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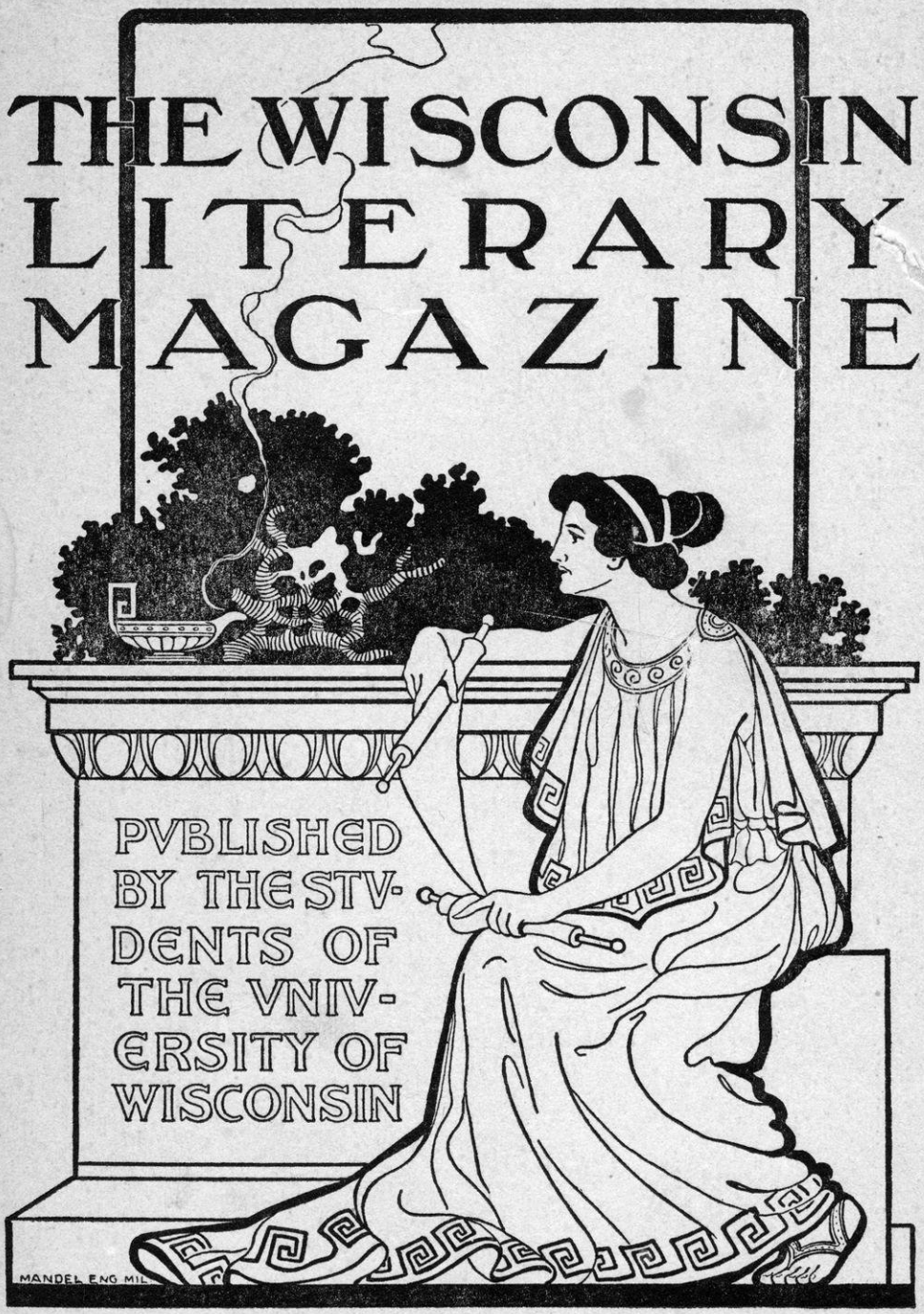
THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY, 1905

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. II FEBRUARY, 1905 No. 5

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THE

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JANUARY, 1905

VOLUME II NUMBER 5

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HOPELESS

In the bed-room, behind drawn curtains, all was darkness. In the room adjoining, under the lamp-light, a man bent over a desk, writing diligently.

"Tom," came plaintively from the inner room. He did not lift his head.

"Go to sleep," he said severely, though a smile crinkled about his eyes.

"I don't want to."

"Well, you must."

There was a sigh from the darkness, and the pen scratched undisturbed for five minutes. Then an impatient rustling heralded another interruption.

"It isn't good for you to work at night."

"No?" A finished sheet was thrown aside and a new one took its place.

"You have worked two evenings this week," persisted the voice.

"And I shall have to work three, if you don't keep quiet."

There was a wail of protest. "Yoru're so harsh with me!"

He laughed noiselessly, but his hand did not pause. The clock ticked away five more minutes. Then the voice came again, tinged with conscious duplicity.

"I can't go to sleep, Tom; the shade is rattling."

"I don't hear it."

"Well it did a minute ago. And I want a drink."

"My dear young woman!" he spoke firmly. "I have an evening's work before me. How can I get through it, if you keep interrupting?"

"But I feel so lonely. Besides, I'm afraid. I heard a queer noise just then. I think it's a burglar."

"Well, you talk to him then, while I work."

"I don't think you're nice."

"Yes, dear," he spoke absently, comparing papers with frowning absorption.

"I suppose you'd rather I wern't here at all."

"Yes, dear," still more absently.

"T-o-m! How can you be so hateful?" He started, lifting his head for a moment.

"I don't know what I said, my dear; but I know what I will say, if you don't keep still."

"What?"

"You'd better not find out."

"Would you say ———"

He drew a deep breath: "Will you be still?"

"Oh, very well. I'm insulted."

The silence lasted nearly ten minutes, the work progressing furiously. Then there was a little chuckle from the darkness. "Tom, I'm getting over being insulted." He groaned softly, and so gained another pause. Then came the voice very sweetly and persuasively, "Tom."

"Um."

"If you came and said good-night, I might keep quiet."

"But my dear girl, I have said good-night. Now don't let me hear another word."

"I'd go half-way around the world, barefoot, if you wanted me to come and say good-night." The voice was injured. The man looked toward the curtains, but his tone was dry.

"I dare say!" And the pen wrote on with renewed energy.

"I don't like you, Tom." Silence, but for a quick stamp of the blotter.

"In fact, I think you are the most disagreeable man I know."

Still no answer. In the discouraged pause that followed two more sheets were laid aside, then the man paused, considering intently, with suspended pen.

"Tom," came with brisk interest.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed exasperated. "If you speak once more I shall close those doors."

"You can't!" triumphantly. "They're stuck. I was just going to tell you———."

"Please, don't, honey, I must finish."

"It isn't fair, Tom, to appeal to my better nature like that. It's cowardly."

"Please, dearest."

"That is bribery. I should think you'd be ashamed."

"Um, hum."

"All right. Now I won't tell you at all. And it is extremely interesting."

Full fifteen minutes of silence followed, then very cautiously, the man laid down his pen and stretched back his arms with bent elbows.

"Finished, Tom?" The tone was so joyful, that he relented a little.

"Not quite. Pretty soon."

"Ten minutes?"

"Oh, no, perhaps an hour."

"Oh, de—ar!"

He bent to his work again.

"You couldn't stop now, Tom?"

"No, dear."

"Just long enough, for one?"

"Not one."

"But it would only take a second, and it would make me so happy."

"No," he held his mouth consciously severe at the corners, for fear it might betray him.

"You wouldn't care for one yourself?"

"The corners wavered, but he set his jaw and tried to frown, "No."

"I don't believe you like me at all, Tom."

"Very well, then." But the pen had faltered.

"If anything were to happen to me, you'd be sorry."

"Something is going to happen to you in about two seconds if you don't be quiet." His tone was still firm, but the frown had given up the attempt and disappeared. There was an eager little rustle.

"Really! Oh, Tom, I'd rather be beaten than not noticed." He tried to ignore it. His fingers slipped and the pen fell to the desk. The voice seemed to divine its advantage. Just one, because I'm good. Please, dear Tom."

The corners of his mouth broke suddenly into a broad smile," will you be good afterwards?"

"Good as gold." But there was triumph in the tone.

He stood a second wavering, then the laughter brimmed over in his eyes, and he turned quickly to the inner darkness.

BLUE EYES VERSUS BLUE BOOKS

There was no question in the English instructor's mind that she was pretty—pretty beyond the shadow of doubt. Often during the semester when his eyes had gone roaming countrywards across the stretch of level land to the tree-capped hills beyond that over-looked the lake, it was not so much to collect his thoughts that he did so as to evade the suspicion of too intently noting her. A doctor of philosophy,—even though fresh from Yale—is little more than a boy, or say, rather, little more than a susceptible young man; and Alfred Markham, Ph. D., was not the person to make himself an exception.

Hence, two fair blue eyes; a well-bred nose; a pair of lips and a chin, sweet or disdainful at pleasure, matching with hair and face. both lacking, perhaps, a trifle in color, all lit from the personality within,—which, after all is two-thirds of beauty's beauty,—worked upon that instructor's heart as nature decreed they should.

"No," sighed Dr. Markham to himself, "there is no question as to her beauty. The question is"—and he again sighed heavily.

He was sitting alone in his office, and though the afternoon was in February, the weather was mild. His window was part open and the snow water dripping on the ledge in the warm sunshine, and the call of a jay down by the shore lent a very spring-like effect.

He looked at the blue book before him and groaned in spirit. "Marjorie Tompkins, English" was the legend it bore.

He shook his head.

"And she's out for Phi Beta Kappa. too. I understand. She's got a lot of ex's already, I'm told, though how she got

them—" he shook his head despairingly at the mass of errors before him.

Again in meditation his eyes sought the horizon. He could see those wonderfully expressive eyes gazing up at him with a sweet confidence and trust as innocent as a babe's.

"I haven't the heart to disappoint her, and yet—— Oh, that I were married, middle-aged and crabbed! I never could have thought coeducation was able to present such an awful side as this. She doesn't deserve—no, no, I won't say that, but she oughn't to have an ex. I'm afraid some unthinking brute might really con her if he were in my place."

The last he whispered low, and peered about him suspiciously, as though some one might be lurking behind his desk or under his chair to overhear the treasonable words.

"If I disappoint her hopes, she'll cut me dead, I know she will."

He really couldn't endure the thought of foregoing the pleasure he daily experienced when she stepped up to him a moment after class and asked so earnestly for the elucidation of some obscure point. And she always smiled so prettily at his explanation. Still, what would the faculty think of such an attitude? He must do his duty as a teacher, not as a—— Well, a "good" was not too high, and so he recorded it.

He had finished his task and was off into dreamland again. The air smelt almost balmy, and sure enough there was a robin hopping about on a limb, and certainly Tennyson was right as to the brightness of his breast.

Suddenly there was a tripping, a light step in the hall and the object of his solicitude stood framed in the doorway. Her face, usually pale, was flushed to a delicate pink from the exertion of haste, and her soft eyes seemed milder and more pleading than was even their wont.

"Oh, Dr. Markham," she panted prettily, "What standing have you for me?"

She came close to him and bent so low that a stray strand of hair brushed his right ear, while she carelessly dropped her small hand on his sleeve.

"Why Miss Tomkins," he stammered, I marked you—that is, I believe—yes, I am certain. You have an ex. Your work was very satisfactory."

The hand dropped from his sleeve as she straightened up again. He might not have done just right, still the look of gratitude in her fair blue eyes and the tingling in his right ear were worth it.

But Miss Tomkins lips and chin were just a trifle disdainful as she recrossed the threshold.

THE COUNTY FAIR FROM THE VANTAGE GROUND OF "TEN"

By J. V. Mulaney

The morning dawns clear and bracing, a keen September morning with just a suggestion of frosty rime over the faded meadows. Harvests have been gathered in, the cornfield is dotted with golden-brown shocks ready for the husking, barrels stand among the orchard trees and the odor of pumpkin pies, baking, is wafted from every farmhouse doorway. It is the season and the clime that hails the advent of the connty fair.

You and Gracie are up before five in the morning, and the precious, golden hours are not wasted. After you have, with Mary Ann's assistance, donned your best, Sunday suit, not to mention the abominable white sailor collar and cuffs which make the small boy appear and feel like a convict in irons, you repair to the back porch to see how things are progressing in that vicinity. Here you find that others have also been astir. Old Tom and Jerry, the faithful farm team, hitched to the green farm wagon, its seats made of boards laid crosswise, are tied to the picket fence, ready for the start.

You are summoned to the kitchen for a hasty breakfast, but, shomehow, in the glamour and excitement you seem to have lost your appetite. Here too, you view with consternation the change which has taken place in Gracie under the skillful fingers of Mary Ann. The starched, white flounces and curled ringlets give her a rather severely angelic appearance, but, in the course of some fifteen minutes, you discover that the apparition is no cherub, but that underneath all is Gracie, never changing. In the meantime mother has donned her brown alapaca dress and a bonnet, surmounted

with a wonderful glass-eyed bird, while father is in the front bed-room, wrestling with his collar-button and a monstrous, white collar with turn down corners, a never failing sign of general family festivity.

And now old farmer Dusenberry and portly Mrs. Dusenberry, guests for the occasion, arrive, and all are ready for the start. The two men seat themselves in the front to drive and begin a vigorous discussion of town politics. Mrs. Dusenberry, with the aid of Mary Ann and a kitchen chair, is duly installed beside mother on the second seat and the two women launch, as the journey begins, into a discussion of poultry raising and a review of the topics of the sewing-society. You and Gracie have been relegated to the vacant space in the back of the wagon, on some hay among the prize pumpkins, summer-squashes and pastry samples. It is a most lamentable fact, yet true, that, when you reach your destination, you are found, on account of your constantly shifting positions, to have been sitting on Mrs. Dusenberry's prize sponge-cake, with your feet in mother's prize pumpkin pie.

The sun is out and shining warmly after the chill of the morning. From your post of triumph you view with pity the toiling figures of the neighboring boys, engaged in husking corn or, worse still, that back-breaking employment of the country boy, picking potatoes. You hail the laborers with generous condescension. And now you wind along unfamiliar country roads, with the sumac blazing by the wayside and the forests and hills aglow with autumn colors. At last the far off steeples and water-tower of Cranberry Center appear, and your excitement rises to high pitch.

Teams now throng the highway and pass in quick succession. Wonder of wonders! here comes the hired man with flashing gig, glittering harness and flaming fly-net, and, ensconced by his side and wreathed in smiles, is Mary Ann. They pass in a swirl of dust, Mary Ann's ostrich plumes waving jubilantly in the breeze, while you reflect and won-

der how long it will be before you can become that wonderful knight-errant, the hired man, and ride to the fair in such glittering array.

Now you arrive among the throng of wagons at the entrance. There stretches the tall, mysterious, tight-board fence, shutting out the wonderful fair from the work-a-day world without. Above it are seen the tops of tents, fluttering flags, the roofs of the amphitheatre and exhibit buildings, while the air is filled with the pulsating chorus of brass bands, the shrieks of whistles and steam-calliopes, and the murmur of human voices.

Inside of the gates all is a glittering and bewildering maze, the shouts of fakirs, the rush of people, the buzz of machinery. You are lifted from the wagon, dazed and stiff, but with an ardent desire and endeavor to look four ways at once. Mother and Mrs. Dusenberry patrol you on either side and you are led, sorely against your will, to the "Haven of Rest" where you and Gracie spend a miserable hour while the old folks refresh themselves from the long ride.

Then all sally forth on a tour of inspection, but not alas! to view "Christine, the Wonder" or "King George, the Cannibal Chief." You are dragged reluctantly along to view endless sights of every day drudgery,—pumpkins, potatoes, cucumbers, pats of butter and strong-smelling cheeses. Your chagrin is complete when Mrs. Dusenberry, puffing vigorously, lifts you up to look into a bowl of dahlia bulbs in the house plant exhibit. You conspire with the crushed and bedraggled cherub (alias Gracie) and plan an escape into the tempting world without, but your stolid monitor hangs on grimly as she examines bed quilts, needle work, fruit preserves and finally, to your supreme disgust, strays into the exhibits of every-day cattle, sheep, pigs and chickens.

Noon hour arrives, bringing relief to mind and appetite. All retire to the eating-house of the "Simpson's Corners Sewing Society." Here, between bites of savory chicken and sandwiches, you plot with Gracie for a grand escape

during the afternoon, consequently, when after dinner you are being led for a dismal period of restraint to the amphitheatre, among the jam at the gates you manage to wriggle loose and escape into the crowd. How good the freedom seems, and oh! the intoxicating pleasure at the thought that two frantic women are swift upon your trail. You jingle the hoarded thirty-five cents in your trouser's pocket with one hand and, squeezing Gracie's ecstatically with the other, you both hurry away on an exploring tour.

Here one desire of your heart is to be fulfilled. A circle of galloping ponies, a shrieking, steam-calliope, and a grinning "darkey," the apparent author of all the fearful din, turning a crank on a platform in the center. For ten cents you and Gracie are seated on one of the apparently gentle steeds; the whistle blows, the ponies start, rocking madly. A spasm of fear seizes you; you look at Gracie; pale and frightened, she is clinging to her steed; faster fly the ponies; the earth swims; a yawning abyss whirls underneath; the din is deafening. You grasp your ponies' wooden ears, clinging desperately, while on, on go the flying steeds until after hours and hours, seemingly, they stop and you are both off once more. It is a strange fact that after your first dizzy and bewildering experience there surges up an even stronger desire than the first to spend another nickle on the merry-go-round.

"Try your luck, boys and girls!" roars a voice near at hand, "buy a bag of peanuts and receive a beautiful present!" You view, with awe, the dazzling array and think what a splendid peace-offering to mother one of those objects would make in the event of your capture. You pay your money, receive a package of very unpalatable peanuts, while the fakir, thrusting his hand into a large box beneath the counter, hands you a small, leaden whistle. These seemingly trival disappointments you have found since are the most keenly felt in life. A lady who has been watching, sees your disappointed look and the tiny tears in the corners

of Gracie's large, round eyes, which are blinking so fast to keep them back, and she smiles sweetly as, moving forward, she presses a large, juicy orange into your hand and one into Gracie's. You realize, for the first time perhaps, that angels are abroad in this cold, deceitful world under different guises and in many different places.

You wander on cheerfully once more, only to fall again into another of the many traps for the uninitiated. "Minnie, the Mermaid!" You have just been reading of her relatives in the history at school, and now you have the chance to see her for only ten cents. Indeed, above the entrance is a flaunting canvass depicting "Minnie," seated negligently on a rock amid the raging elements, combing her flowing tresses with a sea shell, and gazing at her somewhat distorted visage in a hand glass. But happily you are thwarted from further temptations. A short distance away comes the bulky form of Mrs. Dusenberry, bowling down towards you. Instinctively you both turn to flee, only to rush headlong into the arms of mother. She cannot speak for joy, and luckily she never suspects that you were not really "lost" while you deem it advisable to have her remain uninformed upon that point. Mrs. Dusenberry, out of relief and gratitude, showers you with goodies of all kinds, after which you are led away to the wagon to begin the journey homeward.

You leave the fair grounds at last, amid the jocund laughter of the young folks, the wailing of sleepy infants and the adieus of parting acquaintances. The wagon jolts noisely over the country roads; the old folks talk crooningly; dusk settles down; overhead the little stars come out and twinkle in the blue, but down among their wrappings in a rumbling country wagon two little heads droop drowsily.

EQUALITY

By Elias Tobenkie

We were sitting under the big oak trees which surrounded the village church. Below in the valley it began to get quieter. The long summer day was gradually disappearing and a deep stillness descended upon everything. The thatched cottages, standing in long rows, assumed a strange, shadowy appearance as if they had been thousands of miles away from us. From one end of the village came faint, plaintive tones, accompanied by a harmonica, which told of the free life of the Steppes, of the majesty of the Volga, of the soft soothing nights of the Ukraine. . . . We were watching the setting sun which was gradually sinking behind the distant forest.

Suddenly Yonkel muttered in a scarcely audible voice, as if talking to himself:

"There the sun is rising now."

We instantly turned toward him. He was not older than any of us,—he too was about seven—but we respected him. He had a great many things to tell, for his father had but shortly before come from America; and a man who had crossed the ocean, had been to America, in a small Russian town of the size of Bednotorka, at that time, was considered something of a Robinson Crusoe.

"In America, you mean?" we all asked staring at him with wide open eyes. "Where else then?" he replied with a mild irritation at the insignificance of the question.

"A wonderful country," some one observed, "they say there are no peasants there."

"Of course not," Yonkel burst out, "there all men are equal!"

"Equal?"

"Yes, and all eat white bread, and every day too!"

We were startled; that was something we never heard before.

"And all are dressed the same too, the son of a shoemaker is dressed the same as the son of the constable," he went on, "and the houses they live in are as big as the church, and some are bigger; three times, five times as big."

We were dumb with astonishment. "And all, even 'Kids' like us, wear shoes, even in the summer, and eat tarts every day."

"Ah!" came a sigh from every one of us.

"And mammas do not scold, and—"

Our conversation ceased abruptly. The gate of the priest's yard opened; he was going out for his evening walk. About a dozen big, well fed dogs ran up to the gate, barking and jumping at their master, who was well pleased with it. Upon catching sight of us, several of them jumped in our direction with a fierce howl. In an instant we were on foot and we looked around only when we stood near the inn at the Market Place.

We all agreed that it was a lucky escape.

JIMMIE FLAHERTY'S EXPEDIENT

By Harry Hatton

Jimmie Flaherty was worried, and, for jovial, easy-going Jimmie Flaherty, this was a state of mind most unusual. It was nearing five o'clock, and, although the big presses in the basement had run off one-half the evening edition of the Kangley Democrat, Jimmie sat at his desk, in the editorial room, idly twirling a paper knife in his fingers, and moodily staring into vacancy. Usually, after giving the first damp sheet to come off the presses a hurried inspection, Jimmie locked his desk, and made his way across the street to his friend, Tim McCluskey's place, where, at this hour, he could be found before a stein of beer, bantering Mike, the bartender, or, with some friend, discussing the coming prize fight. But there was no comforting stein or banter tonight. Jimmie was, to use a somewhat slangy term, broke. Not that Jimmie hadn't been in that condition before. This time, however, things were in a worse state than ever. He had overdrawn his account at the office and had just been refused any further advances. An unfortunate bucket-shop deal in May wheat had depleted his slender bank account. The usual month's end budget of small bills would be due in a few days, and then there was a girl. While this last was not particularly an affair of the heart it required a certain amount each week for dances, bon bons, flowers and an occasional carriage. Without credit at office or bank he must seek some other source of revenue. Jimmie, in his own mind, had gone over all the details of the situation thoroughly, and, though things looked bad, he didn't despair. Even now a smile was beginning to circle his features as he wheeled about in his chair and reached for a pad of telegraph blanks. Pencil in hand, he spent a half hour

in silent meditation. Then he wrote the following terse query:

"Farmer, wife, fourteen children hypnotized by itinerant hypnotist, Prof. De Luca, at Leonore, ten miles south of here. Professor disappeared. Farmer, family doing insane things. Believed professor still has power over them. Entire township in uproar. Will lynch De Luca, if caught."

Jimmie signed the query, picked up his hat and sauntered down street to the Western Union office, He tossed the query to the operator with the laconic instruction:

"Send Chicago Examiner, repeat to Record-Hearald, Tribune and St. Louis Globe Democrat."

Then he caught a car for home. Immediately after supper he returned down town to his office. A blue-coated messenger boy was awaiting his arrival. Jimmie had expected this, but, upon opening the yellow envelope, he was most agreeably surprised at the size of the order from the Examiner: It read:

"Rush two thousand words, hypnotism story. Get photos of farmer, wife and Prof. De Luca."

Pulling off his coat, Jimmie went to work to write the yarn, filling in his original plot with harrowing description and detail. Three times he was interrupted to receive messages from the Tribune, the Record-Herald and the Globe-Democrat. Each of these ordered stories, from fifteen hundred down to eight hundred words. Shortly before ten o'clock Jimmie had completed them all, and, in Chicago, in the throbbing offices of the Examiner, the telegraph editor was calling down a tube to the foreman in the composing room:

"Double-column, slug head coming for that Leonore hypnotism. Reserve good position!"

In Kangley, Jimmie, who had borrowed a bank note from Tim McCluskey, and bought a round of drinks, was telling, with a touch of inimitable humor, an interested audience how, the night previous, old man Quinn had thrashed brawny

Terry Shields, because Shields had jokingly referred to Quinn as an A. P. A. Aside from a comfortable feeling that he had money coming, Jimmie had forgotten all about the several stories, which, at that moment, were being received over the wires at as many metropolitan newspaper offices. His native and mendacious serenity was not at all disturbed by the preposterous fakes which an empty purse had driven him to.

Three Chicago editors glanced interestedly over the damp proofs of the Leonore story that night, and each decided that, properly handled by a staff man, the story, with illustrations, would make an excellent feature for Sunday editions. The next morning, when Jimmie reached his desk, he found three telegrams informing him that staff men from the Examiner, the Tribune and the Record-Herald were on their way to Kangley, to secure interviews with, and photographs of, the hypnotised family at Leonore. This was most unexpected, and it must be admitted that for once, resourceful Jimmie was somewhat uncertain and not a little perturbed as to what he should do. Then the comical side of the situation struck him, and he laughed. Three staff men on a two hundred mile "wild goose chase," each probably believing that he was to round up an exclusive feature for his publication. Oh, it was rich! Still chuckling over the absurdity of the situation, Jimmie started to the Rock Island depot, to meet the nine o'clock train, on the way he stopped at a livery barn to order a team and two seater.

Underwood, of the Examiner, and Vail, of the Tribune, arrived on the nine o'clock train. Jimmie detained them for a half-hour, until Hudson, of the Record-Herald, came in over the Central. Then the party started by carriage for Leonore. Jimmie had never been there, but he had received directions regarding the road from the liveryman. With a perfectly straight face he answered the volleys of questions directed at him by the metropolitan scribes, at the same time keeping alert for a likely stopping place, realizing, as

he afterwards remarked, "that he had to make his bluff good."

After a nine or ten mile drive, Jimmie pulled up before a farm house, in the yard surrounding which were a farmer, a farm hand, two women and eight or ten children.

"Here you are, gentlemen," said Jimmie, with a wave of his hand toward the house. The three Chicago men climbed out of the carriage and entered the place by scaling a high fence, Jimmie sat in the rig to hold the team and await developments, which were not long in coming. At first the farmer was greatly mystified and astonished. Then it dawned upon his slow senses that these men were trying, for some unknown reason, to make him the victim of the strange story which he had read in his Chicago paper less than an hour previous. Rage succeeded astonishment, and the farmer rushed into the house for his shot-gun, the hired man secured a hay-fork, and one of the women unleased two savage dogs. With a yell of fear, big Underwood led the other two scribes in an undignified and hasty retreat from the premises, the three scrambling over the fence, and into the carriage almost simultaneously, farmer, hired man and dogs in close pursuit. For the ensuing five minutes, it was a question whether the men were more frightened at the pursuit of the farmer, or the amazing recklessness which Jimmie displayed in running the team at furious pace over a very uncertain stretch of untamed, country road. When the team finally slowed down to a jog the atmosphere in the carriage was electric in its intensity. For a few minutes the silence was painful, then Underwood, unable longer to contain himself, burst into a violent tirade, which required all the invectives in his extended vocabulary, in a vain effort at expressing his opinion of Flaherty. Vail was too wrought up for words, while Hudson was thinking of the future.

"Pug," said Hudson, addressing Underwood, "if this reaches Chicago, and Ade and McCutcheon get hold of it, we're lost. Why, they'll have a frieze moulded on the walls

of the grill room at the Press Club, in which the figures of three frightened scribes fleeing from enraged rural characters, armed with ancient fowling pieces, will be the motif. It's up to us to suppress the news of this interesting experience right here."

Underwood and Vail evidently agreed with Hudson, for, by the time Kangley was reached, Flaherty had been forgiven and sworn to secrecy. In fact they had so far forgotten their recent wrath that, while waiting for their train, they consented to repair to McCluskey's place with Jimmie, and made Tim's heart glad by discriminating praise of the particular brand of Bourbon which he set forth for their delectation.

One night, a fortnight later, in the palatial german room of the Hotel Stratford, in Chicago, there was a little party of four at dinner. Pierre, the butler, had evidently been given *carte blanche* as to the arrangements. This was attested to by the huge clusters of La Franc roses and the inwoven smilax on the table, and the four obsequious flunkeys, one at the back of each chair. In the seat of honor, at the head of the board, his smiling face reflected in the soft glow of light from the pink shaded candelabra, and looking in his evening clothes a born thoroughbred, was Jimmie Flaherty, of the Kangley Democrat. The remainder of this select party was composed of three well known members of the Chicago Press Club.

"FOR THE SAKE OF THE JAP"

By Walter Scott Underwood

In this paper I shall set down simply the facts of a most strange phenomon which recently came to my notice, and I shall leave all guessing as to its origin and nature to the reader. For in this age of conflict between the materialist and the metaphysician, one must indeed have courage to venture an off-hand explanation of what may seem supernatural.

Entering a little late, this last fall, I was unable to secure the room I had hoped for, and was obliged to content myself with a small, poorly furnished one, in a student boarding-house. That this room had one window, one door and no closet, I perceived at once, when my landlady showed it to me. The especial deficiencies of the furniture appeared in due course of time, and in ways not always pleasing. But one subject in particular attracted my attention at this first look, and I ask you to note it carefully, for on it seems to depend the phenomonon I am going to relate. It was a colored half-length picture of a Japanese girl, struck in a dilapidated and very American little gilt frame, and hung directly across the room from the bed. When I asked my landlady about it, she looked at the picture a moment, and said she guessed it must have belonged to a Japanese student who had had this room the year before. "Kiomi," his name was, she added. He had left suddenly in the middle of the second semester, and had forgotten several things. For all she cared, I could take the picture down.

For one reason or another, though, I left the little picture up. I do not think it was on any ground of superstition. Certainly if any one had accused me of superstition, I should have taken the foolish little thing down at once. But when

a friend asked me one evening why I left it there, I laughed and told him I guessed it was just for the sake of the Jap. The expression pleased me—"for the sake of the Jap," and after that I gave the same answer to everyone. Soon I began to imagine that by keeping when he had left it, the picture of his sweetheart (for it made a better story to suppose it was his sweetheart) I was in a way protecting the memory and the interests of this absent Japanese student.

I examined the picture closely several times, and found that it was a far better piece of work than I had at first supposed. It was painted on the thinest rice paper, in true Japanese fashion,—fantastic, yet not altogether a fancy picture. Something in the demure little Japanese face seemed to say that it was painted from life.

So the picture hung undisturbed in its incongruous frame, and from constant seeing I had almost ceased to think about it until one night, late in November; then came the occurrence I am leaving you to explain.

Having been out late the night before, I went to bed shortly after ten o'clock. At just two in the morning I awoke. I know the time, for I pressed the alarm of a little repeating clock that I keep at the side of my bed. Now, under ordinary circumstances, I am a sound sleeper, and the fact that I awoke not in the usual half dreaming state, but fully sensible, only made my surprise the greater. One reads continually that the mere presence of another person will waken a sleeper, so it is not strange that my first thought was as to whether someone might not be in the room. But immediately I remembered that I had locked both door and window, and so dismissed the thought. In fact I even turned over to go to sleep again.

I cannot say that it was a sound,—I do not know what it was, but as I turned, something across the room attracted my attention, and the conviction rushed through me that there was someone there after all.

I was not conscious of a weird phosphorescent light filling

the room, in traditional ghostly manner, but in a moment the various objects became distinct,—perhaps the straining of my other senses accelerated my vision. I saw the outlines of the window (it was pitch dark outside), the lamp on the table, the washstand—then my eye reached the picture of the little Japanese girl, and there by the picture stood a man. I told myself I was dreaming, but I could not turn my head away. The more intently I looked, the more plainly I saw him. He was small and dark, and dressed in a uniform. But his uniform was strangely torn and cut, and mud-covered, and there was a long black jagged line down the side of his head and face, and his hair was dishevelled and clotted.

As I looked, the man raised his hand to the picture, and plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, I saw the familiar half doll-like, half womanly, little face, and the bright kimona . . . my eyes could stand the strain no longer, in an instant everything faded out.

I reached for my vest, hanging on a chair nearby, found a match, struck it, and looked about. There was no one in the room. Table, washstand, were there—but the picture! I jumped up and crossed the room. The door and window, I assured myself were still locked. The battered gilt frame hung where it had hung, but the picture I had saved "for the sake of the Jap" was gone.

* * * *

In the morning came the news of the capture of "202 Metre Hill" at Port Arthur. One reads war news thoroughly. In the middle of the second page of my paper, I found this paragraph:

"Among the killed is Lieut. Kiomi, of Gen. Nogi's staff. Lieut. Kiomi, who was cut down while leading a volunteer charge, was a student at the University of Wisconsin, but returned to Japan last spring to take up arms."

THE LAST SCOOP

By R. J. Neckerman

This was Jones: nerves and energy, and heart—maybe, we don't know about that; he never showed symptoms of one, so this won't be a love story, whatever else it may be. Externally, Jones was Jones. He couldn't possibly be mistaken for anyone else. He was undersized, had a hawk-like countenance, small, active eyes, straight black oily hair, and of course a cigar.

Jones' religion was news and a "scoop" was the God at whose altar he worshipped. Jones ate news, drank it, breathed it. To be brief, Jones was news. He was acknowledged to be the cleverest reporter in the city. He had more "scoops" to his credit than all the others put together. He could find a story anywhere, or make one out of nowhere.

Well, one day Jones was off on an assignment. He felt that there was something doing. The day was oppressive, and Jones swore that he smelled news in the air, extraordinary news. Consequently he was ready for it. And it came.

The thick, sultry air became almost unbearable. Across the street was the old churchyard, the last of its kind in the city. Even as he glanced toward it he saw an old man, limp from the exhaustive heat, fall against its iron fence. Then it grew dark, wonderfully so. The tombstones across the way shone with a kind of phosphorescent glare. Jones saw it all and wrote, The blackness did not bother him. His pocket lantern performed its customary work while he tore off sheet after sheet.

Suddenly a shrill trumpet call sounded. Jones did not even look up. He simply described it on the paper before him. The heavens opened and a fiery tongue of flame descended to the earth. It wasn't lightning—"it was fire,

and not common fire," as Jones wrote it. Then the noise of a thousand trumpets rang in his ears, and the moans of the human beings about him added to the awful din. He looked across the street and saw the graves open and the dead emerge from them. But still he wrote. This was news, real live news. The "old man" at the office couldn't swear for copy today.

Then Jones heard a tremendous voice, sonorous and musical, "The end of the world is at hand."

Blazing chariots of fire descended from the glowing sky, gathered in hundreds of earthly beings and returned again to heaven; all this Jones saw and wrote. He couldn't stop. The terrible truth before him was only a means to an end. He did not realize that his story would never be printed. It was news, news, news.

Chariots came and gathered in the living and the dead just come to life. Every soul was carried away. Not a living thing remained upon the earth—only Jones.

Once more a blazing chariot descended, this time directed toward him. The dazzling, white-robed angel beckoned to him, but Jones wrote only the faster. He was describing an angel now. And then a terrific roar tore upon him. He was lifted into the celestial vehicle and borne rapidly toward heaven.

Below was the earth, deserted. He looked again and it was burning like oil. Then it was gone.

Jones is an angel now.

JIMMIE AND ART GO FROG-SPEARING

By Marion E. Ryan

It was a hot June day, and the two boys were stretched lazily in the shade of the big pine, hands beneath their heads, and knees in the air. Suddenly, a bare brown foot belonging to the smaller boy waggled triumphantly and then descended quickly as the owner sprang to his feet, crying:

"I say, Jimmie, let's go frog-spearin."

"All right, Art," responded the other, slowly unfolding his awkward length and getting to his feet.

Presently, home-made spears in hand, they were trotting, at their slow, hunting jog, through the woods to the frog-pond. As they approached the pond they went more slowly and stealthily, hoping to surprise the frogs sunning themselves on the rotting stumps and logs that lay in the pond. Just as they came within two strides of the bank there was a loud splash, followed by a series of smaller ones.

"Jimminey, but that was a big un," ejaculated the smaller boy under his breath.

"An' there's 'nother," he added, darting, with a twinkle of bare feet, out upon a long log that extended from the shore almost to the middle of the pond.

The attack was sudden, the frog was very large and lazy, he would surely have been captured. But just then,—just as the jagged points of the spear were almost upon him, there was a sudden confusion of gyrating legs and arms on the log, and the spear shot off toward the opposite shore. There followed a mighty splash.

"What's the matter?" called out the other boy turning at the first word, and jerking out the rest automatically as he saw the head of his companion rise slowly from the pond.

He looked as if he had begun to melt and run into a lump

of greenish-black mud, and the sight brought a quick laugh from the taller boy.

"Darn you," shouted the other, "can't you help a feller out? Tain't so awful funny 's you think," and he began to struggle toward the log.

But the mud in the pond was very deep and thick, and he only went in deeper at every effort to free himself. The boy on the bank was hunting for a stick to reach out to his companion. Failing to find one, he crawled out on the slimy log and held out his spear toward the other boy who was steadily sinking deeper, and was struggling blindly, not perceiving that he was only making matters worse.

"Quit yer kickin' an' ketch hold o' the stick," commanded the rescurer.

But the boy in the pond, unable to reach the proffered aid at the first attempt, began to blubber.

"I can't git out! I can't git out!" and then, raising his voice to a piercing wail,

"I'm drowndin,' I'm drowndin!"

The tall boy, reaching over too far, fell in, got one arm around the log, and narrowly escaped being jerked off as the other boy caught hold of the spear. A little child, building sand castles on the patch back of the house, heard the cry and fled toward the kitchen, wailing,

"Arfur's drownded! Arfur's drownded! He said so. Arfur's drown-ded!"

The hired girl, hearing the cry, dashed through the house, shouting as she ran,

"Arfur's fell into the lake."

Down the path to the lake she flew, her blue gingham apron strings flapping behind her. In her train came the whole household: father in his shirtsleeves, mother with the broom in her hand and her head in a dusting cap, a portly boarder bringing up the rear, red and breathless. In the path, in front of the house, the little girl stood and stamped her foot angrily, then ran after them,

"Tum back, tum back! Vey ain't down vere 't all. Vey's in ve fwog-pond."

At length she got the portly boarder by the coat-tails and hung on so persistently that he was forced to listen to her.

"Hey, people, head for the frog-pond," he sang out, turning and following the little girl who trotted triumphantly ahead of him.

They were soon outstripped by the father, mother and hired girl. As they neared the pond, Arthur's wail could be plainly heard,

"I can't git out! I can't git out!"

And, breaking in upon it at breathless intervals.

"Shut up and hang on! I'm gettin' you out 's fast 's I can."

"I can't git out! I can't git out!"

"Stop howling, you cry-baby, and hang on!"

Just as the rescuing party arrived at the bank the tall boy, sitting astride of the log, his feet locked beneath it, was helping the smaller boy scramble to safety. The mother, delighted to find her son safe, angry at his grimy state, stood on the bank and brandished the broom,

"I'd like to thrash you, I would," she shouted, "Gittin' yourself all dirt like that! Didn't you have more sense?"

"But, Ma, I couldn't help it, I slipped an' mos' drownded'" he sniffed.

"I don't care, I've a good mind to thrash you anyhow!"

The boy suddenly stopped crying, and, balancing himself unsteadily on the log, he shouted defiantly,

"If you do, I'll jump back in again, so there!"

JUST A COMMON FELLOW

By Berton Braley

My dear Father:

You know how much of an anchorite I used to be at home, and I guess you realize I haven't been much given to social life since I came to the city; my work has been everything to me, it didn't seem that there was anything in life more worth while than the profession in which I have hoped to gain a living and a name. But—well, I'm engaged. I know you will be glad for she's all a man ever dreamed of or hoped for. Perhaps you know the Franklins here? I was making a little business call on old man Franklin about a month ago and Maude came in on us suddenly. She blushed and started back with a little, "Oh, Papa, I didn't know you had a visitor," then the old man introduced her as his daughter.

Well, ever since then I've been calling often to see Mr. Franklin and he's always asked me in to talk with the family. And Maude and I've learned to care for each other. That is how it happened.

My work means more than ever to me now, for it means Maude, and Maude means,—just everything.

Wish me success and joy, dad.

Your loving son,
PHIL.

Dear Father:

Yesterday the Board of Public Works accepted my plans for the new Hospital and Maude and I are to be married in a month. My work seems to be better ever since she promised me Herself; there is more power and originality to it. I have gained wonderfully in confidence and strength. I guess it isn't always just hard application that does things

because I haven't been working nearly so hard as before I met her; ideas just seem to come.

Maude hasn't been very well the last few days.

Your loving son,

PHIL.

Mr. Joseph B. Clason, Richburg, N. Y.:

Maude very sick. Cannot come home Thanksgiving.

PHIL.

Dear Father:

The Doctor says that Maude will recover soon. I saw her today, she looked rather pale and thin, but said "I'll get well just as soon as I can, Phil, 'cause I want my boy to succeed and he can't work much when he's worrying over a useless little sick girl."

I haven't slept much the last few days and couldn't do much work. Someway Maude and work are so dependent on each other that when she's sick things sort of lag.

But she'll be well soon and then, success has just got to come, there's nothing can stop us.

Yours as ever.

PHIL.

Dear Father:

Another set of plans of mine was accepted by the Library Commission Wednesday and I went to tell Maude of it. She is sitting up in a big chair now and getting better fast. She was wonderfully pleased and she said that we'd have to be married soon or I'd be so rich and famous that people would say she took me for my money. Dad, you know I'm sort of a serious fellow, almost gloomy, but Maude has made more sunshine in my life than there ever was before.

I've just made some plans for the new residence of Senator James, he seems very much pleased, and Maude says she knows he will accept them.

She says she hopes you're not such a poky old man as your son.

Ever with love,

PHIL.

Dear Father:

They told me this morning that Maude was dead. It was her heart, they say, and she passed away very quietly. I didn't see her nor do I wish to. I want to remember her as she was when I saw her last, just a little pale and languid, but smiling up at me with love and perfect trust. I think if a blind man should suddenly gain vision and for a few days see and know the glory of sunshine and color and then become blind again he would feel as I do. The sunlight has been shut off somehow. I don't see just what I have ever done that this should come. I've tried to be straight and honest and this doesn't seem quite fair.

The Senator took my plans and some of my other work has done well, but I'm very tired of it all. I think maybe a little rest will make me feel more like work again. The building is almost empty and I hear the janitor going through the halls, there's a dull clang to his feet on the tiles.

Dad, I'm tired and sick, and there isn't much place for me here. I'm coming home.

Your loving son,

PHIL.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING

By Ora L. Mason

Elizabeth was extremely popular at the Country Club House.

"No wonder," I said to myself, half admiringly, half irritatedly, as I came upon her, seated on a rustic bench between two gracefully spreading elms whose branches gently broke the little waves of Lake Geneva's clear blue water.

"How did that game of tennis come out?" she called gaily as I strode up.

"Tom won," I answered shortly as I threw myself lazily on the grass near by. "What are you reading?"

"Not the 'Ladies' Home Journal' this time," she replied archly.

"O, Betty, chuck the jolly! Be merciful and let's talk sense!"

"Shall we discuss literature?" She inquired solemnly.

"That depends," I answered, plucking grass and throwing it carelessly into the foaming waves that broke over the pebbles. "Let me see the book," and I reached out my hand.

Elizabeth handed it to me with her left hand and as I caught sight of the sparkling diamond on her third finger, I dropped the book as though stung and with my secret suspicions now suddenly confirmed and more biting than ever, I stammered abruptly, "What's—what's that?"

An amused suggestive expression, half sly and half earnest, quickly spread over her face as she said quietly, "The book?" That's 'When Patty Went To College.' *Its* extremely interesting."

"You know I mean the ring," savagely, "Where did you get it?"

"Well," she said deliberately, turning it slowly around

her finger, "that is rather an impertinent question, Teddy, but for 'auld acquaintance' sake, I don't mind telling you that a—a very—dear friend gave it to me, to day."

"*Dear friend,*" I growled, jumping up, "I suppose the *dear friend* is that beastly Sophomore who's been making himself so numerous lately!"

"It is unfair of you to speak of him in that way," she said, holding up the ring so that it caught a sunbeam that stole through the elm branches.

"It is unfair of *you,*" I exclaimed, "you've always given me to believe—" and I hesitated from sheer excitement and bewilderment.

Betty leaned over and picked up the book," I don't see why you need to get so flustrated, Teddy, just because Caryll gave me her ring to keep while she's down bathing. Let's read a chapter of 'Patty,' its an excellent sedative for ruffed nerves."

WILLIAM LOOK, STAGE-DRIVER

By Phillip A. Knowlton

Mr. William Look makes his living by driving a four-horse stage from a certain town in the Sacramento valley to a small hotel some thirty-six miles eastward and some four thousand feet upward. The first time I ever saw him was one afternoon when he brought in his charge, loaded down with passengers and baggage. Among the articles of freight were a trunk and two bed-springs bound for our camp. The passengers jumped out and claimed their belongings. When only the springs and trunk and I remained, Mr. Look concluded that there must be some connection between us. So he shook hands with me crushingly, as though the evidence of the freight were an introduction, and said, "That your stuff?"

I replied that it was.

"All right. Where in hell do you belong?"

I pointed to the top of our tent, showing white among the trees on the hill-side, far from any road.

"Well, hop in and we'll drive over."

"How?" I asked astonished. The only way over, a mere foot-path, was covered with logs and bumps, and even a fence crossed it.

"On the ground. Where d'you suppose?"

"All right," I assented, and jumped up beside him. I had my misgivings, but I had heard of the obstinancy and invariable success of this giant Look. As we rattled over the beginning of our course, I had a chance to observe him. He was about six feet and a half tall—as I saw when he rose from the seat to apply the break,—muscular in proportion, and his face wore a broad grin and a quarter of an inch of

red whiskers. His driving was inimitable. He seemed to know just the angle at which the vehicle would tip over, and to approach that angle as a variable approaches a limit,—always moving toward it but never reaching it. First one wheel and then another would rise up serenely over the projecting end of a two-foot log, and then fall back to earth with a jolt almost sufficient to break the tire. Look thought it all very funny.

At last we came to the rail fence, and I glanced triumphantly at my companion. "What you going to do now?" I inquired.

"Bust it," was the grinning answer.

"But the cows will get out."

"Damn the cows." He smiled, and threw the rails apart with a few mighty strokes of his arms. Then he jumped up, took the reins, and drove on as before. All went well until we were about fifty yards from the camp, when we stopped. Three horses were straining forward, but one was straining backward: the brown mare was balking.

"Never knew old Jess to balk before. Well, we'll fix her," remarked Mr. Look, good-naturedly. Now the only time that it is at all justifiable to "lick" a horse is when it balks from temper. Then, the more muscle, the better. Mr. Look gave that mare a fearful beating, and the more he beat the quieter she stood. At length, when her back was indented with long stripes and her temper was still rising, the whip broke.

Mr. Look didn't seem to mind, but said to me, "Nice pile o' cedar-wood you got over there. Suppose you get some."

Wonderingly, I complied with his desire. He gathered twigs in the meantime. Finally I saw his plan when he piled them under the offending horse, gave me a match, jumped to his seat, and said "Light up."

I applied the match. The wood was very dry, and the twigs were drier; in about ten seconds there was a roaring flame. In about two seconds more the horse became obedi-

ent, and helped bring the stage to the tent. Mr. Look unfastened the trunk and bed-springs and tossed them lightly to the ground.

"Good-day to you," he said with a smile, as he again climbed to his seat. The stage disappeared among the trees with the same great jolts. The mare balked no more.

A PLEBEIAN RESULT

"The Kid," squat, flat-footed, heavy-jawed, a typical tough, came into the ring and shook hands with the lithe tall fellow whom he was to fight. "The Kid" sized up his man rather contemptuously and swaggered back to his corner.

Outside the ring a bunch of college fellows were betting all their spare and borrowed cash on their fellow student who sat in the corner opposite "The Kid," and every bet was being covered instantly by some one of the gentlemen in blatant checks and stripes, who made up "The Kid's" backers. There was nothing patrician or refined about these men — they were as plebeian and thick-necked as their champion.

The gong struck. There was a bit of slow and amateur sparring at first, the crowd yelled "Rotten, hit it up," and the fighters grew more skillful and active. The college man did some marvelous footwork, he seemed a better boxer than the Kid, yet none of his blows pierced the slow and seemingly clumsy defense of the professional.

. . . . Then something happened. "The Kid" left a beautiful opening and the college man shot out a swift arm; the next instant a couple of seconds ran out with sponges, as the gong rang. The Kid swaggered to his corner with a Bowery grin.

The moment's intermission passed and the gong rang for the start of the second round—but the college man lay limp and flaccid in his chair.

* * * *

Mr. Jack Stranton was unable to attend classes for some time on account of a broken jaw. Mr. Stranton tells his friends that he intends to sell his horse; it is, he claims, far too vicious a kicker.

A SEA BREEZE

By Frances Hoyt

The big excursion steamer *Gatzert* was returning with a crowd of people from Victoria to Seattle. The last glow of sunset red had faded behind the snow-capped mountains, a chill breeze blew from the straits, phosphorescence gleamed here and there in the water. In groups the excursionists began to seek light and warmth in the cabins.

Dick McLean and Karl Shurtz still lingered on the second stern-deck. They were young newspaper men: Dick a shrewd energetic fellow; Karl, impressionable and given to fits of indolence.

"Well, let's go in," said Dick, at last. "I'm cold."

His companion acquiesced. They entered the big saloon of the second deck, stood a moment near the door, blinking at the light, then made their way down the aisle between the rows of plush-covered seats. Suddenly, Dick stopped.

"Ah, Miss Morgan! Good-evening. My friend Mr. Shurtz, Miss Morgan."

The young woman had a striking and rather sentimental cast of features: long oval face, pointed chin, sensitive full lips and great soft blue eyes. Her hat was off, and the light turned to gold a mass of soft fair hair. She fixed her eyes on Karl, as her friend pronounced his name. There was a slight eagerness in her manner, as if she said, "I want to know you."

As for Karl, he said, "I have often heard my sister speak of you, Miss Morgan. This is a pleasure I have looked forward to." An undertone of warmth in his voice gave significance to his formality. The conversation which ensued left Dick out. Both the young girl and Karl entered into it with ardor. Dick, who prided himself on his ready wit, took

in the situation at once, and muttering something about wishing "to see a fellow downstairs," went off.

Half an hour later he strolled along the opposite side of the saloon. Karl and Miss Morgan were so deep in their tete-a-tete that they did not notice him. The girl's eyes sparkled, she laughed frequently. Her companion was leaning towards her, his face pale, his eyes dark.

Dick smiled to himself complacently, and sauntered out on deck. About mid-night Karl hunted him up.

"Say, she's a peach!" he exclaimed. "Think what I've missed by not meeting her earlier. She was on the steamer going over."

"You've met her now," commented Dick philosophically.

"I could talk to her forever. Old fellow, I want to thank you for introducing us. Good-bye!"

"Why! Where're you going?" There was no reply. Karl disappeared through the cabin door.

Dick whistled. "He's struck this time, sure!" he said to himself. Presently, he made his way through the saloon again. Most of the excursionists were dozing in their chairs, but Karl and Miss Morgan were still talking vivaciously, still gazing at one another with the same absorbed expression.

Dick went up to them and asked, "Aren't you people getting sleepy?" At the sound of his voice the girl started and blushed, while Karl, whose face was flushed, said abruptly: "Let's go out on deck. It's hot in here. Wouldn't you like to go?" he asked his companion.

"Yes. It *is* warm. I will speak to aunt." She entered a nearby state-room.

Dick began to grin at his friend, and winked. The latter replied with a shrug.

"I never was hit so hard before," said he. The girl reappeared, saying: "Aune was asleep, so I didn't wake her." As they emerged from the cabin onto the deck, and the breeze caught them, she cried out with a gay laugh, "Isn't it delicious, the salt breeze!" Karl grasped her arm and

pulled her over to the deck-railing, and as he did so, Dick heard him echo her word, "delicious."

Dick had his own diversions, but he kept his eye on his protegees. As the night wore on their excitement seemed to increase. They talked, or were silent, but their feverish eyes seemed unable to get enough of each other.

"It's getting serious," muttered their self-instituted guardian. "Really, I'll have to take measures. They've lost their heads!"

At five in the morning the steamer reached Seattle. As she touched the wharf, Dick stepped out on deck in the chill grey dawn. A slight fog steamed from the water; the wharf, the people, the bay, wore a depressing aspect. He had been asleep for an hour or two and so had lost track of his protegees. He was turning to look them up when Karl came out.

"Well! I thought I'd never see you again. Where've you been?" asked Dick.

"Oh, loafing around the decks. Come on, let's step over."

"Where's Miss Morgan?"

Karl shook his head.

"Don't! I'm sick of that, now. Come on, I say."

He stepped up on the rail of the steamer and leapt to the wharf. Dick followed.

"What's the matter? Did you fall out?" he asked, catching up to his friend.

"No! But I tell you I've had enough. I was crazy over her; I couldn't get away from her all night; but, at last, towards morning, I got enough. Queer, wasn't it? We talked ourselves out—ran the whole gamut of our affinities. I never want to see her again!"

They hurried through the dark, close ware-house, the damp morning air striking them with a shudder.

TO A CHILD

By Parker Sherwin

Little lad, we live you know,
In a land where puzzles grow,
And the Answer Country lies
Under sunny far off skies,
And the road is far to go.

Yet I think you'll find the way
Dear, to Answer Land some day.

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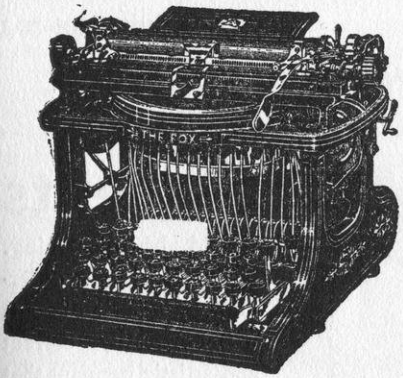

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THE COURSE IN HOME ECONOMICS has two purposes: First, to offer general elective courses which shall be available as a part of the general education of young women in the College of Letters and Science; second, to offer to those young women who are 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.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Embraces the following Colleges and Schools

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING
COLLEGE OF LAW
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
GRADUATE SCHOOL

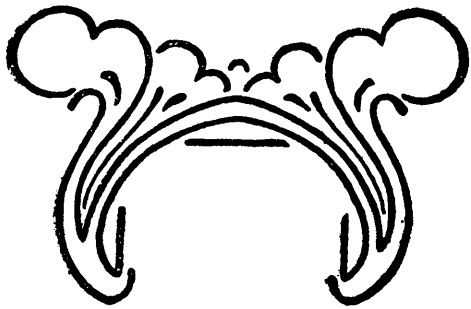
THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE offers a General Course in Liberal Arts, of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Commerce of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Pharmacy of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy; a Course in Pharmacy of two years, which leads to the degree of Graduate in Pharmacy; a Pre-Medical Course of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Education of two years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Pedagogy (a course especially adapted for graduates of Normal Schools who desire to pursue advanced work in philosophy, pedagogy and similar branches); a Course in Home Economics of four years, adapted for young women who expect to teach this branch or to pursue other professional work; a Course in Music of four years, which leads to the degree of Graduate of Music.

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.



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