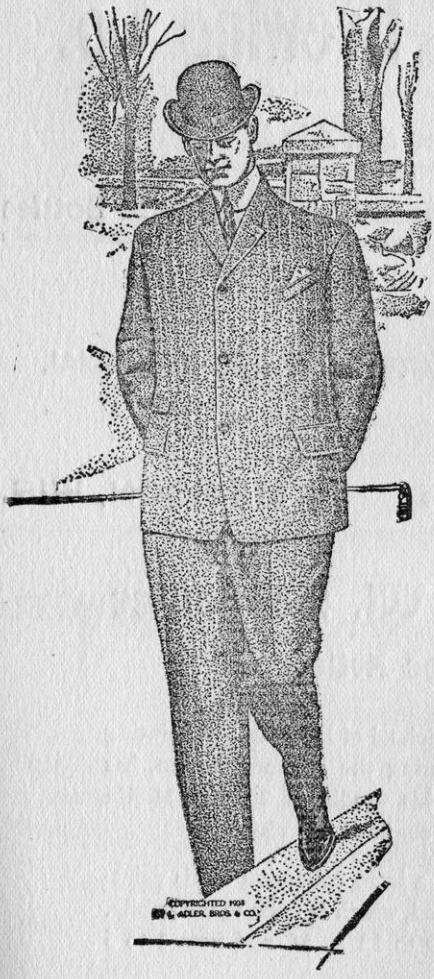

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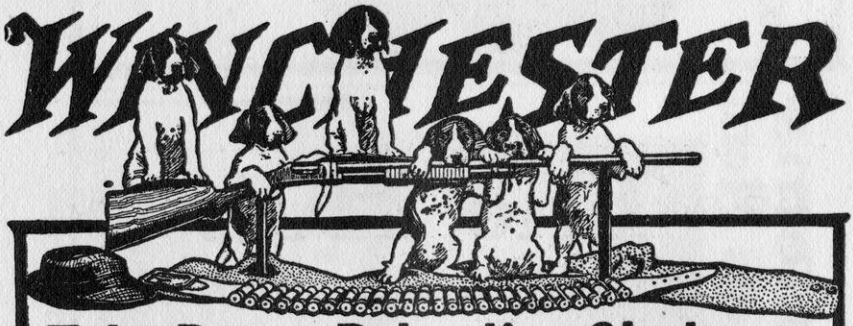

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