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The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. V, No. 4 January 1908

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], January 1908

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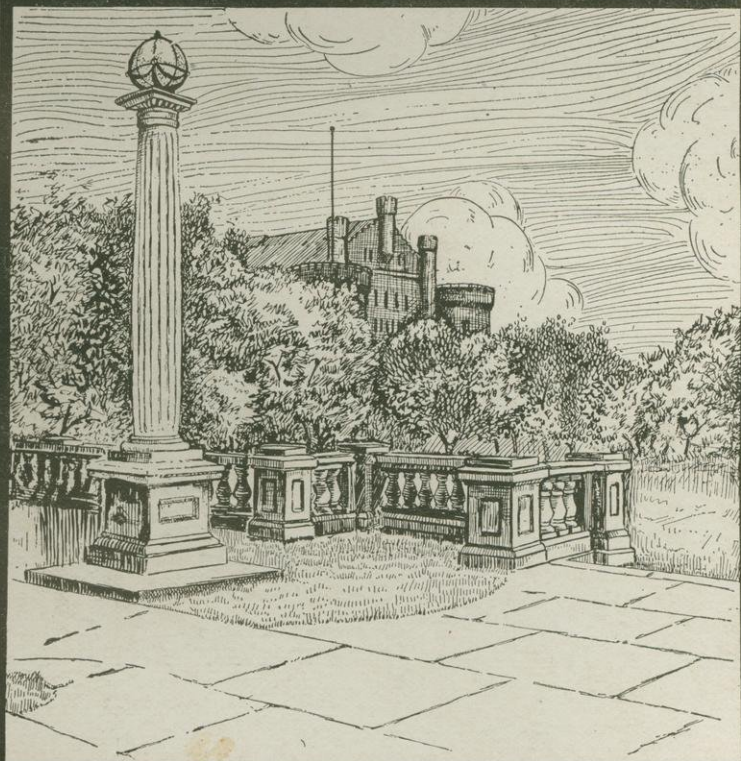
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**THE WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE**



HUBBARD - ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. V

JANUARY, 1908

No. 4

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Founded in 1903 and Published Monthly by Students of the
University of Wisconsin.

Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter
of the second class

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TERMS: \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in the "Lit" box in the front entrance of Main Hall.

A ROMANCE OF MACARONI AVENUE

F. C. Scoville, '10



DOWN past the track-woven flats where the stubby switch engines snort night and day, where the clouds of black smoke settle grittily on walk and house; past the sluggish, brown river with its fringe of lumber yards and coal docks; down in the marsh, outside the pale, lies "Little Italy." Here in the ramshackle one-story houses that squat in irregular lines along the sides of Macaroni avenue (seldom but correctly called Grady Street) live the sons of Italy who work in the foundries and mills of Crompton. Here they come when first they land in the new country; here they return after a long sojourn in the construction gangs; and here, if they happen to find a good job in the city, they settle and raise their families.

It is not a pleasant place in which to live, but the stocky, little black haired boys seemed contented enough, as they play in the rubbish that a kind-hearted but somewhat neglectful city dumps in the swamp that bounds their back yards. "Little Italy," you know, was once a railroad track through the swamp, until the company found a shorter way to the mills, and vacated their right of way. Later a far-sighted Italian padrone, Michael Lasso by name, begged,

borrowed, or stole enough money to buy the deserted strip and fill it in. Then he induced his countrymen to live there and became rich, nobody knows just how. Some say it was from his rents; others, that it was the political "pull" that he had through his complete control of the "Dago" settlement.

It is not an edifying place to contemplate, and still less pleasant to pass through at night. The houses, dilapidated and unpainted, stand with their front doors opening directly upon the sidewalk (if there happens to be one) and their uncurtained windows stare the passerby blankly in the face. The street itself, narrow, ruddy, and plentifully sprinkled with tin cans, is, during the spring, knee deep in a thick, yellow clay, which has been used as a filler. In winter it is a miniature mountain range. In the rear of the houses lie stagnant pools, alive with mosquitoes and frogs, and dotted here and there with mounds of rubbish (an "Italicized" edition of the Thousand Isles). In the spring when the water is high, the boys build rafts and paddle out to these islets, where they are out of reach of the "cop," and also beyond throwing range of certain pugnacious Irish gangs from the "patch," who make life a burden to them.

Such then, are the characteristics of the homes and surroundings of the "Dagoes." There is but one exception. At the east end of the avenue, directly facing the main and only thoroughfare, and marking the extreme end of the filling, is the center of power, the mainspring of this bit of Anglicized Italy, the Tammany Hall of the community, Mike Lasso's place.

Unlike the major portion of these Italian "villas," this combination of saloon, political club, and lodging house is built of brick, although it may be said, the brick is a very, very cheap grade, a great deal like petrified sponge. It is three stories high, forty feet wide and "indeterminately" long, due to the addition in the rear of various patch-work structures (in the modern Italian style) for sleeping purposes.

Its full capacity, four men to a room, is about one hundred and fifty. This of course includes the addition, where, in winter, the men sleep "six in a bunch" as they express it, for warmth.

Michael Lasso, the owner of this human ant-hill, and incidentally the "King of Little Italy," can generally be found, wrapped in a dirty white apron, and with a fringe of red flannel undershirt showing brightly, in the saloon which occupies the ground floor of his stronghold. Here, night and day, in the smoky, garlic-scented air, he dispenses liquid refreshments, collects bills, loans money, and sometimes forcibly preserves the peace. This last, however, is more of a pleasure than a duty, for although he is short, he has enormous strength, and his constantly increasing waist-line seems to detract but little from his agility.

Besides that of attending to the merely sordid details of his material existence, Mike had, at the time of which I write, a higher duty to perform, that of guarding his daughter, Tullia. This took a great deal of his time, for Tullia had many suitors, in addition to a will of her own, which fortunately, she chose to exercise but infrequently. The watchful father must needs match himself single-handed against the cream of "Little Italy's" youth, and when that young lady decided upon the man of her choice, against Tullia's determined will also. Together with this stubborn will which she inherited from her father, Tullia had more than her share of good looks, which must have come from her mother, for Mike's countenance was far from prepossessing.

Her eyes were dark, with long heavy eyelashes, her complexion a clear olive, and her features regular. Though her form could not by any stretch of the imagination be called sylph-like, for she was built on a generous scale, she was not ungraceful. Besides her bodily charms, she was a good housekeeper and not a penny of the rents that she collected from Mike's numerous roomers ever slipped through her fingers. Doubtless this valuable quality was quite as important

an element as his fatherly love in Mike's determination not to lose his daughter.

Up to the time of the arrival of Antonio Spicca and Guiseppe Mazzini, everything had gone as Mike wished it. Tullia's suitors had made no progress, owing both to the indifference of the girl herself and the force of Mike's fist. But the arrival of these two and the startling change in his daughter's manner, made the king uneasy. Both paid ardent suit to Tullia, but whom it was that Tullia loved, for her father decided that love must have been the cause of her changed behavior, Mike could not guess. He was in a quandary, and could not decide upon a suitable course to follow.

Antonio, who was a well-proportioned, intelligent youth of twenty-three, had attended night school, and by hard work had gained for himself the leadership of a gang in one of the rolling mills. He was quiet and well-behaved most of the time, but his reserve was the quiet confidence of strength, not the timidity of incapacity, as the members of his gang could testify after one experience in his method of quelling insubordination.

Guiseppe, on the other hand, was the exact opposite. Slender, with bold, black eyes, and a careless, dare-devil manner, he was well-liked, but not wholly trusted by his companions. Mike liked him because he brought much trade and, when he had money, he spent it with a free hand. No one knew how he managed to live, for he never worked. What he won at cards, (he was a skillful player, some even said a skillful sharper) was spent immediately.

Both Antonio and Guiseppe lived on the second floor of the lodging house. For four months each had been paying Tullia assiduous court, but no one, not even Mike himself, knew who was the lucky man. The father was, perhaps, the one most in the dark. On one occasion, while making a tour of inspection in his stocking feet after the saloon was closed, he happened upon his daughter and some one conversing in low tones in a corner of the dark corridor. His

rage was so great that he did not stop to investigate but threw the intruder bodily down the stairs. On another occasion he interrupted a conversation between Tullia and a stranger who, perched on a rickety ladder, was excitedly urging upon her some course of action to which she objected. A vain attempt to hit the intruder with an alarm clock was all the satisfaction Mike could get, and his angry demands that Tullia reveal the name of her visitor, resulted in nothing. Tullia evidently feared for her lover and stubbornly refused to give his name. She knew her father's power, and that anyone who incurred his wrath could not stay long in the city.

Thus matters stood when Mike got his first "Black Hand" notice. He had never yet been threatened by any of these dread communications, and the first placard sent him into a cold sweat of fear. Not only did the writers demand a large sum of money, but in case it was refused his life and his daughter's would be taken. The prospect of parting with a large portion of his hard-earned wealth hurt, but the second threat had the greatest effect, for outside of his money, Tullia was the sole object of his affections.

About this time Antonio approached him in regard to Tullia's hand in marriage. Harassed by the continual fear for his daughter's safety, Mike rejoiced to find some one upon whom to vent his passions, and Antonio's request met with a violent and abusive refusal. All his efforts toward a peaceful understanding, even Tullia's tears, for she had found the one man in the world, were in vain. Mike ordered him from the house, and commanded his daughter to see him no more.

Antonio with compressed lips and angry eyes was compelled to find a home elsewhere. He knew the futility of trying to marry and live in Crompton in the face of Mike's opposition. He would probably lose his job, for the king of "Little Italy" had great influence in the city council, and even if he were fortunate enough to keep his position, none of his countrymen would work for him and incur the anger

of so great a man as the owner of the "dago town." So, swallowing his wrath, he bided his time, and hoped for a change of affairs.

Regardless of the notice, and despite his fears, Mike allowed the day set for the payment of the money to pass. He redoubled his watch over Tullia, enlisted the help of the chief of police, and even went so far as to forbid his daughter to leave the house. Then he received a second notice, even more threatening than the first. This also he disregarded. Upon his failure to heed the second demand, a sample of what he could expect was given him. Late one night, while returning from the city, two bullets whistled past his ears. The next night the flimsy structure at the back of his hotel was fired, and it was only by the greatest efforts that the entire building was not destroyed.

The strain of the continual fear which was ever with him, but made his naturally violent temper, still more tempestuous. Tullia's pleas found no soft spot in his heart, while the sight of Antonio, who in some way he connected with the Black Hand conspiracy, although he could find no proofs, drove him into a frenzy.

On the third night after the burning of his addition, Mike, after cleaning out the barroom, fell asleep in a chair, worn out with anxiety and watching. The room was almost dark, only a smoky kerosene lamp above the bar sent the shadows jumping from one corner to another. It was silent except for the croaking of the frogs in the marsh and the sharp whistle of the switch engines across the river.

About half past one the door at the rear, which led to the rooms above, was softly opened and a head peered cautiously through the opening. Slowly the door moved and at length the listener was seen. It was Tullia, who, seeing that the coast was clear, motioned silently to some one behind her. Then suddenly she started and glanced trembling toward the street door. It had opened without a sound, and in the dusky light she saw three masked men enter noiselessly and move swiftly toward her father.

Her first impulse was to cry out, but a second thought stayed her. She stepped back and whispered excitedly to Antonio who stood on the steps behind her and who had seen nothing. He gasped in amazement at her whispered words, then, with a nod of understanding, slipped quickly upstairs, returning immediately with a short club.

Meanwhile the three intruders had hurled themselves upon their unconscious victim, and before Mike could move or cry out, he was bound to the chair and gagged securely. There he sat, his eyes blazing defiance and his great muscles heaving spasmodically, as the leader of the robbers demanded in tense tones that he write the combination of the safe with the free hand they unloosed for the purpose. On Mike's refusal, the leader produced an ugly looking knife and made a suggestive gesture. This brought the king to his senses, and with a scowling brow he did as they ordered.

While they were grouped expectantly about the safe, Antonio opened the door and under cover of the bar, crept cautiously to the chair of the prisoner. The look of surprise on his face changed to one of joy when he saw who the second visitor was. A few strokes from Antonio's knife and the ropes were severed, but in his haste Mike forgot to unloose the gag. Then the two crept softly towards the Black Hands and, before they could turn, one was struck senseless by Antonio's club, and the other gasped as Mike's fingers closed about his throat.

The third, at the sound of his companion's fall, leaped quickly to one side and as Antonio turned from his disabled opponent, dealt him a crashing blow on the forehead with a pair of brass knuckles, and sent him reeling backward dazed and blinded with blood. Then, springing toward Mike who knelt above his fallen antagonist, he kicked him savagely in the side, and jerked him backward while he reached for his knife.

Mike, breathless and dizzy from the kick, wordless because of the gag, could only gurgle helplessly as he saw the knife

descend. He managed to half dodge, however, and the blow, instead of piercing his neck, glanced down his shoulder blade. Before the robber could stab again, his feet were jerked from under him by Antonio, who had recovered sufficiently to crawl on the floor to Mike's defense.

The rest was comparatively easy and in a few moments the robbers were securely bound, and Mike with tears in his eyes was holding Antonio's hand while Tullia washed the cut on his temple. His daughter's presence of mind in waiting for a chance to allow Antonio to help him, had nearly resulted fatally, but he never thought that all could have been avoided, had she screamed at the right time. Tullia herself thinks that the happy ending justified the risk.

The mystery of Guiseppe's method of earning a living was disclosed when the mask was removed from the face of one of the robbers. Mike "fixed it" so that he got "the limit."



SUB ROSA

(Rondel)

Beneath the rows of trellised bloom
 When still the murky twilight glows,
 Two figures seek the perfumed gloom
 Beneath the rose.

Two shadows in the garden-close
 And then, *one* shadow in their room
 Oblivious of friends or foes.

That sweet contagion was my doom
 For Chloe smiled, and—well who knows?
 I'll tell you who's to be the groom
 Beneath the Rose!

—L. P. S.

“THIS SIDE UP WITH CARE”

(Relating the Ins and Outs of a Piano Box Enroute from Omaha)

Chalmer B. Traver, '11



THE far-reaching train yards of the L. S. & R. I. railway stretched out before me, dotted with myriads of swinging lanterns and stolid red and green switch lights, and alive with the roar of starting and stopping engines, bumping of cars, and the hoarse shouts and orders of the train-men. Row upon row of silent, mysterious box cars and flats merged into an obscure point far off in the light-dotted darkness. For I was perched airily on a parallel girder of the viaduct that spanned the yards and even now rumbled and vibrated with the unceasing stream of traffic that flowed both ways across it. Some eight feet below was the cindery expanse of the roof of a large furniture car, while beyond, roof after roof stretched away with sidewalk-like uniformity to the twinkling lights of the caboose far down the track.

A shrill toot sounded behind me, a lantern waved in the distance, and with a rattling of coupling pins the dark mass below began to slide softly from under my perch. I leaned far down, looked both ways along the bare car tops, and then hanging for an instant, dropped to the roof of the furniture car. The train was moving faster than I had made allowance for, a fact which accounted for my suddenly finding myself on my knees and grasping the narrow walk that ran along the top with both hands in a decidedly undignified manner. But dignity was of small consideration at the moment and no one was looking. So I clambered down the ladder and over to the bumpers where I squatted in precarious discomfort for five miles while a brakeman with giddily dancing lantern made the entire trip from the caboose to the engine cab and back again.

For, be it known, through certain twists of circumstances wholly apart from this story, I was "flying blind" or stealing a ride out of Omaha, and with still some distance to travel, the idea of a too familiar acquaintance with the train crew at this early stage of the game was repulsive to me. I waited until the coast was clear and then, climbing once more to the roof of the car, started on a hazardous journey down the interminable line of lurching, swaying box cars and flats loaded with nearly everything calculated to render progress all but impossible to a greenhorn like myself.

My idea was to gain entrance to some partially loaded box car consigned through to my destination, a town diminutive as to size and population but of some importance as a railroad center. The second part of my plan would be trivial in accomplishment once I had spotted the right car. But to perform this feat on a swaying, jerking train with the darkness fairly eddying about you in clouds requires the nerve of Jupiter and the patience of Minerva. My first inclinations guided me toward the caboose but, while in transit over a flat loaded with spruce piles I clung to a thumping, creaking chain and endeavored to get a foothold on the slippery bark, a timely inspiration told me to look forward up near the engine for the through cars. Truly an axiom any railroad man could have demonstrated. So, facing about, I started back again into the eddying cloud of cinders, with the distant glow from the smokestack ahead to guide me.

With half the distance traversed I found myself back on the dark bulk of the furniture car of former acquaintance, both eyes full of cinders and my knees strangely weak, probably from the strain of trying to keep my balance. Something in its friendly massiveness attracted me. The doors were sealed as I could see by lying flat and looking over the edge, but at the further end a small scuttle next the brake rod stood invitingly open. Actuated by the one desire of finding shelter for the time being from the biting cinders and the nerve-racking jolting and swaying of the on-rushing train,

I grasped the edge of the roof and swung down through the trap, feet foremost.

My heels struck a large packing case of some kind with a clack that brought forth a hollow ring. Before venturing farther I struck a match and, shading it from the draft above, peered about me. The car was only partly filled with boxes and bales of what appeared to be dry goods, while up in the farther end stood a large upright piano box holding solitary state, for that end was almost empty of other freight. Pulling some loose pieces of burlap up between a coffin-shaped box and one side of the car, where I could not be seen immediately by any one entering at the door, I slumped down into the lumpy softness and must have fallen asleep immediately.

Now contrary to all the rules that ordinarily go to make a story of this kind interesting, I was neither awakened by a pair of green eyes gazing intently into mine or muffled groans emerging from nowhere and everywhere. Either one might have lent color to the situation, even taking the effect on my nerves into consideration, but such was not to be slated on my schedule, for I woke through perfectly natural causes—a flickering sunbeam, braving to pierce the inner darkness of the hole that had been my means of entrance the night before, and an appetite that demanded bacon and several fried eggs! Pshaw! Why couldn't one satisfy hunger as one might tiredness of the body—by merely dropping in the softest place at hand and going off to sleep? The size of my appetite fairly put to shame the preparations I had made to supply it during the two days journey and made me blush with the distinct sensations that must attach to the defendant in a divorce suit on the grounds of non-support.

The train was bowling along at a fair rate of speed and I consumed the half of one pocketful of provisions, in all one-fourth of my entire larder, to the merry click-clack of the trucks below. Then, with praiseworthy husbandry, I ceased feeding the inner man to feed my curiosity. By this time the whole interior of the car was visible in the half light from

the scuttle, and I twisted about to command a wider view. Everything was as it was last night and unchanged—the bales and boxes piled up at my end, and the stately form of the pine-enshrouded piano at the other. How unreasonable to look for changes or expect anything interesting to happen within the cramped and dusty confines of a box en route from Omaha, over night!

Lying flat on my stomach and soliloquizing thus, I was astonished and slightly shocked to see the slanting upper part of the piano box swing out for several inches, pivoting at the top, and then drop back into place. Pianos, gifted as they are with the power of music, are not given to these clamlike manifestations. I lay still for several reasons. Soon the phenomenon occurred again, and this time a hairy fist followed the cover up and a still hairier face gazed solemnly at me out of the gloom within. Concealment was impossible as the dark eyes were boring through me.

“Well pard,” I began, familiarly, if somewhat shakily, “something rather original in the dead head line?”

“Heh?”

“I mean you seem to have quite a comfortable way of traveling—your own private bunk and stateroom, you know, without the porter’s tips too. But—”

“But,” he grabbed the word from my mouth as I hesitated, probably expecting it to be followed with a “you’ll have to come with me,” and the flash of a detective’s star from under my shabby coat.

“But,” I reassured him, “wha-what did you do with the piano?” The idea of a piano box traveling about alone without a piano seemed as preposterous as cracking a peanut shell to find it empty. It simply couldn’t grow that way.

My friend with the whiskers surveyed me in silence for what seemed an interminable period before pronouncing sentence. My clothes, hair, and general “caught-in-the-act” air must have finally convinced him of my genuineness, for at length came the laconic question:

“Bumming it too?”

“Bet your life—but you haven’t answered my question yet, about the piano?”

“Oh!” and he glowered down at the well-meaning piano box that could not explain its presence in respectable company.

“Found’er empty and crawled in,” and, climbing out with a laughable attempt to show as little of the emptiness inside as possible, he seated himself on the floor with his back propped against the side of the car. I saw the folly of pressing investigations at present. Besides there were other things concerning me more directly that I wished to find out.

“How far’s this car going?”

“Straight through t’ Slater before they break the seals. Whole carload goin’ to Slater Mercantile Company.”

This fluency nearly took me off my feet or, more properly, brought me to my feet. For an instant I was convinced that this was a plain clothes man eating and sleeping with this precious freight and keeping off marauders and bums until it should reach its destination safely.

“And Slater is beyond La Porte?”

“Thirty miles,” it came quick as a flash. Truly here was a wonder.

“Well, that fixes me up then,” I said, relieved; “I’m bound for La Porte.”

“Yeh?” I fancied he was rather nonplussed for a moment. Surely he could have no objections to my sharing the partial emptiness of the car with him to the end of my journey. I made several further attempts at conversation, but all to no avail. He remained in his chosen attitude of moody stolidity. Towards noon he furtively drew some rye sandwiches from his pocket and began eating, staring straight across the car and never deigning to offer me any of the delicacy. Ah, this was the reason for his lack of enthusiasm over my company—a fear that he might be expected to share his scanty larder according to the time honored custom of hoboes. I

hastened to correct this misunderstanding, if such it was, by likewise drawing a sandwich and eating with intense application. He did not turn his head but looked straight before him as if thinking deeply. I doubt if he gave a thought to the food he was eating.

The train rolled on throughout the afternoon, occasionally stopping with a grinding of brakes and screaming of air exhausts, only to start clanking on again. The one sided conversation within had palled and ceased altogether long since, for the news that I intended making the cars my home until we reached La Porte had evidently become the subject of ponderous thought on the part of my companion. Silence is golden as moments are likewise said to be, but two positives often form a distinctly repellent negative, as I found to be the case. Oh, for a glimpse beyond those closed doors of the rolling prairies and wheat fields I felt sure we were passing. If I could only stretch out on the car roof with the blue sky and the feathery rifts of cloud, golden in the afternoon sun, for company. But I could not afford detection by the train crew just yet and so had to be satisfied with the glimpse of clear ether and sky I could get by stretching out on the boxes and gazing upward through the window. Continued looking at a tiny bubble shaped cloud that followed the train, always keeping just in view over the edge of the next car, threw a hypnotic spell over me and I dropped to sleep once more.

A rude jolt that made me pound my ear against a very hard something, awoke me. It was quite dark in the car, but down below I could see the red glow from a pipe and surmised my mute friend was still there.

"What's this?" I demanded, only half awake, and as if he were responsible for the jar.

"Rocky Ford Junction—forty-five minutes wait," came the reply, as naturally as it might from a uniformed brakeman.

"You know the road pretty well."

“Been over it often enough.”

“Forty-five minutes! Gad, I wonder if I can't get some water.” I had emptied my bottle at noon. It was dark and I could air myself for over half an hour before the train started on.

“You might,” he assented, and I was surprised at his generous loquacity. “There's an old pump about a hundred feet back of the water tank. I drank there the last time I came through.” Supper must have cheered him.

The opportunity decided me. “Want to come along for the walk?” I invited magnificently as I paused at the scuttle.

“Naw, I'll smoke. I'm tired too—not havin' slept all the afternoon.” This with a bite of sarcasm at my somnolency. “Get back before eight,” followed me with kindly solicitude, as I clambered out, dropped to the bumpers, and thence softly to the gravelly road bed. It was just a quarter after seven as I looked at my watch by a flaring match.

Through a hasty reconnoitering of the situation from the shadow of the train I drew that Rocky Ford Junction was a solitary place to spend forty-five minutes in at the best. In the first place no sign of a junction was evident though I took it for granted there must be one, else whence the name. Far up ahead near the softly panting engine I made out the dark bulk of a water tank, while almost among its timber supports, as if set among a grove of lofty elm trunks, glimmered the lights of a diminutive station.

Starting down the bank at one side of the train I set in motion a miniature avalanche of pebbles that thundered after me with what seemed a deafening roar, but I reached the fence below without further mishap and was soon skirting along it through the coarse grass toward the water tank. Almost there, I climbed the fence and made a detour about the more civilized portions of all that could be seen of the “Junction” until in a line directly back of the tank. Then, with all but hope behind me, I waded into the dark Unknown

beyond. The directions about the pump had seemed childish in their simplicity but, after plowing through the grass over a hundred feet at least, the task of spotting four feet of pump post set at random in the chilly darkness of that November night seemed none too small. Another hundred feet to the left and approximately twice the distance back still failed to reveal the pump. There was evidently water in the vicinity however, as I was chagrined to find myself sinking in some places almost to the ankles in the soggy grass.

I had wandered about in the darkness for about a quarter of an hour when a toot from the engine bore the unmistakable conviction upon me that the train was upon the point of pulling out. Further, that I had been informed in error as to its schedule. Anxiety lent wings to my feet, and plunging through the grass with the grace of a buffalo bull, I regained the fence, vaulted over and scrambled up the bank, just in time to grab at the ladder of one of the now swiftly moving cars. I guessed that chance had drawn me to board at about the point "my" furniture car should be and developments bore me out, for as I climbed up and reached over the edge of the roof a hairy hand grasped mine, and, in the lights of the station under the tank that we were just passing, I recognized the face of my friend of the piano box. Thinking he was trying to help me up I started to gasp forth a "Thanks!" but was puzzled and soon horrified to find that he was *pushing me out* from the side of the car instead of aiding me to gain the roof!

"Got foxy and decided not to take your stroll?" he panted with a sneering smile I could not see but felt sure was there, all the time trying to force me from my hold on the iron bars. In an instant I saw he had not intended that I should get back to the train before it started. "Better drop off easy while we're goin' slow. No passengers on this train y' know," he advised, letting up on my arm for an instant and then pushing out with a jerk into which he put all his strength. But fear of the flying rocks and pebbles below

more than a desire to reach La Porte without delay nerved me to hang on for dear life. I had the advantage of being able to cling with both hands and feet while he perched precariously on top, holding on with one hand while he engaged me with the other.

Suddenly he rolled over on his left side and, abruptly letting go of my hand, began fumbling in his right coat pocket. Experience had taught me the kind of articles right coat pockets are apt to yield up in crises of the kind, and when the shiny hammer of the weapon caught for a second in the lining as he drew it out, I had his wrist in a grip of iron. Why he had not forced me off the car at first with the revolver to my head I could never guess, other than that he might have been new in the use of the weapon and had overlooked its possibilities. As I grabbed his wrist he involuntarily let go with his left and attempted to free himself. Here was my chance! A sharp jerk into which I put the last of my waning strength with desperation and, with a lightning somersault, he was over the side of the car. As I released his arm the revolver was discharged harmlessly skyward and its owner tumbled in a cloud of dust and pebbles down the steep bank of the road-bed. I was grateful, even at the moment, to see that he was not hurt seriously, for in no time he was up the bank and, far behind, his white shirt front flashed for an instant as he grasped gamely at some projection on the flying train. But it was jerked away and I saw him lose his footing and again roll down the bank.

I was too far gone for the instant to do other than stretch, panting, at full length on the car roof, but soon summoned discretion and strength enough to climb in at the open trap of the car ahead—miraculous! My car!—as a brakeman came forward from the caboose with a swaying lantern. For a moment I thought he had heard the shot and come up to investigate, but he passed on toward the engine. Whereupon I placed my welfare in the hands of Fate—which appeared the easiest thing to do, and relapsed to sleep on my lumpy bed of burlap.

Morning brought awakening and an overwhelming sense of stiffness. Breakfast partly dispelled the latter and then, half awake, I started investigating for water with the simple faith of a bird caught under a dry goods box. A sight of my surroundings, however, brought me to a complete realization of last night's events. Bundles of silk, taken from partially opened boxes lay strewn about, and an opened case of fragile china, that clinked as the car moved, reposed up in the end toward the piano box. With curiosity fully aroused I started up to examine the mysterious box itself. A glimpse at its interior astonished me, prepared as I was for a wad of grimy burlap or carpet and perhaps a couple of paper bags in the bottom. In the first place a wide shelf or bunk divided it into upper and lower compartments. In the upper were some matted quilts, a jug of water in a loop of rope nailed to the side, and some empty cans scattered about, while around the sides a piece of clothesline hung loosely, nailed at intervals so as to form loops. Light burst upon me. This was a permanent state room and the rope was to hold on to while in the hands of the freight smashers! But why his aggressive jealousy of this ingenious scheme of traveling blind? A glance about the car and the lower compartment satisfied me on this point.

One end of the latter was filled with large, tightly wedged in rocks, while the other was packed with several bundles of the silk I had seen strewn about the floor. Up in the other end of the car under my scuttle was a pile of rocks similar to the one in the box. My bearded friend's neat method of shop-lifting was now perfectly clear. Through the aid of confederates he got himself and the weighted piano box placed in a car known to hold valuable merchandise, strangely enough, bound for the same place as the piano he impersonated. Once en route, with the car door safely sealed, he would throw out ballast at his leisure, filling up the box with the pick of merchandise in the car. Then, with the hammer and nails I picked up from the floor, he probably intended nailing up the box together with the other ravaged packing

cases, and, all tell-tale signs removed, drop quietly off at a point near the “piano’s” destination and later appear innocently to claim it. Small wonder the idea of my companionship was repellant to him!

A shrill scream of brake shoes interrupted my mental chucklings over the carefully laid plans gone awry and my equilibrium was forthwith violently disturbed. Suddenly it burst upon me that we were almost due at La Porte. The sight of a sign through the trap as the train rumbled under the precipitous wall of a throbbing factory satisfied me that I was right. The approach to La Porte was familiar through long acquaintance. I was outside in no time and squatting on the bumpers until the train should slow down sufficiently to make jumping safe. Then a scuffle of cinders and I dove across an adjoining track and under a stationary train of passenger coaches to gloom and safety beyond. A jeering cry of “Go it, Hobo! Kick the air!”, coming almost from above as I jumped, spurred me on to greater efforts. Stealing a ride is too common an evil in railroading to be considered a very grave offence by train crews, especially at the end of a run after the evil has been wrought. But the thought of what an inquisitive brakeman might find, should his inquisitiveness lead him to explore the car I had so precipitously left, lent a thrilling if unpleasant sense of danger to the situation and I yearned for oblivion from the world at the moment. However nothing but laughter followed my undignified exit from the scene and the surging throng of a street soon swallowed me up.

I wondered at the time whether “Whiskers” had calculated on finally claiming the piano himself or relied on a pal for that part of the job. Should the latter be the case I felt a tinge of remorse that I was unable to pass a word of warning to that pal.

ME AN' BUD

Bess Farrell, '11

YES, MAM. She'll be down in just a minute. She told me to tell you. Oh, no, mam, she wasn't busy. She was just sittin' there thinkin'. Yes, it's very lonesome without Bud here any more. Me an' Bud ust a have the best times! Oh, lots of things, mam; all kinds of diff'runt things to play.

I 'member once me an' Bud went fishin'. We went an' asked old Billie Jenkins 'bout bait, an' he says, "Youse kidses use frogs. Them's the best kind of bait for them there trout youse is goin' t' ketch." Then Billie he winked. Well, we went along th' road an' right there in th' dust was some little frogs a' hoppin' up an' down. Bud says, "Here's what we're lookin' for," an' he caught quite a few. He put 'em in his poket 'n I guess he forgot they was there, 'cause when we got to th' crick, they was only two whole ones left.

Yes, mam, that's what Aunt Jane always says to me, too. Then we put 'em on our hooks an' began fishin'. We fished an' fished. Bye-an'-bye, I says to Bud, "Bud, kin I look at mine?" Then, real cross, Bud says, "Well, I spose so, if you've just got to." So I pulled my frog out. An' what do you think? It was just twice as big as it was at first! My, but Bud was sprised! We put 'em back in an' waited a while. When we pulled 'em out again, what do you think? They was bigger than ever! After while when they got awful big we took them home to Billie. Bill he laughed an' laughed. I'm mad at Billie. I always thought it was only little kids what told lies, but I guess big folks tells just as bad ones. Bill says, "Well, you would'a' caught them trout with frogs. Them ain't no frogs. Them's toads."

Yes, mam, I think she'll be here in a little while. Mother ain't so lively and quick as she ust'a' be b'fore Bud went away. Daddy says he don't know what he'll do if she don't get any better. Want me to tell you another story while you're a' waitin'? No, mam, I ain't tired. I'd just as leave.

Did you ever go a' ketchin' grasshoppers? Well, you'd ought'a. Me an' Bud always git a can an' then we go over by th' big sunflower patch. Mm! maybe th' grasshoppers ain't thick over there! We sneak along right up close to 'em an' then we grab 'em. Sometimes we ketch 'em an' sometimes we don't, but mostly we don't. That ain't th' worst, though. You have to keep out of Mother's way or she comes along an' says, "Oh, children, how can you? You cruel little things! let them out this minute." Ain't that mean when you just went an' caught em? Bud says that's always the way with women-folks.

Yes, mam, that *is* a pretty lamp-shade. Daddy gave that to mother when me an' Bud busted hers. I ain't never goin' to bust no more lamp-shades. Neither is Bud. It was just awful! Why, yes, mam, I'll tell you 'bout it. Mother an' Daddy went away one day an' me an' Bud was all alone. Yes, mam, Sarah was gone, too. Me 'an Bud thought the lamp-shade would make a awful good tent for our Noah an' his famby just after they come to dry lan' an' so we up an' took it. Well, we busted it, too. Me an' Bud didn't know what to do. We thought an' thought, but we didn't know even then. Well, th' door rattled an' we was sure it was Mother an' Daddy, an' we just crawled right under the bed. Then Bud he says, "If we cry real hard, they'll know we're sorry we busted Mother's fav'rite lamp-shade." An' then we began an' we yelled. I bet they heard us right down in Chinatown, we hollered so loud. An' what do you think? It was'nt nobody at all. But we was 'fraid they might come an' we kep' right on. I didn't think I'd ever want to cry no more 'cause they didn't come all afternoon an' Bud wouldn't let me stop. Oh! no, mam, they didn't spank us. They just sat

down and laughed. They don't never laugh like that no more. I don't see why. I guess maybe me an' Bud won't cheer 'em up some when he comes back.

Why, don't you know what they did to him, mam? He was a fine dog, wasn't he? But he was a nawful thief. Our neighbors just hated him. Once Mrs. Simons had some nice fresh bread an' she put it in th' cellar. Then she put a stone on th' cover to th' boiler. Yes, mam. Mrs. Simons she keeps her bread in th' wash-boiler, but that didn't make no diff'rence to our old dog, Joe. That very same day Mrs. Simons saw old Joe comin' right out of that cellar. An' what d' you 'spose? He had that there fresh bread right in his mouth. It was all stuck together in one big piece. My, but Mrs. Simons was mad. She came a runnin' out with th' broom when she heard th' noise. Me an' Bud was out behind th' hen coop an' we laughed so hard we couldn't stand up. We just rolled over an' over. Mrs. Simons went an' made such a fuss after that, Daddy had to shoot old Joe. (Me an' Bud ain't got much use for Mrs. Simons any more.) Well, we laughed out of th' other side of our mouths, then. Maybe we didn't cry some. When Daddy went out to do it, we stood in a row an' just whooped-er-up. He never paid no 'tention to us, though, but went right out an' done it. Me an' Bud wouldn't speak to him all day. He felt pretty bad, too. I guess he's sorry now, 'cause I heard him say a while ago, "Wish I'd let them have their old dog."

Yes, mam, she *has* been a long time. I'll run see if she's ready. Yes, she'll be down in just a minute. She's only got to put her things on.

Mother's awful nervous since Bud went away. Me an' Bud made her awful nervous anyway. We went a huntin' mice once. Don't you think mice is just lovely, Mrs. Goodwin? Oh, I do. They's got such cute, slippery tails. Once me an' Bud we went and killed one. We chased it under th' piano and then we shut th' door. Bud he used th' poker and I had the broom. Maybe we didn't fly around after that

mouse! Then Bud hit it with the poker an' that killed it. I felt kind of sorry about it, but Bud didn't care a bit. Well, we wanted to show mother, cause she said to Daddy th' day before, "Sherman, we will have to do something to get rid of those mice." We forgot mother was havin' the Whist club an' we went right in with it. You ought a heard them women yell! They just squealed! Mother felt awful bad, but Daddy says to us kids quite priv'tely, "I'd give a dollar if I'd been there."

There's mother now. I'll bet you're glad she's ready. Mother's so tired now. She never usta be. I guess she ought'a be cheered up. You just wait till Bud gets back. You don't know when he's comin', do you, Mrs. Goodwin? Daddy won't tell me an' he won't let me ask mother. Don't you know, either? Well, good bye. Yes, mam, I'll be a good girl. I wisht, though, that Bud was here.



THE KISS

(Sonnet)

Her
Looks
Are
Books.

His
Smile
Is
Guile.

No
Go!
Her
Eyes
Were
Lies!

A CHINESE DOLL AND A SCOTCH HOUSE-MAID

Pinckney F. Smith, '10

ONE morning I had left five dimes—due my laundry man that afternoon—lying on my study table at the feet of the little wax Chinaman which my seven-year old niece had given me a few days before. I did not return from my classes till nearly luncheon time, when I found that the fifty cents was gone. I searched my table and room carefully, but I could not find it. Everything else was just as I had left it, so evidently no one had been there since my departure except Mary, our Scotch house-maid, who kept my room in order.

For a week the lost dimes remained a mystery; and as I did not know where to attribute my loss, I had said nothing about it. Besides, I did not wish to hurt Mary's feelings by asking any questions about such a delicate matter, and I was quite sure that she was thoroughly honest herself. So I decided to remain silent and await developments. But since my patience at best is a kind of prolonged impatience, at the end of six or seven days I was determined to try some method of solving the problem.

When I was a boy I used to stand in my old tracks and shoot another arrow after the one I had lost. It was this that suggested my laying a quarter at the feet of the little Chinaman one morning before leaving the house. I should have remembered, however, that my second arrow was often just as hard to find as the first, for when I returned at noon I found my quarter had disappeared as completely and mysteriously as had the dimes before it.

I was now both angry and perplexed, but in no mood to give up. Still I did not think it best to say anything, for I shrank from wounding the house-maid. For Mary was an ideal girl, as gentle and courteous as a woman of more pretentious breeding, and, what was no less important, was con-

scientious and thorough in her work. She had much of the reserve and silence of her Scotch ancestors but her nature was both simple and kind. Therefore, it was hard for me to suspect her, especially since she had won my heart by the little feminine touches she gave to my apartment, which made me think of those my mother used to give to my room at home.

The next morning after losing the quarter, I left a nickel at the same place on my table. At noon it was gone. The next day I tried a penny. The result was the same. Then I put a silver dollar at the feet of the little Chinaman, and was surprised when I returned at noon to find it untouched save for the fact that the little yellow manikin was standing on it. Evidently, Mary was not nationalized enough yet to see the sacrilege of setting the little Chinaman's feet upon the American eagle.

I thought now either that I had been made the subject of a practical joke by some member of the household, or else that I had discovered the limit of a very clever thief. But, in order to make sure, the next morning before breakfast I left another dime on my table, and then, contrary to my usual habit, went back to my room about an hour afterwards. The dime was gone. Then for the first time did I really doubt Mary's honesty, for I had been listening in the sitting room which was directly beneath my own apartment, and I was sure that I had heard no one enter my room except the maid in her round of morning work.

After that I left several little articles which I thought might tempt the girl and lead to her detection. But none of these were ever taken, and after this last dime I lost no more money, though I occasionally left small pieces on my table. I should say, however, that I did not leave them at the feet of the little Chinaman any longer, for, like a child, I had become provoked at the sight of something that was connected so closely in my mind with my misfortunes, and I had set him upon one of my highest wardrobe shelves.

A month passed without any further developments, but I now thoroughly distrusted Mary. She was very clever, I thought, and had taken warning. But she did not seem to

understand my changed manner towards her, and she continued in her service and behavior as satisfactory as ever.

But after a month something happened. I had taken the Chinese doll from the wardrobe shelf and put it on my table again. Then, one morning, without any thought of its being taken, I left a quarter at his feet. When I returned at luncheon time it was gone. For the first time since the beginning of my losses, I was thoroughly angry. Without waiting another minute I would go and accuse Mary to her face! Lest I might be mistaken this time, however, I turned to look once more among my books. The little Chinaman was in the way, and in my wrath I forgot that he was the gift of my favorite niece. Seizing him from his place on the table, I smashed his waxen body into fragments on the floor at my feet.

There was a rattle of metal in the crash and little round bits of white ran precipitately before my eyes toward the four walls of the room. For a moment I did not understand—then I began picking up my lost money.

The racket brought Mary to the scene. Surprised and wondering, she was standing in the doorway when I chanced to look up.

“Oh, Mr. Henry,” she said, “you have been breaking your money-bank.”

“Yes,” I said, searching the floor with bowed head and in deep shame.

For I remembered then that, as my niece had bought the Chinaman filled with candy, he naturally must have had a detachable head, and then, too, for the first time I realized what the Scotch sense of order and thrift meant. The girl had thought the loose silver pieces were intended to be put in saving since they were left at the feet of the doll, and she was unable to see any reason why a grown man should keep a doll on his work table unless it were for some practical purpose. Consequently she had been saving my change for me as part of her conscientious duty. Of course, the silver dollar had been too large to pass down the Chinaman's neck.

AKIN

Alice L. Webb

I AM the brown marsh hawk; I skim the sky
Across the river flat, and when, less high,
The sun begins his evening color play,
I wheel the mountain side in search of prey,
The blackbirds seek the thickets, hiding there,
As I above them sweep and poise in air.

I am the old gray wolf; I scent the wind
And there the news of hill and plain I find:
The tempting, racy smell of new-killed flesh—
The danger signal from a man-track fresh,
My broad, wet nose is my unfailing guide
As through the rocks and brush I silent glide.

I am the hare; I course the open plain
With such a speed that all pursuit is vain.
I make my warren in the far hillside
And there I safely rest by day, and hide
From hunte,r and from hound, and sly red fox.
I am the hare; I love the briars and rocks.

I am the morning bird; I take my flight
With song and pinion free and glad and light.
I am the tree that pointing skyward stands,
Firm on the ground, but reaching up my hands,
All these from birth I've felt akin to me;
I am the wind, the stream, the sweeping sea.

ON MILITARY DRILL

George M. Sheets

MILITARY drill is a satanic course invented to annoy and intimidate freshmen and sophomores. It is right and proper that freshmen should be annoyed, but we are not cruel enough to sanction the grievous affliction which compels them to look like wooden dunces, act similar to a troupe of stuffed monkeys and feel—like swearing most profanely. While we do not countenance this two-fifths course in affliction when it is required of freshmen, we protest against it as an outrage when those who have reached the dignity of the second year are compelled to don the badge of first year servitude and execute the manual of arms with a cast-off government rifle.

And what advantage, we venture to ask, will accrue from military drill? We are told that two distinct benefits result; the habit of obedience, and the ability to shoot straight. We are aware that when the commander roars "March," the soldier marches; when the officer yells, "Halt," the private halts, and when the order of dismissal is given the cadet dismisses himself most joyfully. But the idea that an American citizen should be compelled to obey ought else than his conscience and the laws of his country is as pernicious as it is destructive to individuality. The second assumption, that military drill enables a young man to shoot straight, is as fallacious as the first assertion. The writer can prove his statement from personal experience for he has fired the antiquated ordinance relics of the university war department, and is absolutely sure that he could never hit a target except it were tightly fixed on the muzzle of his rifle.

But in the worst system, in the most oppressive evil, there is always some good. The good in this case of mili-

tary drill is the regulation which exempts students from service on the grounds of self-support, physical disability, religious aversion, or active membership on any athletic team. Many students wait on table for a week and so prove that they are self-supporting; others present a doctor's certificate signifying that the bearer has a weak heart, and is physically unable to drill. An hour later the bearer may be seen engaged in a lively game of handball.

Even if he is enrolled in a company, the reluctant cadet can be absent from many drills by becoming deathly sick a few minutes before bugle call. It will be necessary for the invalid's roommate, however, to personate the landlady and write a note addressed to the commandant, signifying that private Green was ill, confined to his bed, and therefore unable to attend drill at the regular hour. When the excuse is read the secretary of make-believe war will look searchingly at private Green, grunt angrily and then cross out a black mark in his absence book. And the cadet, feeling very uncomfortable, will resolve not to do it again, at least not until spring time, when the roll is called almost daily and the discordant notes of the bugle blare forth incessantly.

There is one evil in university life which has escaped the purifying touch of the reformation; one regulated system of hazing underclassmen which has not met with the spinster-like disapproval of the local press; one thing,—we cannot name it more aptly—that is worse than a continuous “rush,” and that thing is military drill.



HIS DUTY

Joseph Maccabee Rubin

THE twentieth of February, 1904, is a very remarkable day to me. Never in my life shall I forget it, on account of the great event that then happened.

It was Saturday morning about 11 o'clock. I was sitting in my small garret room on the fourth floor and was studying, I still remember it exactly, Nietzsche's "Thus Spoke Zarathustra", when the door of my room was violently opened, and who stumbled in but my young friend David Lapidoth. His face was flushed, his teeth were clenched together, he was in a state of great excitement and distress. Without greeting me he fell upon the sofa, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. I was very much touched by this sight. I could not in the least imagine what could possibly have happened to him. I rose from my seat, sat upon the sofa near him, laid his head in my lap, smoothed his curly hair and said with most sympathetic voice to him: "David dear, be quiet and tell me what has happened to you. You know what a good friend I am to you, and you may be sure I'll do all that is in my power to assist you in this case, whatever it may be. 'There is no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.'"

This I spoke to him and other soothing words, but he seemed as if absorbed in his own thoughts and not having listened to me at all. So he was lying in my lap for a long time crying and sobbing. Finally he cried out: "Oh father, oh dear mother, how will you bear this sad news? How great will be your affliction; but I have done my duty; whatever may happen now, I'll bear it patiently and manly, knowing that I have done my duty." He sat up, took my hand and said to me: "Dear friend, I am sure that you will approve my action and that you will never despise and abandon me. Lis-

ten what happened today in school. Our teacher, Dr. Duval, gave us a lecture this morning about the different religions among the nations of the world. With the heathens he counted all the polytheists and the Jews. When I heard this, all my blood arose to my cheeks with anger. I got up and said: 'Sir! I beg your pardon; the Jews have been, are, and will always be the most perfect monotheists of the world; I protest against your calling us heathens; I thank you for your compliment.' I saw that he was vexed and very angry, seeing himself defeated. But he restrained himself and said calmly to me: 'Mr. Lapidoth, come down to the principal, please.' He told him of my impudence, and I was expelled from school forever. I do not accuse myself, I could not help it; I could not let me and my brethren be insulted by such an insolent man. But my parents, how will they endure it? This blow is too great for them. Just remember; to be expelled from school exactly two months before graduation. You know that my parents are poor; yes, very poor. They have deprived themselves of the most necessary things in order to let their child get a good education. Twelve years I have gone to school, and just when I am so near to my goal I am thrown out. How hard this is!" And again he broke into tears.

All that time I did not interrupt him knowing that the best remedy for a grieved person is to pour out his grief entirely. I respected him now more than ever before. I saw that there was pride of his ancestors in his small bosom. I saw that he was a man who does and will always do his duty, not caring about the results however disagreeable they may sometimes be. I made up my mind to do all that was in my power to help him bear this blow. I took my hat and overcoat and asked him to accompany me on my midday walk in the *Rosenthal*.

We walked there about half an hour, I trying in the meantime to cheer up my afflicted friend. Then I led him into the *Bonorand*, where some of our friends were gathered at

their *Frühshoppen*. I asked one of the fellows to pay attention to David, not to let him be in low spirits. I arranged it with him that I should go ahead to his parents in order to prepare them for the blow, and that after half an hour he should come in.

* * * * *

"Good afternoon, Mrs. and Mr. Lapidoth! How are you to-day?"

"Good afternoon, M. de Rubeau. Please join us at dinner."

They were dining, and I accepted the invitation most readily as it gave me a good opportunity to entertain and cheer up the poor parents, still unconscious of their misfortune.

We talked about various things. Finally Mr. Lapidoth said: "I wonder why David did not come yet home from school; it is already one and the school closes at twelve o'clock."

"I met him in the *Rosenthal*," I answered. "He told me that he had the headache, and that he would take a walk before dinner."

"Poor child," said his mother, "no wonder, he works too hard. All the afternoons he gives lessons, and all the evenings he studies. He usually goes to bed at one o'clock and gets up at seven. But the two months till his graduation will pass quickly and he will be a graduate. How proud I shall be of my dear child!"

"We will let him study medicine," said his father to me with much pride. "He will not have life so hard as I had. To what purpose, then, shall a man live, if not to see that his children should have it better than himself?"

Poor parents! They did not know how every word pierced my soul.

"Well," I said, "nothing is secure until we have got it in our own hands. Many a student has been expelled from school even a few days before his graduation."

"But my dear sir," said his mother, "you are always joking. My son has never done anything that is unseemly."

“But,” I replied, “not always is the punished one guilty.”

“What!” exclaimed father and mother together, “you do not mean to say that our David is expelled from school?”

At these words the door opened and David entered the room. He ran up to his mother, knelt before her, hid his face in her lap and wept bitterly. All his body was shaken with his tears, and he could utter no word. Finally he spoke hoarsely, “Mama, dear mama, forgive me; I have in one moment destroyed all your work of twelve years. Your hope, your pride in me are disappointed. I have sinned against you, but I could not help it. I have only done my duty.”

His mother was staring at her child before her and did not speak, but his father, who was very angry, cried, laughing: “Duty! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Look at this gentleman whose duty told him to ruin his parents!”

I told him all the details of the event and tried to persuade him that his son was right in doing so. He at last became calm, approached the son, laid his hands upon his head and said softly, “Son, you have brought a great blow upon us, but I pardon you. I see you have got some of that pride and self-esteem that our ancestors possessed. I am, therefore, doubly proud of you. Be a man, but above all, be a real Jew, worthy in all things of your great forefathers.”



A FRESHMAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

An Attempted Interpretation of the Freshman Theme Spirit

Carl Haessler

EVERY autobiography, I have observed, needs some excuse for its existence, but while vanity and the desire for approbation are generally the real reasons, I have never yet found them alleged. In judging of my story the reader must not only discount that longing for truth which shall lead me to record faithfully what I deem of importance but also the far-reaching effects of that conceit and pride which have induced me to write.

However, I may say without vanity that I was born in Milwaukee on the fifth of August, 1888, at eleven o'clock. Forgive the pride which prompts me to state that I have lived there always until this, the twentieth year of my life. What I have done that is worthy of record, whatever is unworthy, what I have dreamed, what I am dreaming, all may find place in these lines. A not wholly unreasonable division of the epochs of my existence is into school periods, an operation kindly performed by the Milwaukee School Board which chopped off my score of years into the pre-school age, the grammar school age, and the high school age.

The first period is buried under the rubbish of succeeding epochs, and all that careful excavation of the debris of disappointed hopes, outgrown ideas, and misunderstood acts has revealed, is that from the earliest times my hair has been red. Tradition has it that I learned to walk and talk amazingly early, that I was considered (by my parents) to be an exceedingly handsome, precocious, and remarkable boy; that, indeed, the color of my hair was due to the lambent flames encircling the head of a second Ascanius, and, best authenticated of all, that I could eat the largest strawberries before

I had cut my teeth. Whatever the future may uncover, I am loath to disbelieve what the past has lovingly cherished, and so, until its falsity shall have been indisputably established, I shall ask my readers not to doubt what has been so miraculously preserved in the hearts of the people.

Of the grammar school period more is known. I entered at the age of six, I left at fourteen. The eight years between entrance and graduation were, as I now recall, devoted largely to reading and playing and to taking the first steps in that domain of thought in which I now am master. Were it not the custom to such a degree that it smacks of meaningless formality, I would here pen that tribute to my parents which is one of the prime requisites of every autobiography. Often have I composed it in my thoughts, but, since I could never decide which was the more touching, whether to say, "Fond, kind, unselfish, gentle parents! How much do I not owe you," or rather, "Mother! What a vision of loving watchfulness, of cheerful abnegation, of sweet maternal care, does the name recall!" I now submit the question to the final arbiter, the opinion of the great reading public. Perhaps I may remark that I think very highly of both styles, but consider the first, in all probability, the more approved. At any rate it was owing to the encouragement of my parents that I left the dirt-colored brick schoolhouse for the high school.

In the remarkably short time of four years I was graduated, June twenty-first, 1906. This date will ever be memorable, for then it was that I proclaimed to the world my conception of life and its duties. The profound manner in which it has influenced our civilization, the resistless current of thought it has set in motion, above all, its originality, power of expression, and gleaming truth, have induced me to include it in my work as an appendix. To give an idea of its character I shall here quote the opening sentence: "For untold centuries have philosophers vainly groped in the darkness of misapprehension, and it remains for me to free the world from the

overwhelming effects of a monstrous delusion." Of course my position was assured after publication of my broadside against the fallacies of thought, yet I deemed it proper to apply myself to some useful occupation. Accordingly, I engaged to become a collector in a downtown hardware store at six dollars a week. Ten months of work convinced me that I did not as yet know everything, and so I concluded to learn some more.

This explains my presence at the University of Wisconsin and is, in a way, a reason for the appearance at the present time of the first volume of my autobiography, because I believe it due those good people who had regarded me as infallible, to set forth to the world what my career had been, and why I was no longer a collector. So, then, with the assurance to my large number of readers, that the favorable reception of this somewhat venturesome volume will speedily call forth the remaining books, I commit to their kind indulgence, the foregoing pages.



THE CHAOS OF A DREAM

William B. Kemp

OPIUM drugged minds have experienced hallucinations; dreams have taken on the wildest forms; the erratic imagination is many times deceived, yet there are depths of terror which lie beyond them all. Men have not seen in vision the culmination of all things upon the earth as the rule of chaotic oblivion begins to show its effect. To their fancy was never even pictured the awful turmoil following close upon the destruction of a world. But have I not lived the hours a million years hence and witnessed the final unbalancing of all things? Did I not stand spectator while greed—selfish, avaricious greed, destroyed itself and went headlong to the end? The end? How little does the word convey to those who were not there?

As I stood on the crest of our tiny hillock of loose sand, gazing down on the greatness of the city for the last time and realizing how soon we were to cut away from the old earth, a mingled pang of sorrow and hatred shot through my heart. An unutterable sorrow I felt for the doomed beings about me, for my own friends, and more than all else at leaving so unceremoniously the old habitation. My courage congealed within me. I was giddy. My head swam and I felt myself reeling to and fro. Almost I contemplated giving up all hope and making no attempt. Why should we four try to escape the doom which hung above all others? Why had I prepared the sphere? Admirably suited though we were to the trials before us, would it not be useless? Somehow, I recoiled from the headlong flight through space in that crystalline metal ball.

The object of my hatred recurred to me; my heart gained new courage and firmer determination. I would thwart the evil will. The race of men had been created for a longer ex-

istence than this. Monopolization was bringing about a premature destruction. We at least would escape it, and the magnate great in wickedness would not have brought about a complete desolation. So long as one of us lived the human race would not be extinct. Firmer and more fixed became my resolution, as I saw the beginnings of the disintegration take their effect. The earth had already left her old orbit. We were gradually being drawn down to the sun. Soon all would be chaos; incalculable heat would consume all and bring the end.

Already there was intense magnetic disturbance, the like of which no mortal had ever dreamed. All the iron on the surface of the earth had become loose, was shifting erratically about, piling itself end to end and swaying to and fro. The din of confusion, the dust from falling debris, the shrieks and shouts of suffering men, mingled to my senses as a meaningless babel. I could look upon the horrors of the ruin from but one direction, but the awful sounds rolled from everywhere. The air was fast becoming thick with stifling clouds of fine dust. My eyes stared from their sockets. My head seemed ready to burst. I strained my sight to get the last possible glimpse of the burning city. Flames, raging, terrible, roaring flames were everywhere, like the superimposed eruptions of a multitude of great volcanoes. Stifling gases began to surround me. I took one last look at the tumbling mass of hurtling blocks and bars of metal, then fled to my companions, to the interior of the sphere. Here for the present we were secure. Only after the beginning of the greater combustion would the sphere become untenable. Shortly after the vaporization of the baser metals all would disintegrate.

Breathlessly I scaled the crystal wall and stationed myself at the releasing lever. I dared not look at my companions. Instead, I watched through the transparent wall the gathering of the cloud about the hillock. Darkly and heavily it rolled along the ground, enveloping everything in its terrible gloom. Already the shadow was hanging above our

sphere. In it I suddenly saw a vision. For the briefest instant it persisted, then was gone again.

A shimmering, lurid red framed the dark outline of the massive black marble palace by the entrance to the underworld. Wreaths of writhing vapor ascended here and demons frolicked there, all in confusion and intermingled. My blood ran cold, most fearfully chill, but warmed again with a fierce throb as I saw something rush along the broad downward road. A giant red car dashed past with a host of shrieking demons in its wake. In the car I saw that same heartless man upon whom all the condemnation must be laid. My mind gloated over the scene. I almost forgot my present mission.

* * * * *

The time for departure had come. We must at once cut loose or fall with the earth to sure destruction. The ground was already smoking about us. I snapped the lever back and with a grinding roar the crystal sphere, rocking in a wild oscillation, shot out at ever increasing, almost meteoric speed. Out through the tumbling black vapors we rolled. The flames were all about us as we passed up. How the stars did seem to sway about! I closed my eyes and felt the trembling only as we fell through space unlimited. I forgot all my surroundings, only the headlong flight did I remember.

* * * * *

A gentle hand touched my arm very lightly. My frame was shaken by a prolonged shudder. My eyes opened and met those of my destined sole companion. Such looks of horror cannot be described, but she managed to utter one single word in a choked whisper as she pointed to our two companions, inanimate upon the floor. The word was "dead," but what conception can be formed of what it meant to us? With two dead companions, we were alone, shooting through space at an inconceivable velocity. Blankly, for I know not how long we gazed at each other, then she said

again: "How long, Vossoqd? How long ere we are with them?"

I could answer only: "Hcfada, I know not."

The awful strain became too great. I succumbed, passed out into oblivion and back through ages of rest and quietus. Consciousness returned. Again the date was thrown back, the ancient rejuvenated. I was forced back into my normal existence, back to the everyday life of modern conditions. Where have gone the sphere, its dead passengers, and Hcfada? Have they too found a resting place or are they still wandering aimlessly through the remotest depths of space?



EDITORIALY

A ROMANCE of Macaroni Avenue, the leading story of our present issue, carried off first honors in the literary contest for underclassmen, inaugurated by THE LIT at the opening of school last September. The author, Mr. Frederick C. Scoville, is a sophomore student from Racine, Wisconsin. He receives the cash prize of ten dollars offered by our business manager.

Over thirty pieces of manuscript were submitted in competition for first honors, and THE LIT is gratefully appreciative of the interest manifested. She wishes to call her readers' attention to the work of Chalmer B. Traver, '11, of Milwaukee; Miss Bess Farrell, '11, of Sioux City, Iowa, and Pinckney F. Smith, '10, of Brownington, Missouri, all of whom are represented in this issue by work which received honorable mention in the contest.

THE LIT cannot endorse too heartily the recent action of the student board in the reorganization of the athletic system. After a long interval of torpid inertia, varied by internal dissension, the board has at last fostered a project worth while. The new system of ticket membership in the athletic association, though entirely new at Wisconsin, has been in vogue many seasons in the East where it has proved very serviceable and satisfactory. The duty is now incumbent on every Wisconsin man to provide himself with admission to our remaining contests for the year, and incidentally make this new system a success among us.

THE LIT is also very kindly disposed toward our board of regents. They have been very good friends to her. Moreover in their appropriation for the Student Union and Wisconsin's athletics they filled the Xmas role of a Wisconsin Santa Claus very nicely.

MADISON, the supposed intellectual center of the state, has become the Gomorrah of modern vaudeville. Instead of Bernhardt, Anglin, Rehan and other pleasant memories of a few years ago, we now flock to see trained monkeys, Sulu singers and Arab tumblers. And the students lead the procession, pleading brain fag and a thirst for relaxation. The rare visits of a Donald Robertson or a Madame Kalich are financial ventures which their business managers dare not repeat. As a result the few are beginning to find Madison regretfully pastoral as regards offerings in profitable entertainment. In fact such discovery is no longer a personal complaint, but a rather general verdict.

It is reassuring in the face of these conditions to find the taste for the good music becoming constantly more refined. The number of high class musical offerings has never exceeded that of this season. Which fact leaves some room for gratulation. We are not at all insensible to the grim truth that vaudeville is displacing the legitimate drama in most parts of the United States at present. We do regret, however, that Madison, a reputed stronghold of culture, should be among the first to yield her gates to the invader.

THE office boy has been working overtime of late writing "Harvard Alumnus" communications for the *Daily Cardinal*. THE LIT feels that some explanation and apology is now due to "Fair Harvard", to the Harvard alumni, and to our readers.

In the December issue of THE LIT a writer in the *Entre Nous* columns took occasion to criticise a few of the glaring defects in football management as evinced at the Minnesota game. As a result the football manager, incensed at this moderate and well-meant criticism, used his influence as managing editor to close the columns of the *Daily Cardinal* against all communications concerning THE LIT. Strategy became necessary and Billy, our office boy, saved the day in the guise of a "Harvard Alumnus." THE LIT is grateful to

the wily *Cardinal* censor for two weeks of the best *Cardinal* advertising THE LIT has ever enjoyed. She publicly acknowledges great impropriety in her acts, but in guerilla warfare there is a proper scorn of all conventions.

Billy, our office boy, however, is strong for the football management of this year. He asks a hearing for the sake of justice. He pried two slats off the Camp Randall fence, walked over two stuffed policemen, dodged into B B section and when a lady member of the faculty rose for "The Toast," he appropriated her seat. He saw all of the Minnesota game except the first two minutes of play and he says no football management has ever done as much for him before. Small wonder then the "Harvard Alumnus" was complimentary!

AMONG the many innovations at Wisconsin during recent years, no movement has deeper significance and promise than amateur play writing. Since Lucian Cary first conceived the idea of an original play at Prom time and, with George B. Hill as collaborator, produced last year's great success, "The Budlong Case," the idea of student composition in this field has lost its fanciful aspect and now seems as practical as writing an oration or winning the high hurdles. Ere long the new generations of students will regard play writing as a matter-of-course activity. The genius who annually brings forth the junior play will alone be sensible to the labor and sacrifice involved in the operation. To one little group of alumni will recollection present the struggle against indifference, derision and factional hostility involved in making the first Junior Play a success. Wisconsin's united support of the project, however, will have long since repaid these rebuffs to their initiative.

Since the appearance of "The Budlong Case," Horatio Winslow, a graduate student, has given the play writing movement a decided impetus by two subsequent productions under the auspices of the Haresfoot Club. "At Jail," a burlesque pre-

sented at the time of last spring's regatta, and the more recent and more serious effort, "Fate and the Freshman," have helped to give amateur productions a status of strength. Next February will find the Junior Play a deep rooted custom at Wisconsin.

The coming play, "The Superfluous Mr. Halloway," is the work of Theodore Stempfel, '08, well known through his four year's connection with *The Sphinx*. His play is intrinsically Wisconsin in spirit, theme and treatment. It sets a difficult standard of attainment for those who follow and its production promises to be the leading event of Prom week.

To reassert our opening opinion, the Prom play is our latest great institution. Its success is a sermon to Wisconsin undergraduates. Never believe that any project is too great to be carried through by a little concerted, enthusiastic effort. There is a monument now extant to dispel such illusion. In the words of Hamlet, "The play's the thing."

WE are going to imitate an editorial policy pursued by Edward Bok and give our readers a foretaste of the coming LITS of 1908. For February a Harvard alumnus (a *real* Harvard alumnus, mind, not the variety purveyed by the *Daily Cardinal*) will contribute a reply to the various charges which have been made against the eastern institution during the past two months. Frederic Scoville, who secured first place in the underclassmen's contest, has promised another interesting narrative of life in Little Italy. Joseph Rubin will relate more incidents of life as a native student at Leipzig; George Sheets, of life as a fusser at Wisconsin. Theodore Stempfel, new star on the dramatic horizon, has promised a one act farce with a Prom motif for our February issue. THE LIT is attempting to secure the privilege of publishing "The Superfluous Mr. Halloway" complete in the March copy. If little matters concerning publishing rights and monetary advancements are adjusted we hope to offer this college

comedy complete in one number for March. W. A. Buchen and L. P. Shanks, lyrical finds of this year's LIT, have some more splendid verse. Wm. Leiserson is preparing an interesting story of the New York Ghetto. George Hill, Alice Webb, several faculty members and a host of others, besides those above mentioned, will contribute for our remaining copies. We shall strive to make the second half of the present LIT year much stronger than the first.

Beginning with the present number a well known member of the English department will write a critical review of the LIT's offerings, which review will be published almost simultaneously with the appearance of the number for which it is intended. In this manner we wish to establish a precedent, long the custom at many other universities, and give our contributors the benefit of reliable and helpful criticism. The review will appear in the current daily.

THE LIT does not choose to flaunt forth the red flag of college anarchy, neither does she care to be branded as sensational or revolutionary in her utterances. Hence she does not wish to be misunderstood when she states, after a thoughtful analysis of Wisconsin's athletic history and a review of Professor Pyre's clever spiritual interpretation of Wisconsin in her past issue, that there really is no *Wisconsin* spirit after all.

This spirit of ardent loyalty that crystallizes into an unflinching support of athletic teams through defeat and victory alike, which posterity has handed down to us branded as a distinctively Wisconsin attribute, is not exclusively ours any more than love of triumph or worship of fair play. This so-called "Wisconsin spirit," which has undeniably been nil in football at this institution for some time past, is the joint heritage of every college that stands unitedly behind its athletes; presupposing the fact that these athletes are clean and manly in their play, entirely earnest and in every way deserving of student support.

In the good old days which Professor Pyre describes there reigned a spirit of idyllic brotherhood among Wisconsin students. The immigrant question and the existence of a penny rich smart set were not questions that perplexed the student sociologist. In those days the kandy was not permitted to parade so openly his "glad rags" and shallow mentality nor did the college adventuress assume such a prominent role. On the other hand the cheap commercial class, who weigh a college education in terms of dollars and cents, were not so prominent. Wisconsin was more completely composed of the substantial middle class; the froth and the dregs were absent.

In such a condition of university society, union was possible. Members of the team were students and of the fellows; there were no haloed relations. Wisconsin was "united as the hand." She became typical, among other universities, of this unified spirit. In later day interpretations we have mistaken this spirit as typical of Wisconsin alone.

The apple of discord eventually dropped in this rooters' paradise. As the athlete came to realize his significance and power in the college community, his instinct (the commercial course was not as yet organized) defined them in terms of dollars, of spiked shoes, football sweaters and social advancement.

A revulsion of sentiment naturally resulted. The fine old sense of justice and the spirit of fair play, latent in every Wisconsin rooter, revolted. Consequently, support weakened. To stay the weakening, props were introduced—the cheer leader, the mass meeting, the parodist, the "thirty pieces of brass." But the crash inevitably came. In the morning glow of better things there are none who now regret it.

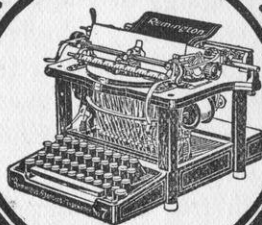
The Faculty—the Luther of athletic reformation—committed the reformer's error. In zeal for righteousness they were blinded to the wholesome influence intercollegiate athletics can wield if rightfully managed and they acted accordingly. Nor were the students placid either. To many an old

grad of the future the night-shirt parades of 1906, the gym mutilation and the hangings in effigy will be memories in which shame will be generously mingled with the satisfaction. Edward S. Jordan (how heartlessly we once could have immersed him!) has now the hallowed aureole of a well-paid apostle of reform. John Hickey in turn has been stripped of all his glamour. Alas for ill-advised cheering!

Today we are again free from the slightest suspicion of athletic impurity, but a greater menace to athletic prestige and united college spirit is to be found in our present college society. It is a clear perception of this difficulty which brought forth Prof. Pyre's article. The only solution is, as has been suggested, to let the present generation of students work out the problem for themselves.

There are three conditions which make for success in athletics. Skill alone, without college support, may in rare cases win victories. An example is furnished at Carlisle. In a second case we may have little college support and dearth of football material, yet bring about victory through the very exigencies of circumstance. The Minnesota game is here exemplary. Both of these conditions are little to be depended upon alone but, coupled with a fine college enthusiasm, they make victory as proverbial, as Yale has made victory proverbial.

Whether Wisconsin is ever again to stand united behind her team is yet to be seen. In the season that is past she certainly did not. Whether we are to disrupt our present social system at Wisconsin will also be affirmatively settled when the student body throng unitedly about the standard as in days of old. Not until then shall the spirit of fervid loyalty to those who are ours, alike in victory and defeat, come back again, to be once more "Wisconsin spirit."



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