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THE
WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1903

VOL. 1 *o* *o* No. 1

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published at Madison, Wis.

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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1903

CARGILL'S ENGLISH PROPOSAL

Tom Cargill sauntered into the smoking room alone, rolled a cigarette, and dropped despondently into a big leather chair by the window. "I won't dance another dance in that mob to-night," he growled.

"But," began 'Sugs' Wilson, "You promised me that you would dance one with my girl, and I am going to hold you to it."

"Who is she, 'Sugs'?" finally came from the depths of the chair in a cloud of burning Durham.

"Never mind who she is. Will you dance with her? Tell me that."

"Good dancer, 'Sugs'?"

"Now, don't be a cad. She is a pippin from the word 'Go,' and she can dance all that grouch out of you before you get around the hall twice."

"Gimme the ninth, 'Sugs'," said Cargill and he sank farther down into the chair to study his outlines, reflected in the glass of the window before him.

"It's Miss Sedley," 'Sugs' called back as the orchestra began the next waltz and he disappeared through the curtains that screened the smoking room from the crowded floor without.

"Sedley," mused Cargill dreamily. Must be a freshman. I suppose she will want to know how I like my college work, and

will insist upon telling me what a good team they have at the Stebbins Corners High school this year. Curse 'Sugs' anyway. But I'll have to stand for it now."

The orchestra started with "My Alamo Love" when the ninth came, and Cargill dragged himself from the chair to brush the ashes from his vest and to smooth his hair before the glass. "If the orchestra murders that, I will hang 'Sugs' Wilson to one of the trees in the chapter house yard," he declared as he entered the crowded hall and gazed around to catch a glimpse of 'Sugs.'

'Sugs' was down in the "Pal" eating pistachio and telling Miss Sedley how he got the nickname. She smiled and he forgot Cargill.

"No 'Sugs' in sight," muttered Tom. "Well, this looks bright for his pull with Miss Sedley."

A tall girl in brown at the farther end of the hall was gazing anxiously about, and as she scanned the group of men near the door of the smoking room, her eyes fastened upon Cargill and he caught her gaze.

"That's the girl," thought Tom. "Nifty looking, too. I'll brace up and ask her for the dance. She'll think we have met before."

"I am afraid I will have to beg your pardon," Cargill was saying a moment later as they glided by 'Sugs,' who was now standing in the door of the smoking room with a look of consternation wrinkling his forehead. "I will have to ask you to tell me your name."

"Really," she answered, "I am at a loss to know yours. We must have met before. Let's not be conventional enough to introduce ourselves."

Cargill agreed, and she went on:

"I saw a man who looked like you at the hotel at Poughkeepsie last spring when Wisconsin did so well."

"The world is full of men without distinguishing marks."

"But this man was tall as you are. I remember him because

someone pointed him out as being from Wisconsin. Were you at Poughkeepsie?"

"Yes."

"I saw the start, but we did not get close to the finish. How much in the lead was Cornell?" she asked, turning her head and looking up into his eyes, in which there lurked a merry twinkle.

"I could not see very well from where I sat," he answered.

"Were you far away?" she persisted.

"A few yards."

"Then why couldn't you see?"

"I had my back turned."

"How strange. But why did you turn your back?"

"I was rowing at number four," he answered.

Cargill asked for her program as they walked toward a cosy corner, but she smiled and said, "Mr. Galloway has my program. You must ask him."

Something about the name Galloway grated upon Tom, but he tried to smile graciously as she cried: "Why, here comes Jack now."

"Mr. Galloway, I want you to meet Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Four," she stammered, and Cargill smiled and called her clever under his breath.

Galloway surrendered two dances to "Mr. Four," and sat and smoked gloomily while she listened to the wit of Cargill from her point of vantage as she glided along on his arm.

When the second dance was over he asked for another, but she promptly squelched him: "Mr. Four, you are asking too much of a woman whom you never met."

And Tom walked crestfallen back to the smoking room.

There was a senior in the class in Freshman English on the next day. It was Tom Cargill and he sat on the back row. "Taking it over for practice," he explained to the fellows at the dinner table. A girl in front had smiled at him when he entered, and now he had decided that there was something about the way that girl fixed her back hair that he liked.

At roll call she answered faintly when the name of "Miss Blair" was called, and smiled quietly as the professor said "Cargill," and Tom called out, "Here." The fellow next to him nudged him and said, "Nifty," when she was called upon to defend her own theme. She took issue with Cargill on the first criticism that he offered, and try as he would, she never allowed him to sustain his argument. She had an indifferent way of tossing her head that made the task of criticising her themes a difficult one for the fellows, so they never did it.

The exercise for the next meeting of the class was in narration, and Cargill wrote a detailed story of the meeting that had filled his mind for days. He wrote of the dance with the unknown girl, a smattering of their conversation, of the meeting with Galloway, and he described her pretty head, the blasé "Mr. Four," and her eyes. He called her Miss Calvin, and the theme ended with the words, "And Four went home that night to dream of a girl in brown." The story was read in class and Miss Blair led the vigorous attack upon it.

"I think that story is impossible," she said. "Blasé college men are not susceptible enough for that."

"This is not a question of fact, Miss Blair," explained the professor. "What is your opinion, Mr. Cargill?"

"The words connote a very beautiful woman with a wonderfully clever way, and I think it most probable that even a blasé college man might be so affected."

"Such an impertinent character, forced into such a position, could more gracefully laugh at that girl than dream about her," challenged Miss Blair before the instructor could call for her opinion.

"But the writer says he did love her," blurted out Cargill, and the class giggled.

Tom Cargill cut the next four recitations in Freshman English. Miss Blair flitted about Main Hall with her sorority sisters and greeted Cargill stiffly when she met him on the stairway. Frequently Cargill saw her at the library with Galloway

and he always seemed to be talking earnestly to a willing listener.

On the fifth day Tom went to English class again, and as he entered the room he thought he saw a suggestion of gladness in the quick glance that Miss Blair gave him. He shambled toward the back of the room, stuck his feet in the rungs of the chair ahead and looked sullen.

The professor ran through a pile of themes, pulled one from the heap and began: "Here is a story similar to one we had recently," he said. "You will remember the incident of the man who danced with a woman whom he had never met and finally went home to dream about her." The professor laughed and went on. "This sounds very much like the story from the girl's standpoint, but I suppose there is no connection. A particular passage deserves commendation for its effectiveness."

Cargill leaned forward and listened while one girl on the front row fixed her eyes upon the blackboard. The professor read:

"Virginia watched Tom Four stride crestfallen across the floor after her refusal to give him another dance and she longed to run after him and tell him that he might dance with her a dozen times. But the music started and she glided away on the arm of her partner, following with her eyes the tall figure as it disappeared into the smoking room. 'If only he were not too stubborn to guess', she thought."

"Do you like that, Mr. Cargill?" asked the professor.

"The passage is very gratifying in its suggestiveness," Tom said, slowly.

When the class was dismissed Cargill rushed to the front of the room and stood guard at the door as the students filed out. Miss Blair had a word to say to the professor and even after he had gone she lingered in the room alone fumbling over the pages of her note book. Cargill ventured back, saying, "Pardon me, Miss Virginia, but—well, my interpretation of your theme."

"A sequel to yours," she answered.

"Themes are insignificant things some times."

"Was yours, Mr. Four?"

"My own true story, Miss Blair."

"It angered me because I thought your hero trifled with his heroine."

"The heroine's name was spelled differently. He loved a girl named Virginia."

"I—I—think that I have tried to make Virginia—love him."

"And you have succeeded?" said Cargill.

"Yes."

"But Galloway, oh, pardon me, he was not in the story."

"In the story" she corrected, "but not the leading man."

—*Edward S. Jordan.*

THE WIZARD OF CARMAIGNE

High, like a path to heaven, the slope of its sides retreating before the eye as does a straight road in the perspective, stood the steeple of the great cathedral at Carmaigne; and at the tip of the spire to further the illusion and make the beholder believe that he saw the vanishing point of some vast, skyward avenue, there gleamed no cross.

Whose sin was it? God only and his saints knew! Stay, there was one other that had knowledge of where the blame lay. Not Satan? No, this was a mortal—one Jules, a man of dark fame, reputed, in fact, a wizard, at sight of whom men cursed and made the sign of the cross; and the children were wont to mock him as he passed, but none had the hardihood to cast a stone. A once tall man, but now stooped and bent, he must in his time have been strong and athletic. The shrunken flesh had left outstanding at the wrists great sinews and bones; otherwise he bore little trace of any former physical power. Long scanty locks of gray hair straggled to his shoulders and he had a beard in color the same. Eyes of dark brown were devilish or sad as became the beholder's mood but rare was he who saw in their depths anything but a Satanic gleam. It was generally believed that the old man had already bartered his soul to the evil one. He was a most unusual

visitor at Carmaigne and lived in a rude hut of stones which he had built for himself two miles north of the town.

Common talk ran that Jules's magic had sent Johannes Bergner to his death. The year 1237 saw the first stone of Carmaigne cathedral laid in mortar; the month of June, 1255, beheld the spire ready to receive the cross. Then did Johannes Bergner—peace to his soul—prepare to crown the work with the sign of the glory of God. Where the scaffold ended, at the highest window, a ladder was braced for him. Johannes ascended to the apex of the spire, dragging the cross after him by means of a stout rope. He must have looked earthward for his senses reeled suddenly and he cried to those waiting on the platform below.

“Which hole shall I set it in.”—There was but one.

“Set it in any, in God's name,” they answered, guessing his peril.

The crowds in the streets saw the unfortunate man, so far above their heads that he looked like an ant clinging there, totter, sway, throw up his arms as with a gesture of despair and finally shoot to his death.

Darker than ever were the looks that Jules now received. This evil wizard had done this mischief, it was whispered. No longer the children taunted him as he passed but clutched in terror their mothers' skirts instead.

The weeks slipped by, bringing the harvest time. Colossal as a structure erected by giants, the great cathedral seemed in the light of the harvest moon to overshadow the whole land. Yet when the people looked upon the edifice no pious emotions gushed forth; nothing but sorrow and shame welled up at the thought of that terrible lack.

At a late hour one night during this season of grain gathering, Jules the pariah, befriended by Satan alone, stood before the silent cathedral of Carmaigne. It was that time of night when the moon is at its highest in the sky and the wakeful cock, thinking that the dawn has come, proclaims to his distant neighbors the coming of the new day.

Long the man stood in the deserted street as though lost in

meditation. Finally, when a ray of moonlight found him out he made for the little door in the rear of the church. It opened to his touch. He had seen to that when the early dusk gave him cover to steal in and draw the bolt. Entering he groped his way to the foot of the ladder, which led up into the steeple. Here he paused for a little and then grasping the rung that came nearest his hand in the darkness, slowly began the ascent, many times stopping for breath.

Once as he waited his fingers came in contact with the bell rope. A muffled peal that caused the tower to vibrate sounded. He peered out from one of the narrow windows for a long time after that, fearing that the town would rise and was half tempted to descend. But all was still in the night except for the barking of dogs. At last reassured he continued upward.

Many minutes had elapsed when finally he reached the topmost window. At the time of the death of Johannes Bergner the cross had slipped down to the platform but the rope which was fastened to it, had caught around the apex of the spire. This rope was hanging there still. The cross had been dragged back within the cone shaped enclosure that formed a sort of room for the bell. Such was the condition of affairs discovered by Jules.

Fastening the dangling cord to the cross he shoved the mass of gilded wood part way through the window and, while his lips moved as with a prayer, grasped the rope with hand and leg and swung out. How securely the loop had caught around the spire at the time of Johannes Bergner's death Jules did not know, but as it had run down while the cross was being lowered to the window, surely the knot which had made a pause in the slipping could scarcely be other than a most hazardous one on which to trust a human life. Though aware that the odds were with death, Jules boldly began his struggle upward. But as he fought his way inch by inch, for he was an old man, he began to feel that he had overestimated his strength. The cord, cutting cruelly into his palms unnerved him and his muscles ached painfully under the strain. Still, slowly, desperately he forced his way upward. The

agony to his hands was growing most intense and his brain was beginning to whirl, when, all at once, his fingers gripped the tiny platform that was thrust on top the gigantic cone. With cracking shoulder bones and raw bleeding hands, he clambered upon the frail support. There he crouched helplessly for a moment, utterly exhausted. Then as he slowly recovered his strength he began to look about him. What a night it was? Earth and heaven seemed one flood of moonlight. He did not dare to gaze straight downward at the town for he had in mind the fate of the other man. Instead he permitted his eyes to wander to the far away hills and up the valley where the river lay like a stream of silver, and back again to the heavens. Shadows there were none. The whole sky seemed to illuminate every corner of the earth. It was like being at the top of the world at noonday. Only there was none of the heat and noise and restlessness of day; nothing but the quiet and peace of the upper world. Jules felt almost as a spirit set free from its body.

At length, though his soul was but half satisfied with looking, he began his task. Using the spire to get a purchase with the rope he drew the cross toward him. It was of inconceivable weight and swinging and glittering in the moonlight it was as a thing of life struggling for release. Yet surely, if slowly, up it came.

Now the transverse piece was opposite him and he had his arms about it dragging the wooden load upon his little platform. It was desperate work on such a frail and narrow support, but he succeeded. Next, hauling stoutly on the rope, which was tied at the joining of the beams, he lifted the base of the cross until it rested over the hole in the apex of the steeple. He pulled and jerked while the perspiration ran down his face but could raise the head no more than three or four feet. His labor seemed wasted.

Then as by inspiration the solution of the problem dawned upon him. He tied one foot in the rope and taking a firm hold with his hands leaped out into space. With a jolt that brought

him up short, dancing like a ball on a cord, the cross stood in its proper place at last.

Slowly and wearily, but with his heart beating high in pious exultation Jules slipped through the window from which he had emerged hours before and crept quietly down the ladder and homeward. The first gleam of the morning sun flashed in the eyes of the early rising peasantry, a quiver of flame from the top of the spire of Carmaigne cathedral. Then the splendor there resolved itself into a cross, gleaming golden in the dawn.

"A Miracle! a Miracle!" they cried, falling upon their knees. "God has pardoned us. The wizard's spell is broken."

—*William Thomas Walsh.*

NIGHT

(From the French.)

O Night, thou gentle mother of rest supreme!
 On brows where earthly sorrows heavily weigh,
 Pour out, with sleep, the gift of some sweet dream,
 And grant oblivion to the cares of day.

O'er sleeping nature darkness spreads its wings,
 And in the light of Heaven's galaxy,
 Pale Revery, rapt in vain imaginings,
 Sits dreaming on the border of the sea.

The dying wave purls softly o'er the sands.
 Far out, where roll the long swells of the deep,
 The harbor ships tug at their cable strands,
 And rock, like some great giant birds asleep.

In starry space, the mountain, triple-peaked,
 Rears up its snow-capped summits Heaven-high,
 And with its chiseled crests, sublime but bleak,
 Carves out a sombre profile 'gainst the sky.

—*Maurice W. Moe.*

THE STORY OF A HIT

"Finlay's fired," announced Smith complacently.

The Sunday Editor looked up and grunted.

"Tough luck," said Hartly.

There was the usual percentage of chaos in the *Globe's* Sunday room. Desks, typewriters, exchanges, soiled copy and what not littered and cluttered the little place from end to end. Hartly, the artist, perched high on the back of a chair, had rescued a piece of gray pasteboard and with a couple of crayon ends was busily constructing a chorus girl—a radiant creature in pink and white. Chorus girls were Hartly's principal diversion. They laughed at you from the tops of his letters and danced at you over odd scraps of paper and held out their arms invitingly to you from fly leaves and blotters and drawing boards. The present lady of the ballet was of the most ravishing type of beauty and she smiled entrancingly over a pretty white shoulder.

"Finlay's fired," repeated Smith, as he flopped down in a desk chair.

Hartly held his sketch at arms length and stared at it intently.

"What for?"

"Same old reason. Fell down again on an assignment. The old man got sore and Finlay goes for good. He's about played out anyhow. He went the pace too long."

"I guess we don't lose much," the Sunday Editor murmured.

Hartly laid the pink and white sketch across his knees and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"Oh, I don't know, Mac; I'm only a drawist, but I thought Finlay was good—mighty good."

"Funny nobody else thought so," remarked the Sunday Editor, as he reached for the shears. "He never made a hit."

"It was just his hard luck. That's all. I know him. I've gone out on assignments with him and he's written some whooping stories, too. I know."

"Everybody," said the Sunday Editor, clipping an exchange. "Everybody has the chance to make a hit if he's got it in him."

"Everybody except Finlay, Mac," corrected Smith, "always except Finlay. Finlay's a hard worker. He lives in the Ghetto, he told me, so as to study life. Finlay does a peach of a story—night editor has tooth-ache and cuts out story. Murder. Finlay doesn't get man's middle name. Night editor sore again and slashes the copy. Interview with great man. Finlay's car breaks down and leaves Finlay two miles out in the country. Nope, Finlay's been in Chicago six months and has done good stuff and he's never had a chance."

The Sunday Editor shook his head incredulously.

"I've seen his stuff and I don't like it. It's not newspaper stuff—it's fiction. It's—oh, hello, Finlay."

He was a young fellow, rather below medium height, with a thin white face. His eyes were too wide and dreamy for a true news gatherer. There was a note of apology about his spotted black coat and his ripped shoes.

"I came in to say good-bye to you fellows. I'm going back to Purdy."

The Sunday Editor's voice was almost sympathetic. "Have you got a job?"

"Oh, I'll get one all right on the little old *Independent*. No, thanks, much obliged, but I don't want any money. I've got an aunt there who's pretty well fixed, and I've got money enough anyhow." He coughed a little and turned to the Sunday Editor.

"Mac, I have some stuff to leave with you. I think maybe you can use it. It's not news stories, it's the other kind. I know you don't take to that sort, but if you can run 'em I'm that much ahead, and if you can't—well, it doesn't matter."

"Certainly," said the Sunday Editor with a painful assumption of heartiness. "Give me the stuff."

Finlay unbuttoned his coat and drew out a handful of soiled copy.

"Here you are, Mac. I say, Hart, let me have the girl, will you?"

Hartly drew the new made picture away apologetically.

"It isn't very good. I'll do you a decent one. This is only on the back of a tablet cover."

"She's good enough for me. I want her, please. Does that stuff rub much? Here, I'll put some paper around it. Well, good-bye, you fellows. You probably won't write, but if you come to Purdy, just remember me. Thanks for the picture, Hart. Maybe I'll be back in a couple of months if I'm feeling better."

Finlay walked out and away into the corridor.

"And it's good-bye, Finlay," murmured Smith.

"He was fired," said Hartly, "and yet he didn't try to borrow money."

"Which proves," said the Sunday Editor grimly, "that he was never cut out for a newspaper man."

As for Finlay, he shook hands with the elevator boy, drew his pay envelope, stood for a moment at the street door wistfully looking back, and then plunged resolutely out—past the *Globe* windows, past the fruit-stand and around the corner—out of sight and sound of the dingy building.

So Finlay departed and things went on quite as successfully without Finlay as they had with him. The Sunday Editor grunted and clipped and edited, and Hartly drew pink and white chorus girls and sketched murdered people, and drew more pink and white chorus girls. The office boy, having literary leanings, was promoted to the exalted station of cub reporter, while a new and fresher youth took up the duties of office boy. And every day the *Globe* came out as regularly as the great Hoe press itself and Finlay was entirely forgotten—which was quite natural.

He had been gone full ten days before the thought of him even entered the Sunday Editor's mind. It was Thursday and the Sunday Editor was scowling because he was short of copy. He thought of Finlay because he was fingering Finlay's soiled manuscript.

He had read it over and it had turned out to be exactly what he had anticipated. The stories were not clear cut entertaining Sunday stories about the number of miles a woman shopper averages daily, or the Organization, Management and Odd Tales of the Newsboys' Home—no, they were magazine stories with a most woeful disregard of definite data. True, they related to Chicago, but so far as names, dates and street numbers went they might as well have been written about the Sahara desert.

The Sunday Editor opened the first story again. It was typewritten, but with the words scratched and mutilated and the paper wrinkled and disreputable. The Sunday Editor scowled more deeply. The thing was called "A Transplanted Omar," and dealt with a Persian who vended rugs by day and wrote soulful poems by night. It was told well, neither too much nor too little, and left you at the end with a smile on your lips and eyes that blurred a trifle. The Sunday Editor groaned.

"I'll show it to the old man and see what he says. We're out of copy and we've got to use something."

So he carried the story of "A Transplanted Omar" into the august presence of the Managing Editor, and the Managing Editor read it in silence.

"Well," he observed between puffs as he lit his pipe, "it's not like anything we've run before, but we might try it. And, by the way, sign Finlay's name to it. It's more of a story than it is anything else. I felt sorry to fire him, and besides, he's about used up, isn't he? Where is he now?"

"Went back to Purdy, where he was before."

"Well, run the story the way it is, and put it on the inside somewhere and it won't hurt us anyhow."

And this is the way that wonderful bit of writing, "A Transplanted Omar,"—copied and translated all over the world—found its way into the Sunday edition of the *Globe*.

It was not a cyclonic success at the beginning. At least, the edition of the *Globe* was not exhausted by people who wanted to read "A Transplanted Omar." It was noticed first outside

the city. The exchanges began pouring in with the entire sketch copied word for word.

"Idiots," growled the Sunday Editor savagely.

"Who is this Finlay?" asked the literary person who did book reviews for the *Globe*. "That was a most remarkable thing of his Sunday morning."

The Managing Editor was gleeful.

"It's a hit! It's a hit!" he said. "We'll run those stories right along now. Mac, how many of those Finlay stories are there left? Three? You give 'em to me and you write to Finlay and tell him he can have a steady job if he'll stay and do that kind of thing from now on."

Accordingly the Sunday Editor wrote a cordial letter to Harry T. Finlay, care of the *Purdy Independent*. Then he clipped exchanges and waited three days for a reply.

When the three days were up it was a Saturday, almost a week after the appearance of "A Transplanted Omar."

"Nothing from Finlay yet," observed the head of the Sunday department.

The Managing Editor stopped looking out of the window and came down very much to earth.

"Who's our correspondent in Purdy? Watson, editor of the *Independent*, isn't it? Telegraph him for news of Finlay. Where's a telegraph blank? There. Send him this: 'Watson: Where is Harry Finlay? Inquire of relatives.'"

The Managing Editor stayed late at the office that night to get the reply. It did not come until well after eleven o'clock. Then it was short and decisive:

"Finlay not here for six months. Has no relatives in Purdy. Watson."

And next day appeared the story of "The Little Girl that was Good,"—the story which the Reverend Winthrop-Watkins, two Sundays later, denounced from the pulpit as degrading and immoral.

Indeed, the heroine of the story was neither particularly lit-

tle nor particularly good, and although the story itself was written mainly in words of one syllable, it was not intended for the kindergarten.

But long before the Reverend Winthrop-Watkins had pronounced upon it, letters began pouring in from all parts of the country. In every town into which the *Globe* made its way there was someone who wished to criticise or go into ecstasies over "The Little Girl that was Good." The story was wonderful—horrible—moral—revolting—everything. Some of the letters were addressed to Finlay, some to the editor of the *Globe*, and some merely to the *Globe* itself.

The Managing Editor rubbed his hands in ecstasy and strode up and down his office blowing great whiffs of smoke from his pipe.

"We've got him at last," he said to himself. "We've got a man now who can write, and we'll keep him if money'll do it. I'll advertise that Ghetto story of his in every street car in Chicago. But," and here the wrinkles came, "where is he? Mac must find him, that's all. I'll tell him so. Finlay's got to be here doing his stuff in the office before another week."

He made his way into the crowded Sunday room.

"Mac, put ads for Finlay in the personal columns of all the papers. Get a detective to look for him. He used to live in the Ghetto, he told me. Try there. But find Finlay."

If the "old man" had been excited in the afternoon his excitement was nothing to that which prevailed in the evening. Late that night while a chorus girl was coming into being on the back of an envelope, Hartly was clapped on the shoulder. It was Smith.

"Hello, Hart. They've found Finlay."

"Where?"

"In the Ghetto—right where he's always roomed. Nobody thought of looking there until this afternoon when the old man got a detective after him, and the sleuth said, "Ha, ha!" and

made a saloon-to-saloon canvass in the Ghetto and came smack upon the house."

"But what's the matter with Finlay?"

"Sick. Sick and delirious for about three weeks. He was taken suddenly just when he was going to cut out, and the old woman at the house has taken care of him free because he helped her when her little boy died. He's been out of his head now for two days."

"Finlay sick!"

Smith laughed.

"Funny, isn't it? Old Finlay lying sick and broke there in a stinking Ghetto house, and enough money waiting for him here to buy up the whole neighborhood."

Hartly did not laugh.

"I'm glad we've found him, and I'm glad Finlay made a hit. I'd rather see him make a hit than anybody else on the old sheet. I didn't know he was sick, though. Gimme the address. I've got to see him."

"Sure thing." Smith turned at the door. "Mac is going out to see about moving him early tomorrow morning. He told me that you'd better go along, too, because you were a pretty good friend of Finlay's."

When the Sunday Editor stopped at the office with the early sun shining through the murky air, Hartly was waiting for him. He was heavy eyed but smiling.

"Mac, I stayed up all night so as to be on time this morning."

The Sunday Editor grunted responsively. Hartly climbed into the cab and they were rattled off over the cobblestones to the Ghetto. Neither spoke for a considerable time.

"Mac, if Finlay's been sick he won't know about this hit he's made. He ought to be happy when he finds out, because he'll be on Easy street from now on."

"He ought to be on Easy street. His last stuff has been worth fifty a column to the *Globe*." There was another space of silence.

"Here's the number, sir," said the cabman, drawing up in front

of a small two-story brick house. A long flight of steps led up to the front door and on the top sat a little girl in white.

"If you're from the newspaper," she said, "and you want to see Mr. Finlay, it's no use, because he's dead."

"Dead!" repeated Hartly.

"Yes, dead. He had the fever again and died this morning awful early."

The Sunday editor caught Hartly's arm and half led him to the door.

"Where's his room?"

"It's the first one to the left, but he's dead and it's no use to see him."

With the assurance born of much newspaper work the Sunday Editor opened the door and walked up the stairs, followed by Hartly. The dust was thick and there was a heavy odor, while at the top a slatternly woman peered over the banisters as though to prevent their coming.

The Sunday Editor opened the door to the left and looked in. It was a little room, bare of all that might suggest warmth or comfort. A single picture brightened the walls. It was a pink and white chorus girl on gray paper. She smiled at them invitingly over a daintily poised shoulder. And on the bed—

With a choked sob Hartly sprang forward and, snatching the colored sketch from the wall, tore it into a dozen pieces.

And on the bed lay Finlay, very white and very still, staring up at the ceiling with wide, unwinking eyes.

—*Horatio Winslow.*



THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE

My motors chant their tireless song,
Their throbbing, chugging, purring roar,
I leap and lurch my way along
The road that stretches far before;
And all aquiver through my length,
With sense of power unconfined,
I glory in my maddened strength
And toss the puny miles behind.

*Way! Way! make way! I swing and sway,
With whizzing wheels I flicker by,
With throb and cough my motors bray,
Way! Way! make way! I swing and sway,
To the beat and stamp of the motors' play,
For I am the King of the road. Yes I!
Way! Way! make way! I swing and sway,
With whizzing wheels I flicker by!*

The white road spins beneath my wheels,
My motors hum a shriller hymn,
My staunch frame shivers, rocks and reels,
I hold my pace unslacking, grim;
The hills leap up and then are gone;
I swirl like wind the valleys through,
And ever I go flashing on
And ever rings my voice more true!

*Clear! Clear! all clear! when my song you hear
And let me flash and flicker by.
My strength is the strength of forty steer.
(Clear! Clear! all clear! when my song you hear,)
And my speed is the speed of a frightened deer
And the King, the King of the road am I!
Clear! Clear! all clear! when my song you hear,
And let me flash and flicker by.*

—A. B. Braley.

THE TEST OF OPERATOR HATHEWAY

The day was one of the hottest of July days. The smoke from the switch engines standing idly about the yards, waiting for the late freight runs, rose straight up in thin hazy columns. The heat from the thick network of tracks trembled and vibrated as from a huge radiator. Business on the road was everywhere reduced to a minimum. It was too hot to work and little was done except to keep the trains moving. Hatheway leaned back in the big office chair, with his feet upon the desk, listening half-consciously to the row of sounders on the desk as they clicked out in drowsy monotony messages of train business, of important board of trade transactions, and of life and death. His work for the day was practically over and he sat there with nothing in sight to do but fix the block for No. 89 and wait for the night operator to come on at 7 o'clock to relieve him. He had just glanced at the clock when the station agent walked into the office with a troubled look on his face.

"Say, George, I just got word that Evans is pretty sick. They say up at the house that he slept all day in a regular oven of a room and when he got up at four thirty he wasn't able to dress. Overcome by the heat, I guess. 'Doc' Lane is there now."

Evans was the night operator.

"That's bad!" returned Hatheway. "Hope he gets around all right in a day or so. He isn't out of his head, is he?"

"Oh, no. Just laid out flat on his back. Looks pretty much as if you'll have to stay on all night, though."

"No other way out of it," replied Hatheway, "but then I guess it won't be a hard night and I can keep awake all right. It will be cooler, too."

"Well, good luck to you. I'll 'phone you if Evans gets any worse. So long."

"Good night, Jim." Hatheway leaned back again in his chair, with something very much like a sigh. Twelve hours on duty on

a day like this was bad enough, even if business was dull, but twenty-four hours of it was almost the limit. Still, such things are incident to the life of an operator and Hatheway accepted the situation as a matter of course. As he sat there with half shut eyes, catching only fragments of what was going over the wires, his thoughts somehow drifted back to the day, two months ago, when he came to the Chief Train Despatcher to ask him for a position. He remembered how he had told the despatcher, with a tinge of pride in his voice, that he was a college man; had just finished his freshman year and wanted the position of telegraph operator during the summer vacation. This fact, however, did not seem to impress the despatcher as much as he had hoped it would. The despatcher was not a college man. His alma mater was the school of experience. His idea of a good operator was one who had been trained in that school until he had become as infallible as a machine. He had given Hatheway the day job at Grand Forks with many misgivings, for the simple reason that, to use his own trite expression, "Operators are as scarce as Moguls on a street railway." Then the thought came to Hatheway, with a glow of inward satisfaction, that the despatcher had been able to find no fault with his work and that his ability had once been commended by the assistant superintendent himself. In the midst of his reverie, a message on the train order wire caused him to open his eyes wide and become oblivious to the sound of every other instrument in the office. This is what he heard:

SOUTH BEND, July 6, 1902.

Conductors Jennings and Brown:

Jennings will pilot Extra 326 and Brown will pilot Extra 1032 Spring Valley to Ortonville. These extras are circus trains due at Ortonville 4 A. M. and must not be delayed.

J. P. S.,
Chief Train Despatcher.

Hatheway had known from the large posters that Ringling Brothers' circus was to show at Ortonville the next day, but this was his first intimation that the two trains were going to pass over

the western division through Grand Forks. This accounts for his interest in the message. He wondered where these extras west would meet No. 89, the time freight east, which was already two hours late. While his thoughts were fixed on this, great black clouds had rolled up from the west and he was somewhat startled at finding himself in semi-darkness, where but a short time before the sun had glared with painful intensity. His first feeling was that of relief from the scorching heat, but he looked out with some anxiety at the great boiling masses of black clouds, before which a white scud was driven swiftly by the wind, for a telegraph office with some twenty or thirty wires in the switchboard is not a comfortable place to be in during a thunder storm. At such a time an operator prefers to keep away from the key, when every flash of lightning causes a more blinding one to leap out of the switchboard with a loud report, and the sounders to rattle ominously.

Hatheway fervently hoped that, if he had to take the meeting orders for No. 89 and the two extras, they would show up before the storm, which gave every indication of being a bad one. His anxiety was increased, no doubt, by the pale, ghostly light, almost darkness, that now haunted the office, and by the intermittent Br-r-r-r-r of the sounders, caused by distant flashes of lightning which as yet could not be seen.

The operator at Rockwood reported No. 89 by at 5:10 and Hatheway figured that they would reach Grand Forks about 5:40, at the rate they were then running. The two extras had both left South Bend with Extra 326 ahead, and Hatheway caught a message to Extra 326.

SOUTH BEND, July 6, 1902.

Condr. Jennings, Ex. 326:

Let Extra 1032 go by you at Kickapoo.

J. P. S.,
Chief Train Dispatcher.

Hatheway wondered at the time why they held one extra to let the other go by, but later learned that Extra 1032 carried the tents and other paraphernalia of the large circus, together with

one hundred fifty canvas men. Extra 326 carried the animals and the actors. It was not necessary for the company to arrive at Ortonville for the day's performance as soon as the tents did, because some time was required to set up the canvas and get everything in readiness for the show.

A few moments later Hatheway heard the despatcher calling him on the train order wire. Orders were then put in, at Grand Forks for No. 89 and at Kickapoo for the two extras, for No. 89 and both extras to meet at Kickapoo. He gave the "X" response, which signified that he understood the order and would execute it; repeated the order; displayed the red signal for No. 89, and settled back in his chair to wait.

A faint rumble from the west reached Hatheway's ears, but he could not tell whether it was the thunder of the swiftly approaching storm or of No. 89. It was now quite dark, though only six o'clock; the gas had been lighted in the office, and the yard was dotted with scores of red and green switch lights, with here and there a headlight gleaming like a great, fiery eye in the darkness. Lanterns zigzagged about the yards, for the switching crew was getting everything in readiness for the arrival of No. 89.

Then, with a rumble and a roar; a shriek of the whistle and a clap of thunder, No. 89 and the storm came in together. While the crews down in the yards were switching out the cars, the conductor of No. 89 stamped into the office, dripping with water.

"What's the flag for?" he asked.

"Orders to meet two extras at Kickapoo," replied Hatheway.

"All right," said the conductor, as he carefully read the orders and signed his name on the bottom line.

Hatheway sat down at the key again to "13" the order, that is, to notify the despatcher that the conductor has read the orders, understands them and will execute them. The despatcher made them "OK" at 6:10 and Hatheway handed them back to the conductor, who immediately picked up his lantern, rushed out of the door and sped down the yards to his train in order to save every possible minute of time.

With a feeling of relief that No. 89 had been despatched with so little delay, Hatheway proceeded to send in the train reports which the conductor had left with him. He drew his chair up close to the desk and hooked the heels of his shoes over the lowest rungs on the chair—a favorite attitude of his when sending an unusually large “bunch of stuff.” Now, it was a peculiar circumstance that the chair in which he was sitting had glass insulators, of the kind used on telegraph poles, screwed on the ends of all four legs: put there by the ingenious Evans in order that the chair would slide more easily over the floor. This of course cut off all electrical connection between the operator and the floor, and hence to the earth, when he put his feet on the rungs of the chair. He had nearly finished the report when suddenly the whole office seemed transformed into an immense arc-light; the sounder rattled violently and was silent; and Hatheway felt as if twenty Leyden jars were inside of him. Simultaneously, a deafening crash of thunder shook the very foundations of the office, and the silence that followed was so intense that it was more startling than the noise had been. A bolt of lightning had struck the wires outside of the office, while Hatheway was operating the key, and the shock nearly paralyzed him. It had been all the more severe because he was insulated from the earth by the glasses on the legs of the chair, and he had practically been “charged” with electricity. He straightened himself out slowly and painfully, for his right arm and side were sore and numb and he was somewhat dazed. He instinctively thought of the unfinished report, but found that the sounder had been “burned out” and the wire was dead to Grand Forks. His right arm was useless, but with his left he attempted to remove the damaged sounder and replace it with a new one. While he was busy at this, he heard Kickapoo call him in a nervous, hesitating manner, on another wire. He answered awkwardly with his left hand.

“I forgot to stop Ex. 1032,” said Kickapoo. “They’ll smash into No. 89. Good God! What’s to be done?” clicked out the

Hatheway's head whirled. For a moment he could not think clearly. Then like a flash the situation came to him.

The operator at Kickapoo, a new man, had been confused by the two separate orders, and had forgotten to hold the second extra! Only immediate action could save those men from death. Without stopping to answer Kickapoo, he snatched a lantern from its hook and dashed out into the drenching rain. Yes, thank Heaven, there were the two red lights on No. 89's caboose still in sight, though far down the track. He must catch the train before it reached the top of the grade or nothing could stop them from crashing into the circus train on the down grade beyond the curve.

Down the yards he sped, stumbling over switches and ties in the darkness, but always keeping his eyes fixed on those two little red lights. The exertion seemed to diminish his stiffness from the shock but his right arm dangled at his side, as useless as if dead "asleep." He was surely gaining. The red lights seemed to stand still and beckon to him and he redoubled his efforts. A car, kicked down the track by the switch-engine, was almost upon him before he saw it and he escaped only by throwing himself face downward underneath the coaling shed. His lantern was struck by the car and smashed into a shapeless mass. Now he must reach the train or fail—all hopes of signaling the trainmen were shattered with the destruction of his lantern.

The distance from the office to the end of the yards was fully a quarter of a mile. Hatheway ran as if he were in a hundred yard dash. He was soon near enough to the caboose to hear the wheels click over the joints between the rails; a minute more and he would reach the train. But a new fear arose within him. Could he pull himself onto the caboose with only his left arm? He clenched his teeth until they ached, at the mere thought of failure at the last moment. Three steps—two steps—one step, and then he clutched the iron bar. How he ever pulled himself to the steps with one arm, he was never able to tell. He fell through

the door of the caboose, before the astonished train crew, with just breath enough to gasp out:

“Extra—by—Kickapoo!”

The conductor understood and in less than five seconds a brakeman was speeding over the tops of the swaying, jolting box-cars, frantically waving a lantern in the hope that the engineer would glance backward. No answering whistle came, until he had run more than half the length of that train of thirty cars. Then a single sharp whistle, a hissing of air, a grinding of brake-shoes, and the train came to a full stop. The brakeman furiously signaled “Back!” and the engineer, instinctively knowing that something was wrong, threw the reverse lever and sent the train backward at a thirty-mile gait down the grade.

Into the siding it went, with scarcely a pause. The switch had hardly been closed behind the engine when a headlight appeared around the curve at the top of the grade. Less than a minute more and the circus extra dashed by, with a long drawn out shriek of the whistle, all unconscious of its narrow escape from destruction.

Jim Donahoe, the conductor of No. 89, wrung Hatheway’s hand until he winced, but said nothing. Railroad men, as a rule, are not effusive.

Hatheway slowly made his way back to his office. Opposite the coal shed, his foot struck something which he mechanically picked up. It was the remains of his lantern. Today that battered lantern adorns his room at college.

—*Fred W. MacKenzie.*



THE PASSING OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON

Now must I die whose life is spent in vain,
Who dreamed such dreams as hand hath never penned,
Who suffered many things by surf and plain
To buy that which the Lord God would not vend.
Through slumbering seas of summer did I wend,
Urged ever by the sea-birds' mocking cries,
Till now beneath an evil fate I bend:
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

From lust of Youth and Lordship I was fain
To seek the Blissful Isle that it might lend
Sweet Youth to me—sweet Youth that hath no stain.
Methought with all of Youth yet to expend
The glory of my glory should extend
Throughout all lands—aye, even to the skies.
And now I die, unsought by Fame or friend;
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

Far off where birds, soft winds, low surges reign,
Where the far sea and the horizon blend,
There might I seek surcease of all my pain
And live anew the life that God should send.
The Blissful Isle—ah, I shall never rend
Its veil of mist; and yea—though worldly wise,
I know all things youth may not comprehend—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

ENVOY.

Lord God, my soul to Thee I do commend;
Unfit, unclean my sore-spent body dies.
Thine is the draught of Life without an End—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

—*Horatio Winslow.*

THE SPOTTED MALLARD

The first time I saw the Spotted Mallard was in the fall of 1898. I was in a blind at the mouth of the Six-mile, a small creek which flows into the northern bay of Lake Mendota. My companion occupied a blind on the opposite shore of the creek. Very few birds were flying, and I had fallen into a half-doze.

The quick, whiplike crack of my friend's gun wakened me, and I sprang to my feet. Out over the creek, poised in the air for a moment as a bewildered duck will poise sometimes, was the largest mallard I have ever seen. Bringing up my gun, I fired. The duck swung out toward the lake. I followed him for a second, and fired again. He did not stop. I looked across the creek at my friend, and he looked back at me.

"Great Scott," he cried, "he was as big as a goose."

"Did you notice that white spot?" I called back.

One thing had caught my eye as the duck towered, and that was a pure white spot, about the size of a silver dollar, on the dark plumage of his breast. As the sun's rays struck the burnished feathers, it had gleamed out like a gem.

From that time I dreamed about that duck. I saw him twice again that fall, but did not get another shot at him. The next year he was back in his old feeding grounds. I spent an entire week trying to get him, and failed. I even went so far as to break the law by using a sneakboat on him, but I again failed. He had about three measures of mallard cunning, and a common mallard is a very wise bird.

In the fall of 1900, he was back once more, and once more I was after him. One afternoon, from the window of my shanty, I saw him drop into the pond in the marsh on the right bank of the Six-mile. The next moment I was rowing down the creek, feeling sure that I had him at last. A cut-off, or channel, ran from the creek through the bog to the pond. We had cut this channel for the very purpose of making possible an easy sneak on ducks

feeding in the pond. I reached the cut-off and poled quietly into it, my gun ready for use. A bunch of spoon-bills rose in front of me, but I held my fire, waiting for the mallard. As I stood wondering why he did not get up, I heard a triumphant quack behind me, and wheeled about just in time to see the Spotted Mallard, whirling off over the wild rice back of me, way out of range. The cunning rascal had heard me enter the cut-off, and, instead of rising in front of me, had swum up the inner channel until he could get up from behind me. That was the last time I saw him that year.

The next year I was over at the Six-mile in September. I still had designs on the mallard, but hardly thought to see him so early in the season. However, as I rowed up to the shanty, I heard the strident call of a mallard, and, looking up, I saw, high in the air above me, a wedge of ducks streaming over for the marshes. The leader was the Spotted Mallard, and I have no doubt it was he who sounded that challenging cry.

If it was, his mockery was ill-timed, for he was fated, before twenty-four hours had passed, to become a victim of the pursuer whom he had so long foiled. If I were writing fiction, I could, no doubt, make my part in his undoing appear very creditable; but, since I am telling things as they actually happened, I must be content if I appear in a decidedly unheroic light. For three years, I had matched my wits against the instinct and cunning of this bird, and had been defeated in the game in which his life was the stake. Now I was to win, not through superior strategy, but through sheer, blundering luck. The following day, I did not get up in time for the morning shooting, but, late that afternoon, I rowed out to a small bog of wild rice about a hundred yards out in the lake from the mouth of the creek. I pushed up into the rice, and concealed my boat, not troubling to throw out decoys, as there were too few ducks around to make it worth while. I merely hoped to get a chance shot during the evening flight. As I took my position, the sun was just going down over the horizon. The marsh behind me was a glory of colors. I stood upright in

my boat, the wild rice being high enough to hide me sufficiently. I could see nothing flying out over the lake. I stood thus quietly for perhaps half an hour. It was growing dark. The splendid golden russet and orange of the marshes had faded to a dull brown; the farther shore-line had melted away into a vague blur; out on the lake, long, wavering sheets of mist were rising from the water.

Evidently my chances for a shot that evening were very slim, but, with the optimism of a duck-hunter, I decided to wait ten minutes longer before returning to the shanty. The ten minutes had just about elapsed when a crane flapped stiffly past the bog. I was half tempted to hasten his dignified flight with a touch of lead, but let him pass in safety. I was glad afterwards that I did, for, scarcely had he vanished in the gloom, when, down the shore to my right, two spurts of flame cut into the dark. A second after, the heavy boom-boom of a ten-gauge came to my ears. I strained my eyes to see, and stood with my gun ready. Almost before I was aware, a shadowy shape slipped silently out of the gloom in front of me, flying as only a frightened duck can fly. My gun came to my shoulder as by instinct, and I fired. It was a snap shot, but the splash of a heavy body hitting the water told me that it had gone true. I pushed out of the bog, and poled over to pick up my game. The duck lay floating breast upward in the water, and, as I stooped over him, a gleam of snow-white feathers told me that my feud with the Spotted Mallard was over. For a moment, I could have shouted in triumph; then a feeling of shame came to me, as if I had not made war fairly. I had shot him down like a thief in the dark; and even now, as I write this, I glance up at the case where he stands, and wish that I could once more see him, strongly winging his flight at the head of his flock, and once more hear his brave note of challenge ringing out on the frosty air.

—E. A. C.

LES HURLEURS

(From the French of Leconte de Lisle.)

The sun had sunk beneath the ocean floor,
And at the mountain's misty base, the town
Slept on its wave-washed rocks, from which dripped down
The crested billows beating the black shore.
The night reverberated their long plaint,
And not a star shone in the void of space;
But through the cloud-rifts the moon's flying face
Swung like a dying lantern far and faint.
A voiceless orb, mysteriously banned
Dead world of ruins floating through the sky
And shedding from its chill periphery
Sepulchral radiance on the polar strand.
There, peering seaward from a coast made white
With blanching skeletons of horse and ox,
Some lean dogs crouching on the shiny rocks
With mournful howlings filled the shuddering night.
Curling their tails beneath their heaving breast,
With eyes dilated, on their feverish paws
They crouched immobile, with distended jaws,
Howling and shivering in their strange unrest.
The seafoam clotted the long, straggling hair
Down their lank backs ridged with protruding bones,
And when some wave half swept them from the stones,
Their white teeth chattered in the icy air.
Beneath the livid light of the pale moon
What unknown anguish by that sombre sea
Wrung from your sobbing souls that threnody
Where some lost spirit seemed to importune?
O spectral howlers, shivering on that bare
Antarctic strand—in haunting undertone—
After a thousand suns have come and gone,
Still echoes in my soul your wild despair.

—*William F. Giese.*

“THE PIG”

Jimmy was happy. He was just eleven years old to a day. It was a fine May morning, warm enough for him to roll up his sleeves nearly to his shoulders in emulation of his Pa. Above all, the first litter of spring pigs had been newly farrowed. By raising on his tiptoes Jimmy was just tall enough to rest his chin on the top of the tight partition of the hog house and admire them as they lay piled in a little quivering black heap in the nest of straw, while their monstrous dam was noisily swallowing her breakfast of most savory middlings swill. Jimmy's Pa, holding in one hand a dripping pail, leaned against the fence and viewed his newly acquired property with a critical eye.

“I guess that littlest shaver won't stand it long,” he reflected. “Say, Jimmy, if you want to raise him by hand you can have him.”

“To keep?”

“Yes.”

“And can I sell him when he gets big, Pa?”

“Yes.”

“What will I feed him? I ain't got anything to feed him in,” said Jimmy, still hesitating.

“Oh, Ma will give you a pan, and you can feed him milk.”

“All right.”

Pa caught the pig for Jimmy who grasped him with both hands, held him at arms length and carried him to a big box in the barn. He almost forgot to go to school in his attentions to his charge, patiently trying to pour milk down the wee, innocent, swine-throat with a tablespoon.

When he came home at night, he found that Ma had superseded this violent mode of nourishment by teaching the pig to drink from a tin dish. Jimmy was in high glee. The pig was doing well, and was not going to die as such foundling pigs almost always do.

After supper when Jimmy was carrying in the wood his busy

brain wrought out a song of praise, and, when no one could hear him he sang it.

O, ho, ho, ho, I've got a pig,
 Even if he ain't very big
 And cannot dance a jig.
 But I'll feed him on milk
 And he'll be just as fine as silk.
 Da, da, da, dil, dal, dilk,
 Hui, yui, yui ; kee, kee, kee.

For a time Jimmy cared faithfully for The Pig, as he had come to be called *par excellence*, and The Pig became round and plump. His ears, which, as Jimmy said, had lain back like a scared rabbit's, flattened inside out, gradually began to straighten up. He was very tame and was wont to utter his grunts of satisfaction while he drank his milk and Jimmy rubbed his back. On Saturday he would spend many a quarter hour gazing steadfastly into the box, fondly noting the growth of his pet, admiring his color, and reading intelligence in the glance of his bright Berkshire eyes. Once when the lazy milk-cows did not leave the barn yard until almost noon, he was caught stealing milk from old Susan for The Pig.

As the days passed by, however, Jimmy sometimes neglected or forgot him. “Jimmy, you forgot The Pig this morning,” his mother would say, or, in spirit of sterner reproof. “How would you like to go without your breakfast, you great big boy?”

In a month The Pig was large enough to get along without cow's milk and run loose and drink ordinary plebeian swill. Jimmy built a rather frail pen with a few old boxes and boards. But The Pig refused to be restrained by such a flimsy prison. Whenever Jimmy came home from school, The Pig met him at the gate and followed him about, plaintively squealing to be petted and fed. If Jimmy's mother complained that she had hardly taught the dog not to sun himself on her flower bed before The Pig had begun to root it up, she was crushed by the retort, “Well, how would you like to be shut up in an old pen all day long with nothing to drink but swill?”

Roving in unhampered freedom over patch, and garden, and field, with his swill trough ever full, The Pig waxed greatly and soon outstripped in size all of the litter among which he was once the smallest. At last, when the potatoes became large enough to root out and The Pig large enough to root them, Pa coaxed and petted him, seized him by the ear, and, despite his vigorous squeals of remonstrance, threw him into the pen. But the unruly spirit, which too frequently comes back to swine ever since the fated herd of Judea plunged into the sea, took unusually violent possession of The Pig. As with all hogs that make a specialty of breaking out, rainy days and Sundays were sure to find him rooting up the potatoes or feasting in the cornfield. Full often was Jimmy drenched from the wet corn leaves through which he rushed to scare up The Pig. Many a time did Jimmy forsake his Sunday School and even his Sunday swim to trail The Pig through the corn, to come upon him suddenly and hear him charge off with a "Roush—a—woush—a—woush—woush!"

What was to be the ultimate fate of The Pig? To be sold. That Jimmy had from the first taken for granted. He would have shuddered at the idea of—butchering!

But to be sold was the normal fate of all domestic animals, and if they brought a big price, they ought to be proud of themselves. Poultry, hogs, cattle, horses and even puppies had been sold; and why should not The Pig also suffer the same fate or enjoy the same distinction, especially since Jimmy himself was to have the honor of making the sale and had made various plans for spending the money. Besides The Pig was getting too big and liked too well to lie in mud holes for a pet.

Jimmy's dreams of painted sleds and shining skates, mink traps and rifles became ever brighter as The Pig grew heavier.

Autumn came and The Pig was broad and square and large framed.

When Jimmy fed the hogs at evening, he would lean over the fence and rub The Pig's back or teasingly seize him by the ever restless rooter. Every evening he would revise his estimate of

The Pig's weight and would stand long, admiring the "build" of his favorite, applying every standard of excellence that Pa had ever discussed with his neighbors through clouds of tobacco smoke. Pa raised "an awful fine built hog;" and The Pig was easily the largest and best in the pen—when he was in it.

The spirit of freedom was still strong within him. Often when Jimmy came back from school his first duty was to round up The Pig from the cornfield. The corn was now ripe and in the shock, and The Pig's depredation annoyed Pa more and more. At last he went into a desperate spasm of fence-fixing; he drove seven new posts, used up all the available fence boards and two pounds of nails, lost and found the hammer three times, bruised his thumb with it and skinned his knuckles. Not even a chicken could have found a way through the reformed fence. To temper justice with mercy and soften rigor with kindness and also to get the pigs ready for market, Pa began feeding them all the corn their hearts or their stomachs could desire. The Pig, however, was clearly discontented. He refused to sleep in the same fence corner or bask in the same mud-hole with his companions and wore a path around the pen looking for a place to break out. But The Pig and all the pigs rapidly laid on fat and one evening it was decided that, since butcher's meat was high and cold weather was coming on, it would be best to sacrifice one of them to the family larder the next day. No one was happier than Jimmy.

After Jimmy had gone to school next morning, the demon of unrest worked in The Pig with unusual violence and he relapsed into his old ways. After repeated efforts, he burst his pen's invidious bars and returned to what he considered his ancient heritage—the cornfield.

His offense had no extenuating circumstances. He had been well fed. Indeed he had left corn lying on the ground to break out. He had violated every law of pigdom. For such an offender, there could be no pardon. Besides he was the largest and fattest pig in the lot and would make the best meat. The case was clear. After it was decided to reimburse the owner; a

bill of attainder against The Pig was introduced and passed through the family council by a unanimous vote.

The sun was setting when Jimmy came home from school and he donned his overalls in haste to do his usual chores before it should be too dark. First he poured the swill into the pig trough and called "P-u-u-i-i-k—p-u-u-i-i-k—p-u-u-i-i-k." From far back in the pen came a momentary "woush" and the sound of sniffing the air. Then, with Berkshire ears erect, came the pigs, bounding, galloping, charging, whirling about in the exuberant frolicsomeness of swine youth, fighting, squealing all the way. A score of them plunged their heads into the trough; half a dozen more climbed over the backs of the others and almost stood on their snouts, trying to force them, wedge-like, down to the swill. With fierce rooting away of rivals, with running to and fro and desperate squealing, a half barrel of swill disappeared in scarcely more than a minute. Then Jimmy threw in the corn slowly, two or three ears at a time, for he was in no such hurry as the pigs and liked to see them fight. Every one of them dashed after the first handful of ears and most of them after the second. Until the whole basket full of corn was empty no pig took more than one bite out of the same ear and not more than three consecutive bites for a few moments afterward. They ran continually from one ear to another, fighting for the same cob, when ears were lying near at hand untouched. At last their gastric irritation was somewhat soothed and they settled down to steady eating.

Jimmy watched them for some time as usual; then he wondered why The Pig did not come near the fence to have his back rubbed. He felt a slight tremor. Could that be The Pig, white, scraped, and ghastly in the twilight? He climbed over the fence. Perhaps The Pig was out at the farther edge of the herd. But one by one the pigs ran from him and refused to be petted. The Pig was not there! He was butchered!

Jimmy burst into tears, bitter, scalding tears of grief and rage. He threw down the empty basket, ran to the house, and rushed

into the room where supper was set, slamming the door behind him: "What did you kill The Pig for, say?"

"Here, Jimmy, don't cry," said his mother, "Pa's going to give you the money."

"I don't care. I don't want his money. Couldn't you let me sell him myself? I don't know what you ha—d—to—murder—him for—you cannibals!"

—*Emil Olbrich.*

IN THE VIRGINIA DIVISION

Miss Emily Fairfax Graham sat at the Virginia table in the genealogical department of the library. Her nose just showed above the orderly stack of books which surrounded her. On Miss Emily's nose was a speck of dust, of which she was not aware; but Mr. James Cary Putnam, peering out from a disorderly pile of books on the other side of the table, looked at the small speck of dust, and wondered. He had known Miss Emily for many years and she had always been the soul of neatness. Indeed, Mr. Putnam secretly admired her habitual trimness, though of course he never thought of expressing his admiration because he was forty years old, and bashful. He faithfully attended prayer meeting, however, because he liked to hear Miss Emily sing,—but he would have been astonished at his own boldness had he ever presumed to sit with her and sing from the same book.

But this speck of dust worried him. He knew how uncomfortable Miss Graham would be if she knew it were there, and he involuntarily brushed his own nose, whereupon Miss Emily looked up, and Mr. Putnam hurriedly thrust his reddening face into the "Virginia Register: for the year of our Lord 1780." All the time, as he sat there with buried face, he wondered why Miss Emily had come to the genealogical department. Why was *he* there? Oh, he wished to trace his exact genealogy back to Revolutionary times, for he was thinking strongly of joining the "Sons of the American Revolution." But why was Miss Emily studying these

old Virginia records? She could not join the S. A. R.,—"but, let's see,"—he thoughtfully brushed his hair the wrong way, "she might be a Daughter!" He looked up deprecatingly; he hoped she had no thought of joining such a society, because, oh, well, she didn't look as a clubwoman ought; she was too shy and self-effacing, and clubwomen, he understood, were always arrogant and unruly.

At length Mr. Putnam could endure the thought of Daughters and dust no longer, and abruptly closed his register and tiptoed out of the department. Half an hour later he crept back to his pile of books and, peeping cautiously over their rim, he observed that Miss Graham was still busy on the opposite side of the table. The sun was streaming over her face, now, so that the dust on the tip of her nose was not so apparent. "It's sort o' glorified dust, now, you might say," thought Mr. Putnam. He was in a rather exultant frame of mind just now, for he had been talking with the librarian, and had learned from him that the Daughters of the American Revolution were a fine class of women, after all. "Very excellent, most praiseworthy," was the librarian's comforting assurance; and Mr. Putnam was now able to regard the dust with less abhorrence since it wasn't the indication of budding unseemliness in gentle little Miss Emily.

He thoughtfully turned the pages of the Register, while Miss Graham guided her pen busily back and forth across her notebook. The warm sunlight streamed in from the western window over the peace and quiet of the Virginia division.

"Shall I draw the curtain?" abruptly inquired Mr. Putnam, startled at the sound of his own voice, as, after long deliberation, he found courage to make this daring remark!

"Thank you," said she, her eyes shining pleasantly with the fullness of the sunlight pouring into them.

"Are you studying your ancestry?" he pursued, unwilling to drop a conversation begun with so much effort.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I have traced it back to my namesake, Emily Fairfax. I can remember a little old miniature of her

which my mother used to show me. She was very beautiful, and looked so young and happy."

"One doesn't have to be young to be beautiful," he suggested with astounding temerity.

"These records say that she married a Mr. Elliot Cary—"

"What's that!" shouted Mr. Putnam, all constraint vanished, "wait a minute, wait a minute!" and he dived into one of the Registers, while little Miss Emily shrank down into her chair in great alarm. How could her harmless words have caused such vehemence? How ferociously he was turning the pages!

"Here it is," and he jerked his necktie awry, "my great-great-great uncle, Elliot Cary." Miss Emily looked at him incredulously. "'Elliot Cary, married, June 7, 1781, to Emily Fairfax'—and she's your—your—"

"My great-great-grand-aunt."

"Well, if this isn't remarkable, and—and—inspiring!" he ejaculated. His hand left the page of the Register and unknown to him found its way toward Emily's. The touch was momentary and hesitating. But as he looked questioningly into her eyes something in their depths prompted him, and tugging fiercely at a coat button, he whispered,—“Miss Emily, let's make the relationship closer!”

And Miss Emily smiled gently and encouragingly as he kissed the dust from the tip of her nose. —*Katharine Marshall.*

WITH some diffidence, the Editors submit this initial number of The Wisconsin Literary Magazine to the judgment of the University public. Realizing that the success of the Magazine depends primarily upon the approval of our fellow-students, we ask that they judge it solely in the light of what it aims to be. The Magazine disclaims all pretensions to setting a standard of literary excellence. Its purpose is not to guide or preach, but to reflect as accurately as may be the literary tastes and aspirations of the average Wisconsin student as recorded in story, essay or verse.

The wish oft repeated for a medium of literary expression at Wisconsin we have attempted to fulfill. How well or ill we leave for the readers of the Magazine to judge. Many things about the Magazine they will no doubt wish were otherwise. But even as it is, we trust that they will find something to commend.

Of necessity, this number is to some extent an experiment. To the end that we may make that experiment an assured success and the Magazine a credit to Wisconsin, we ask for the co-operation of alumni, faculty and students. Above all, we earnestly desire that the undergraduate body feel free at all times to contribute to its pages — in short to regard the Magazine as their own. Its management and policy are in student hands, and appointments on its staff will be made on the basis of merit only.