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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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the University of Wisconsin

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JUNE, 1904

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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VOLUME I

NUMBER 7

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THAT CHOCOLATE SET

Bessie paused before the window of Fletcher's China store and clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh Jam!"—James is my name, but Bessie thinks it unpoetic and has thus shortened it.—"Do look at that love of a chocolate set in that window! Did you ever see anything half so pretty as it? Look at that delicate tracery and scroll work! *Such* a beauty! *Don't* you think it's elegant?"

I looked in at the bewilderingly arranged window thus brought to my notice, and picking out finally what I supposed was the "love of a set," I assented heartily and even enthusiastically in Bessie's judgment.

"It really is a handsome set," I remarked.

"Oh! but you're not looking at the chocolate set," cried Bessie, following my glance with hers. "You're looking at that big salad dish—that isn't the set at all."

"I beg your pardon, I'm not," I said affecting anger. "I simply looked at the salad dish as an after-thought



and only connected it with the chocolate set in an artistic way. I have seen chocolate sets before." I never give in to Bessie that I am liable to make mistakes, going on the general principle that he who runs a good bluff will come out right nine times out of ten. Besides, a girl is so likely to laugh, you know.

"I wish it was mine," said Bessie reflectively. "Perhaps some one will give that set to us for a wedding present," she added. "Now there is Aunt Forster who has plenty of cash. I think it would be so nice if she'd make up her quarrel with mamma and get me that set for June 6th, don't you, Jammie?"

A vision of a certain pleasant event, yet some four weeks in the future came to me, and I regarded the chocolate set with more interest.

"I'll buy that set for you myself," I said decisively. "It really is a beauty. Let's go in and price it."

But Bessie demurred.

"You can't afford it, Jammie, dear,—you know you can't,—and I am resolved that I shan't be any millstone around your neck to drag you down by my extravagance, and it would certainly be extravagant to buy that set when you know you never drink chocolate."

"But I wanted it for you," I explained, bewildered at her sudden change of mind. "No difference," retorted Bessie, "No, I positively shall not go in, I shall send it back now, if you order it, so there."

Well, when Bessie speaks in that tone of voice I usually obey, so I outwardly acquiesced and we went on past to a furniture store where we continued that most charming of all occupations,—picking out furniture for the little cottage we were soon to occupy.

That evening, however, when I had seen Bessie safely housed, I sauntered back to the china store and looked in at the window. The chocolate set was gone. I went in and inquired for it. The clerk was very sorry indeed, but the

set was sold,—sold that afternoon,—no, he didn't know the lady, he was not the one who sold the set. No, you couldn't have another set finished for a very long time, as they were very expensive. Yes the price was — dollars,—very sorry; if you had been earlier, etc., etc.

I walked out, mentally vowing that as soon as my salary was raised my wife should have a chocolate set.

A month later Bessie and I stood in the parlor at Bessie's home, looking over our wedding gifts spread out on tables before us. We had been married that morning and consequently were feeling rather happy and inclined to judge the world in a somewhat optimistic light. We had not had time to view the numerous wedding presents until just before our departure for a town some hundreds of miles away where—wedding or no wedding—urgent business had demanded my presence. Bessie, dear child, insisted on being with me and we had slipped away from the crowd and run in to get a look at our late acquisitions before leaving. There were all sorts and conditions of things—as is usual, I believe, in an affair of this nature,—duplicates and triplicates. We walked about and inspected our treasures with gleeful hearts squabbling over whether or not this certain jardiniere should be placed in the study or in the dining room, or whether, after all, it would not look better in the hall. Suddenly Bessie cried:

“Oh! here it is! Jammie dear I must tell you a secret. I ordered that lovely chocolate set you remember we saw at Fletcher's. I just *couldn't* do without it, only I didn't tell you because you would insist on getting it, and I didn't want you to. I had it put with the rest of the presents, and—why—why—oh! did you ever! Here's *another* set—the same thing. Oh! here's the card—“Aunt Forster with love to niece, Elizabeth, hoping you will often ‘tak a cup o' cheer' from it.” Bessie sat down gasping. I began to feel as if I had been given a dose of ether.

“I—I went and ordered a set of Fletcher,” I began, regarding the two chocolate sets dubiously. “I went down the

second time before I could get it. Here it is over here." I went over to the other table where a third chocolate set reposed serenely on velvet lining. Bessie clung to me hysterically. The truth of the whole matter came to us suddenly, and we sat down and laughed till the tears came.

"Three chocolate sets," gasped Bessie when she could speak. "I was set on having a set and I have it."

"Maybe there's a fourth one lying around somewhere," I suggested, making the tour of the room.

"What *shall* I do with three chocolate sets," mused Bessie. "You don't drink chocolate, and I can't use three sets at the same time."

"Send two back and keep auntie's gift," I said.

"And another thing," continued Bessie, "we must be sure and write her a particular letter of thanks; she is so extremely particular in such matters, and you know she is going to get you that bank position, and we must be real nice to her.

A week later Bessie and I sat in a cosy sitting room far away from home.

"Jammie dear," said Bessie, "I think we did well in coming here. I'm so glad those shares and things of yours brought you here, for I've had *such* a good time. We'll feel so much happier too, when we once get back and can go into our own little home—and oh! Jam, I had a letter from Aunt Forster, to-day. Imagine her writing to me! I suppose it was because I thanked her so effusively for that chocolate set. And she says she's glad we like it, and she hopes we have chocolate from it every day. Now I shall have to tell a bare-faced lie when I write to her. I can't tell her we're off here and left all our wedding gifts upstairs at mamma's—she'd think we didn't care anything about her gift—she is so straitlaced and particular, you know, she'll think we ought to have gone to housekeeping at once. What shall I do?"

"Do," I echoed. "Write to her and tell her we use her chocolate set every day—aye, three times a day—we are so

fond of it that we sit and look at it most of the time." Here I seized pen and paper as I saw disapproval on Bessie's face, "I'll write, all you have to do is not to veto my letter. Here goes,"—scratching vigorously.—

DEAR AUNTIE:—Bessie and I are as happy as two larks, but yet we often wish ourselves home with you all. We take many a cup of pleasure from the beautiful chocolate set you sent us; each evening you would be edified to see us at our table with our chocolate set around us and—"

"Jam, you shan't send that," cried Bessie, who was looking over my shoulder, "I shall not allow it. It would be downright lying to auntie when you know the set is home at mam-ma's and has never been used."

"Objection not sustained. Out of order," I cried, jumping up and thrusting the letter into an envelope. Bessie vainly tried to seize it. I caught up my hat and ran out of the house and down to the gate. "The postman is coming," I cried teasingly. "Here goes into the box. Auntie will never know if we drank chocolate or gin out of her set,—we use so much any way."

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed on regardless of honeymoons, and one day shortly before we left for home, Bessie came rushing into my den, a letter in her hand, her face expressive of numerous conflicting emotions.

"O, Jammie!" she began tragically. "Read that," thrusting the letter into my hands. I took it calmly as befits a man who sees trouble ahead, and read it. It was from Bessie's mother and ran thus:

MY DEAR BESSIE:—You two will arrive on the 9:37 train, I suppose, so Fred will be at the depot to meet you. Everything the same—Birdie has gone finally, and no one is sorry. Mrs. Plankington is still curious about the grey silk. By the way, I had a call yesterday from—whom do you suppose—Aunt Forster, of all people. She hasn't been here for years—ever since the quarrel your father had with her. She came to pay a state call, for she was <sup>the</sup> dignity personified. I didn't know what to do with her, so I took her upstairs and showed her your wedding pres-

ents and—would you believe it—she stood and looked at her own gift—the chocolate set—the longest while. Then she said, “I suppose they will enjoy this greatly.” When I told her James did not use chocolate, she asked me if you had taken any of your wedding gifts with you. Poor old lady, I feel sorry for her; she is so odd and queer. Well, Alice has just come, and I will close, awaiting you both Tuesday eve.

Your loving

MOTHER.

P. S. I forgot to say that Fletcher has absolutely refused to take back those two extra chocolate sets; says he can't dispose of them, etc. I gave him a piece of my mind, I tell you. So that both sets are still here. We can probably arrange for their disposal when you come back.

MOTHER.

“I think,” I said reflectively, “that we told auntie a few fibs about that blessed chocolate set, and they seem to be coming back at us.”

“Oh! Jam! and mamma and I thought perhaps she'd make up and be good friends again and now it's all spoiled,” wailed Bessie.

I chewed a toothpick and cudgelled my brains for some expedient. “Listen,” said Bessie suddenly. “There's the door-bell,—will you answer it please Jam?”

“With the greatest of pleasure, my love,” I responded and went to the door. There I was met by the rather thin, wholly dignified person of—Aunt Forster, carrying a grip and a severe expression. “How do you do, nephew?” she said in her usual frigid tones and giving me two fingers. “This is not usual to thus interrupt your—your—vacation—but I had some business with you; that is my excuse for coming. How is niece Elizabeth?”

“Bessie—oh! Bessie is very well. She will be delighted to see you,” I said, lying with facility, since the occasion seemed a desperate one. And I conducted her to my wife.

“Ah! what a tangled web we weave,” etc. That evening after auntie, tired with her journey, had retired early and was snoring comfortably upstairs, Bessie and I formed a solemn conclave down in the dining room.



“Jam you must go right over to the office and telegraph to mother—I do wish we had a long distance 'phone,—and tell her to send that chocolate set out on the 11:15 train. She can do it if the message reaches her in time. The set will get here to-morrow at 2:30 and we can have afternoon chocolate the same as if we had been doing it right along. Auntie will never know the difference—unless she demands to see what I have in the house before those dishes arrive. Jam you must talk business with her all to-morrow morning. And Jammie you were a dear, noble man tonight, but why did you lie so outrageously at dinner? I know auntie didn't believe half you said.”

“Lie,” I echoed. “I was saving the situation by diplomacy; I wasn't lying; I only explained to Aunt that the chocolate set she saw at mother's was one which I had ordered for you, not her gift at all, and that we had hers with us all the time. Also that mother made a mistake when she told her we had taken none of our wedding gifts with us. Now if that set shows up here to-morrow afternoon, my course of action will be vindicated fully and I shall justly consider myself eligible to membership in the Ananias club without examination.”

“I truly believe she knew you were lying when you told her how you doted on chocolate,” said Bessie.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day passed slowly. Bessie was on pins all morning until a message came from mother that the chocolate set was on its way. Then she quieted down, and between us we entertained auntie, who, truth to tell, was easily satisfied. After luncheon she retired for a nap, and Bessie and I went downstairs to jubilate in the kitchen.

“Oh, Jammie, everything is going off lovely and she never suspected,” cred Bessie. “It ought to be here in an hour now. We can have our chocolate at three o'clock. You will have to drink three cups, Jam, after your lies of last night.”

"It's in a good cause, anyway. Hark! there's the expressman now." I rushed to the door, followed by Bessie, who in her efforts to seize the box the man held, actually embraced him. She denies this now, but I can prove it. Well, we carried the precious box into the kitchen, removed the top layers of excelsior and paper wadding, then—ah! last shattering of a blissful dream! The set had not been well packed, and every piece was broken—crushed beyond any possible hope of glue or mending tissue. Silence. Then in desperation I seized my hat and ran out of the room. Going up the hall I had a frenzied idea, and rushing back again I tipped over a light sewing table that stood against the wall, gathered up the remnants of the ill-fated chocolate set and dumped them in becoming attitudes around the fallen table, thrust the box and its accompanying excelsior wadding into the pantry and again rushed out of the room without saying one word to Bessie, who still stood in the same place. When I reached the sitting room I met Aunt Forster just coming out.

"I was just about to go and help Elizabeth," she said graciously. "Dear me," I began, "Bessie has just had an accident, she—"

"An accident," inquired aunt. "How so?—Is"—

"Oh! she isn't hurt but she was getting tea, or rather chocolate and she had her dishes on a little light table. Well she slipped as she was going out the door, and her foot struck that little table and it upset and broke mostly everything there was on it. Bessie is a good deal cut up over it, since the set was her most prized wedding gift."

"Dear me," said auntie, "I shall go right down. The poor child must not feel so bad over it, just because I got it for her; she has another one at home anyway. I'll go right down and comfort her immediately. We can have a cup of tea afterwards, for I never, under any circumstance, drink chocolate anyway."

An hour later we were sitting at tea and auntie was more cheerful, bright and talkative than we had yet seen her. She

joked, chatted, laughed—she amazed us. In a lull in the conversation she suddenly said: ‘James, I am always collecting something—I believe I am a born collector,—I don’t want you to think I’m foolish to ask this, but I should very much like to have that light cotton wadding that was packed in around that chocolate set when it came to-day. I have a special use for just such things at home.’

—*Josephine A. Nalty.*

---

## HOW JESSICA “FIXED IT”

‘I don’t want to take Jessica Clark to that party, and I’ll be hanged if I will. I don’t see what on earth I asked her so long ago for. I might have known that I would get all over wanting to take her in six weeks’ time,’ and John Harwood cast himself upon the couch and viciously thumped the pillows.

‘That’s what comes of being a man of many crushes,’ responded Fred Maxwell, his room mate and fraternity brother. ‘As you said I should think that by this time you would know enough not to trust yourself to like a girl for over a month at any rate. Who is the new girl, for I suppose there is a new one, hence this rebelliousness against Jessica, and the existing condition of affairs.’

‘Well you needn’t rub it into a fellow so. You wouldn’t if you knew the girl. I tell you, Fred, she’s peachy. She’s a—’

‘Yes, yes, I know all about it,’ interrupted Fred, ‘peachy girl, perfect dream of a dancer, good talker, full of fun, and isn’t lacking in good sensible ideas. Seems to me I heard you say something very similar six weeks ago, only the girl was Jessica Clark. Before that it was Annabell Murray, before that Susanne Douglas, and oh, I can’t remember the whole list. I’m glad to learn though that there are so many nice sensible girls in college,’ he was interrupted by a well-aimed pillow thrown from John’s side of the room.

‘What’s her name?’ Fred continued, ‘you didn’t tell me.’

"Fay Warren," John replied.

Fred uttered a long whistle.

"So you've got it too," he said. "Well, Johnnie, my boy, she is a mighty nice little girl. Go ahead. I approve, only I'd make it last longer than six weeks if I possibly could," and Fred went on with his work.

In a few moments John jumped up from the couch and made towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Fred.

"To telephone," was the laconic answer.

"To whom?"

"Fay Warren. I'm going to ask her if I may call to-night, and then I'm going to bid her for that party, for our dinner dance next Friday night, and for the inter-frat party and for our formal, and for the next."

"Hold on there. I hope you are not going to ask her for them all to-night. Better take one thing at a time," said Fred.

"Well, I won't ask her for all, but as many as I can get in conveniently," responded John.

"What are you going to do about Jessica?" was the next question.

"I don't know yet. All I know is that I am going to take Fay Warren, if she hasn't a previous engagement. I'll think of some way to fix it up with Jessica later."

"Don't be too sure of that," laughed Fred, as the door slammed behind John.

The next day Fred was informed that the call had proved successful, and that Miss Warren had accepted both the invitation for the party and that for the dinner dance.

"Now what shall I tell Jessica?" John asked.

"Oh, you know *you* are going to solve that," responded Fred.

"So I will," and John lit his pipe the better to solve this problem. After a long interval of silence he blurted out:

"Well, what in the deuce *shall* I tell her? What shall I do about it, any way? I can't seem to think of a plan."

“And he didn’t know exactly what to do,  
He didn’t seem to have a bit of tact,”

Fred sang out.

“Oh, shut up, will you, and help me think,” growled John.

“Suppose you tell her that you are going to be out of town and then if she sees you at the party you can tell her that you returned sooner than you had expected, and finding out that she had made another engagement, you had asked Miss Warren.”

“Yes, but Jessica would know that I couldn’t get Miss Warren just at the last minute like that.”

“Then pick a quarrel with her,” said Fred, “and finally,” growing dramatic, “in rage and anger, tell her that under the circumstances you think it better that you break that engagement for the party.”

“That’s a go,” said John, his face clearing. “I’ll pretend that I’m jealous of the attentions that Charlie Middleton has been showering upon her lately; it will kind of please her to think that I care enough to get jealous, and, girl-like, she will see how far she can carry it, and she’ll fix it so that in the end I shall have a fine chance to break the date for that party. You’re a brick,” and he slapped Fred’s shoulder affectionately.

“It’s a kind of a mean thing to do,” continued John, “and I feel sorry for Jessica, for I really think she is fond of me, but I am going to take Miss Warren whether or no.”

The next evening John went to call upon Jessica. He found her unusually gracious and quite unconscious that she was the object of John’s pity. He gradually steered the conversation into the channel already decided upon, and finally came to a point where he could give vent to his feelings. He got through his burst of jealous anger beautifully, and ended with the phrase that Fred had suggested that under the circumstances he thought it better to break the party date.

Jessica looked at him in open-eyed amazement.



"Why, John," she finally said, "I didn't know you really cared so much. I'm so sorry, and I suppose I should have told you before. Charlie Middleton and I are engaged, have been for some time, though it is still a secret, so you will please say nothing about it."

John stood as one petrified, and then as the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon him he had a wild desire to laugh, which he dared not gratify. In his attempt to repress his laughter his face took on a contorted expression which Jessica attributed to his grief.

"No, I will say nothing about it," he finally gasped, and catching up his hat and gloves, he hurriedly left the house.

"It's a good thing for this world," he said to himself as he went along, "that men aren't as deceitful as women. Always pretending a thing is one way when it really is another."

"Well, did Jessica fix it so you could get out of that party date all right?" questioned Fred.

"Yes, Jessica fixed it," John responded dryly.

—*Maud Fallor.*

---

## A SWORD SONG

The godly man calls to his God above  
 To strengthen him in the fight,  
 The heart of the lover is thrilled with love  
 Which giveth his blows their might;  
 But godly ways have I never known,  
 Nor high born lady's charm,  
 My glory has grown by these two alone,  
 My sword and my good right arm!

*A lunge! a feint! a stroke!*

*My friend, you falter—there!*

*The red blood stains the cloak;*

*The soul is—God knows where.*

*In battle's brunt these be my charm,*

*My sword!*

*My sword!*

*And good right arm!*

Where the tumult rages to and fro,  
 And the clangor fills the sky,  
 And the good blades answer blow for blow,  
 And the whistling arrows fly,  
 Where the long ranks waver, charge or yield,  
 And the hewing axmen swarm,  
 It is mine to wield 'mid the crimsoned field  
 My sword and my good right arm!

*So! ho! you thrust amiss!  
 There's for you, Cavalier!  
 Henceforth your lips shall kiss  
 But dust that reddens here.  
 In battle's brunt these be my charm,  
 My sword!  
 My sword!  
 And good right arm!*

So long as my hand can hold a blade,  
 So long as my arm can thrust,  
 I shall not call on the Lord for aid,  
 In mine own strength I trust.  
 And may I feel Death's rapier sting  
 When in the fight's alarm,  
 For my Land and King I lift and swing  
 My sword and my good right arm!

*I guard! I turn your steel,  
 Your wrist is weak, my friend.  
 A wrench! a twist! a wheel!  
 A thrust! and so—the end.  
 In battle's brunt these be my charm,  
 My sword!  
 My sword!  
 And good right arm.*

—A. B. Braley.

## THE SILENT FIVE

The fall night was clear, the moon bright, as I "chugged" along the road at a twenty mile per hour clip. The engines were working nicely, in fact I felt at last I owned an automobile I could depend upon. I slowed down the machine while I refilled my pipe and lighted it. As I rounded a sharp turn, a stretch of road perhaps two miles long, straight and level extended before me. I could not resist; the smooth, firm road was too inviting and I opened up the throttle. Instantly the machine leaped forward like a spirited horse at the touch of the whip. So smoothly did the machine glide along that it seemed as if it were suspended a few inches above the road and that the ground were passing by beneath. I was, nearing a turn in the road and was just on the point of slowing down when above the noise of the exhaust of the engine, I heard a sharp metallic snap followed by a clanking noise. I choked off the engine and jammed the brakes on. The rattling had sounded like a broken chain. On investigation that proved to be the case. I soon saw that the break could not be repaired that night, so began to look about for a lodging place. Along the road about a quarter of a mile, I spied a light and straightforth set out for it.

As I approached the house I saw that it stood on a hill, sloping abruptly up from the road. I entered the grounds through a rusty iron gate, flanked on both sides by a stone wall, badly weathered and ill-kept. The winding driveway, bordered on both sides by large gnarled oaks, led up to the porte-cochère. The house was square and substantially built of stone. A wide veranda, the tall white pillars of which stood out clearly in the moonlight, ran along the entire front. Evidently some one of means had once owned the place, but now it presented a rather ill cared for appearance. Apparently there was a light in but one room, for although the shutters were tightly closed, a ray crept out here and

there. A heavy brass knocker hung on the massive oak door and I thumped it once or twice. After a moment the door opened and an old negro, gray and bent and bearing a candle stood before me.

"Good evening, sah," he said, "What is it, sah?"

I explained my predicament and he asked me in, going then, as he said, to call the "Colonel."

The interior of the house had the same substantial air as the exterior. The woodwork in the hall was heavy, as was the furniture. The dim light of the flickering candle barely showed four or five portraits of young men in uniform.

Suddenly a door at my right opened, and the old negro beckoned to me to come in. As I entered an old gentleman in evening dress arose from his chair before the fireplace. He was a large man, very erect and of distinguished appearance, well past sixty years.

"Good evening, sir. Joe has told me of your accident, and I assure you it will be a pleasure to have you with me this evening."

As he spoke I noticed that he had been drinking, as was also evidenced by a decanter and glasses on the mahogany table.

"I am sure you are kind," I said, but noticing his evening dress, I protested lest I might be intruding.

"Certainly not, sir. You shall stay with me, right here. And indeed you are most welcome."

He came forward and clasping my hand hospitably drew me into a chair, the servant having taken my heavy ulster and cap.

"I have never had much faith in automobiles," began my host, "in fact I know very little about them. They may be exhilarating sport, but for a sure means of conveyance I believe I prefer good, reliable horses."

"For a man in such a fix as I found myself to-night there is not much ground on which to base a reply. I must say, however, that I consider myself most fortunate in finding such a delightful lodging place."

"By the way, do you think anyone will disturb my machine down on the road?" I asked.

"No, I hardly think so, but it will be safer in the stables."

"Joe," he called, "have old Ben and Nan up to the buckboard at once."

The negro shuffled off and soon drew up to the door. He and I rode down to the machine and after much maneuvering succeeded in hitching it on the buckboard and towing it to the house. A place in the carriage house was cleared and the machine was wheeled in there.

Joe showed me into the house and up to a bedroom, saying that the "Colonel" thought, perhaps I might want to clean up a bit and put on "stylish." A dress suit and clean linen lay out upon the bed, hence Joe's remark about "stylish." I thought it rather queer that here, miles away from civilization, a bachelor gentleman dressed for dinner and expected it of his guest who came in a couple of hours or so after the meal. I got into the clothes, however, and went down stairs to my host. Evidently he had continued to drink freely while Joe and I had been bringing up the machine, for, as he rose, he stumbled and barely caught himself before falling.

"Won't you join me?" he asked, filling a glass.

"I will, thank you," I replied, "with pleasure."

"You will find this a very good liquor, I think", he observed. "It is one of which I am very fond and indeed it is quite old."

I proposed his health and we drank together. He immediately refilled the glasses and we drank a second time. He talked excitedly for a while about liquors, then lapsed off into silence and sat moodily staring at the fire. All my efforts to start a conversation were fruitless. He would merely refill the glasses, drink his off and resume the same posture.

I was sitting half dozing in my chair, for it was nearly midnight, when he suddenly broke out in a hoarse, thick voice.



"I presume you have been wondering at my attire and my manner to-night. No doubt it seems strange and peculiar to you."

He refilled his glass, drank again and began abruptly.

"This is the one evening that I put on these clothes during the whole year. As you probably noticed, I live alone here with old Joe. No one ever calls, because I will not receive them. I wish usually to be alone; that is why I live here. But to-night is an anniversary. I always celebrate it just this way."

He glanced up at me searchingly and asked abruptly:

"Do you believe in a hereafter?"

I thought the peculiar actions of the man due to too much drink. He repeated his question.

I replied that I always had.

He waved his arm slowly around, indicating the bookcases which lined the room on three sides.

"Many years have I read and studied the matter. Do I believe in a hereafter? It's all bosh," he exclaimed derisively.

He filled up the two glasses, raised his to his lips, but set it down untouched and continued:

"Sir, I am lonely tonight. I am getting old. I want to confide in some one. I know no one better than you as I have no friends on this earth. Will you listen to a peculiar story?"

I did not want to listen to the man's confessions or stories, when he was under the influence of drink, but he insisted and I let him go on.

"Very well," he said. "About three years before the outbreak of the Civil War, five young men including myself entered the University of Virginia. We came from the same state, the same county. In fact we had grown up together. For some reason, we had never mixed with other young fellows, had always been contented with ourselves. Naturally, when we went to college together we did not affiliate with the other students. After a time our crowd was dubbed 'The Silent Five.'"

My host drained the glass he had filled a few minutes before.

“Now it happened”, he resumed, “that two of the five were studying for the ministry, though, strange as it may seem, those two were the worst harum-scarums in the crowd. But that is not my story. One evening we were all together drinking. Joe, the old negro who is still my servant, was kept busy serving us. It was then that the subject of an hereafter was brought up by one of the fellows preparing for the ministry. A discussion followed and thenceforth we were all deeply interested in the matter. We studied the subject, read up on it, and talked with our professors. Naturally suicide came up—I will burden you no longer—we formed a suicide club.”

“A binding compact was drawn up, in which it was provided that on the tenth day of November of every year, all of the five who were living, were to meet and spend the evening drinking. Each time, before breaking up, we were to draw a slip of paper from a specially arranged box. Now in that box were placed five slips with the words ‘The Silent Five’ written on them. Besides these, fifty or sixty blank slips were also placed in the box. If one drew a blank slip he was safe until the next meeting, but if he drew a ‘Silent Five’ slip he was to kill himself before sunrise.”

Here he again resorted to his decanter.

“At our first meeting one ‘Silent Five’ was drawn, and a suicide followed. Then the war broke out and the remaining four enlisted in the same company. On the following November, we all secured leave of absence, and held our celebration. Four blank slips were drawn at that meeting. Before the next drawing, one of the five was killed in battle. Regularly we held our meetings, but it was not till eight years later that the second ‘Silent Five’ was drawn. Just six years ago, the third marked slip sent my one remaining companion to his grave. Needless to say, I am the last of ‘The Silent Five,’ and to-night is November tenth.”

He filled my glass, then his own, staggered to his feet and drank to the four dead members of "The Silent Five."

Being a rather plain and matter of fact man myself, I decided without hesitation, that the man was plainly and simply drunk, and his story the mere creation of a drink-touched fancy. After sitting in silence for a while, I proposed to retire. My host, rousing himself from a half stupor, called to the negro, who lighted me up to my chamber. While passing through the lower hall, I noticed the four portraits on the walls which I had noted earlier in the evening. Of a sudden it struck me that perhaps they were the likenesses of the dead members of "The Silent Five." I passed it off, however, as a fancy. The silent, gloomy hall upstairs along with my host's morbid tale rather unsettled me despite myself, and as Joe was leaving I suggested that he better get his master to bed.

I undressed, blew out the light and got into bed. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not get to sleep. Those four portraits passed and repassed before my eyes. I lay perhaps for half an hour tossing about when I heard Joe's step outside my door. I called him to fetch me a pitcher of water. He started off on his errand and in a minute I heard him at the well outside drawing the water—crack! It was the report of a revolver, without doubt. I leaped from my bed instantly and rushed down the stairway. Joe came screaming and hobbling along as I reached the lower floor, and in my haste I bowled him over. Bursting into my host's room, I found him lying prone upon his face, with an ugly wound in his head. I rolled him over and felt his heart. It was perfectly still. On the table lay a small mahogany box and on the hearth a partially consumed piece of paper. I picked it up. It was one of the two remaining "Silent Five" slips.

*H. F. P.*

## ONLY A JOKE

"Oh, where did you get them!" cried Caryl as she dropped into Betty's room just before lunch to borrow some theme paper and found half a dozen girls sorting wild flowers.

"If you hadn't been such a foolish little freshman and dutifully attended convocation," said Betty, carefully selecting the longest stemmed violets, "you might have gone with us and helped to discover our little *Paradies-gärtchen*." "But freshmen will be freshmen," she continued mischievously, the characteristic Elizabethan twinkle, as the girls called it, stealing into her merry brown eyes, "undoubtedly they will remain the victims of jokes and the targets for slams until the end of time."

"What a tease you are, Betty!" exclaimed Mable. "Won't you ever forget that poor child's first appearance on the stage?"

"Never mind, I'll be a sophomore by and by, providing the exams are only a joke," and Caryl slyly pinned a bunch of yellow violets on her waist.

"What happened at convocation?" asked Grace, "was there room for the faculty on the platform?"

"Oh, girls," interrupted Betty impetuously, "what dears they are," thrusting her nose into a heap of flowers on the study table.

"I'm sure the faculty would be delighted to hear you apply such endearing terms to them," Caryl misinterpreted.

"Come, dear child, leave off with your freshmanism and give me a few pointers about convocation; I've got to write up the affair for the *Cardinal* to-night and if you'll kindly furnish me with a few facts to build on, I'll promise not to mention the Herr Zimmerman joke for the week."

"Betty is surely wonderful at stabbing, I discovered that in the Mediaeval quiz this morning," declared Edith, reaching for a white trillium; "she will be able to fill in beautifully with only slight foundations, count on that."

“What was the talk about?” asked Blanche.

“Mental Telepathy in the Light of Recent Discovery,” said Caryl promptly, feeling that perhaps her time for revenge on Elizabeth Walton, practical joker, was near at hand. “You girls missed a whole lot of interesting and instructive knowledge, and coming as it did from one who himself discovered transference of thought, it certainly was a rare opportunity.”

“Why have I never learned shorthand,” exclaimed Betty in tragic despair. “If I could but incorporate such gems of fluency in my article with all their original flavor and spiciness, the eloquence of Adams would—

“He was such a funny little man, too,” continued Caryl, making the most of her long-looked-for opportunity, “short and fat, with the tiniest little blue eyes and the biggest nose. A typical New Zealander.”

“What is his name?” asked Betty, forgetting the flowers in her growing interest. “Now, if I only read the papers more,” self-accusingly, “I should know more about such distinguished people.”

“Eskinos Zotkna,” replied Caryl innocently, recollecting an odd name she had read in a story but a few hours ago. “What dainty little blue-bells!” carefully untwining them from the violets.

“What a peculiar name!” said Mable.

“I suppose he performed all sorts of interesting experiments,” suggested Betty. Then lowering her voice confidentially, “I must confess I haven’t a very clear idea of what telepathy is. In what year did he discover it?”

“Eighteen-fifty-four, I believe,” rather indifferently, as she scrutinized an anemone very closely.

“Why he must have been quite an old man,” Betty persisted.

“Hardly a wisp of hair on his head,” Caryl lay down the flowers and grew enthusiastic again. “You ought to have seen the wonderful apparatus he had for testing a person’s thoughts. The most remarkable thing. I tell you, girls, it



almost makes the blood run cold in my veins when I think with what a rapid pace science marches along in this age."

"With - what - a - rapid - pace - science - marches - along - in - this - age," repeated Betty, making a comical grab for her note book. "Go on, dear!"

"Really, one can hardly be surprised at anything, nowadays, can they?" agreed Blanche, understanding the momentary pucker about Caryl's serious mouth. More than one Hall girl had an account against Betty Walton.

"I wish I had stayed and gone with you; such psychological theories have a great fascination for me, anyway," said Betty disappointedly brushing a few withered anemones back from the edge of the table and resting her arm on it with a remorseful little sigh. "If I would only do as my conscience—" accusingly again; then she sat up quickly and tapped her knee with her note-book confidently. "Oh, girls, I'll be able to manage that write-up magnificently, see if I don't. No living creature will ever entertain the suspicion that I was elsewhere than on the front seat in Library Hall at twelve o'clock to-day—my eyes riveted on the New Zealander and short-hand flowing from my pen like—like the rill from the town pump!"

"But don't get the idea that it was a mere theory," emphasized Caryl, "at least I gathered that it was something quite certain from his closing words, 'when my thought may become your thought,' he said, 'and my idea may be torn by the roots from its setting in my mind,' he spoke figuratively a number of times, Caryl interpolated, 'and transferred like a tender plant to yours, it is time we stood with bowed heads.' I nearly died laughing, girls, to see him wiggle his bald head when he said that, 'before the Goddess of Science, who is so rapidly unveiling to us the mysteries of mind and matter.'"

Betty scratched furiously, "and-my-idea-may-be-torn-by-the-roots-from-its-setting," she repeated in a drawling monotone.

"I don't see how you could ever remember all that so well," exclaimed Grace, admiringly.

"I'd think I was doing famously if I remembered ten successive words of any lecture I ever heard," Mable complimented.

"You'd have remembered that if you had heard the little New Zealander," Caryl said modestly. "It was so impressive that I just couldn't help it. Of course I don't suppose I repeated it word for word, but it may help Betty out a little," she added as she rose to go.

"Who-is-so-rapidly-unveiling-to-us-the-mysteries-of-mind-and-matter," Betty finished up with an elaborate flourish. "Caryl, you're a jewel, I shall recommend you as *Cardinal* reporter straightway. Why, my dear freshman, I won't mention Herr Zimmermann to you for a fortnight—no, not for seventeen days—dog's days," enthusiastically.

"I came in to borrow some theme paper," said Caryl calmly, "and so if you will kindly lend me a few sheets, I'll go and copy my last long theme. It's my eulogy on Freshman English, and when I get the last word down, I'm going to have a celebration of some sort."

"That's sort of an eccentric idea—celebrating a eulogy—isn't it?" suggested Blanche. "But if it should partake of the nature of a spread," she hinted, then accommodatingly, "you know you're *perfectly* welcome to the use of my Latin Dic. at any time," she finished with a meaning glance.

"Here, child," said Betty after a few minutes hasty rummage among a conglomerated mass of books, hairbrushes, wild flowers, handkerchiefs, and gloves that had accumulated on her study table, "use all you want of it and keep the rest. I'll try hard to forget your German theatrical performance entirely; come again," she called as Caryl shut the door with a "thanks."

Safely outside she skipped down the corridor, flourishing the theme pad above her head and swinging her note book by the shoestring, repeating eagerly, "If she only doesn't

find out, if she only doesn't find out! How lucky that the scrawny young Englishman came to Wisconsin unexpectedly with his fine little speech versus transference of thought, and that there was no notice in last night's *Cardinal*. I live in hopes that she will go to work on her 'wonderful write up' immediately—she will have to if she gets the article in on time."

As soon as the *Cardinal* came that night Madge and Louise burst into Caryl's room where the latter sat expectant and excited, trying in vain to pore diligently over Horace's "Odes."

"Caryl Ross, did you see this write-up on convocation?" cried Madge, pointing to a column headed, "Eskinos Zotkna Speaks at Convocation To-day."

"You know Betty is *Cardinal* reporter," explained Louise. "Do you suppose the girl is crazy? I don't see how she dared to write such truck; look here: 'Eskinos Zotkna, the remarkable little New Zealander, spoke to a large and appreciative audience at convocation to-day upon 'Mental Telepathy in the Light of Recent Discovery.'"

"Did you ever see anything so absurd," put in Madge, "why, that skinny Englishman rubbed the mental telepathy theory in the ground—he performed many interesting experiments by way of illustration and his kindly little blue eyes held the attention of every one present."

"Such ridiculousness! You know the fellow who spoke to-day, Caryl, had the biggest black eyes and bushy eyebrows," exclaimed Louise.

"And look here," continued Madge, "Mr. Zotkna discovered mental telepathy in 1854 and since that time has been engaged in the working out of an apparatus for the transference of thought which he completed successfully at a recent date."

"To think that Betty would—"

"And Caryl, just see how it ends up. 'When my thought may become your thought,' he said in conclusion, 'and my

idea may be torn by the roots from its setting in my mind, and transferred like a tender plant to yours, it is time we stood with bowed heads,’ and here the little old New Zealander bent his aged head in reverence, ‘before the Goddess of Science who is so rapidly unveiling to us the mysteries of mind and matter.’ When he finished the students rose and gave three cheers for Eskinos Zotkna and filed out of Library Hall, shouting ‘U! Rah! Rah! Wisconsin!’”

“What does it mean?” exclaimed the girls at one breath.

Caryl could contain herself no longer. “It means,” she cried waving *The Daily Cardinal* like a flag of triumph, ‘it means that Elizabeth Walton is at last revenged for ‘my first appearance on the stage.’ Get the girls and Betty and come to a spread in my room at half-past nine to-night! ‘It was only a joke,’” she quoted.

—Ora L. Mason.

## “THE WOOD-GATHERERS”

(Painted by Bastien-Lepage)

A wood but newly clothed with spring time, where  
 A misty miracle of green and gray  
 Spreads tender vistas; flowers flaunting gay;  
 A tiny maid with flowing yellow hair,  
 Who, joyous, breaks the stems and smiles; and there—  
 In all that freshness light with glad array—  
 A shrunken form, a face—mere breathing clay,  
 Where age looks out with dull death-stricken stare:  
 This is the picture, somber, fair and strong,  
 Too much of knowledge and of joy it brings.  
 It wakens, like some old love burthened song,  
 The deep reluctant throb of pain that wings  
 The soul that looks on loveliness too long,  
 And sees too far into the heart of things.

—Margaret E. Ashman.

## A HUMAN NATURE ESSAY

They were sitting out a dance in the gallery at a military hop. She leaned over the railing to watch the dancers. He leaned back in his chair to watch her.

"Look quick, there is the man I told you I so wanted to meet. See, the tall one with the dark hair, who carries himself so magnificently. He is dancing with the girl in blue. Do you see him?"

"Yes," he said, deceptively, for he was still looking at the girl beside him. Then, "I've lost sight of him. Describe him again." The girl did so.

"Oh, yes, Mac Williams. If you are so anxious to meet him, I will bring him around. He is an old varsity man and is staggling it to-night. He will probably want to dance and that means that I will have to give up one of mine and I have only the last two left. It seems to me you give away more dances than is really necessary, Madge."

"Oh, I really must have a dance with Mr. Williams, Jack. He looks as though he would be a dandy dancer. He reverses with so much ease, too." This last with a wicked look at the man beside her, for it was a sore point with him that he could not reverse.

"Very well," he replied; "let's go down now then, and if you wish you might give Williams the last two, for I know you will enjoy dancing with him more than with me." "Oh, of course, if you don't want the last dance," began the girl, assuming an injured air.

"I was merely looking out for your pleasure," interrupted the man, "I know I can't dance 'divinely' like some of the men, and I ought to know enough not to inflict myself and my invitations upon you. It shan't happen again." The girl noticed with a queer little thrill that his lips were tightly compressed. "Jack," she murmured, but the man only stalked along apparently without hearing her. Upon reach-

ing the dancing floor he said, "Just wait here a moment. I'll get Williams." "No, Jack, don't, for I don't want to dance with Williams. I'd rather dance with you."

"Impossible!" he replied bitterly. "Perfectly impossible that you should prefer to dance with a man that cannot reverse."

"Yes, but you see," she faltered, "the man is you. It's the man after all that I prefer, rather than the dance." She glanced up at him shyly. "Really?" he inquired with a world of meaning in his tone. "Really," she replied, and this time she looked up at him, straight into his eyes.

"Come then, little girl, this is our dance."

—*Nan Stuart.*

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## PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMAN

The great chair across the fireplace seemed to glower emptily at the artist, yet with a yearning pathos, as though in its loneliness it were trying to cover a breaking heart by a show of sullenness.

"Dear old Frank," said the artist, musingly, "somehow the old chair looks as though it missed him as much as I do, and its arms look as empty as my heart."

He reached out toward the tabourette where his pipe lay amid a jumble of matches, cigar ends, tobacco boxes and other pipes,—but checked himself.

"No, I can't do it. I know he said I should go right on using the old tray just's if he were here, said he'd be happier among the shades if he knew that his pipes still lay there, and kept place with mine, and that I still swiped his pet clay, but well, maybe I'm a sentimental and foolish old man, but I'll have to be more used to having him gone before I can use any of them.

"Why, last time he sat there he took his clay, jammed in some of that awful baccy of his, and while he was trying to make its clogged flue draw, he gave me one of those fool dis-

quisitions of his on the Poetry of the Pre-Raphaelites, and I jeered him as usual. I don't regret the mockery I made, for it was 'all in the game,' but I wish I could hear him disquise again.

"I want to see him sit there, smoking his old brown pipe, smiling his old-time grin, wearing his out-at-elbows working jacket, his out-at-heels slippers, and his out-at-crown hat which he couldn't and wouldn't work without. I want to hear the gurgling chuckle he had when he read those articles of his to me, those little glistening, glinting bits of word enamel that made him famous, and the stories that made him loved.

"We lived together, played together, and greatest of all, worked together, and the old chair is empty, the old pipe is untouched and stale, the old room is lonesome, and the old partner is alone. Come back, old Frank, come back.!"

The artist stared wearily at the slowly deadening coals in the grate. From beside the artist's chair the soft eyed collie looked up at his master, then rose and placed his brown head across the hand that lay on the chair arm. The artist's eyes turned to the gentle old dog.

"Rob," he said, smoothing the dog's neck, "there's just you and I now, old friend, just you and I."

—A. B. Braley.

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## A LEAP YEAR RETRIBUTION

"Hello; going up the hill? Let's take it just a little slower; you'll make your eight o'clock easily enough—we've got six minutes yet."

I turned to see who the speaker might be. It was George, so I waited until he came up, and then we went on together.

"Going to the Leap Year Party?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know—yet." I answered dubiously; "are you?"

"Yes, I got my invitation yesterday."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"Bess, of course," he immediately answered, reading the question in my look.

Short pause, then George asked: "Been at the Hall lately?"

"Not since the Hop."

"Better go over tonight; if I'm not very much mistaken there's an invitation waiting for you—Well, so long," he broke off, striking out across the campus.

I didn't get very much out of my lectures that morning, although I did take some few notes. The Leap Year Party worried me somewhat; most of the fellows had had their invitations for some time, and I was afraid of not getting an opportunity to go; here it was Monday already, and still no invitation—Saturday the party was to be held. For the last week I'd been expecting a note from Mayme with the longed-for question, but so far it had failed to materialize. I had nearly given up all hopes of going at this late hour; but George would surely know the facts; Bess and Mayme were great friends; he and I had taken them to a number of things during the winter, and quite likely the girls had decided to take us. If Bess was going with him, surely I'd get an invitation from her friend. But one can never tell just what a girl will do; I determined to find out if I could, however, what one girl intended to do, so that evening I called at the Hall. My card was sent up, and the maid informed me that Miss Smyth would be down in a minute. As I sat in the parlor waiting for her I tried to think of something pretty to say in acceptance of her invitation; but I hadn't got my ideas fairly arranged before she entered the room. She looked handsomer than ever, I thought.

"How do you do? I decided to come over this evening to bother you for a while," I began introductively, with the utmost confidence.

She acknowledged my greeting with just a suggestion of doubt in her smile. Did she suspect why I had come?

There was a short pause. I waited expectantly, but it



would hardly have been the proper thing for her to ask me at once, so I cleverly (as I thought) led the conversation into other channels. I began with the weather—that's always in order: "It's been a nice day."

"Very," Mayme assented; "I hope this weather will stay for a while."

I waited for her to continue, but she didn't; here might have been a chance for her invitation—evidently she thought otherwise.

The weather question having been thus summarily disposed of, I wondered what our next quiz Friday would be on.

She was non-committal: "I haven't the slightest idea."

That was getting close to Saturday, but still no success. Conversation wandered from one topic to another, convocation, the last play, basketball, all of which were fairly safe subjects, until I finally determined on a wicked stroke; surely she'd almost be forced to respond as I wished. So I asked:

"How did you enjoy the Military Hop?" I'd taken her only the Saturday before.

"I had a very nice time," she said, with the spirit of mischief in her eye.

I was staggered! If she intended asking me, and I was sure she would, she certainly had missed a good opportunity to do so. I was most willing to make it as easy as possible for her, but she didn't appear to appreciate my efforts. Nor was she the least bit nervous—not at all as I was when I asked her before.

A little while later I made another big opening for her to bring on the question, but she seemed not to notice it; she kept right on talking as unconcerned as you please. Nevertheless I consoled myself that she'd ask me just before I should leave. How the time did drag! The Library Hall clock struck ten at last, however, and I rose looking expectantly at Mayme.

"Good night," she answered sweetly as I drew aside the portiere, but she did not accompany me to the door as usual. Was she laughing? Down the hall I stalked noisily, feeling

very much injured; out on the walk I found myself waiting for a car; but I didn't want to ride home to-night—I wanted to cool off, so I started to walk. "No Leap Year Party for me," I thought grimly. "That settles things between us, Miss Mayme."

The next morning George approached me with a smile and asked me first thing if I was going.

"No," I growled.

I must have scared him; he looked perplexed but refrained from asking any other questions.

In the afternoon the postman brought me a note requesting the pleasure of my company, but Mayme's signature did not appear under it; of course I accepted at once. As I sealed the answer I thought to myself "I'll teach Mayme to make a fool of me."

"With whom is Mayme here to-night?" I asked George at supper the night of the party—I hadn't seen her yet.

"Have you danced with her?" George inquired.

"No; and I don't intend to either." Shortly.

I had a two-step with Bess, but she was decidedly frigid toward me, and as she didn't volunteer any information regarding Mayme, I didn't consider it safe to take the initiative. George said she had intended asking me; she hadn't asked me though. The question was whom did she ask? I was inquisitive regarding the identity of my successful rival.

George and I walked home from church together the next evening.

"Say, old fellow, someone I know feels pretty sore to-day," he said.

"Get out,—I'm not the least bit angry with her," I refuted elaborately; "she didn't have to ask me if she didn't want to; she has a perfect right to go with whomever she chooses."

George laughed; "I didn't mean you—Mayme; Bess told me. She didn't ask you Monday because you came there so big and confident that she thought she'd punish you a little, make you come off your high horse, you know. Don't

you ever tell her about this, or Bess'd never speak to me again. But her game didn't work out as she expected. Someone else got ahead of her—and she stayed at home.”

*Walter L. W. Distelhorst.*

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## THE TURTLE OF FORTUNE

Billy pushed his hat back from his face and rubbed the hitching post with the toe of his shoe; this showed his mother in the pantry window that he was thinking. Then he pulled his hat over his face and dug in the earth with his heel, and the pantry window knew that Billy was determined for some reason or other; and when he leaned against the post with his hands deep in his pockets, and studied his feet, it was the pantry window that seemed to ejaculate. “Gracious! what's he up to now? Beat's all how that boy's like his Grandpa Peters. I just know he's going to do something.”

But Billy was not impersonating Grandpa Peters for the benefit of the pantry window. He was a small boy with a big grievance, and a grievance does not, as a rule, make a small boy inactive, accordingly seven-year-old Billy picked up the handle of his seven-day-old cart and started. “Going to Johnnie Sawyer's I guess,” the pantry window mused. “Well, let Mrs. Sawyer watch 'im a spell,” and with that the pantry window lost its animating spirit.

Billy did not go to Johnnie Sawyer's. He rattled down the alley, across the vacant lot occupied only by old Kirby's cow. That way he need not pass the billboards with the circus pictures on them, for Billy didn't like to pass the boards as it made him think that it took twenty-five cents to go to the performance, while he had only the five cents he got for piling the widow Cady's wood, and the one, two, three cents he had saved from Sunday school.

Billy reached the river and sat down on the bank, his feet almost in the water. There was a splash; Billy jumped; an-

other, and he was tugging at his shoes; a third, but this time it was Billy not a leap-frog, that struck the water. A stick was poking among the rushes. If he could get a dozen frog's legs he would get five cents cents for them at the hotel. The summer folks liked them awfully well. Billy went up on the bank with a sharp stone in his hand and turned his wagon bottom side up, that he might estimate on it how many frog's legs he would have to get to go to the circus.

"Five cents and five cents is ten cents; and eight cents is eighteen cents; and five cents is twenty-three cents; and five cents is twenty-eight cents." Billy had a line of hieroglyphics scratched on the grey paint, "One, two, three, four dozen frog's legs; and then three cents for somethin.'" Billy lay down to think of what he would buy with the three cents. "Lem'nade costs five cents, popcorn goes so quick; lickrish's like medicine; peanuts make you so dry." Billy shut his eyes that he might think more easily, and then he imagined that the birds in the trees were a band; that the frogs were roaring tigers and lions, and that the rippling of the river was the thunder of a great chariot race.

Billy's eyes felt queer, he rubbed them a little. It was queer too that the sun was in a straight line with the crooked tree, the place for it when it was almost supper time. He had not been there long, not long enough to think over half the circus, or spend the three cents or get the frog's legs.

At the thought of the frog's legs Billy's heart sank but its drop was stopped by the sight of something crawling up the bank. "By cracky!" said Billy, "By the great cracky!" That was what Grandpa Peters said. "This is the golbiggest turtle I ever saw." Billy slid to one side that he might watch it. "Wonder if it's a soup-turtle. Wonder if summer folks like soup turtles." "By the great Ceasar's cracky!" Grandpa Peters always said that when he didn't know just what to do. "How can I get 'im?"—"If I can get 'im in my cart."

It wasn't easy but Billy did it. It wasn't fun to keep the turtle in the wagon, but he did that too; it wasn't nice to

drag him to the hotel, but Billy wouldn't waste him now, and then it wasn't like a man, but he couldn't help crying when they said they didn't want the big thing.

Billy rubbed his eyes for the second time that afternoon, and this time he punctuated the rubs with wipes. It was just when he reached a regular old semicolon of a wipe that he heard some one say: "Ho boy! what are you going to do with your turtle?"

"Don't know," replied Billy, from behind two fists, and a confusion of blouse sleeves.

"What were you going te do with him?"

"I thought he was a good soup-turtle; I thought I'd sell 'im to go to the circus."

The man lifted the coat and surveyed the turtle in its entirety; then he said: "He's a very graceful turtle, he'd do to teach all the young turtles how to dance, he's too good for soup. If you'll sell him to me, I'll give you a quarter, and if you'll deliver him at the river, I'll give you a quarter more."

It took Billy some time to really know just what was expected, and more time to fulfill his part of the bargain, for he stopped to gaze upon all the billboards, jingling the two quarters in his pockets, so that it was dusk before he heard from the pantry window. "Here you are late again, just like your Grandpa Peters."

It was not until the next night when Billy went to bed with a vision of races, and tigers and lions before him, and a queer feeling in his stomach, that he was really certain that his dream of the circus had come true.

—M. C. R.

## A MATERIALIZED SEQUEL

"Oh," groaned the medium.

Mrs. Peasley, with eyes bent on the little black curtained corner, groaned in sympathy.

"Sh-h-h!" hissed someone from the chair behind.

The little sparks of light, which had first shown dimly behind the extemporized cabinet, had become brighter and more defined until now instead of indistinct flames, one could see that they were in the shapes of a man and a woman.

The medium said nothing but groaned again while his head sank limply between his hands.

"I—I can't—do nothing else," he gasped, "anyways not just now. I'm exhausted. They'll have to wait before I dematerialize 'em. I—feel as if—I—was agoing to—," and the medium tumbled over, very much like an ordinary person, to be carried out by Mr. Peasley.

The curtain fluttered and amid a profound hush the woman stepped haughtily out followed by the man. They were young both of them and for all one might see they were as purely flesh and blood as the rotund Mrs. Peasley herself.

"Ain't that just sublime!" grasped Mrs. Peasley as she hurried out through the door to the kitchen.

A woman in black spoke first.

"Tell me about Henry," she cried. "Do you know him, either of you? He's tall and dark and he's my husband and went over to the other life about six months ago. Is he happy? O, tell me about him—tell me about him!"

The girl spoke, a little hesitatingly, but in a rich clear golden voice that made one think of a bell far off.

"No, I—don't believe I've met him and you see the spirit world is so different that its hard to say just what is happiness and what isn't."

She looked around, then, for the first time, glanced at the man beside her. As their eyes met they started. The little group in the room stared at the two wonderingly.

"Entertain 'em till I come in," said Mrs. Peasley popping her head in from the kitchen.

The girl turned to her imploringly.

"Please, please, whoever you are, please ask them all to go out for a moment—just a moment—I, that is—we aren't used to being looked at this way and—and being in the flesh again."

Mrs. Peasley stared open-mouthed and the little group in the chairs murmured with dissatisfaction. But a glance at the girl's imploring face made all the motherly instincts grow warm in her heart.

"Why, of course. Now all you people come out in the other room. No wonder they want to be alone. They're prob'ly real nervous after having the accident happen to the mejum. You just come out here, all of you, into the kitchen."

The girl turned to the man.

Except for a dozen chairs ranged in two semicircles the little rag-carpeted parlor was emptied now and the door in the kitchen was shut.

"So it's you!"

She laughed with a note of pleasure in her voice.

"Correct. You always were observing and you are here also, 'in the flesh,' as our friends have it."

"So it's really you—Jack—really you. It's so good to see you again only its so queer to—"

They broke out laughing together.

"To see ourselves in a little two by four parlor materialized by a man who says, 'I done' and 'I seen' and talks about 'the sperrit,'" he finished.

She sank down in a chair.

"But it is strange to see you here. Don't you miss your cigar and your cocktail and your den. On my word I think you are more out of place than I."

"Not a bit of it," he said cheerily. "But—a—I thought I'd seen you for the last time in tangible existence when we said goodby that afternoon."

"I don't remember that we said goodbye."

"N-no, on thinking it over I don't believe we did."

"We simply left each other."

"Still, Marjorie, looking it over calmly and dispassionately you will admit that you were—well—unpleasant."

"Jack, I was nothing of the sort. I was kind but firm. I merely stated my position on the subject of the Giddings woman."

"But it was so absurd. I didn't care for Miss Giddings."

"You pretended to."

"Yes, but you pretended to care for Jack Templeton and a lot more. I didn't say anything about it until that afternoon."

"A man ought not to be jealous."

"I wasn't."

"Then you're a capital mimic."

They looked at each other until he spoke.

"Why didn't you write?"

"Why didn't *you* write. You should have made up first. Besides you were away where interesting things happened and I wasn't. At least you could have let me know when you died. That would have been only common politeness."

"Don't be ridiculous, Marjorie. If you'd ever died yourself you—a—," he stopped suddenly. "Really it's very stupid of me not to notice it before, but you are dead, too, aren't you? You've looked so substantial that I never thought of it until this very moment. Are congratulations in order?"

"For the bereaved relatives—yes."

She smiled at him as she added:

"And you, now that I think of it, I never heard that you had 'crossed over,' as our friends say."

"Strange! It must have been in all the papers."

"I didn't see it. What did you die of?"

"Ostensibly it was the fever. We were in a dirty little port in Argentine, and somehow the fever came aboard. It



wasn't a very bad fever. Only three of the men had it besides myself and they got well."

"And you?"

"I lingered along for a couple of weeks and then the doctor said that the trouble with me was not so much the fever, as the fact that I didn't seem to have a single interest in life. I felt that was true—quite true—so I died.

"Exactly like me. Yes, mine was a cold. I caught it at a picnic the day after you left, and it kept on and kept on, and grew worse until the doctor said he thought I would be all right if I only had something to interest me. I tried very hard, but I really couldn't find anything so I died."

"Marjorie!"

"But when did your—a—demise take place?"

"The eighth of September."

"Why, Jack, so was mine and to think we never knew. But I supposed you were getting long letters every day from that Giddings woman."

"And I supposed you were solacing yourself with Billy Templeton and others."

"And we weren't."

"And we weren't."

"Didn't the Giddings woman ever enter into your existence?"

"She wasn't even a quarter-mile-stone. And Billy Templeton?"

"He never caused a ripple in my quiet life."

"Marjorie, are you telling an untruth to the dear departed?"

"Indeed I'm not." She rose to her feet indignantly.

"Well, I am surprised."

"And, Jack, when I was waiting for you to write, you were sitting on the after deck or somewhere thinking of me?"

"That was my invariable custom."

"Until now—"

"We're dead, Marjorie."

“Ridiculous.”

“And so you died of love. Don't try to get around it. You did.”

“But you did too. Just exactly as much.”

“But I needn't have done it, your know, if I hadn't wanted to.”

“Neither need I.”

“But you did though.”

“So did you.”

“Marjorie, you romantic little thing!”

“Jack!”

“Marjie!”

“Suppose we hadn't found each other, and suppose you had gone wandering around space till you met that Giddings woman—who will die some day of over-eating—and suppose you had suddenly discovered that there was an affinity between you and had gone off with her through the Fourth Dimension.”

“It's too horrible to contemplate. Marjorie!”

“Jack!”

“Suppose you hadn't been materialized this afternoon and you had waited about until you had met Billy Templeton and had gone with him and listened through centuries after centuries of asinine witticisms.”

“Don't make me think of it.”

“Marjorie, don't you believe you were the least little bit to blame that afternoon. Just a little bit of a bit?”

“Yes, but—

“I know I was to blame the more.”

“Jacky it was all my fault.”

“How can you say that, Marjie? It was mine. I acted like a perfect—”

She put her hand over his mouth to stop him as Mrs. Peasley smiled her way into the room.

“Would you like to see the folks now? The mejum's all right and he says he'll send you back in the sperrit in no time



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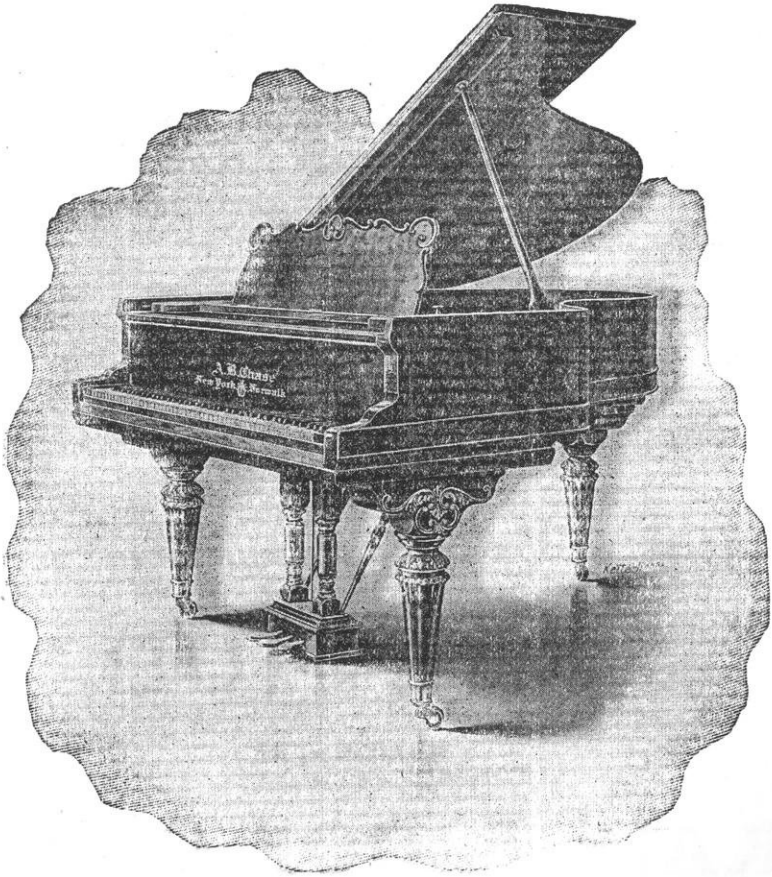
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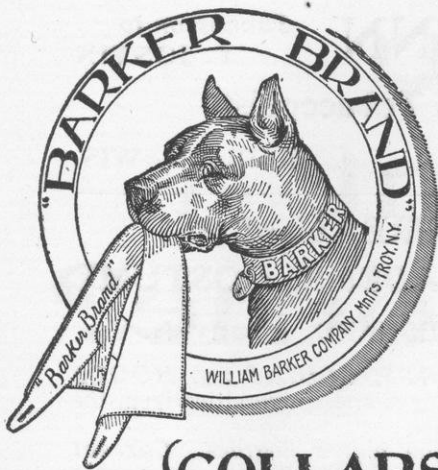
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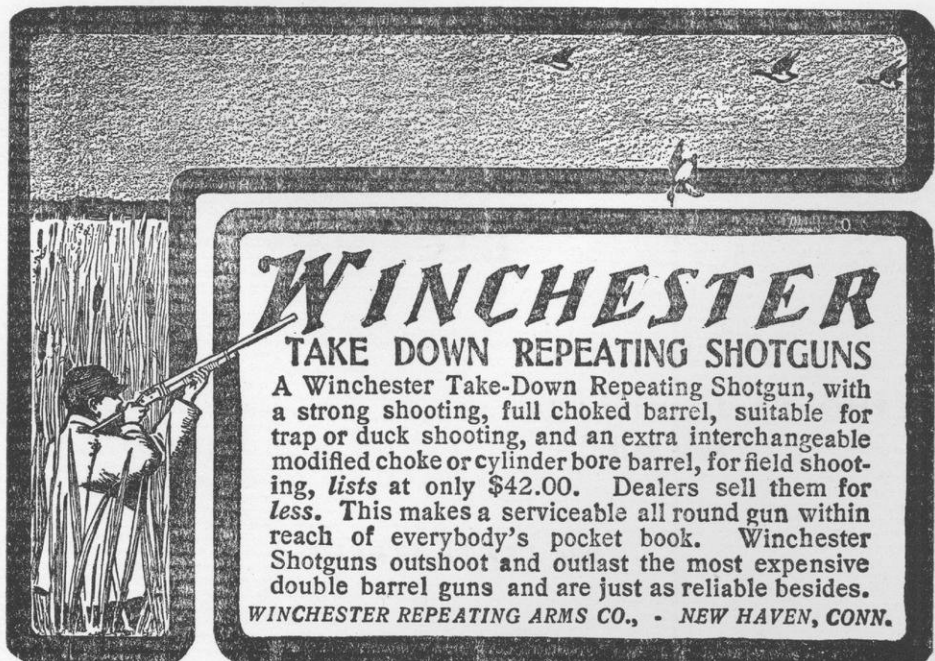
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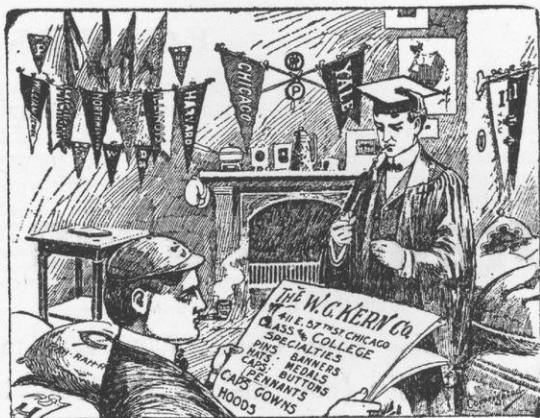
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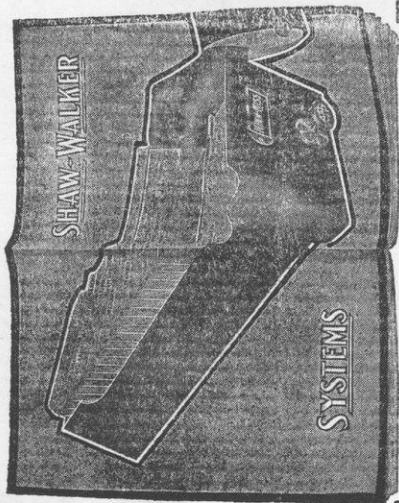
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