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Magazine

January Number

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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 4

“DAVE.”

FRANCES C. BERKELEY.

My class had graduated from Lehigh the June before, and I was—according to the conventional phrase—“going into business.” As a mere name, Cheat Haven had sounded rather euphonious, and I felt on the whole cheerful about my prospects as the new paymaster of the Union Coal and Coke Company there. This cheerfulness steadily diminished, however, as the wheezing, squeaking little train on the branch road brought me nearer to the scene of my untried labors, and when, at last, we came to a standstill in front of what was called, by courtesy, the railway station of Cheat Haven, my heart was sinking with fearful rapidity. As I stepped from the train on this late afternoon in February, the smoke from the coke ovens made the waning light still more dim, and the smudged faces of a few coal-burners who lingered about the station platform, gave the last touch of sordidness to the scene. If for nothing else, however, this moment of my arrival would be memorable, because it was just at this juncture that I first encountered Dave.

Dave was sitting on a rickety baggage truck, swinging his feet and puffing a very bad cigar. These points casually impressed me just before I tripped over the extended feet of the smoker, and brought up against the baggage truck with an

impact that sent my travelling-bag sailing slant-wise down the platform. "Darn!" snapped I, as I righted myself, and then—civilization regaining the ascendancy—"Beg your pardon!"

"Huh?" said Dave, and then—as though the idea had suddenly penetrated—"I didn't mean ter throw ye."

"Well, you'd better not," I responded, "but since you didn't, just tell me where the hotel is."

"Ho-tel?" Dave gazed upon me as upon one who fatuously sought to be humorous. "There ain't none. All the folks here goes to Smithers' boardin' house."

"Well, hurry up then and show me Smither's boarding house," I responded, and off we hastened across the tracks to where a house, with unpainted front as bare as a board fence, faced us, and blinked with its curtainless apertures.

But Smithers' boarding house is another story, as Kipling would say. This present tale is designed as a memorial of Dave and Bill. Bill I did not meet until the second morning had dawned upon me in Cheat Haven. Then, as I pushed up the dingy blinds of the paymaster's office, two undersized boyish figures approached the door and gazed upon me with more or less diffidence. Dave was easily recognizable; stunted and ill-nourished; he still looked like a boy capable of some amount of physical endurance, and his eyes had not yet taken on the bleared stare of the coal-burner. For Bill, however, nature had done more in the beginning, and environment had had less effect upon him so far. Bill was taller than Dave; he also looked stronger, but a trifle more stupid. Both were excessively dirty and shabby.

"Hello, boys," said I. "Want anything?"

"Nope," responded Dave, evidently the habitual spokesman for the firm. Then, with some hesitation:

"Pap said you come up from Braddock yesterday, 'n Bill 'n me want ter know what kind er baseball team them fellers 'as got down there?"

It would be impossible for even the most laborious phonetic

spelling to reproduce the peculiarities of Dave's accent—mixture as it was of Irish and rural Pennsylvania Dutch. His voice and intonations, indeed, gave his speech its specially unique combination of shrill rasp and hoarseness. As I struggled to understand what the boy was saying, the incongruity of his question struck me with full force. A zest for athletic prowess in any form was hard to connect with these forlorn caricatures of normal boyhood. I searched my memory, however, for details concerning the Braddock baseball nine, and discovered in the talking that I addressed amateurs who made up in passion for the game what they lacked in wide observation of it. Dave, moreover, pointed me, with dirty forefinger, to where, not far down the railroad tracks, lay a narrow, vacant plot of ground, most of it just now standing ankle-deep in the February slush. “'Taint no good now,” he affirmed, “but there's where we play when it gits warm weather.”

“What are you boys doing loafing around here?” I inquired. “Don't you both work at the ovens?”

“Yep,” Dave assured me, “but this mont' we're on the night shift. Mont's when we're on the day shift, we can't play ball ner nuthin'.”

After this it grew no uncommon thing for Dave and Bill to call upon me at the office during their periods of free days and “night shifts.” With the arrival of spring, a season which—to its credit—was able to render even Cheat Haven more tolerable, our fellowship was cemented by an inspiration on my part. I read aloud to them (neither could read to himself with ease), the sporting columns of the Pittsburg papers. Then we would compare scores and discuss *ad libitum* the merits of different professionals. Thus was I received by Dave and Bill into the brotherhood of a common hobby.

I have intimated that Cheat Haven was improved by the approach of spring, but even this gentle season could do little really for so forlorn a spot. The hamlet lies within an acute

angle where the Cheat river has forced, between two high hills, a dark and narrow channel into the larger river that goes to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi. On the east side of the cut, the mountain shelves so abruptly into the water that there is no room even for a wagon road. On the west side, however, there is a narrow space between water and the beginning of the ascent, and here—with railroad tracks outlining the principal street—straggles Cheat Haven. When you have passed the line of ugly red houses, all exactly alike, you come to a string of coke ovens, also parallel with the tracks. There are no cross streets in Cheat Haven, and every man lives within sight and call of his business.

The paymaster's office faces to the east, and as you stand on the threshold you can gaze up the river until a sharp bend to the southeast takes the stream out of your sight. This vanishing point interested me from the first, probably because it was the only thing about the place that opened any challenge to the imagination. While snow still lay on the mountains, and the black thread of water, too swift to be frozen, wound between them, the cut looked mysterious and forbidding, but when the white slopes changed to a dull brown in March and early April, and later to the deepening green of May, the prospect "up the river" grew charming, though still mysterious. Once or twice, in the lengthening days of May, I started to walk up the stream. There is no wagon road, however, only a rather wide trail. As one progresses, the mountains grow higher, the banks steeper, and the stream darker, until I have more than once thrilled uncannily at finding myself, after nightfall, still at some distance from the hamlet, and alone in the shadowy gorge.

It was on my return from one of these solitary rambles, one evening, that I met Dave on his way to the ovens for the "night shift." We walked along the tracks some distance in company, and fell to a discussion of fishing. I was surprised that fish should inhabit the sinister-looking waters of the

Cheat, but Dave assured me that the water was discolored merely from the long course over the roots of the mountain laurel, and that many trout inhabited there.

“H’aint you never been to Beaver Hole?” he asked.

“No,” said I. “Wher’s that?”

“Oh, up the river about twelve mile,” he explained. “That’s the place for trout; ketch all ye want.”

“How do you get there?” I inquired.

“Hafter walk, Dave replied briefly. “Them Dortons that comes down here t’ the grocery store, they walk down ’n back gener’lly. Me ’n Bill went up there las’ Fourth of July ’n caught right smart. We came back in an’ ole raft what Lane Dorton lent us. Shot the rapids yan side o’ Beaver Hole, too,” he added with an almost normally boyish gleam of venturousness.

I remembered the Dortons, a typical set of mountain degenerates. They traded at the Cheat Haven store: squirrels and rabbits, in season, for sugar, tobacco, and whatnot. Occasionally they sold “sassafras root” from house to house, with faces in which dullness mingled with a feeble and elementary sort of cunning.

“Take me up to Beaver Hole sometime, Dave,” I suggested. “I’d like to try the fishing.” And Dave consented with pleasing alacrity. Bill and he and I would go, he said, on the coming Fourth of July when the “shifts” were readjusted for a holiday.

When the Fourth came, however, various things occurred to frustrate our expedition. An unusual amount of business obliged me to work on the holiday itself. Quite early in the morning, moreover,—Ory, Dave’s sister, of nine or ten,—appeared to say that Dave could not go either.

“He was awful sick in the night,” Ory communicated, “an’ Maw won’t leave him go.”

Quite late in the day, Dave himself appeared, rather white, but apparently restored to health. Suspecting another bad cigar, I forebore to probe for the causes of his illness,

nor did I comment on the failure of the trip, knowing that maternal restrictions were a sore subject with Dave. I learned, however, that Bill had gone alone to Beaver Hole, and would doubtless return on the morrow laden with finny spoil.

Involuntarily I exclaimed, "What a long way for him to go alone!"

Dave seemed to feel no surprise, however. His admiration for Bill, which was—next to baseball (perhaps even before it)—his ruling passion, made it little wonder that Bill should undertake quests more arduous than those that other people undertook.

The fourth and fifth of July were days of extreme heat and humidity. The morning of the sixth dawned much colder, and heavy with clouds. Soon a steady cold rain began to fall, a rain charged with all the chillness that one often feels, even in summer, in a mountain climate. This, it happened, was Saturday, and pay-day at the ovens. I was busy all day with the regular clerical routine. When the hours for payment were over, I noticed that the only two names unreceipted on the pay-roll were the names of Dave Lynch and Bill Riley. Then I recalled that I had seen neither of them since the Fourth. I rather wondered where they were, since an indifference to the receiving of their lawful wage was characteristic of neither. I closed up the office, however, without giving further thought to the matter, and strolled down to the station for the one daily excitement at Cheat Haven,—the arrival of the five-fifteen passenger train.

On my way, I met the foreman of the ovens, and stopped to speak with him. In making his report he mentioned that Oven D had been two hands short on the last two night shifts. "Dave and Bill?" I asked.

"Yep," said Dawson. "I alwuz thought them boys was some good to work, but they haint been nigh fur two days."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"Git after Dave's pap," Dawson replied. "Mebbe them

boys is a' lyin' around somewhere, 'n the ole man can't get 'em out." And with this discriminating theory, he went on.

My feeling was not at all Dawson's, however. Wherever the boys were, they were not staying away from idleness, I felt confident. Neither one was of the vagabond type, and Dave, in especial, had invariably shown an unusual respect for the obligations of work. Their absence kept coming up in my mind as an inexplicable thing, and my wonder about it was all out of proportion to the importance of the occurrence.

The next morning was Sunday, and the relaxation of daily routine quite put out of my head the disquietude I had felt the day before. The rain was still falling, and there was no temptation to venture outside. In the late afternoon, however, the skies at last grew clearer, and the sun came out, with a tardy and rather solemn gleam. Grown restless by this time, I set out to walk, and turned, more or less without definite purpose, toward the river trail. Before I had left the railroad tracks, however, Dave's father met me. He was a bent and rather stupid type of the middle-aged oven-tender—one of those whose life habits have grown fixed even to the point of going dirty on Sundays, a time when every young and self-respecting worker at least washes his face.

Jim Lynch accosted me with a dull gesture. "Ye h'aint seen nothin' o' Dave, 'ave ye? He's been gone sence Friday mornin'. The ole 'oman h'aint saw him, 'n he h'aint been over t' the ovens."

It was characteristic of family life in Cheat Haven that the children, after the earliest years of helplessness, should pretty much take care of themselves. Nevertheless, the extreme shiftlessness of the Lynches was shown in their having made no more disturbance than this over a disappearance now sufficiently drawn out to be alarming. As for Bill, he was a waif, and boarded out, so that for him no one could be expected to feel uneasiness.

I struck out on the river path, convinced that something

was wrong. I have indeed never been more possessed than I was at that moment with a feeling of uneasy foreboding. Several expedients presented themselves and I determined—should neither lad appear before the beginning of the Sunday night shift—to make some active attempt to find them.

I had passed the bend and was entering the deep gorge that begins at that point, when I saw some one approaching, though still at a considerable distance. My attention, at first idly attracted,—since one seldom or never met people in this direction,—soon centered on trying to determine what the figure was laboriously drawing after itself. I first thought of one of our few Italian workers bringing down a load of wood. But what was apparently an undersized man, soon resolved itself into a boy, and the boy gradually became Dave Lynch, dragging after him what seemed to be a bundle on a long sledge. With a shout, I started toward him, running. Just before I reached him, he staggered and fell, almost at my feet. When I picked him up, he was breathing in hard sobs: "It's Bill," he panted, "Bill's dead!"

The story, as the railroad surgeon and I pieced it out, ultimately, was this: Sometime on the Fourth of July, probably in the afternoon, Bill had been drowned in Beaver Hole. How or when it happened no one will ever know. Early the next morning two of the Dorton boys found his body, caught in some weeds and drift left from recent high water. They recognized him, but were afraid to touch the body to remove it from the water. The elder of the Dortons, however, set out for Cheat Haven, and walked the twelve miles to tell Dave. Just where "Lane" Dorton found Dave, and why they told no one else, we could not discover. My own theory is that they met on the trail near Cheat Haven, and that Dave, in his frenzy, never thought of coming back for aid. His one idea seems to have been very simple and steadfast: to get Bill's body for the priest to bury it.

Dave reached Beaver Hole at nightfall, on the fifth of July. He slept in the woods, and on the next morning—Saturday

—removed Bill's body from the drift, and prepared to bring it home. His first thought had been to float it down the river, in a boat or on a raft. No boat was available, however,—the Dortons had only a rotten skiff which the weight of more than one person immediately filled with water. A raft was out of the question, as Dave was unable to get the logs together and to tie them alone. Finally, the father of the Dortons consented to lend an old sledge which Dave had discovered behind their cabin, about a quarter of a mile from Beaver Hole. As the Dortons possessed no horse, Dave himself took its place in front of the sledge. In all of this, he received no actual aid from the Dortons, who were superstitiously afraid of the corpse and refused to approach it. On Saturday morning, then, Dave set out for Cheat Haven, drawing Bill's body on the old sledge. The trip had taken a little more than twenty-four hours, allowing for rest, and for some exhausted sleep by the roadside, in the rain that fell all of Saturday and Sunday night. He was covering the last stage of his journey when I met him, that Sunday afternoon.

Five days later, the priest said a mass, in the stuffy little Catholic chapel for the repose of Dave's soul, also. The railroad physician did all that he could, but said quite frankly, from the very first, that in a case of such violent pneumonia nothing could be of any avail. The desperate exertion and exposure would have snapped a stronger thread of life than Dave's.

TROLLING.

K. H.

I cast my eyes far out upon the lake—

Most glorious sapphire glowing in the sun —
As far as blithesome zephyrus doth take

The breath of flowers whose favor he hath won:—

But neither water, wind, nor sky could make

Smiles of my tears that dropped like gentle rain,
I cast my eyes far out upon the lake,
And mournfully I drew them in again.

AN IDYL OF THE PROM.

CORA CASE HINKLEY.

It was two or three o'clock and a nabisco past twelve, and the hour when tongues are most confiding. Dot Marcey's room was filled with its usual Saturday night aftermath. There were crumpled party gowns thrown over chairs and a confused disarray of cloaks and scarfs on the bed, and several kimonaed young figures sitting about, a la Turk.

Tonight's discussion involved the burning and all-absorbing question—the Prom—with all its attendant intricacies. Dot sat on the window seat, tenderly holding one small foot in her hand, and interrupting the more important discussion with an impromptu dissertation on the subject of silk stockings.

"When I get married," she was saying, "I'm going to have at least thirty-six pairs—pink, blue, dove—" but at just this moment, her category, which would probably have contained all the colors of the spectrum, was suddenly stopped by the landing on her head of two or three huge pillows.

"Say, Dot, don't interrupt like that. Who cares about silk socks, and weddings and trousseau things, when its almost Prom time and nobody's asked you and it looks as if nobody were going to. Oh! these horrid slow-pokey old men! If they're going to ask a girl why don't they do it so that she can have time to get a few duds made. Miss Francois said that I'd have to tell her right off if I wanted anything made, 'cause she's engaged way up into March already. I thought Dave was going to ask me at least sixteen different times tonight, and I was doing everything I could to help him along."

"That's just the trouble," broke in Dot, "you're scaring the poor man out. You talk so much about the Prom to him,

that Dave probably thinks you're going, and he hasn't any desire to get turned down. Just be passive—everything comes to him who will but wait. Now there's Will, for inst. . . . ”

“Oh that's all right for you old lady; you can talk that way, cause when you're engaged you don't have to worry. Your man feels as if he were kind of *doomed* to take you anyway. Dave started to give me sort of a spiel about his not being able to afford the Prom this year. Gee whiz! doesn't he think it costs a girl heaps more to go than it does a man? And yet I'd do anything to go? I'd sacrifice my Phi Beta Kappa aspirations. I'd pawn my jewels, my hair rats if necessary,—yes, I'd even sell Ede my marcel waive, I'd ”

“You're getting absolutely vulgar, Patty,” came from a sleepy voice under a comforter, “and besides I don't see what you're worrying about. Here you've been to four whole proms already, and I've never been to a single one.”

“Never been to a single one, you innocent little freshman! But now many bids have you had to this one. Six of them! Six large, perfectly good bids!

“Yes, six of them, and not one from a soul I care a rap about going with. I'm getting absolutely discouraged girls, *absolutely discouraged*,” and she reached for a hat pin and steadied an olive into her mouth. She was a smallish girl, all done up in pink and white, with soft fluffy hair all around her face, the kind that blows prettily and that gave her that “love me sort of a look,” that most men can't resist. And now as she brooded over her utter discouragement, her delicately curved mouth twisted into something very near a pout and something very near a rose. Then a little half smile, whimsically sad, stirred her lips and was gone.

It's just this way,” she said, sitting up and resting her chin on her knees, I really *ought* to go with Charlie cause he asked me first. Why he even asked me way back when we were

juniors in high school. But, you see, the trouble is, I know Charlie too well. I'm sure I couldn't have a bit exciting time with him. 'Twould be just like going to the Prom with your brother, and *can* you fancy any one's wanting to go to the prom with her brother? Then as for Tom Lea—I'd sort of like to go with Tom, and yet I'm sure I'd hate their house-party. They've got two or three fellows I can't stand, and just like as not Tom would make me dance with every last one of them. Tom is *so* painfully democratic, too, I'm sure half of my program would be with aspiring young instructors. Of course they're fine, and it's an honor to write home to mother about them and it's quite a drag and all that, but one has to use such very nice English and know all about Exclusion Bills and canals and Caruso, and that sort of things. I told Tom, though, that I'd let him know *positively* by Tuesday night, which only gives one three days to decide. It wasn't half bad fixing little Bugs Lindsey and Jimmie. I just told them quite frankly that they were altogether too young, that I couldn't go with either of them, and that I hadn't decided anything definitely yet. Bugs telegraphed to Helen Miller that very night and she wired back, 'Yes.' I can see her, this very minute, coming up from Chicago arrayed like Mrs. Solomon in all her husband's glory. Doesn't it make you tired the way these out-of-town girls come up, looking so stunning?"

"Yes," put it Patty, "and they've probably borrowed all the glad clothes of the whole neighborhood. Last year a girl came up from Indianapolis with twelve gowns, and I never saw Sid Grace but what he was either putting on or taking off her carriage boots."

"Oh!" continued the freshman, when the girls had finished laughing at Patty's description of Miss Indianapolis, "it makes me just sick, *sick!* I wish it were leap year. Wouldn't I just take seven-league-boot steps after Ted Baldwin, though! And here he's going with that queer Randolph girl. I don't see how she gets around so much. Men don't seem to think their parties are a success unless she's at them."

"I know it," said Dot. "She never seems to say a word either, but just looks at men with those big dark eyes and, hypnotizes them, hypnotizes them on the spot. But we're getting off the subject. I forgot to tell you Patty, but Will asked me tonight if you were going to the Prom, and that's a good sign. Maybe some one of his fellows is thinking of asking you, and sort of wants Will to do the feeling-around act. I didn't like to tell even Will, right out, that you weren't going, and so I said quite tactfully that you were considering several bids, but as yet were undecided. And dear old Will took it all in and said so heartfully that if only I hadn't gone and engaged myself to him maybe I'd be popular like Patty too. Ha! ha! it was so funny!"

"Laugh you little nunny, laugh! It's a huge funny joke, isn't it? It's fairly screaming," wailed Patty.

"Well, bless Bob!" said a new voice, "it's almost as bad not going at all, as it is to go with a man you've *never seen*. Fred asked me, you know, for one of their freshmen. I wouldn't have accepted for worlds, but in the confusion of the moment I thought Fred was asking me for himself, and of course I grasped at the chance like a drowning man at a straw. And when he added—smiling, 'cause he saw my confusion—'Mr. Randolph, one of our freshmen, wants to take you,' I could have sunk through the floor. Just picture me! Ede says Mr. Randolph is a perfect dwarf, a little pill, a regular lead-foot miniature man; and that even if I wear spring heels and leave off my darling aigrettes I can't help but tower above him. But I just can't leave off my aigrettes, they are *the* crowning touch of glory."

"Oh, well, don't you care, consoled Patty. "Nobody will know just whom you're with anyway. They'll just say *Kappa Tau*, and that's enough to silence anybody. Why I'd go with the Kappa Tau cook, I believe, and be happy to get there too. Why, I'd go with *anybody*, I'd even go with Berge Lindsey, or Tom Lea, even if he has a few bone-heady friends and is a little too much in with the faculty.

"Oh! girls, girls," and Patty picked up one end of her kimona and threw it dramatically over her shoulder, "I'll not stay in town a minute if I'm not asked. Imagine the humility of it all. I'll go to Chicago, first—it's opera season—that's one consolation."

A DREAM.

ERNST JUNG.

Rage on wild wind, outside the door
My hearth gleams for me as before.
My pipe and I dream by its gleam
A dream through soft clouds blended,
A vision all in pink—My queen,
How soon you roused me from this dream!
How soon this sweet dream ended!

I saw the vision, heard the song,
The song was sweet—but, ah, not long.
Old song,—the wild night passes by
And you are passing with it.
Outside I hear the night-wind sigh;
The faintest strains of music die,
My song—how I will miss it.

I heard the call, I played the game,
I played but played it all in vain.
Old game, you have forgotten me;
Those hours we spent together,
Alas, are gone;—could I but see
That vision in reality
This moment and forever.

Ah no, the game is done, is past,
But ever will that vision last.
My pipe is out, the hearth grows cold,
In comes the wintry air.—
The game for two so sweet grew old,
One stopped to pick up better gold,
And now I'm playing solitaire.

THE PRINCESS.

RUTH COOK.

“And they came to a castle in which was a beautiful princess.” I threw down the book. Here was an idea. I had nothing to do. Why should I not go, as a knight of old, in search of my princess? Consequently, the next morning, I mounted my good steed, a new touring car, and departed on my journey of love. It was summer, and all of my friends and acquaintances, and friends’ acquaintances, and acquaintances’ friends would be settled in their country homes—their castles. Do you see my plan? I determined to spend one day with each. There would be no need for a longer stay, as I would surely know the princess the moment I saw her.

Beautiful, unattached princesses are, however, not very plentiful; so after a month of hard, strenuous search, I began to grow a bit discouraged. I had met plenty of girls—stunning Gibson ones; refreshingly athletic ones; sweet, Madona-like ones; charming ones; clever ones; and one—I thought, at first, that she might be the princess, and stayed over a day to find out. She had twinkling, brown eyes, and the dearest little laugh, and—in fact, she had everything; but she was not the princess. I was thinking these things one night as I was going to my cousin’s place, Tiranene, where a whole house full of pretty girls were staying. I always prefer to drive in the evening. It is so cool and mysterious—and then, too, you can judge girls more calmly and critically by daylight.

On that particular night I was, as I said, thinking about these fair maids; and especially the one with the twinkling, brown eyes; and about what a good substitute she would make for the princess—if I never found her. I was running about fifteen miles an hour. The road was fair—no road

quite satisfies a motorist—and the night was perfect. It was dark, but dark nights have a charm of their own; it is so fascinating to watch the light from the machine, as it flies along, discovering all sorts of new and unexpected beauties. The elves must have thought the same thing, for hundreds of them were out that evening, in their tiny motors which we call fireflies. They were racing around the fields and the air was fragrant with the odor of freshly cut hay; and the crickets and frogs were singing; and the whip-poor-wills were calling to each other; and life seemed worth living. It was a wonderful night.

Suddenly the road turned and dipped unexpectedly into a little gully that was completely enclosed by a dense tangle of trees and underbrush. I slowed down, for there was no telling what was ahead, and I could not see a foot beyond the light. Everything outside was pitchy black—the thick black that you feel is alive, and that seems to crowd in on you. Still the road led down; and on and down crept the machine. Something came into the light. I reversed the lever and stopped, just in time to prevent running down a woman. I was so startled that I was mad with fear. Fear of the dark, and of strange, beautiful women. Oh, she was beautiful.

My admiration of her gradually got the better of my fright, however, and I sat and stared at her in wonder. She stood at the foot of the car perfectly motionless. She was gowned in some soft, white thing that contrasted, strikingly, with her wavy, black hair, though I did not notice that at first. I saw nothing but her eyes. I believe they were grey, but I am not sure. All that I am certain of, is that they shone, like soft moonlight, right down to the bottom of my soul.

I would probably have remained there forever, looking into those hypnotic, intoxicating eyes, if she had not smiled. It was a real, human smile, that brought me to my senses. "The Princess," I said. I jumped from the machine. Then the strangest thing happened. The light from her eyes surrounded me again. It blinded me; a thrill, like an electric

shock, ran through me; and I swear that I could not have moved if I had wanted to. I did not want to, though. It was enough to look at her. I never before fully understood the "Lorelei." She smiled again. It was the most wonderful smile; human, yet more than human; "full of human sweetness and divine love." I sprang forward again. This time she turned and fled before me.

I had nearly reached her. My fingers had already touched her soft dress. All at once she dropped from sight. Everything after that is vague. Indistinctly I remember falling, falling, falling—falling for an interminably long time. Then I felt that someone carried me; and I heard the rushing of the wind as we flew through the air; and a fiery-gold light blinded me when I tried to open my eyes; and I could hardly breathe—so fast we went. At last the rushing stopped; the light grew less distinct; and my lungs once more worked freely. I was still half dazed, however, and lay still, counting, mechanically, "one—two—three—" in time to the beating and whirling of my head.

All of a sudden I sat up—as if I had been drawn by a magnet. Beside me stood the princess. She was still smiling, but the smile was now a sad one. It seemed to ask my forgiveness, and to try to explain the mystery and make me understand why "it could not be." Then she leaned over and kissed me—and everything became black.

After that I remember nothing until morning, when I felt cold, and reached for the bed clothes and touched something hard, and opened my eyes. I was lying on a ledge of rock, beside a deep pond, in an old stone quarry. I did not, however, lie there long, for my clothes were dripping—and then, there was the Princess. "She must live near here," I thought; so I scrambled out of the old hole as quickly as I could, and looked around me. There was no road, no machine, nothing but woods. That was rather discouraging; but I knew that there was somewhere, a road, and a maiden, and a princess—so I set out to hunt for them. Before I had gone a hun-

dred yards, I met a farmer. I told him the whole story, and asked his advice, and hinted that I should like information about the fair lady I had seen. He looked me over critically. "Wal," he drawled, "I seen yer oughtymobil this mornin' in the road thet runs past the *other* side of the quarry—and the lady—I reckon she wasn't no lady—she was Mirandy Talabut's ghost, what has haunted this place for fifty year'. She war ki——." I fled.

And all that day, as I sped back along the road that led to the home of the maid with the twinkling, brown eyes, I cried—over and over again.—"But I know she was the Princess."



RONDEL.

Far away, upon the shore,
 Sits a maiden all the day,
 Listening to the waters roar,
 Far away.

There she sits and sings her lay.
 'Tis no song from ancient lore,
 Sung in happy minstrelsy.

But her only soul's outpour,
 Is of him who left one May.
 Sailed he then forevermore,
 Far away.

A DIPLOMAT.

EDITH SWENSON.

Stubby tossed his hat on a near-by table, threw himself into the big leather chair in front of the fire-place, elevated his feet several inches above his head and demanded "makin's" of Cupid, who occupied the other side of the hearth. Then, "Beau's busted his engagement," he announced.

"Busted it? Why I thought he and Peggy were no end devoted. What's the trouble?" and Cupid sat up a little straighter in his chair.

"I think——"

"What?"

"Some other man——"

"Who?"

"How do you suppose I know? But it's too bad for he was very much in love I know——"

"He is very silly then——"

"Why?"

"Any man who breaks his engagement for such a little thing is silly."

"How do you know it was such a little thing?" protested Stubby.

* * * * *

The next afternoon Peggy's room-mate came running upstairs, pulling out combs and hair-pins as she ran.

"Guess who's going to take me to Middleton for supper?" Nan asked as placidly as she could with a mouth full of big shell pins.

"Who?" questioned Peggy from her pillows, more to humor Nan than because she really wanted to know.

"Cupid Crane."

"Cupid?"

"Yes, isn't that great?"

"I've always liked him immensely, but he has had eyes for "only you," so I'd given up hopes entirely!"

"Don't be foolish if you can help it!

"And he asked me to their Fall dance too—"

Half an hour later Peggy went down-stairs and called up "Beau" Gilbert.

* * * * *

"I think now that I was not only very foolish, but mistaken as well. Cupid only cares for me as a good friend, and all that he said to me the other night was just nonsense."

"I am glad you think that, Peggy. I didn't want to marry a girl who was afraid of breaking some other fellow's heart by marrying me."

"Well you see I did think, at the time, that he was serious. I changed my mind though this afternoon."

"If I had said to any girl what Cupid said to you, I should have thought myself in love sure."

"He just wanted to tease us a little I guess."

* * * * *

Stubby was bucking industriously when Cupid returned from Middleton.

"Beau and Peggy have fixed it up again," was Stubby's greeting.

"That's good, I thought they would."

"Have a good time tonight?"

"Pretty good."

"Nan coming to the dance?"

"Don't remember whether she said she would or not."

Stubby returned to his books without comment.

"Isn't it a pity," said Cupid flippantly as he kicked off a shoe, "that some people are doomed to be always misunderstood in this world!" Then he burst out laughing. "Perhaps I'm one of them!"

Stubby looked up quickly. "It was cleverly done," he said.

"FROM SEVEN TO TEN."

DOROTHY M. BURNHAM.

He was "eleven, goin' on twelve," when his first grown-up, written invitation to an evening party came. It was a small, pink invitation, and it said that Miss Lucy Gray would be pleased to have the company of Master James Howe, Friday evening, from seven to ten. That was his name, James Howe. At least, it was written "James" in the family Bible. Mother and the girls called him "Jamie," and to the world at large he was "Jim." He carried the pink missive to mother, and stood on his head while she read it, until sister said something about children who had never been to a party before. Then he grew as haughty and dignified as became a man of his years.

Friday was a red-letter day, for parties were few and far between in Verona. Jim could eat no supper, and began to dress before six. He tried all his ties; the striped one, the white one with the blue horse-shoes, the polka-dot one, and the black one, unable to decide upon any until sister called up that it was half-past six. Then in reckless despair he borrowed Dick's beautiful red one,—without saying anything to Dick about it—and surveyed himself in the mirror. His Sunday jacket was a little narrow across the shoulders, but it was carefully brushed and all the buttons were present. His high collar nearly choked him; his hair was plastered down till it shone, and his boots were new and very squeaky. He smiled approvingly at the slender image and wondered how it would compare with the other fellows.

At last he was hastening along the road in the twilight whistling a nondescript tune, and carefully avoiding the dusty places. He feared that he might be late, and took a short cut through the meadow, plunging waist high into the

sweet grass and clover. Only Bob Greene was there before him, and they squirmed about on their chairs, somewhat abashed by the formality of the occasion. Lucy sat opposite them, her short, white skirts carefully spread out, and fanned herself with a diminutive fan. She, too, seemed deprived of the powers of speech. Before long the other guests came in two and threes. Annie was among the last. Jim's heart gave an undignified bounce when he saw her. She wore a white frock with pink rosebuds in it, and pink ribbons on her black braids; Jim decided she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, not even excepting Adelaide Simpson, who had yellow curls and blue eyes. He was glad he had worn the manly-looking red tie.

Lucy's mother proposed "Drop the handkerchief" for the first game, and all stiffness vanished. Then followed "Forfeits," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Pillow." When they made a circle around Jim and sang

"Turn to the east, turn to the west,
Turn to the one that you love best,"

his very

ears were crimson as he turned bravely to Annie and made his best imitation of Dick's bow. It was unfortunate that Tom Perkins should call out tauntingly, "Look at Jemima blush!" But Jim maintained his dignity, and soon had the delight of seeing his tormentor humbled. They were playing forfeits, and it was Tom's turn. His forfeit was to "Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love the best." Tom knelt to Adelaide Simpson, who tossed her curls and smiled consciously, then he bowed to Lucy, out of courtesy, it is to be feared, for Lucy was not original. Then he advanced boldly toward Annie, who fled with a little shriek to the refuge of Mrs. Gray's protecting arms. Everybody laughed at Tom, who was deeply chagrined—Jim loudest of all. The game continued, but presently Jim left the circle and went over to Annie.

“You look pretty hot,” he said by way of opening the conversation.

“Yes, I am,” she smiled, shyly. “Would you just as lief get me a drink, Jamie?” Jim rushed off to the kitchen, and returned without spilling more than half the water, only to find Tom coolly appropriating Annie. With a glance intended to reduce Tom to ashes, Jim claimed the seat on the other side. Poor Annie, what a time she had, trying to please both and keep the peace!

At last someone came up and began talking to Tom; and in low, trembling tones Jim said:

“Say—what time you goin’ home?”

Annie looked at him queerly, and answered with an inviting accent:

“About ten, mama said.”

“Well, so’m I, an’ I go your way, so may I see you home?” Jim ventured, wondering at his own audacity.

“Certainly,” she replied, in the conventional manner, but with a smile which robbed the answer of its formality. Then she was carried off to play “London Bridge.” She was gone, but Jim was happy. Forgotten was the stiff collar which cut his chin, forgotten were the tight shoes and aching feet. He walked about as if he no longer touched the earth. The thought of Tom’s disgust was an added pleasure.

While he reflected someone brought him two plates of good things and told him to take one to some little girl. Tom was already serving Annie, so Jim found Sara Benson alone in a corner and devoted himself to her. He was so happy that it was easy to be agreeable, and Sara was obliging enough to laugh at all his remarks. There was pink ice-cream—big cones of it—and cakes—chocolate, hickory-nut, and fig; there was red lemonade and little cookies, and big dishes of heart-shaped candies with mottoes on them.

Before he realized it, the clock was striking ten, and the girls were moving toward the stairway to get their wraps. Forgetting Sara and everyone else, Jim seized his cap and waited

in the hall for Annie. Presently she came downstairs, prettier than ever, in a fuzzy white shawl, and said good-bye to Lucy. The disappointed Tom glared ominously at Jim, who only smiled in a superior, Dick-ish fashion, and helped Annie down the steps in his most proprietary manner.

The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon. Overhead the tall, black trees formed an archway. The night was almost windless; only an occasional breath of air rustled the corn and brought the perfume of lilacs with it. Once the lonely hoot of an owl came from the woods and sounded eerie and mournful.

"How dark it is," Annie said, with a shiver, and slipped her little hand into Jim's large, warm one. O, how brave he felt! He remembered that girls were afraid of the dark, and he became doubly bold by contrast. He could have faced an army, or whipped a score of Toms. He was equal to a dragon, and almost wished for a horned bull that he might be Annie's valiant protector. He would have liked to put this into words, but he could only say reassuringly, if ungrammatically, "Don't you be scared! Nothin' won't touch you!"

Never had Annie's house seemed so near, and before he knew it he was running along the road alone, still hearing her sweet "Good night, Jamie," and living over in imagination every happy event of this successful evening. Soon he was dreaming blissfully confused dreams of ice cream and hair ribbons—both pink; white shawls and trusting little fingers, and deadly combat with a two-headed monster named Tom Perkins.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

IRVING SCHAUS.

Midsummer. An evening mildly mild, restful. "There!" I sighed, as I seated myself on the first limb of a tree, ten feet above the ground, and looked defiantly down at the bulldog bounding about at the foot and barking savagely, "I'm safe at last—unless—hark! some one's coming, that old barking, I bet, has awakened the farmer. I suppose he's got his whole family and the sheriff with him. Well—"

Suddenly a calling whistle sounded close, followed quickly by—

"Here Towser! Here Towser!"

"Why, that's a girl!" I ejaculated. "I wonder what's going to happen now?"

Directly a young lady, not more than nineteen, tall, slender, rather pale, and with a delicious tilt to her nose, came into the flood of moonlight, and stopped about ten feet away.

"What's the matter, Towser?" she asked. "Got something treed?"

Now I knew I would be discovered; I might as well announce myself.

"Yes," I answered for Towser; "he's got me treed."

The girl started visibly.

"Who're you?" she demanded, seeing me.

"A very harmless fellow, I assure you," I replied. "Your dog chased me and I had to climb this tree to save myself."

"What was he chasing you for?" she asked.

"Why—er—for—for nothing at all," I prevaricated. "He simply saw me and then came after me."

"I don't believe you," she returned. "Towser generally minds his own business. Probably you were meddling—eh?"

"No, honestly, I wasn't," I insisted.

"Yes, honestly, you were," she emphasized. "I have proof."

"What?" I asked.

"This," she said, holding out a small, round object with a leaf attached to it.

"What's that?" I asked, pretending ignorance.

"Just as if you don't know, Innocence," she replied. "Why it's an apple of course. I found it down the road here away."

"Well," I laughed, "I don't see as that tells you anything."

"It tells me lots," she returned: "You attached to this apple and it attached to one of those trees over there in that orchard—tells me all I want to know—see?"

"Pretty clevah!" I laughed. "You're a regular Sherlock Holmes. Well, I guess you've got me all right. Yes, I was stealing apples."

The girl remained unaroused.

"I suppose you know what'll happen to you?" she suggested.

"No. What?" I asked, misapprehensive.

"Why, I'll take you home to my father, and then he'll probably hand you over to the sheriff. That's what he did to one fellow he caught stealing apples last year."

"For heaven's sake!" I expostulated, "am I to be——"

"Better come down now," she interposed, "we've been here long enough."

Inexplicably, her quiet demeanor constrained me to obey. I descended.

* * * * *

We were walking slowly along the road towards my fair captor's house, I leading, Towser at my heels, and she behind. Heavy bushes shrouded one side. Suddenly they parted and a masked man stepped out.

"Halt!" he commanded, leveling a revolver at us. "Throw up your hands!"

We obeyed directly.

Towser moved truculently towards the new comer, growling.

“Shet up!” the dark man vociferated.

Towser retreated reluctantly.

“Well,” the nocturnal visitant began, when all was propitious, “I’m not a highwayman, as I may seem,—but a wife-hunter. All these years my love has been taciturn. Tonight this phosphorous-like substance sputtered forth in assertion. ‘Satisfy me! Satisfy me!’ it wept, cried, screamed frenziedly, ‘I’ve been cheated!’ But there’s one restriction: I must not marry an old maid, widow—grass or otherwise—only a young un-wedlocked girl. Well—.” He stopped, panting, and looked piercingly at the girl.

“Are you married?” he snatched agonizingly, bending far forward.

“She fell into an indescribable dilemma. She shook like gelatine, her eyes turned to mine, begging for terrible help.

I was apt and took the ungiven cue.

“Yes,” I answered for her, steadily,—“she’s my wife.”

Unconsciously, I walked to the quaking girl, put my arms around her, and looked down into her bleached face, sweetly sweet, and nicely relieved by two lovely blue eyes and a pair of pink lips. . . . I bent lower. There was no resistance; the only movement, if it could be called such, was a slight relaxation in my embrace. Then I turned to the highwayman. He was gone.

ON OUTSIDE READING.

GEO. M. SHEETS.

Outside reading is the intellectual thumbscrew with which college inquisitors torture students. Just as in the dark ages the body was racked to save the soul from damnation, so in this enlightened era is the student tortured to save his standing from condition. The causes, nature, quantity and results of outside reading will, it is hoped, confirm the statements the writer has made in the first two sentences of this paragraph.

The cause of collateral reading is first in order. When, as is usual, the students of any class appear tired, spiritless and dull, the instructor will not assign reference work. But if, as sometimes happens, he is greeted by joyful faces and animated looks, the professor will designate one hundred pages to be read within a week. Instantly a profound sigh escapes the students. Tears well up in an overworked co-ed's eyes; a Y. M. C. A. boy invokes divine aid to destroy the wicked impulse which urges him to hand in fictitious reading cards; a college sport swears softly as he thinks how difficult will be the task to pass an examination on reading that he has never done. A few faces are expressionless. Only the graduate students look happy; those semi-professors with wrinkles and half extinct hair.

In order to explain the sighs, tears, prayers, curses, and the few happy faces, it is necessary to describe the nature of outside reading. This auxiliary study is founded on the hypothesis that students are addicted to interesting and instructive books. To prevent this undue tendency only those volumes which possess the certified dryness and the apparent percentage of facts, dates and systems are placed on the reference shelves. It is a half forgotten tradition that once in

the golden age of the university a professor assigned reading in an interesting book. A faculty meeting was immediately called and the audacious instructor was severely reprimanded for his unheard of procedure, and ordered to cancel his assignment forthwith. In the meantime, however, the book was seized; the print was thumbed into illegibility; the pages were worn to shreds, and the covers were stolen by a student and cherished as a very precious relic.

If a person reads many collateral assignments he will resemble a volume. His face will become long and thin, his general appearance faded and dull, while deep in his tired eyes is inscribed, "An Outside Reader."

But equal in importance to the nature of outside reading is the number of pages thereof. Some courses require a thousand, other nine hundred and eighty pages per semester. And as the average student enrolls in five or six classes, the amount of references he must read is stupendous. It is as great an obstacle to mental progress as was the Russian campaign to the ambition of Napoleon. This fact is known: conscientious procedure is abandoned, and dishonest methods are evolved. Some students select small books with large print; others read chapter headings and thumb notes; still others read nothing at all, but write upon the reading card the requisite number of pages, hand the slip to the instructor; firmly resolve to drop a dime in the contribution box next Sunday and conveniently forget the resolve.

And what is the result of outside reading? It is the exhaust pump of student vitality; the leech of university life, the cause of dullness and sleepless nights. It has reached the apex of its scope and unpopularity. Undergraduates look forward with joy to the better world where outside reading is not required, and where references are not assigned. With no thoughts of impiety they nightly pray:

"From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder and from outside reading—
Good Lord, deliver us."

SCENE: AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST TABLE.

Time—9:15 A. M.

TONY TABLECLOTH.

Toast—"I'm cold!"

Teapot—"I'm hot enough! It seems to me I never get cold!"

Castor (Salt and Pepper together)—"We're so everlastingly tired of each other's company! I wish the loaf would move out of the way. Then we might have a chance to see something."

Marmalade—"He can't help getting in your way. Who is that over there?"

Milk Jug—"It's a stranger. I was introduced yesterday. I believe he's an American by the name of Breakfast Food or something of the kind. He was rather too cordial!"

Toast—"Well, really! The impudence of the fellow! What's his family?"

Sugar—"I believe he's not well born. Has some sneaking relationship to porridge, but doesn't like to acknowledge it."

Marmalade—"Pooh! One of these self-made persons!"

Tea—"I fancy we'd better not notice him. These upstarts are getting altogether too bold. But hush! here comes someone. We'll chuck it now and decide tomorrow what we'll do."

Toast (shivering)—"I'm so cold!!"

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EDITORIAL.

CUSTOM GROWS slowly at Wisconsin, while our readymade traditions have a disconcerting tendency to come undone, with the passing of their makers.

When a new practice, therefore, likely to be of benefit to Wisconsin, is found growing up through Wisconsin conservatism, it behooves us all to encourage it.

Class spirit in a university is a good thing—good because it fosters unselfishness, widens acquaintanceship, broadens the view-point—good for many reasons. But class distinctions have been so overridden by our great elective system, and class relationships so ignored by our over-numerous societies in their demand for members, that class spirit at Wisconsin is a strange and rare manifestation, and class acquaintanceship somewhat of an accident. Witness a not uncommon occurrence at the last Senior Swing out,—

Jones of athletic tastes and fraternal associations meets Smith of literary inclinations and journalistic repute. Says

Jones: "Hello Smith, what are you doing here?—thought you were a 'P. G.'"

Smith replies—"Not yet! But I didn't know you were a Senior."

Jones again—"Softly Smith! I am if nothing fails."

Then both,—“Put 'er here old man for old '07.” This is foolish, but is not far from being typical of class acquaintanceship.

Now obviously, had Jones and Smith met their Freshman year at a mixer, and again at a smoker their Sophomore year, and another their Junior year,—they would have realized that they were classmates long before the Swing out.

From all of this it will be evident that our purpose is to say a good word for the smokers which have recently been held by the Junior and Sophomore classes. We hope and believe that they are institutions whose evident good will mean permanent adoption.

Tony Tablecloth, who is introduced to the readers of THE LIT by a conversation overheard at an English breakfast table, will, we are happy to announce, become one of our regular contributors. Mr. Tablecloth's wide experience covers the boards of many nations, and in succeeding issues he will give us bits he has picked up at French, German, Italian—perhaps even Russian breakfasts.

THE LIT takes this occasion formally to express its thanks to Miss Frances C. Berkely, of the English department, whose truly human story, "Dave," occupies the first place in the current issue.