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The  
Wisconsin  
Literary  
Magazine

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*November Number*

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IV

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**SOME CURIOUS HABITS AND CUSTOMS  
OF THE BRITISH ISLANDERS.**

G. B. HILL.

As the pilgrim and stranger indulges in a cursory contemplation of the British Islands he is liable to consider firstly those things which are venerable and enduring, immortalized in history, embodied in literature, and double-starred in Baedeker. But in his meditation on the mighty past he cannot ignore the intrusive present; as he gazes reverently upon the dome of St. Paul's his eye is irritatingly caught by the large white buttons on the side of a costermonger's trousers. The present furnishes an ever-shifting foreground to the permanencies of the past; and so, gradually, by a summing of inconsequent impressions the thoughtful pilgrim generalizes out a rambling impression of certain traits that happen to be shared commonly by the present generation of British Islanders.

First, and most impressive, is their complete deliberateness. The islanders have a faculty of making haste slowly that amounts to negative acceleration. The splendid inactivity of the North Star is the Briton's ideal. One Englishman takes longer to pass a given point than four Germans and a Swede. There is a venerable story, told by Chicagoans, of how one noonday at the rush hour a man was seen to topple from a window in the topmost story of the Masonic

Temple. Women fainted; strong men covered their eyes and braced themselves to hear the dull, sickening thud. The man struck the sidewalk, and then, to the surprise of the multitude, he got up and began to walk away. Someone in the crowd asked with a shaking voice, "Ain't you hurt?"

"Why, no," he answered cheerfully. "I'm from Milwaukee. I came down slow."

If he had been an Englishman he would probably be falling yet.

The British islanders have expressed their deliberation through the medium of a national game known as cricket. It is an innocuous domestic pastime, suitable for the family fireside—hence Dickens' celebrated sporting novel, "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is best played to slow music, suggestive of the minuet. The prime qualifications of a cricketer are a suit of flannels and a phlegmatic disposition; and to enjoy the game fully he needs a sofa pillow. Philadelphia is fond of cricket.

The game is a compound of prisoner's base and duck on the rock, without the hoydenish, unladylike features of either. A gentleman in flannels stands beside three little sticks, and throws a ball at three other little sticks, known as a wicket (a reminiscence of croquet). Another gentleman in flannels hits the ball with a broad, substantial bat, after which he runs back and forth between the wickets until the ball is thrown in, carrying the bat and avoiding unseemly haste. The fielders act with the same conservative deliberation in their pursuit of the ball. It reminds one of the South African army's serial chase of De Wet. Grounders are poetically termed "daisy-cutters," and are fielded with the feet, for choice.

The above program is repeated until a given number of gentlemen in flannels have been caught out, or a given number of little sticks knocked down. A match game continues for two or three days, and if then unfinished, is solemnly recorded as a tie. This time includes the extra restful periods when the contestants have tea served to them on the

terrace. Large audiences view these pastoral exhibitions, sitting almost as patient and immovable as the players. When, as occasionally happens, a play is made, certain sporty individuals call out, "Well hit," and when aroused to a state of wild British enthusiasm, they may even remove their gloves to applaud.

The British Islanders insist on this decent leisure for all things. They have even leisure to be conventionally polite. They make use of one expression that amounts to a national institution, namely: "Thank you." When in doubt a Briton says "Thank you," with a rising inflection. Primarily, it fills the want of a convenient expression of acknowledgment, but from that it has been extended. When any one hands you anything, you say, "Thank you," quite naturally. Also, when you hand them anything you say "Thank you." When you want them to hand you anything you say "Thank you," expectantly, but always with the same rising inflection. When you want anything whatsoever it is safe to shout "Thank you," after the manner of a lower campus ball player. Finally you come to say it automatically. The Britons have another conventional expression, "*I'm* sorry;" it is equivalent to "Excuse me." When a Briton bumps another Briton, as sometimes happens even among slow-moving bodies, both say impersonally and without emotion "*I'm* sorry." Inexperienced Americans who have fallen into the habit of the automatic "Thank you," sometimes say it when they mean "*I'm* sorry." But it answers just as well.

"Thank you" comes instinctively to the Briton. He says it by reflex action. The first word the British child learns to say is "mama," the second is "thank you." The pilgrim and the stranger is surprised and something abashed to hear it fall trippingly from the lips of cabmen, beggars, stevedores and baggage-smashers. The latter insinuate their trucks into a crowd with a mild call of "Thank YOU," though in moments of uncontrollable agitation they may say reproachfully: "Mind the barrow, please." "Thank you" greets the

pilgrim at the very dock. The customs officers say it when they open his trunk. It is hard for an American, with some experience of our own uncivil service, to conceive of this; but indisputably the British Islanders have evolved a customs official who is not necessarily a thug with the arrogance of an umpire, the morals of a senator, and the manners of a tramp. He regards the newly-landed one as a fellow human being; he receives him with decency, even with politeness. Putting the matter in the inexcusable form of a pun: the British Islanders have hit on a happy combination of manners and customs.

"Thank you," is only one of the many inconsequent collateral things that rubber-stamp themselves upon the remembrance of the pilgrim; it is certain that before he has seen Westminster he will have noticed the British chimney-pots and teeth. The former are prevalent, the latter are not. We have said, he will notice the teeth; he will if he is a close observer, but chiefly he will notice their conspicuous absence. The average British tooth maintains itself in a state of splendid isolation. In their railway compartments the passengers sit facing one another, which is a highly enjoyable arrangement when a pretty girl is opposite you. But when she smiles, you will wish she hadn't. The British smile has a ruinous battlemented effect, and the British yawn is a miniature Fingall's cave.

The reason for this lack is hard to define. It may be climatic, it may be a matter of nutrition, or it may be a matter of degeneration. This recently began to worry the British Islanders, and they appointed a Royal Commission to go and find out. (The Briton's first principle of polity is to say "Thank you," then to appoint a Royal Commission.) The Commission has held several sittings, but has hatched nothing so far. In all probability the direct fault lies with the dentists of the island, who, as the Irishman said, "Only know how to pull teeth, and don't know how to do that." The people as a whole have an honest desire to care for their teeth, not

because it is hygienic, but because it is respectable and customary. Nevertheless there is a large faction who regard the tooth-brush as an indecently modern innovation. For example: A New York dentist, previously unknown, burst forth into print, early last year, with the assertion that owing to the tooth-brush American teeth were superlatively poor. The British papers, ever on the alert, discovered the item some four months later, and reprinted it, commenting on it editorially with a heavy British joy. Possibly Americans have poor teeth; but the same rule applies to teeth as to company. Poor company is better than none.

We have asserted that the British Islanders lack teeth; but we must admit that there are shining exceptions. Many persons have really elegant teeth, that cost a guinea a set, upper and lower. The Royal Family could do not better. You can restore a cathedral; why not a face? This habit of facial restoration has led to a curious offshoot of trade. Dentists and pawnbrokers advertise in common:

“Artificial Teeth our Specialty. Highest Price Paid for Old Teeth.”

“Wanted to buy: Cast-off Clothing and Old Teeth.”

The subject is rapidly becoming unpleasant; let us leave it and pass on to the chimney-pots. Every chimney in the British Islands is adorned with some dozens of assorted pots, whose purpose no man knows. They are put there because chimneys were always built that way, you know. Probably William the Conq. introduced them; at any rate, today they are as ancient and honorable as Magna Charta or the First Lord of the Butteries. The respectable British householder would as soon think of abandoning his trousers as his chimney-pots. Moreover, the custom of centuries decrees that chimney-pots must never be alike, but must invariably be misfit. First there is a tall one, and then a little square one, and a black one with the top broken off, and then one gone entirely, the whole producing a delightfully variegated effect. This leads to the hypothesis that chimney-pots are an attempt



to conventionalize the national teeth into an architectural form.

Such unfavorable attributes of the British Islanders are likely to impress themselves most strongly on the cursory reflections of the pilgrim and stranger aforesaid. It is natural that the features of difference between their characteristics and our own should obtrude themselves, especially when the differences are unfavorable to the alien. Still, we must admit, if we do not enumerate, the good points of the British Islanders; and it is only fair to close with a tribute to the fairest flower of their present-day civilization: the London Bobby.

The Bobby is a policeman; he is also an information bureau; he is also a decoration. The force is picked from six-foot men—lovely blonde giants, with patient eyes and large, heavy boots. The Bobby is not particularly gifted with imagination—he is vaguely troubled by the questions of excited Frenchmen, but his inner immobility is undisturbed by the passage of many crowned heads. In all that requires no unprecedented thought he is a marvel of detailed knowledge. He can tell you how to find the nearest green bus that goes out toward Kensington along Piccadilly and by Hyde Park, and he will pick out that bus from the welter of other green and blue and chocolate and piebald buses; and if you offer him a gratuity of tuppence he is truly grateful, and says "Thank you" with an extra rising inflection.

That is his routine of the every day; that and the regulation of the overgrown stream of compressed traffic. When the Bobby lifts his hand the whole roaring street stands still. But, in addition, he has the duties that we do not see. Unarmed, or armed only with a futile symbolic truncheon, and meshed in precedent and red tape, he keeps down the crime of the world's metropolis. Hampered by his adipose, slow-brained, protected superiors, and hated and derided by the creatures of dark and slum, he does his work, always patiently.

“Punch” recently celebrated the Bobby in verse that deserves to live. Something good does occasionally creep into “Punch,” by inadvertence. One stanza is the particular gem:

“Whether in dark, secluded walks  
 He flouts the schemes that bad men work us,  
 Or maiden ladies, screaming ‘Lawks!’  
 Hang on his neck in Oxford Circus,  
 His mein displays an abstract calm  
 That soothes the fractured nerves like balm.”

“His mien displays an abstract calm.” Too often the abstract British calm serves to conceal an internal vacuum; but in the case of the Bobby it covers efficiency. So we may figure him, as he stands before the great stone lions that guard the base of Nelson’s monument, as solid and immobile as they—steady, unimaginative, calm—the finest product, to date, of the British Islands.



## THE DREAMER.

E. O. L.

Soft music folds me round, and breezes still,  
 Heavy with perfumes from the realms of gold.  
 Time rolls her curtain back, and I behold  
 The drama of the ages, at my will.  
 Eternity! I hold thee in an hour!  
 I am the compeer of the wise and great.  
 Splendour of kings! I envy not your state;  
 I have a heritage of vaster power.

Also, I have this room beneath the eaves,  
 This corner of the attic that I rent.  
 This book I have, with priceless Sibyl leaves,  
 This volume that with lore of ages teems,  
 This tired, useless life, almost forspent;  
 This weary, aching brain, the abode of dreams.

## A SUBSTITUTE.

By R. S.

I was standing, alone and miserable, on the deserted station platform at Dayton, one drizzling evening in late September. I was dead broke, sick at heart and disgusted with life in general and with Dayton in particular. I had been in Dayton for the past three weeks selling the "Life of President Roosevelt" in three volumes at only three dollars a volume, bound in the very finest calf-skin, handsomely illustrated, giving the full and complete—well, you know the rest of it. Sometimes I give it in my sleep when worn out by a day's hard work. This was in the summer following my freshman year. I went home in June to help my father in the office during the summer, but the stories of what some of my classmates were doing "out on the road" stirred up in me the desire to travel around, have good times and make a barrel or two of money "on the side." Against parental objections, and the threat that I would have to earn my own schooling in the future, I set forth. Now you can guess why I happened to be standing dead broke and disgusted on the station platform at Dayton. There was nothing to do except to take the "blind" home, where I had a vague idea I might float a bond issue with the head of the family. It was hard for me to decide which I dreaded most, the "blind" or the meeting with the head of the family. "They were equally dangerous and exciting, and as likely to end in disaster.

"Say, young fellow, are you married?" I turned with a quick start to be confronted with the smiling face of a well-dressed and rather handsome stranger. He looked no offense, so I hastily pleaded not guilty. "I beg pardon for alarming you. I thought you were because you look so miserable," he said. "I judge then that you are not because you look so happy," I replied. "Correct you are, sir. I am enjoying the last day of my freedom. I get tied this evening at nine-thirty if I can find a best-man. Do you want the job?

Wait—don't refuse yet. Let me tell you what's doing. Have a cigar. Say, you look hungry. Come along and let's get something to eat." I could not question his right to buy me a supper, having had nothing to eat that day, with the exception of a very unsatisfactory dinner. He led me to a cozy little restaurant, where listening to his troubles I soon forgot my own and was ready to act as best-man, hackman, minister or even bridegroom, if in so doing, I could help him out any. His name he said, was Fred Farnum. He had come up to Dayton that afternoon to be married. His old chum and room-mate, Jack Browne, was to be his best-man, and was to have come in on the evening train, but had instead sent word that he had been injured in a wreck and could not come. All the family had heard about Jack and were anxious to meet him, and it would be a dreadful disappointment to them. Farnum had met the bride that summer at a summer resort. He had never been in Dayton before, was not at all acquainted, and could not possibly find another best-man. He had business affairs out west that needed his immediate attention, and the wedding could not be delayed a day. I had no suitable clothes. Oh, he would fix that up all right. I had never acted as best-man before. Then here was my chance to get some valuable experience. It was very easy. There was not much time left. Would I do it? Now I had been too poor to go "fussing" for some time. A book agent's social standing is not of the best either. Here was my chance. I agreed. Farnum slapped me on the back, hurried me over to a hotel, and in a short time I was arrayed in one of his dress suits which fitted me quite nicely. He then hustled me into a carriage and we were hastily driven to a large mansion on the outskirts of the city. I knew the place. It was the home of the mayor. I had been there before—on business, but had left hurriedly, materially aided by a large and ferocious bull dog.

Several times on our way over I attempted to find out something about myself, but Farnum kept the conversation in other channels. As soon as we arrived he turned me over

to the family and escaped somewhere. It was poor judgment, on his part, I thought, because these people seemed to know all about me, while all I knew was my name, and I was soon laboring under such nervous tension that there was danger I would forget even that. Little Miss Towle wanted to know if it was really true that I once rescued Fred from a policeman. I confessed to having performed that small service. Then she wanted all the details. Mrs. Towle said that that could wait until the next day, for I was surely going to stay over a day. She wanted to know how Tom was, and if I didn't think football a dangerous game, and if Fred went to church regularly when with me. I stabbed desperately on her questions, and began to realize the value of a college training in that respect. Miss Marion Towle said I looked just like a book agent who had been to the house a few days before; only I didn't talk near as fast as he did. A wild impulse seized me to dash out the front door and escape; but I remembered that there were no quitters at Wisconsin, and stayed for more. Besides, Miss Towle was worth some attention. She took me away to show me the wedding presents. I talked weather and politics and even religion at her, but she preferred to talk about me, a subject of which I knew absolutely nothing. Did I know Maud Ames? I did not quite remember her. "Why, I thought she was a classmate of yours at the Varsity." At last I had a clue to my identity. I had heard of Maud Ames. She was a member of the class of '04 and a leader in University social circles.

I was off at once, with an open field ahead. My name was Jack Browne, '04, and Farnum was my roommate. I had never heard of myself or roommate before, but anyone who has heard a college man spin yarns to an innocent high-school girl, knows that that fact did not bother me in the least. I soon had Farnum and myself performing stunts that would alarm any faculty in the country.

"Oh, and were you really as bad as all that? I didn't know that Y. M. C. A. boys did things like that."

I saw at once that I would have to join the Y. M. C. A. I

took a long breath and did so. For the next few minutes my conversation was as Y. M. C. A. like in character as my limited knowledge would permit.

Farnum at last concluded that it was about time for him to be getting married. I was much relieved. If he hadn't soon his best-man would have watched the game from the side-lines. We got a fair start and made steady gains. Miss Marion was my partner in the back field. Our team work was especially good. The first half was almost over. Then something happened.

Two policemen walked into the room and in awful tones arrested our friend Farnum as a forger, a swindler, and various other crimes against the peace and dignity of the state. With our best player out of the game I knew we were beaten. I made an end run through the side door, followed by a double pass around two brass-buttoned guards stationed at the corners of the yard, and then a long, dodging run towards the depot. The whistle of the "limited" encouraged my weary feet.

When a hurrying policeman appeared to search the train for a man in a dress suit he did not think it necessary to look for any dark forms crouching near the wheels of the tender. After the train had gone ten miles the dress suit would no longer serve as a means of discovery. Cinders and dirt take to dress suits nicely.

The next morning, as I was sipping my coffee at home, I read all about the swindler, who, on a week's acquaintance, had almost succeeded in marrying the daughter of Dayton's wealthiest citizen. He had an accomplice who was still at large, but inasmuch as he had on a dress suit when he escaped, his capture was expected any minute. Both were desperate characters. They claimed to be college men, and were undoubtedly two of the smoothest sharpers who ever operated in Dayton.

Father likes a joke, and so I told him the story. As a result I floated a bond issue way beyond my fondest hopes. It was so large that I expect Miss Marion Towle down to the Prom this year.

## “THE HUMOUR OF IT.”

BY EDITH SWENSON.

“Well, so long, Stubby,” said ‘Cupid’ Crane, as he banged the door to behind him.

‘Stubby’ listened until ‘Cupid’s’ footsteps had ceased, then he struck the arm of his chair with his fist, and said:

“Damn it all!”

“Poor ‘Stubby’ was decidedly ‘down on his luck.’ This was the night of his “frat” dance, and he couldn’t go on account of a badly-wrenched hip. His room-mate ‘Cupid’ Crane had been put out because ‘Stubby’ had gotten ahead of him in inviting Ione Rider. So ‘Cupid’ had refused to ask anybody and had declared dances a bore. Then had come ‘Stubby’s’ accident, and one of the other fellows had to take Ione. Fate had decreed that the “other fellow” should be ‘Cupid.’ That was why ‘Stubby’ said, “Damn it all.”

The house was unusually quiet, for all of the other fellows had gone for their girls. ‘Stubby’ slid further down in the big chair, pulled the gray blanket up to his chin, and let his eyes rest on the Christy picture opposite. He did not see the couple in the sailboat, however, with the waves breaking over the deck. He saw Camp Randall and the bleachers. On the bleachers he saw Ione as he had seen her yesterday at the scrimmage, with her coat buttoned tight around her, and her hair blowing from beneath her hat. Again he made the fine run, which yesterday, had called forth his name from the few on the side-lines and in the bleachers. Again he felt the hard ground which he had struck full force when tackled. Once more he experienced the painful journey back to the Gym, and the discovery of his injured hip. Once more he muttered:

“Damn it all!”

The front door banged, and ‘Stubby’ heard ‘Cupid’s’ voice, saying:

“The room at the head of the stairs, please, Miss Rider.”

Before he could recover from his astonishment, the door opened and Ione Rider entered the room. The shaded light gave her no immediate chance to discern the Morris chair and its occupant. In a moment, however, she was beside the chair, holding out her hand and saying:

“Oh I’m so sorry, Mr. Parks. I was afraid you were hurt yesterday when you fell. You went down *so* hard.

‘Stubby’ smiled, released her hand, and replied:

“It doesn’t bother much if I keep still. Makes me tired, though. I wanted to dance tonight and play in the game Saturday. Now I can’t do either. It’s hard luck to be laid up with the Minnesota game only a week off.

“Oh, you’ll be fine as a fiddle by then. Besides, you wouldn’t have danced much to-night, anyway,” answered Ione as she threw her coat on the bed.

“Why not?” demanded ‘Stubby.’

“Because you shouldn’t dance while in training. I had planned to have a violent headache and go home early, so that you could get to bed at a reasonable hour. That’s why not.”

‘Stubby’ stared at her as she sat on the edge of the bed, pulling on her gloves and smiling at him defiantly.

“Well, by hec!” he ejaculated. “But you’ll stay now, won’t you, seeing I can’t dance, anyway?” he continued, rather anxiously.

Ione’s lips straightened, but a teasing, mischievous look came into her eyes.

“Surely I will;” then added, as she saw the disappointment in his face, “and we’ll run off and come up and eat with you.”

There was silence for a few moments, while Ione smoothed and patted her hair into its accustomed neatness, ‘Stubby’ watching her, half-amusedly, half-wonderingly; then she pursued inquiringly:



"Are you expecting to hold a reception up here?" It's quite an idea to see all the girls before they go down. Devised for your particular entertainment by your devoted room-mate, I suppose?"

"Why—" he began, but was saved the embarrassment of replying by the entrance of 'Cupid' Crane.

"All ready, Miss Rider? Hope you haven't let 'Stubby' excite himself. Excitement's bad for the feeble-mined—and legged, you know," and 'Cupid' held the door open for Ione to pass out.

"Stubby" called his roommate back. Then "Stubby" took "Cupid's" hand in both of his and said:

"I say, old man, you're a brick."

"Don't mention it, sonny. Had to do something to pay for running off with your girl. She's a peach, by the way; asked about you coming up, so I thought I'd let her see how you were for herself. Guess I'll drop out of the race. Go in and win, and I'll give you my blessing and whatever you want for a wedding present," and 'Cupid' aimed a pillow at 'Stubby's' head, hurriedly slipped through the door, and joined Ione.

**CLYDE DOWNING.**

IRVING P. SCHAUS.

When a fellow receives a severe jolt in a love affair, he often commits a rash deed, which, when his mind sobers, he invariably regrets. Result: Some certain thing grows utterly distasteful to him, and his every act seems deliberate abomination.

Such an individual was I, Clyde Downing, an attribute of New York elite society,—a jilted lover; rejected by a girl who moved in my own environment and whom I had long and passionately loved. In the great reaction that followed, I divorced all connection with my erstwhile associations, married a girl in the ordinary groove of life, and betook myself to the poor quarter of New York.

Six months later, I was abruptly aroused to the keen conviction that I did not love my wife; that our marriage had served only as a salve to a once raw cut. On the other hand, however, the love of Lucille Downing for me was colossal.

But I could not accept it; it nauseated me, and the abominations that accrued were not deliberate but simply the materialization of the uncontrolable subjective.

I opened my door, flung out a pair of dress-suit trowsers, which sprawled on the dining-room floor, and called our imperiously:

“Hey, Mrs. Downing?”

“Yes, Clyde, dear,” my wife responded from the kitchen where she was ironing. There was a note of sadness, a slight shock in her tone.

“Here they are now,” I apprized her. “Hurry up and crease them.—I’ll—I lit a cigarette—‘be late to the dance. I’ll”—I exhaled a short, steady stream of smoke—“give you ten minutes.” I slammed the door.

Ten minutes later, I opened the door again.

"Finished them?" I asked succinctly.

"Just a minute, Clyde, dear, just a minute," my wife returned hastily. "I want to do them nicely, you know, so you'll look very prim at the dance tonight.—Say, Clyde, dear, why don't you ever take me with—"

"Stop your talking," I commanded, "and put your energy in your work. Do you think I've got all night? Hurry up, will you?"

"Yes, yes, Clyde," flurried-like. "Just one more press up the leg—and then they're done.—There! I'm finished, Clyde, dear." She picked up the trowsers and laid them carefully over her arm. "I'm coming," she announced dearly, hastening, running a little, to me.

"It's about time," I muttered.

She gave me the trowsers.

"Aren't they nice?" she said proudly.

"They'll do," I replied ungratefully, and turned to close the door.

"Aren't you going to thank me, Clyde, dear?" she interposed, ruefully.

"Thank you, Mrs. Downing," I complied, simply.

My wife looked up at me with big, sad eyes.

"Oh, Clyde, dear," she half sobbed, "don't say, 'Mrs. Downing.' Please don't. You don't know how much it hurts me. It always makes me think I am not your wife. Say 'Lucille,'—won't you? Please? You haven't said it in so long."

Distaste glinted the corner of my mouth.

"Thank you, Lucille," I obeyed, and closed the door.

Half an hour later, I reappeared, dressed in white shirt bosom, pressed trowsers, unbuttoned patent leather Oxfords, collar in hand, and smoking, and went to my wife.

"Here," I said, "button my shoes," I placed one foot up on a chair.

She sat aside her flat-iron, and bent down to her task.

"Have you the button hook, Clyde dear?" she asked kindly, looking up.

"No," I replied, "use your fingers."

She buttoned one shoe, and then began with the other. Next to the last button, she quickly drew away her hand.

"Ouch!" she cried, sucking her forefinger, "I've torn the flesh, Clyde dear. It's bleeding. Look." She held out her finger.

I looked, and then scowled.

"Don't get any of the blood on my socks," I said.

"I won't Clyde, dear," she rejoined. "I'll be careful.

She started to wrap the injured member in her handkerchief.

"Come," I interrupted crossly, "button the other button."

She obeyed, using another finger.

"Now, put on my collar," I added, giving it to her as she rose.

She took it willingly.

She buttoned one end, and then turned to the back. In trying to force the button through a small and well stretched hole, it broke.

"Now I've done it," she reproached herself. "I've broken the button, Clyde, dear. What shall I do?"

"Run down-stairs and buy another," I elucidated her smart-like, containing an almost irrespressible wrath.

She procured a shawl, and spreading it over her head and shoulders, departed on her errand.

Meanwhile, in my restlessness, I walked to the back window in the kitchen, and looked out. I saw scintillating lights in the near distance.

"The roof is already aglow," I soliloquized. "They'll be dancing pretty soon—and here I'm only half dressed.—Hurry up!" I snapped, looking over my shoulder.

Presently my wife returned with the button, and finished the collar. I went back to my room.

After some time, I came out again, in full evening dress,

much in the appearance of Mr. Raffles, walked to my wife, and, compositly drawing on a pair of gloves, asked, surveying numerous short, square pillars of ironed napkins:

“How many have you left?”

“About 300,” she replied, proud of her day’s work.

“Three hundred!” I iterated testily. “Why you only had 700 this noon. What’ve you been doing? Idling?”

“No,” she answered. “I’ve been working hard all day, Clyde, dear. I only ate a slice of bread and drank half a cup of tea for dinner. Remember?”

I ignored a reply.

“The wagon calls for them the first thing in the morning, doesn’t it?” I queried after a moment, buttoning a glove.

“Yes.”

I turned on my heel and walked toward the stairs leading to the street below.

I stopped at the head.

“Hey, Mrs. Downing!” I called out.

“Yes, Clyde, dear.”

“Stay up till you’re done,” I enjoined.

“All right, Clyde, dear,” she consented pleasantly.

I descended the stairs.

“Good night, Clyde, dear,” she pursued. “Have a nice time.”

I did not reply. I opened the door below, passed out, slammed it, and fell into the sluiceway of nocturnal society.

\* \* \*

It was 12 P. M. The dance was over. Salene Bibbins and I were seated at a small wine table in the farther corner of the Garrick Roof Garden.

We had just set down our glasses. Salene was looking intently at me, her chin dropped in her hands.

“Seems very strange, Clyde,” she remarked composedly, “that an attractive fellow like you—tall, handsome, military, should be at large. You aren’t a woman hater are you?”

“No,” I replied, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Then why don't you get married?" she asked. "You certainly wouldn't have any trouble."

"You're good with blandishments, Salene," I smiled. "A regular virtuoso."

"No, I'm not," she persisted. "I'm sincere."

"Well," I ventured very timidly, drawing up close to the table, "if that is the case, why—let's you and I—elope. The Kaiser Wilhelm leaves tomorrow morning.—What do you say?" huskily.

"Oh, no," she returned, decidedly. "One husband is enough for me."

She seemed very positive, so I restrained from further pressing.

Silence followed.

Finally Salene broke in:

"Let's change the subject," she smiled.

"You're facetious," I said.

She laughed.

"No, really," she emphasized, "let's change the subject. I wonder what that light is over there in that tenement house? It looks so awfully lonely. I guess I'll investigate."

She took a pair of opera glasses from her hand-bag, and adjusting them to her eyes, trained them on the light.

"Why, Clyde," she said precipitately, in a moment, "what do you think I see?"

"What?" I said, with cool nonchalance.

"A woman ironing," she began to describe. "The poor thing's got a towel or something wrapped around her head. Oh, dear—how sad! Why doesn't she quit and go to bed?"

I shifted slightly in my seat.

"Peradventure," I suggested, taking a deep inhalation from my cigarette and then allowing it to escape gradually in commutative rings,— "she's under orders."

## THE STOLEN TROPHY.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

### CHAPTER II.

The last game was scheduled for 3:30, but long before that time the crowd began to arrive. Every street car was jammed; every carriage held more than its allotted number. In the hands of nearly every spectator was a pennant or flag of some kind,—most of them crimson, but a few a deep blue.

The teams reached the grounds a little before three, and the visitors went out for practice at once. Big Coach Thompson watched them with an eye like a hawk. Down in his heart there was heavy gloom. From the telegram he knew that The Midget had not found Bounder at home, and he began to doubt if the catcher had gone that way at all. Perhaps he was in the city trying to clear himself. The next train from Lake Mills was due a minute or two after the game was scheduled to start, but the station was nearly a mile away. He had left a cab there, ready for the run; but he had little hope. He doubted, even, if The Midget would come.

After a brisk preliminary practice of fifteen minutes, the gong clanged, and Thompson sent out his own men. Not until now had it dawned upon the others that with The Midget and Bounder both missing, they had only a portion of last week's successful nine. When they asked the coach about the missing battery, he smiled, trying to be cheerful. At all odds, he must keep up the spirit of the players.

"They will be here," he promised confidently, "a little late, it may be, but we can go through an inning or two without them."

Carper was warming up to pitch, and Pinden was catching him. Thompson watched them critically. Occasionally the

latter dropped the ball. Often the former shot it hopelessly wide.

Thompson groaned. It seemed to him the nine had not a chance in the world of winning. He looked at the vast crowd that was already overflowing the grand-stand into the bleachers, and wondered how it would take the defeat. The red banners clashed against the blue in a color effect that blurred his sight.

The gong rang again. It was time for the game to begin. Thompson spoke to two or three of the fielders, and they dawdled away time in a way that made the spectators protest loudly. Up in the grand-stand they did not understand the delay.

At last, however, it was impossible to hesitate longer. Thompson gave the signal, and the game was on. The umpire tossed out a white ball to Carper, who shot it in to Pinden three times. Then the official called, "Play ball," and the catcher sent it down to second—three feet to the left of the base. Thompson's lips closed tight.

The first batter got his base on balls and stole second on Pinden's wide throw. A sacrifice sent him to third. Up in the grand-stand the blue pennants waved hysterically, and a short, choppy college yell drifted down to Coach Thompson.

Carper grinned a little sheepishly, and took the ball. He had an elaborate arm movement that began in front of him and ended in a double circle swing. It was calculated to puzzle the batter, and sometimes succeeded. Today it irritated Thompson; he wished the boy would be more simple. A semi-circle, and a snappy throw would be better—that was The Midget's style.

The runner on third raced off the base and back again. Carper whipped the ball to the baseman, but did not catch the runner off the bag. Three times he tried this, and three times the umpire shook his head. Then Carper abandoning the idea of playing for the runner, began to "wind up" for the pitch.



Thompson saw it first. Like a shot the runner began to race for home. The coach jumped from the bench with a quick roar of command to Carper. But the pitcher, stopped in the midst of his arm gyrations, seemed utterly bewildered. For a long, precious instant he stared stupidly at the runner. It was so absurd to try to steal home that he could not understand. Then, catching himself with an effort, the pitcher seemed to unwind, and threw to Pinden. There was a swirl of dust at the home plate, but when it cleared the umpire was standing there, palm to the ground, roaring, "Runner is safe!" The man had stolen home with the ball in Carper's hand.

From that moment Carper lost his head. All his skill gave way to his wildness. He hit one batter, and walked another. His slow drop ball, of which he was so proud, failed entirely to curve, and Finnegan, the mighty, slammed out a home run. The score was 4 to 0, and only one man was out.

It was sheer luck that nobody else hit safely. It was fast fielding that made the next two outs possible—not Carper's pitching.

Thompson called to him. Together they walked to one side.

"Carper," said the big coach, "you've got to do better. If The Midget were here—"

"The Midget!" blazed out the pitcher. "Why, you fool, he's afraid to play. What do you suppose keeps him away. He's lost his nerve. He's—"

It was seldom that Thompson lost his temper, but he did it now. *He* knew why The Midget was not there. To have this insulting, self-centered fellow slur the boy was too much. He was angry all over.

"That's enough from you!" he stormed. "You go back to the gymnasium and stay there!"

Carper had not expected this. He knew that the only substitute pitchers were hopelessly weak, and imagined the coach

would not dare take him out. But there was no doubting Thompson's decision. Carper turned quickly.

"All right," he said, "I'll go. But you'll lose the game sure now. You'll lose it sure; do you hear me? And I hope you do—I hope the college loses the championship."

After his outburst Thompson had cooled. He knew it was a waste of time bandying words with the fellow, and he turned sharply on his heel and went to the bench. Down in his throat was a little lump when he contrasted this player's wishes with those of Bounder.

His first batter fanned. The second hit to short and was thrown out. The third sent a high foul, which was easily gathered in by the catcher.

Little Dobbins was sent in to pitch. The youngster was willing enough, but he had neither good curves nor great speed. One man flied out, but the next three all hit safely, and the bases were full.

Up in the grand-stand they hooted a little. It looked like an ignominious defeat, with a score mountain-high. Dobbins called to Thompson.

"I can't do it," he sobbed. "I know I can't. I'd do anything for the college and you, Thompson, but I can't hold down a team of sluggers. Take me out."

The coach's face did not change a feature. Calmly, as if it were only a small matter at best, he turned to the bench.

"Smith," he called, "come here."

Another pitcher, a long, lank fellow, came forward. Thompson looked at him, and remembered his former hopeless experiences. But there was nothing else to do.

Out at the gate there was a shout. Thompson looked up quickly. For a moment his eyes saw nothing but the blaze of color in the grandstand. Instead of blurring before his eyes as it had done, however, it seemed to take shape. A curious fancy that the blue was the sky, and the crimson the tints of dawn crept into the coach's mind. It meant promise, hope—everything!

A cab rolled into the grounds, and two figures in street clothes leaped out. The crowd saw a little figure with a scratched face and torn clothes run up to Thompson, with another following. Then somebody recognized them, and the crowd began to cheer hysterically for "Midget—Midget Blake." Somehow it seemed that the salvation of the game was at hand.

The boy whipped off his coat and rolled up his right shirt sleeve. Smiling confidently he walked into the pitcher's box and threw a half dozen balls to the other player not in uniform. Then the umpire raised his hand, and the game was on again.

There was almost a riot in the grand-stand when the next two batters fanned, with two on bases, and the side was retired. Pennants waved like a surging sea; men hugged each other and brought their canes down on other men's hats. Programmes were tossed up into the air, till it seemed a whirlwind had caught them in its eddy.

Not only had The Midget's coming braced his own team, but it had served to unnerve the leaders. While the boy and Bounder were getting into uniforms in the little room under the grand-stand, their team was batting fiercely. When they emerged, just as the inning ended, the score-keeper put up the figure 2. Two runs that inning—and only two behind!

They tell to this day how The Midget pitched the next six innings, and they tell it in a lowered voice, as if it were a thing not possible now. And they tell, too, how in the eighth, with runners on second and third, the boy whipped a long, clean single past first, scoring the two men on bases and tying the score.

It was then that the noise burst all bounds. Bedlam broke loose. Men rushed down on the diamond to grasp the little pitcher's hand, and were ordered off by the umpire.

But the score was only tied, and the game had yet to be won. The first batter in the ninth was Finnegan, "the man who never struck out," and it was out of the question to ex-

pect anything but a terrific drive from him. Larrup, the loosely-built left fielder, was cautioned by The Midget to play close to the eight-foot fence that bounded the field.

"They must'n't score Larry," he said; "they must'n't! Finnegan will probably hit you, and you've got to make him fly out."

Larrup had a soft heart, and he admired The Midget greatly. "It won't get past me, boy," he swore, "not even if I have to go over the fence and catch it on the other side."

So the inning began. Finnegan waited, letting two outside balls and even one strike go past unchallenged—waited till a great dread began to take root down in The Midget's heart. And then—then he hit the ball.

When The Midget heard the square crack of the bat, and saw the ball sail toward left field, he knew at once that it was over Larrup's head—probably over the fence. A sudden weakness made his legs tremble and threaten to give way beneath him. He felt like sitting down and crying—sobbing lik a baby. At best, however, it was only one run, and there was a chance—just a lone chance—of offsetting it in the last half of the ninth.

For a second after the ball was hit, Larrup stood stock still. Then he turned sharply and raced for the fence, never looking back till he reached it. The Midget waited breathless, hoping the fielder might put up his hands to catch it. Instead he turned and faced the fence. The ball must be hopelessly over his head. It would be impossible to shut off the run.

Then Larrup did something that brought the crowd to its feet, stark mad. He ran straight for the fence, jumped for the top board, and hanging there with one hand, thrust up his glove a foot above his head and caught the ball!

It was almost impossible to restore order. It was the most wonderful one-handed catch the crowd had ever seen. Coach Thompson, who had run out from the bench, staggered back to it, limp and weak with the sudden revulsion of feeling. Only The Midget smiled. "Larrup made good!" he told himself over and over. "Now it's my turn."

No sooner had the crowd quieted than it was on its feet again, cheering The Midget, with three straight strike-outs to his credit.

Bounder was the first man at bat in the last half of the ninth. Inspired by the wonderful playing of his team-mates, he put his whole soul into the idea of hitting safely. A pitch, exactly to his liking, gave him the opportunity, and he singled along the third-base line.

The Midget was up. Thompson signalled to him to sacrifice, and the boy caught the first strike and bunted it perfectly toward first. In an instant he was even with the slowly rolling ball, and side by side he raced it to the base. The pitcher endeavored to scoop it up, and get it to the man on first, but failed. There were two men on bases and nobody out.

Big Anderson flied far into deep center, and Bounder raced to third after the ball was caught. The Midget, however, was held on first.

Coach Thompson put in Robertson, who played substitute, to bat in place of the next man. He failed to get a hit, however, and neither Bounder nor The Midget advanced on his weak attempt. There were two out, and a run seemed as far away as ever, in spite of the man on third.

From the third base line, Thompson signalled for The Midget to go down to second on the first pitched ball, hoping to work the double-steal and secure Bounder. The boy raced down the line, keeping a wary eye on the ball. The catcher started to throw it, hesitated, and finally tossed it to the pitcher. The Midget, who had watched his indecision, halted suddenly, three feet from second base. Then, to the amazement of the great crowd, the boy doubled on his tracks and ran back to first!

It was new to the crowd in the grand-stand, that gasped and declared the boy a fool; it was new to the other pitcher, who stood there stupidly with the ball in his hand. After the buzz of comment died down, the crowd saw the pitcher

deliver another strike, and The Midget run for second again.

Just how bewildered the catcher had been by the seeming idiocy of The Midget, would be hard to say. Certain it is, however, that when he saw the boy running between the same bases a second time, he determined to end the matter, and end it quickly. In all probability, his amazement at the previous play had made him forget, at least temporarily, the runner on third.

He shot the ball clear to second, and not to the short-stop playing just behind the pitcher. The throw was low, and the second-baseman was forced to stoop almost to the ground to take it. Now, as everybody knows, on a low catch it is necessary to straighten up before the ball can be returned, and precious seconds are lost in the movement. Thompson had coached Bounder off for home the instant the catcher threw, and before the ball was whizzing back he was nearly at the plate. He threw himself desperately into the air, head first, and with hands extended like a diver, plunged for the white block that meant safety and a victory.

The crowd watched and waited, with the grand-stand and bleachers as still as they were when not a soul occupied them. Long before the dust had cleared, the bellow of the umpire rang out, the signal for Bedlam again:

“The runner is safe!”

The game was won, and with it the inter-collegiate championship!

## THE "GANG."

BY LUCIAN B. CARY.

### I.

I have often noted in my student friends a dual personality which though it in no sense recalls Stephenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has yet been to me, quite as interesting material for speculation. In talking with a group of his fraternity brothers during that period which Longfellow nominated "the children's hour," but which these people are wont to dedicate to a sprawling attitude, a cigarette, and argumentative conversation, the average student slavishly agrees with the rest on whatever peculiar evil may come up for discussion. On such a matter as professionalism among college athletes, they will unite in expressing an opinion which does credit neither to their judgment nor their moral sense. It is the spirit which, for want of a better name, I have always called the "gang" spirit. The 'gang' has its own code of honor, morals and ethics as well as a vast unwritten law which governs the action of a member under almost all circumstances. It may condone or it may ostracise cribbing, according to the local conditions, just as it may take either side of any controversy despite a general tendency to take the less creditable one. Whatever its principles, the power of the "gang" opinion and the rule of its law, like the law of the jungle, is supreme. Its punishments are as swift and sure as those of nature herself. In early boyhood, the power of the "gang" is but beginning to show itself; in the "teens" it is strongest; it begins to weaken in college; in some classes of society it rules throughout life.

I have traced much good to the "gang" and its spirit, but there is one great primary law of the "gang" which in spite of some apparent virtues is a thing of lasting evil. It is the law which forbids peculiarity of any sort, which makes the slightest deviation from the average in whatever aspect, whether it be in moral principle or fashion in necktie, punishable. In its operation this principle results in subduing at the very start the smallest original idea on the part of any

member. Budding talent is ruthlessly trampled upon wherever it may appear or in whatever form, solely because: "It is different; it is not like the rest." Its one merit is its undoing. The "gang" is the greatest leveler and the greatest school we have. It teaches many things, and always it grinds out the same size and as far as may be, the same quality of choice. Some of it is worse than the rest, but none of it is better.

It has seemed to me, as I remarked before, that the "gang" begins to lose its grip on the student in college; certainly it does on all those who amount to anything. Those of the same mould stick together; they try to keep the "gang" intact and powerful; but its influence on some of its whilom members is gone forever. The very students in the fraternity house mentioned previously may, an hour later, express far more sane, more creditable, less puerile opinions on the same subject, provided only that they are addressed as individuals. They may even espouse the cause which they have just been ridiculing.

It is, I think, with no very conscious hypocrisy that such a condition exists. Each student unconsciously adapts himself to his hearer; when he is among students he deceives himself into adopting an opinion somewhat after what he considers the general one to be; each student goes through the same process. And so, as a body taken together, a number of students may adopt an opinion which no single one of them could under any circumstances be persuaded to, lacking companions of his own age. I say that this is done with no conscious hypocrisy, because I am convinced that the average student who experiences this queer phenomenon is entirely ignorant of it; he is quite ignorant of the effect of the presence of the "gang," or what stands in his inner consciousness as the "gang," upon his attitude toward life or any of the manifestations of life. He unconsciously throws about him a different philosophy of life, completely unlike that of his better self; his moral code reverts three or four centuries, and all his ethical understanding undergoes a similar transformation.



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**EDITORIAL.**

Wisconsin finishes the football season with an unbeaten team. It is five years since we have been able to say as much, and our joy is tremendous. But, after all, it is hard to say whether our happiness is greater for our victory over the opposing teams or for our victory over the 'knockers.' We say and we believe that there are no 'quitters' at Wisconsin, but we cannot be blind to the fact that there are 'knockers,' and these sometimes are very hard to distinguish from the others. We do not refer to that painful season when most of us thought Wisconsin's athletics were finally being done away with—what we said then was said under pressure of excitement. By the 'knockers' we mean the men

who cried down the best efforts of faculty and student body to build up a new athletic system on the wreck of the old. They sneered at everything, football in particular; they predicted that we should have a team, scholarly perhaps, but quite incapable, which would ease off each successive defeat with a flow of talk on morals, college spirit and purity of athletics. But their predictions were vain; instead of excusing defeats, the Wisconsin team—the experiment, if you wish—occupied its time winning victories; full of the old Wisconsin spirit, the team went into every game to win, and the result of it all is a team and an athletic system backed by faculty and backed by student body. The ‘knockers’ must be still for a time at least, and Wisconsin has taken one more step along the right road.

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The LIT is happy to announce the election of two new members to its board, Miss Edith Swenson, who has been a frequent contributor, and Mr. George B. Hill, the editor of the *Sphinx*. At the same time the LIT expresses its regret at the withdrawal of Mr. Lucian B. Cary, although it cannot refrain from adding its cheeriest congratulations.

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The editor requests that all manuscripts be accompanied with the name and address of the writer. The published signature will in all cases be such as the writer desires.

## THE GOLD DIGGER.

BY WILLIAM MORTON TURNER.

Afar from all who sow and reap,  
And in autumnal twilight sing,  
Afar from all who love or weep,  
Or drink the vintage of the king,

A nameless man of sullen mood  
Upon an inland hill of old,  
Between the water and wood,  
Was digging for a pot of gold.

The sunlight fell on violet bed,  
And on the scattered sod and sand,  
And on the digger's silver head,  
And on the lake and on the land.

And shadows of a skyey birth  
Lay on the slope beneath a cloud,  
And where the old man dug in earth,  
There lay a shadow, gaunt and bowed.

The wood had many a mystic hall.  
The lake had many a ledge and lair—  
(Had ye not sought the waterfall?  
Had ye not sought a flower there?)

But even' came: The hole was deep,  
And still the pot of gold unfound—  
The weary worker fell asleep,  
A cold dark fathom underground.