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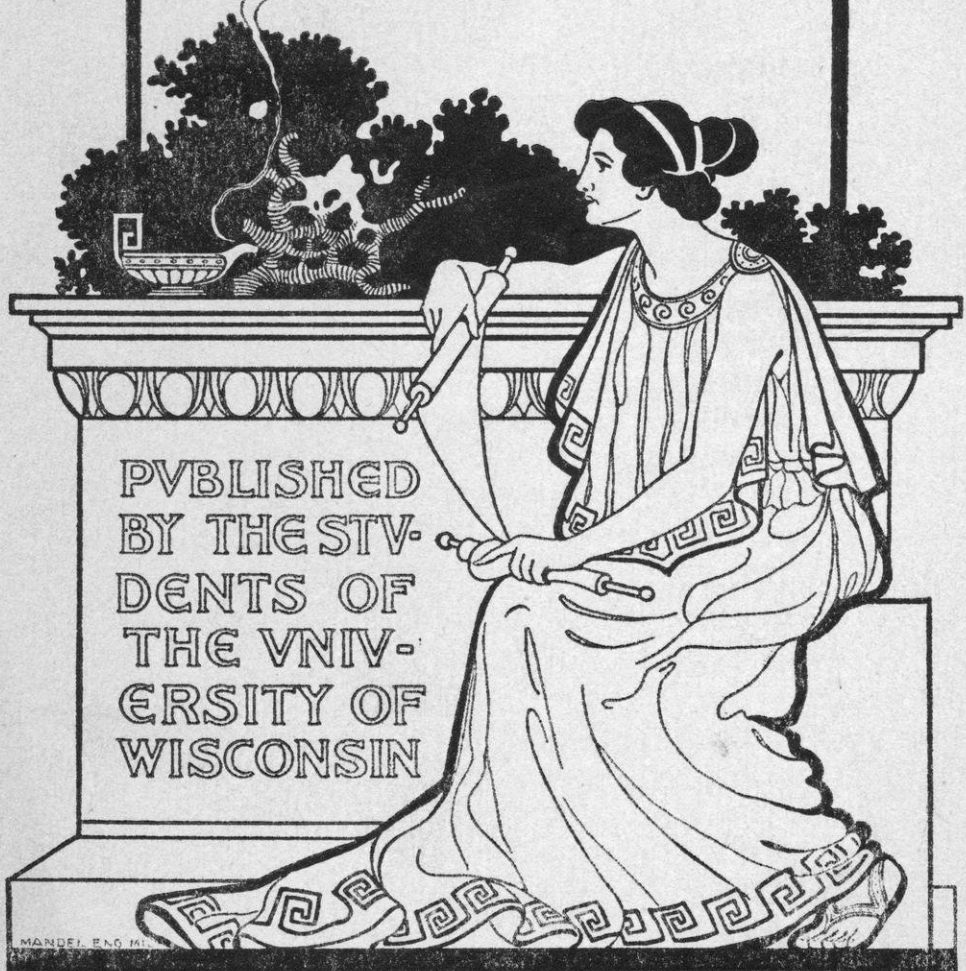
THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



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THE

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1905

VOLUME II NUMBER 4

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R. G. BARTON, JR.

By H. F. Parker

"Don't you ever let me see you again. Not, at least, until you have shown a little of the Burton manhood," roared R. C. Barton.

This broadside seemed to have raked the individual at whom it was delivered, forward and aft. For Mr. R. C. Barton, Jr. walked dejectedly from the room, with not a trace of anger showing in his face. If Mr. Barton, Sr. had looked carefully, though, he might have detected the Barton determination around his son's square chin.

As Barton, Jr. went down the wide flagstone walk of his father's yard, to the street, he summarized mentally:

"Senior in college—drank too much—called up by faculty—tried to lie out of it—fired. Came home—called rake and weakling by your own old dad—fired again. Oh, you've done well, R. C. Barton, Jr."

Barton Jr. walked down the street. He jammed his hands into his pockets. A slight jingle in one of them called to his mind the commercial phase of his situation. He felt just three silver dollars and some change — here indeed was a new phase.

"I guess a job will suit me—pretty well. Yes, a job. Do you hear, R. C. Barton, Jr.? A job."

* * * * * * * * *

A sharp "toot-toot" from the engine-room sounded out over the little northern lumbering town, and a moment later the belts, gear-wheels and chains of the saw-mill got in motion. It was one o'clock A. M. and the night shift of the mill was starting on its "afternoon's" work.

The filer came out of the filing-room and walked over to where the foreman stood.

"What time will we begin to saw that Mississippi brail?" he asked with a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Here comes the first log now," replied the foreman, shading his eyes from the glare of the arc-light. "It's a nasty outfit—spikes in nearly half of 'em. Don't see what in h-ll the company took the contract for. Got plenty of saws on hand?"

"Yes. Got six in there. I'd hate to be in Peterson's boots tonight. He's in a bad place if they strike a spike and the bandsaw should break. Mind what happened when we sawed that last boom of 'spikey' logs?"

"Yes, it's bad business," shouted back the foreman as he walked over to the edger.

As each log was brought up from the "pond" the scaler and the men on the platform carefully looked it over before allowing it to be taken by the carriage. In several logs they found big, iron spikes and removed them. The uncertain light of the incandescents, however, made it very easy for them to overlook a spike driven in deeply. In fact the iron head could easily have been mistaken for a small knot.

Presently a long, tamarack log came up on the platform.

The men had to strain at their "cant-hooks" to roll it over. The scaler inspected it closely and signalled the sawyer to go ahead. The huge log was jostled by the powerful iron "nigger," against the upright grips of the waiting carriage. In a flash the carriage rolled away to the singing band-saw. Slowly the thin steel saw ate its way into the advancing log. The shiny, outside slab was nearly cut when there was a snap. The eerie sing of the saw stopped and the next instant one of the broken ends of the saw lashed the air. It had struck a spike. The sawyer shot the car back—just a minute too late, for one of the carriage-men had fallen on the car platform, his body cut nearly in two.

Instantly the sawyer jerked the emergency whistle cord and the machinery hummed itself to a stop. The foreman came running up, closely followed by the superintendent. The body of the unfortunate Peterson was picked up and carried to the filing room.

A minute later the superintendent hastened to the telephone. The man he talked to was Mr. R. C. Barton, chief stockholder of the company, who happenned to be in the town on a tour of inspection.

Up in the mill the foreman was trying to secure another man to replace poor Peterson. It was a hard task, for the mill hands, unstrung by the horrible accident, were loth to take the dangerous post.

Finally the foreman stopped before a square-jawed young fellow who was "picking edgings" from the edger. He had worked in the mill only a short time.

"Will you go on the carriage?" curtly asked the foreman.

The entire mill crew was watching the pair. The young fellow paled a bit, but the jaw set firmly.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

Fifteen minutes later a very corpulent "captain of industry," white-vested and collarless, laboured up the stairs to the mill. The superintendent took him in to see the mutilated body of Peterson. Then he brought him out into the

mill and pointed to the carriage on which the accident had occurred.

Then it was that Mr. R. C. Barton, Sr. saw Mr. R. C. Barton, Jr., in jumper and overalls, standing on the fateful carriage, swaying from side to side as the car flew back and forth. R. C. Barton, Sr. turned to the superintendent.

"Are they still sawing that spiked brail?"

"Yes, we are—"

"Stop the mill," bellowed Mr. R. C. Barton, and the mill stopped as soon as the superintendent could stop it.

Mr. R. C. Barton, Sr. marched up to the carriage, grabbed Mr. R. C. Barton, Jr. by the shoulder and roared:

"Get down off here, we'll go home in the morning."

IN A GARRET

By Walter Underwood

Not long ago, while visiting an aunt in New England, I had occasion to be up in the old garret, in search of a little leather-bound volume of proverbs. Rummaging through a queer old trunk which had belonged to my great-grandmother, I thrust my hand into one corner and felt something I thought might be my book, and drew it out. It proved, however, to be the case of an old daguereotype, and I opened it, expecting to see the dim features of some long-dead relative.

To my surprise there was no picture, but instead, a number of sheets of thin discolored paper, which fell out upon the floor. I was sitting in front of the trunk, with a lighted candle on a low stool beside me; and as I picked the papers up, I carelessly passed them too near the flame. In an instant, the tinder-like pieces were blazing in my hand. Quickly as I could I dropped them, and stamped out the fire, but not until some mischief had been done. Gently laying the scorched leaves on the stool, I examined them closely, and saw that they were covered with a faint handwriting. The first page and part of the second were destroyed, but from the rest I could see that I had brought to light an old letter.

Curious to learn what it was, to be hidden away in a case, I began where the flame had left off, and there in the dusty garret, by the light of my candle, I read through to the end. I give it to you, word for word.

* * * * * and yet I believe I have been merciful. If I have been weak, I pray God to grant me future strength for the trials which I shall no doubt have to encounter, and if I have shown a grain of pity I trust that it has not fallen utterly on barren soil.

When you have read this, dear, you shall see why it is I have kept silent so long—may it not be too long. So you remember—it is a foolish question, I know you do—the night I could keep counsel no longer and told you I loved you, and how much I loved you, and you replied that you loved me even more? That was four years ago this last spring; I was still in my divinity college, and visiting at your father's house. We were both young, and unsensible of what lay before us.

But that night, after we had parted, my conscience took hold on me, and I felt that I had no right to declare my love to you. I was full of surety that I should soon save enough of my salary to ask you to be my wife (I knew not then what the salary of a young minister was), and I resolved that until that time no further word of more than ordinary friendship should pass from me to you.

I left the next morning. I saw in your eyes, as I said goodbye, the expectant wishing for a word of affection, but I was a poor young man who knew only the rules of principle laid out in the study-books, wherefore I stifled my real nature and simply commended you to the care of God. Then I turned away, for fear you should read in my face what I was fain to tell you,

A month later you came to my graduation and I showed you and father our worn old buildings, and told you a little of my prospects, but spoke no word of what was in my heart, and what I knew was in yours.

I have not seen you since then, Alice. I was called to this little parish, and these four years have I labored here, saving souls, and preaching the gospel. But you wonder still, I doubt not, at the stopping of my letters, two years back, and at the trouble whereof I spoke in the beginning. I know scarcely if I ought to tell you, and yet I must.

I have said I hoped soon to save enough of wordly goods that I might ask you to marry me. In three months, I thought, with the sanguine hope of inexperience, I should

have sufficient, but long before three months were past, I saw it would be six, and then at length I came to know that all I could put by for two years were scantly enough that I might ask you to come to me.

For two years I denied myself in every way—I was thinking only of you. The time drew near when I should have saved the sum I had fixed upon as needful. Then one night came the thing that changed my plans, and perchance changed both our lives (for I know not what may have come to pass with you).

I was sitting in my room in the home of a poor widow of my church, holding in my hand a little sketch I had made of you, the first time ever I saw you. Someone knocked at the door, and I called for whomever it might be, to enter. So the door opened and I saw standing there the son of the dear sister with whom I lived. I told him kindly to be seated. and asked him how he had fared in New York, for he had just that day returned. At that, he looked at me a moment, then shut the door and came and sat beside me.

"What is it, lad?" I said, but he could not speak, and on a sudden he put his head on my arm and burst into tears. Then I knew he was in some sorry trouble, and waited till he should confide it to me. Soon he began, and a sad story it was, in truth.

Employed to account the books of a merchant he had evilly taken a part of the funds of his master, and spent it in a brief term of riotous living. Too late he had repented; he had nothing wherewith to replace what money he had used, and now, in company with an officer of the law, he had come home, to see if he might obtain it,—this much the merchant had allowed him. In the morning, if he had failed in his mission, he would be convicted of crime and sent, a ruined lad, to prison.

His mother had no money, he feared to tell her, lest the shock of such a disgrace should end her life. He had no credit; did I not help him, he had no other resource.

But to help him would take all the money I had saved for you.

Then, as never before, there began in me a struggle to determine whither led my duty. On one side there lay the intense longing of two weary years, about to be realized—that union with you, without which life seemed scarcely to be worth the having. Ranged against that was the saving of a misled fellow being, the making of a man, the averting of the disgrace—perhaps the death, of his christian mother. For hours I sat there, turning the matter over in my mind, dreading to make a decision. One moment came a vision of you, awaiting the long delayed word that should bring us together for eternity, and my inmost consciousness cried: "You have no right to touch what you have set aside." Then I would see the poor lad at my side, a degraded convict, hiding from the sight of his fellow-men, and the thought would surge through me: "You can save him from this moral death," and I would answer to myself, "I know I must."

All this while the boy sat by me, saying no word, looking sadly at the little fire on my hearth. At last I too looked at the fire, and as I watched the flames now brighten up and burn fiercely for a moment, only to die down again to a faint flicker, the idea took hold on me that he must be comparing the changing fire to the varying thoughts of my brain—that as the fire rose and fell, so did his hopes; so I knew did his chances of my help.

Finally I could bear it no longer. I was no stern judge of men, nor made for one. Pity, linked with sense of duty, overcame love, and the burning hope of its immediate fulfillment.

"Lad," I said, "I will give you the money."

God grant that I did no wrong. Can you see, sweetheart, as I saw? Can you forgive me if I grieviously harmed you?

After I had wrought that which my duty commanded I could not write you. My heart was too heavy. My task of

saving must begin again. In sorrow I began, and in sorrow I have toiled these two more years. Day after day I put off writing you till I should have finished anew. I wished to write what I am about to write—that is why you had no letter from me all this long space.

Now, with the help of the Almighty, I have accomplished again. I am a minister of God, situate in this congregation of two hundred souls and more. I have set by enough wordly gear to keep me a wife. With a clean heart and an honest conscience, I ask you at this time, my dear love, to be my bride, and share with me the joys as well as the reverses which may come to us during this life.

The Lord will that you answer me soon.

Now farewell.

The name signed to the old letter was not that of my great-grandfather.

A GLIMPSE INTO HOBOLAND

By John Collins

Of all the curiosities in human form, the individual known as the "hobo" is without doubt one of the most striking, as well as the least satisfactory to encounter. He is a being with no particular occupation, and without the slightest pretense of having property, relatives, dignity or honor. Like other mortals, he is cheerful after a full meal and depressed when he is hungry. He is profuse in his thanks when you feed him, and does not hesitate to express his opinion of you when you refuse. He glories in the clothes of bygone ages and in the grime accumulated in periods scarcely less remote. The name to which he answers in his own society is frequently derived from certain personal characteristics or articles of wearing apparel, such as the lack of an eye or the wearing of a gunnysack for a sweater.

He is always looking for work, but if, unfortunately it is offered to him he is sure to have a job at the next town, provided he can only raise the means of transporting himself thither. When every other recouse fails, and then only, he may be prevailed upon to work. By this possibility he is distinguished from the tramp, who under no circumstance will so forget himself as to resort to gainful occupation beyond knocking at backdoors for a "handout."

The West is the home of the hobo. Here he is met at every turn, at all hours, day and night, singly and in droves. He is recognized, among other marks, by the question he puts to the passer-by. "Say, have yuh got an ole rusty dime about yer jeans dat yer not workin?" When a band get together their relations are decidedly communistic; they raid every part of the town for scraps of meat, bread, potatoes and every other eatable that can be imagined. This frag-

mentary collection is thrown promiscuously into a pot and boiled, the resulting mixture being known as a "Mulligan Stew."

On the outskirts of a little Montana town might be seen, one morning, a group of these individuals, among whom was no less distinguished a personage than Hobo Kelly, known and respected as a hobo throughout the middle west, from Canada to Mexico. There too, were Gunnysack Riley, almost as famous, and Crummy Higgins, who might stand out in less prominent circles, but who was here outshone and at a disadvantage by being brought into contact with these social lights, yet hopefully persevering.

They were preparing breakfast, Crummy seemed to have been less successful than his comrades in his efforts to procure supplies, returning with nothing but an empty tomato can from which he was painfully trying to wrench the hanging lid. He had on a pair of trousers front side behind. It was later developed that he had on inside another pair, or their remains, and that the knees and certain other parts were correspondingly out of both pairs, so the ingenious Mr. Higgins had hit upon this plan of facing them in contrary directions, whereby his person might be said to be covered.

"Wots de matter? couldn't you make a raise at de King snipe's?" asked Gunnysack, meaning the house of the section foreman.

"Naw" was the disgusted answer. "Might just as well try to set on yer own lap. De Queen stuck her head out an pointed to the worst looking ax you ever see, an' a woodpile big enough to keep you splittin fer a week, an' says, 'Me poor man,' she says, 'if you'll split up that bit of a woodpile,' she says, 'an' put it in de shed, I think that mebby I can feed yu,' she says, an wit dat she hauls out some sinkers an' half a loaf of punk dat kem outa de ark, wot she was goin to fill me up on, but I says, 'me health, mam,' I says, 'is awful bad,' I says, 'All me folks for four generations back died of dyspepsia,' I says, 'an' I'm afraid of so much high

livin,' I says. She slammed de door an' I went down de road talking to meself."

"Didn't yer tailor make a mistake when he fitted dem pants onto yu?" asked Hobo Kelly. "Looks to me like dey wus on wrong side foremost."

"Naw, me tailor never makes mistakes, done dat to break joints, see?"

At this juncture another member arrived, carrying a can of coffee so hot, that he was obliged from time to time to set it down and blow his fingers. With this contribution they fell to, each one dipping into the Mulligan stew with a a piece of shingle or a splinter from the fence. A rancher from some distance up the canyon rode by, and seeing the congregation, asked "Any of you fellows want to work?"

"Sure thing," said Gunnysack Riley, the self-appointed spokesman, "what yu got?"

"Pitching alfalfa."

"Where?"

"About twenty miles up the canyon."

"Well, you might bring us down a load to look at, an' if we like it, mebby we'll go."

The rancher rode away and the meal went on. In fact it had never been discontinued.

"Ever work on a ranch?" asked Hobo Kelly, addressing Crummy Higgins.

"Sh'd t'ink I did" was the answer. "Got a cousin what owns one over in de Big Hole Basin. Kem from back east, bee troo all kinds of colleges. He savvies four kinds of languages an got his head full of figures. Pour some Javvy in me glass," and he passed his tomato can over to Gunnysack Riley who was doing the honors.

"Yes," he continued, "that cube root is a great game. He can swing it like a commissary clerk. Worked for him a week, onct, an he had me up at three in the mornin trowin de clothes on four mules."

"I never could stan to skin a mule team since de summer

I worked on Jim Hill's pike, when dey was buildin troo Dakota in '91" said a member who had not spoken before. "Got de rollers put under me de first day. De boss give me crooked arm fur to get a move on but it was no good, so I tuk a sap an commenced to tailbone dem. Den he bawled me out right. Yu betcher dear life I'll stay away frum works where dere's a mule, de rest of me days."

"Me too," said Higgins.

"An where dere aint," suggested Riley, scraping the pot and licking his shingle.

"Not on yer daytime," was the answer with the air of one who had been deeply wronged, "but gentlemen here's me train an I'll have to leave yu," as a freight train began to move, "de seats in the Pullman will all be tuk up. Han me dat Prince Albert an don't lose de roll of bills outa de pocket," and he pointed to a rag that had once been a coat.

"Don't forget yer portmanteau" said Riley, picking up a bundle tied in a dirty, red handkerchief and tossing toward him.

"Sure thing, wit me change of linen an all me joolery," as he swung himself into an empty stock car and waved his hand, "Ta ta, I'll see you up at de President's reception."

JEAN BERTHEROY

By Thomas Dickinson

No artist should care to be hailed as a reissue in pocket edition of a dead master. If he feels complimented by the joining of his name with that of an immortal his work will lose distinction. And if his message is unique he will desire it to be accepted through its own power and not through aid of the past. Madame Jean Bertheroy is the latest "second George Sand" that France has offered to the world. To this yonng woman of 35, who has already been sixteen years in the public eye, who has been thrice decorated by the French Academy, and who in one year received two hundred pages of review in four of the most critical journals of the republic, the tendency to couple her with George Sand, if it is not too flattering, will be unwelcome. For George Sand is not yet understood; in fact she is broadly misunderstood. Jean Bertheroy cares not so much to express passion as to interpret it. Her appeal is always to an intellectual sympathy.

In her hermitage at Montmorancy Madame Bertheroy has lived a quiet life. Except at such times as her archeological studies carry her into Spain or Italy or Greece she is engaged in her garden and at her desk. The old hermitage remains externally what it was when she bought it, a rambling, romantic old house with nothing new about it but the ivy which every summer renews its green, and the roses in the garden which blossom from spring until snow. Within her "home"—Madame Bertheroy has borrowed the English word—are the riches of an aesthetic taste. Rare curios of travel and exploration, sculpture of Falguiere and Rodin, paintings signed by Gervex, Laurens, Bourgereau lend to her surroundings a sense of artistic harmony.

Born at Bordeaux and inspired by Italy and Spain Madame Bertheroy combines the fervor of the south with the contemplation of the north. As a student she found the study of medicine repugnant to her. She would have thrown herself with all enthusiasm into her work if at the same time she could have stood above the field and dreamed it into an artistic whole. It is in what the French call the gift of "lointaine" that Jean Bertheroy differs from George Sand. Lelia, and Mauprat, and Leonie Leoni are human documents. George Sand is in them. Their greatness consists in their thrilling self revelation. But Jean Bertheroy stands in a cold zone above the tropics of feeling. No critic has ever agreed with another critic in saying "This is she—and this—and this."

Les Vibrations published when she was nineteen years old was Jean Bertheroy's first essay in verse. This was followed a year later by *Femmes antiques*. Although she has since discarded the muse her first work gives evidence of the vigorous yet delicate feeling and marvelous power of vital representation which has made her name famous. The second work of the young authoress was crowned by the French Academy under glowing words of Francois Coppee.

The *mileau* of Jean Bertheroy's romances is the realm of the social soul. For fifteen years romance has followed romance from her pen. With surprising erudition and insight she has ventured into all ages and conditions of men. So carefully has she studied the archeology and history and psychology of the classic world that she seems more at home in antiquity than in the present. It was a daring venture for a young woman to place herself in competition with Shakspere and Heine and Pushkin and write a drama on Cleopatra. Yet studious application brought ancient Egypt to her finger tips, and artistic discernment and expressive power gave the enchantress of the Nile a new birth.

Perhaps it is because the ancient world is for us at the best merely a symbol that Jean Bertheroy is able to throw

over it such an etherial light. The fountains of Arethusa, the temples of Apollo, the palace of Bruchium in the garden of Alexandria all existed without doubt, but to us they are dreams. When Jean Bertheroy constructs them she does it for the sake of the men and women who lived in the light and shadow of their days. Syracuse is better than Paris as a background of emotional analysis, because emotion may be studied more rationally from a distance and viewed more fearlessly.

Before writing *La Danseuse de Pompei* the author wandered for months among the ruins of the entombed city. It is a simple story in which the symbolism of two worlds come in conflict. Representing the old order is the native fervor of little Nonnia the dancing girl. She is the child of the Pompeian goddess of Venus, a creature of earth and sea and air. Hyacinth is a priest of Apollo, a melancholy idealist. Never once does he dare to take a deep full breath of the joy of loving. Nonnia breathes nothing but her love. It is the struggle of Hellenism against Mediaevalism. In the struggle between the fullness of life and the denial of life denial always wins because it has death on its side. Like a bird to the nest he steals to the temple to die. Nonnia coming to him at last hears him say "God—he alone—he alone is pure."

More mystical still is the love in *le Vierges des Syracuse*. The city lies before us as if it were just across the sea and could be reached in a day's jouney. It is the city of Archemedes, the city of the Acropolis with the golden Pegasus, the Ortygian Isle, the theatres, temples, fetes and processions. Outside the city near the source of the Arethusa are the Virgins of Persephone. Their lives are consecrated to the service of the goddess. Upon their sanctity depends the safety of Syracuse.

It is that critical moment in the history of Syracuse when the reign of the good King Hieron givcs place to the reign of the ferocious Hieronyme. Marcellus legions from Rome besiege the city and Syracuse is about to fall. Meanwhile

Praxilla the hierophantide of Persephone has been rescued from death by Dorcas the Engineer. As he holds her in his arms her veil falls back and he sees her face. Then love springs unbidden to the heart of each. But before the shrine of Persephone they consecrate their love in its sacrifice and Syracuse is saved. A victory over love must be fought each second anew. One day walking by the lake the lovers meet. Instantly he demands that she lift her veil if for but one glimpse. Trembling she shows him her face. There is a hallo of victory, the march of an army, the trumpets of triumphant Marcellus sound over the walls. While a kiss is exchanged the city falls.

The love of these stories is filmy and impalpable, but like a cloud at sunset it reflects a thousand hues. In *le Jardin des Tolosati* we are in a world of art. Each one in the garden celebrates some one aspect of the polymorphic culte of beauty. There are verse makers, musicians, sculptors, and those poets of real things who rhyme in deeds. Of them all Arnaud is the true spirit and real poet. To him there comes in incorporeal form the *spirit* of the garden. She is the essence of all harmony, the reward of pure living and right thinking. With her as inspiration he writes such poetry as wins men's souls. But another spirit contends for his soul. "La divin Junon" is a creature of flesh who enthralls the senses of her victims. Arnaud writes no more poetry; the spifit of the garden comes to him no more. Finally drawn into a duel for Junon's affections he is mortally wounded. His celestial muse returns, he is reconciled with the lady of the garden, and all those at his beside wonder that he should die so happy.

In the romance of mystic love Jean Bertheroy is most tender and most powerful. In her expository romances she has dealt with the divine passion in a harder way. In them she has missed the delicacy of sentiment, the lyrical conception that is found in her treatment of *l'amour incomprise*. One feels that her mind has pondered too long and too deeply.

That men should debase the most beautiful thing in the world by sensuality and deceit is intolerable to her. The recognition makes her hard and cruel. And so she loses from her diagram sketches of the modern heart that mystical tenderness which has made her antique water colors so poetic and so true.

Indeed it seems clear that Jean Bertheroy connects herself more nearly with Flaubert than with George Sand. But she is not another Flaubert. The pessimism of the author of Madame Bovary was a temperamental and not a rational pessimism. He was himself born with a wound; he used reasoning to fortify his pessimism. But the clear eyed and healthy author of *le Vierges des Syracuse* is no pessimist. The tendency in those problem novels of hers which end in doubt seems far from inevitable.

Le Roman d'une Ame is the study of a married woman's disillusionment. There is brought into conflict the woman's nature, intellectual aspiration and passionate love. Both are disappointed, not by a husband's unkindness, but by the monotony of a useless existence. How her natures struggle with each other for a free and expansive life, and how each is finally conquered by a frenzied pursuit of self activity in art, the author tells with powerful feeling and fearless candor. But she does not deny that her heroine is in part a dead soul after her struggle. *Le Mirage* treats of the adjustment of a butterfly to a domestic menage. The story is realistic and cynical. The author ends the book with whitewash and appends the sign "This is whitewash."

Two of the storngest of Madame Bertheroy's creations represent masculine types. *Herille* and *le Mime Bathylle* in romances bearing these names are characters totally divergent. The first is laborious, sincere, and energetic. He has a nature that loves and yearns for love. Yet he lacks magnetism to make women love him. He lacks heart perspective. So from the schemer, the adventuress, the peasant girl, to each of whom he turns for companionship, he receives the

empty chalice of disillusionment. Only once is he loved. Then a concert girl who has sinned wraps her broken ideals about him and worships him. Pursuing what he conceives to be his serious destiny he casts her off. The tragedy is profound. Power without love is a shorn Samson.

The story of Bathylle is set in Augustan Rome. It is a world of form worship, of dilletante art, of intrigue. Bathylle represent what the author calls the type of man courtesan. He is an actor who lives by popular acclaim. Soul he cannot be said to possess. His heart is histrionic. The maiden Tuccia who loves him with the devotion of a dog he receives listlessly. "The women, by Serapis" he tells her, "I weigh them all in the same scales. 'Tis my art that is my passion." In order to obtain the good will of Caesar Augustus he casts Tuccia from him and engages in an intrigue with Dionysia. Received by Caesar his joy is supreme. On the day of his success the way is littered with flowers. "Glory to Bathylle, glory to the Divine, the Immortal," the people shout. Some boatmen draw from the Tiber the body of a girl and lay Tuccia at his feet. With a smile of disdain he turns away and bows to the crowd.

In these two types we have powerful studies of human incompleteness. The one is mentally great enough to recognize his need but he lacks spiritual beauty. He can buy associates but he cannot command love. The nature of the other is high strung, sensuous, egotistic. To him expression of form is reality. He is self sufficient in the dry bones of his art. It is the part of woman's love to cling to that which has least to give.

Granted that the heart has whirlwinds as well as zephers of feeling it is clear that romance may not neglect the one for its strength any more than it ignores the other for its delicacy. But so to present these major currents of feeling as not to run foul of forbidden reefs requires a nice helmsman. By her apparent detachment and healthy view Jean Bertheroy has succeeded where others have failed. From

l'abbe Prevost to Zola the French eye has been open to the artistic possibilities of passion. Jean Bertheroy has inherited the problems of the old vivisectionist school. But her treatment arises from a secure belief in the power of pure love. Though she follows George Sand in a plea for womanhood understood she does not ask for passion liberated. She would make the mind free that feeling may borrow from it self poise and control. In *le Roman d'une Ame* and *le Mirage* the woman's unhappiness does not come through chafing bonds, but from natures poorly trained for the bearing of common burdens.

There is something to forgive in Jean Bertheroy. Often she is florid in emotion and exaggerated in the use of material. But her style is music itself, and with the burning fervor of feeling there is a cooling reserve of contemplation. In characterization, erudition, marvellous power of reconstruction of the dead world, and poetic imagination Jean Bertheroy is a master. Her social idealism is highly significant. Jules Claretie has said, "Indeed since George Sand we have not had a feminine pen which has been so productive with dropping into banality, a gift marked by such a personsal authority, and a temperament of which we may say it is the reflection of no single school." Leopold Lacour has prophesied that from this writer we shall have in contemporary romance the equal of Madame Bavary, and in the *romans antique* the equal of Salammbo.

THE GONG FROM NIPPON

By George Norton Northrop

What sound is that which gently takes its way
Slow through the incensed air that twilight makes
Here, where the filigrees of amber ray
Stream prayerfully, and soft filtration breaks
The shadowed dusk?

It is the call to prayer;
E'er narrowing rounds of mellowness that rise
With farewells vibrant on the evening air,
Journeying to their home-shrines, pilgrimwise.

But still we stay, nor reverent, follow where
That deep note promise of Nepenthe gives;
Rest from the harvesting of mildewed care,
Rest from the garnering of hope
That lives to grim sterility.

For deep desire,
Born of reflection whence our actions spring
Is prayer, and kindles a diviner fire
Than words that upward mount while censors swing.

That is thy message, Buddha, silent one,
For which thou sitt'st in bronze among the isles
That cluster in the West beneath the reddening sun;
Nirvana found, the silent speech that smiles
Across these leagues of undulating grey
No ocean's mist, nor incense rising pale,
Nor shower of cherry bloom the winds of May
Shake down, can hide or ever distance veil.

(Part of the loot of a Japanese temple.)

MR. SMITH'S BIG CATCH

By Marion Ryan

"Quick, Mac, row hard. I've got 'im, I've got 'im!"

Mac sat, open mouthed, his oars balanced in air for an instant, and then with an excited,

"Don't let him git away, Papa," he got the tip of his tongue tightly between his teeth in one corner of his mouth, splashed the oars down into the water, sunk them deep, and began describing with them a series of large circles, half in water, half in air, according to the usual amateur style of rowing. Between strokes, he let go of his tongue long enough to enquire,

"Muskie?"

"Yep."

"Big un?"

"Yes, siree; must be a twenty pounder!"

"Oh-h, Gee!"

Mac drew a long breath of joy after his last exclamation, and, under this new stimulus, rowed harder than ever.

It was a windy day, and rowing was hard. Moreover, Mac's father was a portly person, and Mac's hundred and ten pounds was by no means sufficient to keep the bow of the boat from standing out of the water in a most annoying fashion and veering around to every point excepting the right one.

"Ain't he 'most tired out? Can't you haul 'im in yet!" he inquired anxiously, after a few minutes, dropping one oar to blow on his reddened palm and then rub it tenderly on his trouser leg.

"No," retorted his father.

"Don't you stop rowing, Mac Smith," he added, as the line slackened a bit and the fish gave an energetic flop on

the end of the line, "Don't you stop rowing or he'll get off, sure. My! How he pulls! We'll have to row down to Mr. Brown's camp and get him to shoot it."

"Way down there?" Mac's voice had a despairing wail in it. He was hot and tired, and when he looked over his shoulder Mr. Brown's camp seemed very small in the perspective down the lake.

"I ca-an't row all that way;"—his complaint was broken off by another flop of the fish.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Smith, to prevent any such untoward mischance as the Muskie's running off with the line had wound the line tightly several times around his hand. When the fish jumped, Mr. Smith jumped, too, for the line cut into his plump palm.

"Damn!" said Mr. Smith.

There followed an immediate and oppressive silence, broken only by a smothered snicker from Mac. His hand stinging with the cut of the line, his conscience smiting him sorely, and his pride in the dust, Mr. Smith sat, still clinging to the line but not heeding it, for Mr. Smith was a deacon in the church, looked up to by all the neighborhood, and Mr. Smith had not said such a word since, sixteen years before, he had become the father of a youngster who was destined to make "that Smith kid" a synonym for terror and destruction throughout the town. His cogitations were interrupted by another jerk on the line and Mac's exclamation,

"He's gittin' tired out, sure, Papa! He didn't flop near so high this time."

After that they discussed the probable size of the muskie, and Mr. Smith's spirits gradually rose again as he pictured himself returning to their camp with one of the biggest catches of the season. He couldn't decide whether he would have the fish mounted, or whether he would have it roasted and invite half the town to dine on it. It really must be an immensely large muskie, it pulled so hard. He was tempted to draw it in closer and get a good look at it, but

he dared not. It was certainly much more prudent to leave it just where it was until Mr. Brown had averted every possibility of mischance by putting a bullet through its head before any attempt was made to land it.

Almost before they were within shouting distance of Mr. Brown's camp they began to call for him.

"Hey there, Brown? Got a big muskie. Bring your gun. Rowed clear down the lake Can't tire 'im out!"

"Oh, he's a whopper, Mr. Brown. Hurry up! Clear down the lake," Mac was weary but still enthusiastic.

Mr. Brown emerged from his tent and leisurely contemplated the boat from the top of a stump.

"Hey? What's that?" he yelled through the hollow of his hands.

"Muskie!"

"Rowed three miles!"

"No gun; come shoot 'im."

"Hey?" again from the stump.

"Muskie! Muscallonge! Big un! Shoot 'im, shoot 'im!"

At length Mr. Brown understood, seized his gun, took three bounds down the bank, shoved off his boat and pulled toward the excited Smiths with long, even strokes that shot his light skiff through the water at a lively rate.

"Where's your fish?" he shouted as he neared the other boat.

"Back there. Dassn't pull it in closer. Layin' low now, pullin' like a log," panted the elder Smith, breathlessly, while the younger ejaculated,

"It's a whopper, Mr. Brown!"

But Mr. Brown, instead of rising to the high pitch of excitement that the Smiths had reached, was resting on his oars, and scanning the water critically while he muttered something under his breath. Then, slowly, leisurely, pulling his boat a few strokes back of the Smith boat, he leaned over the side, sank his hand a little into the water, and then silently held aloft Mr. Smith's big catch. It was a muskie,

sure enough; a muskie that might have weighed three pounds on a fisherman's scales. Its mouth was full of weeds, and it was limp and dead. Mr. Smith sat open-mouthed, Mac was doubled up and gasping, but Mr. Brown gave expression to his great disgust when he tossed the poor little muskie into the other boat.

"So y' dragged that—minnie—three miles for me to shoot, did y'?"

THE PRINCESS AND THE POET

By Berton Braley

"Life" said the Princess, morosely "is a wearisome affair."

The Poet raised his eyes and lovingly studied the Princess' face, with its perfectly chiseled, patrician nose, its full red lips, the chins dimpled defiance and the resolute yet womanly curve of the throat:—he could not see her eyes.

"Life" said the Princess again, impatiently, "is a" "wearisome affair" finished the Poet half regretfully, for he was just noting the almost imperceptible blending of the carnation and the lily in the Princess' cheeks, "That, I take it, is a statement which you expect me either to support or disprove, and although at present disinclined to philosophic discussion, having something far more interesting with which to occupy myself"—and he stopped for a moment as he discovered a hitherto unnoticed dimple in the Princess' chin—"yet I may say I agreed with you. Life is a tiresome round and consists mostly in eating that we may live, living that we may work and working that we may eat. Now I for one"—"Never worked in your life," interrupted the Princess, "and besides I am not speaking of life from the gastronomic standpoint,—I mean the soul, the mind, the heart, You men"—

"Are a sorid and prosaic herd and unworthy of the soul companionship of etherial and high-minded womanhood. True we are such—but—Let us then discuss Life from the Heart basis; Imprimis; Love is a wearisome affair, for everything that does not change is wearisome, and love is the same as when Cheops invested in Pyramids and Solomon wrote love songs which the church has been ever since trying to reconcile with the catechism. A man loves a woman and he says

to her, "I love you," and she looks surprised and says "Are you sure," and then he kisses her upon the lips and afterwards comes ennui or the divorce courts."

"But love is not ever the same" said the Princess, and the poet watched appreciatively as the color flamed in her cheeks and the fire glowed in her eyes, "for think how all the glorious poets of all time have sung its wonder and its peace, its pain and its joy, its sweet folly and stern wisdom, and all have said something newer, something truer than those who came before. So love is ever different in this way, and —and— oh in ever so many others," she ended a trifle lamely, but with the tone of finality in her voice.

"All the same! All the same!" answered the Poet, airly," clothe it in what glamour you will, read what new beauty into it you please, a love poem is nothing but the lover's I love you, I love you, I love you, reiterated endlessly through interminable years.

Lovers may cry Never love like mine before, Poets write their Sonnets and Madrigals, suffused with all the grandeur and splendor of language, artists paint their pictures in colors that are poems in hue and with skill that transcends belief, but it all means nothing, only I love you, I love you ———. Love is a wearisome affair!"

Now as to the soul—"

The Princess had been looking dreamily out over the sea as it tumbled and heaved and crashed in a chaos of spray nearly at her feet; now her lip trembled a bit and she turned quickly toward the Poet, who lounged on the grass by her side, and interrupted him—

"Oh," said the Princess, "you are always so trivial."

The Poet winced, and the smile left his mouth, so that for the first time the Princess noticed that his face was sad and she could guess at the unutterable sorrow that lay in his eyes.

Slowly the Poet rose and stood looking down at her. "Yes" said the Poet, and the earnest tremor in his deep

voice thrilled the Princess with a strange, happy fear— "I am always trivial because I have never dared be otherwise. Do you think these airy nothings and cynical epigrams of mine are any true expression of what I believe — do you think that when I jest with Life and Love that my heart is in the words? No, my Princess, there is something else for which all this is but a cloak. Since I first heard your voice I have loved you with the old, old love that I jestingly decried a moment ago, the love that is ever the same and therefore ever the sweetest and best, and *because* I loved you, *because* I have longed for you and *because* you are the Princess Margaret and I only the Poet, I have striven to hide my passion under this cloak of triviality, for I knew you were not for me. Have I not fought well, my Princess? but I have fallen at last and I am glad, for the battle was too cruel.

"Before we met, Margaret," the name fell like a caress on the Princess' ear, for she had been "Your Royal Highness" to all men overlong, "I had written a book of love songs, a little volume, but I had put my best work in it and I felt that it was good. The world praised it, talked of its 'insight,' the fidelity of the songs to the human heart, and even the faintest praise said the book was full of 'true feeling.'

"Margaret, they were all wrong, there is but one true poem in all the world, but one, and that is simple and holy as the name of God, 'I love you, Margaret, I love you.'

It has sung itself into my soul, my Princess, who will never be mine, and I pray God that it may sing there through all the eternal years.

I have tried to keep silent, I have tried so hard, but I could not. Forgive me, my Princess, —I—I, oh it is too much for man to bear — I love you so, Margaret, I love you so."

The Princess rose to her feet and stood there in all her slender beauty, and in her eyes was that which sent the blood whirling through the Poet's veins in a surging rush of joy.

"I do not know why it has pleased God or man to make me a Princess and you a Poet" said she, and her voice had an indefinable melody and sweetness which the Poet had never heard before, "but I do know that he has made me a woman that I might love the man most worthy of such love. Dearest, because of barriers man has made we may never belong to each other, for I must be ready to sacrifice myself to the peace and happiness of two great nations. No walls or ranks that man has made can keep back the words that lay bare my heart, "my lover and my Poet, I love you, I love you."

The Poet made a step forward with his arms out-stretched but a foot sounded on the turf behind him and the old court messenger bowed to the Princess.

"Your Royal Highness is bidden to the Palace to choose her wedding jewels."

The Poet started and looked drearily at the Princess; she nodded stately but her eyes were full of tears—

"Mortimer," said the Princess, "will you look a little way up the path, I think I have lost my chatelaine."

The messenger retired and the Princess turned again to the Poet—

"You see it is as I said, I am the sacrifice." The Poet looked into her eyes in wonder and awe, "Margaret," he whispered huskily, you are the sweetest lady and truest gentlewoman in all the world, and God has been very good to have you love me. I shall perhaps never see you again, for I am going away, but always, I know your name will be on my lips and, 'I love you, Margaret, I love you' in my heart."

The Poet turned and walked rapidly away—But the Princess stood as if stunned for a second and then she called "Paul, Paul."

The Poet came back slowly—"Oh my love, I cannot let you go this way" said the Princess, and with a little laugh she ran to him and threw her arms around his neck.

The Poet drew her to him fiercely and kissed her lips for which he had so long thirsted.

"Good by my love," breathed he, holding her closely to him and kissing her hair, "it has been given me to taste Heaven for an instant in this life and my sorrow can be little compared to that, my Princess, for you *are* my Princess and my queen, and so—"

"Ahem." The old court messenger had returned and stood behind the Poet—his lips were smiling but his keen old eyes were strangely moist—

And as the Poet kissed the Princess once more and went down the path and out into the world the aged messenger brushed his eyes with his wrinkled old hand.

The Princess timidly touched his arm, "You will not betray me, Mortimer?"

The old man straightened his bent shoulders and put his hand gently on her arm,

"My dear," he said, "even I was young once."

A DINNER PARTY

By Frank Vosbergh

The cook talking to Mike the Policeman.

"Sure! and Mike come tomorrow night about tin and bring Jim. The Missus is going to have a dinner and there will be some royal vituals left for you boys. Tell Jim, Kitty wants him. The feed is going to be fine—aysters, and turkey, and lots of other things. Don't you forgit now, and if ye don't bring Jim, Kitty 'll box your ears. No, go on with you, you can't have anthing to eat tonight. Git out now and hurry up, here comes the old boy himself. Behave yourself, I didnt say you could have *that*."

* * * *

Mrs. Jones over the telephone.

"Of course, dear, I am just awfully sorry you can't come."

"Why the Browns are coming and the Smiths."

"No! You don't know them, for they are new."

"Yes, the Millers are coming. I couldn't get out of it as they have entertained me so much."

"They are kind of stupid and I thought you would help cheer the party up."

"Are you well?"

"The baby sick?"

"That is too bad."

"I think dinners an awful bore, but one must give them."

"I'm sorry too."

"Good bye."

"Well I am glad she can't come, spiteful thing. Dinners never bore her for she never gives one to try if they do, Old Cat!"

* * * *

One guest to her husband as they leave their house.

"Oh, Well! Have you got my gloves. I know we are late. I want to get there just as much as you do for Mrs. Jones entertains so nicely. They are such fine people too. Well, dear! Be careful to use the forks right. You will, won't you? Make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Jones so we can come again. Well here we are. I am so glad we could come. Ten thirty, Biglow."

* * * *

The child talking to her doll.

"Well I don't care. I just wanted to see them and watch them. I don't see why mamma had to be so mean. I wouldn't be in the way. Its just mean, it is, and they are having such nice things to eat.

Any how Mamma says we can have the ice cream tomorrow, and then we 'll have a party and mamma can't come to it and she 'll be sorry. Mamma is the prettiest woman there 'cause I peeked and saw. I don't care, it's mean."

* * * *

A letter from the uninvited guest.

Dear Minnie:

I wrote you Mrs. Jones had *missed* me in inviting her guests for dinner—Well I am just glad now for I judge from Mrs. Brown's remarks it was terrible—She said that the soup was stone cold and the oysters small—And what do you think all they had to drink was water—Not a bit of wine—You saw the paper accounts of the affair—Well Mrs. Brown said the flowers were scandalous—Old ferns and not pretty—We had a game of cards and a fine time—Glad I didn't go aren't you—Say Minnie did you—

THE UNREWARDED CHAMPION

By Cora Hinkley

A number of the Alpha Delt girls had gathered in Marcia Lee's room to talk over the dance. They were all huddled together on Marcia's bed, spreading crackers with cheese, and gossiping unmercifully between each bite.

"Did you notice how often Verna danced with that odious Tom Grant? Something must be done to break that case up immediately. Just fancy an Alpha Delt girl devoting her whole time to a barb like him!"

"Well, I should say so," echoed the other girls. "What under the sun can Verna be thinking of? I suppose that next thing she 'll do, will be to have him at our parties. Doesn't she consider the good of the fraternity at all? What would the other men think if they should see him at our house?"

"And the worst of it is," continued Marcia, "that no one will ask Verna any where, or even look at her, while she's so devoted to Tom. Why, Jack Leslie even intimated to me that people thought that Verna and Tom were engaged. Just fancy, my dear girls, being engaged to that great, big, overgrown, bow-legged thing! Why, I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth! Ugh! the mere thought of it sickens me!"

Marcia's invective was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Verna Trent, all smiles and blushes, came slowly into the room.

"Did you have a good time?" someone asked.

"Oh, yes girls—the very nicest time I've ever had. It was such a glorious night that Tom and I walked home sort of slowly," said Verna, innocently. "He's such a good dancer, and wasn't the floor and music splendid?"

"Yes," said some one over in the corner, "the music was

good—especially the waltzes. I could have died perfectly content during "Amoreuse." I always have the most wild and desperate crush on the person I dance that waltz with. By the way, how many times did you dance with Mr. Grant?"

"Why—why quite a few," Verna stammered. "I gave up counting after the sixth."

"I wish you wouldn't go with him so much, Verna," said Marcia, "it's queering you and besides he's such a limit. Don't you know that people judge you by the friends you go with? None of the fellows like him," continued the young aristocrat relentlessly, "and I think all the girls are greatly disappointed in you."

"Why, Marcia Lee," Verna answered, "how can you talk to me like this? I have hardly a good friend here in college, and Mr. Grant has done everything to make me have a good time. If it weren't for him I think I'd go right back home. I don't see why you dislike him so, just because he doesn't belong to a fraternity. Half the finest men in college don't belong."

"Well, goosey, go with him if you want to—only don't expect me to be nice to him," Marcia called back as she stalked out of the room.

A month later the same girls were again gossiping about "the inseparables" as Tom and Verna had come to be known.

Verna recited joyously the tale of the attentions shown Tom by the Zeta Psis and the Delts at the football game, and the fact that half the dances on her next program were taken by Zeta Psis.

"And Tom seems so happy," said Verna. "We had such a long talk on fraternities tonight. Tom thinks I would like him better if he were a frat man; and, girls, it took me a whole hour to convince him of his mistake. I don't care if he never joins anything, and I'll be loyal to him for ever."

"Whew!" said Marcia, "if only he were worthy of such devotion. Of course he'll never be a fraternity man. 'Barb' sticks out all over him. I wonder what modiste made his

cordeuroy trousers. If I were his mother I'd make him wear ear-laps continually. And his walk, girls!" said Marcia as she made several grotesque turns across the room, whereat there was shrieking applause.

"Well, laugh at him all you want, I don't care. Anyway I'm going to the Zeta Psi informal with him on Friday; and I'm going to make him do all his stunts and let the other fellows see how nice he is. If he wants to be a Zeta Psi, I'm going to help him all I can; and if he isn't asked, I'm going to keep on being just as nice to him as I know how."

"Oh, girls," replied Marcia, "just to imagine! Tom Grant a fraternity brother of Jack Leslie is quite too much for me!"

But two weeks later, Verna alone in her room, with a little kodad picture of Tom in her hand, heard Marcia's careless voice at the 'phone.

"Yes, this is Miss Lee. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Grant. Very well, thank you. You wante) tell me what? Oh, that you were pledged Zeta Psi? Why, I'm so delighted—do let me congratulate you. How proud Zeta Psi must be! Why of course I mean it, and yet I'm not a bit surprised—Zeta Psi has pretty good judgment you know. The twenty-seventh? No, I haven't. Why yes, of course I should love to go with you. At Keeley's? Formal? Thank you so much, Mr. Grant. Good bye."

And Verna "had her dark hour alone."

THE "SHARK"

By Osmore Smith

It lacked but five minutes of the close of the hour and the students were growing perceptibly restless. The girls (there were but few in the class) had squeezed into their snugly fitting jackets, and now sat, some gazing idly out of the windows, others communicating in undertones. In the back of the room lounged a row of fellows, chairs tilted against the wall, feet aimlessly thumping the rounds. Even the little fraternity bull-dog, who had followed one of his brothers to recitation, had imbibed the spirit of unrest, and expressed his impatience by grating his teeth across a varnished chair-leg, and by an occasional disgusted whine.

There was but one exception to the general inattentiveness. Near a forward window, and somewhat apart from the rest, sat a young man, who followed closely Professor Duane's lecture. He was uncouth in appearance, small, wizened, with narrow, stooping shoulders, and shrunken chest. His head was a peculiar one, much too large for proportion, and had the shape of an inverted pear. From each side protuded an ear like the calyx of a calla; and his mouth, with its irregular teeth, resembled nothing so much as the huge slit in a grinning, yellow jack o'lantern. Crowning the whole was a shock of dirty-white hair, glistening with oil, and as coarse as a horse's mane.

Suddenly the professor, becoming aware of the universal ennui, stopped his lecture and said abruptly:

"Mr. Fierlaw, will you explain what it is that determines monopoly prices." Mr. Fierlaw, one of the occupants of the back row, brought the front legs of his chair to the floor, cleared his throat, and, "didn't know."

"Miss Heath." Miss Heath did not understand the question.

The professor smiled queerly.

"Mr. Acton, will you kindly answer my question." The young man beside the window responded unhesitatingly with a clear, concise statement. When he had finished Duane said, "Very good," whereupon the entire class groaned. The professor looked "volumes," but dismissed the class without a word. Acton waited till all had gone and then silently followed.

On his way down the "Hill" no one spoke to him. His homely face, blotched with sores, his drooping shoulders from which his rusty, black coat hung as about an Ichabod, his bandy legs in their frayed trousers, which no amount of urging could have coaxed further than his shoe-tops; these made him a figure to attract attention, but, as he knew only too well, they also created a wall between him and his fellows, over which eight long weeks had not enabled him to climb. The young men either passed him without notice, or eyed him superciliously. The girls went by with unbending faces, and then (some of them) looked back and laughed.

* * * * * * * * *

Acton understood. He looked at the six big fellows who filled his tiny garret room; then he glanced at his own thin arm and laughed, bitterly.

"There's no use of my trying to put up a fight," he said, and followed them. The mob outside the house set up a howl of delight when he appeared, and quickly swallowed him in their midst. Then, shouting and yelling, they started down the street in the direction of the girls' dormitory. From every house along the march swarmed students, by twos, by fours, by dozens, until, when they reached their destination, they numbered fully one thousand. Amid cheers, Acton was tossed to the long verandah. Then, while quick footsteps scurried down the stairs within, and curious faces peered out at the windows, the crowd clamored vociferously for a song. Acton, cooler than any of his persecutors, stepped to the edge of the porch and said:

"You fellows seem to have the idea that, because I'm boorish, because I'm so 'hideous,' because I wear clothes you wouldn't give away, I haven't any pride, you think that because I've caused you so much laughter I'll deliberately play circus here. I tell you, you are badly 'off.' I never sang a song in my life, and I don't propose to make a damned fool of myself trying it now." He stopped, closed his mouth with a decided snap, and eyed the mob in calm defiance.

For a moment they stood aghast. Who could have imagined that the "shark" would display so much spunk. Then a low muttering ran through the crowd. Voices here and there called, "Let him go;" others, and they were by far the most numerous, yelled, "Duck him." Immediately the entire body, elbowing aside the reluctant few, surged forward, and a thousand mad throats, with a noise as of great, white-tipped waves thundering angrily against the rocks, shrieked,

"To the lake! To the lake! To the lake!"

* * * * * * *

Dear Mother:—It's no use. I've tried my best for two months, and failed. I'm coming home. Tonight—

A tear stole sneakingly down the cheek, hovered a moment—dropped—blurred the "t." Acton buried his head in his arms and sobbed like a baby.

THE WEDDIN'

By Berton Braley

Swate, ain't she swate as the rose wid a blush to it.
Swate as the garden is after the rain.
Wid her deep eyes aglow and her cheek wid a flush to it.
And, her gown like the heart of her, guiltless of stain.
Ah, tis a beautiful quane of a girl she is.
Wid her veil like a light that illumines her head.
Fit for the bride of a prince or an earl she is.
And a prince among men is the bhoy she's to wed.

Was iver a bhoy wid the princely like ways of him.
Wid a royaler heart or a loyaler soul.
Go ask where ye will and ye'll hear only praise av him.
Ye won't find a finer lad south of the Pole.
Look, ain't it good just to look at the face of him.
Readin' the honor and manliness there.
Fit for the girl, by the strength and the grace of him.
Glory—and ain't they an iligant pair!

Well, here is joy and a life-time of bliss to them,—
May clouds niver darken the way they must go.
We'll speed our two frinds and blow many a kiss to thim.
Throwing thim luck wid the rice that we throw.
Good fortune is hid in the shoe that is tossed to thim.
No omen is lacking to favor or bless—
But the girls they will weep for the girl that is lost to thim.
And the bhoys will be sad for one bachelor less.

SHOP TALK

Beginning with the new Semester the "Lit" will be run on a somewhat more systematic basis than heretofore. All Manuscript submitted must be accompanied by the name and address of the author; if the author does not wish his article signed it must be so specified. Our reason for requiring the name and address is simply to make "copy hunts" more easy. If the return of a manuscript by mail is desired, postage should be enclosed; otherwise no Mss. will be returned, unless the author specifies that return is desired, in which case Mss. will be held until called for.

* * * *

At present an effort to obtain permanent quarters is being made, and if the faculty lapses for a little from its opposition, the "Lit" will have an office where the Editor may be found and Mss. can be left.

* * * *

There is an impression abroad that the "Lit" staff can easily turn out enough "stuff" to fill its pages and that contributions from without are not desired. Nothing could be further astray. The "Lit" is anxious to get hold of every bit of good writing which the students are doing, and a deluge of contributions which would swamp the editor for a time, would nevertheless be joyously welcomed. If you have a theme you think is "pretty fine," or a story you want to tell—send it in, it will be carefully read.

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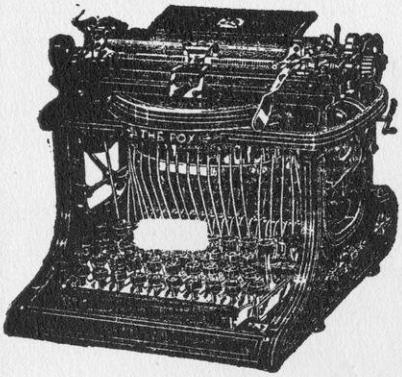

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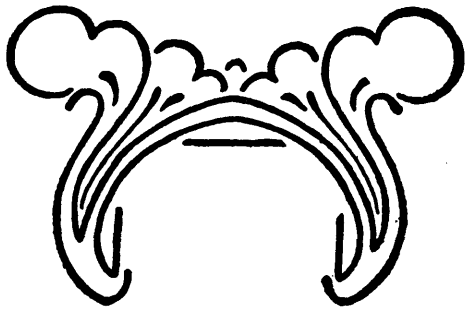

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THE COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Applied Electrochemistry and General Engineering, including the Mining Engineering group of elective studies, each of which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering; and upon the completion of an additional year's study in the College of Engineering, or of three years' study in connection with approved field work, to the degree of Engineer.

THE COLLEGE OF LAW offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the State without examination.

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture; (2) a short course of one or two years in agriculture, in which exclusive attention is given to studies in theoretical and practical agriculture; (3) a Dairy Course of two terms of four months each, in which the student is taught the most successful method in the manufacture of butter and cheese; (4) a Farmers' Course of two weeks designed for busy farmers, and providing only the most practical instruction.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University. The degree of Master of Arts, Master of Science, or Master of Pedagogy is conferred upon graduates of the University, or of other institutions of equal rank, who have previously received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Pedagogy, and who pursue successfully at least one year of graduate study. The degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, or Electrical Engineer, are conferred on graduates of the engineering courses of the University, or other institutions of equal rank, who have received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering, and who pursue either one year of advanced professional study in the University, or three years of such study in connection with professional work of an approved character. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred upon successful candidates after not less three years of study, of which the first two years, or the last year, must be spent in attendance at the University.

SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE.

THE COURSE IN COMMERCE, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers, especially in such fields as domestic and foreign commerce and banking; or branches of public service, such as the consular service, in which a knowledge of business is essential.

THE COURSES IN PHARMACY are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy. The four year course, which is open to graduates of accredited high schools, gives a general scientific education in addition to the pharmaceutical studies. The two year course is confined to distinctly technical studies in pharmacy.

THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE provides for work in biology, chemistry, bacteriology, anatomy, and similar subjects prerequisite for the study of medicine. Credit is given by the leading medical colleges for the successful completion of this course.

THE COURSE IN EDUCATION consists in work of philosophy and pedagogy, and is especially designed for graduates of normal schools. A four-year course is also provided for those desiring to pursue special studies in educational problems.

THE COURSE IN HOME ECONOMICS has two purposes: First, to offer general elective courses which shall be available as a part of the general education of young women in the College of Letters and Science; second, to offer to those young women who are preparing to teach the subject, or to pursue other professional work connected with it, the opportunity to take a four year's course in Home Economics.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC gives courses of one, two, three and four years, and also offers an opportunity for instruction in music to all students in the University.

THE SUMMER SESSION extends over a period of six weeks, from the last week in June through the first week in August, and is designed to meet the wants of teachers and undergraduates who desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge; of regular undergraduates who desire to shorten their University course; and of graduates who wish to devote part of their vacation to advanced courses.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR ARTISANS AND APPRENTICES extends over a period of six weeks, from the first week in July to through the second week in August, and provides for practice shop work and scientific instruction.

THE LIBRARIES to which the students have access include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, the State Law Library and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 276,000 bound books and over 150,000 pamphlets. The State Historical Library with some 128,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets offers exceptional opportunities for students in history.

MUSEUMS, LABORATORIES, and seminary rooms for the various departments, with all the necessary equipment for special study, furnish excellent facilities to advanced students in various fields.

THE GYMNASIUM, ATHLETIC FIELD, boating facilities and Athletic Teams give opportunity for indoor and outdoor athletic training, and for courses in physical training under the guidance of the athletic director.

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**

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