



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. VI, No. 1 October 1908

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

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

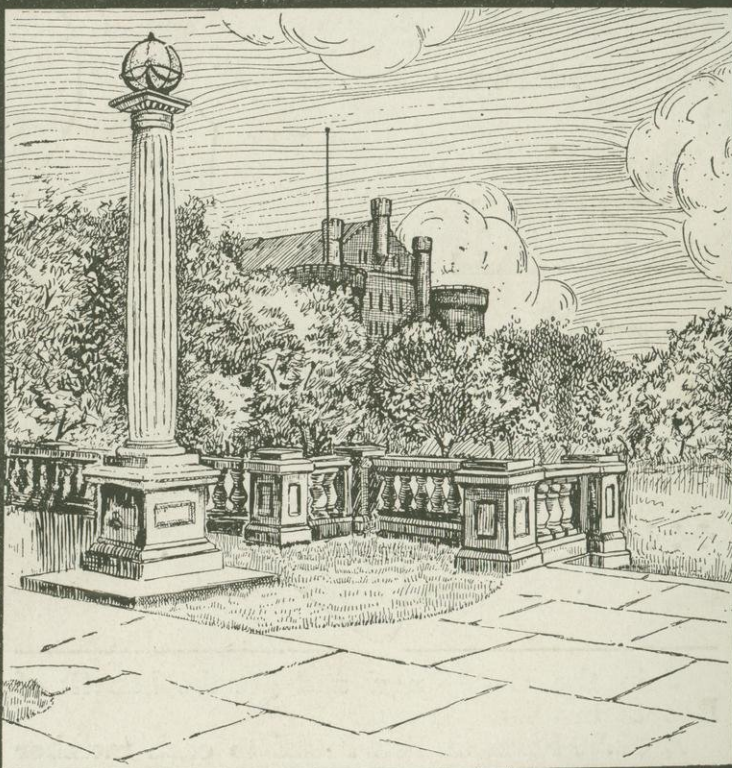
Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE



HUBBARD - 6711

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. VI

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 1

GENT'S FURNISHING DEPT.

We have all the style points of the Season,
and Quality too

TIES SHIRTS SOCKS



REGAL SHOES



Join the Co-Op now and get the benefit of
Rebate in all departments.

A \$2.50 Fountain Pen FREE to each member
joining now.

UNIVERSITY CO-OP CO.

H. A. SYMTHE, MGR.

504 - 508 STATE STREET

133129

SFP 29 1909

IWV
.W75

THE ⁶ 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.

VOL. VI

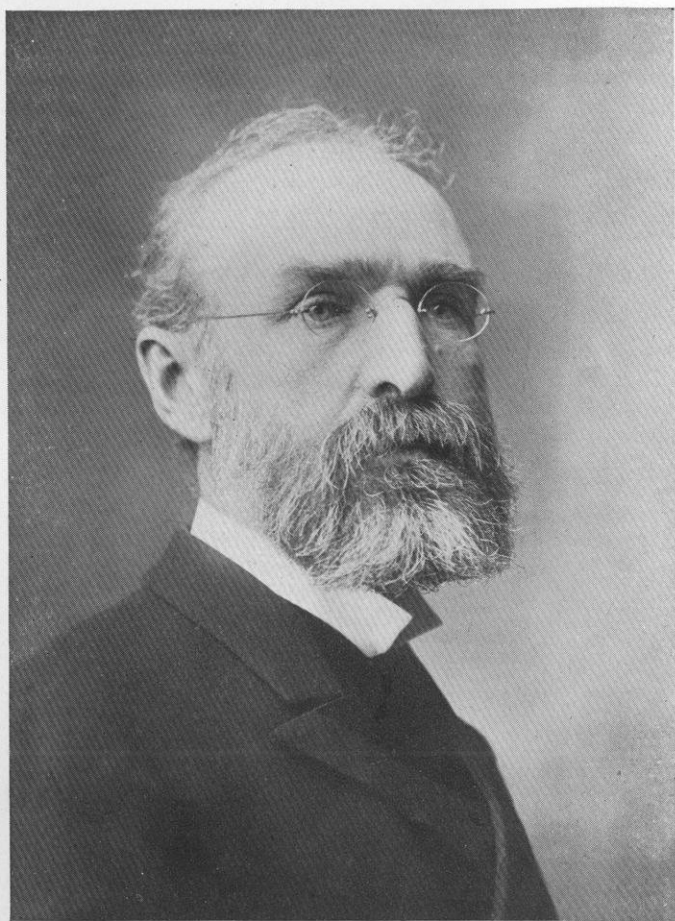
OCTOBER, 1907 - 1908

No. 1

CONTENTS

The Selection of Studies—Charles Richard Van Hise	1
Hail, September! (verse)—Alice L. Webb	5
Propinquity—D. F. '10	6
Moonlight and Firelight—D. M. B.	14
A Private Performance—Elizabeth F. Corbett.....	15
Heart of the World (verse)—Walther Buchen.....	21
His One Chance—Affa Hubbell	22
My Wild Rose (verse)—Ernst Jung.....	29
Casey's First Call—Dorothy Marie Burnham.....	30
A Romance of the Summer Girl—Shirley H. Shannon	34
A Hardened Sinner—A. L. W.....	39
Brighter Before Dawn—D. M. B.	38
A Death in the Martin Family—Ethel Clark.....	40
Editorially	45
Entre Nous.....	56

*To the highest type of culture that
Can be derived from a university
Training, to the true friend
Of all Wisconsin students,
The patron of undergraduate,
Literary Endeavor, to President
Van Hise, this issue is respectfully dedicated.*



PRESIDENT CHARLES R. VAN HISE

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

OCTOBER, 1908

Number 1

GEO. M. SHEETS, Editor
118 S. Mills Street
Phone S. 6652

DOROTHY MARIE BURNHAM, Asst. Editor
216 W. Gilman Street

ASSOCIATES

WALTHER I. BUCHEN ELIZABETH F. CORBETT
KENNETH F. BURGESS ALICE L. WEBB
FRANCES LUNDQUIST ERNST JUNG

CARL H. JUERGENS, Business Manager
531 State Street—Phone B. 2162

TERMS: \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in the "Lit" box in the front entrance to Main Hall. If the magazine is not delivered by the third of every month phone the business manager.

THE SELECTION OF STUDIES

CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE.

To each student of the university, not a member of the professional courses or schools, an important question presents itself each semester, when the time comes for filling out the election card. The selection of studies by the student is made under very many principles, or frequently under no known principles: To illustrate, one student, industriously in search of subjects which he has heard offer the least danger, selects studies with the hope that the industry exercised in the selection will be all that is necessary. Another has a friend or chum, who, he hears, is taking a given study, and upon him he thinks he can depend to obey the admonition I gave the students a year ago, "to lend a hand." In contrast with these, another student hears that a given course is "good stuff" and he decides in its favor.

This situation leads to certain suggestions to the students in reference to elections. In the matter of election of studies there is a very great difference between the college and the university. The small college usually offers one or several definite courses, such as the classical course, the latin-scientific course, the scientific course, etc. The course once selected, the work of the student from term to term and year to year is largely determined.

The student takes the studies in the order prescribed by the curriculum.

In the university, where there are a large number of subjects among which elections are to be made, the problem of the student is not so simple. This is especially the case with students who are in the college of letters and science, candidates for the A. B. degree. The difficulty of outlining satisfactorily prescribed courses for the four years in the college of liberal arts has led many universities to adopt the unrestricted elective system. This plan is followed at Harvard and Michigan. While the plan of unrestricted elections may be advantageous to the occasional student who knows what studies he wants and why he wants them, it is certain that the great majority of the youths when they finish their high school courses are in no position to make elections wisely. The freshman knows little of the scope of the various subjects, less of their relations, and often has no definite future purpose. These facts have restrained the faculty of the University of Wisconsin from ever accepting the unrestricted elective system.

There have been several steps of development from the old prescribed courses which used to obtain here as in the colleges. The faculty has decided that the first year of the college work, if not precisely prescribed, should be prescribed in general terms. The student must do work in language and in two of the three groups of knowledge—science, mathematics, and history. Also, general regulations prescribe within limits a part of the work of the second year. Thus the regulations of the faculty, without making it necessary for a student to take any one subject, do make it necessary for him to go over a certain breadth of work.

These fundamental regulations are supplemented by another. Not later than the beginning of the junior year, the student selects a major study which he must continue for not less than twenty semester hours and in which he is to write a thesis.

Thus the aim of the faculty is clear. Each student should obtain a reasonable breadth of training and a thorough training

in some one subject, which training shall somewhere come to point in a thesis. The faculty are substantially unanimous in believing that these principles are sound, and for my own part I believe they cannot be gainsaid.

But under these principles there is still very great latitude in the selections of studies, and thus the adviser system has been maintained to assist the student in making wise selections under some definite plan. It should be the duty of the adviser to ascertain the likes, aptitudes, and purposes of the student and to give him sound advice, formulating a course in accordance with the student's ideas and under the general principles of breadth of training and thorough training in some one subject. In general the faculty advisers have conscientiously performed this task. If any adviser fails in his duty, and especially if he uses his office as an instrument of propoganda for his own department, he is delinquent to his trust, and the student injured has just ground for complaint to the proper dean or director.

But the question still remains unanswered as to whether practical suggestions may be made to the student who as yet has not settled upon any definite plan of study, nor any definite career, and indeed may not have a strong preference for any subject.

It seems to me that there are certain general principles which may be laid down for his assistance. In the college of liberal arts there are three great groups of subjects. One is language and literature, another is the humanitarian sciences, including political economy, political science, history, sociology, anthropology and philosophy; the third is pure science, including botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, geology, astronomy and mathematics. No student should graduate from the university without taking work in each of these great fields. A student who has not gone to the point of appreciating the literature of at least one language in addition to his own is woefully deficient in his liberal training. A student who neglects the great group of the humanitarian sciences cannot decently perform his per-

sonal civic and social obligations, to say nothing as to leadership in these matters. A man who is wholly ignorant of the sciences is blind as to the universe in which he lives and to the manifold forms of applied science which have transformed the habits of civilized mankind. Therefore it is my most urgent recommendation to every student that not merely a single course, but a considerable amount of work be taken in each of these three great groups of studies. I am sure that all who follow this advice will throughout their lives be happier and more efficient because of it.

This advice should be supplemented by one further principle. As early in his career as possible, a student should find some subject for which he has enthusiasm. The young man who feels himself drifting indifferently through this subject and that should urgently search for one in which he has a vital interest. If he cannot find it he is not adapted to a university course. Those who float to the end of their college careers will be likely to float throughout their lives. The salvation of a young man or woman is to have enthusiasm for some wholesome thing. It makes comparatively little difference what the subject be, whether roots, or bugs, or men, each student should somewhere find one subject upon which he works with pleasure. As soon as he finds this subject, whatever it be, his later university life is profoundly modified by this fact. Not only will he work with joy upon the subject of his enthusiasm, but he will do better work in other subjects, for so interlocking is the great realm of knowledge that he will find all other subjects throw sidelights upon his enthusiasm.

I urgently appeal to each student to take a broad course, to include subjects in each of the great streams of fundamental knowledge and not to be a floater, but to find a place where he has an enthusiasm. The student who responds to this appeal will find the work of the university as well as the play a joy, and he will leave the university ready to perform some service in the world.

SEPTEMBER, HAIL!

ALICE L. WEBB.

And now the merry autumn whirl begins;
In rustic woodland paths the first gold leaves
And red, vie with the poppies in the sheaves
In making gay reflections in each pool.

The breezes that throughout the long, warm months
Have sighed and whispered to the birds all day,
Now romp and haste them on their southward way;
Farewell to summer; fair September, hail!

PROPINQUITY

THE ENGINEER AND THE MEXICAN GIRL

D. F. '10.

Sunday dinner was over; the gorged surveyors emerged one at a time from the cook tent and ambled lazily to the shade of the oaks. To them, a recognition of Sunday according to the biblical law was a rare experience. They lolled in the luxury of it. After them came Mrs. Cort, the wife of the party's chief, who desired to know their opinion as to the likelihood of her husband returning before evening. Receiving only vague, unsatisfactory answers, she retired to her tent to pet the cat, write letters, and keep up the never-ceasing guard against prowling tarantulas.

The sound of falling acorns, the subdued purr of the little stream, the intermittent, rasping calls of jays, and occasionally the whistle of quail, broke the Sabbath stillness of the valley. High above the camp, the Coast Range Mountains reared their majestic heads, thick matted with dense growths of scrub oak and chemiselle. A quarter of a mile below, the stream entered the precipitous canon, where, in the previous week, the surveyors had acquired the heavy weariness which now oppressed them. Over all lay the warm, drowsy October haze. It softened every detail of the sheer peaks towards which the party was slowly toiling. It hung on every side—a thin, transparent curtain.

George Gray, the taciturn head chainman, facetiously referred to by the others as the head man of the projected railroad, reclined against the sprawling roots of a huge, squatty oak, puffing steadily at the knotty little brier which he filled, ever and

anon, from a half dollar tin of "Lucky" at his side. Absorbed in speculation as to when he would be able to retire from the strenuous life and live comfortably in a bungalow kept spotless by the admirable hands of a Mendocino County girl he knew, he paid small attention to the rambling discourse of Riley, the big, dry Irishman, and Franklin Blaine Kidd of San Francisco, commonly called "The Captain" from a certain alleged resemblance to his illustrious namesake.

These two discussed Socialism, and the relative merits of double-barrel and repeating shot-guns; university education, and how long the job was going to last; the importance of Santa Cruz as a summer resort, and the effeteness of the East; European travel, and the lamentable scarcity of prune orchards and school-ma'ams. And an infinite variety of other topics, but all in a friendly desultory way, unusual in camp. Animation, even in talk, was felt to be distinctly out of place.

Cooney, the levelman, and Jim Morely, officially known as "Marker," and colloquially as "Stake Artist," lounged nearby, reading month old magazines and listening to the flow of words. Each pleaded guilty to a college education and evaded pointed inquiries as to what good it had done him.

Inevitably the conversation drifted to the new cook who had arrived that morning. She was a dark-eyed, dark-haired, Spanish woman, not yet old in years but with the stodgy heaviness which so soon overtakes the women of that race as a penalty for their early bloom. It was generally conceded that she was an improvement on the Chink who had departed the evening before, a bare yard ahead of the eager toe of the chief's boot, after some heated words on the sanitary value of cleanliness. Final judgment, however, was suspended until a more thorough test had been made. Experience had taught them the folly of hasty decisions; the new cook had been in camp less than three hours.

"How'd you happen to get hold of her?" inquired Jim of the Captain. "It was quick work. I was expectin' we'd have to

rustle our own grub for a week or two. You never seen anyone in this God-forsaken country."

"Down at the joint they call Dos Pinos," replied the Captain. "When the boss started out this morning he said he'd give five dollars for a cook and I need the money, see? So I took them plugs of Charley's and hiked down to this here Dos Pinos, that I'd heard Manuel—old greaser we was gassin with yesterday y'know—tell about. It ain't much of a burg. One frame building that is saloon, postoffice, dance hall, residence, hen house and pig sty all in one. The whisky was fierce. I couldn't drink it. Three or four little 'dobe shacks and a couple of dug-outs in the side of the hill was the rest of the city. Two steps any direction there takes you from Nob hill to the Barbary Coast or maybe it's the other way 'round. You can't tell which.

"An old Dutchman by the name of Schwiller owns the place. Maybe he was a white man once. You'd never know it now. He has a Spanish woman and a bunch of kids of all colors, but equally dirty. The whole place swarms with kids and young pigs. Also there are lots of dogs.

"Well, the sight of the place nearly made me sick but I remembered the five and tackled the Dutchman to know if there was anybody around with not enough brains to want to cook, at fifty a month, for a bunch of surveyin' hogs that had their sledges out all the while to knock the grub.

"He spoke a phony mixup of Dutch, Spanish, and rotten English, but after a while I savvied that there was a *mujer*, an' I shied some at that for I have always held that a female cook is bad for the camp's morals. Still, I remembered the five, and thought, 'After all, the boy's morals can stand it for the sake of their digestions.' And when I seen her I knew I didn't need to worry none about the moral end. She—Oh, well you've seen her."

The listening circle nodded solemn agreement.

"Schwiller gave me a knock down to her," the Captain continued, "and I asked her if she could cook *frijoles* right, and how she was on pie crust, and a few other leadin' questions.

'*Si, senor;*' she says to every one of 'em. '*Si.*' Like that. See?

'*Si?* Yes, I see. *Si* is easy to see," said Riley.

The Captain ignored this attempt at distraction from his narrative, and went on:

"She seemed to savvy what it was I wanted, all right, and when old Schwiller explained to her about the fifty per she was as keen to come as a One Minute waitress is to get into the Princess chorus. So she's here—and I hope the boss don't welch on his offer."

"You're safe enough there, Cap," said Morely. "There's one thing about Cort; he never welches."

"Yes, I guess that's right," agreed the Cap, "I'll soon know anyhow, for I think that's him coming down the road now."

Two hours later Cort strolled into the office, which was also used as a bunk-tent by the instrument men and the draftsman. A discussion of the deep psychological question, 'Why do men make fools of themselves?' was in heated progress. Cooley, perched on his folding cot, was expounding his theory of attraction.

"Affinity," said he, "is purely the result of propinquity. This talk about your having only one real soul mate instead of several million is twaddle. The man may think so at the time. That's part of the disease. If he will stop to reason a minute he will see that if he hadn't been sent to that town but to any one of a hundred others, the same thing, essentially, at least, would have happened. Isn't that right, Mr. Cort?"

"For a man who has just finished his college course, you show a surprising amount of intelligence, Cooley," said the chief.

"But you don't think he's right, do you, Henry?" asked Anderson, the draftsman.

"Listen to this little story, and then see what you think about it," said Cort. "It's a personal narrative and—confidential. My own experience—that's why it ought to be convincing."

Cort leaned his elbows on the drafting table and spoke very

slowly. Cooley settled back with deep satisfaction. Anderson kept lighting his pipe and then forgetting it, to listen.

“After I graduated from Sheff I worked in New York about six months with a firm of contractors. It was a pleasant job, short hours—easy work. I knew a great many nice people in New York—and a great many particularly nice girls. I think I might have married well, but no, they didn’t attract me in that way. I suppose I was a fool. The cream of American womanhood was there for the skimming. I passed it up.

As I said, it was a nice easy job. There was nothing to it, as you say. That was almost literally true of the salary. At the end of six months I was a couple of hundred in the hole. An opportunity to go to Mexico for a year at a big raise came along and I accepted it with a jump. I left New York after many fond farewells, but with little real regret. I had no idea of what I was getting into.

Six days later I dismounted from a burro after a thirty mile ride from the end of the railway. *Agua Caliente*, the place was called, from a few tepid springs that oozed out through the red mud at the bottom of the valley. It was a typical Mexican village of the interior. Four or five hundred dark-skinned peons in all stages of degeneracy lived in no more than forty ’dobe shacks. You’ve probably seen something like it here in California.

Besides myself there were three other white men in town—all Americans—the engineer in charge and two contractors. The oldest inhabitant in *Agua Caliente* had never seen a white woman.

I was assistant engineer on the project—a small power dam for the development of a copper mine about twenty miles away. I did the instrument work. It took me about an hour a day; the other seven I loafed. This may sound alluring, but at the end of a month each day seemed like an age of Purgatory, and the weeks that followed were horrible—till Lita came.

If I had seen her in New York, yes, or even in Mexico, when

just passing through, she would have made no impression on me at all. I know this absolutely. Yet when I first beheld Colita Lopez in *Agua Caliente*, she seemed to me an angel of mercy sent from Heaven to the relief of a man in a Hell of little brown devils.

I learned that she had come back to visit with her father for some little time. It seemed that her mother had carried her off when she eloped with a handsomer man, but now Colita chose to comfort the old man in his last years. His finish didn't seem to be very far off and nobody was weeping over that, either. I learned all of this from Colita before she had been in town a week for I had picked up a lot of real Spanish by that time, besides the toy stuff they taught us at school. First, let me tell you about her.

Her skin was pale olive; she had big soft eyes, and jet black hair. Beautiful, she was, with the quick, exotic beauty of the tropics, yet not more beautiful than many another girl I have seen in Mexico.

No, not more beautiful than the rest—but she was there, and I was there. Every day I saw her. She used to come and sit with me, watching the peons murder time over the concrete foundations. Then, one day, she did not come. It was a revelation to me to find how much I missed her. My judgment told me to hope that she was gone for good if this was the way I was going to be effected. I did so. Fifteen minutes later I was standing at the door of the little hut where Colita lived with her decrepit father, thanking God my hope was disappointed.

The more she was near me, the more I wanted her near me, yet all the time, I knew that had there been a dozen other girls in town I would never have given Colita a second thought. She was there; the others were not. Propinquity—proximity—There's a power in it, I tell you.

Well, you know what inevitably happened."

Cort paused a moment as if in doubt about how to go on. Finally:

"At the end of the year the work was done and Johnson, the engineer, was going with me back to the States. He made all the plans for our departure secretly. One evening as I was sitting outside smoking a last cigarette after Colita had gone to bed, a boy came running with a message from Johnson asking me to come at once to his 'dobe. When I got there, he gripped me by the hand.

"Cort," he said, "We're going to leave this place just exactly one hour after moon rise. Do you understand?"

I did. He knew that with Colita awake and pleading, no power on earth could tear me away from *Agua Caliente*. I stood there looking away to the East where the foreglow of moonrise shone faint behind the Panoche Peaks.

"Do you understand?" he asked again, fiercely.

At last I managed to tell him that I did and that I would go.

"In an hour then," he said, and he turned and walked into the house.

I went back slowly to our little home—Colita's and mine. When I got there the moon was already clear of the horizon. It lighted up the ugly little village gloriously, and the 'dobe was not nearly so repulsive then as in the glaring sun. The concrete of the dam showed like a white scar across the black depth of the valley. I remember thinking it was not the only scar the year had made in *Agua Caliente*.

I took off my shoes and sneaked stealthily around the little rooms, gathering my few belongings together. Several times when I heard Colita stir uneasily, I stood for minutes in a cold sweat of hope that she would awaken and fear lest she might. When I was packed and ready to leave, I looked at my watch—it was light as day outside. Five minutes remained of the hour. And then I went back to say goodbye.

She was sleeping peacefully now; her breathing was slow and regular. One bare arm and half of her moist, flushed face were in the strip of moonlight that came through the deep set window. I tried to go without entering the room—but I couldn't—I couldn't. I can't tell you any more."

Cort walked to the door of the tent, and stood for a moment, looking out. When he turned towards them again he was master of himself once more.

"Johnson was waiting for me with pack and saddle burros. All night long we rode, never exchanging a word. Just as dawn was breaking—I started back. Maybe it was temporary insanity; maybe it was what you call a lucid interval. I have never been able to decide.

Johnson caught me within a mile. He slugged me with a brass knuckle. I have never quite forgiven him that, even when I realize how much it has meant to me. When I recovered consciousness I was in the railway station. Before I was fully awake we were on the train.

I never tried to go back again. I have never heard of 'Lita again. I'm happily married and all that, but there have been times when it seemed to me that if I could hold 'Lita in my arms again, the world ———

I've told a lot more than I intended to. Does it prove my point?"

"For your case, anyhow, it seems to be pretty conclusive?" said Anderson.

There was silence in the tent. The tension slowly faded.

Finally Cooney inquired. "Did the Captain get his five?"

"Not yet," said Cort. "Not till I see her."

"She's what Jack calls Spinach," volunteered Anderson.

"So I understand. I'll go take a look," said Cort.

He went out past the shade of the cook tent, where the woman sat enjoying her short interval of rest. Suddenly he stopped dead still.

"Lita," he whispered hoarsely.

"Madre de Dios, Senor Enrique," screamed the woman.

At the same time from her tent came Mrs. Cort's voice calling, "Oh Henry, please come here."

MOONLIGHT AND TWILIGHT

D. M. B.

Moonlight is for memories,
For thoughts of long-ago;
Of some pleasure or some sorrow
Or some girl you used to know.

Firelight is for fancies;
The flickering flame that plays
About the log, paints pictures
Of shadowy dream days.

And sometimes in the firelight
You see a fair face glow,
With eyes like the moonlight vision,
The girl of long-ago.

A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT, '10.

"When we get there," she said, "you must come in and have something to take the bad taste of that play out of your mouth. It's fortunate that I don't often have to see and review as bad a one. But I don't often have a man to hang around the office while I write up, and whisk me off home in a cab afterward. On all accounts you've earned your crackers and cheese."

"Will the Dame be there to greet us?" he asked.

"Surely. She'll be glad to see you, even at this time of night. You suit the Dame's taste for domestic virtues." She smiled, and his grave, fine, middle-aged face lit up responsively. "I'm not very domestic myself" she went on, "and the poor lady pines a little for respectability."

"I should imagine that a self-supporting woman of thirty-five—"

"Forty-one," she corrected serenely.

"Well, your sort of woman isn't exactly her sort. How did she ever come to live with you?"

"Oh, I knew her when I was a kid. She lived near us and she used to be rather fond of me. I was dreadfully in awe of her, she was so proper and her house so impossibly neat. She gave me cookies when I was small, and later she tried to marry me off to every eligible man in the neighborhood. I'd lost sight of her completely when, two or three years ago, I got a letter from my sister saying that her husband had died, and left her without a blood relation on earth. I had money enough and a spare bed-room so—"

"So you asked her to come and burden you for the rest of your life?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, no! She's going in two or three months to live with her husband's nephew down south. I wish I could send her off with her mind freer. The poor old lady can't believe that an unmarried woman can be happy, or that dramatic editorship is any career for a female."

As the cab drew up before an apartment house, she turned to him warningly "Now, sir, remember that you have a reputation to uphold with the Dame."

"I'll be the domestic virtues personified," he said laughing.

She let him into her apartment with her latch-key, and led the way to the living-room. It was a comfortable place, with worn furniture, many books, several good landscapes and marines, and an open fire. Beside this was seated a refined, elderly woman dressed in subdued mourning. Her somewhat expressionless face lighted up when she saw them, and she came forward almost eagerly.

"He's awfully hungry, and we're going to have some coffee," the younger woman said.

"The portable table is laid in the dining room, Caroline," replied the old lady, "but you ought not to drink coffee at this time of night. You need some one to take care of you."

"Some one, with authority. Yes, ma'am, she does," said Taylor. "We have come to the conclusion," he went on brazenly, "that she needs me to take care of her."

"I suppose so," said Caroline from the dining-room, not appreciating the significance of the remark.

"Then you mean—Are you two young people going to be married?" Mrs. Randolph asked.

Caroline appeared on the threshold, an indignant denial on her lips. She took one look at the old lady's face, and she lied splendidly.

"Not for a long while yet," she said sweetly, "but some day we hope to be." And while she smiled for Mrs. Randolph's benefit, her eyes shot lightning at the mendacious Taylor.

On the following day he sought her out at her desk in the editorial rooms of "The Standard." She looked up from her work and waved him to a chair. "Just wait until I get these notes into shape for the Sunday edition, will you, John?" she asked. "I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you too," said Taylor meekly. "That's what I came up here for. Will you come out to lunch with me?"

She nodded and pushed her desk telephone toward him. "Let Mrs. Randolph know," she said, "that I won't be home this noon. I often don't get up there Saturdays."

Taylor sent his message and then watched her at her work. She was working up a column of "Notes of Coming Attractions." She wrote in a large, clear hand, disdaining a typewriter. Her devotion to the task in hand struck him as quite characteristic; so, too, did her total neglect of him when she had work to do.

Presently she finished her notes, and fifteen minutes later they were seated opposite each other at a small table in a well-known restaurant. Then she opened fire upon him.

"Well, you made a pretty mess, didn't you?" she said without preface.

"You backed me up well enough," he said.

"Why did you put me into such a position? I had to lie, when I saw the poor old Dame's face. But now what are we going to do about it?"

Taylor smiled rather teasingly. She smiled back, but said, "Its no laughing matter, young man. Last night, after you left, she gave me the sweetest grandmotherly talk, awfully old-fashioned and naive, but so thoroughly *nice* that it made me feel like a thief. I had to take it, though, for I couldn't tell her that we were lying without also making it appear that we were making game of her. Now, as you got us into this, I propose that you get us out; and as I helped you to make the tangle I'll help you to unravel it."

Taylor glanced around, and seeing that the waiter was at a safe distance he leaned forward and said, "Well, the most direct way out of the difficulty, it seems to me, is for us to be engaged until the Dame goes away to live."

"John Taylor," she exclaimed, looking as if she thought him out of his head.

"Why not?" he asked. "It won't be any worse than an actor and actress being engaged in a play, and after she goes away you can easily keep up the deception by letter. Mrs. Randolph is old and delicate; you won't be compelled even to write about it for many years. Come on, Caroline, you scribbler on the drama, let's put a few dramatic complications into our own lives for the laudable purpose of giving the Dame a little satisfaction."

Caroline looked across the table at him. He was in one of the rare moods of boyish irresponsibility that sometimes took possession of his staid middle-aged character.

"It will be a silly performance for two sensible old people like us," she said slowly, "but I suppose now that we are in it we may as well keep up the play." They gravely shook hands across the table.

The three months that followed were a romantic dream for Mrs. Randolph. John Taylor, who had been taking Caroline to restaurants and sending her books ever since the Dame came to live with her, was now a constant visitor at the flat. He kept the living-room filled with roses, and oftener than not decorated it with his own presence. He always came to Sunday evening tea, a very informal meal that they got for themselves.

It was at one of these teas that he and Caroline were alone in the kitchen. She looked up from the salad dressing that she was compounding and shook her head at him.

"You laid it on a little unnecessarily thick, John," she said. "I gave you permission to keep up your deceit, but not to fab-

ricate the way you've been doing to-day. I've had an awful time anyway to keep the Dame from writing the news to my sister. You're too dramatic to go in for this sort of thing, John. You go in for it too hard."

He faced her, his half-smoked cigar still in his mouth, and looked her steadily in the eye. Suddenly she gave a little choking cry.

"I've let it go on, and never thought of how you might get to feel. I've blindly, foolishly, let it go on."

"Its no use?" he asked.

She shook her head and turned away. "I thought that we were too old for it to matter, or I never should have let the affair go on. I'm a settled old maid. I like my life and I don't want to change it."

"It needn't change it much,—"

"I can't have it changed even that little," she interrupted. "I don't love you even enough to sit down opposite you at the table three times a day. You're as nice a man as they make, John, but—Oh, I never dreamed—"

She sat down at the table and put her head in her hands. Presently he re-lighted his cigar and sat down beside her.

"We'll have to keep up the story, though," he said. "We've gone too far to retreat."

"Do you think that we had better?" she asked, raising her head and looking at him doubtfully. "The Dame doesn't go for three weeks yet."

"I don't think that there's anything else to do."

She nodded helplessly. "I wouldn't have had this other happen for worlds," she said, watching him miserably.

He smiled with reassuring cheerfulness, but she was not reassured. That night the Dame heard her crying in her bed.

Taylor's demeanor after this episode, as before, was happy and attentive, with just the right shade of tenderness. If Caroline did not look as happy as Mrs. Randolph thought a betrothed woman ought to, she put his roses in water and read his books, and smiled bravely when he looked at her. She con-

sciously avoided being alone with him. These solitary interviews had once been to her a blessed relief from having to "act engaged" to Mrs. Randolph's satisfaction. Now the very idea of being alone with a man on whom she had unintentionally inflicted pain was a nightmare to her. He was so kind and so good; any woman on earth might be glad to do anything for him; she herself would do anything but marry him.

Taylor and Caroline together put Mrs. Randolph on her train for the south, adjusted her grips, tipped the porter, and assuaged her fears about her ticket, her baggage checks, and the reservation of her berth. They waved good-bye to her as her train pulled out, and then they faced each other in the cab on the way up from the station.

"Well, I suppose our engagement is off," he said lightly. She nodded. "I have to thank you for the happiest three-months in my life," he went on, still carefully keeping his gay tone. "I wouldn't ask anything much better than to be engaged to you forever, under the Dame's patronizing eye."

"I can't give you anything better," she said a little hoarsely.

"I don't ask for anything," he answered.

They did not speak again until the cab drew up to let her out. Then she said, "Good-bye, John," with averted eyes, gave him her hand, and went toward the elevator, melancholy, but relieved. Taylor settled back in the cab and thought of an evening without cheerfulness or domesticity or Caroline. "I'll play billiards, I suppose," he thought. "I'll smoke too much too. Well, I guess I'll begin now. Its too bad all around. Caroline even let me smoke all over the flat." And he lighted his cigar, trying desperately hard to find something funny in the tangle. Doubtless it was the grim February twilight that blurred his sight.

HEART OF THE WORLD

WALTHER BUCHEN.

Rose of the World! Queen—Rose
Of a Glorious Garden of Roses,
Turn to the Sun of the Life where it glows—
Drink of the splendor—for surely night closes
The door of Love's Day with the Wind of Woes—
What love has the Night for roses,
Red Rose of the World—my Rose?

Truth of all Truths, Life's Truth,
Oh, be dead to the Past and Her calling,
Great is the Now and how gentle Her ruth—
Grim is the Future and wierdly appalling —
Be safe, while you may, from the Dragon's tooth
Nor heed to the grieving calling—
Live now, Love! That is the Truth!

Heart of my Heart, Heart's Heart!
Shall we wail for the dreams that are dying?
Dreams! How they wander and how they depart!
Love, they nor halt nor delay for your crying
But flee, or are slain by the Truth—or Art!
Why weep for What's dead or dying?
Hold hard to the Life, Heart's Heart!

HIS ONE CHANCE

AFFA HUBBELL.

"I am sorry, Weston," said the principal kindly, "but we have given you more than one chance—and the authorities cannot encourage gambling."

"I know, sir," said the boy, who stood beside the desk. "I know how it is. But can't you give me one more chance? I've been a failure everywhere else. At home I quarrelled with my father, and made my mother wretched. I'm not excusing myself any, sir. I wanted to choose my own profession, and my father wanted to do it for me. I a minister!" He laughed bitterly. "Why, sir, can you picture me a preacher? Maybe I didn't take the right way about it, for I wasn't very much taken with the idea. I told him that—well never mind what! Anyway I left for school a little while after that. And of all the schools! Think of sticking a fellow like me into a school where a woman was the principal! I horrified her, and she had me fired. And then I came here. Oh, I know my record's bad. I'm no woolly little lamb—I'm a black sheep, or so they call me. I'm not saying I had no chance to do right, for I did. But I didn't want to then. But now—" he stopped short.

"But now?" said the principal.

"Now, I want to make good. My mother never knew why I left St. Albans.' But my father says that if I am expelled again I need never come home or hold any communication with them—the folks at home, I mean. I can get out. He has done enough for me, he says. Let me have one more chance, sir. Just one. I promise to make good."

"Will you promise never to gamble again?"

"I'd promise anything, sir."

"I'm not asking that, Weston. I want you to consider carefully what this means. Your old associates will shun you, and the other boys will distrust you. You will be an outcast, practically."

"I don't care," said the boy. "I'm eighteen now, and have, I hope, enough strength to stand that. If that were the least—Will you let me have the chance?"

"I will give you one more chance, but only one. I really ought not to, but I will. Use it well."

"Thank you, sir. I'll make good," and Tom walked out of the office. His promise was no idle one, for he fully meant every word of it. "I'm clear of Reynolds and his gang," he thought.

Two years before Tom Weston had come to Edgerton, bringing with him a reputation for lawlessness. Inside of a week he had made the acquaintance of a boy name Reynolds who had undertaken to teach him to play poker. Weston was an apt pupil, and it was not long before the two began to teach others. The chief difference between the two boys lay in the fact that Weston played for pastime, Reynolds for money and nothing but money. Tom's lawlessness was open impatience of restraint, Reynold's secret violation of the ethical code of the school. The first time that Tom was detected was when he entered a gambling hall in the town. His house teacher saw him and reported to the principal, who merely warned the boy not to repeat the offense. Some time passed and he was again caught. He was placed on probation and warned that expulsion would follow the next violation of rules. Just the night before, he had come in late and encountered the principal who asked where he had been. Scorning a lie, the boy answered frankly that he had been in the gaming rooms. The interview of the following day has been reported. Tom had gained one more chance, and he realized that it was the last.

"Yes, I'm clear of Reynolds and his gang," he repeated as

he pushed open the door to his room. "Hello, Charlie! What's up?"

"I'm in a hole," answered the visitor. "I've just got a bill and—"

"Thought Parks said you'd go if you ran up another?"

"He did—and I'm afraid I will. So I want to pay this before it is sent to him, and I haven't any money."

"You never have," said Tom. "Where does it all go to?"

"You and Reynolds."

"Well how much is the bill?"

"Thirty-five."

"And I have only a little over two. I lost it all last night. Won't Reynolds loan you any?"

Charlie laughed. "Reynolds! I should say not. I asked him for some, and he said he didn't care whether I got fired or not. And I don't dare let anyone else know."

"Well, you are in a hole, all right. I'll find Reynolds and see what can be done. Maybe he'll loan me the money. I'll meet you before dinner tonight and let you know. Maybe I can raise some on my watch."

Ten minutes later Tom Weston entered Reynolds' room.

"Say," he began, "I want to borrow thirty-five of you."

"Want away, Weston, I don't loan money."

"No, but you get it out of other fellows. Why don't you?"

"Don't choose to. Your security isn't good enough."

"Get out with security!" retorted Tom. "I've got to have that money."

"Too bad!" commented Reynolds. "Will you play for it?"

"I've promised not to play."

"Turned saint?"

"Not much! Only, if I get caught again, I get fired for good."

Reynolds smiled. "Anything new? Come, you aren't so squeamish as all that, are you? Will you play? Not here—you're too likely to be caught. We'll go down to Joe's and

play. You want to help Charlie Loring, don't you? Then play with me for the money."

"Do you want to ruin me?"

"Not at all. See here, Tom. How much do you suppose the home folks care for you, anyway? Your father doesn't."

"Doesn't care? Well, maybe."

"What if you do get fired? You've been fired once before, and not going home won't be any loss. You haven't been home for three years anyway, have you? Have you heard from your mother in that time? You haven't. You told me so yourself. Your own letters—are they acknowledged?"

"Shut up! You make me sick!" cried Tom angrily. "It's none of your business anyway."

"Oh, yes, it is. See here, I'll let you have the money for Charlie Loring if you'll come down to Joe's and play a friendly little game. If you don't, why Charlie will get fired."

"And if I do, I'll get fired."

"But Charlie—think of it. An only child, whose mother worships him—"

"Cut it out! Come on, if you are so anxious to have me fired!"

Two hours later Professor Dean saw a familiar form come from "Joe's" gaming rooms and hasten towards the school. It was only half an hour since he had entered the same place in search of students, and had met with the assertion that "none of the boys has been here today." And yet, Tom Weston had just announced to "Joe" that this was his last play there.

"If it had been some other boy," said the principal when the professor told him. "But Weston promised me not four hours ago to stop gambling, and I gave him an opportunity to reform.

Will you tell him I wish to see him."

Tom had given the money to Charlie telling him to keep still about the whole affair. "For if its found out you'll be fired, and what would your mother think?" Charlie had promised eagerly to say nothing, no matter what occurred. Con-

tent with this, Tom had hurried to his room and had begun to pack his trunk when Professor Dean entered.

"What are you about, Weston?"

"Leaving," answered Tom.

"Dr. Parks wishes to see you."

"All right, sir," and the boy rose, "I'll go right over."

A few minutes later the principal looked up to see Tom standing before him.

"Professor Dean saw you this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"I am very sorry this has occurred," continued the principal, "I—I really thought that you were going to reform."

"So I am, sir. But not here."

"It has been decided," the Dr. continued hurriedly, "that—that, since you have thrown away so many chances, it will be necessary to—to make an example of your case."

"You mean, expel me publicly?"

"I mean that."

"I intended to leave anyway, sir, before I knew that I had been seen. I'm not going to say anything more. There—there weren't any—any—well, circumstances that would better affairs any. I broke my promise, but I wasn't going to stay here after that. I couldn't do that, sir. But—well, nobody can say I was afraid. I've got a pretty black record, and I don't know what it will be in the future, but nobody can call me a coward or say I was afraid to get all that was coming to me. I'm ready now."

"Have you nothing to say?"

"What's the use?"

The two crossed the yard to the Main Hall where the boys were already assembling. One would have thought that the older man was the culprit, he was so grave and thoughtful. The boy seemed just as alert and jaunty as he had ever been.

They entered the chapel, and the principal took his place.

"From tonight on," he began, "one of your number will be with you no longer. It is the first time, in the history of the

school that a boy has been found incorrigible. I am going to ask Thomas Weston to stand here beside me, and explain why he has had to leave."

Tom came slowly up the steps and stood silently beside the principal.

"We are waiting, Weston."

"Today—for the third time," said Tom in a low voice, "I was given a chance to make good. I have been gambling, and it was against the rules of the school. Then after I had promised to quit, I went down to Joe's and played again. I got caught." He paused and surveyed the boys for a few minutes. Then he went on. "You've all known me, more or less, for two years. I've left a black record in that time. There's only a few who have not shunned me. I'm going away now, for good or bad, shut off from my family because I threw away my chance. Don't throw away your chances, fellows, for if you do, you may stand where I do, and see your father and mother there ahead of you, as I do." The boys turned and saw standing in the doorway a man and a woman who made no attempt to conceal the anguish in their faces.

Tom stepped down from the platform and walked down the aisle avoiding the gaze of the excited boys. When he reached the door he turned for an instant and looked straight at his parents. Without a word they came forward, and the three walked out together.

MY WILD ROSE

ERNEST JUNG.

1

I strolled upon the hill-side one June day
And came upon a wild rose growing there;
I picked the pretty flower on my way
And took it home to give it all my care.

2

I loved that flower from the hill-side wild,
And tried its least desire to fulfill,
And yet with all I did,—it never smiled;
It seemed to miss the sunshine on the hill.

3

My dearest friend saw this wild flow'r one day,
My sad rose smiled and looked in fear at me;
He kissed it then and took it far away,
And now my wild rose smiles in ecstasy.

4

My rose!—I'll love thee till my dying hour,
And in the moment when death seizes me
I'll think of thee, my lovely, precious flower,
And my last sigh shall be a prayer for thee.

CASEY'S FIRST CALL

D. M. B.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Casey, I'm awfully glad to meet you. Joe has told me so much about you that I feel as if—yes, Joe and I are mighty good friends. I've known him ever since I entered college. Did he and Maude go out on the porch? Well, let's go in here, the davenport is so comfortable. * * * How long have I been here, did you say? Why, I'm a sophomore * * * Yes, I do look rather young I suppose, but I'm really eighteen. I'd be a junior now if they hadn't kept me out of school a year on account of my health. The doctor wouldn't let Mamma send me. I was so delicate.

"How do you like it here? * * * You just ought to see it in Spring, though. The drives are lovely, aren't they? * * * You haven't been? Why how dreadful! You really must go before the leaves— * * * Why, thank you, perhaps I could, but not before Sunday, I'm afraid. We can't have dates both afternoon and evening, you know, and my evenings are all taken till Sunday.

"Who is your class advisor? * * * Not really? He's mine, too. Isn't he sweet? * * * Oh, *don't* you think so? Why, he let me take just what I pleased. * * * Oh, now, Mr. Casey, you're an awful jollier! I didn't even try to make a hit! * * * Well, maybe you're right about that. The instructors here are mostly awfully courteous to the girls they have to advise, you know. I never take courses under the married ones if I can help it. Who is your freshman English man? * * * Oh, what a shame! He must be a new one. Now mine was simply grand. I got B+ on every theme I

wrote. He isn't back this year. He used to call quite often, and always brought roses or bitter-sweets.

"Yes, it *is* warm, remarkably so for October. At dinner we had a hot dessert, and I was dying for an ice, * * * Why, it *would* be nice to walk down and get one. No, I'm not tired a bit. I just love to walk in the evening.

"See that new moon? Won't it be grand on the lake when that gets bigger? Canoeing by moonlight is simply heavenly! * * * Oh, will you really? But I know you'll forget all about it! * * * Yes, you will, they always say that. * * * Well, let's see, this is Tuesday. It will probably be full in a week, so we'll say next Monday, if it's pleasant.

Have you been hazed yet? * * * Oh, weren't you awfully scared? * * * I should think you'd hate to get all wet and muddy like that. My brother was going to play on his prep school team last year,—he was one of the quarter-backs,—but Mamma wouldn't let him, it is such a rough, dirty game. Yes, I understand it perfectly. Isn't it lovely when they kick the ball way up in the air?

"Doesn't that music make you crazy to dance? I never get tired of it. This summer I went to six house parties, and at all of them we danced every night sometimes till after one o'clock. We barn-danced mostly * * * You don't know how? * * * Why, of course I'd *love* to teach you. Its awfully easy. I'll show you the first steps going home.

* * * *

"I'll take a tutti-frutti-cherry-nut with whipped cream, I guess * * * Yes, it is rather pretty. Those are scenes about college, and that is an old crew boat. That isn't the biggest kind, its only a four-oar boat.

"Good evening * * * hm * * * Good evening Don't you know them? They are Sigma Taus. That one with the cerise tie is the best dressed fellow in school * * * I wonder why they keep looking over here? I don't see " * * * Now, Mr. Casey, what did I tell you about jolly-ing? Its just awful the way you men talk.

" * * * Isn't it cool and nice after that crowd? We might go and sit by the lake a while if it isn't too late * * *

Oh, is it after ten? Well, we'd better not, then, because I'm supposed to be in by ten, so I really must get there by half past

" * * * Now, stop laughing at me, Jimmy. I'm not going to call you Mr. Casey any more, its so formal! * * *

Yes, my name is Emily, but all my best friends call me Emmie

" * * * Do you like it? * * * I'm so glad.

" * * * Pardon me for yawning. I've been out every nigh for two weeks, and it's rather strenuous. I suppose I'll just have to cut out some of my dates or I'll break down. Isn't it too bad to have work interfere with one's social engagements?

* * *

"Well, good-night, Jimmy! I've enjoyed your call so much! Yes. Sunday at three will be all right. I'll try to be more entertaining next time.



ROMANCE OF THE SUMMER GIRL

SHIRLEY H. SHANNON.

Our little party had landed at the pier and was seated under the maples near the ball grounds. Behind us lay the lake, dotted with sailing-boats and launches; to the right, among the trees, the flags of the summer hotel flapped in the wind, while, in the foreground, two perspiring ball teams in white flannels, battled for victory under a blazing July sun.

We had started out on an aimless little launch party but, yielding to the pleas of Aunt Margaret, had stopped at the Hotel Beulah grounds for the ball game. Aunt Margaret had essayed the duties of chaperone for our party, but we had hardly started when she was seized with a wild desire to see the game, having contracted the fever in Chicago last spring. She was seated now somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, gesturing vehemently with her lace sun-shade and applauding good plays and bad plays both, in a manner that we mentally decided was very unlike the usual staid demeanor of a chaperone.

Ruth and Lillian were sitting somewhat apart from Aunt Margaret, relating escapades of Emerson Hall and life at Beloit, and making clever little sallies in reply to Ray, who is ever urging the attractions of life at the varsity. At last, tired of this unconvincing banter, there was a lull in the conversation that augured a change of subject. It was Lillian who took the initiative.

"Where," she asked, in a tone of mocking query, "is the summer girl that one reads of in the August magazines—that delightful creature that dresses in duck, to promenade the sunlit beach in the afternoon and the electric-lighted piazza at night;

the girl with the dreamy eyes, the alluring hair, the temporary freckles and the summer tan? Certainly she does not bloom here, does she?"

"She's not so *very* numerous," said Ray, warily." In this particular spot she blooms forth in the generous person of Mrs. Cohenstein, who parades Isaac's diamonds on the walks every noon, or the Hebrew maid who bangs the parlour piano in the evening, The prettiest girl I have seen at this hotel wore a uniform and a white cap." "How romantic!" exclaimed Lillian, "a trained nurse?"

"No, the waitress who served our table when we lunched here yesterday."

"Well, it's shameful," added Lillian, somewhat piqued by Ray's remark, "I had planned a number of stories for this winter about the people I should meet in vacation and I haven't met one interesting person (this with a retaliating glance in Ray's direction), moreover I think the summer girl a myth."

"O say, Lillian, you can't mean that," exclaimed Ruth, "just look at that girl sitting over there beyond Aunt Margaret—the one who came up a moment ago."

In Ray's phrase, we all turned and rubbered. The sight was eminently attractive, especially to Ray, who stared so hard that I gave him a sly kick to recall his attention. The picture that so engrossed him was that of a girl of about twenty. She was a beautiful brunette with dark, mournful eyes and a mass of black hair, arranged in what Ruth called a coronet braid, and secured by a large tortoise shell comb. Her gown was dark blue in color and simply made. She was free from ornaments, except the comb and a massive gold bracelet set with jewels which encircled her wrist. One hand was concealed in her lap and the other, nestling from sight in the grass, baffled the girls in their attempt to read the story of the rings.

"Say,," breathed Ray, fervently, "ain't she a peacherina!"

Aunt Margaret lowered her sun-shade and looked around reproachfully, "Girls, is it necessary for me to remark that staring in public in this manner is very ill-bred, very!"

The sun-shade was raised again quickly. I leaned forward and peered around it. Aunt Margaret was studying the girl in blue through her field glasses.

"Ain't she a stunner?" I asked, rapturously.

Aunt Margaret lowered the glasses somewhat hastily. "I was remarking the fine physique of that player on third," she said calmly.

"He must have appeared rather effeminate, judging by the direction in which your glasses were levelled," I mocked.

Aunt Margaret's eyes were laughing, though her face was severe. "Wise one! You wouldn't unmask your chaperone would you? Your auntie has been having some long and lingering looks, but don't tell the girls."

"Feast on," I said, turning back to the chattering trio behind me.

The girl in blue had evidently touched the springs of romance in Lillian's nature, "O, I just know she has been disappointed in love, she was saying. Don't you see how sad she looks, how wistful? I'll tell you just how it is. She has been attending boarding school down in Jersey during the winter and has become infatuated with one of those dreadful Philadelphia millionaires. So her father has hidden her away up here in the woods for the summer, hoping she will forget him. Isn't it sad when you think?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Ray, *sotto voce*, "for my part I'll warrant she's a cash girl on a week's outing from Milwaukee. She's wistful about her last month's wages."

"Wretch!" cried Lillian, "to call that beautiful creature a cash girl. Haven't you ever studied the type—silk shirt-waists, picture hats with rakish plumes and the same skirt every day of the month. Don't thrust your prosaic mundanity into the discussion any futher."

"Remarks of a personal nature I might venture, are evidences of vulgarity and are not heard in decorous company." It was the oracular voice of the back sun-shade. This authoritative remark, however, was ignored completely.

"I think," said Ruth, speaking gently, "that the lady in blue is a novelist and I am going to prove my point. She has an abstracted air, we all admit. This shows that she is a woman of deep thought and fond of psychological study—a woman who lives in silence what others express in word and act. She has modesty and taste in dress and in the choice of jewelry. In other words, she shows the personal refinement of a woman of broad education and experience. Who knows? Perhaps Lake Beulah may be immortalized in one of the successful novels of the coming season, like Lake Geneva in *The Pit*. At any rate, I should say that she is a woman of rare literary mind."

The lace parasol in front had been gradually lowering as Ruth spoke and, when she had finished, Aunt Margaret turned a half-defiant, half-pleading face in our direction.

"Children, you are all wrong. Miss Stetson is neither a novelist nor a college girl, but a simple governess." The hint of challenge in Aunt Margaret's tone when she first spoke gradually gave way to a ring of conviction. "'Tis true, as you have suspected, there is some romance in her history. Her father, the well-known Jonathan Stetson, was once an important figure on the Chicago board of trade, until he met the inevitable reverse of fortune, which awaits all speculators. Miss Stetson, who is a graduate of Smith, was called home from Europe by her father's misfortune and compelled to accept a position as governess in the family of one of her father's friends, Mr. L. S. Berkeley, who with his family is spending the summer here at Beulah."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lillian, "who ever saw a governess with jewels like those? Why the cost of that bracelet alone would exceed her year's salary."

"The bracelet," said Aunt Margaret, composedly, "is the last remnant of the family jewels, the one thing left her of the splendors of better days. As for the comb, it is a gift presented her by Mrs. Berkeley for rescuing one of the children from drowning at Paw Paw last summer."

"And what did papa give her?" asked Ray—"a box of chocolates?"

"Twould be a good example of masculine appreciation," said Aunt Margaret, icily. "However, you may chaff as you will, the truth of my story is about to be corroborated by fact. Do you observe the stout gentleman approaching her with the child on his arm? It is Mr. Berkeley, the philanthropist, bringing his child to his faithful governess."

We all turned and watched in silence. A portly gentleman was advancing across the lawn from the hotel, carrying a curly-headed little boy of about four years of age. The lady in blue rose respectfully to meet them.

"Ah, Annette, here you are! Toots and I have been looking for you everywhere."

The romantic looking governess smiled seraphically and extended her arms. The four-year-old wriggled vigorously from his father's grasp. "Mamma!" he cried, rapturously, and rushed across the grass to meet her.

Ray lay back on the turf and shook with suppressed laughter, but no one spoke. After nearly a minute had passed Aunt Margaret's flushed face appeared from behind the barrier of lace.

"Children," she asked, with affected excitement, "did you just see that beautiful home run?"

A HARDENED SINNER

A. L. W.

“Promise me,” whispered the Sweet Young Thing, clasping her hands on his arm, “promise me that you will never buy another of those nasty cigarettes.”

The Hardened Sinner smiled down at her tenderly, and ruffling her soft hair with his yellow-stained fingers, he replied, “I promise.”

When he had left her father’s gate, he drew the “makings” from his pocket, and as he poured the Durham into the bit of paper, he mused:

“I didn’t promise not to *make* them, and she’s happy in thinking that she has reformed me.”

“Pass the butter, gentle Mary,
Shove it lightly through the air;
For in the cover of the dish, love,
You will find a nut-brown hair.

What fond memories it awakens
Of the days ere we were wed,
When upon my fine coat collar
Oft you’ve laid your little head.

Lovingly I’ve smoothed those tresses
In the happy days gone by;
Now I find them every meal time,
In the butter and the pie.”—Ex.

BRIGHTER BEFORE DAWN

D. M. B.

The freshman sighed as he climbed wearily into bed after his fourteenth strenuous day at the university. He noted resentfully that some upper classmen were "rough housing" in the room above, but—they were upper classmen; and the freshman pulled the clothes about his ears with another tremendous sigh.

When he awoke the sun was shining in his eyes, and the hands of his little nickel clock pointed to half-past seven. Quite pleased with himself for waking at so convenient an hour, the freshman hurried down to breakfast. There his favorite omelet and popovers awaited him. He enjoyed the unusual sensation of eating deliberately.

"Wait for me, kid," one of the older fellows called to him as he started out of the door. On the way up the Hill nearly everyone spoke or nodded to the freshman, in an interested, almost respectful manner. He had not realized how widely he was known. At the door of Main Hall they passed a group of men smoking and laughing. One of them spoke in a low tone, and the others turned to stare at the freshman.

"That's the one in the brown suit," he heard them say. Then he forgot all about it in planning a way to escape another failure in his history quiz section. He "stabbed" wildly when the instructor called on him, but fortunately his answers were correct, and everyone in the class looked impressed.

After his English class the professor called him back to hand him a theme marked "A". "My boy," he said earnestly, "your work is remarkable. You must try for the staff of the college paper." The freshman gasped, but he was getting used to his good luck by this time, and carried himself quite jauntily as he went down the Hill to see if he had any mail.

He found four letters, three in dainty, feminine hands, one from his father. He rather dreaded the last, for he had sent home for another check a few days before. So he opened the little notes first. They were invitations to three dances, from the most charming girls in school. When the freshman recovered, he opened the letter from Dad. It contained the amount he had asked for and an injunction to send for more whenever he needed it.

When he returned from cashing the check the freshman found his fraternity brothers waxing the floor for a dance which they were to give that night.

"Let me help, fellows," he cried generously, but one of the seniors stopped him.

"That's all right, kid, we older ones will do this; it's pretty hard work and we don't want to tire you all out. Go on and play catch with the other freshmen."

The freshman was not at all vain, but he could not help noticing how very sweetly he was smiled at by the girls who came to the party that night. He had brought his chum's sister, who was cross-eyed, fat and didn't know how to dance, because he thought it would be nice to give her a good time. All the boys were anxious to sit out with her, though, so that the freshman might enjoy his first dance.

But the greatest honor of all was when someone came up to the freshman and told him that the college belle, whom everyone adored, but who was indifferent to all alike, had asked to meet him. He was dizzy with surprise and pleasure as he followed her messenger across the room to where she sat, queenly, beautiful, bending toward him with a gracious smile. Just as she was extending her hand someone hit him a terrific blow on the back of the head.

The freshman sat up in bed and blinked angrily at the German grammar which the grinning monster across the room had thrown at him.

"Get up, you lazy freshman," the monster shouted. "Do you know it's after ten o'clock and you can't get breakfast? We had waffles, too!"

A DEATH IN THE MARTIN FAMILY

ETHEL CLARK.

"I just feel as though something terrible wuz going to happen," grandmother Krindle wailed one rainy spring morning. "My bones ache, and I'm that stiff with rheumitiz that I can hardly walk. And then, too, Jane, I heerd dogs howling in the night and you know what that means." She shook her finger warningly at Jane, her daughter, and brought her voice down to a hoarse whisper as she added, "a death, sure's my name is Saphronia Krindle!"

Jane Martin only smiled at her mother's fears and said soothingly, "Now, now, ma, you mustn't let your nerves play you such tricks. Nothing's going to happen 't all. Is there, Jim?" This question she addressed to her big, broad-shouldered husband, who was just coming in at the door.

Jim laughed and pulled his chair up to the kitchen stove to dry his wet clothing. "There's an awful storm out, Jane. Christopher! listen to that thunder, will you!"

"Oh me! how I due hate these 'lectrical storms;" whined Grandmother Krindle. Oh, I know something's going to happen, I just know it!" And she rocked back and forth violently mumbling to herself.

"Now, ma, do calm yourself. Why, you're getting me all upset, too! I'll have breakfast on the table in just a jiffy—and you'll feel heaps better after your cup of tea."

"If it warn't for them dogs howling, I wouldn't say nothing but, oh Jane, you know what that means!" was Grandmother Krindle's cheerless response.

Another awful crash of thunder came and drowned out her voice. A couple of minutes afterwards, Johnny, the eight-year-

old son, came running into the room in his night clothes, awakened by the noise. He ran to his mother and covered his head up with her apron. "There, there, Johnny, don't cry! you know it's bad luck to cry before breakfast!"

"Oh Jane, don't let that young un cry so—something awful is going to happen, I know it!" said Grandmother Krindle.

Breakfast was a cheerless meal. By that time Jane was entirely unstrung. Johnny wailed at each clap of thunder; Grandmother would not even come to the table, but sat over in her corner by the fire moaning and rocking. Jim was the only one who had even a semblance of calmness. Even he remarked mildly that he did hate storms, they upset every one so.

* * * *

It was an hour later, the rain had stopped and the sun had come out. Bill, the hired man, was approaching the house carrying something tenderly in his arms. "Oh, what is it, do you suppose, Jane?" wailed Grandmother. "It's limp like something dead, sure's my name is Saphronia Krindle. Go to the door—Oh, I just knew them dogs' howling meant something."

"I found it in the rain-barrel, drowned out, poor old Tabby," ejaculated Bill, as a moment later, he laid the wet remains of the Martin family's pet cat upon the rug by the fire.

"I knew it meant a death in the family; it always does," came in a somewhat relieved voice from Grandmother.

EDITORIAL

To those who have known the University in past years the Lit need not introduce herself, she greets you with the same heartfelt friendliness as you show when meeting old chums on registration days. There are some, it is true, who have been students at Wisconsin and yet have not become acquainted with us. We ask, "why?" and we believe the answer is that you have considered the Lit as purely a literary magazine, one having little interest for the average student, the rooter or the fan. And that opinion, we must say, is a mistaken one, the Lit is Wisconsin's, and she takes as much interest in the varsity foot-ball team, the rush, the prom or the crew as any loyal student. We hope to convince you of this and at the same time to offer the most interesting stories that the best literary talent in the University of Wisconsin can write. If we can do this, smiling the while, we shall feel doubly satisfied, for we love not a continual gloom or the rattle of dead men's bones. October 1, will be the sixth birthday of the Lit. As the optimism and idealism of youth will be the light we will follow, it may be that at times we shall be indiscreet. If we are, be charitable; the greybeard's point of view is difficult for us to acquire. The Lit hopes to appeal particularly to the undergraduate, not excepting the freshman; incidentally she hopes that the new student will agree with her idea of the rush.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

As our board of editors was badly splintered by the commencement exercises last June, there are not a few vacant chairs in the editorial rooms of the Lit. Contributions, either prose,

verse or discussions of current topics, besides being very welcome, are the only basis of election to the board. We favor stories of a humorous spirit, although well written articles of a serious nature are very acceptable. It is regrettable that the undergraduate writer has a well nigh universal tendency to be morbid and gloomy, but from such the Lit excepts herself. If she should wish to weep she might do so every month in strict accordance with the rules of unity, coherence and emphasis, but the magazine does not love solitude and the business manager would fall at outs with the editor if such a policy were pursued. So if you can, smile as you write, and to you who are content with the laurel wreath and acclaim of the populace the pages of the Lit are always open.

Another word should be said here. In former years it has been our custom to acknowledge with particular pride and a half page editorial any story of especial merit or any article written for us by a man of national reputation. But this year we cannot do so; the larger half of our magazine cannot be devoted to acknowledgments. Each article has its own appeal which could not be made a bit more audible by any feeble acclamation from us. Crutches imply infirmity.

NOT LAUREL ALONE.

Last year the Lit inaugurated a new feature in the literary life of Wisconsin, that of a prize story contest. The plan brought out so many new writers and was so eminently satisfactory that this year's management have decided to continue it, and to increase the prize to fifteen dollars cash. Formerly the contest was restricted to freshmen and sophomores but this year it will be open to any regular underclassmen. Stories of popular interest are preferred although every meritorious literary work will be justly considered. Manuscript may be mailed to the editor or placed in the Lit box in the main entrance to University Hall. All contributions submitted for the prize should

have affixed the name and Madison address of the author; we ourselves will tie on the blue and pink ribbons. Manuscript will be carefully examined and the result of the contest announced in our January issue.

We believe that among some forty-five hundred students there are many talented writers and possibly a few geniuses. If the Lit can discover these and interest them in literary work she will feel that she is doing her best for the cause of letters.



ENTRE NOUS

THE VARSITY ELEVEN.

There is one topic and only one which is all engrossing now, and that is the varsity eleven. Last year, with a dearth of material, uncertainty as to whether the game would be abolished or not, and disadvantages of every kind, Wisconsin had a team of which she could be justly proud. After suffering a humiliating defeat from Illinois and narrowly escaping another at the hands of the husky Hawkeyes, Wisconsin surprised herself and the entire football world by rolling up a score of seventeen and tying Minnesota. This season the powers of evil seem to have conspired against us, and to have made their presence felt in the scholastic deficiencies charged against several of our star players. That too in a year when we play Chicago, the game which will doubtless decide the championship of the west. But this we know, our team will be fast, strong in the kicking department and adapted to the new style, open field football. With Dr. Hutchins to manage affairs, Coach Barry to devote his entire attention to the team and Dr. McCarthy to infuse his own ardent enthusiastic spirit into the boys we surely ought to stand a good chance of the championship.

The team can do so much themselves but they must have the support of the entire student body. After the Illinois game last year such support was not very evident, but before the season was over the old loyalty had shown itself. Everyone who can play the game should try for the varsity or freshman team and everybody who cannot should encourage those who can. If we do this, crowded bleaches will watch every daily practice, students will not need to be begged to help the team or athletics financially and nobody will seek to exhume the "old Wisconsin

spirit." We ought not to be asked to buy coupon books admitting to all the athletic events of the year; we ought to get them of our own accord, to help along Wisconsin and the varsity team.

WHAT KIND OF A RUSH?

Perhaps the first question of importance over which the student conference will scratch its head and disagree will be the annual freshman—sophomore rush. The committee appointed to investigate the old institution and to recommend changes or a new form of rush was to report as soon as the University opened. Many have expressed the hope that the old rush will not be abolished and an entirely new form of class struggle substituted in its place. But while the old rush has grown to be traditional of Wisconsin and has resulted in few serious accidents of late years, it is nevertheless rough and at times dangerous. But what strikes us especially is its general aimless nature. There seems to be no point to the thing, if we except the old rush when a raft was the objective, or the 1905 affair, when the top of a telephone pole was the aim of the contestants. But then too, accidents happened more frequently in the old days. Now it is often difficult to tell which class won and which absorbed the largest amount of mud and water. We should have a rush, if we have one at all, that is indigenous, one that is liable to result in the least amount of danger and one that seems to have a definite purpose. If water were not apt to spoil powder we might suggest a sham battle out in the lake. Feminine spectators would then be able to enjoy the scene without fear of being rudely jostled and shocked. We leave the solution to the student conference.

DOES U. W. SPELL COW ?

We wish that Wisconsin might achieve as wide a reputation in literature as she has in agriculture, and that her playwrights and authors might rank at least as high as her inventors of milk tests and breeders of dairy cattle. From articles in the Saturday Evening Post and American Magazine one unacquainted with our university would conclude that our oak-studded upper campus was devoted alone to the pasturing of Holstein cows and that our ancient history professors lectured from day to day on the Development of the Sacred Bull. Even if the present is a utilitarian age the University of Wisconsin should have a reputation for culture.



"B. & F. STANDS FOR BEST FITTING"

B. F. PATTERNS

THE WORLD'S BEST FITTING PATTERNS

ONCE USED=====ALWAYS USED

Made to Individual Measure Only and Guaranteed

B. F. SKIRTS

No Hanging. No Tedious Fitting. No Waste of Material

B. F. TAILORED SUITS

Latest Styles. Graceful Lines. Perfect Fitting

500 Skirt and Shirt Waist Orders Wanted. Place Your Order Now

~~~~~  
**BERTELSEN, FORSYTH CO.,** Makers and Designers

MADISON

113 East Doty Street

WISCONSIN

---

## Henry Scheler

—Dealer in—

**Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats**

*Fresh Sausage a Specialty*

We cater especially to  
Fraternities and Clubs

PHONE 92

621 UNIVERSITY AVE.

## Scheler Bros.

• Dealers in •

**FRESH, SALT and SMOKED MEATS**

Sausage, Fresh Fish, Oysters, Etc.

124 N. Carroll St.

Telephone 41

---

COMMUTATION TICKETS

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

# THE VARSITY CAFE

---

---

LAWRENCE & MARTIN

---

431 State Street

MADISON, WIS.