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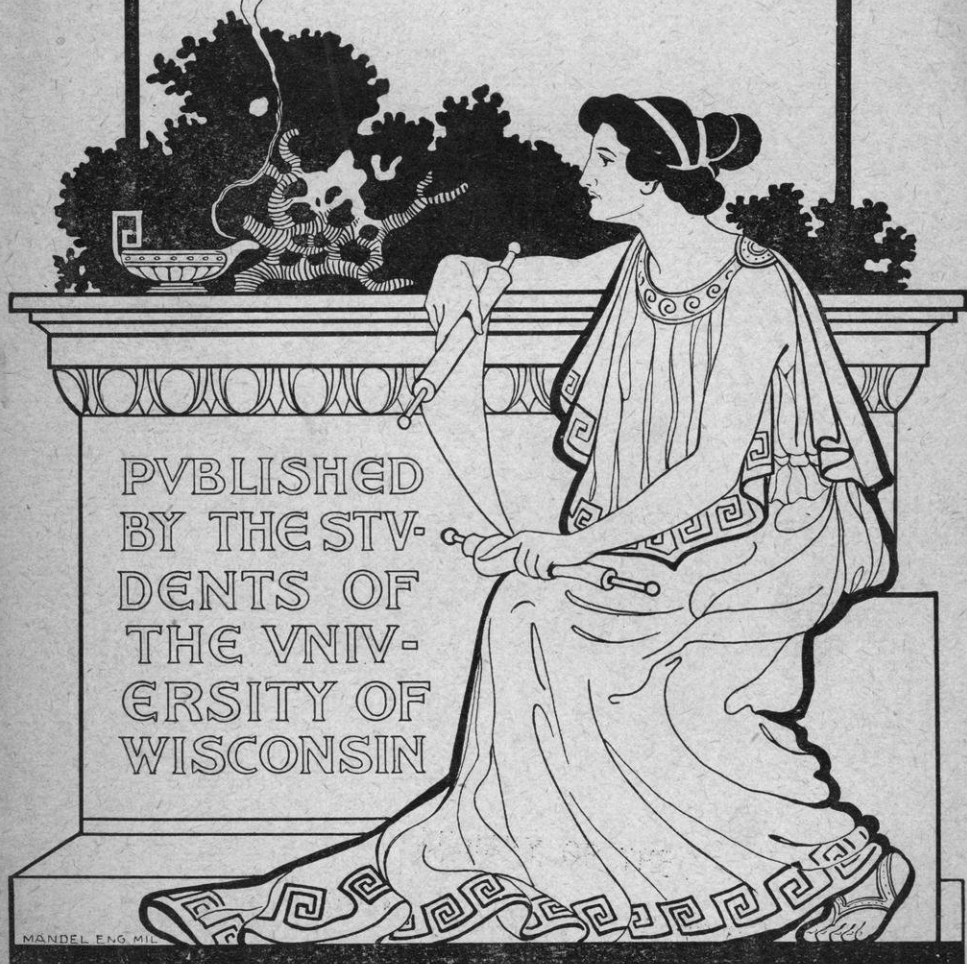
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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED  
BY THE STUDENTS OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF  
WISCONSIN

MARCH, 1906

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. III

MARCH, 1906

No. 6

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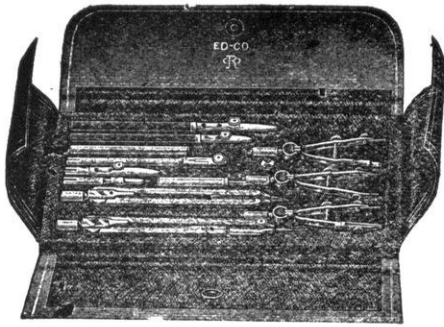
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On the Man Who Doesn't Know What's  
What — You'r SURE to See Them on the  
Man Who Does Know.

THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1906

VOLUME III

NUMBER 6

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## THE GOLD LIGHT

By Walter Scott Underwood.

The revenue officer shuddered. It was not alone from the cold, though the night air is cold enough in the Alabama mountains. It was uncanny, he told himself, standing there motionless behind a tree. He had stood for two hours, hearing all the weird noises of the forest, imagining them a hundred things they were not.

The forest is always mysterious—at night it is mystery itself. Few men, walking through it then, can smile at the round, burning eyeballs that look out at them from this bush and that; can suppress a start when they step on something soft, that rustles, and glides out from under their feet. Fewer still—none, perhaps—can pass through the forest un-

moved by the unexplained—the strange swaying of the branches when there is no wind; the sighs and the moans that can come from no animal; the solid blackness, or, worse still, the ungodly moonlight. One wonders that the very beasts are not affected by this overpowering sense of the supernatural. When a man becomes a beast of prey, he is affected.

From behind his tree the revenue officer could make out a stump, some ten feet away, on which lay a piece of money and a bottle—his decoy. In his pocket his hand rested on a loaded revolver. It is not pleasant to hunt down one's fellow-man from ambush,—the longer one waits the more one thinks, and at such a time thoughts trouble one. The revenue officer was waiting for a moonshiner. If the moonshiner came from the direction of the stump, the officer could cover him; if by chance he came up behind the officer—he remembered a friend of his in the service in Kentucky; how his body had been found in the woods.

He heard a step.

In an instant his big blue revolver was pointed towards the stump. He was only a man-hunter now, after his game. His keen eyes made out a figure approaching.

“Halt!” he yelled, forgetting that there might be more than one.

“What do yuh all want?” asked a startled feminine voice.

The officer's hand dropped. “Who are you?” he said. Then his angry disappointment got the better of him, and he raised his gun again. “Come over here! No tricks!”

The figure moved towards him; he saw that it was that of a young girl. “Come nearer, so I can see your face.”

The girl obeyed and the officer struck a match and held it before her.

He held the match till it burned to his fingers—staring at her, saying nothing. He had heard before of the beauty of the mountain girls; had seen a few, but none like this girl. He was young, only twenty-five, though two years in the

service. As the girl stood there, looking at him calmly, a little wonderingly, he forgot her shabby calico dress, forgot her probable errand, forgot even his own business—thought only of her dark hair, and her white face, and her strange, magnetic eyes.

“What do yuh all want o’ me?” she asked again.

That brought him back. “What are you doing here?” he asked sternly.

She looked at him a moment, then said softly, “Just walkin’.”

As she spoke, a bright yellow light rose up from the ground a few yards distant, wavered, then moved rapidly away from them.

The young man started forward. “You’re tricking me! Who has that lantern?”

The girl laughed. “That’s no a lantern. Hit’s the gold-light.”\*

“The gold-light?”

“Yes. Some, this a way, call it the mine-light. My father—”

“Go on. What about your father?”

“He could folla the gold-light. He found mines that a way.”

“Mines be damned!” he said coarsely. Yet the girl spoke in such a quiet, truthful manner that he half believed her. But the yellow light, bobbing up and down as if some one were hurrying away with it, reconvinced him that it was a lantern.

“Come on,” he said, though less gruffly than he had spoken before. “I’m going after it, and you’ve got to go with me.”

“Do yuh want tuh folla the gold-light?” asked the girl, her voice taking on a queer tone.

---

\*The phenomenon here referred to as the “gold-light” is somewhat akin to the “will-o’-the-wisp” in appearance. It is supposed to be caused by gases arising from the ore bodies in the mountains. The moutaineers have many superstitions regarding this light.

"That's it," he replied quickly. "Walk along here with me."

He started off at a quick pace, and the girl hurried on beside him. Sometimes they would see the light, seem to be gaining on it; sometimes they would lose it entirely. Over logs and boulders they stumbled and slipped and climbed.

Once the girl fell, and the man picked her up. As he did so an odd feeling came over him, as when he first looked at her in the gleam of the match. He asked her, tenderly, if she was hurt; told her to take his arm; that they would walk more slowly.

So they went on. At times the girl would have to press close to him, as they squeezed between two trees, and at these times a wild desire would come over the man to stop and take her in his arms. But the little light would bob up ahead, and the thought of the moonshiner carrying it would force him on.

For miles the two followed the light, neither speaking more than an occasional word of caution. The longer the girl walked at his side, pressed his arm, the longer he could hear her deep breathing, the wilder grew the man's passion for her. But always he saw the little light ahead of him.

Finally they began to gain on the light. The man grew careless of the girl at his side, hurried along, dragging her with him. Now he would have his man. He gripped his revolver.

Suddenly the light shot a hundred feet up into the air, trembled, vanished.

"My God!" he said. "What's that?"

"We'll no find that a mine," said his companion. "Hit's gone when the gold-light goes that a way. Only when they sink hit's a sign."

"Who's looking for signs?" he answered, still a little shaken. "I've got other business—" Then he saw her eyes, through the darkness, and stopped short. His first strong emotion came on him again, overwhelmed him. Impetu-

ously he put his arm about the girl and drew her towards him. She was strangely passive, but he could feel her heart beat, could feel her body quiver. The hot blood rose to his head and he held her madly up to him and kissed her—kissed her three, five—he knew not how many times.

She slipped from his embrace with a quick motion and pointed to the left. "Hit's another gold-light," she said in a jerky half whisper. "Come."

They started again. This time she was leading. The awful weirdness of the forest, the sudden appearance of the strange, beautiful girl, the mystery of the "gold-light"—all had unnerved the young revenue officer. A moment before the girl had been in his power; now he followed her, and he did not know why. He followed her and he did not know how far. He was no longer looking at the light—only at the girl. He clung to her in fear she would run from him.

As they went on the way became rougher. The hollows gave way to ravines, and the ravines grew deeper and deeper. Down one they hurried, up on the other side.

The girl stopped, lightly put her arms on the man's shoulders and kissed him.

He would have seized her, but she started forward. "Come," she said, and reached back her hand to him.

Now they fairly ran. Soon they reached another ravine and started down it, down, down—it seemed to have no bottom. It grew so steep that the man had to release his companion's hand. It was absolutely dark, but he was able to see for a few feet about him.

Now they were obliged to lower themselves from one bush to another. It did not occur to the man to question where he was going. He was going with her—that was all.

His foot struck a ledge. "Look out," the girl called to him; "hit's deep. Drop over."

He did as he was told. Grasping the trunk of a tree, he lowered himself over the edge. His feet could just touch bottom.



“Now you come,” he said, and held out one arm. There was no answer.

“Aren’t you coming?” There was still no answer.

He strove to crawl back over the ledge. He could not.

Far away he heard the sound of some one climbing. The sound grew fainter, and he realized that the girl was gone. In a foolish frenzy he called out, “Come back! Come back!”—called till he was tired.

He grew calmer, finally. He felt for his match-safe, but found that he had lost it, and his revolver, in the last mad scramble. He was cold and exhausted, but he dared not move from his place lest he be on another ledge. He could only wait,—angry at himself for forgetting his duty, enraged by the loss of the girl.

\* \* \*

The dawn came and the revenue officer found himself safe at the bottom of a deep valley. Wandering about for some hours, he found a faint path, which led him, after many turnings, to a little stick-chimmed log cabin. He knocked on the door and an old woman let him in. She gave him salt pork and corn bread to eat, and, seeing him still faint, brought out a jug of whisky for him.

The liquor revived the man, and he told his hostess something of the night; told her of the “gold-light,” at which she muttered a bit under her breath; and told her of his mad infatuation for the strange, fascinating girl. He grew heated, as he talked, and swore, by the Lord, he would stay in the mountains and find the girl.

Then the old woman led him to the door and pointed to a yellow sand road he had not seen. “Hit’s your road,” she said. “Hit’s the shortest out of the mountain country.”

And from the expression in her deep-wrinkled, knowing face, the revenue officer knew it was his road.

## SONNETS FOR LENT

By Chas. H. Hall.

## GETHSEMANE

In dark Gethsemane He prays alone ;  
 Alone, as oft He prayed in time of need,  
 But seeing now a world in want, indeed,  
 Of friend who can a world of sin atone,  
 With Godlike majesty and human groan,  
 He rises to the task, that sin and greed  
 Imposed on love divine, its lust to feed,  
 And sought for grace and peace in gods of stone.  
 Behold that upturned face in awful trial!  
 Concealing more than ere His words reveal ;  
 Deserted by the friends of earth, so strong  
 In *words* of faith, but stronger in denial.  
 The heavens are dark! Does God himself conceal  
 His face to show our need? But not for long.

## RESURRECTION

Sweet face of Faith, that late at Calvary stood  
 With Sorrow's hollow eyes and hopeless grief,  
 What blessed word has come to thy relief  
 And lights with joy and peace thy face so good?  
 Oh world! that in thy darkness, long withstood  
 The love divine through sin and unbelief,  
 Glad Easter dawns as well for thy relief  
 And gives thee lease of life, no mortal could.  
 The dawn of hope dispelling sin's dark night  
 Is here! Oh sing ye earth and heaven above!  
 With joyous hearts all hail the reign of love  
 And welcome in victorious truth and right!  
 Can heavy heart do else than lift in praise  
 To Him whose name means hope through endless days?

## “MAC”

By Frederick P. Bagley, Jr.

He *was* little. There was no denying it. Still, the Captain had just said, “MacDonald, it is up to you.” For the whole season Jack had trained patiently, waiting his chance, and now it had come.

It was a hot afternoon up on the bleachers, but down below, in the Wisconsin dressing room, it was stifling. The last dual meet of the season was all but over, with the two-mile still to be run, and Michigan one point ahead. Jordan, the best man in the school at the distance, had sprained his ankle the day before, and Jack MacDonald, '08, the smallest man on the team, was the Badgers' only hope.

“Last call for the two-mile,” warned the clerk of the course. The Captain beckoned MacDonald to him. “Now, you’ve got to run the race of your young life,” he said. “If you let that Michigan man, Howe, beat you, Wisconsin is whipped. Let the pace alone; make him take it, and run yourself out on the last quarter.”

“I’ll try,” answered MacDonald, as he felt of his shoelaces and made sure that the knots were firm.

After he had gone out into the sun, the Captain said to one of the men, “He hasn’t a ghost of a show, but I’ll bet he runs himself out. He is too small to do much; that fellow Howe won the Conference last year.”

Out on the track MacDonald and three Michigan men waited for the gun of the starter. Howe, the hope of the Wolverine rooters, was a tall fellow, beautifully built, and evidently sure of winning his race. He had a look of confidence which was unmistakable. MacDonald, on the contrary, was far below the average height, but well developed, and, from the clear look of his skin, in perfect condition.

The Michigan section of the grand stand went wild with enthusiasm at the appearance of their man, and a girl who went to the meet with Jim, MacDonald's room-mate, offered to bet a kiss against a pair of gloves that Howe would win. She was a very pretty girl, so Jim took the bet.

"Ready! Set!" (Would that gun never go off?) Bang! The long grind was on. One of the Wolverine runners took the pace, and set off at a pretty good clip. Howe hung back, with MacDonald just at his shoulder, and try as he might he was unable to shake him off. The positions of the contestants remained unchanged for the first four laps. First one of the Michigan men would take the pace, and then the other, with Howe behind and MacDonald at his heels.

"Three more!" Howe slowly forged ahead, with the Badger closely following. They began to leave the pace-makers behind. The crowd in the grand stand became noisy. "Stick to him, Mac!" "Howe! Howe!"

"Two more!" came from the megaphone. Jack MacDonald felt weak and tired. Each of the strides which bore him nearer the tape was harder and harder to make. His brain was confused. Just in front of him was the back of the Wolverine. The cinders from Howe's spikes cut his legs.

Bang! "Last lap!" Now the reserve force was beginning to be used. Howe started to go faster and faster, but hard as he might try, just behind him he could hear the heavy, deep breathing of the Badger. As they came into the stretch something came up beside him. It was Jack. On they went, neck and neck. Jack's head was thrown back and the veins in his forehead swelled as if they would burst. His face was drawn and white, but still he ran. Ten yards from the tape something happened. He crept a bare foot ahead of Howe, and, half blind, seeing nothing, struggled on. He felt the soft tape break on his breast. Somebody caught him, he doesn't know who to this day, and the next he knew he was lying on the rubbing table, with John, the rubber, working over him.

Up above on the grand stand the crowd stopped cheering to hear the announcement, "Two-mile run, won by MacDonald, Wisconsin. Howe, Michigan, second. Time, 9—, which breaks the University record." Then they did cheer! After the "U! Rah! Rah!" they yelled "Sis! Boom! Ah! MacDonald!"

"How about that bet?" said Jim to the girl. The girl said to Jim, apparently not hearing him, "I shall be at home to-night."

---

## A MEMORY

By Max C. Otto.

Like some rare tint at even time,  
That for a moment lights the sky;  
Then fading, leaves an image fair,  
That through the years can never die:

Or like some strain of music, heard  
In time and place beyond recall;  
Whose cadences from out the past,  
In echo soft still rise and fall:

So thy fair face, whoe'er thou art,  
Seen but a moment, eye to eye;  
Has left its image in my heart,  
And through the years can never die.

## TOMMY BROWN'S PREDICAMENT

By Marion E. Ryan.

You would think that one's first trousers, especially when they are navy blue, and quite manly of cut—not the baggy baby things Harold Willis has to wear—would be a source of unending delight. And so Tommy Brown's were, up to the beginning of the second week. Then, on Monday morning, when Tommy awoke (let me warn you that Tommy was a normal boy, and the preceding week had been one prolific of mud puddles)—when Tommy awoke, he found, not his trousers and jacket, but—misery of miseries!—a dress.

What could it mean? To be sure, his mother had once, during the week before, threatened to put him back into "baby clothes," as he contemptuously termed them, if he did not cease using the cat as a sort of animated Indian club. But that was long past; it was as far back as—yes, as sewing society day. Since then, surely, he had done nothing worthy of this. Sunday, he had been a model—supported by the glory of pulling his Sunday school penny ostentatiously forth from a hip pocket. Nobody else in all that Sunday school class—and Miss Ellis was a popular teacher—could boast of a hip pocket. Thought of the pocket was too much. Tommy burst suddenly into a wail that brought his mother precipitately, wringing the warm suds from her hands.

Explanation availed nothing. Why did they have to be washed? They'd get dirty again—besides, they weren't dirty anyhow. Why couldn't he have another suit? Harold Willis had three. Papa was, too, rich. Well, anyway, he should think he might have another pair. And all the diplomacy of the most diplomatic of mothers barely sufficed to cope with the situation.

But, after all, things had to be borne, and, with the half-consoling promise that the trousers would be dry by noon, Tommy retired, in a dress, to the back yard, to play in solitude.

One must, however, pay the penalty of popularity—of being the most active and most fertile-minded youngster in the neighborhood. When repeated immature and labored whistlings from the street failed to call forth Tommy, a deputation slipped stealthily down the alley—as if on some dire errand bent. Presently six sets of bare toes were wedged between the pickets of the low fence which was all that shielded the back yard from public view, and three jeering voices were directed shrilly to Tommy's humiliation. Why on earth wasn't there a high-board fence, like everyone else had? Certainly fate was unkind to Tommy,—only one pair of trousers, and no escape from publicity except staying indoors—a thing not to be thought of.

As the weeks passed, however, and each Monday morning brought its ordeal, Tommy began,—to be not inured to hardship, but to seek evasion of it. First, he planned to save his money. But the too great allurements of cinnamon balls and taffy-on-a-stick prevented the accomplishment of such a sacrifice,—especially in view of the rarity of coppers and the expensiveness of trousers. For some time after the crumbling of this tower of hope, matters remained at a standstill. Then, one Sunday, right in the midst of the Golden Text, so that he forgot what came after "Blessed are the poor—," Tommy was caught with a plan so entrancing that he was quiet, for him, all the rest of the day; so quiet, indeed, that his mother dosed him with catnip tea that night and anxiously felt his forehead for signs of fever.

The scheme was none other than this: to stay awake all night, and when his mother, or whoever it was, came to sneak away his trousers, as they always did, he would—well, plans at this point weren't very well formulated. However, he took his cap-pistol to bed with him. Then, when

he had drunk his catnip tea and had been cosily tucked in by a mother who looked incapable of such meanness as stealing one's trousers, he set himself to stay awake.

Twice, three times, he was on the verge of sleep. Not being able to accomplish much above the "two times" of the multiplication table, he could not set himself any complicated mathematical problem as an eye-propper. Finally, he sat up in bed and watched the uncanny objects about the room until it required all his self-control to keep from diving down under the covers, head and all. Even, he had serious thoughts of dressing, but the sound of someone in the hall made him retreat hastily, just as he had one foot on the floor, and he snuggled guiltily down again.

After hours and hours, it began to grow light. It was getting morning at last. Pretty soon they would come. He could see his trousers, now, lying in a crumpled little heap on the floor—in the dark he had been sure that black thing was a crouching panther. Yes, they would be coming soon, it was getting so light. Let them come! He'd show them! And he felt under his pillow for the cap-pistol. It grew lighter and lighter; then, suddenly, the sauciest, roundest moon shone in at the window and—curfew began to ring!

With a sob of despair, Tommy gave up the fight. If it was only nine o'clock after all this time, how could he ever expect to stay awake until morning? And turning his little snub nose to the wall, he was soon asleep, dreaming that the forty thieves sprang out of forty wash-tubs and came and carried off his trousers in spite of the cap-pistol and the valiant aid of Jack the Giant Killer, who arrived just then.

The next Tommy knew, it was really morning, and he was listening to the thump, thump of the wash-board in the kitchen below. Dreamily, he heard it, and then, when it stopped and presently the wringer began to creak, the realization of what those sounds meant to him came, suddenly. He kept his face to the wall a few moments, not liking to turn and find the trousers gone. Then, after a bit, his eyes



sought the place where the crumpled heap had lain in the moonlight. Of course it was gone. He knew it would be, just as always. But then, one can always hope up to the last moment. Finally, he looked for the hated dress which would, of course, be hanging, neatly folded, on a chair near the head of the bed.

For one second, his eyes rested on the chair; then, leaping from the bed with a joyful shout, he capered around the room, hugging to his fluttering white gown a pair of brand-new trousers!

## A LESSON ON BORROWING

By J. F.

They were gentlewomen of the old school; their garments bespoke this. Their gowns were rusty black in the skimpy proportions of the polonaise, except that that part which distinguished a gown as polonaise was lacking. Their bonnets were on the order of the poke, trimmed, one with impossible purple violets, the other with dingy bows of rusty-colored ribbon.

They were driving to town in a borrowed rig. A white, fat, ease-loving nag, whose days of work were over, pulled them.

"Now, Sarah, you know I do not approve of borrowing. If this horse should take a notion and run I wish you to remember that *I* did not urge you to get it."

"Yes, Jane, we will be careful. I would not trust her myself except that Mr. Partly said she was perfectly safe."

"Borrowing is always dangerous, as I've told you over and over. Do you remember Betsey Talbot?"

"The one who died?"

Jane nodded.

"Well, she wore a borrowed frock to a party one night 'cause she had scorched hers a bit. It was told that no one knew her there, and that she fainted when Jack Riley—she was engaged to Jack—went by without so much as a word. After that she had to up and own whose frock she had on, and then he took her home and told her to put on her own things, as it was she he wanted and not the other girl."

"Betsey was vain. It was a just punishment. She did not live many years."

"No, that was a judgment too, to my notion. She was that puffed up over the looks of her little girl—not any pret-

tier than Margaret either, Sarah. I believe those things come righteously. Sarah, can you hear that train?" This, quickly.

Both women were horror-stricken.

"Jane, if one—!"

"Sarah, I *do* hear one, *now!* This is our punishment, and we left the morning dishes, and the neighbors will say—!"

"Now, Jane, if one comes—!" the other woman attempted.

"And Sarah, I did not make that last clause in my will very clear. If you should live—"

"Jane, take the reins!"

"I can't!"

"You must! I must get out and hold his head. You sit right where you are and keep tight hold on the reins. You must jump if—"

"I am going to get right out! We can both hold his head and then—"

At this moment the train whizzed by. Sarah stood pale but very courageous, holding Dobbin's head, while Jane climbed out with such speed that she lost her balance.

"Sarah, hold him fast. I will help you in a moment!" she called.

But by this time the train was out of sight, and gentle Dobbin was looking round with innocent, wondering eyes to see what was the commotion which a harmless engine could cause.

"I never see such a horse before," said Sarah, whose sense of humor was almost out of the embryo-state and who dimly comprehended something ludicrous in their situation.

"But it's a mighty good thing you held him. No tellin' what may happen, always."

## A PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS

By N. Jenkins.

He put a few finishing touches to a Parisian street scene; then, carefully rolling it up, he took his hat and went down to the narrow thoroughfare. He elbowed his way through the jostling crowd until he came to the quaint shop of an art fancier. He entered and disposed of the water color; then, with his supper jingling in his pocket, turned and walked briskly away, choosing at the first corner to turn into a side street which was less crowded.

The chimes of Notre Dame were striking the hour of three as he emerged from the narrow side street upon the broad walks of the Champs-Elysees for his daily walk. He strolled slowly along, blowing white clouds of smoke from his cigarette. He had grown tired of the rush and whirl of the French metropolis; he was really homesick. For three years, that seemed decades to him, he had eked out an existence by patiently plying his brush and pen. Only once or twice in his long sojourn abroad had he had a mere glimpse of an American woman, and now how he wanted to see, to be able to talk to one of his countrymen, or rather women; they were so different from the frivolous French.

So absorbed in thought that he did not notice the passing gaiety, he walked the length of the boulevard, then turned and retraced his steps.

Suddenly he heard a clear, strong peal of laughter, that struck him as not being at all "Frenchy," and made him look up, in time to see a carriage containing a middle-aged couple and a young girl swerve around a corner.

"Americans! By Jove!" he exclaimed. "And dropped something, too," as he saw a small dark object fall from the carriage. He hurried to the corner and picked up a little

purse of grey morocco, with a simple silver clasp, the letters "D. L. S." engraved upon it in monogram. He stood up, about to call out, but the carriage had disappeared in the thronged street. He hastened to the next corner, but it was nowhere in sight.

The cathedral bells were sounding the Angelus as Kenneth Brown climbed the rickety stairs to his studio in Rue St. Martin. The little purse was still tucked carefully away in his pocket. He was tingling with the excitement of adventure, with the thought of meeting the owner of that plain little purse, of whom he had caught but a vanishing glimpse as the carriage turned the corner. He knew he had seen that face before, but when and where?

He hastily bolted the cold supper he had purchased at a neighboring store, then donned his best, put the little purse in an inside pocket and set out once more. He had already searched through the registers of three hotels, but there were many others. After looking in vain through those of some half-dozen of the city's best hostelries, he decided that his American friends, for he had begun to regard them as such, must have taken private apartments, and he must look elsewhere for a means of guidance.

Still with hope of what the morrow might bring, he sauntered home, trying to recall where he had seen that sweet, sympathetic face before—a face that had been fixed in his memory for years. The stairs creaked under his weight and made him feel lonely as he mounted to his home and workshop. After securely tucking the little purse under his pillow he lay down for a restless sleep.

Next morning, Kenneth was down on the street feeding the doves from the neighboring eaves, before the sun had tinged the spires of the distant cathedral. He threw the last kernel of corn to a little white dove that had been bullied by the rest, then turned idly and paced up and down the block, with his hands in his pockets and coat collar turned up, for the early air was chilly.

As he turned at the corner for the third time, a newsboy came in sight. Like a flash the thought struck him. The newspapers! Why had he not thought of them before? He hailed the young Frenchman and bought a paper; then, with hands shaking with excitement, he opened it and turned to the advertisements. He glanced over the columns until he came to the one headed "Lost." His heart gave a bound as his eyes met the following:

"Lost: On the Champs Elysees, a small grey purse, with silver clasp bearing the monogram 'D. L. S.' Finder please leave same at 19 Rue Royale, and receive reward."

"Why, that's the American Consulate," he exclaimed. "Ferris is a bachelor. I wonder who his friends may be."

He folded the paper and went up the stairs to his studio. He tried to make a few sketches, but somehow they were a flat failure, so he lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair to await patiently the hour of nine, when, he thought, the people of the consulate must be awake, as he did not want to make the return of the purse through a servant.

At the stroke of the hour he jumped to his feet, snapped the stub of his cigarette through the open window, turned to his glass and gave his hair a few vigorous strokes of the brush; then, thrusting his hand into his pocket to see if the little purse was safely there, bounded down the stairs and out upon the street, whistling a merry tune.

After a short walk he came to Rue Royale, his excited imagination trying to divine who this handsome friend of the consul might be and to recall where he had seen her before. Stately rows of houses, some grey and crumbling with age, lined the street. His eyes shortly rested upon something that made his pulse quicken—something that never failed to send a responsive thrill through his body. It was an American flag, floating gently from the peak of one of these old Parisian mansions. Below, on a shield above the arched doorway, were the words, "American Consulate."

Kenneth mounted the steps and gave the bell a vigorous

push; a servant answered and he was ushered into the consul's office. He handed a card with his American address to the consul, a man of about forty, with a kind face and a merry twinkle in his eyes, who arose to meet him.

"Brown—let's see. Ah! yes. Have a seat, won't you? I remember you now. You presented your papers and credentials several years ago. Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Brown?"

All of this in a monotone as he returned to his desk and affixed a seal to some papers. With the last words he straightened up and mopped the little beads of perspiration from his shining bald head. Kenneth made known his errand and produced the little purse.

"You're a lucky man, Brown," said the consul. "It belongs to my niece, who is here on a short visit. I think it is an heirloom; at any rate she prized it highly, and the little minx—she would have the finder sent to her, as she wished to thank him herself. So in order to keep in her good graces, you will do me a great favor if you come with me while I present you to her majesty."

"Do you a favor? There is nothing I would sooner do!" said Kenneth as he arose and followed the stout little consul.

The blood rose to his cheeks as he mounted the stairs, and his shoulders squared, as they entered a handsomely furnished reception room.

"Doris! O, Doris!" called the consul.

A sweet voice from the adjoining room answered.

"Here I am. What is it, uncle?"

"Here's a gentleman with your purse. He has come for his reward," was the answer, as he cast a sly wink at Kenneth.

There was a swish of skirts, a light tread on the floor, and a young girl entered. Her deep blue eyes met Kenneth's and her cheeks glowed.

The consul did not notice her embarrassment, but said:

"Mr. Brown, this is my niece, Doris Southern." Kenneth bowed.

“Now, Doris,” continued the consul, “I have to attend to the affairs of the States; I think you can manage this little one.” So saying, he went out.

The girl offered Kenneth a chair and sat down opposite him.

“You found my purse, Mr. Brown?”

For answer Kenneth drew the little purse from his pocket and handed it to her.

“You don’t know how glad I am to recover it. My grandmother gave it to me and I intended to keep it always.

Kenneth then told her how it had fallen into his hands and of his attempts to find the owner. Suddenly he blurted out:

“Miss Southern, I have seen you some place before, but I don’t remember where!”

“But I do,” she asserted in a calm voice. “You remember the great football game between Harvard and Yale, in 1898?”

Kenneth nodded.

“Well, I sat in a box at the north end of the field, and when you came tearing down the field with those two Harvard fellows at your heels, although I was wearing the crimson, my sympathies went out to you, and I wished with all my might that you would make the touchdown. You did, and won the game. As you came on towards me, you looked at me and I knew you saw me.”

Kenneth remembered. It was this girl before him; it was those same deep blue eyes, that had encouraged him on to one supreme effort, that had helped him to win a victory for Yale and the name of “Great Brown” for himself. It was this beautiful face before him that he had carried in his memory for years as that of an ideal woman.

Kenneth Brown was a guest at dinner at the American Consulate that day, and there was no happier man in Paris.

\* \* \*

One day, six months later, two members of the Dorsett



Club in New York were idly chatting over the gossip of the day.

"Jimmy, listen to this!" said one of them as he shook the folds out of his newspaper. He read from the Paris correspondence:

"The American friends of Miss Doris Southern, of New York, will be pleased to hear of her engagement to Mr. Kenneth R. Brown, a young American who has won considerable renown in art circles here.

"The wedding will take place at the home of her uncle, J. G. Ferris, the American consul in this city, September 1st."

"Jimmy" leaned back in his chair and flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Little Doris Southern going to be married," he said slowly. "Well, her husband ought to be the happiest man in the world. Who is this Brown, anyhow, Fred?"

"Kenneth Brown? Don't you know the 'Great Brown'? Why, he was Yale's captain in '98 and won the Harvard game for her. He was a class-mate of mine, a perfect gentleman, and a prince of good fellows!"

**A LULLABY**

By Ora L. Mason.

As twilight gently creeps, dear,  
Across the heavenly skies,  
May drowsy sleep so sweetly  
Steal o'er thy deep blue eyes.  
Lul-la-le-lo-li,  
Rock-a-by-o'-by,  
Rest little one,  
Day is 'most done,  
Rest in thy mother's arms.

As lightly as the petals  
Fold o'er the half-blown rose,  
May thy rosy lids as softly  
O'er dreamy eyes now close.  
Lul-la-le-lo-li,  
Hush-a-by-o'-by,  
Sleep baby dear,  
Darkness is near,  
Sleep in thy mother's arms.

## A BACHELOR'S RAMBLE

By O. R. S.

Somewhere, back in the cloud-land of my memory, there lurks the suggestion of a thought that once, when I was considerably younger than I now am, I used to fancy myself in love, and image, in my mind, the delicious possibilities of such a situation. The blue of "her" eye, with a sparkle like that of Sirius on a frosty night, the lilt of "her" voice, the caressing waves of "her" hair, and all the rest of the romantic picture touches which came so naturally to a calf such as I then was, jumbled themselves together in my head until it became a junk-shop of everything feminine. I don't remember that I gazed with longing at the lady in the moon, trying to determine how she did up her hair, but I did stare at every pretty girl I met on the street and asked myself, "Is this she?" No, of course—I see that you are looking somewhat quizzically at me—it never was, but I didn't know that at the time.

Once, when I was in college, I nearly succeeded in endowing my dream-woman with life. She, not the dream one, answered all the requirements of my imagined ideal. At least I thought she did. Her eye was blue, her hair waved in the most illusive up-and-away fashion, and her voice purred one constant song. She was short and plump, but not too substantial—if you wish less of the poetic—and in walking she neither waddled nor glided. She twinkled. I used to go about acting like a cat in a bed of catnip. I wrote one or two letters which might have served as circumstantial evidence in a breach of promise suit, and altogether I behaved very much as does the ordinary masculine being during his calf-age attack—very much as you are now doing,

my dear nephew. I saw her the other day. Fat? I know she should have been so, but she wasn't. She looked much the same as formerly. I asked after her husband and children and she purred a cheerful answer.

What happened? Why didn't I marry her? I expected you to ask some such questions, and I wish I could answer to satisfy you. Perhaps, if you escape seizure the next few years, you will live to understand how one may drift through a tortuous passage with no attempt to steer and yet emerge safely into the calm of the ocean.

Oh, yes. Other things happened too. There was my literary satellite. I wasn't in love with her, to the best of my knowledge; neither did I have any distressing symptoms. However, she imagined that I was and had. Her eyes were brown, and might have been pretty if they hadn't been as large as mill-wheels, and magnified by glasses which clung desperately to a nose like butter. Her hair waved nicely, too, but scented of the iron. Her smile—if you can imagine a hot July sun remaining stationary upon the meridian for three weary hours, you have it. I said "literary satellite," didn't I? Yes. Well, I spoke advisedly. She moved about me in the smallest orbit you ever saw, smiled on me, attempted to lead me into discussions as to the state of Hamlet's mental organization, desired my impressions regarding the influence of the transcendental movement in New England on American literature, and the Lord only knows what not. Sometimes, when she had wedged me into a corner, and stood grinning and talking at me, I used to wish that the force of another planet would overcome my attraction and carry her off. However, none other ever seemed willing to volunteer. What became of her? Really, I don't know. I had forgotten all about her until tonight. Teaching school, I presume.

You don't wish any counsel from your old uncle just at present? Oh! I know all about it. Can't see anything but

“her” face, can you? Wriggling about, uneasy, impatient, moody, wishing, you don’t know what. Oh, yes! of course you thought you were most awfully secret. So did I, but my mother knew before I did, and all my friends at about the same time. Not married? No, I grant you. Nor are you yet, and perhaps, if you are sufficiently cautious, you may live to outlive your “undying affection.”

A year or so after I left college, when my castles and dream beauties began to tumble about my toes, I met a girl I really liked. I didn’t love her, because I didn’t have time, nor did she. I was working in a commission house in St. Louis at about one thousand a year, and she was a stenographer. Her brother worked where I did. That’s how I knew her. Sometimes I have wished that I was back there with my present income. Perhaps—

If you live through your existing disorder, and think seriously of making a fool of yourself again, you would do well to look about for a girl who has earned her own living for a year or more, who has had to reckon with the day after. Dances, and ices, and theaters, are mighty nice things to look back to, but you can’t build a most substantial present upon them. Don’t get angry. I’m very much aware of your “sentiments of fixed constancy,” for I had ’em. I am merely making a suggestion in case something should happen, you know.

How did I ever manage to escape? I only know that I did. I never was a woman hater, as you may perhaps know. I can’t recall that I ever crossed the street to avoid passing a pretty face. I believe that I was fairly attentive in my college days. If my cloudy memory serves me at all, I think that I never neglected an important engagement, missed a first-class play, or avoided the lake in the evening. I may even say that I went so far as to write poetry. You don’t believe it! Wait a moment; perhaps I can give you a bit. I know I used to memorize and declaim for heart’s ease.

No—yes, I recall a stanza now. It went something like this:

Into the haze of these four swift years  
Blue eyes and gray have fled.  
Memory alone at thy call appears,  
Sad, by thy fancy led.  
Nod, for the flames are burning low,  
Doze, for the sparks are rising slow,  
Dream, for the embers cease to glow,  
Sleep, for the fire is dead.

Written during my last year, I guess. I told you about the blue eyes. I must have added the gray to fill the line. You make a nice setting for my poetical effort, sprawled out in that chair with your feet almost in the fire. Poke it up a bit, will you? It's going out. You see I had my fancies, my dreams, my ideals, just as you are having them now, and, notwithstanding, escaped into the world alone. How? It is as much a riddle to me as to you. You don't want to escape? Of course you don't—now.

Am I satisfied? Say, would you mind handing me my pipe from the mantel? You'll find a box of cigars there somewhere. What! Don't smoke! Has it gotten that far? Going to bed? Well, good night. I'll be up just as soon as I finish my smoke.

## THE FORGETFULNESS OF JOHNNY

By John V. Mulany.

“Shure this schooling will be the ruination of that boy, and it’s what I’ve been hinting to the boss, himself, this very morning.” Matt, the big Irish foreman of the ranchers, was holding forth on his usual after-dinner dissertation as he sat among the ranch hands on the bunk house steps in the short recess between the midday meal and the afternoon work in the grain fields. He paused for a moment to take a few puffs at his “French briar” and to swear most amazingly at the Chinaman who slunk out of the cook’s shanty on his way to the spring with a basket of unwashed dishes, and then, looking cautiously around, he continued:

“Here it was but Toosday as Jerry and I was out a-loading grain on the Saunders eighty when who comes along but the boy on his little grey pony. ‘Johnny,’ says I, ‘canter up to the shack and bring us a extra fork, will ye?’ ‘Sure,’ says he, and in another second them pony’s hoofs was pounding the dust down the range like the very divil beating tan bark. Well, in about half an hour back he comes a pounding, and what do ye suppose he had—a shovel! ‘Bless your soul, boy,’ says I, ‘how is a man going to pitch wheat with a shovel? Tell me that now.’ Well, he sees at once he was up against it, but he comes round pretty sly. ‘I thought you said a shovel,’ says he; ‘I thought you might have been stuck and wanted digging out.’ ‘Go on,’ says I, ‘we’d be likely to be mired out here two miles from a bit of water wid the ground as hard and dry as life in Kansas,’ and he rode off laughing.”

“You should a seen him yesterday,” broke in Big Frank, clamoring to unburden his unrehearsed information. “The misses asked him to hitch old Pompey into the carriage and

I met him half way to the carriage house leading the old skate by the bridle and not a scrap of harness on his back—”

“If them clouds off yonder get a little higher before sun-down I am a thinking we’ll have rain,” Matt’s voice, pitched to a high tone and on a very irrelevant subject, broke in at this juncture. His little ruse was not without its object, for the innocent subject of their discussion suddenly drew near around the corner of the bunk house.

Jack Smith, as his chums knew him, or “Johnny,” as he was familiarly known about the ranch, was one of those many sons of the West who, having gone East to college, find the summer vacation on the plains, with the farm hands and the infallible Chinaman cook as sole companions and the nearest station a good ten miles distant, a taste of a very dull and monotonous existence. In fact Jack never really came back West again in spirit. While lounging in the hammock on the piazza or rocking across the prairies on his shaggy little broncho his mind was still away down East reviewing the prospects for next year’s football eleven or walking the old college campus and thinking campus thoughts. No wonder, then, that as he strode up toward the men his face wore an abstract and vacant expression. He was dressed in simple Western style—heavy trousers and belt, a loosely opened shirt and the broad felt hat of the plains.

“Well, Johnny, boy,” exclaimed Matt as he greeted him, “it’s asking an errand of ye I am, but one I know ye will enjoy doing. We will be shutting up the spring calves next week and there is patch-work fencing to be done. Now, Jerry will get a team around for ye and ye can drive over to Parkersburg and bring us forty rods of cyclone fencing. The boss gave out his orders this morning and the job must be done at once.”

The light spring wagon drawn by old Tom and Prince, with Jack swaying lazily in the driver’s seat, clattered off in the direction of Parkersburg, twelve miles away. To follow that



driver as he journeyed across the flat prairie, where short grasses waved and the prairie dogs and grey gophers dodged and barked on either hand, to the dusty little railroad town, would have been an undertaking of little interest. To have followed him in fancy as he wandered in a world far from Dakota prairies from zone to zone and from land to sea, would have been impossible.

The sun burned out its fierce heat on the broad prairies and the dusk and coolness of evening settled down. On the bunk house step Olaf, the Norwegian hand, was performing a clog dance while Big Frank scraped a maddening accompaniment on a fiddle. The lounging figures about him hummed a noisy chorus. On the verandah of the ranch house itself the elder Smith, hovering over a smoking brazier, fought mosquitoes and read alternately.

The rumble of wheels became suddenly distinct, sounding over the prairie with a mellow thunder, and in a few minutes the benighted young ranchman drew up near the verandah. Three men strolled up with lanterns to take the horses and the elder Smith arose and dropped his paper. Matt held up a flickering oil lantern and gazed into the empty wagon box, then turned a face blank with astonishment to his employer. "Well, Johnny," exclaimed Mr. Smith, "what about the fencing?"

"The fencing!" exclaimed Jack in return, in a tone of startled comprehension, as he removed several dainty envelopes from underneath the cushion of the wagon seat. "O, confound the fencing! I brought the mail."

## EDITORIAL

The students at the University of Wisconsin feel the need of some common meeting place where they may associate freely with their fellows. For electioneering purposes and as a trysting place the Library does well enough; for other social purposes it does but indifferently well. The worst of it is, not merely good fellowship and the closer relations of student with student are largely prohibited by this condition of affairs, but certain student organizations, in themselves educative, if nothing else, have not only no chance to broaden into a vigorous, healthy life, through the frequent intercourse of their members, but, on the other hand, these organizations drag out from year to year a sort of dwarfed, meager existence, keeping alive only through the determination and energy of a very few individuals indeed. If the debating societies had no regular time or place of meeting, how long would any one of them last? If the room of a member were depended upon for accommodation, who would ever hear of joint debates or of oratorical contests? Yet, just such are the conditions which the staffs of the University publications find themselves obliged to face.

Long ago *The Cardinal* secured a very small room, about large enough for two persons to sit in and find elbow room to write, on the first floor of Main Hall. Wretched as such quarters are, *The Cardinal* is in far better plight than is either *The Lit* or *The Sphinx*. These two publications are on a very ill-organized basis. Their offices shift with the dwelling places of their editors. The editor may live near the University or east of Capitol Square; he may move between the dates of the issuing of two numbers. In the first event the contributor wastes much time and undergoes much trouble in trying to consult with him; in the second event the contributor does not even know where to offer his wares. Under such discouraging conditions how can a publication be

expected to flourish? How can its staff be enthusiastic, its contributions abundant?

*The Yale Lit* and *The Harvard Monthly*, for example, have spacious and well-furnished editorial rooms, where the members of the staff hold regular meetings, where contributions are discussed, editorials written, and reasons for the rejection of manuscript offered to contributors. Such conditions inspire in the staff an *esprit de corps*. Moreover, such conditions give publications a standing and dignity that assist, in no small measure, in their carrying on the work for which they exist.

*The Lit* once asked for quarters in one of the University buildings, but its request was refused on the plea that even some members of the faculty had to do without offices, through lack of room. Such, we have no reason to doubt, is the fact. But, though true, it is deplorable, none the less. A University the size and importance to which Wisconsin has attained should surely be able to provide some sort of quarters for legitimate student institutions. Hesperia and Athenæ have fine rooms. There is no reason why, when the new wing has been added to Main Hall, *The Lit*, *The Sphinx* and *The Cardinal* should not have quarters; joint quarters, if separate quarters are impossible, but, at any rate, adequate quarters of some sort.

We trust the powers that be, whenever the occasion presents itself, will give Wisconsin student publications opportunity to show what may be done here in the way of undergraduate literary production when conditions are made favorable to its creation. The work students do voluntarily is of greater value than the forced labor of the class room. There is an originality, a freedom, and a spontaneity in such writing that too often is wanting in mere class room composition.

The student publications alone can elicit this voluntary work. Anything in reason, therefore, that the authorities can do for them ought to be done. Suitable quarters are their greatest need. The University authorities should meet this need.

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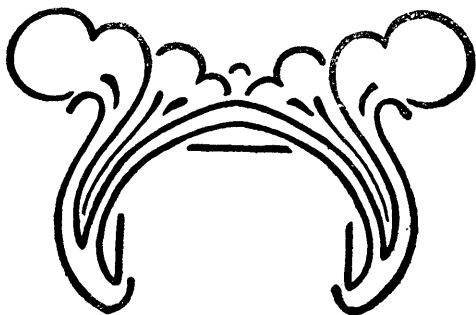
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