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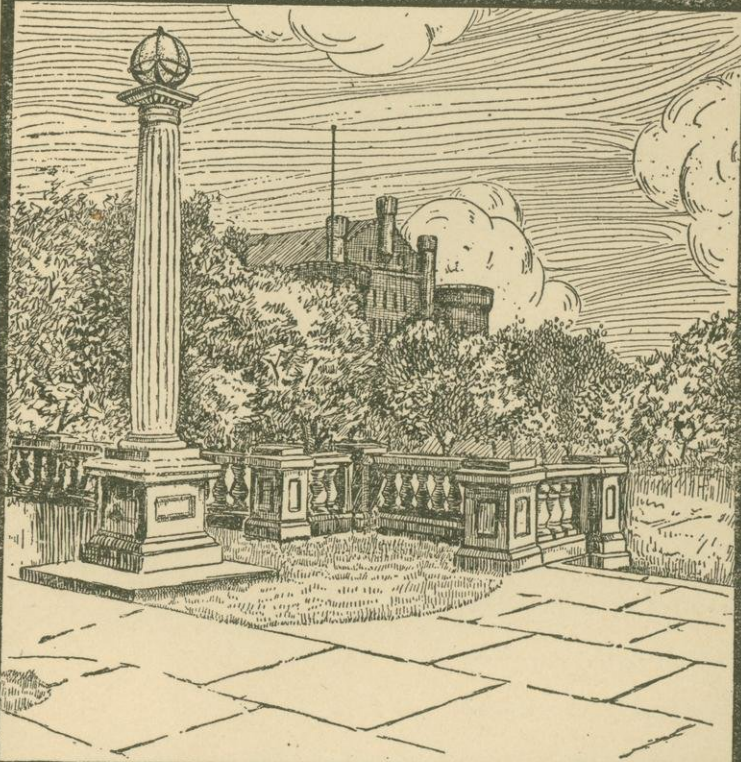
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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY & MAGAZINE



EVANS & OYSTER

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Vol. IV

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

No. 8

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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## CONTENTS

Colonel Charles A. Curtis— <i>Professor J. C. Freeman</i>	- -	225
Full Payment— <i>E. F. Curtis</i>	- - - -	227
Virginibus Puerisque (verse)— <i>George Norton Northrop</i>	- -	229
The Diary of a Crush— <i>Cora Case Hinckley</i>	- - -	230
Hypocrisy (verse)— <i>W. A. Buchen</i>	- - - -	233
Casey Outdone— <i>Richard A. Schmidt</i>	- - - -	234
The Race Unrun— <i>Edith Swenson</i>	- - - -	237
A Lullaby (verse)— <i>Katherine Hall</i>	- - - -	243
His Word of Honor— <i>Ernst Jung</i>	- - - -	244
My First Love— <i>Hazel Straight</i>	- - - -	246
The Three— <i>Mabel Kalmbach</i>	- - - -	247
Mrs. Blake on Critters and Folks— <i>Alice L. Webb</i>	- -	250
On a Rainy Night— <i>O. C. Smithers</i>	- - - -	251
When the Gods are Denied— <i>Irving Schaus</i>	- - -	254
Editorials	- - - -	255

THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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**COLONEL CHARLES A. CURTIS.**

PROFESSOR J. C. FREEMAN.

On May 26th the University public heard with regret of the passing of Colonel Curtis. In April he suffered a serious attack of pneumonia. After five weeks he was thought to have recovered sufficiently to be removed from the city hospital to his residence. But an intestinal trouble of long standing took occasion of his low vitality to develop with rapidity and with fatal result.

A military funeral was held from his home on Monday, the 27th. The pall bearers were the field officers of the University Regiment. The regiment in six companies preceded the hearse, the band playing in soft and subdued tones a funeral hymn. The carriage of the chaplain was followed by Fairchild Post of the veterans of the Grand Army on foot. The battalion in column of platoons seemed to fill half the length of State street. It was an impressive sight. The colonel was a member of the Grand Army and of the Vermont Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

He was born in Maine in 1835. His ancestors were among the early settlers of that state. From Revolutionary times to the present they had been active in military affairs. The colonel was a graduate of Bowdoin with the class of 1861, and previous to his college career had received training in the Vermont Military Institute in the same class with George Dewey, afterwards admiral and the hero of Manila. The State of Maine utilized his military knowledge in instructing the officers of the first Maine regiments. President Lincoln



commissioned him second lieutenant in the Fifth Regular Infantry. He served in the Peninsular and Antietam campaigns, and after 1863 on the frontier against Indian hostilities. He attained his captaincy in 1865, and in 1870 went on the retired list. Since that date he has been continuously occupied as military instructor and commandant in various public institutions, such as Shattuck (Minnesota), Home (Indiana), Kenyon (Ohio) and East Florida Military Academies, and the Universities of Vermont and Wisconsin. In 1899 he was appointed colonel in the Wisconsin National Guard. Since that time he has been commandant of the University regiment, and without doubt has been the most successful administrator of that difficult department that the University has ever had. West Point officers have undertaken the duty with high ideas of military authority, but without insight into differences of character and without much tact in handling subordinates. It is no doubt true that the manner which would be suitable for the rank and file of the United States army should be modified in dealing with University students. There has been very little friction in the military department during the unusually long term of his administration.

His demeanor was characterized by the calm and reserve which belongs to officers of the regular army. He did not mingle largely in social affairs, but when not busied with the duties of his department to which he devoted himself without stint, he was occupied with literary work, military history and fiction.

Personally I felt indebted to him, for whenever I was to speak in the vicinity of Madison on civil war topics, I noticed that the colonel was always present. Doubtless the administration of the University scarcely expect that the military department will be administered for so long a time and with so little friction as has been the case with Colonel Curtis. Certainly the members of the University, whether graduates or undergraduates have heard with a pang of regret of the passing of that unruffled, kindly, upright character, and those who came in closest touch with him feel that they have lost a friend.

**FULL PAYMENT.**

E. F. CURTIS.

Late in an afternoon of October the warden of the county jail stood smoking in the doorway of his office. In the wide street of the little southern town quiet reigned. Two dogs were wrangling happily over a bone; further along a crowd of boys were playing ball.

A keeper came out and stood beside the warden, who paid him no attention. The old man coughed and touched his superior on the arm.

“Th’ man in numbah 97 wants t’see you all.”

“What’s he want now?” asked the warden. “He’s allers after sumthin. Does he think I ain’t got nuthin ter do but run arrants fer him?”

“I dunno,” said the old man.

“Well, I ain’t goin up there. You bring him down here. I don’t reckon he’ll get away.”

The keeper slouched away and returned a few minutes later with the prisoner. He was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with an awkward carriage and uncouth visage. He stood nervously before the warden fumbling a torn cap in his hands.

“Well, what’s your name?” asked the warden.

“Wilbur Rawlins,” said the man, with a slow drawl. “I got kotched fer runnin’ a still,” he added. “Twan’t mine,” he went on, after a pause.

“Oh, I ain’t th’ jedge,” said the warden, cheerfully. “Whut you want with me?”

The man was silent. He rubbed one bare foot over the other slowly, and then scratched his ear.

“Come, come, young feller,” said the warden, not unkindly. “Ye sent word that ye wanted ter see me. Wall, now ye see me. Whut ye want with me?”

“I gotter go home fer a couple o’ days.”

“You gotter go home?” said the warden. “Young feller,

this ain't no boardin' house. You gotter stay right here till you're tried."

"Kain't ye let me go?" pleaded the prisoner. "I'll swar I'll come back heah."

"Can't do it," said the warden. "They's no use askin' me. I tell ye I can't do it."

"I ain't got nuthin but a mewel," urged the prisoner. "Ye're welcome to that ef you all'll lemme go."

The warden smiled grimly. "I couldn't let ye go ef ye offered me a thousin' dollars," he said. "What'je wanter go fer, any way?" he added.

"Mah little gal's all alone up th' mountain," said the prisoner, "an' they ain't no neighbah ter come ter her, and they's a babby comin', an I gotter be thar—God, man, ye can't let her be thar alone at a time like that! Cain't yer see I jess natchelly gotter be thar?"

"Can't be did, not fer a minit," said the warden. "Ye jest be comforted in the Lord and go back ter yer cell. Everything 'll be all right.

"I gotter go, an' I'm goin'," said the prisoner, defiantly, as he turned away.

Next morning they found old Tom, the keeper, dead in the corridor, and the mild prisoner of 97 gone. A posse was formed, with the grim sheriff at the head, and a pair of blood-hounds tugging at the rear. The warden would have none of them, for they were hunting a human being, and to a human being belongs a soul.

High up on Old Chet they found the cabin of the murderer. With nervous hands fingering their rifle bolts, they pushed softly in and paused on the threshold.

The western sun shone full upon a bowed figure in the farther corner of the room. Nearby, on a rude rush couch, lay the dead bodies of a woman and her child. The figure in the corner looked up dully at the startled posse.

"Mighty sorry I had ter kill Tom," he said slowly, "but I was jes natchelly obleeged ter come home."

“VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.”

GEORGE NORTON NORTROP.

Now while the morning glows with hope  
And the pulse of life beats high,  
Unbar thy heart, increase the scope  
Of ear and hand and eye.

The gates that bound the soul fling wide  
To the gleaming hosts of day;  
As a bridegroom welcomes his coming bride  
Greet thou in glad array.

The sons of the morning who sing in cheer  
A hymn of strength for thy need:  
And cast brave eyes at the brood of Fear  
And cheat them in their greed.

Nor drink, content with ancient wit,  
Old Learning's anodyne,  
Unless the spirit quicken it  
With Understanding's wine.

And so, when night draws darkness round  
And the gloom of years hangs low,  
Thy soul may shine undimmed and sound  
In self sufficing glow.

For only the ageless beam of Truth  
Burning intense within  
Can keep the sacredness of Youth  
And rout enfeebling sin.

And only the spirit of Youth can live  
To thwart enshrouding fears;  
Only the child in man can give  
Victory o'er the years.



**THE DIARY OF A CRUSH,**

CORA CASE HINCKLEY.

*Sunday, March 8—*

Ann had a little chafing-dish stunt tonight, and I met the crush of my life—just my ideal, tall, dark, musical, catches onto jokes easily, and, above all, literary. He was terribly nice to me—only he's Ann's high particular, and, of course, he couldn't talk to me very much. But when Ann was out fixing the sandwiches, and the rest of the people were fussing around in the dining room, he and I were alone in the library, and he played and sang all the things that I like best. When he sang "Just A-wearying for You," it was all up with me, and he must have known how I felt. Wish I were stoical like Bess.

*Sunday, March 8.*

Was at Ann's tonight—met several new people—one little girl was a peach—knew a whole string of jokes, and likes to sing, too—don't believe Ann likes her very well—sort of looks daggers at her. Ann and I never like the same people.

*Tuesday, March 10.*

All day yesterday I didn't see the "Myth" once, but today I saw him at the libe—guess he didn't see me, though I walked down to the dictionary table six times at least. He looked simply great—the girls say he's the best dressed fellow on the Hill. Guess I'll plan some way of having him over—trouble is I wouldn't have him know I was rushing him for worlds. Perhaps I can get Bess to have him out to her house—she knows a lot of his fellows and could do it all right. Somehow or other Tom seems so different from the

"Myth," he walked home with me last night, and I couldn't think of a thing to talk about. He asked me to go to "Checkers" next Friday. Poor Tom, he spends so much money on me—sometimes I don't think I ought to let him do it—but what's the use of worrying—he gets as much fun out of it as I do, and he might as well take me as some other girl. Wish he wasn't quite so nice to me, think I'd appreciate him more if he didn't always agree with me.

*Tuesday, March 10.*

Saw her again today at the libe, but not to speak to; she was up by the Polly Con books, while I was hovering over the Psychology shelves. Guess I'll ring her up some time. Telephone's a great thing; you can say lots of things over the wire that you wouldn't to a person's face.

*Thursday, March 12.*

Just my luck! The "Myth" called me up tonight and asked me to go to "Checkers" tomorrow night. I know he'll never ask me to another place. I was just fussed to death when I had to tell him I was going. I almost hate Tom.

*Thursday, March 12.*

Tonight I got my nerve up and asked her to go to the show. She turned me down, of course—said she was so sorry, and a lot more rot—and hoped I'd be sure and call some time. Guess I'll get Ann to go, providing she is over her grouch.

*Saturday, March 14.*

Went to the hop tonight—had a perfectly beastly time; the floor was like a corduroy road, the music like a funeral dirge, and I had to sit out two dances—humiliated was no name for it. But what made me feel the worst was that the "Myth" call me up about 6 and asked me to go to it. I was simply dead to go with him, but I'd been asked about a month ago, and, of course, I couldn't break my date. I just

know he'll think I'm trying to turn him down, and here I'm just eating my heart out for him.

*Saturday, March 14.*

Foiled again! I asked her, like a fool, to go to the hop tonight—might have known she'd have a date—went anyway, got a bag of peanuts and squandered my little dime for a gallery seat. She dances awfully well—must have been an It that had her, tho'—let her sit out two dances. Guess there isn't need of my wasting my sympathy on her, tho'—it's easy to see she's not for me.

*Sunday, March 15.*

Sat around all day, hoping the "Myth" would call me up—even refused a bid to go down to Keeley's to supper with Hal Marson. But he didn't call me up. The more I see him the nicer I think he is, though Bess says the fellows all just swear by him. He's a senior too—guess I'll have to plan a regular spring campaign.

*Sunday, March 15.*

Wanted to call my girl up all day, but I'll be jiggered if I'll get turned down again. Bagley says she's a regular little flirt—but I like her any way—but what's the use of playing in a one-sided game.

*Sunday, March 22.*

Havn't heard from the "Myth" all week—have passed him several times on the hill, and he speaks just as if I were the merest acquaintance. Oh! dear, how sad is unrequited love! I wish I'd never come to the University; a place like Smith would be much better for the heart. Tom was over tonight. I was bored to death.

*Sunday, March 22.*

Guess I can keep to my promise, haven't called her up for a week, though I've wanted to very much. Anyway she's

a peach, but I guess some other fellow has picked my peach this time. She's the cleverest girl I've met here at the varsity, but you bet I'm not going to think anything more about her. Ann 'll have to be good enough for me. But you can bet Ann can't come within forty rods of her.

*Sunday, March 29.*

It's all up; it's no use trying to make him like me. Bernard Shaw says any woman who's the least bit attractive can get any man she wants to, but I guess Shaw's wrong, or else I'm not a speck attractive. I'd rather have the "Myth" nice to me than any other fellow in college, and I've just fallen all over myself to speak to him nicely and to show him I cared for him. But it's no use. Guess Ann's got too strong a hold on him anyway. I was a fool to think he'd ever care for me. Tom was over tonight; had quite a nice time; he's gotten a new suit and a purple tie!! Sport!

*Sunday, March 29.*

Another week's passed and I haven't called her up—now it'll be easy sailing. *Guess I'll know it before I get another crush.* That Sunday at Ann's I could have sworn she liked me, but evidently she just thought I was an easy mark. After this my motto'll be—

"Don't trust a woman, even when she's dead."

Guess I'll run over to Ann's a few minutes.



**H**e warmed the souls of men with many smiles  
**Y**et never loved them in his heart of hearts,  
**P**leasant his eyes 'though full of priestly wiles,  
**O**aths were his tools and churches were his marts.  
**C**urses he blest and blessings were his curse;  
**R**obes grandly hid his form in glittering fold,  
**I**n all things he relied on tongue and purse—  
**S**ome thought him Faith and many used his gold,  
**Y**et 'neath his robes were worms and bones and dust.

W. A. BUCHEN.

## CASEY OUTDONE.

RICHARD A. SCHMIDT.

We were sitting around our little coal stove one evening last November. There was a brisk fire burning and it was mighty comfortable. It was too cold on the front porch for Burnam and too cold "on the square" for Jackson, while the rest of us always remained at home Saturday nights anyway. Frawly was lying flat on his back on the couch, my favorite cushion under his head, his old pipe in his mouth and that ecstatic look in his eyes which every engineer gets when smoking "Duke's." The fellows were talking baseball. The "Sox" had but recently won the World's Championship, and Roberts, who had witnessed several of the games, was giving us some of the exciting details. "I tell you that steal home was the prettiest piece of baseball I've ever seen in my life," he said. "He tore down the third base line like a cyclone and slid home before the crowd began to realize what was going on."

"Shut up, Freshy," drawled Frawley, lazily. "What t'ell do you know about baseball? I saw a man last summer who had never played a game before in his life steal first, second, third, and home, when the bases were full, two men out, the last of the ninth, and three runs needed to win. They pull off stunts every day 'mongst the stumps up in Brush County that you sports in Chicago never dream of."

"Let's hear that yarn, Frawley," came from the bunch at once. "More tobacco please," answered Frawley. The desired tobacco was immediately forthcoming and the fellows settled themselves in their chairs, for Frawley, when feeling comfortable, could tell the most plausible lies of any one in the bunch.

"It happened thusly," began Frawley. "I was up in

Woodville surveying on the new railroad daytimes and getting acquainted with the natives evenings. There were a couple of other Varsity fellows in the gang, and among them was Kearney, of the baseball team. We stayed at a dandy boarding house. The inmates thereof numbered about fifteen, and they were the finest bunch of fellows I've ever met up with anywhere, present company not excepted. Kearney had to play baseball or he'd die; so he organized us into a baseball team and proceeded to challenge each and every organization of a like character for some leagues around. He offered to play anyone and everyone for fun or money. We played a game or two, and won so easily that we got swelled heads about it and began to talk big around the place. There was another boarding house in town which numbered among its patrons several old-time baseball players. They raised a bunch of money, got a team together and offered to skin us for \$50, the gate receipts to go to charity. The game was to be played on July 4th, and we were to play no one on our team except fellows from our boarding house. We accepted with glee, and promptly made extensive plans for spending the \$50.

"I'll pass over most of that game on the grounds that it is 'incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.' Some of our fellows spent the day out of town, and we had to run in some new men. One of them was Dutchy, 'The Lajoie of Woodville.' Dutchy was possessed of an unpronounceable German name, a short, stocky frame, a round, good-natured face, a liking for lager and an ignorance of the great American game which was deep and profound. Kearney put Dutchy in at centre field, because the only way Dutch could stop a ball was to let it hit him. Dutch soon showed an alarming weakness with the stick, striking out three times out of three times up.

"We came to bat in the last half of the ninth with the score nine to seven in their favor. We thought we were licked, but we reckoned without Dutchy. Two were down when Meyers got his first hit of the day. Kearney waited

for four wide ones and walked. The mighty Dutchy then strode to the plate. He had a look of good-natured content on his face, for he had been reliably informed that the game was almost over and that this would be the last time that he would have to do his 'mighty Casey stunt.' The pitcher was wild and hit Dutchy in the ribs despite his frantic efforts to dodge. In answer to our instructions Dutch went to first. I guess he had been a close student of the game that day, and having seen runners, after reaching first, go to second, several times during the game, he figured that to be the proper stunt for him, and he started for second on the first ball pitched. Every one yelled like mad. Kearney was almost crazy. Dutchy kept on running, and when, to give the other fellows on base a chance to score if possible, I yelled at the catcher, 'put it second,' blamed if the catcher didn't lose his head and fire it down there and way over the second baseman's head at that. It went by their center-fielder and rolled into a pond that happened to be back of him. While he was trying to get it out with a stick, Meyers and Kearney came home with the tying runs and then we turned our attention to Dutchy. Dutch was roosting on second, watching proceedings with great interest. I ran out on the field and induced him to steal third, which he did, amidst great enthusiasm. The center-fielder was still trying to reach the ball with a stick. Dutch by this time was seized by the general excitement, and thinking, probably, that he was already criminally liable for the theft of two bases and might just as well get the rest of them, stole home, and then amidst the greatest cheering and shouting ever heard on an American diamond, this scion of old Germany stole first, sliding in the last ten feet on his stomach. He would be stealing bases yet if his modesty and his friends had not stopped him.

"The population of Woodville escorted Dutchy down to the 'Senate,' where he consumed large quantities of liquor to commemorate the event. We persuaded him to retire from the diamond and rest securely on his reputation. Dutch wasn't much with the stick, but he was a terror on the bases."



**"THE RACE UNRUN."**

EDITH SWENSON.

"Going to the Zeta formal?" asked Nan, as she laid down her pen and collected the notes which were scattered about on the table and on nearby chairs.

"No," replied Jean from among her pillows.

"'Polly' Penfield still in training?"

"Certainly he's in training! The big meet with Chicago is only a week off and he's the best now on the team!" and Jean's eyes flashed.

"Oh, well, you needn't get up on your ear that way, my love; I was merely asking for information."

"Well, you've got it!" and Jean resumed her reading of 'Edges.'

Nan glanced at her with the faintest of smiles, then asked petulantly:

"Why in the world are fellows so old maidish about their everlasting training? They're a good sight fussier about what they eat, and more afraid of getting 'stale' than any old maid of my acquaintance! I actually believe if it came to a question of a choice between breaking their necks and their training, they'd break their necks, and be glad to do it!"

"Well, I reckon they have to be careful. Besides it's good for 'em. Keeps them out of mischief," and Jean laid her book aside, stretching her pretty arms over her head, and sighing contentedly.

"Wouldn't it be grand," pursued her tormenter, "if a fellow really cared enough for a girl to break training for her?"

"No. I should despise a fellow who would be weak enough to break training and disappoint his team, his trainer, and his college, just for a girl!" Jean sat up with unexpected energy.

"Just the same I think if a fellow sure enough cared for a girl he'd do anything for her."

"He wouldn't be much of a fellow if he did. After all a girl's only a girl!"

"Ah, of course, I never thought Pol Penfield would break training to take you to the Zeta dance! He's too conceited and has an idea the team wouldn't be, if it weren't for him."

"He's not conceited a bit. If he were I wouldn't blame him for he's the finest and best looking fellow in college, and I admire him more than any fellow I have ever known. He's certainly always been mighty fine to me."

"Sure, he was all winter, but now he turns you down for these miserable races!"

"I bet he'd take me to their formal in a minute, if he knew none of the other fellows had asked me! It's a week off yet."

"Yes, it's on Friday. But the meet is on Saturday, and of course he's the best man on the team!"

Jean sat very still for some time, Nan watching her smilingly, for she knew Jean's great weakness for a good time. She also knew the Zeta formal was the present thorn in Jean's side. Then Jean looked up at Nan, and said quietly:

"I bet you I'll go to the Zeta formal with Pol Penfield."

"All right. What will you make it?"

"Whatever you want."

"Make it party gloves. I always need 'em, and I would like a new pair for the Zeta dance," and Nan departed for the "Libe," whistling merrily.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pol Penfield swung along State street on his way to the Gym, and little thought that he was the most conspicuous figure in the block. He was six feet one, with a lightness and development of muscle that seldom go with a great height; with a claret-and-honey complexion mixed of life-long cosmetics of sun and wind and rain and beefsteak and exercise; with clear blue eyes, and a shining head of thick,

straight, yellow hair. He was a very handsome youngster, indeed.

But Pol, as he put yard after yard behind him, was pondering two deep problems. They were these: Whether, without getting "stale," he might add a mile more a day to his running practice, and whether or not he ought to break training, just for one night, and take Jean to their spring formal. Next to lowering the world's record for a mile, he wanted more than anything to take Jean to this dance. She was undoubtedly the finest girl in college, and she had on several occasions been decidedly "white" to him and to his fraternity in general. Besides, his roommate, Billy Scribner, had been getting rather too "strong" in that direction to quite please Polly.

Up the Gym stairs sprang Polly, clearing the three in a jump. He entered the big bare locker-room, throwing a smiling word or two to other young fellows in various stages of undress, and sticking his fingers into first one and then another of his many pockets, as he went. In front of his own locker he stopped and instituted a systematic research into the pockets, and then with an exclamation, looked about him helplessly.

"What's the matter Pol?" asked a bunch of muscles, who was pulling on some article of clothing closely resembling that which is worn by a doll while still in the shop.

"Why don't you get a hustle on?" continued Tom in the forcible manner of speech that is observed at seats of learning; "we're off in five minutes." It was early in April and the track team were being taken out for practice in the streets.

"I've left my locker key and I can't run in these duds. Haven't some of you fellows some togs I can take? Any old thing will do,"

"We'll find something," said a quiet voice behind him, as "Mac," the trainer, laid a kindly hand on Pol's shoulder. "I can't have you lose the run to-day. 'I'll fix you up. Come

over here. I'm afraid those trowsers are a bit short," said Mac as he studied the effect, when Pol had shot from one costume into the other.

"You're a sweet looking object, but never mind, you'll be lost in the bunch and you'll get your run."

In addition to the abbreviated blue and white striped trousers, Mac had unearthed from somewhere a yellow horror, which had once been an orange sweater. The sleeves had been cut far out on the shoulder, and the neck was a semi-decolleté effect around the boy's brawny throat. The result was a high grade of hideousness.

"Well, you are a sight!" was the greeting he got from Tom as he sauntered out into the hall.

But it was an unconscious Pol that jogged contentedly down Park street with the bunch. Suddenly as they slowed up a bit at a turn, Pol caught sight of a hat he knew. In all the long twenty-one years of his life this was the only hat that had interested him, and he was aware of a sudden thumping in his big chest as the red hat flashed by.

It may be that athletics and sentiment can not live together, but suddenly, in a bit of rough going, with a trip and a wrench, he fell. The boys looked back. There was a second of hesitation, a jolt in the steady composite jog, a word of concern, a quick inquiry or two. But Pol, sitting in the street and holding the injured foot in his hands, dismissed them peremptorily.

"Go along, it's all right. It's nothing; I can look after myself," and the movement, only half arrested, caught the swing again. Tom suggested over his shoulder, "Try running on your hands. You might do that better," and they were gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doctor had finished dressing Pol's injured foot, and had left that young man feeling easier physically. The thoughts are not so easily ministered to. He was beyond all doubt out of Saturday's meet. His own feelings, in the region of

his foot, told him that, as had the doctor. If Pol had been a girl, there would have been tears of pain and rage and disappointment in his eyes. But suddenly he almost smiled, and with the aid of a couple of freshmen, who were holding their own in a good-natured fight in the next room, he managed to get downstairs to the telephone. If he couldn't run on Saturday he could at least sit out dances with Jean on Friday, provided she had not been asked by Billy.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the night of the Zeta dance, Nan was standing in front of the long glass pulling on a pair of new white gloves. She glanced at the pillows, from among which Jean's curly head protruded.

"It's a shame to take these gloves, Jean. It was so easy! but I'm sorry, honey, that you're not going!"

"I'm not," and Jean smiled into "Edges."

"Anyway, you don't have to hate Pol. He evidently didn't think you worth breaking training for."

"No, evidently not."

"I met Billy uptown this afternoon, and he said Pol wouldn't be able to run tomorrow. It seems he hurt his foot, and they've been hoping he would be able to go into the meet, but I guess he can't. Isn't that pitiful, and he the best man on the team?"

"Jean dropped "Edges," and her curly head bobbed up rather suddenly. "When was he hurt?" she demanded.

"I don't know. Monday, I think. The day you saw him in that fearful yellow sweater you were telling about. I remember now that *was* the day, because Billy said he was dressed so awfully they wouldn't let him ride home in the car, and he had to walk from way past Camp Randall. It was the walking that did the business, I guess."

"I do hope he will get over it soon," and Jean lay back among her pillows.

After Nan had departed for the dance, escorted by Billy

Jean turned out the light, and being a girl, there were tears of rage and disappointment in her eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ ‘Then for a little while the whole world was still almost pausing, breathless, listening. A voice with a new note whispered: Maybe it’s not so bad being grown-up, after all.’ ”

“ ‘And the goblins?’ ”

“ ‘Oh they have gone to bed; Grown-ups bore them so. They’ll sleep till another little girl comes by;’ ” read Jean softly. Then she gently closed the blue covers of “Edges,” and looking up, met Pol’s eyes.

“Tell me Jean, why wouldn’t you go to the dance with me in April?”

“Tell me Pol, why you didn’t tell me you had hurt yourself, when you telephoned me and asked me to go?”

“You won’t be offended?”

Jean shook her head.

“Well, I was afraid you would think I only asked you because I found I couldn’t run.”

“If you had told me you wouldn’t be able to run in the meet, then I would have gone with you,” and Jean paddled listlessly.

“Well, but why didn’t you come, anyway?”

“Because I didn’t want to hate you, Pol.”

“Hate me?”

“Yes. You see, I thought you were going to break training and dance.”

“But where does the hating come it?”

“Why, you see, I had a bet with Nan.”

“What was it?”

“You won’t be offended?”

“Of course not, Jean.”

“Well, I bet I could make you break training to take me to that dance.”

"I may be awfully stupid, but I don't see yet," and Pol smiled at Jean's sober little face.

"I said I would have to despise any man who would be weak enough to break training just for a girl. I was ashamed to have made the bet, so I didn't tell Nan you had asked me. I'm so glad you didn't break training, Pol!"

"What did you do there, that Friday night?"

"I think I've humiliated myself almost enough! Please don't ask me, Pol."

"Jean, answer me!"

"What did *you* do?" demand Jean, in her turn.

"I'll tell if you will," said Pol.

"Well, I," and Jean's voice got so low Pol had to bend toward her to hear, "I cried; and I hate you for making me tell."

"No you don't Jean. You see, I cried too.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

If it had been at all windy, the canoe would probably have tipped over.



## A LULLABY.

KATHARINE HALL.

The birds their sleepy prayers have said,—  
 'Tis time, wee heart, soon, soon—  
 The flowers are all tucked safe in bed,  
 And dream-sprites hover round each head—  
 Slow rocks the cradle-moon:—

And now the poppy sand-man comes—  
 Slow rocks the cradle-moon—  
 And dreamily and low he hums  
 A song, as sweet as sugar-plums,—  
 Asleep, wee heart, so soon?



## HIS WORD OF HONOR.

ERNST JUNG.

Dri sat at his brother's bedside and watched his every move. He listened to his breathing as a child listens to a knock at the door in the dead of night. At times he leaned far over and stroked his hair. His brother lay there unresponsive—he had been unconscious for two days. The doctor had told Dri that Ken's condition was serious—very serious—and Dri was prepared for the worst.

They had come to college a year ago—from a village in the northern part of the state. Straight from the timber lands they came—but who would have thought it? They were quiet, and lacked the characteristics of those lands. Their father and mother had died several years before, leaving them very little; they knew of no relatives. It was then that they had vowed never to separate, no matter what should come upon them—not to let anyone come between them, not even a woman.

Ken never had been very strong, and since he had left the dry pine lands he coughed oftener than ever. He had to stay indoors on damp days, and on those evenings Dri would sit by his armchair and speak of the day when he would take Ken back to the pines. And when Dri had gone to bed Ken would sit up half the night—it was hard for him to breathe in bed—and dream of going back.

Ken's illness drew them still closer; they were together constantly, and it seemed as though a third person could never come between them. Only once Dri had been worried. He had one day found one of Ken's letters, and had looked at the signature—an expression of endearment—then a girl's name. Dri, with trembling heart, had given Ken the letter. "You're not deceiving me, I hope," he had said. Ken's face

had grown somewhat red. "I assure you it is nothing, Dri, upon my word of honor." They never spoke of it again, but somehow Dri often thought of this girl; he never forgot her name.

Soon after this Ken had grown worse; it was too late for him to be taken home. Night after night Dri with a drawn face sat watching him and during the day time he refused to go to classes. The doctor and the landlady entreated,—forced him to let them take his place; but when he heard Ken cough or moan, or when it grew very quiet he would steal back to listen; they might send him away, but when they opened the door he would be standing there.

To-night Dri had begged the doctor to let him watch Ken, and so he sat beside him and waited for him to open his eyes and speak to him. He bent far over, and several times he thought Ken had stopped breathing. Toward morning he opened his eyes.

"Ken," Dri entreated him, "you must come away, Ken, you must get strong;—come home to the pines with me—they're calling us."

Ken's eyes were on the window; Dri rushed there to pull back the curtains and then held Ken up in his arms that he might breathe more easily; he had closed his eyes again.

"Ken!" Dri grasped him violently, "just a word, Ken, it's I, Dri—"

And Ken did say one more word—just one—the name of that girl.

## MY FIRST LOVE.

HAZEL STRAIGHT.

I stood and surveyed my works of art. There in the snow-drift on one side of the garden walk was a long row of angels I had laboriously traced. Their wings were really excellent, but angels were tiresome things. I wanted—dare I do it? No one is near to see, no one need ever know—quickly I turned to the drift on the other side of the walk, and with my mittened hand scrawled in big letters: G-E-O-R-G-E. Immediately a nameless dread took possession of me—supposing any one should see it and know my secret! In a twinkling I drew my whole arm across the letters, leaving a mere blurr, and with a flush of shame crimsoning my cheeks I ran into the house.

For a long time the next morning, I dared not look across the aisle where George sat. Every desk seemed to me a snow-drift, and on every one was inscribed in glaring letters: G-E-O-R-G-E Did he know it? Fearfully I glanced toward him. There he was, his white sailor blouse stiffly starched, his golden hair freshly curled, one big curl, my secret pride, resting in majesty on the top of his head. Suddenly his big blue eyes looked into mine, he smiled and diving into his trouser's pocket proudly brought forth a shiny, new, red eraser. "Ain't it a peach," he whispered, "want to try it?" Shyly I put out my hand, our fingers met, and in terror I heard teacher's voice: "Georgie and Hazel, I am surprised; go stand in the corner together." Seconds seemed years, I heard the children giggling, and in shame I buried my face in my apron, and my body was shaken with sobs. Then I felt a hand shove a small warm object into mine, and heard Georgie's voice whispering: "Don't you care, you can have my eraser for keeps." And woman-child that I was I wiped my eyes and smiled through my tears.

## THE THREE.

MABEL KALMBACK.

South Halstead street lay hot and dusty in the June sunshine, but in the alley behind the high buildings, a comparative coolness and quietness reigned. Here in the shade of a high board fence a weighty deliberation was taking place. Three tattered, shrewd faced boys were the conspirators and from the furtive glances cast at his back windows, it would seem that Levi, the junk-dealer, was to be the victim.

The situation was serious and justified vigorous measures. The fishing season had come; phenomenal catches were being made from pier and breakwater, and these three tow-headed urchins had listened enviously for days to fish stories, which stretched to the limit even a boy's elastic imagination. They had crept out upon the breakwater to gaze longingly at the happy, leisurely company who matched stories as they sat in the sun and watched their painted bobbers, rising and falling on the long lake swell. But they lacked the wherewithal to purchase the hooks and lines which would make them members of this company and give them the right to spin yarns of the enormous fish they just missed landing. Five cents would purchase the outfit, and this could be used jointly, turn and turn about; but where was that nickel to come from. No one wanted errands done except their mothers. But now a solution seemed in sight—three heads were drawn close together as the Genius of the trio unfolded his plan, and then a wild shout of joy announced that the scheme was unanimously accepted.

Levi's junk heap was conveniently close to the alley fence, which was considered high enough to keep out all small boy marauders. To make it doubly sure barbed wire was strung along the top to catch the trousers of the unwary; but a loose board which opened just far enough to admit a lithe, slender

body had been neglected, and through that narrow gate lay the high road to success. The junk heap on the other side was like unto nothing but chaos before the creation, but in the minds of the three, to whom chaos and creation were alike unknown, it was a treasure house.

After a careful survey of the yard and windows a little figure wriggled through the opening in the fence, and, crouching and creeping into the yard, secured an old copper teakettle and made his way in safety back to the alley. A noiseless war dance was held around the trophy, and then the largest of the trio smoothed his tousled hair in preparation for the real business of the day. Out of the alley and down the street he ran with the battered kettle in his hand. The little bell over Levi's door jingled as he slipped through with his prize, and brought the little bent old man sleepily from the next room. All teakettles evidently looked much alike to his near-sighted eyes, for he weighed it carefully and handed three cents to the waiting boy.

This was a good beginning and the day of small things was never despised in South Halstead street, but cash on hand still lacked two cents of the required amount, and the youthful king of finance sped back to discuss further ways and means with the other members of the combine. He had barely reached them when a strangely familiar copper kettle came sailing through the air from the back door of the little shop and landed temptingly near the loose board in the fence; too temptingly near to be resisted, and soon another little figure crawled through the fence. A moment of agonizing suspense and he was back again with the kettle in his arms. Now it was hammered and bent until it lost all but a faint family resemblance to its former self, and then boy number two trudged manfully back with it to the junk shop. Unsuspecting Levi bought his property for the third time, and the Three, untroubled by those products of civilization known as consciences, went jubilantly to work on their fishing outfit.

By night bobbers were whittled, sinkers attached, and all

was in readiness for an early start next morning. Sunrise found them seated on the breakwater—three pairs of eyes fastened anxiously on the bobber, and no fish which once twitched that white pine signal could hope to escape their vigilance. Noon found them still there—with a microscopic perch to show for the morning's work. They began to lose faith in the stories they had heard, and to wonder if teasing the Italian at the corner wasn't more fun than fishing, anyway. But here again the Genius came to the rescue with a new scheme.

The autumn before, when the buildings of the White City had been torn down, the fish from the various exhibits had been emptied into the Jackson Park lagoons. Fishing here was forbidden, but the prohibition only made the sport more desirable. In prowling around the park the boys had discovered an opening into the hollow pedestal of one of the great statues on the edge of the lagoon, and had used it as a hiding place for games of hide and seek. Crouching here in the darkness they had often seen strange fish swimming in the clear water underneath, and had wondered from what lands they came.

Now the Genius proposed to discard the long pole, and with hooks and lines in their pockets, to get inside the statue and fish. The park was a long distance away, but by mid-afternoon they had dodged the park policemen, and were baiting hooks in the darkness of the old hiding place.

And such an afternoon's fishing! Queer spotted and striped fish of strange shapes and brilliant colors were pulled up in rapid succession, until each boy had a rainbow string to carry home. At sunset the fish stopped biting and the fun was over for that day.

It would never do to be caught with such plain evidences of their guilt, so they waited quietly until darkness fell, and then slipped out along the outskirts of the park and home to their belated evening meal.

## MRS. BLAKE ON CRITTERS AND FOLKS.

ALICE L. WEBB.

"Land sakes, Marthy Blake, what do be the matter with ye!" Mrs. Crowley stared in alarm at the excited woman who thrust open the kitchen door and dropped panting on the sill.

"Ye needn't mind to dust that chair for me, for I couldn't stir a step if I was a mind ter. I'll set here a spell till I git my breath." Mrs. Blake's huge, boneless-looking mass of flesh was all a-quiver, and her face was almost purple with excess of emotion. Mrs. Crowley poured a cup of strong coffee from the pot which always stood at the back of the stove, and her guest drank it eagerly. Then she settled back with a sigh.

"I ain't hed sech a turn sence Luther got hooked by the cow," she said. "You know Art Jones'es dog—"

"Marthy, don't ye tell me the critter hes bit ye! Ye sure do look some like hyderphoby."

"No, he ain't bit me, tho' he might 's well hev, an' then Luther could shoot him. He wus mighty nigh the death of me as it was. I was goin' up to see Mis' Jones'es baby, thet hed th' croup so bad, an' I clean fergot 'bout Art's new dog, an' I wa'n't prepared fer 'im a mite. When I got 'round to the back stoop, there was thet gret lummux of a dog on the step.

"Well, sir, ye kin b'lieve me er not, but thet dog jus' riz right up a-growlin' an' made fer me. I aint no hand to run, but I didn't hanker fer hyderphoby, an' I lit out fer the gate. The dog wusn't goin' to trust me to git out alone, nuther. He kep' right clost to me, an' more 'n that, when I turned 'round once he grabbed my skirt, an' most got my leg too.

"There he wus, a-leadin' me out by my dress, an' a-shakin,



it an' growlin' at every step. I ain't noways fond o' dogs, but I kep' sayin', 'Good doggie! Nice dog!' an' thinkin' all the time, 'Drat th' brute!' an' a-wishin' Luther'd come along. When I got to the gate I opened it just 'nuff to let me through, an' shet it on thet dog's nose. He le'go my dress then, I kin tell ye, an' I come right stret over here, fer I couldn't git no further.

"Yes, Marthy, it sure is wonderful the mean critters some folks will have around. An' they're jest like folks; ye hev to be tellin' 'em how nice they be all the time ye're doin' ye're level best to git away from 'em. It's a miracle we're not worse liars 'n we be!"



## ON A RAINY NIGHT.

O. C. SMITHERS.

"It's queer," Billy said, as he leaned back luxuriously in our rocking chair, "what strange thoughts the rain will put into a fellow's head."

"Poetical thoughts, Billy?" I asked him in a loving tone, thinking possibly to shut him off.

"Not tonight," said Billy.

"Reminds me of when I was a freshman, that's all."

"Which time?" I enquired, still hoping to get at my long neglected work without a story.

"Same kind of a night," Billy went on, not heeding my unpleasant reminiscence,—"hot and stuffy, shades and windows up, arc light on the corner, shining purple through the wetness.———" I took down a heavy work on property, and opened it.

"You're unsociable," said Billy. "Haven't I always been a good wife to you?"

"At times," I admitted.

“And don't you want your little wife to talk to you for just a little while?”

An appeal like this from Billy usually moved me,—he was six feet two in height and weighed two-eighteen in extreme negligee. But I shook my head. “Quiz in the morning,” I said.

“Not even if itty bitty wifey finds hubby a nice big brown cigar?”

I suppose every man has his price. “Let me see the cigar,” I said. Billy fished it out of the top drawer of his desk, dusted it, and handed it over.

“Spring or Fall election?” I demanded, still suspicious.

“Spring,” said Billy, “on the dead.”

I lit the cigar, and Billy leaned back once more.

“I was studying that night,” he said (I let his statement pass) “hearing the rain and dreaming now and then about home and that black haired kid that married Jim Blake last summer. Remember her Pete?”

“Off the track,” I suggested gently.

“Well,” Billy went on, “I guess I must have dreamed for quite awhile at one spell, because when I looked around there were three typical college youths in the room, two of them undersized, and one tall and consumptive looking. They were standing by the door in a dramatic attitude, so I began to frame a classic greeting—‘gentlemen, to what do I owe the honor of your presence,’ or something of the sort, but the tall one assumed a haughty sneer and said, ‘your name is Kemper, I believe.’”

“‘That's what!’ I said. ‘What's doing?’

“At this the two short kids sat down on the bed, and the tall guy brought a chair over in front of me and sat down, too. I began to think I was being rushed for a fraternity. Then old tall and thin looked me in the eye and said, ‘Kemper, you entered the University this second semester, and with some thirty others in your plight claim membership in the class of 1908.’ If he'd stopped I'd have explained to him

that I made my '07 numerals the year before he happened here, leaving at the end of the semester for divers and business reasons, but he seemed to have his speech all learned, and I didn't like to interrupt him.

"'We are a committee of this class of 1908,' he continued, 'appointed to examine into the fitness of the second semester men, so you will accompany us outside, and with others of your group be subjected to a few tests.' He finished with a smile that would have looked well on a sick horse, and one of the infants on the bed spoke up in a gruff tone, intended, I guess, to frighten me, 'We have delayed this matter till spring in order that the lake might be open.'"

"What did they do to you?" I interposed.

Billy smiled happily and knowingly as he mentally reviewed the scene that had followed.

"It did end in a little disorder," he said. "I explained to them that if it weren't so damnably wet outside, and all that—but they couldn't see it at all; and the other child on the bed, who was smoking a cigaret, took on a tough expression and said, 'Come on, freshman,' and his little playmate growled out something more about the lake—but it might have come out all right if the long one hadn't put his hand on my shoulder." Billy lapsed once more into meditation, coming back at length with a chuckle.

"I didn't have any rope," he said, "so when I had them in a heap I tied them up with the curtain cords and two of my wife's homliest neckties.—He was sore about it, but there was nothing else handy. You know where I used to room that year, up at 214? Well, there's a flat roof my window opened onto,—perfectly safe,—so I put them out there to soak up a little."

"Didn't they yell?"

"No, I put their handkerchiefs in their mouths."

"Keep 'em there long?"

"No only about an hour,—they were getting all wet. They didn't say goodnight or anything."

Billy listened intently for a moment to the steady drop, drop, drop outside. "Same kind of night exactly," he said,—"same cheerful patter on the roof,—same pitchy blackness, hazy purple arc light,—queer how a fellow's mind travels back."

## WHEN THE GODS ARE DENIED.

IRVING SCHAUS.

I liked my right wrist. It was strong. It was colossally strong. If I chose, I could take a penny between my thumb and forefinger and crease it. It was no feat.

I looked at Chick and became convulsed. I loved her. I lovely loved her. That celestial look, those creamy words, the feel of that fragile hand in mine—all transported me.

"I love you, Chick," I said.

"And I love you, Rolf," she replied.

How much?"

"Look into my eyes and see."

I looked there and saw a satiety of it.

"Then, Chick, there's the piano. Play the Lorelei!"

"No. Your love is too weak yet. It is a child's love. Yours must be virile. It must be masculine."

"But refusal is denial to the gods. With denial they expand. Come, Chick, the Lorelei!"

"No. I love love too much. The Lorelei now would steal it."

"But you play with the gods. Your game is their yeast—it develops my love; it makes it big; it makes it robust. Don't you fear it?"

"No. It is the kind I like. See! your face is flush of it, your eyes are dull of it—you are it incarnated."

"But you arouse the gods. They budge. I feel my love shifting. See! my face is pale of it now, my eyes are cold of—look! it has all piled into my right wrist. It is red. It is love red. It is red with the love of the gods. Come, Chick, the Lorelei!"

"Rolf—the Lorelei!"

Ah! I took a new hold on her hand—and squeezed it with the strength of a big horse. There was a crunching of bones and then a crunching of broken bones rebroken. I looked down at the fragile hand.—It was smashed!

"Chick," I murmured, "—never more the Lorelei

"

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WALTER S. UNDERWOOD, '07, EDITOR  
614 Langdon Street

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EDITORIALS.



OR the last time" (surely the first and the last are proper times for hackneyed phraseology) "we take up our pen"—to write an editorial which will be read, zealously no doubt, by aspirants for positions on the board, casually by a few friends blessed with an indulgent leisure, not at all by perusers of THE LIT in general. Even so, editorials must be written and perhaps there is some profit in the writing.

In the early part of the college year we wrote an optimistic editorial concerning THE LIT, — history, and prospects, and changes we proposed to make. Some of these changes we have made, others we must leave to the next year's board to carry through. It will not be profitable to itemize results here; if we have raised the standard of the magazine we are satisfied.

In connection with the next year's board we are able to announce the election of Mr. John V. Mulaney, '08, to the position of editor-in-chief. Mr. Mulaney has contributed to THE LIT for three years, and the outgoing members of the board feel only pleasure in entrusting the magazine to his guidance.

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Hurrah for Wisconsin!

"We told you so" is not a nice phrase; so we shall not demean ourselves saying it to the crew knockers. For that matter there will be no crew knockers in Madison for a while; the former knockers will be loudest boosters now that the predictions of the steady optimists have come about. Well,—byegones are byegones, and we are glad enough to join hands with the erstwhile knockers while they do feel happy, trusting that some of them may be converted permanently.

---

The crew victory was a splendid thing in more than one way; by no means the least important was the way in which all sorts of students came together and rejoiced. The germ of special organization deadening to the broader college spirit, is dangerously strong at Wisconsin,—witness the badge-bedecked waistcoats. But on the night of the race, the man who belonged to two fraternities, one drinking society, and the short man's club, so far forgot himself as to dance around the bonfire hand in hand with the man who only belonged to the honorary algebra club and the bird class. Give us more victories if only to dim the outlines of the clubs and the more clubs.

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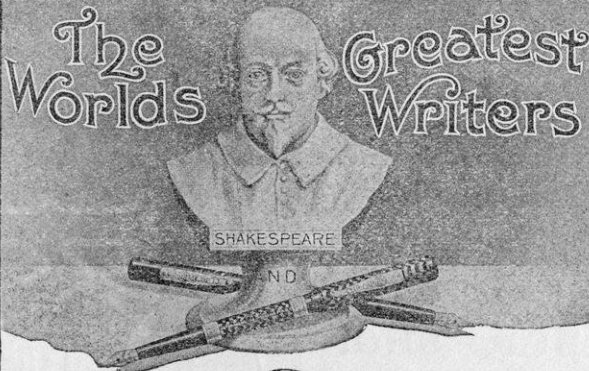
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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen  
The pen with the Clip-Cap the Spoon Feed

This pen, which is the standard of the world, has become so because of the Spoon Feed.

The Spoon Feed is flat and broad and has cups cut into the side which take up the overflow, common to all other fountain pens, when the ink is almost out of the barrel.

The Spoon Feed absolutely and positively overcomes this defect that existed even in Waterman's Ideal before its advent. Any of our dealers will explain this further.

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First Class Work



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## Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

If we would be respected and respected by fellowmen,  
We must never lose our self-respect, for if we do why then—  
The world will take us at our worth, and our friends will glide  
away,

So always keep up with the times and appear prosperous on  
life's way.

The rules are many we must keep, but the first one of them  
all

Keep what God gave you undefaced, or the rest, you all  
would spoil,

By this I mean your clothes must fit, what nature gave to  
you,

Adhere to this rule rigidly, whatever else you do.

First find out if the tailor who you contract for your clothes,  
Is capable and honest and your confidence repose;

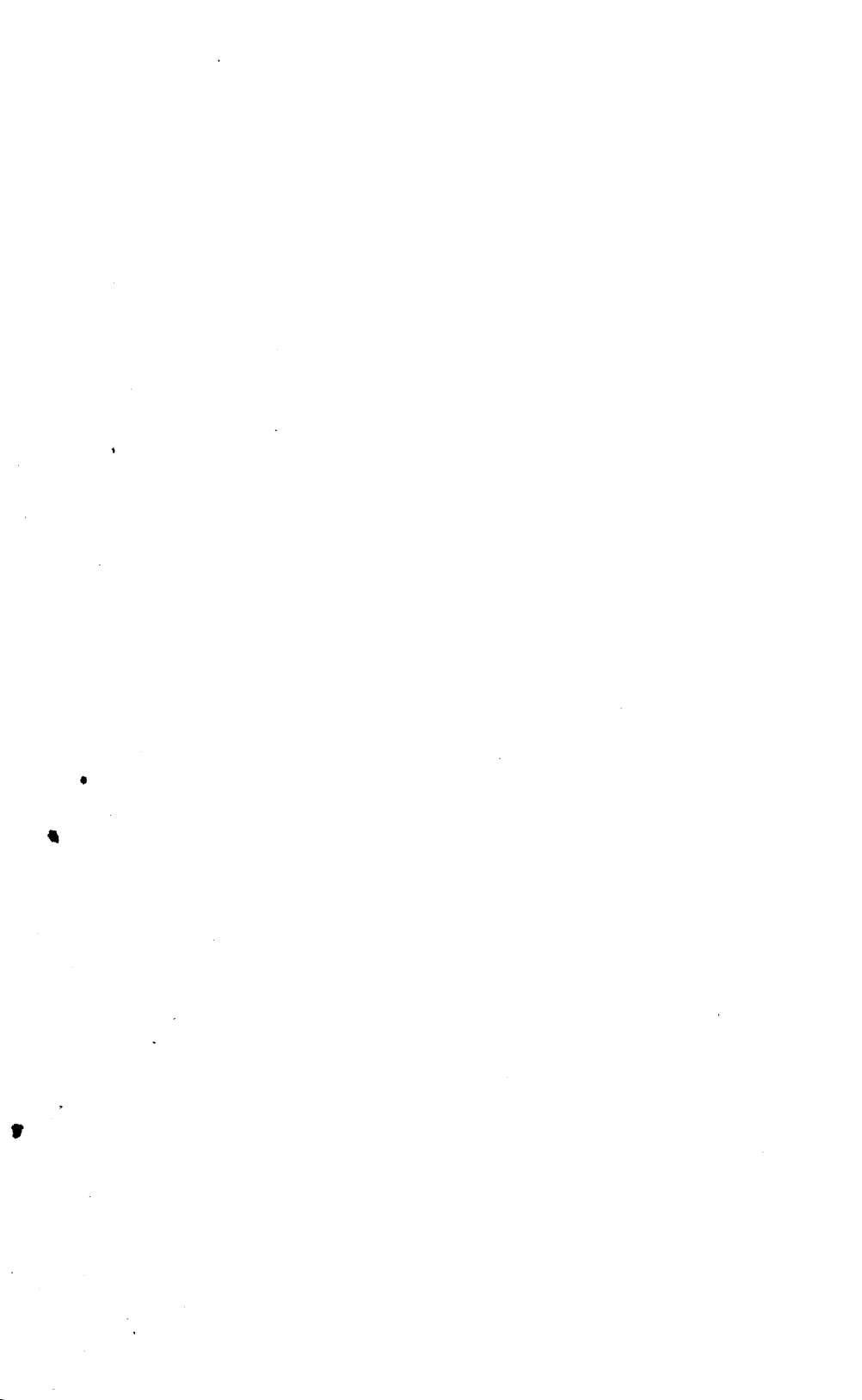
Then when the man is found who will not himself commit  
Go place yourself within his hands, and your clothes, he then  
will fit.

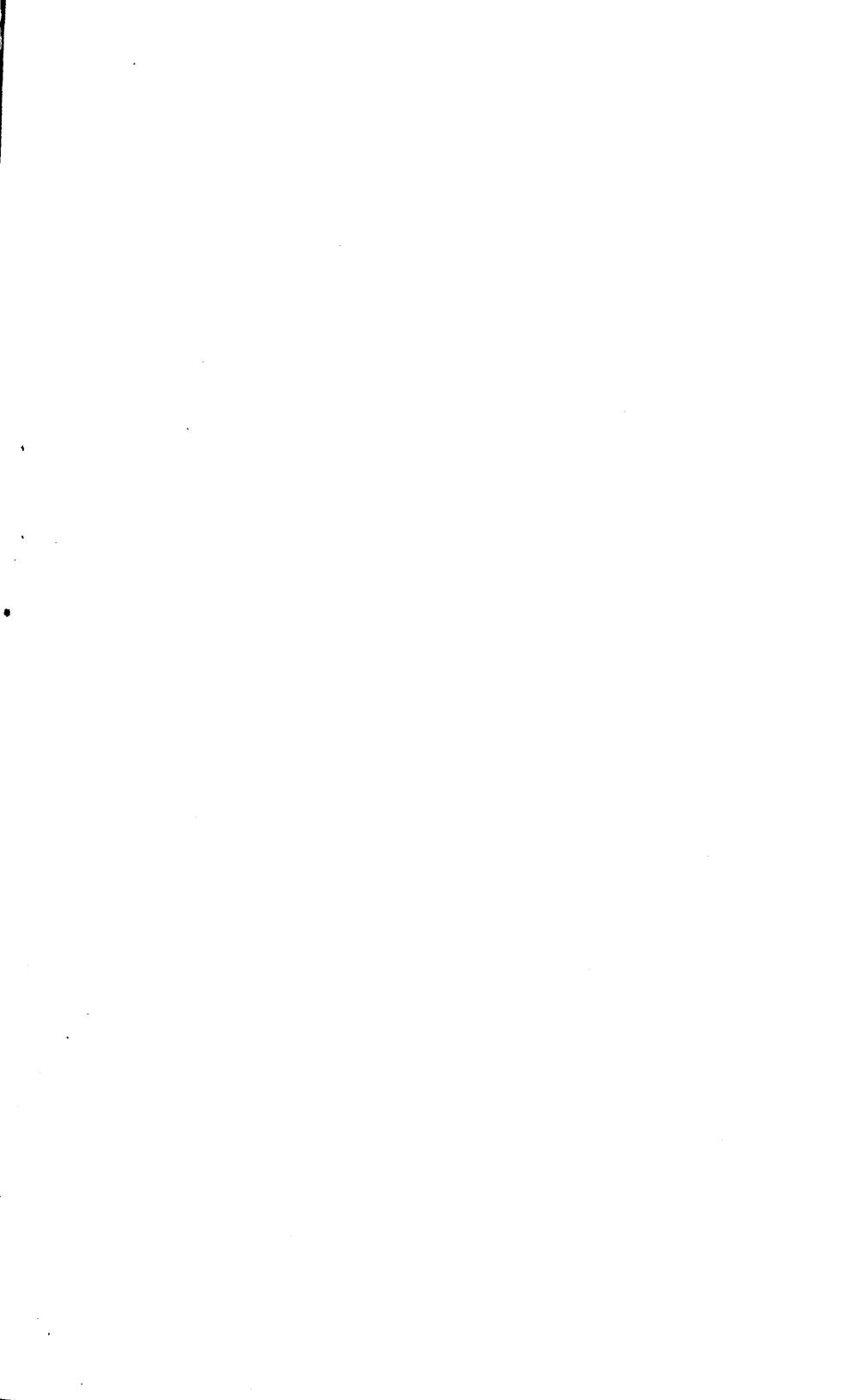
In Madison, is such a man at 107 West Main,  
For two years past and over, his name's without a stain.  
He's made your clothes and made them well, he's noted for  
his fame,

He's honest, square and capable,  
Noah Perlmutter is his name.

S. E. D.







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High Grade Clear Havana Cigars

## BLACK ROSE

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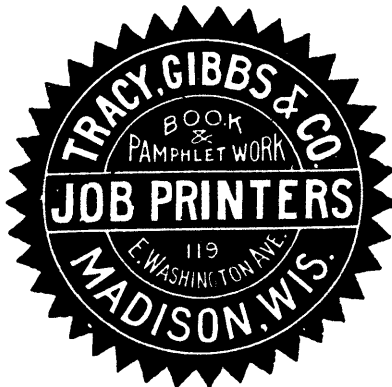
119 and 121 East Washington Avenue  
Telephone 469 Third Floor

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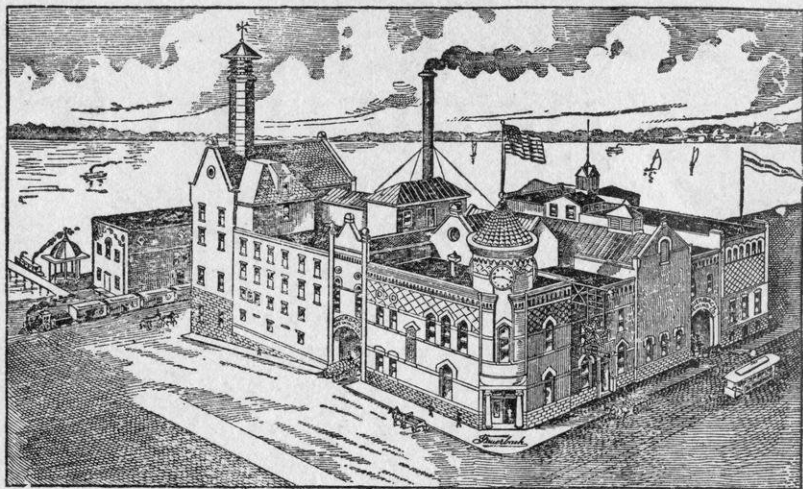
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