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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

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THE DANCE AT PINKIE'S PAGODA

The sheriff of Wanamooset county leisurely dismounted in front of Pinkie's Pagoda. Then, with even greater deliberation, he tied the bridle strap of his horse to one of the many hitching posts to be found there, and slowly limped up three or four rickety steps to a ramshackle porch filled with loungers.

"Better hurry, sheriff," called one of these resting gentlemen, who had his chair tipped to the wall for greater comfort, "I think I heard Pinkie movin' things aroun' in there just now."

"Oh, never mind; I'm in no great hurry," retorted the officer, smiling good-naturedly.

This exchange of words provoked a sally of laughter, for a provincial joke never loses its point.

"Hey, there, you rascal!" cried the sheriff, as a red head was thrust hastily through the doorway and as quickly withdrawn, "I've come for you, Pinkie."

The loafers entertained themselves with another burst of merriment.

Pinkie's Pagoda was a monument, seemingly *in perpetuo*, to the official corruption and jealousy of two counties. A long, rambling structure, hotel, dance-hall and saloon combined,—with a disused elevator shaft at one end, wherein some fanciful person had discerned a resemblance to a Chinese temple, and whence the designation "Pagoda"—it stood on the boundary line between two states. The proprietor, Peter Spadesworth, a New Englander, was no mere Yankee. He was salt of the salt, elect of the elect, being a scion of that ingenious race which dwells in Connecticut.

Many years back, Pinkie, left a widower, wandering westward, had chanced upon the Pagoda. His native astuteness had comprehended in a glance the full significance to himself of its geographical situation. Forthwith, he bought the place, and, for a song, rigged up a bar on the premises, hung a sign over the door, and alternately posting his sons as watchmen, defied the liquor laws of two commonwealths. Should the sheriff of Wanamooset county chance to enter the Pagoda, Pinkie was "doing business" across the line. Should the sheriff of Jones county call to slake his thirst, Pinkie was beyond his jurisdiction. The matter was simplicity itself. Nothing above a keg of lager or a few whiskey and brandy bottles was kept on hand, and it required little more time than the winking of an eye to transfer such a stock a few feet. Moreover, Pinkie, who was a prudent man, taking no chances, had delineated across the floor with white paint the boundary line, in order that the sovereignty of neither state might be violated by the too great zeal of an officer of their law.

While the fame of the Pagoda spread far and wide, Pinkie's pockets bulged with western gold, and he placed his two daughters in the most fashionable school open to girls in the East. Now at the time of their departure, these girls, Lucy and Estella, were aged sixteen and seventeen years respectively. Hitherto, they had received their education at Cass City, some fifty miles away, and came home to the Pagoda but twice a month. On such occasions Pinkie, unwilling that they should learn the nature of his business, closed the bar. Impelled by a similar motive the rude frequenters of the place suppressed during these visits their more offensive oaths. Not a woman dwelt within a radius of twenty-five miles of the Pagoda; hence the lone bachelors strove to excel

one another in the exercise of such forms of chivalry as they chanced to remember. As for young men, they, too, were very nearly as scarce as the members of the gentler sex. Consequently Robert McVeagh and Charles Thompson, youths of good deportment and pleasing address, living nearby, managed to leave an impress on the girls' hearts, during these fortnightly visits, which neither the beaux of Cass City nor the culture of the Atlantic Coast could quite eradicate. So, while these daughters of Pinkie entertained in a far-away land a warm attachment for the Pagoda and for some of its associates, the cheerful sport of health-drinking flourished.

Like every other place of worship, the Pagoda had its rites. They were very simple. The guests, as they lined up at the long pine table doing service for a bar, would thus toast in unison, "The Pagoda: may two sheriffs never meet here." That was it. There was the secret of Pinkie's long immunity from the law's vengeance, the fact that neither sheriff of the rival counties could swallow his pride sufficiently to act in conjunction with the other.

But McVeagh, sheriff of Wanamooset county, had called today with a fixed purpose in mind. He was only three weeks in office and was young and ardent. It is a proverb that a new broom sweeps clean. Sheriff McVeagh was a new broom, and in the early flush of his election resolved his administration should be a clean sweep. However, he gave no intimation of his intentions, but treated all the "boys," cracked jokes with each and every ruffian, and finally, his immediate purpose accomplished, that of inspecting the place and of putting Pinkie off his guard, departed as he had come.

A dance was on at the Pagoda. Out in the night two men were separately approaching the scene of merry-making. One traveled over the soil known as Jones county; the other over that recognized by the name Wanamooset. Almost simultaneously there burst upon their sight Pinkie's Pagoda, a blaze of light from end to end, from floor to floor. Now they could hear the scraping of violins, and presently through the open door came to their ears the beating of dancers' feet, the sounds of voices in laughter.

The building was constructed something like a railroad station. Its length ran parallel with the states' boundary line. Doors

pierced both sides, enabling a person to pass through from the veranda on one side to the veranda on the other.

Thus it was that each of these men, hitherto unconscious of the other's approach, in the same instant blocked a doorway in Pinkie's Pagoda and glared across at his rival, whose presence was so unexpected and unwelcome.

"McVeagh," muttered one to himself.

"Sheriff Thompson," muttered the other.

The friendship of years had been broken by the election. That traditional hatred of sheriff for sheriff went with the office.

Pinkie was serving liquor to a group at the bar, when looking up he saw something that paled his cheek. Turning his eyes to the other side his gaze encountered a spectacle equally formidable.

"What's the matter, Pinkie?" said one of the merry-makers, pausing with glass half raised to his lips, "You aint sick, are you?"

Pinkie answered nothing, but his eyes stole continually from one door to the other, and the ashen hue on his features deepened.

The group around him following these glances became silent as death, and presently, the infection spreading to the dancers, feet became still, music ceased, and the crowd stood staring from Pinkie to the rival sheriffs.

The proprietor was the first to recover himself. "Sheriff McVeagh, Sheriff Thompson," he said, "allow me to introduce you to my two daughters, in whose honor this dance has been given tonight, although they don't appear to be present;" and apologetically he added, "the boys insisted on having a time, you know, to celebrate the occasion."

It was evident by his proposal of an introduction that, in his agitation, Pinkie had forgotten the former relations existing between the sheriffs and his daughters; also that the men of the vicinity had lost some of their chivalry in demanding a dance and a liquor festival. Continuing, Pinkie said, "They arrived from New York this afternoon unexpectedly." Aside to a serving girl, he whispered, "Nannie, tell them they've got to come down, the sheriffs are after me."

Presently into the room tripped a pair of creatures who seemed singularly out of place in that assemblage. Cultured, pretty, and

refined, fresh from the protecting atmosphere of a "ladies" school, they had found themselves thrust into a country but little removed from the roughness of the mining camp.

McVeagh saw the humor of the situation, Thompson its sadness. Here were these two young ladies anticipating a joyous surprise for their father by their unexpected arrival, only to find him engaged illicitly in a traffic which their education had taught them to abhor. Traces of tears and rebellion were still evident on their cheeks.

McVeagh, as formerly, was for auburn hair and blue eyes; Thompson still admired black hair and a small figure. Result, as of old, McVeagh paired off with Miss Lucy, Thompson with Estella.

The music started up, the dancers reeled off, and Pinkie served the drinks. Thus they rioted through the night. Morning was at hand when Pinkie mounted the bar, and raising his hands for silence said:

"Ladies and boys, I've kept this here Pagoda for nigh onto twelve years now. During that time I've sold a lot of liquor and made a lot of money. But there has happened something that I ought long ago to have foreseen, that is the home-coming of my daughters. Boys—and ladies—I've been greatly honored tonight. Sheriff Thompson has asked for the hand of my daughter Stella, she being willing, and Sheriff McVeagh has likewise expressed a desire to wed my daughter Lucy, she also being willing. Therefore, ladies and boys, we're going to have a double wedding here before long; are going to close up the old Pagoda, and live as a decent man ought to. Now boys we'll have one last drink on me."

A strange spectacle they made as they lined up at the bar, with those fresh, pretty young faces and the tall stalwart forms of McVeagh and Thompson in their midst.

At length an old toper, his hand trembling from age and in-temperance, raised a glass high and proposed:

"Our last drink boys: Here's to the time when two sheriffs met two girls from the East at Pinkie's Pagoda." and the toast was drunk with a will.

—*W. T. Walsh.*

THE REVOLT OF THE SAND

The sun rises, a brassy disc over the eastern buttes, casting its rays upon the desert like the baleful glances of some evil eye. No cloud intercepts its searching scrutiny. Slowly its heat dissipates the tolerable coolness of the preceding night. The forlorn sagebrush takes on a look of further dryness. At intervals the fitful breath of the winds stirs the suffocating atmosphere. Another day has begun on the southern desert.

Far above the burning sands, like a dot on the fiery sky, rides a solitary vulture. In great circles he soars above the earth. Ceaselessly he pursues his quest for carrion. The hunger of many a day gnaws his breast and makes his roving eye the sharper.

* * * * *

The sun has reached its zenith when far to the northward a speck appears moving over the desert. Slowly it grows until the figure of a solitary horseman outlines itself. His habit is rough; the skin of his face and hands is seasoned by many a sun. A careless tune is on his lips. He sets his tough little pony with that graceful abandon which long practice only gives. But gradually the very atmosphere of the desert seems to change. A dull gray spots the western sky. The little cayuse scents danger. It's gallop quickens. Its ears, first pricked forward, now lie back and a look of dumb fear enters its eyes. Nor is the pony's rider unaware of the gradually increasing blot on the horizon. His face takes on a look of anxiety. Fearfully, he scans the desert for some hope of refuge. Only the sandy waste meets his eye. By this time the gray has covered the western sky.

The pony swerves to the east, his trembling limbs working with terrified energy. The gruelling steel is pressed to his lathered sides. The sun blots out. The hum of the sand penetrates the ear like the diapason of some mighty cathedral organ. There in the west comes the terror, its vortex swirling and writhing and twisting, a thing of life—and death! A moment of mad suspense, the man with features fixed in calm desperation, the pony with madness in his eyes, and the sand-storm is upon them.

Howling and singing, the stinging sand cuts through the air like the lash of a whip. The storm, furious in its abandon, raging in its strength, lays its cursed grip hard on the miserable pony and his rider. Snorting with pain, his parched throat choking with thirst, he staggers on until his ebbing life goes out. His rider pitches forward into the whipping sand.

* * * * *

The desert lies hot in the afternoon sun. Far above, the black speck enlarges. Its circles narrow. The vulture sits by the figures and folds his wings.

—*H. K. Leonard.*

A WINTER DAY

I like the tingling, biting air,
 The trees with all their strength laid bare;
 The snowy earth's soft cloud of white,
 The clear, cold calm of starry night;
 The jingling, tinkling, dancing bells,
 Whose merry sound all gloom dispels,
 I like the creaking, crunching snow,
 The bracing winds that round me blow;
 The pictured pane, the flying flakes,
 The cheery glow the hearth-fire makes.
 Not all the budding bloom of May
 Can rival such a winter day!

—*Ora L. Mason.*

THE ONLY SONG

"The Colonel is wound up tonight," said Tom.

"Tom Hargreaves," cried Sally, "how can you use such expressions! Colonel Alec is a dear man."

"I never said he wasn't."

"What are you here for," said Sally, "if you don't enjoy art?"

"Well," said Mr. Hargreaves calmly, "I'm here to look after you."

"After me! Why I'm taking Kindergarten training!"

"Exactly the place for you."

"How can I ever keep my temper, when you are so horrid?"

"Miss Morton, you cannot lose what you never—"

"Yes," Colonel Alec was saying indoors, "romance and wonder are dying out of life." "For instance," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "listen to those young people on the porch, who, I venture to say, are quarreling like magpies. We are so dominated by—"

"*The Automobile!*" whispered Tom on the porch.

—"science, that art is having a hard struggle for existence. Imagination has retreated into the nooks and corners of the world. We must believe, I suppose, that there is as great a humanity hidden under the frock coat and—"

"*Golf jacket!*" whispered irreverent Tom.

—"gown of modern society as in the days of the artists and their superb creations. But we imitate them, we do not dare to be original. Or else, we do not know enough to be original. Great art is sincere and to be sincere, we must think for ourselves."

"And yet, Colonel Guilbert, do you not think the society you speak of would be able to recognize great art if it did appear?" said Miss Norris. "If a really great, and as you say, original song were sung here tonight, would it not be understood and appreciated as such?"

"May I not wound the feeling of my guests, if I say I am not sure they could recognize something they cannot produce," replied the Colonel laughingly.

"I suggest," said Mrs. Guilbert, "to lend as much inspiration as possible, that you sing for a prize tonight."

"What shall it be?" asked the Colonel.

"A box for the first night of Cadros' opera," cried Cecil Haines.

"Agreed," said Colonel Alec.

"If I had known there would be a prize, I should have got up a song myself," said Tom.

"You!" shrieked Sally.

II.

It was the June meeting of our musical club, the last of the year. No hospitality in New York could be more charming than that of Colonel and Mrs. Guilbert on these occasions. We enjoyed our club thoroughly and looked forward to a meeting, but there was always a special charm about every gathering in their spacious house. Perhaps it was because there was no formality and we all did as we pleased. The night was perfect. Moonlight poured over the lawn and shrubbery in a silver flood. There were groups scattered through the unlighted rooms and hall, while a few stragglers, including the magpies, were on the porch. It was one of those nights that come like a silent gift of compensation for the weariness of life.

One by one, as the spirit moved them, the singers went into the dim music-room. And in turn there came back to us in song some well known personality. But, as the evening went on, we ceased to criticise. The spell of the night and the shadowy, deserted streets came upon us. After a half dozen songs, not very much different, as it seemed to me, there was a pause and then Cecil Haines' great bass rang out in the first line of "The Demon Lover,"

"O, where hae ye been, my lang-lost love,—"

The fierce melancholy of the old ballad ran across the darkness like a glare of lightning. Ballads were Cecil's specialty, but he had never done one so gloriously.

"Cecil ought to have the prize," I whispered, more to myself than to anyone else, from the distance of reverie, and without looking up waited for the next song.

There was a pause, the sound of some one moving toward the piano and then the song came.

The touch in the opening chords was strange. In an instant, we knew that there was an unknown personality this time at the piano. And we looked at one another through the dusk with smiling anticipation. So Colonel Alec was giving us a surprise!

The best thing I can think of to say about the song is, that it was different from anything I had ever heard before. It did not belong to any school; it did not resemble any composer that I know. It was not different in the sense of the unfamiliar; on the contrary, it was strangely simple and natural. A melody, rich with the appealing loveliness of a woman's voice quivered through the house. The voice was mature, perfectly trained, and full of happy assurance. It was eloquent of life in its fulness. She sang longer than the others had done, and when she finished, no one moved.

III.

Then, as if by instinct, we rose and some one turned on the lights. There was a startled murmur of question, "Who—?" "Where—" Colonel Alec had nothing to do with the surprise.

"Why," said Cecil Haines, "as I took my chair again after 'The Demon Lover,' " some one bent over me and asked, "May I sing next?" No one was listening to him.

But the song?

"Do you know," said Miss Norris hesitatingly, "I have the strangest feeling about that song. It seemed as if it were my own. It was what I felt but could never express the morning in Switzerland when we first saw the Jungfrau."

"My experience is quite different, Miss Norris," said Fanshaw, the young poet. "During that song, I thought of a line in my new poem that has bothered me for weeks. There was one phrase, repeated once or twice like this—"

He went to the piano, struck a few notes, and stopped.

"I've forgotten it, curiously enough," he said.

"Did you hear the words?" asked some one.

"They were in a language I did not understand," said Cecil.
Cecil.

"The performance seemed to be thoroughly intellectual," said a Harvard professor, a guest of Miss Norris. "I took the song to be the analysis of a favorite mood."

"It may be," said Dr. Morton, "but it reminded me of days on my hunting trip last fall. It was invigorating, like the air of the pine woods."

"It made me think of all the wicked things I ever did, and all that I want to be," said Sally softly.

"Spoken like a Borgia!" cried Tom.

We all turned to him.

"We have not heard Colonel Guilbert," suggested Miss Norris. Colonel Alec quietly.

"It was one of the most perfect things I ever heard," said

"It was the only song!" cried Cecil.

"Just as I took my chair again after 'The Demon Lover,'" said Cecil, a woman bent over me and said, 'May I sing next?' I thought she was a guest, of course."

"Of course," we echoed.

"She kept her face hidden by a fan. I think her hair was dark. Her gown was of some thin, dark material, and perfumed."

"Was there any peculiarity about her voice?" asked Colonel Alec."

"None," said Cecil, "it was an ordinary voice."

"You're great people," said Mr. Hargreaves, "why didn't you stop her when she came out?"

"We all thought she was a guest," said I.

"Well," continued Tom, "I'm the only one of you that kept his head. Sally and I were in the corner of the porch, and when she stopped singing, I got up. She came out of the door, crossed the street, keeping out of the light pretty well, and right by that tree there,"—pointing to a large elm with a guard around it,—“there was a boy, about sixteen I should think, evidently waiting for her. I think, some how, that she was his mother.”

"Well, Cecil," said Mr. Guilbert, coming toward him, smiling, "the judges decide that the prize is yours. We cannot give it to an apparition, and the 'Demon Lover' was finely done."

"But the prize belongs to the 'dark lady,'" said Cecil, "for that was the only song. I take it, my dear Mrs. Guilbert, with due homage to her, and may I find her to share the box with me."

"Oh, wasn't it *beautiful!*" chimed Sally from the doorway.

IV.

A few minutes later, when Tom come back from the porch corner, he found Sally, with her head among the cushions, sobbing violently. He spoke as to a naughty child.

"Now, Sally, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Tom, I know what that song meant and none of those people in there know. I know because it was sung right to me and I understand it."

"What did it mean, Sally," said Tom, gravely.

"It meant," she sobbed, "it meant that we can't be silly and cross when there is such b-b-beauty in the world."

Tom strode to the porch rail and stood, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the shadows of the street beyond the elm.

"I wonder who she was, anyway," he muttered. "Mighty queer way for a woman to be going around. . . . I wonder who that boy was . . ."

—A. S. McL.

THE PURSUING FIGURE

(An allegory suggested by an ancient legend.)

The youth looked back over the way by which he had come, and as he stood with the roseate glow of childhood lighting up his resolute figure, the song of sweet-voiced birds in his ears, and the fragrance of beautiful flowers drugging his brain, a vague figure of indescribable beauty seized him by the hand and turned him toward a land, new and full of mystery. He could see through a silvery mist others round about him, but so lovely was the figure at his side that he forgot their presence and knelt before her in adoration. But lo! as he worshipped, her beauty faded, her charm died away, and the figure stood over him with menacing looks, old, hideous and ugly. The youth shrank back in horror, and filled with dread and fear, he turned and ran, stumbling over the rough places and knocking over his companion in the way, controlled by the one desire to escape the awful sight. Yet ever in his path the figure hovered, growing more terrible at every step. His heart was clenched with anguish, the sweat stood out upon his brow, but the threatening figure was ever at his side.

The youth had now gone far in the land of Manhood, and this horror which continually gnawed at his soul was fast making him an old man, care-worn and anxious. He no longer ran now, but with bent head and languid step he stumbled along in the calm despair of resignation. At times he became conscious of his companions who were traveling with him, and once, in hopes of diverting his thoughts from the ever present figure, he turned his attention to them, and wondered if they were suffering like himself. He noticed that some, bent and old, carried great burdens on their backs, which grew in size as they progressed. Some were crazed with misery and misfortune; some blinded by worldly pleasures were stumbling into deep pit-falls and approaching steep precipices without a warning; some slipped and fell in filthy mud-holes, and only a few lent helping hands.

A mighty rush of tenderness swept over the man as he looked, and filled with a sudden compassion for those whose sorrows were greater than his own, he set to work to lift their burdens, warn them, encourage them, and guide them. So intent was he on helping his companions in their progress that he forgot the ever-present figure at his side until she again seized him by the hand as she had done when he first entered the new land. And behold! She was again radiant with a soft beauty, and in tones, tender, but gently stern, she said, "You had forgotten that care is joy to those who love."

—*Ora L. Mason.*



THREE RONDELS TO A ROSE

Come, Dame Disdain with heart of stone,
Relent and loose me from my pain,
And seal your lips upon my own,
Come Dame Disdain!

Why Sweet, a kiss has naught of pain
'Tis but a waft from heaven blown
A taste of bliss the Blest shall gain.

Ah, Rose, why bloom aloof, alone
A blush rose budding all in vain.
Come to my heart, where you have grown.
Come, Dame Disdain!

II.

My love will change? 'tis *that* you fear?
Because you know my heart's wide range
Before we met, and dream, fair seer,
My love will change.

True prophetess! My heart shall grange
Love's gamut o'er, yet darling, hear—
It shall no whit we two estrange.

Because, dear heart, to make all clear
My love to yours I must arrange.
To suit your varying moods, my dear,
My love will change.

III.

Rose, you are fragrant as the bloom
That swaying in the garden grows
And wafts its soul in rich perfume;
Rose!

But never flower that buds and blows
Can match the faint hues that illumine
Your cheeks with flame that comes and goes.

Rose, you have blighted my heart's gloom
For in your eyes the lovelight glows
Yours is the love that conquers doom;
Rose!

—A. B. Braley.

THE BATTLE ROYAL

The blackbass is a wary aquatic. When the waters are smooth and a few fleecy clouds obstruct the blue course of the scorching midday sun, he hides among the lily pads, lying flat on his pebbly floor, his big, greenish-black eyes alert for a passing minnow or crawfish. But when he hears the dip of your paddle or the whirr of your reel, or sees the diverging ripples from the cast bait, he darts off into the darker depths of his fibrous retreat, and you are none the wiser. On such a day it is hard to fool the dark-hued bass, but in the early morning or evening, or when the wind has risen and the clouds and whitecaps roll, he is most likely to try your bait.

When you are least expecting it, you get a strike. At the same instant a mass of rippling silver and black shoots into the air and falls back with a splash. Away goes the bass. Like a flash he runs out nearly all your line. You stop the speeding silk with your hand, blistering your trembling fingers. Then out of the water shoots the bass again, seventy-five feet away, fiercely shaking his head in a vain effort to dislodge that barbed thing which has fastened itself in his defiant lower jaw. He disappears in half a second, the taut line cutting the water first here and then there, first under the bow of the boat and then around the stern, or away among the weeds, or into the deeper water. In fact, he kicks up the spray as an unbroken colt kicks up the dust when first hitched to a tethering rope. There is no rest for you while that fish keeps up his constant tug, tug, on the swishing, glistening line. But finally he gets into the weeds and you cannot dislodge him. It is a bad place. With landing net ready you paddle over to where he is entangled within his own dark home. He pulls up at first like a log, and then comes easily to the top, floating calmly around, seemingly with a disgusted air. Watching the heaving gills and dull, sagacious eyes, you try the net. But the enemy is too quick. Down under the boat he darts, and then something happens to you, the reel, the pole, the line, everything. When you come to your senses, the whole outfit is in a tangle, the line is all out, and you feel no challenging, answering jerk. You fear the bass has got the best of the battle.

With short, nervous breaths and "thinking swear," you again reel in that long line. Slowly you take it in, watching for the spoon with fearful anxiety, and almost upsetting the boat when that little scale-covered friend of yours appears, swimming contentedly along through the water. Now, he cuts no geometric curves, nor does he do any "stunts." You are elated. Then the pole nearly flies from your hands, the reel spins, humming like a buzz saw, and way out in the lake, about one hundred feet that blackbass stands on his tail, glistening in the spray and shaking his wide-open mouth at you. This is too much, and in hungry excitement you go at him; this time more carefully. When he plays "possum," you yank the line to wake him up. When he tries a fifty-yard dash under the boat, you take in the line before it is all snarled up. This is no easy task, however. Your fingers and wrists ache. Pretty soon, with great glee, you see he is weakening. His runs are shorter; he shows only his black nose at the end of every spurt, but still you imagine that there is a defiant, treacherous tingle in that wary old timer's pull. At last you fool him. As he rises near the boat, his mouth yawning around the taut silk line, you thrust your net under his wriggling form and he drops with a thud in the bottom of the boat, and those living silver blotches gleam in their deep black background as he gasps and flops in the sunshine.

—W. H. A.

THE RECLUSE OF THE RED HORSE RAPIDS

I came upon him one day in June after a day with the trout between Halpin's Dam and Red Horse Rapids. He was sitting in the shade of a tall white pine, which towered above his log shanty like a stately sentinel at his commander's tent. I had thrown my basket over my shoulder, had turned down my trousers over my boots and was carrying my rod in my hand as I walked toward where he sat. He was leaning over a pan of brook trout, knife in hand, tearing the entrails from the reddish bellies and tossing them to a huge mastiff stretched out upon the grass. When the dog heard the swish of the tall weeds as I trudged through them, he turned suddenly, rose to his feet and growled a threat. The

man looked up, tossed a satisfying morsel to Nero and said, "Hello, Kid."

Bill Saynor was an outlaw, the people along the Somo said. No one knew what crime he had committed, but at night the mother would entertain her children with the tale of how Bill Saynor had killed some one and had fled to the Somo Valley to escape the law.

This day Bill looked happy in the solitude of his backwoods home. "What did ya get?" he queried, as I threw myself down beside the tree and lit my pipe to watch the sun as it sunk behind the skyline of tamaracks.

"Not many," I answered, with a tinge of pride in my voice, throwing open my wicker basket for Bill's inspection.

"Good for a kid," he said laconically. "Thought I'd caught 'em all myself."

Soon Bill had finished cleaning his catch. Leaning back against the wall of his shanty, he lit his pipe, and as the smoke curled around the brim of his sombrero, I saw the strong lines of his face. Bill had been a handsome man in his day, and something about those eyes told me that his part in the drama of life had not been a minor one. His bare wrists, protruding above his pockets, were those of a woodsman, but the two feet crossed at the extremities of two long legs were small for such a giant as Bill.

"Goin' to fish tonight?" he asked, never removing his eyes from some far-away object upon which they seemed to hang dreamily.

"I guess that I won't go out until morning," I answered, slapping at a mosquito.

"Better bunk with me," he said, rising and stalking toward the shanty door.

This was an unusual invitation for Bill Saynor to extend, and as I had never been further than the door of Bill's retreat I accepted more through curiosity than fatigue.

The tall hermit of the Somo led me into his strange abode. It was filled with an atmosphere of the western plains. Bill pointed to a chair, and I sat down and stared about the room. My host knelt before a grimy kettle and with a jack-knife whittled shavings for a mosquito "smudge." The room was not large, but

there was plenty of room for Bill. A pine bunk was his bed, a bearskin was his coverlet, and from the pillow at the head floated the aroma of the balsam boughs. On the wall over the bunk hung a Winchester, loaded in every chamber. Within arm's reach of the bed lay a buckskin belt with a gleaming bowie-knife, two six-shooters and a "thirty-two." From wooden pegs on the walls hung relics of the chase, rabbits' fur, bear skins, many pronged antlers, and here and there a wild cat's stuffed head. On the low table in a dark corner there were books, but two, and a magazine. The books were the Bible and a paper-covered novel. The magazine was devoted to sports. Before the stone fire-place, on a wooden easel, which bore the marks of a jack-knife, stood a girl's picture. Half concealed behind the dusty easel hung a pennant, and I read on the background of crimson, in letters of black, "Harvard '95." My eyes fastened upon these, the only clues to Bill's former life. It told that he had known a woman in the far-off world from which he had come. Bill turned involuntarily as I stared at the mantel and eyed me seriously. I saw his stare, and remarked, "She's a dream, Bill." I was sorry the moment I said it; I did not know why.

"Blasted mosquitoes are terrors tonight," he grumbled, pretending not to hear me.

"Who is it, Bill?" I persisted. Bill did not answer. I saw him scowl terribly, and then he cursed his dog.

That night, long after I had tried to fall asleep on the bearskin, the hermit of Red Horse Rapids sat outside the shanty and smoked. Near midnight I saw his lank form in the doorway, and it seemed to me that his face looked pitifully sad in the moonlight. Slowly he walked over the earthen floor, glancing once toward the bunk. Then he stopped before the mantel. For a long time he stood and looked at the picture. Then he touched it with his hands. He raised it to his lips and put it back. "He drove me to it, Alice," he said, almost in a whisper.

* * * * *

Some wild animal screamed down near the rapids; Bill stood meditating for a moment, and then shambled toward the bed.

—Edward S. Jordan.

TO A NEW BORN BABE

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DAUDET.)

Child of a day, new-blossomed rose,
 Tiny mouth and tiny nose,
Tiny lids that try to wink,
 Tend'rest flesh,
 So clean, so fresh,
 So pink.

For the baby words you lisp
You'll be cuddled up and kissed.
 Little warbling nightingale,
 What excess
 Of happiness
 You exhale!

For your large, half-frightened eyes,
Blue as sunny, Southern skies,
 For your smiles at me above you,
 For your tears,
 All that endears,
 I love you.

Child of a day, as pure as snow,
For the joy that you bestow,
 Slumb'ring in your swaddling-clothes,
 In your nest,
 Be thou blest,
 Little rose!

While upon your pillow warm
You slumber on secure from harm,
 Mother sings low cradle-tunes.
 "Darling sleep!
 Watch I keep,"
 She croons.

She's your guardian angel true.
Sleep! no harm shall come to you.
 Dream beneath those jealous wings.
 With happy smile
 She'll rock you while
 She sings.

Child of a day, from Heaven cleft,
To the paradise you left
 Threads of gold hold you enchained.
 To these golden strings
 Your soul still clings
 Unstained. —*Maurice W. Moe.*

A PERFECT NEGATIVE

It was the kodak that did it. Henderson had been an enthusiastic kodak fiend for some time. When others first took it up he looked on in awe. When they had begun to weary of it, he took it up himself. And when they had come to regard it as a matter of course, he was just in the midst of his enthusiasm, and was more fiendish with his machine than the worst of them had been before him. But it was just before he entered college that his attack reached its height, and the result was as follows.

It seemed to Henderson that he had used up all the available subjects within the scope of his lens. He had fairly deluged his friends with pictures of the main building, the historical library, the gymnasium and his room. He had snapped the Capitol from all sides. Every pretty drive in the region round about had fallen a victim to his fever. His room mate had posed for him in all the positions which their united imaginations were able to conjure up, and even the dogs of the neighborhood knew by sight the little instrument that he was accustomed to carry about with him. Then came the Christmas holidays, and with them a new and improved kodak.

Now the campaign opened anew, but with an interesting variation. Kodakery is not necessarily practiced a la solitaire, and during the winter Henderson found this out. Then came the exercising of this new discovery, and with it the further development that the subject can just as well be carried on co-educationally as otherwise. Henderson hadn't much faith in the segregation idea anyway. Neither had Miss Houghton, who also used a kodak, of the same style as that which had just come into Henderson's possession. Thus they had some interest in common from the very first, and their growing intimacy was the means of furnishing both with new "subjects."

By the time the Easter holidays came around, the conversation of these two enthusiasts had ceased to center wholly about the latest and best kind of paper, and the most convenient way of handling films, and even the question of what was the best light to have on the library building failed to engender interest in their

minds. They did not let photography drop entirely, for their appreciation of it and its possibilities was too great for that. In fact, the more Henderson considered the matter, the more convinced he became that there were depths to which neither of them had as yet attained, and he resolved that they should work together to approach as near as might be to these possibilities. It rather annoyed him when Miss Houghton's younger brother also developed an interest in photography, but the feeling of annoyance soon left him when he found that the brother was not to use a kodak, but a plate camera, and had fitted up a dark-room in the house. This, he argued, would give Miss Houghton and himself the opportunity to accomplish much finer work in developing than could be done with the daylight machine. So it came about that the machine was practically abandoned, and the development of the mutual interests was carried on in the dark-room, and progressed with correspondingly increased rapidity.

It was late in the spring that matters reached a climax. Henderson's enthusiasm was so great as to become contagious, and his room mate, who had been inclined to scoff in the early days, became interested in the work, and learned to use the kodak. Once familiar with its intricacies, he acquired the habit of borrowing the instrument on various occasions, always sure that Henderson would have no hesitancy in finishing the pictures for him. Indeed, that young man was only too glad to do this, as all work of that nature gave him the opportunity of furthering another developing process in which he was deeply interested.

One afternoon as Henderson was sitting in his room wondering why fate was so cruel as to have ordained that there should be no photographic work to do that night, he was aroused from his thoughts by the entrance of his room mate. An intrusion was not at all in accordance with his mood, but the aspect of things changed with the first words of the intruder. "Can you develop a film for me tonight? I've got some corking pictures."

Could he? The request was providential. Without waiting for further particulars he went directly to the telephone and asked for connection with the Houghton residence. The young lady was not in, but he gave his message to the one who answered at that end of the line, and asked that she be instructed to call him up and

tell him whether or not she could do some photographic work that night. Then he went back to the room and pretended to study, but in reality he was laying deep plans for that evening. "Too much developing will spoil anything," he said to himself, as the photographic metaphor forced itself into his mind. "You've got to stop it at the right time and put the plate in the fixing bath, so that everything will be cleared up and the details will show up well. That doesn't take very long, and then it's all ready for the final washing and drying, and there you've got your perfect negative." He frowned at the use of the last word, but it was the proper one in photography, and it came out before he had time to check it. Then the telephone bell rang, and he forgot the evil omen in his satisfaction at learning that Miss Houghton would be pleased to work at pictures with him that evening.

Something seemed to be the matter that night. Ordinarily, Henderson took charge of the solutions and their management with the certainty and celerity of an expert, but now he seemed to be at some disadvantage. When he held the graduate to the light to see how much pyro he had poured out, his hand shook so that Miss Houghton had to do the measuring herself. It was the same with the other solutions, and when he came to handling the film he dared not trust himself to cut it, but asked her to do it for him. The young lady was alarmed, and asked him if he was sick, but he replied each time that he never felt better in his life, and he tried to appear as usual, but his efforts were strikingly unsuccessful.

At last he realized that he was only harming his own prospects by appearing so completely overcome, and then the thought came to him that he would let the whole matter rest upon an augury. If the films came out well he would bring this other matter to a crisis, and (he smiled as the afternoon's figure came to his mind) he would see that the "two negatives" were fixed at the same time. This served to give greater zest to the work, and never had he shown such care in handling plate or film as he exercised that night. Miss Houghton noticed the difference and laughed at him for it. "You certainly ought to be a photographer," she exclaimed. "You seem to put your whole soul into that film." "It is there," he answered, and neither guessed how true it was.

At last it was done, and done in a way that brought a feeling of pride to the hearts of the amateurs. "Perfect!" Henderson said, as after a single glance at the dark surfaces of the separate sections he laid them in a basin of running water to wash for a moment or two before immersion in the hypo solution. Then he became silent again, for he somehow felt that he would need all his strength and resolution for what was coming. He carefully washed the developer from his hands, for pyrogallic acid has staining properties that are worthy the envy of any self-respecting chemical, and then, one by one, lifted the films from the water for inspection. The two heads were close together as the pictures were held before the red light, and the comments on them were full of enthusiasm. The augury was working well.

Henderson's hand shook a little as he lifted the last bit of celluloid and carried it into place before the lamp. Then the hand became steady, and a strange look passed over his face. Close at his side there sounded a sudden gasp—"Why—what—who took that?"

The picture was perfect. It showed a large tree, close by the lake shore, and under it were seated two people, a man and a girl. A novice can see but little likeness between a subject and a negative, but it takes but slight experience for one to recognize the one as readily as the other, and these two amateurs were fully capable. Henderson looked long and steadily at the negative, then at the girl beside him. The red light gave the same color effects as were seen on the film, and—there was the same head which appeared to be resting so comfortably on the shoulder of the young man in the picture, and the same face that was looking out over the lake with an expression of dreamy content.

There was another gasp, and a moment later a slender but determined hand had seized the film and crumpled it into a shapeless mass of celluloid and gelatine, and Henderson was alone in the dark-room.

—D. E. Giffn.

SOLVET SAECLUM

You shall be silenced one day O sinister voice of creation,
Furious blasphemies rolled on the breast of the riotous winds,
Cries of horror and hate and delirious accents of rage,
Frightful clamors resounding over the wreck universal,
Torments and crimes and remorse and multiply sobs of despair,
Spirit and flesh of mankind—ye shall all be silenced one day.
All shall be silent, the gods and the kings and the weebegone
rabble,

Th' raucous voice of the prison, the town's multitudinous murmur,
All the hosts of the living, the spawn of the land and the sea,
All that flies or leaps or crawls in this nether inferno,
All that trembles and flees, and all that slays and devours,
All, from the worm of the earth that is trampled into the mire,
Up to the devious thunders that roll into outermost darkness.

This shall not be the repose that we dreamed in a realm beatific,
Bliss which the faint heart feigns in some faraway garden of
Eden,

Converse of Adam and Eve amid murmuring fountains and flow-
ers,

Or sleep that lies upon lids long heavy with harrowing sorrow.
But it shall be when the globe and all that inhabit upon it,
Sterile and tenebrous mass from its mighty orbit extruded,
Stupid and blind and bedazed with the sound of supreme lamenta-
tion,

Frenetic shrieks of despair waxing madder from moment to mo-
ment,

Dashes its cavernous shell decaying in barren senescence
'Gainst some mightier orb that bars its circuitous pathway ;
Then from a thousand rifts shall flare its intestinal fires
Piercing the floods oceanic and flinging in tortuous billows
All that once was the earth to dissolve into ashes and dust
Sown through the furrows of space where the inchoate worlds are
fermenting.

—*William F. Giese.*

THE "LUNGER" AND HIS BEACON LIGHT

Dougal's first sight of Navajo was on a summer's evening, when the sun had barely dropped behind the far away hills and darkness had fallen with that short twilight common to the Mesa region near to the foot hills. As he wearily climbed the stairway from the depot and came upon the causeway leading from the old "South Town," as it was still called, to the newer business section on the north, his eye caught a great flare of flame, shooting high into the sky off to the southeast. Higher and higher it seemed to rise with every leap, and then, as his eyes became accustomed to the view in the distance, and the great tongue of flame died down to a mere nothing, he watched in wonder a small, snaky line of fire, creeping along the very horizon for what seemed to be about fifty feet, and then the whole plunged down toward the very earth with a glare along its entire length.

"Ye gods of war! That beats 'Parson' Shuler's story of the fires of hell come to earth all to a pulp," he exclaimed.

"Te steel weark, signor," said a deep, gentle voice at his elbow, and he had turned to find a great massive head and a dark, sinister countenance with a scarred forehead almost on his shoulder.

That was Dougal's introduction to the great Rondo steel works,—and his first impression of Navajo was that of wonder and amazement,—and strangely enough the first to bespeak this lone "tenderfoot lugner" in the city of fires, smelters and furnaces, was one of the Italian foremen of those same works. As he watched the great furnace being dumped into its cooling trough, whence the molten metal was carried to its forms, the great flames had seemed to scorch his face at a distance of over a mile. From that moment Dougal carried in his heart reverence for the great works and their power of fire, and that reverence was not shaken by his later knowledge of their interior and the fierce play on the human energies of the men, who fed and handled the furnaces and troughs, that made these great caldrons of molten death seem as true monarchs of Hades to so many.

Three months from that week saw Dougal on the working city force of the "Warrior," Navajo's pride and the greatest state

paper in the southwest. The city editor had taken kindly to the big, tall, white-faced chap, who had such a frank, good-natured way about him, and assigned him to one of the runs in the north town, where he knew the fumes of the furnace would not get to the weak lungs and ruin them before the climate of the dry Mesa had half a chance to put them in condition.

"Pop," as little Miss Churchill had christened the city editor, to the delight of the whole force, was not the only one who liked the big, lean fellow with the open face. That vigorous little lady, whose presence of a few months had changed the blue of the office atmosphere, permeated even to smothering by tobacco fumes and language never choice, to something like normal clearness, liked the new comer. And on one or two chance evenings, when she had finished the society column for the following morning, and he had gallantly walked with her from the office, she took it upon herself to tell him of the local ins and outs. The foreman, his assistants, even Dan, the pressman, allowed the "Lunger" liberties which few were permitted; allowed him to ramble at will during spare hours on "dog watch" down into the press-room, through the compositors' department, wherever he wished. And he enjoyed the work. Out in the open, where his physician bade him be, in the office with the force of workers, each bent on "scooping" the rival "Star," and anywhere and everywhere, when the great presses began to revolve and roll off their burden of news for the first mail edition; it was all new and novel for the "Easterner," and he reveled in it.

The strike was declared on in early October. The brown of the Mesa grasses and cacti had turned a deeper hue. The faraway mountains were becoming covered with snow, and the winter's breath was just felt in the wind, when it shifted so as to come off the hills. The men at the smelters went out first, but the furnace men, troughers and steel workers in the larger works of the Rondo plant, stayed at work for nearly two weeks after the breach between the smeltermen and the manager on the question of wages.

It was daily expected that new developments would become known, and that there would be a wholesale importation of "scabs" from the north to help the few remaining furnace men to keep the fires from dying and to draw off the metal from the great

caldrons. Of the furnace workers, the last to give in was the leader of the Italian majority, and a man who was careful of his own and his family's welfare, and who bore on his forehead a scar, which his fellows told was made by a stroke from one of the heavy levers in the hands of a militiaman in a strike years before. But they finally went out, and Carrijo led them.

The "Warrior" columns blazed with red headlines as the strike progressed, and "Goggles" Harnum took great pride in keeping the local department well supplied with news from his "run." Meanwhile "The Lunger" was working his daily routine in the courthouse, barely able to find each morning a "stick" or two of his printed items.

"Goggles" had warned "Pop" that "there would be something doing" on his night off—the 10th—and had even offered to stay at his post and do his "stunt" as usual in the Rondo district. But "Pop" was firm in his methods, and stuck for the one night rest of each man, with the regularity of clockwork. So he looked about for a man to take Harnum's place that evening, and as "The Lunger" sat with his feet high on the back of a desk in front of the little local-room autocrat, he thought that here, perhaps, was a chance to try out his youngster.

"The Lunger" took the run.

As Dougal left the "Warrior" office and started for the south-bound car to Rondo, he looked out toward the Mesa region, and saw only one feeble flare from the furnaces. He drew in a full breath and stretched his stride a bit, thinking of the glorious spectacle he had witnessed his first night in Navajo, and had seen so many nights since then. He was lonely without the great beacons out to the southeast. He had often conjured them into fanciful shapes, and as he strolled home in the early morning hours, he seemed to make of the bright glare in the east a forerunner of the real sunrise. He likened his present circumstances to the time when he would be able to go back east to the old home, to one little body especially, whose picture adorned his dresser in the big room at the boarding-house. The early morning glare of the great furnaces seemed to bespeak for him an artificial dawn, preceding the real daybreak of his hopes of real life with his old health and strength returned, as even now he felt it stirring him

again. He felt for the great works with their living fires, now almost dead, a sort of sentiment he could not express even to himself, a wish that they might light up again.

First he had a short interview with the assistant manager at the office of the works. The heads of the concern were congregated there, but they would have none of the meddling "nosers." Then he walked down through the Austrian quarter, and after another unsatisfactory conversation with the leaders of the smelters' union, Dougal felt that he had a task worthy of even the redoubtable "Goggles" on his hands. He, with his inexperience in the work and little knowledge of the situation, could not make any headway. He turned back toward the car line and met Burns of the "Star" just diving down a side street. He waited at the next corner, and not seeing the man return, retraced his steps and inquired of a passing lad of the residence of Carrijo. When the boy told him in broken English that he lived down that side street, Dougal knew the reason of Burns' haste in greeting him and passing on.

Past hovels and down into the better section of the Italian quarter the tall fellow made his way till he came to a house which was marked from its neighbors by a porch perhaps a little larger and vines a bit more carefully kept. As he halted and looked toward the light in the side window of the house, he thought he saw at the window just the outline of a head capped by the slouch hat of the type worn by the Italian workmen.

He walked up to the door and rapped, thinking to force an interview by the very frankness and audacity of his manner. The door was opened by a girl of the distinctly Italian class of beauty. Her appearance in the half light of the lamp she carried and her commanding presence withal almost took the young fellow's breath away. Recovering himself in an instant, he was about to ask for the leader of the furnace men, when with a cry of fear the girl slammed the door in his face and scurried through the hallway.

Before he had time to think two figures darted up the steps, pounced upon him, and he was fighting with them, with certain knowledge that, whatever their motive, they meant him harm, possibly death. Dougal whirled, swung with his right, and the

slighter of the dark forms staggered from the porch. The "Lunger" turned again, his assailant clinched, and they swayed back and forth in the darkness. Suddenly the light from the single glowing furnace before them flared up and he caught the gleam of steel in the hand of the man in his arms. Clutching the arm, and throwing his whole weight forward with a lunge he dropped on his man, and pinned him down. As he sat breathless on the prostrate form he heard Burns' shrill voice calling out for help. It took but a second to effectually silence the man under him, and Dougal rose from the inert figure in time to kick away from the hand of the lighter assailant another bit of steel, which he was preparing to use on Burns. Another blow and the fellow dropped from Burns and lay on the porch.

"Come on, 'Lunger,' we want to get out of this," called the older man, and the two scurried down the walk. Burns dashed up the street, but Dougal turned at the gate to see the girl open the door again, and together with her father exclaim, "Sacre, Can-neta, the dog." Then it all flashed on him that he had been attacked by foes and not friends of this man, Carrijo. He stood by the gate and waited till the Italian stooped to look into the faces of the heavier of the pair on the porch floor. Raising his head, Carrijo saw the figure at the gate, and called to him. Dougal moved up the short walk, scanned the face of the Italian, and recognized him as the same man who had addressed him on that first night in Navajo.

It all came about so suddenly thereafter that Dougal was never able to straighten out the events in his mind. Some half dozen men appeared from the interior of the house. He was shaken by the hand, and dragged by enthusiastic, chattering Italians into the house, with words of praise, while the two men, senseless on the porch, were bound in no time and brought in also. Before the police came the Italians had signed a paper lying on a table in the side room, where they had evidently been meeting, and handed it to a little fellow, who took Dougal with him, after an explanation to the police sergeant, to the office of the company manager.

The company had made a proposition for a settlement to Carrijo and his fellows, and the leader, knowing from experience the stern meaning of a winter fight between the company and the men,

had favored the agreement. Two dissenters had spread it about among the Italians who were for fighting the issues, and two youngsters, the worst of the lot, had planned to blow up the house of the leader on the night of the meeting. They were to lay the blame on the company or its agents. The coming of the newspaper men had interrupted them. They had mistaken Dougal for one of the company agents, and the fight followed.

The agreement turned over to the manager, that worthy took the "Lunger" into the office, and gave him the story of the whole deal, while Carrijo's friend and companion leader advised him of the affair at the home of the Italian. The old gray-haired manager smiled on the young fellow, and said, "Well, young man, I don't like newspaper men as a rule, but I know a good 'lunger' when I see one, and have not forgotten what brought me out here. Come out in the morning, and see the superintendent, the president and myself, for this means thousands of dollars to us, and you have prevented great damage to our reputations. We may do something for you."

The "Warrior" scooped the "Star" on the following day. The strike was declared broken and the furnace men went back to work. "Pop" forgot the society editor and swore roundly that night when "The Lungers" announced that he would resign the following week, but Dougal was firm, and when he explained that the company had appointed him to manage the shipments from their mills in the northern ranges, even the city editor acquiesced.

Early in the morning a tired young fellow walked up N street and turned to look out on the Mesa, whence came a faint roar on the still morning air. The sun was just sending a trifling glow into the sky in the east, and further to the south the great steel furnaces were again glowing and making the sky bright with that artificial dawn that Dougal had so often taken in a meaning fancifully his own. He stopped on the step before pulling his latchkey, and looked once more at the great flames as they sprang higher and higher into the air and saw above them the sky's red tinge. Then he looked to the reddening east, that east, to which he could return for a time at least and live—live without fear of death—and then return to the full realization of his day of life. He passed in, up to his room, and taking the picture from the dresser he said, as if to the little person herself, "'A good lunger.' Well, life is worth living, even for a 'lunger.'"

J. G. M.

PENELOPE DID OTHERWISE

There was a girl—we will call her Penelope, for that was not her name—who was even as far-seeing as the inimitable Becky Sharp but lacked her consistency. She had, like all girls, several little practised graces; only, unlike those of some girls, they were artistic. Now, needless to say, Miss Penelope was a very popular young woman. She had many admirers. Of these, there was one, by the name of Newall, who took such a high rank in her favor that he came to be looked upon as a fixture; and so he remained, until, one day, Penelope met a young man who had a mother solicitous for his future.

The young man—whom we will call Leonard—had no mental equipment worth mentioning, nor would he have been noticed for his physique or good looks; but there was an immediate possibility of his having money.

The Mother liked Penelope. She gave dinners for her son, but in her own name. Her carriage often stopped at Penelope's home to take her driving. Penelope received present after present—all from The Mother.

Now, the son was as clay in The Mother's hands. Penelope, following The Mother's example, did a little modeling on her own account. Then, when the clay had been modeled to look like a man in love, the engagement was announced.

Then The Mother rested, and gazed upon what she considered as her unaided handiwork with complacent and self-contented admiration. But Penelope did otherwise. She knew that no figure in clay could long endure unless it were dried, baked, glazed, and baked again. So she kept manifest her affection for the son and also turned the warm blast of her affection against the complacent Mother, that she might not lose her present conciliatory attitude.

This brought to the shrine of Penelope more presents—all from The Mother; an occasional small box from the jeweler's, flowers, pictures, things such as gloves, and things that were long and black and of silk. Then when Penelope would next see The Mother she would put her arm around The Mother's shoulder

and tell her how good she (The Mother) had been to her and how selfish she felt in accepting such beautiful presents when she knew she did not deserve them. The Mother would then slip her arm around Penelope's waist and tell her she was a dear sweet girl. And so sitting they would remain for some time.

One night The Mother gave a party. The month was May and the night was quite warm. The couples sat on the veranda of the house or in the garden. Japanese lanterns were strung about among the trees, but these were quite unnecessary, for the moon lighted everything in its own moody way.

Penelope was sitting with Newall at one end of the broad veranda. Her delicately chiseled lips and strong chin were clearly marked in heavy light and shade, and the moon was reflected in her dark eyes. Naturally he was affected and mentioned other moon-light nights which they had spent together.

He was leaning forward. He was talking almost to himself; in fact, a little indistinctly, so she had to lean forward to hear what he was saying. As she did so, whether by accident or not, her shoulder brushed his, and the breeze that was stirring loosed a lock of her hair and, blowing it out, let it touch his cheek.

There were many small things above which Leonard had never risen, and eaves-dropping was one. He had been on the point of stepping out upon the veranda when he heard Penelope's voice. He stopped and listened. He had not been able to hear what was said, for Newall talked in a very low tone, but he had seen her lean forward and very close to Newall. He did not like to see her sit so close to Newall and in such evident friendly relation; it worried him. He had not the moral courage to step out where they were. He must ask some one's advice. So he sought The Mother.

When she heard she told him, in a very commanding tone, to send Miss Penelope to her. He was willing to let the burden shift; in that case, if anything went amiss, he could not be held responsible. He did not want so much as to even see Miss Penelope just then. So he told a servant to ask Miss Penelope to see The Mother.

When Penelope appeared, The Mother did not inquire or question; she demanded an explanation.

Now, if it had been the real Becky Sharp to answer, she would,

no doubt, have sobbed and told how she was a poor orphan with the whole world against her. Then The Mother would have been moved to tears and the two would have sobbed together.

But Penelope did otherwise. She picked up her skirt at either side and walked out of the room. She went up stairs and in a few minutes came down again with her cape. As she reached the door Leonard tried to intercept and speak to her. She looked neither to the right nor to the left but walked out upon the veranda where she had left Newall.

"I want you to take me home," she said.

The Mother's spare time is now occupied with the arrangements for another match. This time she hopes to make a better choice for she has assisting her the girl's mother, and Leonard is daily finding the company of the more recent selection more and more enjoyable. And Penelope? Oh, yes. Penelope had a narrow escape.

—*Leo de R. Ludlow.*

JOSIAH SMITH'S GLADIOLIAS

It was a meek little lodging house wherein dwelt Miss Amanda Wilkins, teacher of kindergarten, and Mr. Josiah Smith, accountant. From Miss Amanda Wilkins' window on fine days a canary bird made frantic efforts to peck at the red gladiolias that, growing in Mr. Josiah Smith's window bed, bobbed tantalizingly, near the cage. Yet, when the small, trim figure of Miss Amanda appeared in her window and she fed the bird or talked to it no sign was to be seen of Mr. Josiah. Similarly, when Mr. Josiah watered his gladiolias, Miss Amanda's canary occupied the other window alone. The canary and the gladiolias might gossip to their hearts' content, but the kindergarten teacher and the accountant might not chat together over the nodding heads of the gladiolias, for they had never met.

For three months, now, they had lived, one in the right-hand front room of the third floor, the other in the left-hand front room of the very same floor; for three months they had passed each other daily on the stairs, for three months they had boarded the

same car five days of the week, the little kindergarten teacher some few steps in advance of the lanky accountant. The wonder was that they had never naturally fallen into acquaintanceship. Almost anyone else would have done so. But then, no one else was quite like Miss Amanda, no one else quite like Mr. Josiah. Miss Amanda Wilkins had been brought up by three maiden aunts who had thoroughly inculcated in her the letter, at least, of their firm belief that man was a deceiver, and, as such, sedulously to be avoided. So she had grown up, domineered by her three aunts with gentle tyranny that had in nowise destroyed her merry disposition—had only made her carefully avoid all trousered beings beyond the age of seven and under sixty, though she, herself, could see no harm in most of them. As for Mr. Josiah, accountant, he had scarcely dared look in the direction of petticoats since the time when, some thirty years back, a girl had told him that his nose was “nigh’s long’s his legs, and either one of ’em was fit to scare a horse, let alone a girl.” After thirty years, he was still absurdly conscious of the length of his legs and his nose, still swung along in the same ungainly way that he had walked when he was seventeen.

And so, all because of three maiden aunts and one rude girl, the little teacher and the long accountant passed and repassed each other every day, and each pretended to be quite unconscious of the other’s presence. Yet Miss Amanda had noted that, underneath the awful nose there was frequently a smile—a smile that looked remarkably frank for one of the creatures who, according to her aunts, were quite the opposite; and, sheltered beneath two great, bristling grey brows, a pair of merry brown eyes twinkled kindly at her when they thought themselves unobserved. Mr. Josiah, on his side, had remarked that, although his little neighbor appeared quite the soul of trimness—he always gave his tie an arranging twitch when he thought of her—she was not stiff like Miss Jackson who lived across the way, and walked as though she had been endowed with a bed slat in lieu of a back-bone. In fact, the more Mr. Josiah Smith looked at Miss Amanda Wilkins from behind the protecting rampart of his nose, the more he found her attractive. More than once he had been on the point of rais-

his hat when he met her on the street; several times he had fully determined boldly to overtake her and walk with her to the car. But each time his courage had failed him, and he had gone his way, not daring to address her.

Early in May Mr. Josiah dropped a handful of little seeds among his gladiolia bulbs. Later on, Miss Amanda discovered that something new was coming up in her neighbor's window bed. Quite as eagerly as he, she watched the growth of the plants until she was sure they were mignonette—it took her back to her mother's garden, and Miss Amanda gave a little sigh as she absently held her finger up for the canary to peck at.

On a shelf in Mr. Josiah's room there was an old leather flute case, and, when the mignonette was still young, he got it down. With trembling hands he took the flute from its case and fingered it caressingly. It had been long since he had played; he had feared to disturb the lodgers, particularly the little kindergarten teacher. She had a good musical ear he knew, for he had often heard her singing to herself. But no one was at home now. What in the world possessed him to wish to play he did not know; he simply wanted to, and play he did, at first rather uncertainly, in a wheezy manner, but as the hour passed his tones became clearer, and in the end he was running softly over gentle old love ballads, songs he had heard his mother sing. After that, whenever the house was empty, and sometimes even when only his next door neighbor was away, he played.

One night, emboldened by the fact that Miss Amanda's room was dark and no sound issued from it, Mr. Josiah drew the old flute from its case and began to play. The mignonette was in full bloom now, its perfume heavy in the warm night air. He sat by the window, and the perfume of the mignonette and the peace of the quiet, starry night crept into the old ballads he played so softly—Juanita, Auld Lang Syne, Robin Adair—he was in the midst of the last bar of Robin Adair when he was startled by a sob near his elbow. He thrust his long body half out of the window, the flute still in the hand that grasped the window-casing, and there he beheld the little kindergarten teacher, her little brown head buried in her arms and very near the mignonette. Then did

Mr. Josiah Smith forget uncouthness, introductions—everything. And Miss Amanda Wilkins—well, she forgot the teachings of her three maiden aunts, forgot, moreover, to withdraw the hand that, somehow, Mr. Josiah Smith had engulfed in one of his.

—*Marion E. Ryan.*

THE INNOCENT VICTIMS

Petty thieving is the Kentucky farmer's greatest annoyance. Dogs in his kennel; locks on his granary and henhouse; guns kept loaded all the time—all these safeguards often fail to drive away the raider of his outbuildings.

I remember one of the strangest experiences that ever happened to me occurred in connection with two of these petty robbers. We had been annoyed for more than two weeks by the loss of various things from our stables. First a pair of brand new horse blankets disappeared, then a double driving harness, then a pair of spurs, and finally when a thirty dollar Kentucky saddle went the way of its predecessors, we began to take vigorous measures for the discovery of the offenders.

We knew, from the tracks in the soft earth beneath the window that had been pried open, that there were two of them. But outside of that one spot, no traces of them could be found, and we knew the only way to land the thieves was to catch them in the act. Then, too, we had four dogs on the place—dogs that took as kindly to a stranger as a trained bloodhound to a negro; but the thieving had evidently been carried on so quietly that the dogs were never aroused.

Night after night we took turns sitting up in the barn with a loaded gun, but no sound broke the stillness, except the restless movements of the sleeping animals. Then the very night we ceased our vigil, two sacks of corn were stolen.

The thought occurred to me one night to make a tour of investigation around the place, in the hope of finding some possible outlying hiding place. I took a double-barreled shot gun from the wall; called Dixie, the best dog in the pack; and left the house.

The railroad track ran past the farm, not more than a quarter of a mile away, and for some reason or other I decided to head for that. It was a bright moonlight night and as I went through the cornfield I kept a sharp lookout on all sides. I depended upon the dog to scent the thieves, if they came within smelling distance, yet somehow my faith in him had been shaken during the past two weeks, by his inability to detect the presence of the men, while they were pilfering the contents of the stable. Perhaps the men had put something on their clothing that would deceive the dogs—such things were possible.

As I came out of the cornfield, I was just as much startled as if I had not been out on a thief hunt, by seeing two faces peering at me from above the weeds on the railway embankment. The men had evidently heard me coming, had thrown themselves face downward on the ground, and, propped up on their elbows, were watching me.

I put on a bold front, however, and stepped out in full view of them; but they did not duck their heads, as I half expected they would. I hailed them, thinking possibly they might be a couple of tramps who were waiting for a passing freight train, but got no answer. I called again; still silence. I confess that by this time I was pretty badly scared. You know how a thing like that will grow on a fellow, until he gets in a panic of fear. In the excitement of the moment, I had completely forgotten the dog.

I made one more effort to get a response. "If you don't answer before I count five, I'll fill you full of buck shot!" I shouted. As if to give emphasis to my threat, I began slowly to raise my gun, until I was aiming directly at the two faces, so close together. I really had no intention of shooting, but when five,—six,—seven counts had passed, I distinctly cocked both barrels of the gun. Just at that moment, the dog moved in the dry weeds behind me, and the noise, acting on my overwrought nerves, startled me so that I pulled both triggers of the gun.

When the smoke had cleared away, I looked with a sick feeling in my stomach, to see the mangled heads of the two men. But there were the two faces, looking at me just as calmly as if nothing had happened.

I summoned all the courage my shaken nerves could command and walked toward them. Still they did not move. When I got within five feet of them, the reaction was so great that I could do nothing but stare stupidly. They were nothing but the white under-surfaces of two burdock leaves, turned upward to the moonlight!

—*Fred W. MacKenzie.*

