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1910

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# HARPER'S *for* OCTOBER

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## **A Farce by Mr. Howells**

A comedy as amusing as the best of Mr. HOWELLS'S earlier farces. The parting of a newly engaged couple at the steamer is fraught with innumerable obstacles and interruptions. Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs.

## **A Humorous Story by Irving Bacheller**

The increased cost of living is the theme of this new story by the author of "Eben Holden." Mr. BACHELLER calls his story "Keeping Up with Lizzie."

## **Another "Diane" Story by Arthur Sherburne Hardy**

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## **A Romance by Frederic S. Isham**

Mr. ISHAM is better known as a novelist than as a short-story writer, but his romance, "The Treasure," in the October HARPER'S will give him a high rank in this new field. Illustrated in color and black-and-white by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

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A. D. HALL, F.R.S., the author of this article, is the Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England. He gives a most interesting picture of the work which science is doing in increasing the productivity of the soil.

### **Some Difficulties of Bible Translation**

Professor ALEXANDER CHAMBERLAIN, of Clark University, writes of the curious difficulties presented in translating the Bible into foreign tongues, where great ingenuity is necessary to convey the real meaning to strange and primitive peoples.

### **Timothy Webster : Spy**

This is perhaps the most strikingly dramatic of Mr. W. G. BEYMER'S articles on the heroic work of the spies and secret-service men in the Civil War. Webster's career was a remarkable one, and he lost his life despite the greatest efforts of the Federal Government to save him.

### **Taking the Cure**

A most entertaining article of travel by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, with many illustrations in tint from etchings and drawings by Walter Hale.

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# SCRIBNERS

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*Theodore Roosevelt's* African Hunting Series is continued in the September issue with an account of his Hunting the Great Rhinoceros of the Lado and his journey down the Nile. This twelfth article is one of the most interesting of the series.

*Mr. Roosevelt in France*, by William Morton Fullerton, the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. Not a mere personal eulogy of Mr. Roosevelt, but a thoughtful and authoritative statement of the political conditions in France that made his utterances so significant, and the causes that made his reception by the French people one of the most remarkable in history.

*John Fox, Jr.*, tells of his experiences "On the Road to Hellfer-Sartain," the scene of one of his best-known stories.

*Edith Wharton*: "The Blond Beast"—A Story—the eighth in her "Tales of Men."

*Jesse Lynch Williams*: Another of the "Carroll" stories—"The Carrolls' Fortune."

*Ernest Peixotto*: "Sketching in the Inferno"—Illustrated from paintings by the author.

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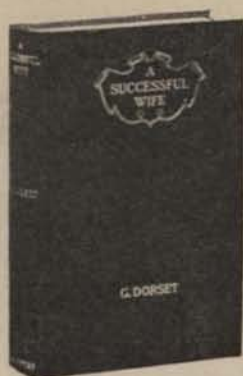
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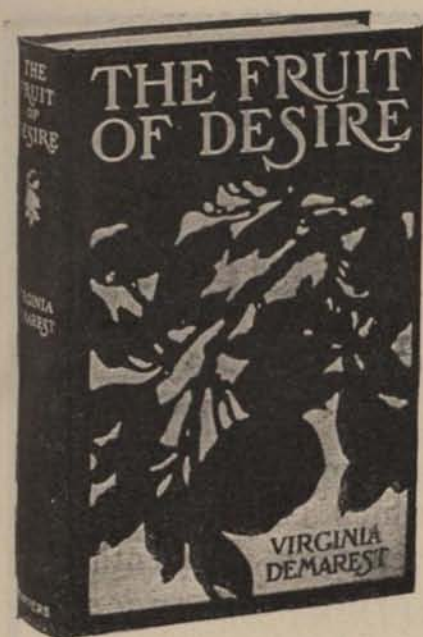
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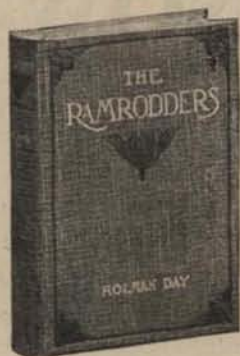
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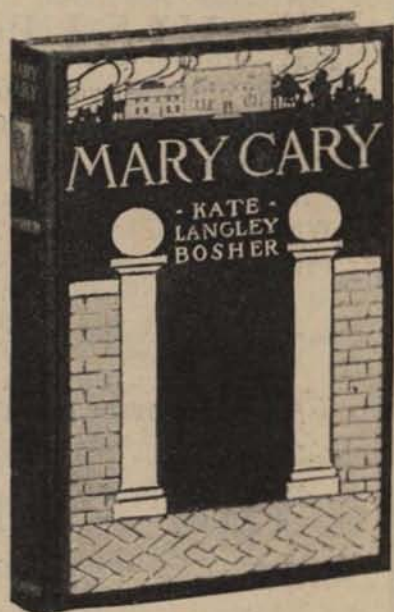
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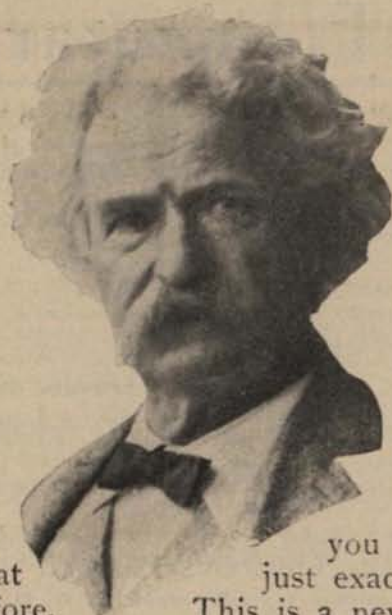
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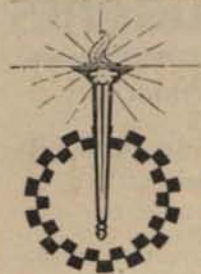
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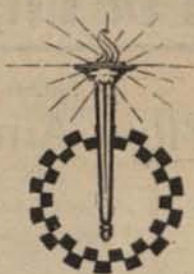
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a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"**



## Harper's Bookshelf

IT is not often that an author, otherwise well equipped for doing a distinctive work in fiction, can draw upon a store of material so rich and striking as that which Zane Grey has lavishly used in his new novel, *The Heritage of the Desert*. It must be said that Mr. Grey has worthily lived up to one of the greatest opportunities ever a writer had to produce a strongly original and characteristically American novel. The scene of the story lies in southern Utah and northern Arizona — the country dominated by the Grand Cañon and by the mysteries of the desert. Zane Grey knows this region as Rex Beach knows the Alaskan goldfields, or Hamlin Garland the West of his boyhood; for here in the wilderness he has shared the life of hunters and ranchmen, Mormons and Navajos. It is a life of which little has ever reached the outside world, and its full revelation

adds the touch of strangeness to a tale that is in itself sufficiently romantic. It is a pleasure to add that, although the novel is brilliantly atmospheric—saturated with that feeling for environment which only a few writers can express—it is no mere picture. It is a virile romance, full of action, in which men are swayed by strong, primitive motives,

facing death carelessly. Seldom has the "elemental" note been sounded so truly.

The hero, John Hare, is a consumptive invalid, sent West for his health. Drifting about from place to place, he at last arrives in southern Utah, where he hopes to find employment on the cattle ranges. But the country to which he has come is terrorized by a band of outlaws and "cattle-rustlers" whose captain is a man named Dene. Dene at once suspects that Hare is a spy, and threatens his life. Turning back, Hare's strength fails him on the trail, he loses his way, and is found in a dying condition by a Mormon named August Naab, who takes pity upon him and shields him from his pursuers.

On his first appearance the man Naab impresses the reader strongly, and the conviction of his genuineness and real bigness grows as the

story advances. He is a tremendous and striking figure. Physically he is a giant, and his force of character matches his size. He is of a peaceable nature, yet he has a trick with a gun which makes him quick as lightning on the draw. Moreover, he is a man with a great heart, kind to all living things, doing all the good he can, and trust-



ZANE GREY  
Author of *The Heritage of the Desert*

ing God. Here, at one's first entrance into the desert country, one meets a man of primitive strength and primitive faith. Like a patriarch of the Old Testament, he lives in peace and plenty with his sons and daughters in a remote oasis. Thither he transports the invalid, making him practically one of his own family. Naab is above all else a man, and he is determined to make a man of Hare. He sends him to the high sheep ranges to regain his health. With him he sends his adopted daughter, Mescal—a half-Spanish, half-Indian girl, whose regular work is the tending of the sheep. Thus at the very outset of the story strong sympathy is aroused; for the sick man, given a last desperate chance for life and longing inexpressibly for health and manhood, is most appealing; and Mescal, with her entirely natural but strangely complex personality, draws interest irresistibly. The first stage of the story is a curiously picturesque idyl, containing some exciting episodes, and showing the development of Hare, from a feeble, discouraged creature hardly able to walk, into a man of rugged strength and ready resource. At the same time the growth of his love for Mescal is pictured with delicacy and restraint.

Then the story widens out. August Naab has an enemy—the rancher Holderness. Holderness is really a cattle-rustler, hand and glove with Dene and his band. He is resolved to ruin Naab and to possess himself of his property by seizing his water-holes, the very sources of life to men and cattle alike. Repeated aggressions result in a war in which Hare stands nobly by his benefactor; but his position is rendered difficult by the fact that Mescal, whom he loves, is promised in marriage to the Mormon's eldest son, "Snap" Naab—a worthless renegade who eventually deserts to Dene. To escape a union with a man she loathes, Mescal, taking an Indian companion, flees across the Painted Desert. Hare goes to find her, and the story of the search is told with a vividness and imaginative power that make it an episode almost without parallel in the fiction of the time. August Naab long remains true to his principles of peace, but the killing of one of his sons throws him into a Berserker rage, and he begins a struggle which, despite some strongly tragic features, finally results in happiness for Hare and Mescal and all the people whom the reader has grown to love.

The tale overflows with exciting happenings, not the least of which is the taming of the splendid wild horse, Silvermane—one of the great horses of fiction. Yet the narrative is no mere series of adventures. All that is related seems perfectly natural, uncontestedly real. Every motive is so genuine, all the people are so convincing, the spell of the desert is so insistent, that the reader soon loses the sense of strangeness—almost of bewilderment—with which the story at first affects him. Through absorption in the sheer human interest of the drama he fairly forgets that he is reading a tale of extraordinary exploits, violent acts, and occasional bloodshed. One lays down the book with the feeling that he has read a novel of real quality, one that does full justice to the dramatic possibilities and the strong inherent interest of its theme.

Stories written in the form of confessions or revelations of intimate feeling and life-experience have come to be regarded with a certain suspicion. They are, in fact, only too likely to prove insipid or cheaply sensational, or both. But the reader of G. Dorset's *A Successful Wife* will find a story of the intimately revealing sort that is both arresting and worthy of serious attention. Despite the fact that it is written in the simplest possible way—save for its connectedness, almost like a diary or a letter—*A Successful Wife* is a well-planned, finely executed novel, holding the interest strongly from beginning to end. It is full of dramatic clash and struggle, and the character of the heroine is a triumph. Although Esther Carey is just a simple, unimaginative, womanly girl—absolutely true in her mental traits to the type of working-girl she represents—there is never the slightest appearance of improbability in the influence she maintains over the brilliant, erratic man she marries or in the unconscious attraction she exercises upon every other man in the story.

Esther is left fatherless at fifteen, and is faced with the necessity of supporting herself and a family of five. She is not of the commonplace type in which devotion to duty takes the place of every other emotion, but she has no time to be sentimental or to think of herself. She learns stenography, but is forced to leave her first position through the undue attentions of her employer. Then she



does some work for a society woman on Fifth Avenue, going to her house for the purpose. Mrs. Falsworth is superficial and faddish; her husband is starved for the affection and sympathy his wife should give him. Will Falsworth falls in love with Esther and half persuades her to elope with him. Meanwhile she has become the head of a typewriting establishment of her own. One day a prominent politician, Senator Bellars, dictates to her a sharp letter addressed to his nephew, Stephen Kirkland, in Paris. In it he orders Stephen to come to him, and offers him "one more chance" if he will reform. When Kirkland arrives, he turns out to be a handsome, intellectual chap with charming manners and all the polish of foreign travel. He is irresistibly drawn to Esther, who feels somehow that he needs her more than Will Falsworth. She helps him through one or two periods of intense temptation to drink, even walking all over the city with him at night. Falsworth makes a scene, but is sent about his business. Then, in spite of bitter protests from Senator Bellars, Esther and Kirkland are married.

In her wifedom Esther suffers all that a woman can suffer from a man who is dissipated and eccentric, but never forgets that he is a gentleman. First, Kirkland tries literature, and the refusal of the drama in blank verse upon which he has based his hopes plunges him into despair and drunkenness. Recovering, he goes into finance, but his speculations fail. At the same time he engages in a flirtation at a summer resort with a beautiful young girl, who apparently commits suicide for his sake. To all these troubles Esther applies her unflinching remedies—silence and sympathy. The death of Kirkland's best friend, who has fallen hopelessly in love with Esther, is the signal for a prolonged debauch. The wife decides to leave her husband, and breaks her reserve for the first time to tell him so. "Your silence has been *deep gold to the core*," he tells her, and in the end she finds herself unable to throw over the burden she has assumed. Her husband promises her, unasked, that he will never touch liquor again—and keeps his word. His next venture is politics, but this is only the beginning of a series of dramatic episodes which bring Senator Bellars back into the story and eventually result in a hard-earned and well-deserved victory. Every wom-

an will recognize the truth of the heroine's behavior, and the logic of her success cannot be doubted. But the question of whether the success was worth what it cost will be answered in many different ways.

Altogether *A Successful Wife* is a decided achievement in what is almost a new type



Frontispiece from *A Successful Wife*

of fiction. For the story is not a mere record of emotional experiences. It is a fine study of character and of human nature—genuinely thoughtful, too, since the less the heroine philosophizes, the greater is the need of insight and thorough knowledge on the part of the author. It is sympathetic, not analytical, yet rouses far more than a passing sentimental interest. Esther Carey will remain in the reader's mind as a true type of womankind never before fully realized, and, though very different in character, no less modern than, for example, H. G. Wells's *Ann Veronica*.

C. H. GAINES.

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*Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick*

Illustration for "The Perfect Hour"

IT WAS WITH RELIEF THAT HE FOUND HER WITH THE OTHERS ON THE PIAZZA

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## Naples and the Lotto

BY MARIE VAN VORST

IF the provinces and environing shores are honeycombed by American emigration, Naples—warm, golden, passionate, wonderful—her fair brows set to the sea, bound by the sea as though by a turquoise band, is as brimming with folk as a cup is full of wine—as deep with sound and murmurs as a hive. The city is in the grip of life: not as the West understands living, but in the Oriental sense of the term.

The place pays the price of its charm and is both loved and hated. As for the Neapolitans, they snap their fingers at all Italy. The tortuous, redolent, foul old town is content with itself, and its divinity, the sea. The people's gods, their loves and fears, their delights and superstitions, are happily and noisily contained in this southern metropolis, circled by azure waves, bound again by shores of pearl, the bay studded by islands that lie like blue roses on a lapis-lazuli table. Thus the eyes of the Neapolitans are feasted with beauty.

"We of Napoli," they shrug, and cut off all Italy with a sweep, and are still like a kingdom of their own and temperamentally isolated. In revenge the north hates Naples heartily. "Earthquakes!" the Romans exclaim; "but of course! and eruptions of Vesuvius of course—what do you expect? Naples is a very wicked city. It is the scum of the kingdom. It will be with them as it was in Sicily, and small loss."

Opposite Naples lie the entombed cities

whose fate followed their vices, and Italy says she will not be surprised when Naples follows the same fate.

Extremely Oriental and in many ways untouched by civilization, Naples is nearly as barbarous as the East. The city basks in the ardor of the sun, and with the lungs of its alleys and streets breathes deeply the ineffable air of the bay, and, if close to its destruction by fire or wave or volcano, the Sea Nymph has counted already many sunny days and star-bathed nights in her tempestuous history. Old Parthenope tempted the Greek, Oscan, Roman, Goth, Byzantine, Norman, German, French, and Spaniard. But her beauty appears to have proved fatal to the making of history and to have weakened her conquerors, for in literature, art, or war Naples has done nothing tremendous. Like a woman content to be perfectly lovely, the seaport has simply existed. Surrounded by legend and by greatness, she, herself her only excuse for being, has gone down into proverb nevertheless. "See Naples and die." Of Grecian origin, cut in upon, scarred over, by the vandalism of the twentieth century, the old charm remains, and the peninsula is as jealous of her as in the early times, when Parthenope-Cumæ fetched the Emperor and his suite from Rome to these blue coasts. Villa, garden, park, and terrace drew lovely lines along these shores from Naples to the islands. The galleys of Nero and the barges of Lucullus rocked

on these bays, surrounded by naked youths, and maidens in the form of mermaids; and the feasts made detestable to history embittered the region with fantastic orgies. Laurel-browed Virgil came here to sing; emperors lived and died here; Nero murdered his mother at Baïæ; and of Rome and Greece nothing but the brown earth ruins remain.

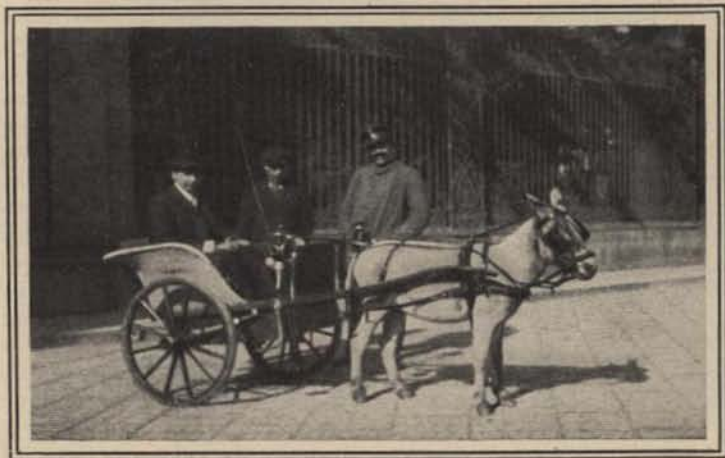
Formed by irregularities and upheavals of the earth's unrest created by the fires of the centre, yellow soil, soft rock, and lava compose these cypress-grown tufa hills. The coast is an emanation of the most violent phenomena, and these characteristics of the soil—ardor, fire, passion, and, one might say, unrest—mark the people of the populous seaport.

Naples should be approached from the sea. There the brown Castello Nuovo rises, washed by the constant waves. Along the Vesuvian shore, like the sparse petals of a rose, shaped against the mountainside, are the scattered houses of stucco. Cries of the port—the singing of a liquid voice—welcome the traveller, and far away swim Ischia and Capri in the inimitable blue. Vessels of all kinds from all countries—torpedo-boats, transatlantic liners, East India merchantmen—manned by tarpaulin, fez, and bluejackets, sail in and away to the ringing of the harbor bells and the sound of the gun from the fort on the Rock. . . . This is Naples from the sea, Naples of bar and harbor, the Mecca of tourist and sailor.

Over the bar there is a speck to be

seen, a hulk, a mast, a funnel, a flag, as the ships come in from that America which has cast its spell even over this happy port. And yet nothing could be more indifferent in attitude to the sea, as a port of departure, than those great streets along the quays; when not bustling and alive in the cooler parts of the day, they are bewitched by the genii of sleep. In the shadows of the walls, almost down to the very ships themselves, the Neapolitans take their siestas curled up in Oriental fashion, and the quarters and streets of Santa Lucia are just as full of beggars and out-of-door livers, as emotional, as droll, as complete, amusing, terrible, and beautiful, as Santa Lucia when public opinion considered it a lazar-house of disease and modern hygiene swept its broom through it. Along the docks and the streets to the piers are piled the cargoes for the incoming and outgoing ships, and straight up from the port climbs Naples and raises its line of stucco houses marking the first wide avenue. These buildings are pink and violet and blue, snow white and chrome yellow, brave with balconies at every window—balconies on which the Neapolitans drape themselves, display themselves from dawn to dawn again. The balconies are also draped with the drying linen of the populace, as if for some national festival; garments of every type and color, rags, miles upon miles of them, dry in the breeze, flutter in the ardent sun, dried by the warmth and the penetrating sea air; and

now and again comes this odor of drying linen to mingle with the medley of smells. There are pungent, acrid whiffs from food unknown to Western palates; there is the insinuating odor of the incense from the churches, of burning wax and wick of funeral candle; the odor of the poor themselves, and of garlic and onions sweet and clean in comparison. There



THE CART OF A NEAPOLITAN DANDY



HIGHWAYS OF STONE STAIRCASES REACHING TO HILLY INCLINES

are the odors of tomatoes, macaroni, and potatoes frying in grease in the open; of soups and broths; of old leather dyed outdoors; of raw hides tanned in the streets; the gamut of odors blends and mingles into something unique and original in the category of smells—the whole swept through and vivified by the breath of the sea. Redolent this atmosphere and strong if you like, but to the lover of Italy not unpleasant; and when in some place—let us say, like Pittsburg—an unexpected whiff brings remembrance, there is a pull at the heart-strings of each traveller upon whom the charm of the sea-browed Cumæ has fallen.

The people live out-of-doors along the

port streets, carrying on their occupations, selling, buying, idling, fighting, kissing, weeping, and even dying in the open. From the holes in the wall, gloomy caves where they sleep, the Neapolitans swarm at dawn, and in startling shamelessness or in charming innocence, whichever you like, the paraphernalia of life are exposed to the public eye. Complete toilets are made *al fresco*. Why not? It is more agreeable. Unconcernedly fronting the tram line and the little country stage line, his face to the traffic of the streets, a man sits serenely on a chair, a towel under his chin, while a barber shaves him. Quite as serenely, seated on the edge of the gutter, the mother of

a family, whose members swarm half naked around her, gives herself into the hands of an amiable neighbor engaged in extracting vermin from her friend's head. In order to lose no time, the prudent mother clutches one of her curly-headed offspring and begins the same absorbing task. This bit is truly Neapolitan. Farther on, a beauty in a plum-colored petticoat, short to her ankles, red stockings, heelless slippers, stands bare-armed, her shoulders covered by a little red shawl, while the hairdresser of the quarter builds the dark hair up in a fashion peculiarly dear to the Neapolitan girl. When it is properly dressed and oiled, a rose is thrust in the dark coils. The sidewalks are lined by the wares of the street merchants, piles of nuts and fruits, crouched over by the dark, eager salesman, whose cries are sharp on the air. All this faces the sea where ships wait to take the folk, if they will go, where their brothers have gone; but the majority are people of the soil, beautiful and as indifferent to everything but Naples as though Columbus from a neighboring port had never discovered America.

From the sailor-boy who comes rolling into his native harbor under stars big as fruits, who comes home to this city lying like a lily on the shore—home to the tune of bells from the towers and salutes from the fort—up to the prince in the palace on the tufa hills, everybody plays the Lotto from week end to week end, until Sabato (Saturday), on which day the drawing takes place. Saturday is the day of interest on the calendar, and the other six run around it. It is a day of intense excitement, lived for, prayed for, blessed and cursed. The Lotto is popular in Italy, but Naples is its mother, its heart, soul, and home. Here in Naples is the spirit of the Black Hand, the core of the Camorra, and here, bigger than any church, more powerful than any authority, is the Lotto—*Gioco Popolare*, as it is called—and this expresses the game under which the people are condemned to a ban of eternal poverty and eternal hope; curious companions, in good truth.

Fronting the bay the Riviera di Chiaia extends its broad avenue, flanked by the sea-wall, the spray of the ocean dashing up bright and salt on the air.

There is a cluster of streets indicating the Parco Nazionale, and back of this stretches the line of imposing eighteenth-century houses. This is the elegant quarter of Naples: more recherché in the time of Lady Hamilton and Nelson than now. The façades of these adorable houses are pink and yellow; there are green iron balconies; there are pale-green shuttered windows. The Riviera di Chiaia is still the fashionable promenade of an afternoon, and Naples's modish existence defiles and rolls and clatters and dashes past along the avenue between the old city and the sea. And from the highway crawl the narrow cobbled streets, wind and twist the narrow alleys to old Naples. There are Banchi di Lotto along the Riviera, and the dandy whose miniature cart drawn by a miniature donkey waits at the curb jostles the barber and the hotel porter at the ticket-seller's window; for these are the types of the purchasers down here in more worldly Naples.

Sheer up from the blue, the gateway of the sea at one end, the big square of the Via Tolodo at the other, runs a principal artery of the city, the Via di Chiaia, so narrow that when two tiny carriages find themselves abreast they are embarrassed. The street is built up so high that the balconied houses appear to form an apex over it. This thoroughfare is never liberated from its throng, and the tangle of human network winds and unwinds and forms again—all Naples, every profession, character, and type jostle, throng, and exist here in the Via di Chiaia. The big shops line it on either side, busy with traffic of coral and shell, and the middle of the street is as good to the pedestrian as the ribbon-like sidewalk; and the dashing cabs, swung high on impossible springs, drawn by the gayly harnessed, valiant stallions, tear like mad, when they can move at all, through hilly streets, their progress obstructed by beggars and foot passengers, by flower merchants whose arms are full of violets, camellias, and roses. Little horse tram-cars not meant for rails blunder over the cobbles, laden down with a gay load of passengers, beautiful private carriages drawn by horses of Moorish strain, and the procession forms, under the bluest of skies, the most brilliant of pictures of street life imaginable. A





NEAPOLITAN FISHERMEN

medieval gateway cuts across the middle of the street, forming an arch under which the bright procession passes, and every now and then on either side the famous stairways of Naples climb into the hilly city.

From the Via di Chiaia run the famous gradini of Naples, highways of steep stone staircases, reaching to hilly inclines, forming picturesque passages crowded with life, flanked by narrow-windowed high houses, and literally ablaze with camellias, roses, violets, heliotrope. These passages pour into the boulevard their oceans of color and light. The streets themselves are so highly built that they affect to meet above in the sunlight, whose brilliance comes flickering down, its way broken and scattered by flags of drying clothes fluttering in the misty light. The Chinese quarter in old San Francisco, the precincts of Peking, have something in common with this crowding of Naples. Here in these obscurer alleys the Black Hand is fostered, and every now and then a fever stalks here and cleans out a few of the herded citizens, and there is always the mad fever of the Lotto to eat the inhabitants like a live creature whose pur-

suit is fascination and whom nobody wishes to escape. Over the turmoil hangs a sky of supernal azure, and now and again at the end of the street one catches sight of the sea, framed by the houses, and now and again through the close atmosphere comes the breath of the sea, blowing divinely, in purification, an appeal from the cleansing force that washes around these shores.

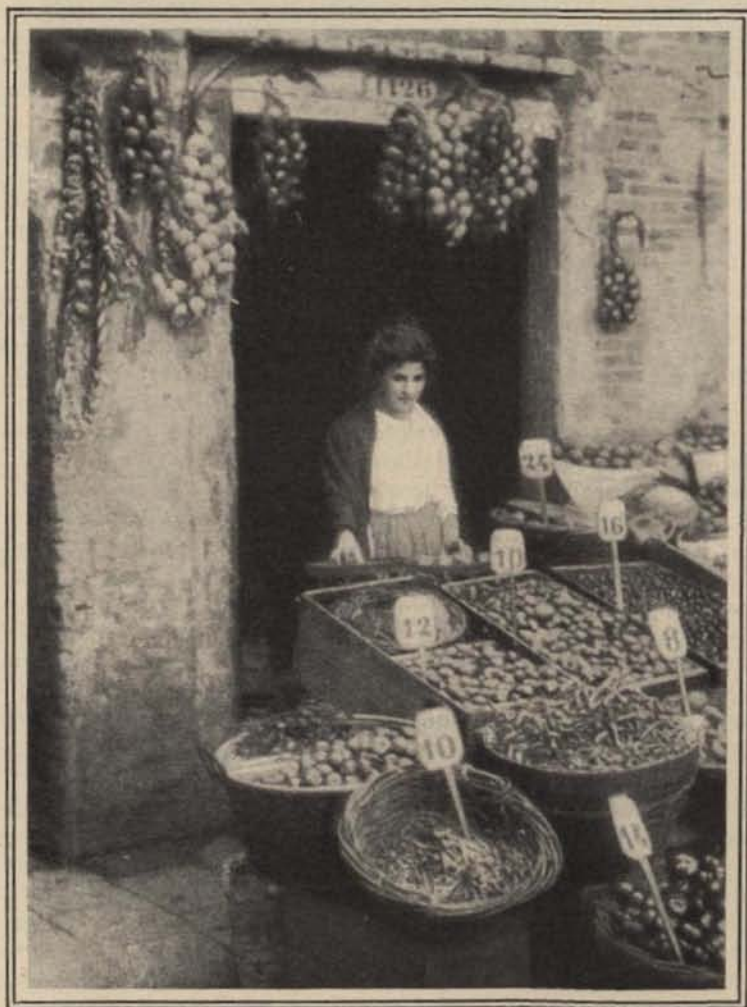
At the end of the Via Chiaia, on the fine old Piazza, is the big golden-brown, reddish palace with its green blinds, and its terraces fronting the sea. Its appearance is regal, and its most vivid and interesting life was in the eighteenth century during the Bourbon reign, when the strong-minded Queen Caroline left an unquestionable influence over Naples, and when in her villa at Posilipo Lady Hamilton danced her ravishing dances and from her window waved her white hand to Nelson.

There are many treasures in the Casa Reale, and, one after another, festival and ball and banquet rooms stretch their line—their windows seaward, giving on orange-grown terraces—and here in the gallery there is a picture, too, of the bewildering Emma, the adorable Lady

Hamilton. She danced many a ball here with Nelson, here proudly watched her hero receive the homage of the court. Here Lady Hamilton herself was a queen, surrounded by her admirers, the great men of the time. Here, dressed in her "clear white gown," a simple blue ribbon falling to her feet, her fleecy scarf around her shoulders, she leaned on the arm of Nelson. We see her pass under these crystal chandeliers, ablaze with candlelight. We see her leave the ball-room through a long window to the terrace, where the outlook under the brilliant moonshine is on Nelson's kingdom, the sea. Vesuvius was at its most violent period. The great sides streamed with lava, "that in the night," Lady

Hamilton says, "glowed so fiercely that it put me out of charity with the moon." Standing by her, Nelson could see the lights on his ships as they rocked at anchor, and could see in the reddened moonshine the figure of the woman Romney has passed for us down into history. Calling to Nelson from across those magic and moonlit waves was the voice of Trafalgar, but in Naples the voice of Emma, Lady Hamilton, drowned every other in the world.

The treasures of Naples, from the archæological point of view, are those of old cloisters, churches, the façades of old palaces, lifting dark walls, massive stone frontals, heavily ironed windows, out from the noise and clamor of the streets. On the outjutting stones, worn to a polish like glass, on the lower ledge of one of these palaces, an enterprising merchant has arranged his wares for sale—old books, old pamphlets. The stones are white as marble from the touch and contact of the people for centuries—worn bright as the Virgin's foot from the kisses of the faithful. Conspicuous among the bookseller's wares are the booklets treating of the Lotto, books of dreams, of tokens and of signs, of superstitions, indications, and combinations. Every incident in daily life, from the first waking in the morning to the last dream at night, has a lucky meaning to the Neapolitan, who exists simply to work out these symbols of sleep, of life, to catch on the wing elusive



A VEGETABLE STALL

fate. From the hair of your head to the sole of your foot, if you did but know it, you are a mass of lucky numbers.

Maddelena is a fruit-seller on one of the sky-reaching staircases. She is as beautiful as she is poor. Pretty Maddelena chances to comb out a bit too much of her dark locks Friday morning, and she is ecstatic over the event. She instantly consults her dream-book and writes down number "50" (mysterious number for the hair). "Bene!" So far so good. On the way to her position, high on the gradini, with her flower-basket full of violets on her head, she sees a dead donkey lying in the Via di Chiaia. Ah, Maddelena, the saints are with you to-day! A dead donkey is the pearl of good fortune. She jots down number "44." The day which has begun so well will end well, for Maddelena is a good girl, and would support her family if she did not need every soldo for the Lotto! On her way home the very best luck of all transpires. She comes upon two young chaps of the quarter engaged in a Neapolitan quarrel. Before Maddelena's eyes one man is stabbed, and the girl, excited and grateful, notes her third number—"72." Maddelena is transported with joy. The Banco di Lotto is open still (thank God!). There are crowds about the door; but the radiant Maddelena pushes in and, eager to share her good fortune, tells every one that *numeri* "50"—"44"—"72" will surely win the *terno*. "Qui lo sa?" On the way home Maddelena stops in the dear old church of San Gregorio. Maddelena is a Neapolitan, otherwise she would probably not have known San Gregorio; for, though the most beautiful and the rarest church in Naples, it is



THE BANCO DI LOTTO

not mentioned in either guide-books or books on travel! Maddelena buys a candle from a beggar at the door, carries it reverently in, and burns it before the Virgin's shrine, praying for success at the Lotto. You may be sure that Maddelena will be present at the drawing in the Piazza di Santa Chiaia.

San Gregorio has seen many Maddelenas register vows for the Lotto. Nothing has disturbed the peace of this old place, surrounded by the noisy cries of the crowd, by the jostling of hand-carts, donkey-carts, beggars, and merchants. The church is a jewel, but like a mine of gold there are no directions to find it. It is very suggestive of a mine of gold indeed, covered as its walls are with leaf and gems and rare old pictures overgrown with the moss of hundreds of years, the brilliant work still shining through . . .

old reds and blues and mellow colors, too obscure and delicate to have been seized upon by the collectors for museums. Without, a pink tower belonging to one of the small houses rises close against the brown stone of the church. In a wall, hollowed out like a cave, is a carpenter shop about four feet square, full of young fellows with their tools, apprentices learning their trade, crowded in like so many peaches in a basket. They are red-checked, gay young chaps. *They* know where the sacristan is! Find them—then find the old fellow who a bit farther on, next to the Banco di Lotto, just without his shop (for the shop is small and the street is accommodating and friendly), carves a giant Christ from wood, and the crucified form is stood up against the house of the pink tower. Find him—and you will then find San Gregorio.

Just a bit beyond, in another hole in the wall, without window or background save the solid wall itself, where the only air and light come in by the doorway, sits a little family pursuing their occupations in the full view of the world. The mother is mending a fishing-net; the father is consulting a volume of the *Morfia*, the dream-book, "where one can find out the meaning of things." Singular to relate, although it is broad day, this family sits in candlelight. Between the man and the woman the centre of the room is occupied by a long object, covered by a single white sheet, and at the four corners of this unmistakable bed burn four candles. The face of the dead woman is placid and serene; every line of her long figure is distinct under the sheet. She is exposed to the eyes of all the world, as she lies there waiting for the carriers to bear her into the noisy street that cries about her doors. Her going out of life on the noon of Friday is to be registered by a number of the Lotto—"86." Poor Elena!

The shop next hangs out its cheeses, great round white globes, sewn up in bladders; heads and entrails of animals, the offal too mean to feed any but the very poor. The cheese-vender is a round-faced Neapolitan. Do you play the Lotto? He shrugged. "But why not? Who can know? It may be that luck will change. For my part I should know

better how to take fortune than did Gaetano, the shoemaker!" He points across the street, where, over a hole in the wall above the green door, hangs an old faded sign—"Gaetano Fallieri, Shoemaker." "Gaetano was horribly poor. He never had any luck. He worked hard enough for it, Heaven knows. Every penny he could get he would spend for lottery tickets!" The cheese-vender grows tragic and his voice falls. "Ecco! One Saturday we all of us went to the drawing of the Lotto, Gaetano as well, when *per Dio* the numbers come out—(I remember them as yesterday)—90, 60, and 10. *And Gaetano the shoemaker had won the terno, sixty thousand dollars.* I shall never forget it. He struck his head, laughed out like a girl in love, and went away mad. There was no one to inherit, he had no relatives, and he died this week in the asylum. Wasn't he stupid? *Sixty thousand dollars!*" The cheese-maker lifts his eyes devoutly, as if over the roofs from the blue, blue sky, and down past the pink tower, a shower of gold might come to him. "Let it come my way once," he mutters. "I will know how to keep my head."

High above, caught in by the stews, San Gregorio lifts its cross. Opposite is the Banco di Lotto, where all the numbers are displayed to the public, numbers that will be sure to win, and the wood-carver, bending over his Christ, changes the position of the statue and leans it against the doors of the closed shop of Gaetano Fallieri.

Up above the town—Posilipo-wards, let us say—is the quaint restaurant of *Promessi Sposi* (The Promised Lovers)—a glass pavilion for out-of-door eating and much in repute with the people of the country; happily neither strangers nor tourists know it. Here one best sees Naples and the environs. Away to the right spreads the vast plain of the Italian Campagna, strewn with tiny little fruit trees in bloom and dotted by the ugly houses of the Camorra settlements. Many white roads lead down to the sea from here, where Black Hand fugitives can take ship under cover of the night. Off there slow vessels come in from charmed ports, peacefully, like white birds, taking advantage of the quiet sea



THE STREETS ARE CHOKED WITH MARKETS

to make the harbor. There is always the ineffable beauty of the shore lines, stretching away from Pompeii past Sorrento and Amalfi down to Paestum and toward the unfortunate south. To the right the beautiful islands of Ischia and Capri lift their forms in the blue. Within the restaurant of the "Promised Lovers" the walls are white and gleaming, the little buffet offers raw artichokes for food, and a big dish piled high with figs and mandarins: bottles of golden and red wine in wicker flasks. The lunchers devote themselves to their peculiar food,

above all to that dish picturesquely called the "fruit of the sea" (*frutta della mare*), which a sad-eyed waiter fetches heaped high upon a plate. It is well not to look too closely at this fruit of the sea! The Neapolitan gentleman so served, however, looks admiringly at it and pitches in. Oysters, well and good! these are devoured. Clams, mussels, eaten frantically and with much delight from the shells, unseasoned except for their native salt. Little live crabs (ye gods!), torn alive from the shells. Are these Neapolitans of the twentieth century?

When from a long tube-like shell a species of young eel is exuded, much as one would force out a fillet of cold cream, and devoured *alive*, the unsophisticated Westerner begs off. . . . And at the sight a Roman, to whom the Neapolitans are barbarians, shrugs his shoulders and exclaims: "What will you? The Neapolitans are beasts." And this is the custom of the country.

Through the gay crowd a dreary waiter, pitiful in his ill-fitting clothes, responds to the calls of "Chianti," "Capri," and fruit of the sea. There is the usual little orchestra, a man with a good voice, who sings *Santa Lucia* so well indeed that the dreary waiter himself breaks into an appreciative chorus. He then approaches the tenor, and between songs the two consult certain flimsy scraps of paper from their respective pockets—nothing less than the *biglietti di lotto*—lottery tickets. Oh, the *Lotto* even in the high little nest swung out over the city, brings its fascination!

"Have you ever been fortunate?" one asks the slipshod waiter, whose heels are sore, whose feet are sore, and who can with comfort neither walk nor stand. "Ah," he shrugs, "not yet, *but next Saturday* it will surely come."

Fatuous and yet inspired hope! Every cent of his wage, every cent of his fees, everything he can hope to gain or make goes to buy the flimsy yellow ticket for the *Lotto* . . . the *Lotto*, day dream, night dream of the people: the Aladdin's Lamp hanging above the town and which every hand is stretched up to rub; the lie of the government; the lie each man tries to make true, "*numeri fortunati!*" Impressionable, ardent, beauty-loving people, in whom the gaming temperament is strong . . . in a city under the very ban of destruction, to be some day, they all believe, wiped out by *The Mountain*, beautiful giant, whose silence is ominous; eaters of strange foods, livers in the open; the poetry of the ports at their doors, the excitement of constant arrivals and departures, they play with fate as they breathe . . . they are under the charm of their beautiful city, under the seduction of the sun and the air, under the hope and stimulus of that sea-breeze whose very touch is inspiration. Their weddings are like fêtes, their funerals

like festivals, and all live for the chance of gain at the moment, as though fate were at their heels and they must take the hour as they may.

Death in most countries wears a solemn face, but in Naples it is like some festival from the Middle Ages. The hearses are of gold and curiously wrought with nodding plumes. Before the funeral chariot the procession is of the most brilliant acolytes in white robes, with huge candles, and troops of eager, interested people swell the procession; but more singular than all are the mummers, the hired mourners, dressed either in snow-white robes from head to foot, hooded dresses from which their eyes peer forth, or all in crimson, gazing out through their masks. The candles flare and smoke upon the air, the horses are trapped in scarlet or white harness, and in and out the narrow street at the foot of the stairway, with their flowers, to the gray damp church of St. Francis the procession files through the town. At one sharp corner there is a block, and the file pauses. The majordomo, driving the hearse, on his high box in his gorgeous livery, looks up, for it is Saturday, and his hearse has stopped just in front of a *Banco di Lotto*. Mechanically, as if from habit, the driver touches his breast, where in his wallet are his lottery tickets. *Oh, if to-day he were only "fortunato!"* Perhaps. Who knows? And the obstruction removed, he gathers up his reins and drives his burden on, and the dead man, no doubt, for the first time is not interested in the winning number.

Jutting out on the point, the sea-dogs lapping around the stones, the *Castello dell' Oro* lifts a brown bastion rock-like on its inky reef. It has all the fascination of hoary age, and contains Naples's ancient mysteries. Here old conquerors before the Middle Ages held high carnival, and there were dreadful doings in those dungeons below the sea. Modern barracks crowd up against the *Castel*, but nothing except the sea shocks its rest. Like a great falcon, its brows to the ocean, the *Castello dell' Oro* broods on its brown rock.

Back from the *Santa Lucia* quarters, all around the *Porta Capuana*, is herded

the lowest, the poorest part of the city. At the sight of the beautiful old gateway of the Porta Capuana, its stones and carving black and deep-lined with years, crowd and herd the merchants of every kind of trade. Here is the celebrated fish-market, where the "fruit of the sea" is displayed on tables and benches, on the ground, and the display is very great of flounders, lily-like carp, coral-like carp, coral-like slender fish and azure-blue fish. But the *eels* and the *octopi* are the most appreciated food of the Neapolitan! The devil and jelly fish are sold in squares, and the agitated feelers of the octopus and squirming parts of the eels, *cut up but still alive*, make a curious picture. Over all is the odor of the *frittura*—fried bits of fish which a street cook offers to the epicure from his brilliantly polished brazier of brilliant grease.

The Porta Capuana is a living hive of crying, calling, noisy Italy, engrossed in every sort of small trade and nourished by every kind of food. Hides are tanned before the very holes in the wall, dreadful damp caves even in the brightest day of sun—horrible to contemplate. Vegetables are cried and sold there, the clang is loud of steel in the shops of the iron-workers, where bits of red and rusty metal are piled out into the street. There are brown, red, and green and yellow and pink leathers in process of dyeing, for slippers worn by the belles of Naples. There are slippers being made in the streets fresh from the newly dyed hides. This quarter closely touches the sea, and now and then over the hot, thick stench comes the pure salt breath. There is bamboo-picking here, mending of nets, fortune-telling, the passing of beautiful women, their heads decorated by flowers and ribbons, bright shawls across their shoulders. Not one of these slatterns but has a lottery ticket in her blouse. There are the street games which baffle the comprehension of any one other than an Italian. No sooner do the street boys meet than they begin, "1, 2, 3"—"uno, due, tre"—and no one but an Italian born can grasp at the turning, twisting, and folding up of the fingers and their signification. Now through this commotion drives an antiquated diligence from the country, crowded with peasants, with fresh young

fellows seeking work in the ports, pretty girls seeking adventure. The driver—a superannuated Italian—puts his hand on the passenger who has kept him company for the last five hours.

"Look," he indicates, "*there* is the Banco di Lotto! Ecco!" And the young man's brown eyes find the sign over one of the holes in the wall where the tickets are sold for this "inspiration" (let us call it) of the poor.

"Why, the Lotto is an excellent thing for the people," an intelligent Roman told me. "These people are so miserably poor, what would you! For six days in the week they dream; when Saturday comes then they are deceived! *They only have one day of despair and six days of hope*. Not many people can say that. As soon as the Lotto is drawn at five on Saturday, they all begin to hope again. Ecco! It is a real inspiration."

This Roman, a man of family and distinction, played the Lotto himself faithfully, and he surely should know its power of uplift.

In the midst of the filth of Porta Capuana arises the church of Santa Maria del Carmine. A little square is its outlook; tumbledown, filthy old houses are its surroundings. Before its doors the amazingly simple little passengers on the country diligence arrive and depart. In front of the church is the ceaseless defile of the people of the quarter; and on every side one looks at the vistas and isles of crowded steaming streets hung with the banner of the wash, multicolored with the drying, fluttering clothes. Crime and birth and death, desire and life and the taking of it, all go on here in a violent, ardent fashion, and above the tumult, just a little apart from it, Santa Maria del Carmine mothers it all. The slippered feet, pattering along the streets, turn in here to confession. The sailors blow in from a hundred different ports fresh from the sea, eager to find a priest.

On this day, covered by the most filthy rags, a girl of about eighteen years of age crouched on the stones. Indifferent alike to the compatriot and to the stranger, she sings in a crooning voice. Her head is wrapped in an old scarf. Once comfortably settled in her corner, she spreads her treasures out upon her knees. Untying an old handkerchief in which



EACH HAS A LOTTERY TICKET IN HER BLOUSE

her jewels are kept, she finds a bit of tinselled rag and a string of blue beads and a *lottery ticket*. She kisses her treasures one by one, crooning over them under the shade of Mary of the Carmine.

As the chimes of five o'clock ring out, a crowd of sailors roll in to find the confessor, a crowd of women in strident voices fight over some bagatelle on the square. It is Saturday and just five o'clock. At this moment is the drawing of the Lotto, but the foolish-minded girl kisses her treasures and does not mark the hour. The drawing of the Lotto has at last become indifferent to her. Lunatics, therefore, and the dead are immune.

The Santa Maria del Carmine is very ancient. It dates back to the eleventh century. It is charming, plain and old and quiet and sombre. About it is the charm of those churches sought and loved by the poor. Great miracles

have been wrought at these shrines. There is a Virgin there painted by St. Luke and celebrated for her healing powers. There is also the Christ on His cross—the miracle cross—to whom the people lift their poor bleeding hands. This Christ hung here during the siege of the Prince of Aragon, and just as the cannon-ball sped through the church, making the head of the crucified Saviour its mark, they say that the meek head bent forward upon the breast, and, short of the mark, the cannon-ball dropped at the holy altar. Rich with legend and colored pictures, Santa Maria

del Carmine has its peculiar beauty. Here bending in candlelight the women pray to win at the Lotto, and there is no way of telling what the Christ or the Virgin of St. Luke thinks of these prayers.

King Humbert the First made the rules for the public lottery of Italy.

1. The public lottery is temporarily maintained by the favor of the state under the following laws.

2. It is administered by the Minister of Finance, under whom the chiefs are chosen for their respective functions.

3. The Lotto is formed by ninety, numbered from 1 to 90 inclusive, five of which drawn by chance determine the successful.

4. One can "play the Lotto" in the following manner:

On one number (very rarely played).

On all five numbers (very rarely played).

On two numbers—the "ambo."



On three numbers—which is known as the "terno."

On four numbers—which is known as the "quaterno."

5. When one number is played, the winner is paid ten times and a half his output; when two numbers are played, the winner is paid 350 times his output; when three numbers are played, the winner is paid 5,250 times his output; when four numbers are played, the winner is paid 60,000 times his output. Therefore, if one has by any chance bought a number 1 ticket and wins the four numbers (quaterno), he wins \$60,000.

At five o'clock on every Saturday afternoon throughout all Italy the drawing of the Lotto takes place. In Naples the ceremony is held at the end of a foul, filthy alley known as the "Impresa," back in a great courtyard in full view of the people on the balcony of an old palace. From early in the afternoon until the fatal hour the streets of Santa Chiara and the alley fill up with the crowd whose hope on this day is to be deceived. The streets are always so full of life that for this extra crowd, jostling, pushing, and eager, there would seem to be no place. It is comprised of the very poor. The better classes watch for the telephone or the showing of the numbers in the various banks in the city to discover their fate, but in the Impresa the crowd of people is as dense as a shadow. Over it all, however, there is the odor of tomatoes, onions, garlic,

and other wares sold in the little shops along the side, and the eager, compressed mass seethes and sways, talking, crying, explaining, telling of their systems and their fortunate combinations as their eyes are fixed on the balcony of the palace whose green blinds are not yet drawn. There are many here who have played their last cent for a ticket. . . . There are many here who are in debt for the shoes they wear and will never be able to pay for them. But at the stroke of the church clock the blinds of the balcony open and the paraphernalia of the Lotto are brought out. A long green table, on which is placed a crystal ball bound with silver, and an iron box containing ninety other little boxes, in which the ninety numbers are locked by the state.



"UNO, DUE, TRE"

The officers of this performance are coolly indifferent, and the only figure deserving of note is that of the little orphan child, dressed in snowy white, chosen by law from the orphan asylum to draw up from the crystal ball the five magic numbers.

At the sight of these familiar, looked-for objects the crowd begin to cry and chant, to beseech and evoke. They beg the little orphan child to draw well. They bless him: they call him "little Jesus" and "little saint." And the child in his white robe, his innocent eyes on the mass of people, looks down on the beggars with their yellow locks and on the appealing mass. One by one the balls are taken out from their sealed boxes, displayed to the people, and dropped into the big bowl. When they have all been shaken about and number 90 has fallen in, the enthusiasm breaks forth and the popular signification of the different numbers is cried out. Number 71 means the sea; 82 the passion of Christ. These are fortunate numbers. A silence falls on the crowd when the numbers are all within, and the officers turn the big bowl around and around until the white globes with their numbers dance like the mad dance of fate. The orphan child is blindfolded and led up to the great bowl. The cries are so impetuous now that some one says: "Hush! You will frighten the little angel. Let him decide our fortunes in peace."

There is not a filthy beggar in the company but expects that he will be a rich man when the child draws the numbers. Some of them have paid five francs for their tickets, though the majority cost but a few pence. There are shoemakers in this crowd, second Gaetanos, who will go mad if they draw the big prize. There is the gardener from the Bertolini Palace, who is hated by the people. This fellow was fortunate last week. He saw a stabbing and a fire, and his child died, and he played the numbers 24, 30, and 70, and won \$5,000. He is wondered at by the people and hated as well for his success. Already since the last drawing he has paid out \$300 for Lotto tickets. His gains will soon go back to the government.

Crouched against the wall of the opposite house is a dishevelled woman with a cage under her arm. She is one of the white-rat sellers down at the Santa

Chiara, and she cannot leave her merchandise behind her even for the drawing of the Lotto. She murmurs that she has mortgaged her little animals to buy her last Lotto ticket. Her eyes are as red as the rats' eyes. "Qui lo sa?" she whispered. "I may win; then I will go and live in the country with my people."

They have blindfolded the little bambino and he stands on a chair, for he is only eight years of age and is small, in full sight of the people. The balls having been shaken around for the last time, the child puts his hand in and draws. The first number that he pulls out is called forth—"number 5." Now every Italian who has bought number 5 for place has either won or lost. No one holds this number in this crowd, however, and there is a murmur and a fresh adjuration for the child to draw well. The people who have drawn for the *terno* and the *quaterno* still have their chance. The child draws again. This time number 47, and the holders of the *terno* are now the interested ones, for the next will be their last chance. The enthusiasm breaks forth again with murmurs and cries and prayers, and the quiet child before the urn in his white dress hears them and trembles, for he knows that he is menaced. Before the people there is a blackboard, and a man posts up the numbers as they are drawn: 5, 47, 11, 10, and 80. And this series of five is discussed, yelled at, challenged, cursed, for not one in the crowd has drawn a fortunate number. The child's eyes are unbound and he is put down and set free. The balls are returned into their boxes, sealed up, and carried away under the eyes of the crowd, which, after waiting for a moment, unable to believe its ill fortune, breaks up and disrupts. Apathy is thrown upon the majority as much as such a state of mind is possible to a Neapolitan mass, as they begin in groups to discuss the failure of their schemes and their combinations.

Glancing at the numbers on the board, which are now telephoned and telegraphed throughout all Italy, the face of the gardener of the Bertolini Palace is a study. He stands close to the wall next to the woman with her white rats. "If I had only listened to my wife," he murmurs; "she told me to play the child's

birth, which was the 5th of May, and not her death." Showing his tickets, he goes on to say: "Think! If I had played the 5th of May, I should have won again, for see I hold the other numbers."

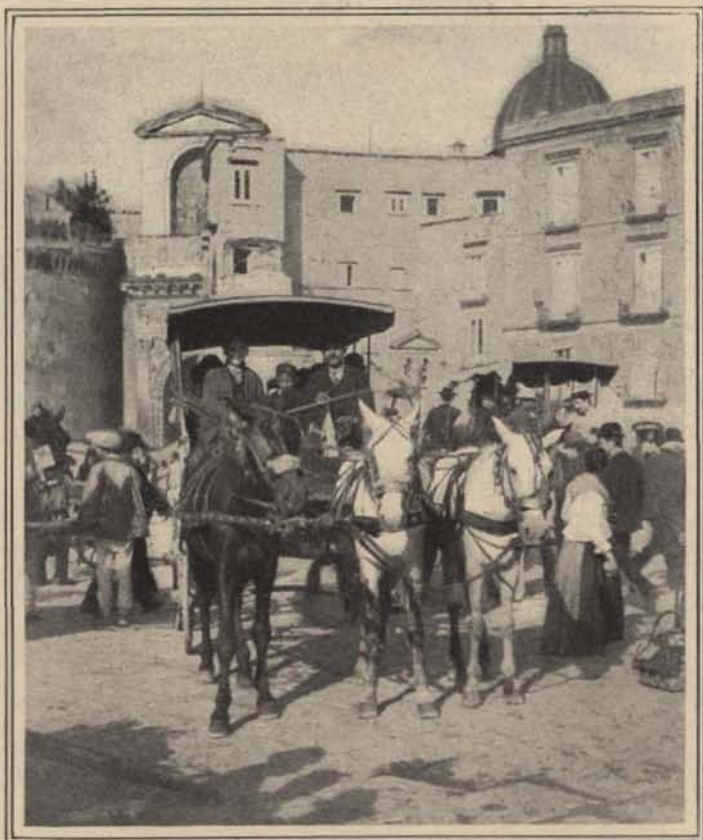
The woman with the white rats bends her head down and kisses the little animals through the bars. It is a kiss of farewell, for she will have to give them up to the woman who lent her the money down by the Santa Maria del Carmine to buy her ticket.

A fruit-dealer, driving his ass, calls out to make room for him as he pushes through the narrow street. There are lots of carts behind this, laden with wine, drawn by donkeys—donkeys in red harness, in bells. Little goats with heavy-hanging udders waiting to be milked in the streets. There is a whole hardware shop on wheels drawn by a Spanish mule driven by a vociferous boy in tatters. The street returns to its warfare with trade, its occupations, and its life.

From the crowded houses the householders let down little baskets on strings to the tradesmen, who fill them with fruit or bread, and milk drawn from the waiting goats, who are milked direct into the pails. Tradesmen and beggars, merchantmen and apprentices, drive away from the Impresa and its court, where hope has been deceived and where the government is again victorious.

From the woman with her white rats, all through the crowd, down to the gardener who has lost by one number, there is not one gambler there not absorbed in thinking of the game, for

the Neapolitan is a child of fortune, a being of chance, a believer in ultimate good fortune, and this Saturday ceases to exist, and their eyes and their hopes are turned toward next Saturday. "Qui lo sa?"



NEAR SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE

Up here on the tufa hills, in the ilex and cypress gardens of the park of the Villa Floridiana, under the trees where the Bourbons held their feasts, where close by the lions and tigers of the Prince roared in their cages, up here in these cypress gardens, Naples, looked down upon, is like a picture from a medieval story, and, with the memory of its rustle and clamor in one's ears, is like a dream of battle or a wild festival from which escape is welcome, and the falling evening does well to find the traveller upon this height. Below, the circle of lights curves out around Posilipo,



THE PLUMES OF VESUVIUS HANG LOW

where in the eighteenth century Lord Hamilton's villa carried its orange and mandarin terraces down to the sea. There Emma struck her classic attitudes and danced her tarantella. Here in her room, described by Goethe, she sat in her moments of reverie, her slender, graceful figure a beautiful outline against her casement and the farther blue . . . below her this stretch of peerless water with the ships at anchor and Capri in the distance. In the palace the Prince dreamed of Lady Hamilton, while she dreamed of Nelson, and passed through Naples at this period the most brilliant star of all. Thus, as the glimmer from the eighteenth century fades like a light extinguished, other lights one by one shine forth in house and home, and the color of Naples, the color of the water and the distant shores, fade into night. Vesuvius, pink and ethereal, keeps his secrets hid in his mysterious breast; his plumes are low, and over the giant crest rides the full moon, casting a path of blood-red glory on the sea, as though reflecting the mountain's old vivid scars. Down in the silent port the ships like herded flocks are gathered in, and there is the tinkling

of bells from the harbor; there is the tinkling of bells out from the hilly streets as the goats are driven home; there is the sound of church bells from green-towered domes, from yellow domes with golden crowns, from velvet cupolas as black as night. The city spreads itself delicately out, and the trail of its tapestries—crimson and brown, pink, green, violet, and yellow—is sewn through with the stars of its lamps. The lanterns on boats at sea shine out, and the long harbor and the sea-wall have their coronal of stars. Taking advantage of the peaceful night to start on their charmed journeys to Alexandria, Palermo, Bombay, and the Occident, one by one like thieves in the night the liners put out to sea. They cut across the path of crimson moonlight and, themselves ablaze with their lights, skirt the shaded coasts of Sorrento down toward Messina Strait, and tranquil, sufficient unto themselves, ardent, beauty-loving, inheriting for a time their country, slaves of the great mountain, the people of Naples play, believe in the future, and are sure that one day or another a lucky Saturday will fall into each man's hands. *Qui lo sa?*

# The Perfect Hour

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

JIMSIE lay, full length, on the soft grass of the promontory that overlooked the Sound. Louise sat beside him.

Being but newly married they had refused to go sailing, and had seen the others go off grumbling among themselves at the lamentable change wrought by marriage in a jolly fellow like Jimsie Bate and in a corking girl like Louise. When Louise had announced that she didn't feel like sailing and had prophesied that they would get becalmed, anyway, her brother Brick had whistled rudely, *No Wedding Bells for Me*, at which one of the girls snickered, and caused Jimsie, who disliked to behave as a Mr. Newlywed before all the world, to remark in a tone that he strove to make casual:

"I guess there'll be a breeze, Louise; let's go," thereby shifting the burden of the whole thing on his wife.

But Louise replied promptly:

"I don't want to go sailing," being, like all women, less sensitive in these matters than a man; for a man will do any number of things that he doesn't want to do, to keep his life from reading like the comic supplement of a Sunday paper; while a woman is touchingly ready to accept ridicule if she can only have what she wants.

Here Brick remarked impishly:

"Aw, come ahead, Jimsie; we got a new spinnaker—and a new balloon-jib," he added, insinuatingly, playing on Jimsie's love for piling on all the canvas there was. Jimsie ached to see that spinnaker and that balloon-jib, but he was under the grip of a passion greater than that of sailing a boat, powerful as that was. He didn't want to miss one minute of Louise; and though he flushed at thus being "caught with the goods," under cover of lighting a cigarette he muttered that he guessed he wouldn't go. As he said this he felt like an awful ass, and yet supremely happy.

During her brother's speech Louise had sat waiting, every nerve tense. It seemed to her as though her whole life was being swung in the balance. If Jimsie decided to go without her, she couldn't live through the afternoon; indeed, she must have followed him.

With a curious little tightening of her heart she realized that whatever he did she would follow him, as, for her, life and Jimsie were one and the same thing.

So the young people had gone their way sailing, with the superior feeling that the heart-free have in the presence of wedded love. All the world may love a lover and look with indulgence upon young people so absorbed in one another that they see nothing else, but there is something in a spectacle of too obvious devotion of young married people that is exasperating alike to those who are unmarried and to married people who have gotten over this first acute stage of complete absorption in the beloved. These latter shrug a shoulder, at that page of love forever closed to them, and the unmarried look upon it with blank amazement and mutter, "Another good fellow spoiled."

Jimsie knew how his friends felt. He was near enough to the old life to know exactly what sort of a figure he was cutting in their eyes, and he was glad when their voices had ceased to echo in his ears and he and Louise were left alone in the company of an aunt and uncle of Louise's, and Louise's father and mother. The eyes of the older men rested upon him with humorous tolerance, but in the eyes of Louise's mother were tenderness and understanding, and also a certain wistfulness, as though she said mutely:

"Hold fast to these hours of deep and complete understanding. Like the first golden hours of summer these days are short. For you, spring has passed with its white blossoms, and the roses

are now in bloom; but the time of the full bloom of the roses is short. The summer's heat withers them. So enjoy every one of these perfect days while you have them, that you may remember them in time of drought and in the fall, when things become green again, and through the long days of winter."

Moved by a common impulse Louise and Jimsie drifted from the piazza, into the garden, and then without talking of taking a walk they had gone on and on until they found themselves in this field overhanging the water, borne there by their common need of getting away.

It was not only that they wanted to be out of ear-shot of other people; they wanted to be quite by themselves where no casual relative would break in upon the magic circle around them. It was as though solitude enclosed them in some shimmering, radiant atmosphere—an atmosphere impossible to retain in the presence of another person. It was because of this radiant understanding that Jimsie was willing to leave all the life he knew for the sake of Louise; and Louise, her own dear and familiar world for the sake of a man she had met only, so to speak, the day before.

At first they talked but little, and watched the little fleet of pleasure-boats which dotted the Sound like a flock of white birds; then, little by little, the fountains of speech became unloosed. Jimsie told stories of his adventures, of his boyhood and youth. He handed out to Louise these small adventures with the air of a man making startling disclosures, so sure was he that the slightest detail concerning him was of value to her. She responded by telling the stories of her own life. They had a great many such stories to tell, for they knew little about each other. This, to them, was a subject of congratulation. They felt very wise that they had been clever enough to get engaged, as Jimsie put it, "off the bat," instead of waiting around for years and years; for it is a noteworthy fact that whichever way people take for getting engaged, they have the same sublime conviction that their road is the only one which leads to true happiness.

So Jimsie walked happily through the hours of his past, calling forth the face of a friend, an escapade, or the story of

a dog, and presented them to Louise as a child brings pebbles from the shore to show its mother, sure that the things which he brings are wonderful and rare.

Under this reminiscence Louise felt a little restless. She liked to hear all these things, she loved everything Jimsie had to say to her, but she liked too to talk about the present. She didn't ever want him to go far from her, not even back into her own past; so she asked:

"What was the happiest hour of your life, Jimsie? I mean the really happiest hour of all?" And she waited to hear something concerning herself with the confidence that a child holds up its face to be kissed; but Jimsie repeated, with a little half-puzzled frown:

"My very happiest hour! That's an awfully queer thing, Louise. I've often thought about it, but there's hardly anything to tell. Don't you know how little things mean so much more sometimes than big ones? I remember once when I was a kid there was a wreck on a railway train I was in. There was a lot of glass smashed and women screeched and a man got his leg jammed, and I was thrown down and got my head cut—right here, see," and he pointed to a small white scar hidden by his hair. "And all the time I was thinking, 'This is an adventure.' I'd always wanted one, but this was awfully stupid and flat. We waited for hours on a siding, and it was hot and tiresome, and I didn't get a bit excited; and yet if anybody had told me when I started out that I was going to be in a collision, I would have thought it was great. That's the way it is—when things get exciting you are too busy to notice that they are interesting, or else they don't seem to amount to anything, and some little thing will happen and you can't forget it."

He spoke a little jerkily and hesitatingly, for Jimsie Bate was no hand for analysis, and had the young Anglo-Saxon's aversion to baring the secret places of his soul, for fear perhaps of not being understood, and also from a deep-seated modesty which makes a sound-hearted youth delicate about the personal experiences which have meant something to him, and which is like no other feeling so much as it is like the modesty of a girl.



*Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick*

QUITE BY THEMSELVES WHERE NO CASUAL RELATIVE WOULD BREAK IN





Jimsie paused a moment, lost in happy reverie. At his words Louise had shrunk back. So his happiest hour had nothing to do with her, it seemed. Still perhaps it might, after all. It couldn't be that Jimsie would have any happy hour that he would remember in preference to those that they had spent together—the hours they had spent before they were married, for instance, or the recent times when they had been perfectly happy in arranging their own home. Louise counted over these hours to herself with such tenderness, afraid lest the passing of time should blur the outline of one of them, for it had seemed to her that each succeeding day as it went was the very happiest of her life. Now she brought Jimsie back from his reverie, saying softly:

"What was the time you liked the best, Jimsie?"

He lifted his head with a boyish gesture and smiled at her a boyish grin that showed his even, white teeth, a little puzzled look still on his forehead.

"I was trying how to say it," he told her, "because there isn't anything to tell. It happened quite a while ago—two or three summers, I think—when I was boarding up on the Sound, and one Saturday afternoon the fellows were going somewhere that I didn't want to go, and I came back to the boarding-place, and there was a woman sitting upon the piazza. She was just there for two or three days, and I had talked to her after dinner the night before. She seemed to me like an awful white sort, and I saw her sitting there, and I said:

"'Don't you want to go swimming?' And she said, 'Yes, I would like to go.' She was one of those women, don't you know, who always say 'Yes,' as if that was the thing they had been wanting to do awfully, and make you feel that you were pretty smart to have guessed so well what it was they wanted to do."

Louise glanced up swiftly at Jimsie as she made a mental comparison between herself and this woman. Jimsie's idea of exactly the most amusing thing to do and Louise's did not always keep step. Curiously enough it had never occurred to Louise before that this was any one's fault but Jimsie's. A quick stab of suspicion pierced her. So he was trying to

read her a lesson! But Jimsie, launched in his story, was sublimely unconscious of the look Louise had thrown him. He now took up his artless tale.

"Then I said:

"'Don't let's go in swimming right here; let's go down to the beach.'

"It was about two miles away, and she said:

"'Come on,' in just the way she had spoken before.

"So we started off, and I don't know how it was, but I felt right off as if I had known her all my life, and she acted as if she had known me. She had been sort of reserved and quiet in the boarding-house without being stiff, and you know that I don't talk much in a strange bunch, but just as soon as we got out of sight of the village and on to the country road, we began to act like a couple of kids. We did all sorts of silly things."

"What kind of silly things?" Louise asked. A curious numbness was stealing over her. She felt like a queen who finds that her crown jewels are made of paste.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jimsie, vaguely, "kid things. We chased a wild rabbit, and her hair came down, and she looked like twelve years old. I told her so, and she said she thought I must be about eight. She said," went on Jimsie, dreamily, "that it's the happiest thing in the world to forget for a few hours that you're grown up, and just be kids again. I suppose that's what made it so nice. Of course you know, as I said, there isn't anything to tell."

"Did you go swimming?" asked Louise. She spoke naturally, not to disturb the unconscious Jimsie.

"Sure," said Jimsie. "We swam and swam; she could swim like anything. Then I threw water on her and she ducked me, and I would have ducked her, but I remembered just in time that girls don't like to get their hair wet. Then we lay for a long time on the hot sand, and there wasn't anybody there at all. The beach was too unhandy. Just a couple of ramshackle bath-houses and a sandy lane away from everything; the woods on one side, and the sea on the other, and a queer shut-up house on a point. She made up stories about it. She had lots of imagination. And, some-

way, we grew happier and happier every minute, and before we knew it the sun got quite low, and we knew it must be getting awfully late, but she said:

"Oh, let's stay. We're so late now we might as well be later."

"I never would have thought of going home."

"Let's stay," she said, "until the sea eats up our castle."

"We had built a castle in the sand and pretended we lived in it. Say," he broke out, "you must think I am a fierce kid."

He took Louise's hand in his. She let it stay there, as inert as a stone. She was far from thinking him a kid. All the jealousy of a wounded woman very much in love was alive in her. The pure gold of Jimsie's happiest afternoon had passed her by, for with wide and startled eyes she saw in Jimsie's heart the reflection of another woman's face where she had thought to see her own. Jimsie took Louise's silence for understanding of his mood, and went on:

"She said that when our castle was gone we would have to go back and be grown up."

"Then what did you do?" Louise asked. The blood was humming in her ears, but her cool and tranquil tone surprised herself.

"Oh, we got dressed and went home."

"What did you talk about?" Louise asked.

"I don't remember," Jimsie answered. "We didn't talk much. We just fooled. We didn't need to talk, any more than kids do when they're having a good time. We just felt as if we knew each other too well to talk, I suppose. Just before we got to the gate she said:

"We'll not forget this afternoon."

"And I said, 'No.' Though I didn't think I would remember it the way I always have."

"Everybody was through supper, and her husband was awfully worried, because nobody had seen us go, you see. He didn't know what had happened."

"Her husband!" gasped Louise.

"Sure," Jimsie responded. "I told you she was married, didn't I? They went away a couple of days afterward."

"It's queer you never told me about her before. You have told me about all your other friends."

"Why, there wasn't anything to tell," Jimsie answered, still sunk in his dream of that perfect afternoon—a moment that comes to people only once or twice in a lifetime, when the hands of time turn back to the golden moments of childhood, where everything is innocence and peace, and where one has added to the joy of child's play and the rollicking, heart-stirring laughter the knowledge of how happy one is—the moment when two people fare forth to the Elysian fields, leaving behind them at the gate all the conventions with which, as a rule, we are so sadly cloaked from all our fellow creatures. Such moments come like the gift of the gods, handed out without rhyme or reason, it would seem, and Jimsie had treasured his moment always, and now for the first time had spoken of it, giving it to Louise to look at as one would some precious thing, wishing, as he did, to share with her everything in his life that seemed worthy of her.

"Was she pretty?" Louise asked Jimsie.

He frowned, trying to evoke from his memory the face of his companion.

"I don't remember. She had light hair. She looked like a kid when it came down."

"What was her name?"

"Her name?" Jimsie wondered. "I don't know. I don't think I ever caught her name. Why, Louise—why, Louise, what's the matter?" for Louise had wrenched her hand from Jimsie's and sat staring at him, angry tears in her eyes.

"You're keeping something from me, Jimsie," she cried. "You *do* know her name. How can you say that you don't know the name of the woman who gave you the happiest moment of your life?"

Had she struck him he couldn't have been more dazed. A little flicker of anger answered hers. Jimsie Bate wasn't used to being told he lied.

"I tell you," he said, with a touch of sternness, "I *don't* know her name. I never did know it. I never saw her again."

The long tension of self-control had worn upon Louise, and she hid her face in the grass and wept. She sobbed like an angry and disappointed child. Jimsie

looked at her dumfounded. What was the matter? What on earth was she crying about? He had told her lots worse things. He had confessed to her things that really mattered that he had done and she hadn't seemed to mind it one bit; and here he had told her this innocent, sweet experience, and she was crying angrily. She couldn't be jealous! How could a woman be such a fool as to be jealous? But the unmanly spectacle of her tears washed away his anger. He had never seen Louise cry before. The whole thing was inexplicable to him. The end of the world apparently had come, and he didn't know how or why. She must be jealous—that must be it. At this his nature rose in revolt. If he had been analytical enough to put words to it, he would have said that he was shocked to the core of his being. In his matter-of-fact man's life, moments of pure poetry were rare enough, and this little bit of pure gold had shone to him always in the rather dull alloy of his days. Now Louise treated it as if it were a piece of stolen gold. He felt smirched and hurt.

Louise was a delicate and sweet-minded woman, and he a man no better than any other man, and yet it is true in a world where good and bad are so mingled that your ordinary man may have finer strains in him than a sweet-minded woman, and that the woman may fall into spiritual grossness through lack of understanding and imagination, and, above all, through her devouring egotism which demands graspingly that her man shall be hers, all of him.

And here Jimsie in his blindness did exactly the wrong thing. He tried to reason with Louise; but when one has been hurt in the heart one can only be healed through the heart. He stooped to justify himself with:

"See here, Louise, there wasn't anything in it. I tell you I never saw her again. I don't know what her name was; I don't even remember how she looked."

But at that moment Louise was far from jealousy. She was sobbing over her fallen empire, crying because she had not been able to give Jimsie the happiest moment of his life. Falteringly, with deep sobs, she told him this.

"Oh, but you have; you do! Of course I am happier with you than with anybody else; but don't you see, this was just sort of a little piece of different. I never thought of it in the same moment with you, Louise."

"I see," she answered, dully; "I understand."

She dried her eyes, and after a time they walked home together in silence, finding they had come a distance insupportably long. Louise felt hot all over, ashamed as a boy might who has cried before another boy. Tears had been rare in her life always, and when they had come she had hidden them. She longed for her own room with the door locked and silence. The dim meaning of what Jimsie's experience had meant came to her, and she realized also that by showing that she had not understood it she had lost some empire over Jimsie—an empire that she might perhaps never regain; and at this the tears welled up again and fell down her cheeks, and Jimsie said:

"Don't you think you have cried about enough, Louise?" at which she sat down by the side of the road and sobbed in broken fashion, to his utter dismay and her own, both having the cold fear in their hearts of some one passing by who would know them. At last Louise said:

"Let me go home alone, Jimsie. I know you will say something and I shall cry; I know I shall." She made this confession, burning alive with shame, and with anger at him for having witnessed her degradation, with anger at herself for not having been able to control herself—as dismayed as Jimsie concerning the scene they had passed through.

So they went their separate ways, both feeling as if some catastrophe had overtaken them, each of them looking down for the first time into the immeasurable gulf that separates all men and women, driven asunder by what had made them one. Because Jimsie was a man and Louise a woman, they had loved each other, and now for the same reason they were being driven apart, neither understanding what had happened, nor comprehending the deep hurt that each had given the other.

It is so much harder to meet the small,

meaningless tempests of life that come upon one when the air is tranquil and the sky blue than to stand up manfully to the deeper tragedies.

As she had done when she was a little girl when she was going home too late, beyond the hour fixed by her mother, Louise went in guiltily by a side gate and up the back stairs to her room, where she locked the door and breathed a sigh of relief at being alone. She had thirsted for this solitude, but here in her own room Jimsie pursued her. All around were signs of his occupation. Neckties hung over the mirror; brushes were scattered about; his sweater hung over a chair. Here in her own blue-and-white room where she had lived her life as a girl—not even here could she escape him. She sat down to think what had happened. Nothing had happened, and everything.

The story of Jimsie's perfect afternoon seemed now to her a far-off and shadowy thing. It seemed unimportant to her that he should have been happier for a moment with somebody else; the thing that mattered was that they had been as one, and now their sky was changed and darkened. She suffered intolerably. There was no one in the world who could help her—no one she could go to, for there was nothing to tell—no one whose advice she could ask, for there was nothing to ask advice about.

Yes, the sky was changed. Why, she didn't know any more than Jimsie knew as he walked slowly along the dusty road, wondering blindly what had struck Louise.

He had watched her retreating figure, staring as though he could not believe what was happening before his eyes. What had happened? That is what he would have liked to know. As he asked himself this question, anger at the injustice of things arose in him. Men are less patient about such matters than women, perhaps because they are less accustomed to them. Injustice troubles the average woman very little, but it is a thing that a man simply cannot bear.

What, Jimsie asked himself, had he done to bring this upon his head? Their life together, which had been so sweet only a few minutes before, seemed

to lie in pieces about him. He knew that women had moods, he had seen that for himself. He had heard they were unreasonable—rumors of the unaccountable performances of the female were constantly getting to Jimsie from his married friends. So this was it, then? This sort of tantrum which came from no cause that one could name and turned the sweet things of life dark and ugly and for which one could do nothing (that was the thing that chafed him), absolutely nothing! He had done all that a man could do, he told himself, not realizing that he had left out the one thing that could have helped matters; for Jimsie Bate had not lived long enough in the world of the emotions to realize that it is affection that a woman wants when she cries, and not reason.

Some men never realize this all their lives, and look upon the tears of their partner with anger, or with mute dismay, according to their temperaments, and go on through the years trying to better matters by explanation. In such matters most of us, both men and women, remain children forever. There are wives who make their husbands angry in precisely the same way two hundred days in the year, and men who hurt their wives in precisely the same manner after ten years of marriage that they did when they first made them cry.

But for the life of him, even if this way of comforting Louise had occurred to him, he could not have done it. He was sorry for her, but he was sorry for her with a certain raging despair. He was still sorrier for himself—Jimsie Bate—Jimsie, who had given up sailing only to have a scene because he had told his wife a story as harmless as a fairy-tale.

Nothing had happened; no great quarrel had come, for he could not say that they really had quarrelled; but everything was changed. For the world of the emotions knows no logical reason. A most trivial occurrence may be more blighting than some great catastrophe. A man may leave his well-known world and follow a woman for no better reason that you could put into words than a trick she has of lifting her eyebrows, but later on, her manner of asking a question may make her almost unbearable. None of us knows a thing about

it; no man can give a reasonable reason why one woman indifferently good-looking, of no more intelligence than her neighbors, makes up the world for him for a while, or knows why, after a while, she ceases to do this.

There seems to be one general rule to govern what men and women will not forgive each other—we can't bear for long that which takes away our peace of mind; and this is what Jimsie and Louise had done for each other.

Jimsie lagged along the road; for the first time in his life he didn't want to see Louise. It was with relief that he found her with the others on the piazza; for all the way home he had been confronted by the necessity of saying something to her, and he realized that he had nothing to say—nothing whatever. All he wanted was peace. He was emotionally bankrupt. He was glad of the insignificant chatter of a crowd. They soon went in to supper, and as he watched Louise across the table he realized that never before had she seemed to him so much a stranger. Why, she had seemed nearer to him the first day he had seen her—standing before the mast of the sailboat, when the wind blew her hat into the Sound. A strange and alien woman she seemed to him now, filled with violent emotions whose depths he could not fathom; and he—he must seem to her equally far off, since she could so misunderstand the things he had to tell her.

A sense of loneliness grew upon him overwhelmingly. It is a very bitter thing to realize how alone one really is in the world. There are some sensitive and morbid people who have gone mad with nothing more than this knowledge of their own isolation; and Jimsie, normal and happy-hearted, didn't know how to wrestle with the sadness that poured over him; and mingled with his sadness was a strain of definite irritation—irritation of the average married man which voices itself in the words:

"Darn women, anyway! What ails 'em?"

After supper the chatter of the people became intolerable to Jimsie, and he strolled off with a cigarette in his hand to the soothing darkness of the garden, oppressed by his loneliness, angry with himself, with Louise, and with the injustice of things, and, above all, dismayed at the change in his own world that seemed so impregnably secure. Now that world had changed. It could never be the simple matter that it had been. Doubts there would be and misunderstandings. It amounted to as much as that, although there was nothing one could tell anybody. Besides, what had happened? A quarrel was a human, understandable thing, for one could make it up. Some one might say he was in the wrong. But this, this struck at the very foundation of things; slight as it was and made of nothing greater than a few tears and a difference in point of view, it yet marked the limits of the Garden of Eden for Louise and Jimsie, since it marked the limits of where they could go together hand in hand with complete understanding.

As Jimsie strolled mournfully about the garden, he saw on a bench beneath one of the trees a dejected white figure in a pose that looked just as he felt, and before he knew it Louise was in his arms; for since his own heart was sore and needed comforting, he knew all at once how to comfort her, and how to be comforted by her. Together they clung to each other before the door that they might never again enter; for love has its perfect moment—a perfect moment that is very perishable, and that the first adverse wind must wither. And so clinging together they realized that the perfect moment for them was over—that they could no longer think themselves wiser and more fortunate in their love than any other of the people they knew; but they realized too that nothing mattered very much so long as they still cared. The deep misunderstandings of sex might be always there and yet could not really hurt them, nor could anything, so long as they should love each other.

# My Memories of Mark Twain

BY W. D. HOWELLS

PART III

WHEN Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin became owner of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Houghton fancied having some breakfasts and dinners, which should bring the publisher and the editor face to face with the contributors, who were bidden from far and near. Of course, the subtle fiend of advertising, who has now grown so unblushing bold, lurked under the covers at these banquets, and the junior partner and the young editor had their joint and separate fine anguishes of misgiving as to the taste and the principle of them; but they were really very simple-hearted and honestly meant hospitalities, and they prospered as they ought, and gave great pleasure and no pain. I forget some of the "emergent occasions," but I am sure of a birthday dinner most unexpectedly accepted by Whittier, and a birthday luncheon to Mrs. Stowe, and I think a birthday dinner to Longfellow; but the passing years have left me in the dark as to the pretext of that supper at which Clemens made his awful speech, and came so near being the death of us all. At the breakfasts and luncheons, we had the pleasure of our lady-contributors' company, but that night there were only men, and because of our great strength we survived.

I suppose the year was about 1879, but here the almanac is unimportant, and I can only say that it was after Clemens had become a most valued contributor of the magazine, where he found himself to his own great explicit satisfaction. He had jubilantly accepted our invitation, and had promised a speech, which it appeared afterward he had prepared with unusual care and confidence. It was his custom always to think out his speeches, mentally wording them, and then memorizing them by a peculiar system of mnemonics which he had invented. On the dinner table a certain succession

of knife, spoon, saltcellar, and butter-plate symbolized a train of ideas, and on the billiard-table a ball, a cue, and a piece of chalk served the same purpose. With a diagram of these printed on the brain he had full command of the phrases which his excogitation had attached to them, and which embodied the ideas in perfect form. He believed he had been particularly fortunate in his notion for the speech of that evening, and he had worked it out in joyous self-reliance. It was the notion of three tramps, three deadbeats, visiting a California mining-camp, and imposing themselves upon the innocent miners as respectively Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humor of the conception must prosper or must fail according to the mood of the hearer, but Clemens felt sure of compelling this to sympathy, and he looked forward to an unparalleled triumph.

But there were two things that he had not taken into account. One was the species of religious veneration in which these men were held by those nearest them, a thing that I should not be able to realize to people remote from them in time and place. They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called *presence*, for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit. I do not suppose that anybody more truly valued them, or more piously loved them, than Clemens himself, but the intoxication of his fancy carried him beyond the bounds of that regard, and emboldened him to the other thing which he had not taken into account, namely, the immense hazard of working his fancy out before their faces, and expecting them to enter into the delight of it. If neither Emerson, nor Longfellow, nor Holmes had been there, the scheme might possibly

have carried, but even this is doubtful, for those who so devoutly honored them would have overcome their horror with difficulty, and perhaps would not have overcome it at all.

The publisher, with a modesty very ungrateful to me, had abdicated his office of host, and I was the hapless president, fulfilling the abhorred function of calling people to their feet and making them speak. When I came to Clemens I introduced him with the cordial admiring I had for him as one of my greatest contributors and dearest friends. Here, I said, in sum, was a humorist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke; and then the amazing mistake, the bewildering blunder, the cruel catastrophe was upon us. I believe that after the scope of the burlesque made itself clear, there was no one there, including the burlesquer himself, who was not smitten with a desolating dismay. There fell a silence, weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment, and was broken only by the hysterical and blood-curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy. Nobody knew whether to look at the speaker, or down at his plate. I chose my plate as the least affliction, and so I do not know how Clemens looked, except when I stole a glance at him, and saw him standing solitary amid his appalled and appalling listeners, with his joke dead on his hands. From a first glance at the great three whom his jest had made its theme, I was aware of Longfellow sitting upright, and regarding the humorist with an air of pensive puzzle, of Holmes busily writing on his menu, with a well-feigned effect of preoccupation, and of Emerson, holding his elbows, and listening with a sort of Jovian oblivion of this nether world in that lapse of memory which saved him in those later years from so much bother. Clemens must have dragged his joke to the climax, and left it there, but I cannot say this from any sense of the fact. Of what happened afterward at the table where the immense, the wholly innocent, the truly unimagined affront was offered, I have no longer the least remembrance. I next remember being in a room of the hotel,

where Clemens was not to sleep, but to toss in despair, and Charles Dudley Warner's saying, in the gloom, "Well, Mark! *You're a funny fellow.*" It was as well as anything else he could have said, but Clemens seemed unable to accept the tribute.

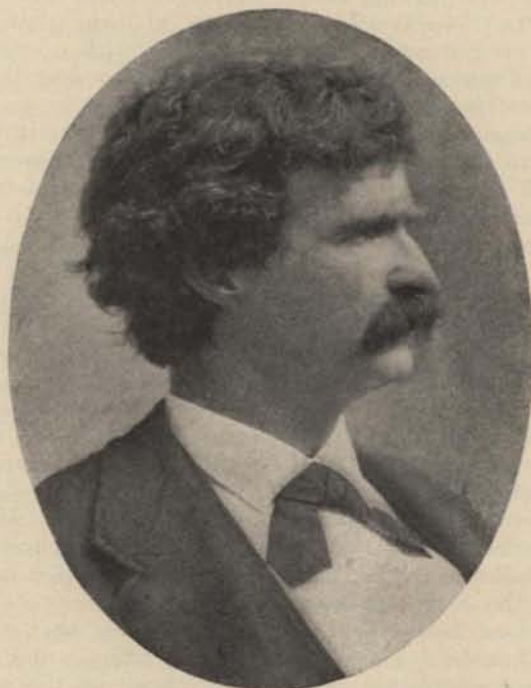
I stayed the night with him, and the next morning, after a haggard breakfast, we drove about and he made some purchases of bric-à-brac for his house in Hartford, with a soul as far away from bric-à-brac as ever the soul of man was. He went home by an early train, and he lost no time in writing back to the three divine personalities which he had so involuntarily seemed to flout. They all wrote back to him, making it as light for him as they could. I have heard that Emerson was a good deal mystified, and in his sublime forgetfulness asked, Who was this gentleman who appeared to think he had offered him some sort of annoyance? But I am not sure that this is accurate. What I am sure of is that Longfellow, a few days after, in my study, stopped before a photograph of Clemens, and said, "Ah! He is a *wag*," and nothing more. Holmes told me, with deep emotion, such as a brother humorist might well feel, that he had not lost an instant in replying to Clemens's letter, and assuring him that there had not been the least offence, and entreating him never to think of the matter again. "He said that he was a fool, but he was God's fool." Holmes quoted from the letter with a true sense of the pathos and humor of the self-abasement.

To me, Clemens wrote a week later, "It doesn't get any better; it burns like fire." But now I understand that it was not shame that burnt, but rage for a blunder which he had so incredibly committed. That to have conceived of those men, the most dignified in our literature, our civilization, as impersonable by three hoboos, and then to have imagined that he could ask them personally to enjoy the monstrous travesty, was a break, he saw too late, for which there was no repair. Yet the time came, and not so very long afterward, when some mention was made of the incident as a mistake, and he said, with all his fierceness, "But I don't admit that it *was* a mistake," and it was not so in the minds of all witnesses

at second hand. The morning after the dreadful dinner, there came a glowing note from Professor Child, who had read the newspaper report of it, praising Clemens's burlesque as the richest piece of humor in the world, and betraying no sense of incongruity in its perpetration in the presence of its victims. I think it must always have ground Clemens's soul, that he was the victim of circumstances, and that if he had some more favoring occasion he could retrieve his loss in it, by giving the thing the right setting.—Not more than two or three years ago, he came to try me as to trying it again at a meeting of newspaper men in Washington. I had to own my fears, while I alleged Child's note on the other hand, but in the end he did not try it with the newspaper men. I do not know whether he has ever printed it or not, but since the thing happened, I have often wondered how much offence there really was in it.\* I am not sure but the horror of the spectators read more indignation into the subjects of the hapless drolling than they felt. But it must have been difficult for them to bear it with equanimity. To be sure they were not themselves mocked; nevertheless their personality was trifled with, and I could only end by reflecting that if I had been in their place I should not have liked it myself. Clemens would have liked it himself, for he had the heart for that sort of wild play, and he so loved a joke that even if it took the form of a liberty, and was yet a good joke, he would have loved it.

See "Mark Twain's Speeches."

He was oftenest at my house in Cambridge, but he was also sometimes at my house in Belmont; when, after a year in Europe, we went to live in Boston he was more rarely with us. We could never be long together without something out of the common happening, and one day something far out of the common happened, which fortunately refused the nature of absolute tragedy, while remaining rather the saddest sort of comedy. We were looking out of my library window on that view of the Charles which I was so proud of sharing with my all-but-next-door neighbor, Doctor Holmes, when another friend who was with us called out with curiously impersonal interest, "Oh, see that woman getting into the water!" This would have excited curiosity and alarmed anxiety far less lively than ours, and Clemens and I



MARK TWAIN, 1878

rushed down-stairs and out through my basement and back gate. At the same time a coachman came out of a stable next door, and grappled by the shoulders a woman who was somewhat deliberately getting down the steps to the water over the face of the embankment. Before we could reach them he had pulled her up to the driveway, and stood holding her there while she crazily grieved at her rescue. As soon as he saw us he went back into his stable, and left us with the poor, wild creature on our hands. She was not very young and not very pretty, and we could not have flattered ourselves with the notion of anything romantic in her suicidal mania, but we could take her on the broad human level, and on this we pro-



posed to escort her up Beacon Street till we could give her into the keeping of one of those kindly policemen whom our neighborhood knew. Naturally there was no policeman, known to us or unknown, the whole way to the Public Garden. We had to circumvent our charge in her present design of drowning herself, and walk her past the streets crossing Beacon to the river. At these points it needed considerable reasoning to overcome her wish and some active manœuvring in both of us to enforce our arguments. Nobody else appeared to be interested, and though we did not court publicity in the performance of the duty so strangely laid upon us, still it was rather disappointing to be so entirely ignored.

There are some four or five crossings to the river between 302 Beacon Street and the Public Garden, and the suggestions at our command were pretty well exhausted by the time we reached it. Still the expected policeman was nowhere in sight; but a brilliant thought occurred to Clemens. He asked me where the nearest police station was, and when I told him, he started off at his highest speed, leaving me in sole charge of our hapless ward. All my powers of suasion were now taxed to the utmost, and I began attracting attention as a short,

stout gentleman in early middle life endeavoring to restrain a respectable female of her personal liberty, when his accomplice had abandoned him to his wicked design. After a much long time than I thought I should have taken to get a policeman from the station Clemens reappeared in easy conversation with an officer, who had

probably realized that he was in the company of Mark Twain, and was in no hurry to end the interview. He took possession of our captive and we saw her no more. I now wonder that with our joint instinct for failure we ever got rid of her; but I am sure we did, and few things in life have given me greater relief. When we got back to my house we found the friend we had left there quite unruffled and not much concerned to know the facts of our adventure. My impression is that he had been taking a nap on my lounge; he appeared refreshed and even gay; but if I am inexact in these details he is alive to refute me.

A little after this Clemens went abroad with his family and lived several years in Germany. His letters still came, but at longer intervals, and the thread of our



MR. HOWELLS'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE

intimate relations was inevitably broken. He would write me when something I had written pleased him, or when something signal occurred to him, or some political or social outrage stirred him to wrath, and he wished to free his mind in pious profanity. During this sojourn he came near dying of pneumonia in Berlin, and he had slight relapses from

it after coming home. In Berlin also he had the honor of dining with the German Emperor at the table of a cousin married to a high officer of the court. Clemens was a man to enjoy such a distinction; he knew how to take it as a delegated recognition from the German people; but as coming from a sovereign who had as yet only his sovereignty to value himself upon, he was not very proud of it. He expressed a quiet disdain of the event as between the imperialism and himself, on whom it was supposed to confer such glory, crowning his life with the topmost leaf of laurel. He was in the same mood in his account of an English dinner many years before, where there was a "little Scotch lord" present, to whom the English tacitly referred Clemens's talk, and laughed when he laughed, and were grave when he failed to smile. Of all the men I have known he was the farthest from a snob, though he valued recognition, and liked the flattery of the fashionable fair when it came in his way. He would not go out of his way for it, but like all able and brilliant men he loved the minds of women, their wit, their agile cleverness, their sensitive perception, their humorous appreciation, the saucy things they would say, and their pretty, temerarious defiances. He had of course the keenest sense of what was truly dignified and truly undignified in people; but he was not really interested in what we call society affairs; they scarcely existed for him; though his books witness how he abhorred the dreadful fools who through some chance of birth or wealth hold themselves different from other men.

Commonly he did not keep things to himself, especially dislikes and condemnations. Upon most current events he had strong opinions, and he uttered them strongly. After a while he was silent in them, but if you tried him you found him in them still. He was apt to wear himself out in the vehemence of his resentments; or, he had so spent himself in uttering them that he had literally nothing more to say. You could offer Clemens offences that would anger other men and he did not mind; he would account for them from human nature; but if he thought you had in any way played him false you were

anathema and maranatha forever. Yet not forever, perhaps, for by and by, after years, he would be silent. There were two men, half a generation apart in their succession, whom he thought equally atrocious in their treason to him, and of whom he used to talk terrifyingly, even after they were out of the world. He went farther than Heine, who said that he forgave his enemies, but not till they were dead. Clemens did not forgive his dead enemies; their death seemed to deepen their crimes, like a base evasion, or a cowardly attempt to escape; he pursued them to the grave; he would like to dig them up and take vengeance upon their clay. So he said, but no doubt he would not have hurt them if he had had them living before him. He was generous without stint; he trusted without measure, but where his generosity was abused, or his trust betrayed, he was a fire of vengeance, a consuming flame of suspicion that no sprinkling of cool patience from others could quench; it had to burn itself out. He was eagerly and lavishly hospitable, but if a man seemed willing to batten on him, or in any way to lie down upon him, Clemens despised him unutterably. In his frenzies of resentment or suspicion he would not, and doubtless could not, listen to reason. But if between the paroxysms he were confronted with the facts he would own them, no matter how much they told against him. At one period he fancied that a certain newspaper was hounding him with biting censure and poisonous paragraphs, and he was filling himself up with wrath to be duly discharged on the editor's head. Later, he wrote me with a humorous joy in his mistake that Warner had advised him to have the paper watched for these injuries. He had done so, and how many mentions of him did I reckon he had found in three months? Just two, and they were rather indifferent than unfriendly. So the paper was acquitted, and the editor's life was spared. The wretch never knew how near he was to losing it, with incredible preliminaries of obloquy, and a subsequent devotion to lasting infamy.

His memory for favors was as good as for injuries, and he liked to return your friendliness with as loud a band of music as could be bought or bribed for



MARK TWAIN AND MR HOWELLS AT LAKEWOOD, 1908

the occasion. All that you had to do was to signify that you wanted his help. When my father was consul at Toronto during Arthur's administration, he fancied that his place was in danger, and he appealed to me. In turn I appealed to Clemens, bethinking myself of his friendship with Grant, and Grant's friendship with Arthur. I asked him to write to Grant in my father's behalf, but No, he answered me, I must come to Hartford, and we would go on to New York together and see Grant personally. This was before, and long before, Clemens became Grant's publisher and splendid benefactor, but the men liked each other as such men could not help doing. Clemens made the appointment, and we went to find Grant in his business office, that place where his business innocence was

afterward so betrayed. He was very simple and very cordial, and I was instantly the more at home with him, because his voice was the soft, rounded, Ohio River accent to which my years were earliest used from my steamboating uncles, my earliest heroes. When I stated my business, he merely said, Oh, no; that must not be; he would write to President Arthur; and he did so that day—and my father lived to lay down his office when he tired of it, with no urgency from above.

It is not irrelevant to Clemens to say that Grant seemed to like finding himself in company with two literary men, one of whom at least he could make sure of, and unlike that silent man, he was reputed, he talked constantly, and so far as he might he talked literature. At least

he talked of John Phœnix, that delightful of the early Pacific Slope humorists, whom he had known under his real name of George H. Derby, when they were fellow cadets at West Point. It was mighty pretty, as Pepys would say, to see the delicate deference Clemens paid our plain hero, and the manly respect with which he listened. While Grant talked, his luncheon was brought in from some unassuming restaurant near by, and he asked us to join him in the baked beans and coffee which were served us in a little room out of the office with about the same circumstance as at a railroad refreshment-counter. The baked beans and coffee were of about the railroad-refreshment quality; but eating them with Grant was like sitting down to baked beans and coffee with Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, or some other great Plutarchan captain.

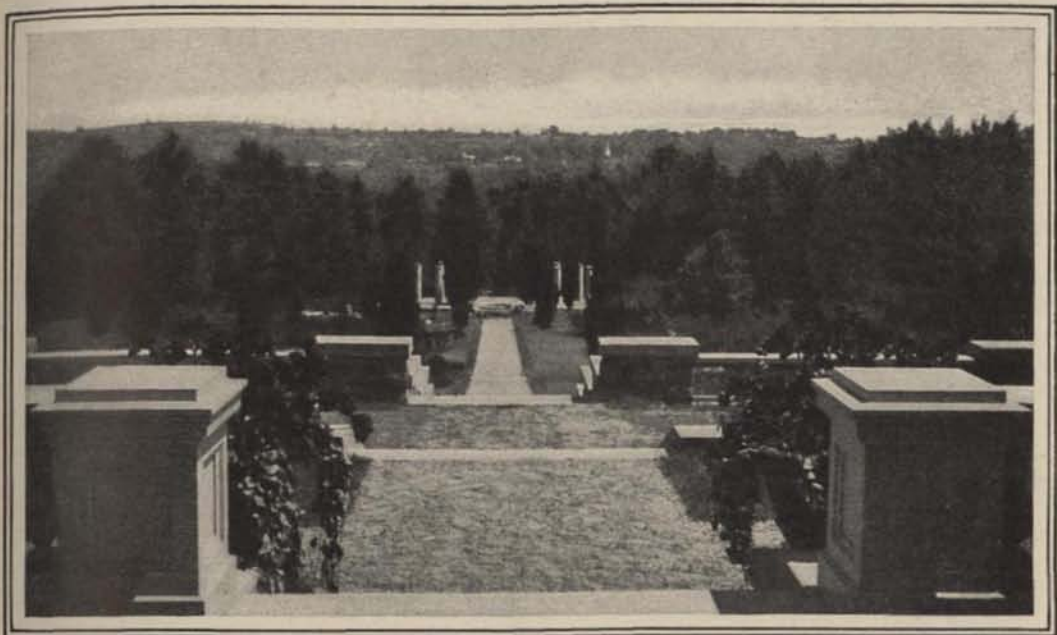
One of the highest satisfactions of Clemens's often supremely satisfactory life was his relation to Grant. It was his proud joy to tell how he found Grant about to sign a contract for his book on certainly very good terms, and said to him that he could himself publish the book, and give him a percentage three times as large. He said Grant seemed to doubt whether he could honorably withdraw from the negotiation at that point,

but Clemens overbore such scruples, and it was his unparalleled privilege, his princely pleasure to pay the author a far larger check for his work than had ever been paid to an author before. He valued even more than this splendid opportunity the sacred moments in which their business brought him into the presence of the slowly dying, heroically living man whom he was so befriending; and he told me in words which surely lost none of their simple pathos through his report how Grant described his suffering.

The prosperity of this venture was the beginning of Clemens's adversity, for it led to excesses of enterprise which were forms of dissipation. The young sculptor who had come back to him from Paris modelled a small bust of Grant, which Clemens multiplied in great numbers to his great loss, and the success of Grant's book tempted him to launch on publishing seas where his bark presently foundered. The first and greatest of his disasters was the *Life of Pope Leo XIII.*, which he came to tell me of, when he had imagined it, in a sort of glorious intoxication. He had no words in which to paint the magnificence of the project, or to forecast its colossal success. It would have a currency bounded only by the number of Catholics in Christendom. It would be translated into every language



MARK TWAIN'S FINAL HOME—"STORMFIELD," REDDING, CONNECTICUT



"STORMFIELD"—LOOKING TOWARD THE PERGOLA

which was anywhere written or printed; it would be circulated literally in every country of the globe, and Clemens's book-agents would carry the prospectuses and then the bound copies of the work to the ends of the whole earth. Not only would every Catholic buy it, but every Catholic must, as he was a good Catholic, as he hoped to be saved. It was a magnificent scheme, and it captivated me, as it had captivated Clemens; it dazzled us both, and neither of us saw the fatal defect in it. The event proved that the immeasurable majority did not wish to read the life of the Pope, though it was written by a dignitary of the Church and issued to the world with every sanction from the Vatican. The failure was incredible to Clemens; his sanguine soul was utterly confounded, and soon a silence fell upon it where it had been so exuberantly jubilant.

The occasions which brought us to New York together were not nearly so frequent as those which united us in Boston, but there was a dinner given him by a friend which remains memorable from the fatuity of two men present, so different in everything but their fatuity. One was the sweet old comedian Billy Florence, who was urging the un-

successful dramatist across the table to write him a play about Oliver Cromwell, and giving the reasons why he thought himself peculiarly fitted to portray the character of Cromwell. The other was a modestly millioned rich man who was then only beginning to amass the moneys afterward heaped so high, and was still in the condition to be flattered by the condescension of a yet greater millionaire. His contribution to our gayety was the verbatim report of a call he had made upon William H. Vanderbilt, whom he had found just about starting out of town, with his trunks actually in the front hall, but who had stayed to receive the narrator. He had, in fact, sat down on one of the trunks, and talked with easiest friendliness, and quite, we were given to infer, like an ordinary human being. Clemens often kept on with some thread of the talk when we came away from a dinner, but now he was silent, as if "high sorrowful and cloyed"; and it was not till well afterward that I found he had noted the facts from the bitterness with which he mocked the rich man, and the pity he expressed for the actor.

He had begun before that to amass those evidences against mankind which



"STORMFIELD"—THE LIVING-ROOM

eventuated with him in his theory of what he called "the damned human race." This was not an expression of piety, but of the kind contempt to which he was driven by our follies and iniquities as he had observed them in himself as well as in others. It was as mild a misanthropy, probably, as ever caressed the objects of its malediction. But I believe it was about the year 1900 that his sense of our perdition became insupportable and broke out in a mixed abhorrence and amusement which spared no occasion; so that I could quite understand why Mrs. Clemens should have found some compensation, when kept to her room by sickness, in the reflection that now she should not hear so much about the "damned human race." He told of that with the same wild joy that he told of overhearing her repetition of one of his most inclusive profanities, and her explanation that she meant him to hear it so that he might know how it sounded. The contrast of the lurid blasphemy with her heavenly whiteness should have been enough to cure any one less grounded than he in what must be owned was as fixed a habit as smoking with him.

When I first knew him he rarely vented his fury in that sort, and I fancy he was under a promise to her which he kept sacred till the wear and tear of his nerves with advancing years disabled him. Then it would be like him to struggle with himself till he could struggle no longer and to ask his promise back, and it would be like her to give it back. His profanity was the heritage of his boyhood and young manhood in social conditions and under the duress of exigencies in which everybody swore about as impersonally as he smoked. It is best to recognize the fact of it, and I do so the more readily because I cannot suppose the Recording Angel really minded it much more than that Guardian Angel of his. It probably grieved them about equally, but they could equally forgive it. Nothing came of his pose regarding the damned human race except his invention of the Human Race Luncheon Club. This was confined to four persons who were never all got together, and it soon perished of their indifference.

In the earlier days that I have more specially in mind one of the questions that we used to debate a good deal was

whether every human motive was not selfish. We inquired as to every impulse, the noblest, the holiest in effect, and he found them in the last analysis of selfish origin. Pretty nearly the whole time of a certain railroad run from New York to Hartford was taken up with the scrutiny of the self-sacrifice of a mother for her child, of the abandon of the lover who dies in saving his mistress from fire or flood, of the hero's courage in the field and the martyr's at the stake. Each he found springing from the unconscious love of self and the dread of the greater pain which the self-sacrificer would suffer in forbearing the sacrifice. If we had any time left from this inquiry that day, he must have devoted it to a high regret that Napoleon did not carry out his purpose of invading England, for then he would have destroyed the feudal aristocracy, or "reformed the lords," as it might be called now. He thought that would have been an incalculable blessing to the English people and the world. Clemens was always beautifully and unfalteringly a republican. None of his occasional misgivings for America implicated a return to monarchy. Yet he felt passionately the splendor of the English monarchy, and there was a time when he gloried in that figurative poetry by which the king was phrased as "the Majesty of England." He rolled the words deep-throatedly out, and exulted in their beauty as if it were beyond any other glory of the world. He read, or read *at*, English history a great deal, and one of the by-products of his restless invention was a game of English Kings (like the game of Authors) for children. I do not know whether he ever perfected this; but I am quite sure it was not put upon the market. Very likely he brought it to a practicable stage, and then tired of it, as he was apt to do in the ultimatum of his vehement undertakings.

He satisfied the impassioned demand of his nature for incessant activities of every kind by taking a personal as well as a pecuniary interest in the inventions of others. At one moment the damned human race was almost to be redeemed by a process of founding brass without air bubbles in it; if this could once be accomplished, as I understood, or mis-

understood, brass could be used in art-printing to a degree hitherto impossible. I dare say I have got it wrong, but I am not mistaken as to Clemens's enthusiasm for the process, and his heavy losses in paying its way to ultimate failure. He was simultaneously absorbed in the perfection of a type-setting machine, which he was paying the inventor a salary to bring to a perfection so expensive that it was practically impracticable. We were both printers by trade, and I could take the same interest in this wonderful piece of mechanism that he could; and it was so truly wonderful that it did everything but walk and talk. Its ingenious creator was so bent upon realizing the highest ideal in it that he produced a machine of quite unimpeachable efficiency. But it was so costly, when finished, that it could not be made for less than twenty thousand dollars, if the parts were made by hand. This sum was prohibitive of its introduction, unless the requisite capital could be found for making the parts by machinery, and Clemens spent many months in vainly trying to get this money together. In the mean time simpler machines had been invented and the market filled, and his investment of three hundred thousand dollars in the beautiful miracle remained permanent but not profitable. I once went with him to witness its performance, and it did seem to me the last word in its way, but it had been spoken too exquisitely, too fastidiously. I never heard him devote the inventor to the infernal gods, as he was apt to do with the geniuses he lost money by, and so I think he did not regard him as a traitor.

In these things, and in his other schemes for the *subiti guadagni* of the speculator and the "sudden making of splendid names" for the benefactors of our species, Clemens satisfied the Colonel Sellers nature in himself (from which he drew the picture of that wild and lovable figure), and perhaps made as good use of his money as he could. He did not care much for money in itself, but he luxuriated in the lavish use of it, and he was as generous with it as ever a man was. He liked giving it, but he commonly wearied of giving it himself, and wherever he lived he established an almoner, whom he fully trusted to keep his left hand

ignorant of what his right hand was doing. I believe he felt no finality in charity, but did it because in its provisional way it was the only thing a man could do. I never heard him go really into any sociological inquiry, and I have a feeling that that sort of thing baffled and dispirited him. No one can read *The Connecticut Yankee* and not be aware of the length and breadth of his sympathies with poverty, but apparently he had not thought out any scheme for righting the economic wrongs we abound in. I cannot remember our ever getting quite down to a discussion of the matter; we came very near it once in the day of the vast wave of emotion sent over the world by *Looking Backward*, and again when we were all so troubled by the great coal strike in Pennsylvania; in considering that he seemed to be for the time doubtful of the justice of the working-man's cause. At all other times he seemed to know that whatever wrongs the working-man committed work was always in the right.

When Clemens returned to America with his family, after lecturing round the world, I again saw him in New York, where I so often saw him while he was shaping himself for that heroic enterprise. He would come to me, and talk sorrowfully over his financial ruin, and picture it to himself as the stuff of some unhappy dream, which, after long prosperity, had culminated the wrong way. It was very melancholy, very touching, but the sorrow to which he had come home from his long journey had not that forlorn bewilderment in it. He was looking wonderfully well, and when I wanted the name of his elixir, he said it was plasmon. He was apt, for a man who had put faith so decidedly away from him, to take it back and pin it to some superstition, usually of a hygienic sort. Once, when he was well on in years, he came to New York without glasses, and announced that he and all his family, so astigmatic and myopic and old-sighted, had, so to speak, burned their spectacles behind them, upon the instruction of some sage who had found out that they were a delusion. The next time he came he wore spectacles freely, almost ostentatiously, and I heard from others that the whole Clemens family had been near

losing their eyesight by the miracle worked in their behalf. Now, I was not surprised to learn that the damned human race was to be saved by plasmon, if anything, and that my first duty was to visit the plasmon agency with him, and procure enough plasmon to secure my family against the ills it was heir to for evermore. I did not immediately understand that plasmon was one of the investments which he had made from "the substance of things hoped for," and in the destiny of a disastrous disappointment. But after paying off the creditors of his late publishing firm, he had to do something with his money, and it was not his fault if he did not make a fortune out of plasmon.

For a time it was a question whether he should not go back with his family to their old home in Hartford. Perhaps the father's and mother's hearts drew them there all the more strongly because of the grief written ineffaceably over it, but for the younger ones, it was no longer the measure of the world. It was easier for all to stay on indefinitely in New York, which is a sojourn without circumstance, and equally the home of exile and of indecision. The Clemenses took a pleasant, spacious house at Riverdale on the Hudson, and there I began to see them again on something like the sweet old terms. They lived far more unpretentiously than they used, and I think with a notion of economy, which they had never very successfully practised. I recall that at the end of a certain year in Hartford when they had been saving, and paying cash for everything, Clemens wrote, reminding me of their avowed experiment, and asking me to guess how many bills they had at New-Year's; he hastened to say that a horse-car would not have held them. At Riverdale they kept no carriage, and there was a snowy night when I drove up to their handsome old mansion in the station carryall, which was crusted with mud as from the going down of the Deluge after transporting Noah and his family from the Ark to whatever point they decided to settle at provisionally. But the good talk, the rich talk, the talk that could never suffer poverty of mind or soul, was there, and we jubilantly found ourselves again in our middle



youth. It was the mighty moment when Clemens was building his engines of war for the destruction of Christian Science, which superstition nobody, and he least of all, expected to destroy. It would not be easy to say whether in his talk of it his disgust for the illiterate twaddle of Mrs. Eddy's book, or his admiration of her genius for organization was the greater. He believed that as a religious machine the Christian Science Church was as perfect as the Roman Church and destined to be more formidable in its control of the minds of men. He looked for its spread over the whole of Christendom; and throughout the winter he spent at Riverdale he was ready to meet all listeners more than half-way with his convictions of its powerful grasp of the average human desire to get something for nothing. The vacuous vulgarity of its texts was a perpetual joy to him, while he bowed with serious respect to the sagacity which built so securely upon the everlasting rock of human credulity and folly. One Sunday afternoon we went together to hear an able judge from Kansas, a clever lawyer and a politician of note, deliver a Christian Science discourse which was intellectually so much chopped food for cattle, to a congregation of three thousand prosperous persons mainly in seal-skin sacks and frock coats. I suppose that this extraordinary spectacle afforded Clemens a satisfaction which could have been matched for him only by the claim of Shakespeare to be Shakespeare, when he had come to the full perception that Bacon was Shakespeare.

An interesting phase of his psychology in this business was not only his admiration for the masterly policy of the Christian Science hierarchy, but his willingness to allow the miracles of its healers to be tried on his friends and family, if they wished it. He had a tender heart for the whole generation of empirics, as well as the newer sorts of scientitians, but he seemed to base his faith in them largely upon the failure of the regulars rather than upon their own successes, which also he believed in. He was recurrently, but not insistently, desirous that you should try their strange magics when you were going to try the familiar medicines.

The order of my acquaintance, or call

it intimacy, with Clemens was this: our first meeting in Boston, my visits to him in Hartford, his visits to me in Cambridge, in Belmont, and in Boston, our briefer and less frequent meetings in Paris and New York, all with repeated interruptions through my absences in Europe, and his sojourns in London, Berlin, Vienna, and Florence, and his flights to the many ends, and odds and ends, of the earth. I will not try to follow the events, if they were not rather the subjective experiences, of those different periods and points of time, which I must not fail to make include his summer at York Harbor, and his divers residences in New York, on Tenth Street and on Fifth Avenue, at Riverdale, and at Stormfield, which his daughter has told me he loved best of all his houses and hoped to make his home for long years.

Not much remains to me of the week or so that we had together in Paris early in the summer of 1904. The first thing I got at my bankers was a cable message announcing that my father was stricken with paralysis, but urging my stay for further intelligence, and I went about till the final summons came with my head in a mist of care and dread. Clemens was very kind and brotherly through it all. He was living greatly to his mind in one of those arcaded little hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, and he was free from all household duties to range with me. We drove together to make calls of digestion at many houses where he had got indigestion in his reluctance from their hospitality, for he hated dining out. But, as he explained, his wife wanted him to make these visits, and he did it, as he did everything she wanted. At one place, some suburban villa, he could get no answer to his ring, and he "hove" his cards over the gate just as it opened, and he had the shame of explaining in his unexplanatory French to the man picking them up. He was excruciatingly helpless with his cabmen, but by very cordially smiling and casting himself on the drivers' mercy he always managed to get where he wanted. The family was on the verge of their many moves, and he was doing some small errands; he said that the others did the main things, and left him to do what the cat might.

It was with that return upon the buoyant billow of plasmon, renewed in look and limb, that Clemens's universally pervasive popularity began in his own country. He had hitherto been more intelligently accepted, or more largely imagined, in Europe, and I suppose it was my sense of this that inspired the stupidity of my saying to him when we came to consider "the state of polite learning" among us, "You mustn't expect people to keep it up here as they do in England." But it appeared that his countrymen were only wanting the chance, and they kept it up in honor of him past all precedent. One does not go into a catalogue of dinners, receptions, meetings, speeches, and the like when there are more vital things to speak of. He loved these obvious joys, and he eagerly strove with the occasions they gave him for the brilliancy which seemed so exhaustless and was so exhausting. His friends saw that he was wearing himself out, and it was not because of Mrs. Clemens's health alone that they were glad to have him take refuge at Riverdale. The family lived there two happy, hopeless years, and then it was ordered that they should change for his wife's sake to some less exacting climate. Clemens was not eager to go to Florence, but his imagination was taken as it would have been in the old-young days by the notion of packing his furniture into flexible steel cages from his house in Hartford and unpacking it from them untouched at his villa in Fiesole. He got what pleasure any man could out of that triumph of mind over matter, but the shadow was creeping up his life. One sunny afternoon we sat on the grass before the mansion, after his wife had begun to get well enough for removal, and we looked up toward a balcony where presently that lovely presence made itself visible, as if it had stooped there from a cloud. A hand frailly waved a handkerchief; Clemens ran over the lawn toward it, calling tenderly: "What? What?" as if it might be an asking for him instead of the greeting it really was for me. It was the last time I saw her, if indeed I can be said to have seen her then, and long afterward when I said how beautiful we all thought her, how good, how wise, how wonderfully perfect in

every relation of life, he cried out in a breaking voice: "Oh, why didn't you ever tell her? She thought you didn't like her." How incredible, how impossible is experience! What a pang it was not to have told her, but how could we have told her? His unreason endeared him to me more than all his wisdom.

To that Riverdale sojourn belong my impressions of one of those joint episodes of ours, which, strangely enough, did not eventuate in entire failure, as most of our joint episodes did. He wrote furiously to me of a wrong which had been done to one of the most helpless and one of the most helped of our literary brethren, asking me to join with him in recovering the money paid over by that brother's publisher to a false friend who had withheld it and would not give any account of it. Our hapless brother had appealed to Clemens, as he had to me with the facts, but not asking our help, probably because he knew he need not ask; and Clemens enclosed to me a very taking-by-the-throat message which he proposed sending to the false friend. For once, I had some sense, and answered that this would never do, for we had really no power in the matter, and we had better use the delicacy of Agag than the truculence of Samuel. I contrived a letter so softly diplomatic that I shall always think of it with pride when my honesties no longer give me satisfaction, saying that this incident had come to our knowledge, and suggesting that we felt sure he would not finally wish to withhold the money. Nothing more, practically, than that, but that was enough; there came promptly back a letter of justification, covering a very substantial check, which we hilariously forwarded to our beneficiary. But the helpless man who was so used to being helped did not answer with the gladness I, at least, expected of him. He acknowledged the check as he would any ordinary payment, and then he made us observe that there was still a large sum due him out of the moneys withheld. At this point I proposed to Clemens that we should let the nonchalant victim collect the balance himself. Clouds of sorrow had gathered about the bowed head of the delinquent since we began on him, and my fickle sympathies

were turning his way from the victim, who was really to blame for leaving his affairs so unguardedly to him in the first place. Clemens made some sort of grim assent, and we dropped the matter. He was more used to ingratitude from those he helped than I was, who found being lain down upon not so amusing as he found my revolt. He reckoned I was right, he said, and after that I think we never recurred to the incident. It was not ingratitude that he ever minded; it was treachery that really maddened him past all forgiveness.

During the summer he spent at York Harbor I was only forty minutes away at Kittery Point, and we saw each other often; but this was before the last time at Riverdale. He had a wide, low cottage in a pine grove overlooking York River, and we used to sit at a corner of the veranda farthest away from Mrs. Clemens's window, where we could read our manuscripts to each other, and tell our stories, and laugh our hearts out without disturbing her. At first she had been about the house, and there was one gentle afternoon when she made tea for us in the parlor, but that was the last time I spoke with her. After that it was really a question of how soonest and easiest she could be got back to Riverdale; but of course there were specious delays in which she seemed no worse and seemed a little better, and Clemens could work at a novel he had begun. He had taken a room in the house of a friend and neighbor, a fisherman and boatman; there was a table where he could write, and a bed where he could lie down and read; and there, unless my memory has played me one of those constructive tricks that people's memories indulge in, he read me the first chapters of an admirable story. The scene was laid in a Missouri town, and the characters such as he had known in boyhood; but often as I tried to make him own it, he denied having written any such story; it is possible that I dreamed it, but I hope the MS. will yet be found.

I cannot say whether or not he believed that his wife would recover; he fought the fear of her death to the end; for her life was far more largely his than the lives of most men's wives are theirs. For his own life I believe he would

never have much cared, if I may trust a saying of one who was so absolutely without pose as he was. He said that he never saw a dead man whom he did not envy for having had it over, and being done with it. Life had always amused him, and in the resurgence of its interests after his sorrow had ebbed away he was again deeply interested in the world, and in the human race, which, though damned, abounded in subjects of curious inquiry. When the time came for his wife's removal from York Harbor, I went with him to Boston, where he wished to look up the best means of her conveyance to New York. The inquiry absorbed him: the sort of invalid-car he could get; how she could be carried to the village station; how the car could be detached from the eastern train at Boston and carried round to the southern train on the other side of the city, and then how it could be attached to the Hudson River train at New York and left at Riverdale. There was no particular of the business which he did not scrutinize and master, not only with his poignant concern for her welfare, but with his strong curiosity as to how these unusual things were done with the usual means. With the inertness that grows upon an ageing man, he had been used to delegating more and more things, but of that thing I perceived that he would not delegate the least detail.

He had meant never to go abroad again, but when it came time to go he did not look forward to returning; he expected to live in Florence always after that; they were used to the life and they had been happy there some years earlier before he went with his wife for the cure of Nauheim. But when he came home again it was for good and all. It was natural that he should wish to live in New York, where they had already had a pleasant year in Tenth Street. I used to see him there in an upper room, looking south over a quiet open space of back yards where we fought our battles in behalf of the Filipinos and the Boers, and he carried on his campaign against the missionaries in China. He had not yet formed his habit of lying for whole days in bed, and reading and writing there, yet he was a good deal in bed, from weak-

ness, I suppose, and for the mere comfort of it.

My perspectives are not very clear, and in the foreshortening of events which always takes place in our review of the past I may not always time things aright. But I believe it was not until he had taken his house at 21 Fifth Avenue that he began to talk to me of writing his autobiography. He meant that it should be a perfectly veracious record of his life and period; for the first time in literature there should be a true history of a man and a true presentation of the men the man had known. As we talked it over the scheme enlarged itself in our riotous fancy. We said it should be not only a book, it should be a library, not only a library but a literature. It should make good the world's loss through Omar's barbarity at Alexandria; there was no image so grotesque, so extravagant that we did not play with it; and the work so far as he carried it was really done on a colossal scale. But one day he said that as to veracity it was a failure; he had begun to lie, and that if no man ever yet told the truth about himself it was because no man ever could. How far he had carried his autobiography I cannot say; he dictated the matter several hours each day; and the public has already seen long passages from it, and can judge, probably, of the make and matter of the whole from these. It is immensely inclusive, and it observes no order or sequence. Whether now, after his death, it will be published soon or late, I have no means of knowing. Once or twice he said in a vague way that it was not to be published for twenty years, so that the discomfort of publicity might be minimized for all the survivors. Suddenly he told me he was not working at it; but I did not understand whether he had finished it, or merely dropped it; I never asked.

We lived in the same city, but, for old men, rather far apart, he at Tenth Street and I at Seventieth, and with our colds and other disabilities we did not see each other often. He expected me to come to him, and I would not, without some return of my visits, but we never ceased to be friends, and good friends, so far as I know. I joked him once as to how I was going to come out in his

autobiography, and he gave me some sort of joking reassurance. There was one incident, however, that brought us very frequently and actively together. He came one Sunday afternoon to have me call with him on Maxim Gorky, who was staying at a hotel a few streets above mine. We were both interested in Gorky, Clemens rather more as a revolutionist and I as a realist, though I too wished the Russian Czar ill, and the novelist well in his mission to the Russian sympathizers in this republic. But I had lived through the episode of Kossuth's visit to us and his vain endeavor to raise funds for the Hungarian cause in 1851, when we were a younger and nobler nation than now, with hearts if not hands opener to the "oppressed of Europe"; the oppressed of America, the four or five millions of slaves, we did not count. I did not believe that Gorky could get the money for the cause of freedom in Russia which he had come to get; as I told a valued friend of his and mine, I did not believe he could get \$2,500, and I think now I set the figure too high. I had already refused to sign the sort of general appeal his friends were making to our principles and pockets because I felt it so wholly idle, and when the paper was produced in Gorky's presence, and Clemens put his name to it, I still refused. The next day Gorky was expelled from his hotel with the woman who was not his wife, but who, I am bound to say, did not look as if she were not, at least to me, who am, however, not versed in those aspects of human nature.

I might have escaped unnoted, but Clemens's familiar head gave us away to the reporters waiting at the elevator's mouth for all who went to see Gorky. As it was, a hunt of interviewers ensued for us severally and jointly. I could remain aloof in my hotel apartment, returning answer to such guardians of the public right to know everything that I had nothing to say of Gorky's domestic affairs; for the public interest had now strayed far from the revolution, and now centred entirely upon these. But with Clemens it was different; he lived in a house with a street door kept by a single butler, and he was constantly rung for. I forget how long the siege lasted, but

long enough for us to have fun with it. That was the moment of the great Vesuvian eruption, and we figured ourselves in easy reach of a volcano which was every now and then "blowing a cone off," as the telegraphic phrase was. The roof of the great market in Naples had just broken in under its load of ashes and cinders, and crushed hundreds of people; and we asked each other if we were not sorry we had not been there, where the pressure would have been far less terrific than it was with us in Fifth Avenue. The forbidden butler came up with a message that there were some gentlemen below who wanted to see Clemens.

"How many?" he demanded.

"Five," the butler faltered.

"Reporters?"

The butler feigned uncertainty.

"What would you do?" he asked me.

"I wouldn't see them," I said, and then Clemens went directly down to them. How or by what means he appeased their voracity, I cannot say, but I fancy it was by the confession of the exact truth, which was harmless enough. They went away joyfully, and he came back in radiant satisfaction with having seen them. Of course he was right and I wrong, and he was right as to the point at issue between Gorky and those who had helplessly treated him with such cruel ignominy. In America it is not the convention for men to live openly in hotels with women who are not their wives. Gorky had violated this convention and he had to pay the penalty; and concerning the destruction of his efficiency as an emissary of the revolution, his blunder was worse than a crime.

To the period of Clemens's residence in Fifth Avenue belongs his efflorescence in white serge. He was always rather aggressively indifferent about dress, and at a very early date in our acquaintance Aldrich and I attempted his reform by clubbing to buy him a cravat. But he would not put away his stiff little black bow, and until he imagined the suit of white serge, he wore always a suit of black serge, truly deplorable in the cut of the sagging frock. After his measure had once been taken he refused to make his clothes the occasion of personal interviews with his tailor; he sent the stuff

by the kind elderly woman who had been in the service of the family from the earliest days of his marriage, and accepted the result without criticism. But the white serge was an inspiration which few men would have had the courage to act upon. The first time I saw him wear it was at the authors' hearing before the Congressional Committee on Copyright in Washington. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the gesture with which he flung off his long loose overcoat, and stood forth in white from his feet to the crown of his silvery head. It was a magnificent *coup*, and he dearly loved a *coup*; but the magnificent speech which he made, tearing to shreds the venerable farrago of nonsense about non-property in ideas which had formed the basis of all copyright legislation, made you forget even his spectacularity.

It is well known how proud he was of his Oxford gown, not merely because it symbolized the honor in which he was held by the highest literary body in the world, but because it was so rich and so beautiful. The red and the lavender of the cloth flattered his eye as the silken black of the same degree of Doctor of Letters, given him years before at Yale, could not do. His simple-hearted happiness in it, mixed with a due sense of burlesque, was something that those lacking his poet-soul could never imagine; they accounted it vain, weak; but that would not have mattered to him if he had known it. In his London sojourn he had formed the top-hat habit, and for a while he lounged splendidly up and down Fifth Avenue in that society emblem; but he seemed to tire of it, and to return kindly to the soft hat of his Southwestern tradition.

He disliked clubs; I don't know whether he belonged to any in New York, but I never met him in one. As I have told, he himself had formed the Human Race Club, but as he never could get it together it hardly counted. There was to have been a meeting of it the time of my only visit to Stormfield in April of last year; but of three who were to have come, I alone came. We got on very well without the absentees, after finding them in the wrong, as usual, and the visit was like those I used to have with him so many years before in Hartford, but there was

not the old ferment of subjects. Many things had been discussed and put away for good, but we had our old fondness for nature and for one another, who were so differently parts of it. He showed his absolute content with his house, and that was the greater pleasure for me because it was my son who designed it. The architect had been so fortunate as to be able to plan it where a natural avenue of savins, the close-knit, slender, cypress-like cedars of New England, led away from the rear of the villa to the little level of a pergola, meant some day to be wreathed and roofed with vines. But in the early spring days all the landscape was in the beautiful nakedness of the northern winter. It opened in the surpassing loveliness of wooded and meadowed uplands, under skies that were the first days blue, and the last gray over a rainy and then a snowy floor. We walked up and down, up and down, between the villa terrace and the pergola, and talked with the melancholy amusement, the sad tolerance of age for the sort of men and things that used to excite us or enrage us; now we were far past turbulence or anger. Once we took a walk together across the yellow pastures to a chasmal creek on his grounds, where the ice still knit the clayey banks together like crystal mosses; and the stream far down clashed through and over the stones and the shards of ice. Clemens pointed out the scenery he had bought to give himself elbow-room, and showed me the lot he was going to have me build on. The next day we came again with the geologist he had asked up to Stormfield to analyze its rocks. Truly he loved the place, though he had been so weary of change and so indifferent to it, that he never saw it till he came to live in it. He left it all to the architect whom he had known from a child in the intimacy which bound our families together, though we bodily lived far enough apart. I loved his little ones and he was sweet to mine and was their delighted-in and wondered-at friend. Once and once again, and yet again and again, the black shadow that shall never be lifted where it falls, fell in his house and in mine, during the forty years and more that we were friends, and endeared us the more to each other.

My visit at Stormfield came to an end with tender reluctance on his part and on mine. Every morning before I dressed I heard him sounding my name through the house, for the fun of it and I know for the fondness; and if I looked out of my door, there he was in his long night-gown swaying up and down the corridor, and wagging his great white head like a boy that leaves his bed and comes out in the hope of frolic with some one. The last morning a soft sugar-snow had fallen and was falling, and I drove through it down to the station in the carriage which had been given him by his wife's father when they were first married, and been kept all those intervening years in honorable retirement for this final use. Its springs had not grown yielding with time; it had rather the stiffness and severity of age; but for him it must have swung low like the sweet chariot of the negro "spiritual" which I heard him sing with such fervor when those wonderful hymns of the slaves began to make their way northward. *Go down, Daniel*, was one in which I can hear his quavering tenor now. He was a lover of the things he liked, and full of a passion for them which satisfied itself in reading them matchlessly aloud. No one could read *Uncle Remus* like him; his voice echoed the voices of the negro nurses who told his childhood the wonderful tales. I remember especially his rapture with Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days*, and the thrilling force with which he gave the forbidding of the leper's brother when the city's survey ran the course of an avenue through the cottage where the leper lived in hiding: "Strit must not pass!"

Out of a nature rich and fertile beyond any I have known, the material given him by the Mystery that makes a man and then leaves him to make himself over, he wrought a character of high nobility upon a foundation of clear and solid truth. At the last day he will not have to confess anything, for all his life was the free knowledge of any one who would ask him of it. The Searcher of hearts will not bring him to shame at that day, for he did not try to hide any of the things for which he was often so bitterly sorry. He knew where the Responsibility lay, and he took a man's share of it bravely; but not the less

fearlessly he left the rest of the answer to the God who had imagined men.

It is in vain that I try to give a notion of the intensity with which he pierced to the heart of things, and the breadth of vision with which he compassed the whole world, and tried for the reason of things, and then left trying. We had other meetings, insignificantly sad and brief; but the last time I saw him alive was made memorable to me by the kind, clear judicial sense with which he explained and justified the labor-unions as the sole present help of the weak against the strong.

Next I saw him dead, lying in his coffin amidst those flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless

hour. After the voice of his old friend Twichell had been lifted in the prayer, which it wailed through in broken-hearted supplication, I looked a moment at the face I knew so well; and it was patient with the patience I had so often seen in it: something of puzzle, a great silent dignity, an assent to what must be, from the depths of a nature whose tragical seriousness broke in the laughter which the unwise took for the whole of him.

Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes—I knew them all: sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like each other and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature.

## Love's Comings

BY AMÉLIE TROUBETZKOY

### I

WHEN I was young, and wanton, wide-eyed Life  
Teased me from sleeping, Love himself did come  
Me to console and learn to dream awake.  
With heavenly toys my pillow he bestrewed,  
Gifts of Dame Venus in his babyhood:  
The little mirror that had held her face;  
A golden shoe that Pegasus had cast;  
One of her dove's bright plumes; an irised edge  
Broke from the shell she lay in at her birth;  
A rose kissed open by immortal lips.  
All night I with the pretty baubles played,  
Then asked his name, not knowing him who he was.  
"I am First Love," quoth he, and straightway fled.

### II

Youth with First Love was gone and Life asleep,  
But I lay wakeful, lonely even for dreams,  
When one came suddenly, like a serving king,  
And smoothed my pillow. Wonderful his eyes  
As winter waters that enfold a star,  
No baubles did he bring nor any rose,  
But for a sceptre held a branch of thorns  
Thick studded as with rubies. Trembling sore,  
"Kind Lord," I questioned, "who art thou in truth?"  
Then did he bend his sceptre to my breast:  
"I am Last Love," he said, "and I remain."

# The Secret-Sharer

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

PART II.

THE skipper of the *Sephora* had a thin red whisker all round his face, and the sort of complexion that goes with hair of that color; also the particular, rather intense shade of blue in the eyes. He was not exactly a showy figure; his shoulders were high, his stature but middling—one leg slightly more bandy than the other. He shook hands, looking vaguely around. A spiritless tenacity was his main characteristic, I judged. I received him with an icy punctilious politeness which seemed to disconcert him. Perhaps he was shy. He mumbled to me as if he were ashamed of what he was saying; gave his name (it was something like Archbold—but at this distance of years I hardly am sure), his ship's name, and a few other particulars of that sort, in the manner of a criminal making a reluctant and doleful confession. He had had terrible weather on the passage out—terrible—terrible—wife aboard, too.

By this time we were seated in the cabin and the steward brought in a tray with a bottle and glasses. "Thanks! No." Never took liquor. Would have some water, though. He drank two tumblers. Terrible thirsty work. Ever since daylight had been exploring the islands round his ship.

"What was that for—fun?" I asked, with an appearance of polite interest.

"No!" He sighed. "Painful duty."

As he persisted in his mumbling and I wanted my double to hear every word, I hit upon the notion of informing him that I regretted to say I was hard of hearing.

"Such a young man, too!" he nodded, keeping his smeary blue, unintelligent eyes fastened upon me. "What was the cause of it—some disease?" he inquired, without the least sympathy and as if he thought that, if so, I'd got no more than I deserved.

"Yes; disease," I admitted in a cheerfully polite tone which seemed to shock

him. But my point was gained, because he had to raise his voice to give me his tale. It is not worth while to record that version. It was just over two months since all this had happened, and he had thought so much about it that he seemed completely muddled as to its bearings, but still immensely impressed.

"What would you think of such a thing happening on board your own ship? I've had the *Sephora* for these fifteen years. I am a well-known shipmaster."

He was densely distressed—and perhaps I should have sympathized with him if I had been able to detach my mental vision from the unsuspected sharer of my cabin as though he were my second self. There he was on the other side of the bulkhead, four or five feet from us, no more, as we sat in the saloon. I looked politely at Captain Archbold (if that was his name), but it was the other I saw, in a gray sleeping-suit, seated on a low stool, his bare feet close together, his arms folded, and every word said between us falling into the ears of his dark head bowed on his chest.

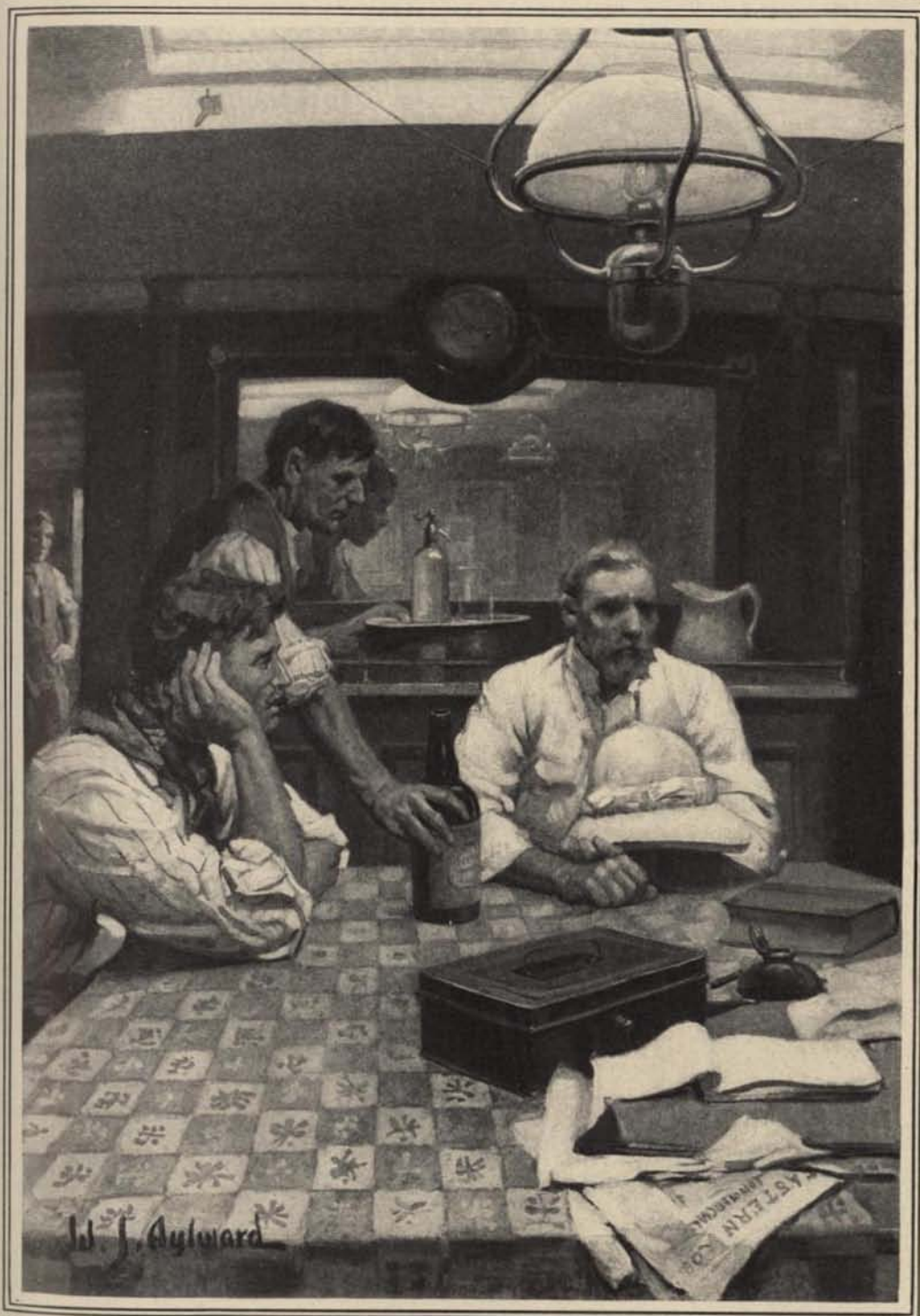
"I have been at sea now, man and boy, for seven-and-thirty years, and I've never heard of such a thing happening in an English ship. And that it should be my ship. Wife on board, too."

I was hardly listening to him.

"Don't you think," I said, "that the heavy sea which, you told me, came aboard just then might have killed the man? I have seen the sheer weight of a sea kill a man very neatly, by simply breaking his neck."

"Good God!" he uttered, impressively, fixing his smeary blue eyes on me. "The sea! No man killed by the sea ever looked like that." He seemed positively scandalized at my suggestion. And as I gazed at him, certainly not prepared for anything original on his part, he advanced his head close to mine and thrust his





*Drawn by W. J. Aylward*

THE STEWARD BROUGHT IN A TRAY AND GLASSES



tongue out at me so suddenly that I couldn't help starting back.

After scoring over my calmness in this graphic way he nodded wisely. If I had seen the sight, he assured me, I would never forget it as long as I lived. The weather was too bad to give the corpse a proper sea burial. So next day at dawn they took it up on the poop, covering its face with a bit of bunting; he read a short prayer, and then, just as it was, in its oilskins and long boots, they launched it amongst those mountainous seas that seemed ready every moment to swallow up the ship herself and the terrified lives on board of her.

"That reefed foresail saved you," I threw in.

"Under God—it did," he exclaimed fervently. "It was by a special mercy, I firmly believe, that it stood some of those hurricane squalls."

"It was the setting of that sail which . . ." I began.

"God's own hand in it," he interrupted me. "Nothing less could have done it. I don't mind telling you that I hardly dared give the order. It seemed impossible that we could touch anything without losing it, and then our last hope would have been gone."

The terror of that gale was on him yet. I let him go on for a bit, then said, casually—as if returning to a minor subject:

"You were very anxious to give up your mate to the shore people, I believe?"

He was. To the law. His obscure tenacity on that point had in it something incomprehensible and a little awful; something, as it were, mystical, quite apart from his anxiety that he should not be suspected of "countenancing any doings of that sort." Seven-and-thirty virtuous years at sea, of which over twenty of immaculate command, and the last fifteen in the *Sephora*, seemed to have laid him under some pitiless obligation.

"And you know," he went groping shamefacedly amongst his feelings, "I did not engage that young fellow. His people had some interest with my owners. I was in a way forced to take him on. He looked very smart, very gentlemanly, and all that. But do you know—I never liked him, somehow. I am a plain man. You see, he wasn't exactly the sort for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora*."

I had become so connected in thoughts and impressions with the secret occupant of my cabin that I felt as if I, personally, were being given to understand that I, too, was not the sort that would have done for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora*. I had no doubt of it in my mind.

"Not at all the style of man. You understand," he insisted, superfluously, looking hard at me.

I smiled urbanely. He seemed at a loss for a while.

"I suppose I must report a suicide."

"Beg pardon?"

"Sui-cide! That's what I'll have to write to my owners directly I get in."

"Unless you manage to recover him before to-morrow," I assented, dispassionately. . . . "I mean, alive."

He mumbled something which I really did not catch, and I turned my ear to him in a puzzled manner. He fairly bawled:

"The land—I say, the mainland is at least seven miles off my anchorage."

"About that."

My lack of excitement, of curiosity, of surprise, of any sort of pronounced interest, began to arouse his distrust. But except for the felicitous pretence of deafness I had not tried to pretend to anything. I had felt utterly incapable of playing the part of ignorance properly, and therefore was afraid to try. It is also certain that he had brought some ready-made suspicions with him, and that he viewed my cold politeness as a strange and unnatural phenomenon. And yet how else could I have received him? Heartily? That was impossible for psychological reasons, which I need not state here. My only object was to keep off his inquiries. Surliness might have provoked a point-blank question. From its novelty to him and from its nature, a chilly, distant courtesy was the manner best calculated to restrain the man. But there was the danger of his breaking through my defence bluntly. I could not, I think, have met him by a direct lie, also for psychological (not moral) reasons. If he had only known how afraid I was of his putting my feeling of identity with the other to the test! But, strangely enough—(I thought of it only afterward)—I believe that he was not a little disconcerted by the reverse side of that weird situation, by something in me that reminded him of

the man he was seeking—suggested a mysterious similitude to the young fellow he had distrusted and disliked from the first.

However that might have been, the silence was not very prolonged. Then he took another oblique step.

"I reckon I had no more than a two-mile pull to your ship. Not a bit more."

"And quite enough, too, in this awful heat," I said.

Another pause full of mistrust followed. Necessity, they say, is mother of invention, but fear, too, is not barren of ingenious suggestions. And I was afraid he would ask me point-blank for news of my other self.

"Nice little cabin, isn't it?" I remarked, as if noticing for the first time the way his eyes roamed from one closed door to the other. "And very well fitted out, too. Here, for instance," I continued, reaching over the back of my seat negligently and flinging the door open, "is my bath-room."

He made an eager movement, but hardly gave it a glance. I got up, shut the door of the bath-room, and invited him to have a look round, as if I were very proud of my accommodation. He had to rise and be shown round, but he went through the business without any raptures whatever.

"And now we'll have a look at my stateroom," I declared, in a voice as loud as I dared to make it, crossing the cabin to the starboard side with purposely heavy steps.

He followed me in and gazed around. My intelligent double had vanished. I played my part.

"Very convenient—isn't it?"

"Very nice. Very comf . . ." He didn't finish, and went out brusquely as if to escape from some unrighteous wiles of mine. But it was not to be. I had been too frightened not to feel vengeful; I felt I had him on the run, and I meant to keep him on the run. My polite insistence must have had something menacing in it, because he gave in suddenly. And I did not let him off a single item; mate's room, pantry, storerooms, the very sail-locker which was also under the poop—he had to look into them all. When at last I showed him out on the quarter-deck he drew a long, spiritless sigh, and mumbled dismally that he must really be

going back to his ship now. I desired my mate, who had joined us, to see to the captain's boat.

The man of mustaches gave a blast on the whistle which he used to wear hanging round his neck. "*Sephora's* away!" My double down there in my cabin must have heard, and certainly could not feel more relieved than I. Four fellows came running out from somewhere forward and went over the side, while my own men, appearing on deck too, lined the rail. I escorted my visitor to the gangway ceremoniously, and nearly overdid it. He was a tenacious beast. On the very ladder he lingered, and in that unique, guiltily conscientious manner of sticking to the point:

"I say . . . you . . . you don't think that . . ."

I covered his voice loudly.

"Certainly not. . . . Quite the contrary. Good-by."

I had no idea of what he meant to say, but it was the privilege of the defective hearing. He was too shaken generally to insist, but my mate, close witness of that parting, looked mystified and his face took on a thoughtful cast. As I did not want to appear as if I wished to avoid all communication with my officers, he had the opportunity to address me.

"Seems a very nice man. His boat's crew told our chaps a very extraordinary story, if what I am told by the steward is true. I suppose you had it from the captain, sir?"

"Yes. I had a story from the captain."

"A very horrible affair—isn't it, sir?"

"It is."

"Beats all these tales we hear about murders in Yankee ships."

"I don't think it beats them. I don't think it resembles them in the least."

"Bless my soul—you don't say so! But of course I've no acquaintance whatever with American ships, not I, so I couldn't go against your knowledge. It's horrible enough for me. . . . But the queerest part is that those fellows seemed to have some idea the man was aboard here. They had really. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Preposterous—isn't it?"

We were walking to and fro athwart the quarter-deck. No one of the crew forward could be seen (the day was Sunday), and the mate pursued:

"There was some little dispute about it. Our chaps took offence. 'As if we would harbor a thing like that,' they said. 'Wouldn't you like to look for him in our coal-hole?' Quite a tiff. But they made it up in the end. I suppose he did drown himself. Don't you, sir?"

"I don't suppose anything."

"You have no doubt in the matter, sir?"

"None whatever."

I left him suddenly. I felt I was producing a bad impression, but with my double down there it was most trying to be on deck. And it was almost as trying to be below. Altogether a nerve-trying situation. But on the whole I felt less torn in two when I was with him. There was no one in the whole ship whom I dared take into my confidence. Since the hands had got to know his story, it would have been impossible to pass him off for any one else, and an accidental discovery was to be dreaded now more than ever. . . .

The steward being engaged in laying the table for dinner, we could talk only with our eyes when I first went down. Later in the afternoon we had a cautious try at whispering. The Sunday quietness of the ship was against us; the stillness of air and water around her was against us; the elements, the men were against us—everything was against us in our secret partnership; time itself—for this could not go on forever. The very trust in Providence was, I suppose, denied to his guilt. Shall I confess that this thought cast me down very much? And as to the chapter of accidents which counts for so much in the book of success, I could only hope that it was closed. For what favorable accident could be expected?

"Did you hear anything?" were my first words as soon as we took up our position side by side, leaning over my bed-place.

He had. And the proof of it was his earnest whisper, "The man told you he hardly dared to give the order."

I understood the reference to be to that saving foresail.

"Yes. He was afraid of it being lost in the setting."

"I assure you he never gave the order. He may think he did, but he never gave it. He stood there with me on the break of the poop after the maintopsail blew away,

and whimpered about our last hope—positively whimpered about it and nothing else—and the night coming on! To hear one's skipper go on like that in such weather was enough to drive any fellow out of his mind. It worked me up into a sort of desperation. I just took it into my own hands and went away from him, boiling, and . . . But what's the use telling you? *You know!* . . . Do you think that if I had not been pretty fierce with them I should have got the men to do anything? Not it! The bo's'n perhaps? Perhaps! It wasn't a heavy sea—it was a sea gone mad! I suppose the end of the world will be something like that; and a man may have the heart to see it coming once and be done with it—but to have to face it day after day . . . I don't blame anybody. I was precious little better than the rest. Only—I was an officer of that old coal-wagon, anyhow. . . ."

"I quite understand," I conveyed that sincere assurance into his ear. He was out of breath with whispering; I could hear him pant slightly. It was all very simple. The same strung-up force which had given twenty-four men a chance, at least, for their lives, had, in a sort of recoil, crushed out an unworthy mutinous existence.

But I had no leisure to weigh the merits of the matter—footsteps in the saloon, a heavy knock. "There's enough wind to get under way with, sir." There was the call of a new claim upon my thoughts and even upon my feelings.

"Turn the hands up," I cried through the door. "I'll be on deck directly."

I was going out to make the acquaintance of my ship. Before I left the cabin our eyes met—the eyes of the only two strangers on board. I pointed to the recessed part where the little camp-stool awaited him and laid my finger on my lips. He made a gesture—somewhat vague—a little mysterious, accompanied by a faint smile, as if of regret.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the sensations of a man who feels for the first time a ship move under his feet to his own independent word. In my case they were not unalloyed. I was not wholly alone with my command; for there was that stranger in my cabin. Or rather, I was not completely and wholly with her. Part of me was absent. That mental

feeling of being in two places at once affected me physically as if the mood of secrecy had penetrated my very soul. Before an hour had elapsed since the ship had begun to move, having occasion to ask the mate (he stood by my side) to take a compass bearing of the Pagoda, I caught myself reaching up to his ear in whispers. I say I caught myself, but enough had escaped to be caught by the man. I can't describe it otherwise than by saying that he shied. A grave, preoccupied manner, as though he were in possession of some perplexing intelligence, did not leave him henceforth. A little later I moved away from the rail to look at the compass with such a stealthy gait that the helmsman noticed it—and I could not help noticing the unusual roundness of his eyes. These are trifling instances, though it's to no commander's advantage to be suspected of ludicrous eccentricities. But I was also more seriously affected. There are to a seaman certain words, gestures, that should in given conditions come as naturally, as instinctively as the winking of a menaced eye. A certain order should spring on to his lips without thinking; a certain sign should get itself made, so to speak, without reflection. But all unconscious alertness had abandoned me. I had to make an effort of will to recall myself back (from the cabin) to the conditions of the moment. I felt that I was appearing an irresolute commander to those people who were watching me more or less critically.

And, besides, there were the scares. On the second day out, for instance, coming off the deck in the afternoon (I had straw slippers on my bare feet) I stopped at the open pantry door and spoke to the steward. He was doing something there with his back to me. At the sound of my voice he nearly jumped out of his skin, as the saying is, and incidentally broke a cup.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" I asked, astonished.

He was extremely confused. "Beg your pardon, sir. I made sure you were in your cabin."

"You see I wasn't."

"No, sir. I could have sworn I had heard you moving in there not a moment ago. It's most extraordinary . . . very sorry, sir."

I passed on with an inward shudder. I

was so identified with my secret double that I did not even mention the fact in those scanty, fearful whispers we exchanged. I suppose he had made some slight noise of some kind or other. It would have been miraculous if he hadn't at one time or another. And yet, haggard as he appeared, he looked always perfectly self-controlled, more than calm—almost invulnerable. On my suggestion he remained almost entirely in the bath-room, which, upon the whole, was the safest place. There could be really no shadow of an excuse for any one ever wanting to go in there, once the steward had done with it. It was a very tiny place. Sometimes he reclined on the floor, his legs bent, his head sustained on one elbow. At others I would find him on the campstool, sitting in his gray sleeping-suit and cropped dark hair like a patient, unmoved convict. At night I would smuggle him into my bed-place, and we would whisper together, with the regular footfalls of the officer on the watch passing and re-passing over our heads. It was an infinitely miserable time. It was lucky that some tins of fine preserves were stowed in a locker in my stateroom; hard bread I could always get hold of; and so he lived on stewed chicken, *pâté de foies gras*, asparagus, cooked oysters, sardines—on all sorts of abominable sham delicacies out of tins. The early morning coffee he always drank; and it was all I dared do for him in that way.

Every day there was the horrible manœuvring to go through so that my room and then the bath-room should be done in the usual way. I came to hate the sight of the steward, to abhor the voice of that harmless man. I felt that it was he who would bring on the disaster of discovery. It hung like a sword over our heads.

The fourth day out, I think (we were then working down the east side of the Gulf of Siam, tack for tack, in light winds and smooth water)—the fourth day, I say, of this miserable juggling with the unavoidable, as we sat at our evening meal, that man, whose slightest movement I dreaded, after putting down the dishes ran up on deck busily. This could not be dangerous. Presently he came down again; and then it appeared that he had remembered a coat of mine which I had thrown over a rail to dry after having

been wetted in a shower which had passed over the ship in the afternoon. Sitting stolidly at the head of the table I became terrified at the sight of the garment on his arm. Of course he made for my door. There was no time to lose.

"Steward," I thundered. My nerves were so shaken that I could not govern my voice and conceal my agitation. This was the sort of thing that made my terrifically mustachioed mate tap his forehead with his forefinger. I had caught a sight of him using that gesture while talking on deck with a confidential air to the carpenter. It was too far to hear a word, but I had no doubt that this pantomime could only refer to the strange new captain.

"Yes, sir," the pale-faced steward turned resignedly to me. It was this maddening course of being shouted at, checked without rhyme or reason, arbitrarily chased out of my cabin, suddenly called into it, sent flying out of his pantry on incomprehensible errands, that accounted for the growing wretchedness of his expression.

"Where are you going with that coat?"

"To your room, sir."

"Is there another shower coming?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. Shall I go up again and see, sir?"

"No! never mind."

My object was attained, as of course my other self in there would have heard everything that passed. During this interlude my two officers never raised their eyes off their respective plates; but the lip of that confounded cub, the second mate, quivered visibly.

I expected the steward to hook my coat on and come out at once. He was very slow about it; but I dominated my nervousness sufficiently not to shout after him. Suddenly I became aware (it could be heard plainly enough) that the fellow for some reason or other was opening the door of the bath-room. It was the end. The place was literally not big enough to swing a cat in. My voice died in my throat and I went stony all over. I expected to hear a yell of surprise and terror, and made a movement, but had not the strength to get on my legs. Everything remained still. Had my second self taken the poor wretch by the throat? I don't know what I would have done next

moment if I had not seen the steward come out of my room, close the door, and then stand quietly by the sideboard.

"Saved," I thought. "But, no! Lost! Gone! He was gone!"

I laid my knife and fork down and leaned back in my chair. My head swam. After a while, when sufficiently recovered to speak in a steady voice, I instructed my mate to put the ship round at eight o'clock himself.

"I won't come on deck," I went on. "I think I'll turn in, and unless the wind shifts I don't want to be disturbed before midnight. I feel a bit seedy."

"You did look middling bad a little while ago," the chief mate remarked without showing any great concern.

They both went out, and I stared at the steward clearing the table. There was nothing to be read on that wretched man's face. But why did he avoid my eyes? I asked myself. Then I thought I should like to hear the sound of his voice.

"Steward!"

"Sir!" Startled as usual.

"Where did you hang up that coat?"

"In the bath-room, sir." The casual anxious tone. "It's not quite dry yet, sir."

For some time longer I sat in the cuddy. Had my double vanished as he had come? But of his coming there was an explanation, whereas his disappearance would be inexplicable. . . . I went slowly into my dark room, shut the door, lighted the lamp, and for a time dared not turn round. When at last I did I saw him standing bolt-upright in the narrow recessed part. It would not be true to say I had a shock, but an irresistible doubt of his bodily existence flitted through my mind. Can it be, I asked myself, that he is not visible to other eyes than mine? It was like being haunted. Motionless, with a grave face, he raised his hands slightly at me in a gesture which meant clearly, "Heavens! what a narrow escape!" Narrow indeed. I think I had come creeping quietly as near insanity as any man who has not actually gone over the border. That gesture restrained me, so to speak.

The mate with the terrific mustaches was now putting the ship on the other tack; and in the moment of profound silence which follows upon the hands going to their stations I heard on the poop his raised voice: "Hard alee!" and the

distant shout of the order repeated on the maindeck. The sails, in that light breeze, made but a faint fluttering noise. It ceased. The ship was coming round slowly; I held my breath in the renewed stillness of expectation; one wouldn't have thought that there was a single living soul on her decks. A sudden brisk shout, "Mainsail haul!" broke the spell, and in the noisy cries and rush overhead of the men running away with the main-brace we two, down in my cabin, came together in our usual position by the bed-place.

He did not wait for my question. "I heard him fumbling here and just managed to squat myself down in the bath," he whispered to me. "The fellow only opened the door and put his head in to hang the coat up. All the same . . ."

"I never thought of that," I whispered back, even more appalled than before at the closeness of the shave, and marvelling at that something unyielding in his character which was carrying him through so finely. There was no agitation in his whisper. Whoever was being driven distracted, it was not he. He was sane. And the proof of his sanity was continued when he took up the whispering again.

"It would never do for me to come to life again."

It was something that a ghost might have said. But what he was alluding to was his old captain's reluctant admission of the theory of suicide. It would obviously serve his turn—if I had understood at all the view which seemed to govern the unalterable purpose of his action.

"You must maroon me as soon as ever you can get amongst these islands off the Cambodje shore," he went on.

"Maroon you! We are not living in a boy's adventure tale," I protested. His scornful whispering took me up.

"We aren't indeed! There's nothing of a boy's tale in this. But there's nothing else for it. I want no more. You don't suppose I am afraid of what can be done to me? Prison or gallows or whatever they may please. But you don't see me coming back to explain such things to an old fellow in a wig and twelve respectable tradesmen, do you? What can they know whether I am guilty or not—or of *what* I am guilty, either? That's my affair. What does the Bible say? Driven off the face of the earth.' Very well. I am off the face of

the earth now. As I came at night so I shall go."

"Impossible!" I murmured. "You can't."

"Not? . . . Not naked like a soul on the Day of Judgment. I will freeze on to this sleeping-suit. The Last Day is not yet—and . . . you have understood thoroughly. Didn't you?"

I felt suddenly ashamed of myself. I may say truly that I understood—and my hesitation in letting that man swim away from my ship's side had been a mere sham sentiment, a sort of cowardice.

"It can't be done now till next night," I breathed out. "The ship is on the off-shore tack and the wind may fail us."

"As long as you know that you understand," he whispered. "But of course you do. It's a great satisfaction to have got somebody to understand. You seem to have been there on purpose." And in the same whisper, as if we two whenever we talked had to say things to each other which were not fit for the world to hear, he added, "It's very wonderful."

We remained side by side talking in our secret way—but sometimes silent or just exchanging a whispered word or two at long intervals. And as usual he stared through the port. A breath of wind came now and again into our faces. The ship might have been moored in dock, so gently and on an even keel she slipped through the water, that did not marmur even at our passage, shadowy and silent like a phantom sea.

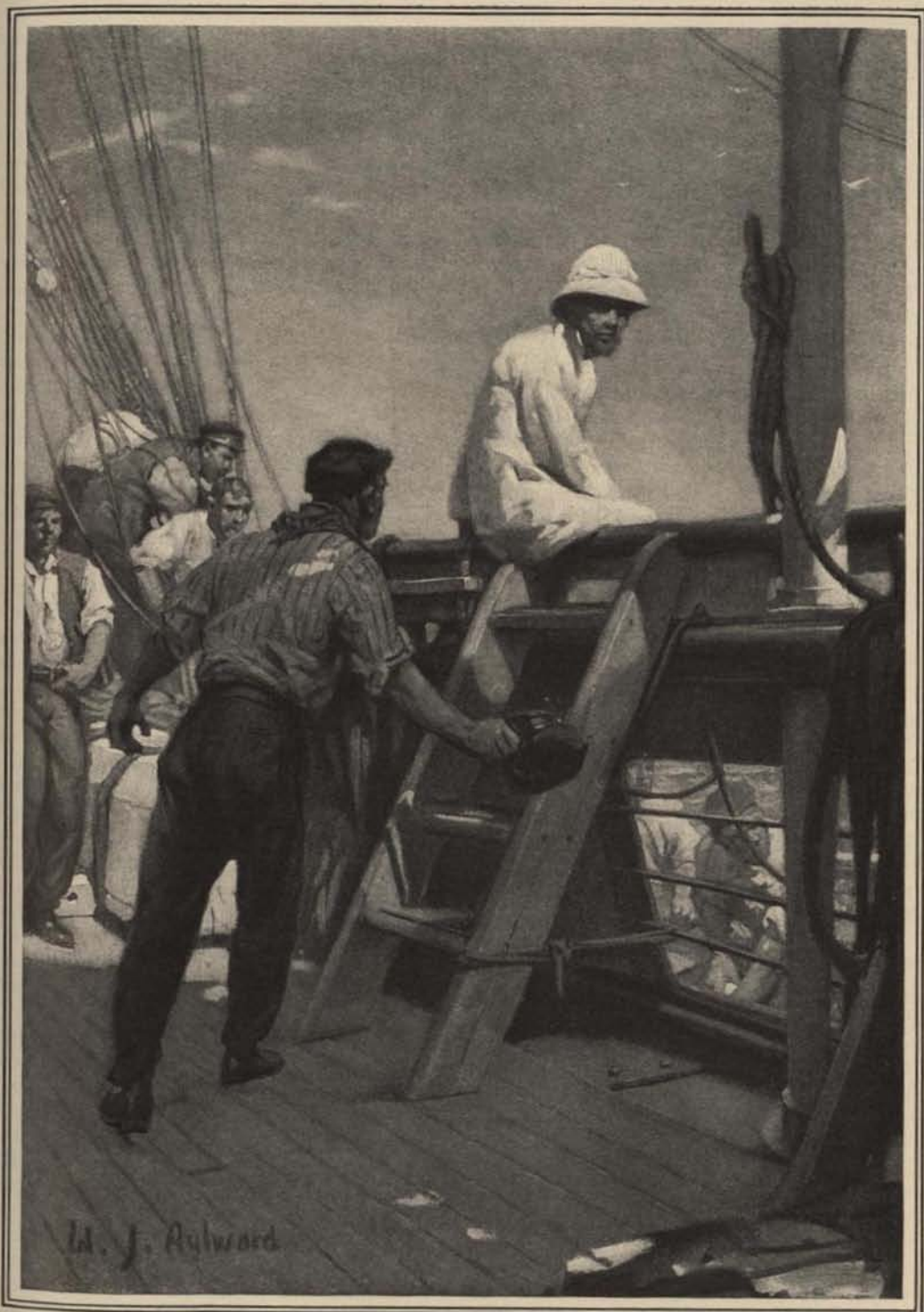
At midnight I went on deck, and to my mate's great surprise put the ship round on the other tack. His terrible mustaches flitted round me in silent criticism. I certainly should not have done it if it had been only a question of getting out of that sleepy gulf as quickly as possible. I believe he told the second mate, who relieved him, that it was a great want of judgment. The other only yawned. That intolerable cub shuffled about so sleepily and lolled against the rails in such a slack, improper fashion that I came down on him sharply.

"Aren't you properly awake yet?"

"Yes, sir! I am awake."

"Well, then, be good enough to hold yourself as if you were. And keep a lookout. If there's any current we'll be closing with some islands before daylight."





*Drawn by W. J. Aylward*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

ON THE VERY LADDER HE LINGERED

The east side of the gulf is fringed with islands, some solitary, others in groups. On the blue background of the high coast they seem to float on silvery patches of calm water, arid and gray, or dark green and rounded like clumps of evergreen bushes, with the larger ones, a mile or two long, showing the outlines of ridges, ribs of gray rock under the dank mantle of matted leafage. Unknown to trade, to travel, almost to geography, the manner of life they harbor is an unsolved secret. There must be villages—settlements of fishermen at least—on the largest of them, and some communication with the world is probably kept up by native craft. But all that day, as we headed for them, fanned along by the faintest of breezes, I saw no sign of man or canoe in the field of the telescope I kept on pointing at the scattered group.

At noon I gave no orders for a change of course, and the mate's mustaches became much concerned and seemed to be offering themselves unduly to my notice. At last I said:

"I am going to stand right in. Quite in—as far as I can take her."

The stare of extreme surprise imparted an air of ferocity also to his eyes, and he looked truly terrific for a moment.

"We're not doing well in the middle of the gulf," I continued, casually. "I am going to look for the land breezes to-night."

"Bless my soul! Do you mean, sir, in the dark amongst the lot of all them islands and reefs and shoals?"

"Well—if there are any regular land breezes at all on this coast one must get close inshore to find them, mustn't one?"

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed again under his breath. All that afternoon he wore a dreamy, contemplative appearance which in him was a mark of perplexity. After dinner I went into my stateroom as if I meant to take some rest. There we two bent our dark heads over a half-unrolled chart lying on my bed.

"There," I said. "It's got to be Koh-ring. I've been looking at it ever since sunrise. It has got two hills and a low point. It must be inhabited. And on the coast opposite there is what looks like the mouth of a biggish river—with some town, no doubt, not far up. It's the best chance for you that I can see."

"Anything. Koh-ring let it be."

He looked thoughtfully at the chart as if surveying chances and distances from a lofty height—and following with his eyes his own figure wandering on the blank land of Cochin-China, and then passing off that piece of paper clean out of sight into uncharted regions. And it was as if the ship had two captains to plan her course for her. I had been so worried and restless running up and down that I had not had the patience to dress that day. I had remained in my sleeping-suit, with straw slippers and a soft floppy hat. The closeness of the heat in the gulf had been most oppressive, and the crew were used to see me wandering in that airy attire.

"She will clear the south point as she heads now," I whispered into his ear. "Goodness only knows when, though, but certainly after dark. I'll edge her in to half a mile, as far as I may be able to judge in the dark. . . ."

"Be careful," he murmured, warningly—and I realized suddenly that all my future, the only future for which I was fit, would perhaps go irretrievably to pieces in any mishap to my first command.

I could not stop a moment longer in the room. I motioned him to get out of sight and made my way on the poop. That unplayful cub had the watch. I walked up and down for a while thinking things out, then beckoned him over.

"Send a couple of hands to open the two quarter-deck ports," I said, mildly.

He actually had the impudence, or else so forgot himself in his wonder at such an incomprehensible order, as to repeat:

"Open the quarter-deck ports! What for, sir?"

"The only reason you need concern yourself about is because I told you so. Have them open wide and fastened properly."

He reddened and went off, but I believe, made some jeering remark to the carpenter as to the sensible practice of ventilating a ship's quarter-deck. I know he popped into the mate's cabin to impart the fact to him, because the mustaches came on deck, as it were, by chance, and stole glances at me from below—with signs of lunacy or drunkenness, I suppose.

A little before supper, feeling more restless than ever, I rejoined, for a mo-

ment, my second self. And to find him sitting so quietly was surprising, like something against nature, inhuman.

I developed my plan in a hurried whisper.

"I shall stand in as close as I dare and then put her round. I shall presently find means to smuggle you out of here into the sail-locker, which communicates with the lobby. But there is an opening, a sort of square for hauling the sails out, which gives straight on the quarter-deck and which is never closed in fine weather, so as to give air to the sails. When the ship's way is deadened in stays and all the hands are aft at the main-braces you shall have a clear road to slip out and get overboard through the open quarter-deck port. I've had them both fastened up. Use a rope's end to lower yourself into the water so as to avoid a splash—you know. It could be heard and cause some beastly complication."

He kept silent for a while, then whispered, "I understand."

"I won't be there to see you go," I began with an effort. "The rest . . . I only hope I have understood, too."

"You have. From first to last"—and for the first time there seemed to be a faltering, something strained in his whisper. He caught hold of my arm, but the ringing of the supper bell made me start. He didn't, though; he only released his grip.

After supper I didn't come below again till well past eight o'clock. The faint, steady breeze was loaded with dew; and the wet, darkened sails held all there was of propelling power in it. The night, clear and starry, sparkled darkly, and the opaque, lightless patches shifting slowly against the low stars were the drifting islets. On the port bow there was a big one more distant and shadowily imposing by the great space of sky it eclipsed.

On opening the door I had a back view of my very own self looking at a chart. He had come out of the recess and was standing near the table.

"Quite dark enough," I whispered.

He stepped back and leaned against my bed with a level, quiet glance. I sat on the couch. We had nothing to say to each other. Over our heads the officer of the watch moved here and there. Then I heard him move quickly. I knew what that meant. He was making for the com-

panion; and presently his voice was outside my door.

"We are drawing in pretty fast, sir. Land looks rather close."

"Very well," I answered. "I am coming on deck directly."

I waited till he was gone out of the cuddy, then rose. My double moved too. The time had come to exchange our last whispers, for neither of us was ever to hear each other's natural voice.

"Look here!" I opened a drawer and took out three sovereigns. "Take this, anyhow. I've got six and I'd give you the lot, only I must keep a little money to buy some fruit and vegetables for the crew from native boats as we go through Sunda Straits."

He shook his head.

"Take it," I urged him, whispering desperately. "No one can tell what . . ."

He smiled and slapped meaningly the only pocket of the sleeping-jacket. It was not safe, certainly. But I produced a large old silk handkerchief of mine, and tying the three pieces of gold in a corner, pressed it on him. He was touched, I suppose, because he took it at last and tied it quickly round his waist under the jacket, on his bare skin.

Our eyes met; several seconds elapsed, till, our glances still mingled, I extended my hand and turned the lamp out. Then I passed through the cuddy, leaving the door of my room wide open. . . . "Steward!"

He was still lingering in the pantry in the greatness of his zeal, giving a rub-up to a plated cruet stand the last thing before going to bed. Being careful not to wake up the mate, whose room was opposite, I spoke in an undertone.

He looked round anxiously. "Sir!"

"Can you get me a little hot water from the galley?"

"I am afraid, sir, the galley fire's been out for some time now."

"Go and see."

He fled up the stairs.

"Now," I whispered, loudly, into the saloon—too loudly, perhaps, but I was afraid I couldn't make a sound. He was by my side in an instant—the double captain slipped past the stairs—through a tiny dark passage . . . a sliding door. We were in the sail-locker, scrambling on our knees over the sails. A sudden thought

struck me. I saw myself wandering bare-footed, bareheaded, the sun beating on my dark poll. I snatched off my floppy hat and tried hurriedly in the dark to ram it on my other self. He dodged and fended off silently. I wonder what he thought had come to me before he understood and suddenly desisted. Our hands met gropingly, lingered united in a steady, motionless clasp for a second. . . . No word was breathed by either of us when they separated.

I was standing quietly by the pantry door when the steward returned.

"Sorry, sir. Kettle barely warm. Shall I light the spirit-lamp?"

"Never mind."

I came out on deck slowly. It was now a matter of conscience to shave the land as close as possible—for now he must go overboard whenever the ship was put in stays. Must! There could be no going back for him. After a moment I walked over to leeward and my heart flew into my mouth at the nearness of the land on the bow. Under any other circumstances I would not have held on a minute longer. The second mate had followed me anxiously.

I looked on till I felt I could command my voice.

"She will weather," I said then in a quiet tone.

"Are you going to try that, sir?" he stammered out incredulously.

I took no notice of him and raised my tone just enough to be heard by the helmsman.

"Keep her good full."

"Good full, sir."

The wind fanned my cheek, the sails slept, the world was silent. The strain of watching the dark loom of the land grow bigger and denser was too much for me. I had shut my eyes—because the ship must go closer. She must! The stillness was intolerable. Were we standing still?

When I opened my eyes the second view started my heart with a thump. The black southern hill of Koh-ring seemed to hang right over the ship like a towering fragment of the everlasting night. On that enormous mass of blackness there was not a gleam to be seen, not a sound to be heard. It was gliding irresistibly toward us and yet seemed already within reach of the hand. I saw the vague figures of

the watch grouped in the waist, gazing in awed silence.

"Are you going on, sir," inquired an unsteady voice at my elbow.

I ignored it. I had to go on.

"Keep her full. Don't check her way. That won't do now," I said, warningly.

"I can't see the sails very well," the helmsman answered me, in strange, quivering tones.

Was she close enough? Already she was, I won't say in the shadow of the land, but in the very blackness of it, already swallowed up as it were, gone too close to be recalled, gone from me altogether.

"Give the mate a call," I said to the young man who stood at my elbow as still as death. "And turn all hands up."

My tone had a borrowed loudness reverberated from the height of the land. Several voices cried out together: "We are all on deck, sir."

Then stillness again, with the great shadow gliding closer, towering higher, without a light, without a sound. Such a hush had fallen on the ship that she might have been a bark of the dead floating in slowly under the very gate of Erebus.

"My God! Where are we?"

It was the mate moaning at my elbow. He was thunderstruck, and as it were deprived of the moral support of his mustaches. He clapped his hands and absolutely cried out, "Lost!"

"Be quiet," I said, sternly.

He lowered his tone, but I saw the shadowy gesture of his despair. "What are we doing here?"

"Looking for the land wind."

He made as if to tear his hair, and addressed me recklessly.

"She will never get out. You have done it, sir. I knew it 'd end in something like this. She will never weather, and you are too close now to stay. She'll drift ashore before she's round. O my God!"

I caught his arm as he was raising it to batter his poor devoted head, and shook it violently.

"She's ashore already," he wailed, trying to tear himself away.

"Is she? . . . Keep good full there!"

"Good full, sir," cried the helmsman in a frightened, thin, child-like voice.

I hadn't let go the mate's arm and went on shaking it. "Ready about, do you

hear? You go forward"—shake—"and stop there"—shake—"and hold your noise"—shake—"and see these head-sheets properly overhauled"—shake, shake—shake.

And all the time I dared not look toward the land lest my heart should fail me. I released my grip at last and he ran forward as if fleeing for dear life.

I wondered what my double there in the sail-locker thought of this commotion. He was able to hear everything—and perhaps he was able to understand why, on my conscience, it had to be thus close—no less. My first order "Hard alee!" re-echoed ominously under the towering shadow of Koh-ring as if I had shouted in a mountain gorge. And then I watched the land intently. In that smooth water and light wind it was impossible to feel the ship coming-to. No! I could not feel her. And my second self was making now ready to slip out and lower himself overboard. Perhaps he was gone already . . . ?

The great black mass brooding over our very mastheads began to pivot away from the ship's side silently. And now I forgot the secret stranger ready to depart, and remembered only that I was a total stranger to the ship. I did not know her. Would she do it? How was she to be handled?

I swung the mainyard and waited helplessly. She was perhaps stopped, and her very fate hung in the balance, with the black mass of Koh-ring like the gate of the everlasting night towering over her taffrail. What would she do now? Had she way on her yet? I stepped to the side swiftly, and on the shadowy water I could see nothing except a faint phosphorescent flash revealing the glassy smoothness of sleeping surface. It was impossible to tell—and I had not learned yet the feel of my ship. Was she moving? What was wanted was something easily seen, a piece of paper, which I could throw overboard and watch. I had nothing on me. To run down for it I didn't dare. There was no time. All at once my forced, yearning stare distinguished a white object floating within a yard of the ship's side. White on the black water. A phosphorescent flash passed under it. What was that thing? . . . I recognized my own floppy hat.

It must have fallen off his head . . . and he didn't bother. Now I had what I wanted—the saving mark for my eyes. But I hardly thought of my other self, now gone from the ship, to be hidden forever from all friendly faces, to be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, with no brand of the curse on his sane forehead to stay a slaying hand . . . too proud to explain.

And I watched the hat—the expression of my sudden pity for his mere flesh. It had been meant to save his homeless head from the dangers of the sun? And now—behold—it was saving the ship, by serving me for a mark to help out the ignorance of my strangeness. Ha! It was drifting forward, warning me just in time that the ship had gathered sternway.

"Shift the helm," I said in a low voice to the seaman standing still like a statue.

The man's eyes glistened wildly in the binnacle light as he jumped round to the other side and spun round the wheel.

I walked to the break of the poop. On the overshadowed deck all hands stood by the forebraces waiting for my order. All the stars ahead seemed to be gliding from right to left. And all was so quiet in the world that I heard the remark "She's round," passed in a tone of intense relief between two seamen.

"Let go and haul."

The foreyards ran round with a great noise, amidst cheery cries. And now the frightful mustaches were being heard giving various orders. Already the ship was drawing ahead. And I was alone with her. Nothing! no one in the world should stand now between us, throwing a shadow on the way of silent knowledge and mute affection, the perfect communion of a seaman with his first command.

Walking to the taffrail, I was in time to make out, on the very edge of a darkness thrown by a towering black mass like the very gateway of Erebus—yes, I was in time to catch an evanescent glimpse of my white hat left behind to mark the spot where the secret-sharer of my cabin and of my thoughts, as though he were my second self, had lowered himself into the water to take his punishment, a free man, a proud swimmer striking out for a new destiny.

THE END.



STEAMERS DISGORGING THEIR CARGOES

## “In Port”

BY GEORGE HARDING

THE liner *Ardmore*, lying at her dock in Philadelphia one blustery winter morning, was a storm-scarred craft—standing out as such from the snow-covered docks and the drifting floes on the river beyond. She was just in—the breaking seas had recorded their height on the ice-sheathed masts and rigging, and the gale had whipped this same spray along her length, enshrouding the rails and decks in a mass of ice. Men were chopping the ice from the hatch-coverings, to land the trunks of the passengers, who stood shivering on the dock waiting for the customs to examine their baggage. I crossed her treacherous

deck and went down the alleyway to the second engineer's room. Some one turned in the bunk as I opened the door, and a familiar voice, which I failed to recognize on the instant, drawled in a sleepy fashion, “Are we in dock yet?”

By that time I made out in the dimness of the room Barnes, second engineer on the *British Prince*, with whom I had spent a roaring last night ashore some ten days ago. Such was my surprise that I remember a breath of wind would have knocked me over. A minute later Barnes was dangling his legs over the edge of the bunk and telling me about it.

“The old *Prince* is gone,” he began;

"she lyin' in a couple hundred fathoms o' tumblin' water a hundred miles to the east'ard o' Cape Sable Island. This steamer hove in sight on Friday night and took us off before she went down."

I propped myself on the wash-stand and fired questions at him. He began giving details, such as had become impressed on his mind. Particularly did he condemn the luck of losing the vessel. The whole engine-room force had slaved twenty hours making repairs; the seas rolled the ship so that they had to work with one hand and hang on with the other.

"Then, mind you," he went on, "we were repaired and just gettin' under way, when the blasted steerin'-gear locked. A couple o' swopin' seas took her broad-side on and hove her over. The cargo shifted to lee'ard and held her down, liftin' the seacocks above water. There was nothin' to do but stop the engine again, this time for lack of water in the condenser. Down in the engine-room we waited orders. The poundin' seas was loosenin' her plates. The water came in, gettin' nearer and nearer to the fires, and at last puttin' 'em out. She was smotherin' in the cross-seas. We could hear the noise of the bellowin' cattle on deck as the seas washed over and pounded them back and forth. The old man ordered us up on deck, where they was havin' their own time fightin' it out. The *Ardmore* was in sight, and we sinkin' fast. The old *Prince* looked like a junk-pile above decks—listed over, the rail along the bow twisted off, the canvas weather-sheets and side of bridge missin', a dented stack, and the only life-boat left in the chocks stove in. I went aboard the *Ardmore* in the second boat she sent us. It was a question in my mind which was best chosin'—the *Prince* or the life-boat we was in. We boarded this'n all right. They took the last half-dozen off



THE SHIP'S OFFICER

after nightfall. From the *Ardmore* we saw a few lights movin', and above the wind heard the bellow of the cattle. The last crowd said the sea was strewn with the wreckage, the cattle was swimmin' around among oil-barrels and disappearin' as the sharks pulled them under.

"Aboard this we stowed away all right. Our old man put up with the *Ardmore's*. All our gang o' cattlemen and firemen are in the steerage quarters. I turned in



WASHING UP

with Jim, borrowed some of his clothes, and used his bunk while he was on duty."

Barnes was finishing his story when my friend the *Ardmore's* second came in; off duty now that the ship was safely docked. He held out his greasy hand in greeting to me, and I grasped it about the wrist, where the grime was less.

"Well, we been picking up passengers all the way over this trip," he commented. "Still got the pilot on board from the other side, then picked Barnes and his crowd up last Friday—all of it kept us three days late. Very nice to have Barnes as passenger." It was seldom the *British Prince* and the *Ardmore* were in port at the same time.

We went out on deck. The stevedores were busy at all the hatches, winches were driving, cargo was coming out into the lighters alongside, men were yelling and waving their arms as they gave sig-

nals above the din. Already the grain-elevators and coal-barges were filling the dock. The sun had broken through the grayness, and its rays, added to the clouds of escaping steam, were melting the ice. It dropped in great chunks to the deck.

"An hour's time," said Barnes, "and this meltin' ice will all be off her, and they'll be washin' down her decks same as in summer."

"Yes," said the *Ardmore's* second, with a wry smile, "and as much as three days in port before she goes to sea again, b'gob!"

The days in port—when the steamer disgorges itself of the cargo and refills the empty holds—are welded, as it were, into one continuous day of activity. It is the time to overhaul and repair. Above decks they repaint. Below the water-line they overhaul engines and boilers. I remember one day spent in



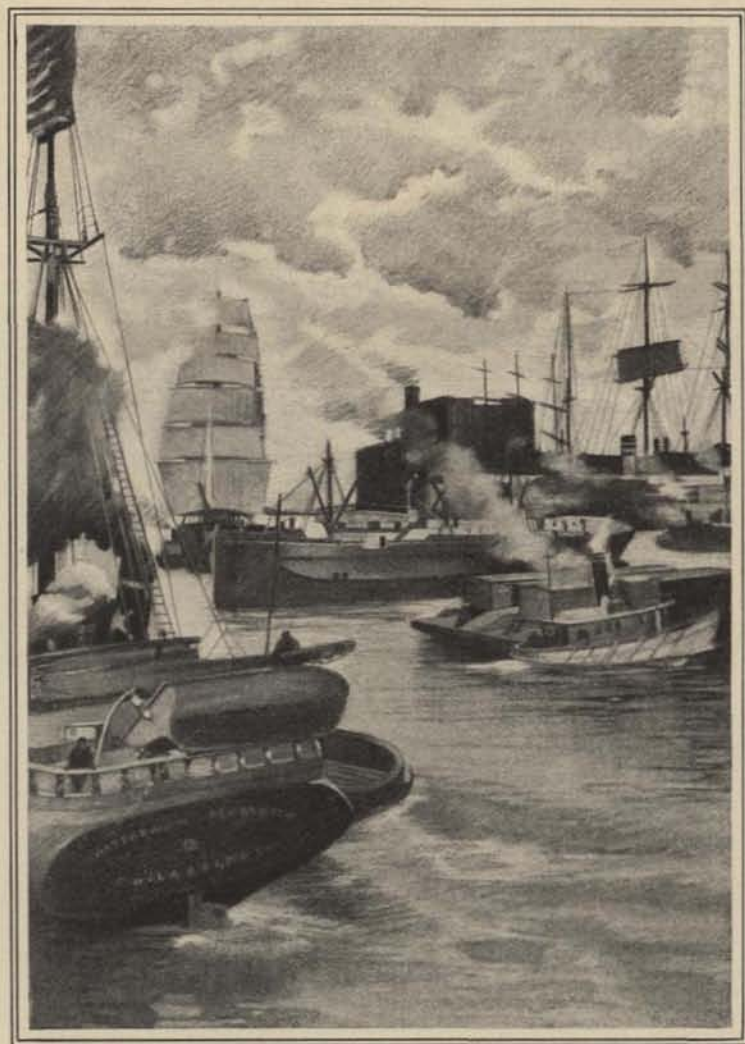
the boiler-room of the *Ardmore*. Eight bells sounded on the iron bar. Save an electric light or two, and the glare from an open fire-box door on a half-stripped figure shovelling coal, the alleyway between one row of boilers seemed deserted; the bells were still striking; out of the empty fire-boxes came ash-covered men squeezing through the furnace doors, some head foremost, others feet foremost, mopping their blackened faces with the damp towels hung around their necks. Climbing up the ladder to the gratings in the engine-room, I encountered greasy men tightening bolts and filling oil-cups. On deck, sailors were sliding down from the scaffold on the stack and scrambling up over the rail where they had painted the ship's sides. Stevedores, coats in hand, climbed from the holds; some, with handkerchiefs over their mouths and nostrils, and powdered all over with white grain-dust, crawled from the hatch, where the wheat was pouring in. Men came from everywhere, down rigging, up ladders, across gangways from lighters, all heading for the dock with their dinner-pails.

The noon hour was the only lull in the task of preparing the steamer to meet the gales of the next passage.

The lofty spars and network of rigging of the sailing-ship tower above the warehouse roofs. The

bowsprit reaches far over the shore, overhanging the teams and freight-cars of the quay. It is a quiet spot in the busy world of docks. Day after day stevedores slowly stow the cargo. Then the hatches are battened down, the crew comes aboard, and the ship departs on the next tide. The harbor tugs tow her to sea. She spreads her canvas wings, the sails fill, and under this white-winged structure she drives on her voyage. Adverse winds must be overcome before the ship's anchor is let go in the port of destination.

Another night the *Atlas* arrived, and I sat talking with her captain in the café



THE THROG OF BUSY RIVER TRAFFIC

which is frequented by habitués of the Maritime Exchange. With us was the passenger who came around in the bark from San Francisco. "An invalid ordered to take a long sea-voyage," the skipper told me, but added on the side, "to get him away from his dram, I think."

The passenger told of ice sighted off the Horn, of fog and heavy sea encountered during a calm, and how the vessel, uncontrolled by either sail or rudder, rolled about like a log. He remembered a sea carrying him the length of the deck; he recalled how he turned into his bunk and read the skipper's entire library of two books while the steward dried his heavy clothes at the galley fire. The skipper told of not sighting sail or smoke all the way down the west coast, not till they had put on their summer clothes again on this side; then a three-mast French bark had signalled that her captain was dead, and wanted to know her latitude.

"That was all we sighted," said the skipper, "till off Hatteras an English tramp passed us. Must have been him reported us; the agent told me we were reported Monday by a steamer in Norfolk."

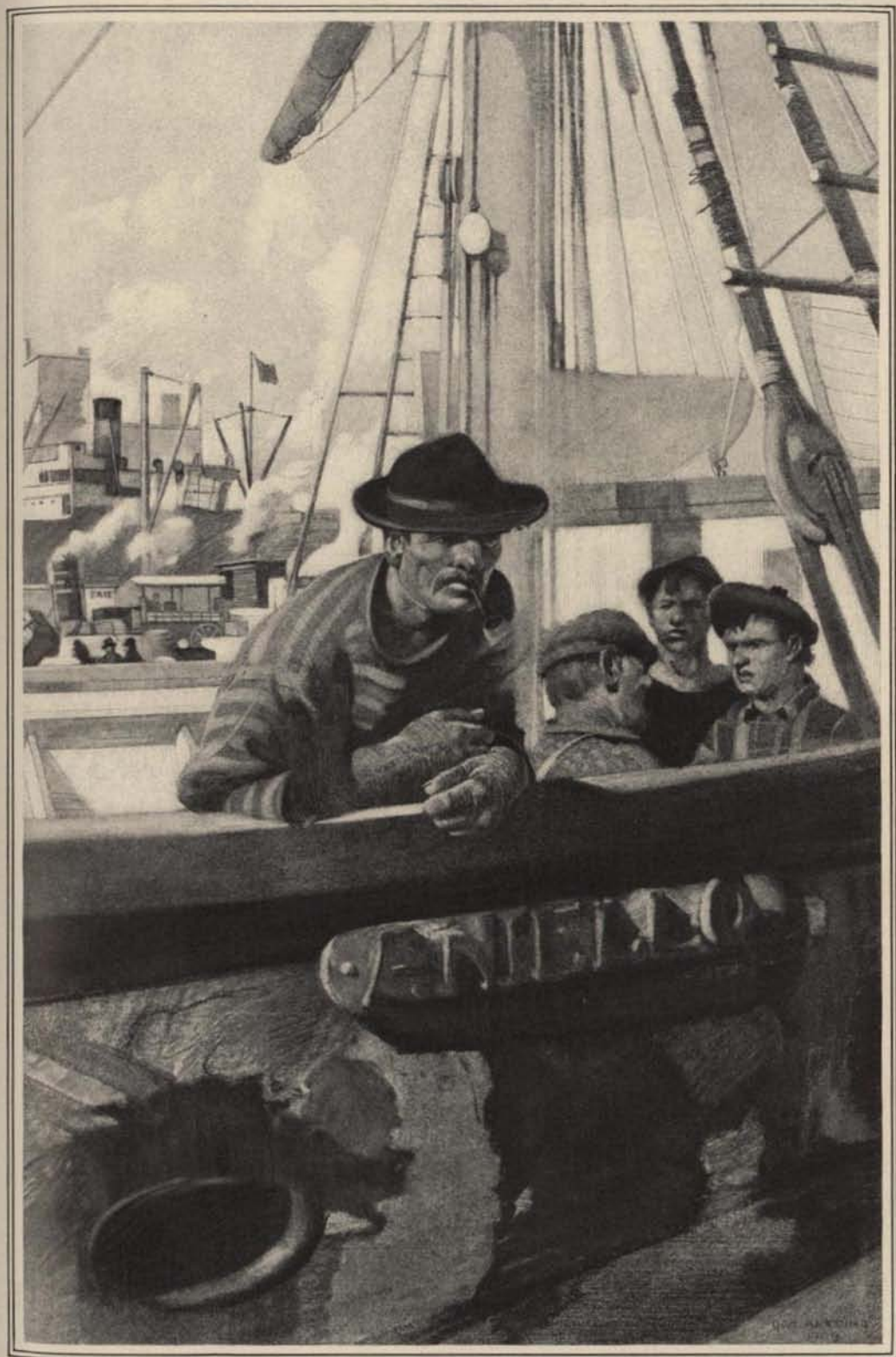
By and by the captain sighted, in the entering crowd of the café, "Neally o' the *Borderer*." Hadn't seen him for three years, then in Honolulu—would we excuse him a minute while he ran over to him?

"You remember the *Sewell*?" asked the passenger. "She sailed a year ago, and after reinsurance was listed as missing. In Frisco they told the captain to look for signs of wreckage about the Horn. It was thought out there she might have collided with field ice in a fog.

"Well, this was my first voyage in a sailing-ship," he went on, "and I visited the dock every day for a couple of weeks watching them stow the cargo. The last day the skipper and mate were fuming



A WINTER DAY ON THE WHARVES



*Drawn by George Harding*

A FOREIGN SHIP IN PORT



over the ship's fore-and-aft trim. The stevedores, sail-makers, riggers, and sailors, speaking for berths, were all mixed in together. An old man, who had been standing about all day endeavoring to speak to the skipper, at last came over and spoke to me. Some one told him I was to sail on the *Atlas*.

"'You're goin' around on her?' he says. I told him 'yes.' He started telling me that his son was shipped on the overdue *Sewell*. She was listed as missing. I felt sorry for the old fellow, he was very downcast.

"'She may have been blown back around the Horn,' I told him. I really thought so myself; it seemed impossible that a big ship like the one we were standing on could be lost. We stood talking for a long time. Meanwhile the crew came aboard with their sea-chests from the sailors' boarding-houses.

"The old fellow was brighter when he found I agreed with him that the ship, or at least the crew, would come to port. 'Why,' he said, with a sudden burst of hope, 'she may have leaked and the bags o' sugar swelled up and broken open and clogged the pumps. 'Tis possible they rowed ashore like the crew o' the *Starbuck*.'

"I talked to him till the tug came alongside to haul us out. The last thing he asked me was 'to write and tell him if we saw any sign of wreckage or the crew.'

"Well," the passenger continued, "I heard the skipper tell his agent this afternoon that, as long as there was no word now, she must be lost with all hands—not the slightest doubt of it in his mind."

Silence fell over our table in the café, and it was several minutes before the passenger spoke again.

"I've got to write to the old man!" he said. "I promised to. What can I say?"

Tramp steamers wander wherever a cargo offers. They are fashioned with two straight masts, a single red funnel, around which the bridge and deck-houses cluster. The pigeon-breasted bows and clumsy hulls are scarred with rust patches.



HAILIN' FROM CUBA

The *Vallore*, two years seven months out of Peckersgill yard on the Clyde, was bound to Glasgow for overhauling. She was one of the tramps that seldom see their home port. In that time, her skipper said, she had experienced the typhoons of the tropics, shaved icebergs and slid by submerged derelicts in the Atlantic. She had put in a Chinese port with her cargo of cotton afire, and taken aboard the salvaged cargo of case-oil of a sister ship wrecked on a remote South Sea island. MacNab, the captain, took command on her maiden trip. Before that he was skipper of a bark, came in from a six months' voyage, and a week later was transferred by his owners to



A SAILOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE

the *Vallore*. He was a typical deep-water seaman, lacking information on the petty news of the local world, but well posted on such topics as air-ships and turbines. Otherwise his interest was all in his ship.

"She's a very profitable boat," he told me; "never been without a charter. She was built on speculation at the shipyard when the depression o' ship-buildin' was hangin' over the Clyde. A week after buying, she was ready for sea—with the firm's colors on the stack and her name painted on the bow and stern. Then she started out, and been on the go, with little repairin', ever since. Her losses in

this time," MacNab went on, "were little—an anchor, two life-boats, and a set o' cabin dishes smashed during a gale, when she was smothered like a submarine. Her crews, though, were enough to worry a man sick," he said. "This trip there were sailors o' a half-dozen countries aboard, and the whole lot o' firemen were Chinese. They'll fine ye if any of the heathen Chinamen desert in this country," he went on; "so the agent sends a watchman aboard to keep an eye on them while the ship's in dock." MacNab talked for a long time about crews of Lascars and Chinamen he had shipped in times past. Once they fought among themselves so much that in port he had them arrested and held until he was ready to sail. Then he told of discussing with the engineer of the *Clan MacIver* about the point of maritime law involved in the case of the steamer with a crew of Chinese lost off Carolina two weeks before.

"'Twere a question in my mind," said MacNab, "who would be responsible if any of the chinks got away after reachin' shore. Whether it was the life-savers for bringin' 'em ashore, the captain for wreckin' his ship, or was the British consul to be fined for not sendin' 'em intact out o' the country to the port they was shipped in."

MacNab smiled as he recalled the reply.

"'Twas a case," the engineer said, "where it was easy for the skipper to add to the list o' gear lost in the wreck—so many Chinamen. It was a similar case to the man the *Clan MacIver* reported lost overboard a day or two afore arrivin'. Why," said the engineer, "he was not missed till an hour after we reached dock. When I tells the old man, he says, 'Did any one see him go?' 'No, sir,' I answered. 'Well, then,' the old man says, with a wink that I understood, 'we'll report one Chinese fireman lost overboard in the big sea that she poked her nose into off five-fathom bank.'"

"It saved the *MacIver's* captain," added MacNab, with a broad grin, "a couple hundred dollar fine."

Then, with the time near when MacNab must be under way to pass the lower shoal on the high tide—the ship was loaded with wheat in bulk—he told me

of a case on the high seas wherein he thought to drive a canny bargain. "We was bound to Philadelphia with a cargo of iron ore, and in no great hurry to get there until the day the new tariff went into effect, lowering the duty on that particular cargo. Off the Banks we ran into a nor'east gale, and in the fog we fair walked into a freighter a-wallowin' around, almost rollin' the funnel out o' herself, and signals o' distress flyin'. We made her out to be an Ulster-line boat, and, when she lifted her tail high enough, that she was the *Bangore*—and finally that she was without her propeller; just her shaft peepin' out o' water.

"'It's very convenient,' I said to our first officer, Mr. Black, 'that we're in no hurry. Supposin' you go aboard her and find out how long she's been a-waitin' us, and if she is in a grand rush on account o' the tariff. Stretch the point,' I said, 'that we is. Say, "Well, captain, this is tough luck—I'm supposin' you're in a hurry on account o' the tariff like we are." Never let on it's cheaper for us to take our time.' We was three hundred miles from St. John's at the time, and I figured that the mileage charge was one hundred dollars per mile for towage.

"The first officer made the offer. Perhaps it was a bit high; at any rate they thought it was.

"'Not havin' any passengers or mail aboard and bein' bound to a Canadian port,' yelled her skipper, 'I'll not agree to such outrageous terms.'

"'But does you understand,' interrupted my first officer, 'we're under orders o' the shippers, and there is a considerable difference in customs duty on our cargo?'

"This argument cooled him a bit, and might have bore fruit if out o' the fog hadn't the whistle of a law-abidin' steamer blown—she was evidently careful o' her own safety or nearly cuttin' down a fisherman, I don't know which. That whistle was enough to take the fear out o' the *Bangore's* skipper and at the same time a bit o' the cockiness out of my first officer. There was nothin' left for him to do but make a bargain before the other fellow came along and snapped her up under our nose. The understanding was, the settlement to be made in port—her skipper was evidently a friend o' the lawyers.

"In short order the two lines were aboard her and we was gettin' under way



A CHINESE CREW

again. I was on the bridge—lookin' the tow over and thinkin' o' what I liked to do to the fellow that proved the snag in the bargain—in the liftin' fog away ahead of us I saw what must have been the whistle-blowin', law-abidin' craft. Would you believe it, sir," MacNab added, with a scowl, a faint echo of his original rage, "she was a fast liner, and wouldn't have stopped to tow!"

The old wharf lies slowly crumbling. The posts are eaten away with the chafing of many hawsers. At the river end a wind-swept scrub tree grows, and between the cobbles patches of grass struggle. A pensive air of past prosperity hangs about it, while the throng of busy river traffic passes on to the great steamer docks beyond. Nowadays the foreign sailing-ships lie there discharging ballast and awaiting charters. Inside the gate the old watchman dozes

away the afternoon in a cloud of tobacco smoke. He is a bow-legged old fellow—trousers tucked in boots and slightly stooped as he taps along with his cane. His weather-beaten face and frowsy beard are capped with a faded felt hat.

"Here, sir," he says, "is where the odds and ends of shipping comes!" They are of all kinds—great steel ships and weather-beaten wooden barks and barkentines with white saints for figureheads. They hail from Castellamare, Bremerhaven, and Narvick. The crews are all foreign sailors, swarthy fellows with red sashes and sabots, thick-set, sea-booted men of the North Sea ports, with a sprinkling of all-nation crews.

"I generally tells where they come from," says the old watchman, "by the ballast, whether it be sand or pebble or dirt. Another way is by the cock-fighters, bird-cages, or flowers they have aboard. Then the ships that's ever had



THE CREW COMING ABOARD WITH THEIR SEA-CHESTS





THE SOUP LINE

grain cargo has the rats—them that's brought bones from Buenos Ayres has the worms. Always sorry," he went on, "to see them bring a bone-ship, so many flies come along with it. Aboard 'em, sir, the crews sleep covered with fly-nettings, and they don't feed 'em any better than the pigs on a steel ship. Then there's the cryolite ships that comes here from Greenland; they're nice and clean, though. The mates aboard 'em tells me o' the strange sealskin people of Ivigtut. The other day a fellow on one of the Greenland barks got a letter all covered with postmarks that had followed him about for over two years."

The old fellow took me into the tumble-down store and pointed to the list of ships that had docked in the last year. My eye fell on the *San Ignacio de Loyola*. "What was she like?" I asked.

"Oh, a dirty brigantine hailin' from Cuba," he answered, "with a skipper who had the airs o' a steamboat captain."

"And what was the *Foohng Svey*?" I questioned.

"A fine four-masted bark a-flyin' the American flag. She had me guessing," he said, "till the mate told me she was an Eastern trader owned in Honolulu, and when the islands became American she got the registry along with 'em." So we went through the list—"this one a tramp steamer held up for libel proceedings; that one—let me see—oh yes, the

*Gibson* was a derelict that was towed in and sold at auction. You've heard of missing ships," he said. "Well, here's where they start from. Many ships have left this dock in my day and never reached port. On that list, them with the black line drawn around the name is the ones that was lost after leavin' here. There's the *Jules Henry*, the tank bark—she blew up in Marseilles; the *Calcium* was burned at sea; 'em that's got the question mark alongside are ones I doubted if they would reach their destination, they was so worn out."

Looking closely, I saw that the doubtful marks and the black lines usually went side by side.

"The old East-Indiamen," he went on, "used to dock at this wharf with spices and tea, and ships with sugar and molasses came from the West Indies. Yes, I remembers them all—remembers the day when a forest o' masts lined this water-front, when ships came to the wharf under sail, and the crews came ashore from a twelvemonth voyage."

The old fellow lighted his pipe and prepared to go out to his chair again. His great misshapen hand on my knee, he turned and said, "There's a heap o' ships come to these docks in my day, and I often wonders who sees the most—'em 'at travels around, or me that's stayed here, seven days a week for more than thirty-two years."

# The Fairfax Comedy

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

MRS. GEORGE RICHARDSON gave her ultimatum at five o'clock in the drawing-room. George Richardson had taken his house at Cradley because his wife had a fancy to try the country. She was thirty, pretty, slim, and extremely restless. In London she ranged through innumerable sensations, until she tired of all. That was how she came to want the country. People were talking of the simple life, and it sounded well. At any rate it sounded like a change, and a change was what Ellice Richardson wanted. George was wont indulgently to grant her most of what she wanted. He was a novelist of repute, with a standing in literary circles, and an income not capable of indefinite expansion. Cradley in its remoteness and its silence satisfied his needs, for he had enjoyed life in his forty years, and now liked to stand in the wings and look on aslant at the performance with a perfect knowledge of the conditions in which it was taking place. If he had been unable to do this, he would not have been able to write his novels, sound, broad-minded, wise, sweet-blooded, and cynical books like himself. With the relaxation of life's ardent claim on him he had also developed an interest in nature other than human. He faced the wind on the heath with rare pleasure; he was a spectator of the human show, but a partisan on the hills. The acrid smell of gorse upon a hot afternoon was as perfume to his nostrils; he was part of *that* now rather than of big cities and the whole complex and monotonous social system. So he found Cradley to his taste, while his wife tired of it.

Ellice, indeed, may be said to have tired of it ere she gave it a proper trial. They had fled from London in the early spring, when the country exhibited to eyes weary of the drab winter-time its most pleasing features. Daffodils nodded in the meadows, the violets had come,

and the sweet o' the year entered with the primrose. Ellice gushed over nature and formed innumerable plans for the garden, for excursions, for settling into rural life—forever.

"Isn't it far more delightful than noisy, staring, unhealthy town?" she asked her husband, in staccato adjectives, and he agreed. "The taxicabs!"—she made a sound of despairing disapproval—"the dirt! the noise!" She paused. "The taxis were useful," she added, pensively.

But this mood of satisfaction was not destined to endure. Cradley was dull beyond question, and perhaps even indefensibly dull. George Richardson never attempted to defend it against her attacks when the first rapture had disappeared. Spring passed into summer, and despite her full pageant summer proved dull. A beauty may be dull, you know, and very often is. The resplendent lanes and woods and hills were dull; and then the hot days brought the dust; and Ellice, missing the shops and the parties and the theatres and the restaurants, and the unceasing stream of people, known and unknown, declared the situation intolerable. They had agreed to forego their summer holiday, partly because of the expense incurred by their removal, and partly because the change to Cradley was to be regarded in the light of a holiday. So in the dog-days, with her heart in London, Ellice Richardson moped. The chief source of her dissatisfaction was the fact that none of the best people in the countryside had "called." Carfields, Melcombes, Beamans, Bostocks, and their congeners all abstained, quite unconscious of the intrusion of the newcomers. Society straddled between religious works and hunting. In summer there was no hunting, but there were always religious works, and plenty of old maids to be absorbed in them. For the male part of the inhabitants hunting was the prime



Drawn by Frank Craig

THIS WAS HER ULTIMATUM, AND IT FILLED HIM WITH MISGIVINGS



consideration, and George did not hunt. He could not have afforded to hunt even if he had wanted to, which he certainly did not. Of course the Vicar's wife, Mrs. Mowbray, called on Ellice, but she, though young, was prim and heavy and *gauche* as well, and so did not count very much. The doctor's wife, on the other hand, was elderly, with rather a vulgar sense of humor, and so "second-rate" that it was of no consequence to know her. She counted even less. There remained the landed gentry, whose wives were in no hurry, it appeared, to make Ellice's acquaintance. George had proffered reasons out of his imagination, mainly for the purposes of consolation and reassurance, but somewhat in indulgence of his humor.

"It is obvious they want us to be on probation," he said. "You see, it is an important matter to be admitted into the familiarity of country society."

Didn't Ellice know it was important? That was the very reason she was indignant. What did these people mean by not rushing to make her acquaintance? They were merely rustics, clodhoppers, louts. . . .

"Well, thank goodness they don't call, then," said George, with sly good humor.

"There's not one of the women knows how to dress," declared Ellice, scornfully.

"Not one," agreed her husband, surveying her pleasant figure in its appropriate gown.

This had become the burden of their private exchanges, until even George's placid patience showed signs of giving. Of course, with the selfishness of man, he could not detach himself from his own satisfaction.

He strolled the lawn that July afternoon, enjoying the cooling air that streamed over the rhododendrons, poised between two incidents for a plot. He wanted to fix his mind on one, and it persisted in dividing, as did Æneas's so often. He fluttered, he hesitated, and he would have come down on one or the other if he had had the chance. But fate intervened with Ellice—Ellice and two strong, good-natured, clean-limbed, and empty-headed puppy hounds which she had on leash. Ellice, usually pale, and more than ever pallid lately with the heat,

was flushed and breathless. The pups, exploring in different directions simultaneously, wound her round the arch of a pergola.

"George!" she called. "For goodness' sake come and take these creatures—these blessed dogs! I wish they were—" George took one over while she disentangled herself.

"I believe," he said, mildly, "that these things are called hounds, and that Cradley does not forgive any one who calls them dogs."

"Nonsense!" said Ellice, crossly, as the hound she still held endeavored to make after a distant cat. "There, I'll let the beast go."

Sparker, thus manumitted, darted across the lawn and disappeared in a shrubbery, his companion whimpering and straining at the leash in an endeavor to follow. Mrs. Richardson, you see, had undertaken to "walk puppies" for the Cradley pack, an offer to which she had been stimulated by the beaming friendliness of Major Weldon. At the time she had not known that the Major was a bachelor and incorrigibly catholic in his acquaintances. No one considered a person merely because Major Weldon knew him or her. That painful discovery was to follow. The neighborhood did not stream in after the Major.

"I thought I heard a voice at the gate," said George, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, young Beaman," said his wife, impatiently.

"As devoted as ever," he replied, lightly.

Young Beaman was five-and-twenty, extremely elongated in body, and very shy. As yet his devotion had not brought Mrs. Beaman or the Misses Beaman to Holt Place; which was another matter that vexed Ellice's stricken heart.

"Go away—*do*. George, keep that beast off," she said, crossly, as the second hound puppy made a sudden manifestation of its affection for her by rising on its hind legs and pawing at her fresh summer frock. George jerked back the beast.

"What's the use of the silly fellow?" she went on, reverting to young Beaman. "Here have I been walking puppies (ugh!) for four months, and nothing has happened. Lady Carfield, Lady

Melcombe, the Hassalls—none of them have called.”

Ellice was pretty, after her fashion, and her figure was nice; she had a talkative nature, and could sustain a conversation with spirit—but humor had been denied to her. George Richardson's eyes ruffled up in a twinkle.

“It is pretty bad of them,” he declared, as they began to walk toward the house. “I've a good mind to send in a bill for puppy-biscuits to Lord Carfield, and so bring his wife to reason.”

“Oh, if you're going to be sarcastic—” protested Ellice, hotly.

George disclaimed any intention of sarcasm; he had noticed that his wife was constitutionally unable to distinguish between sarcasm and humor—levity, if you will. But he was conscious that he was properly rebuked for treating the matter with levity. It was an occasion for serious discussion. He got rid of the dog—hound, that is—and followed Ellice to the drawing-room. She had divested herself of her hat, but still had the effect, he thought, of sitting at her own tea table like a visitor. She opened on him without ceremony. “I can't stand it, George. We must go.”

This was the ultimatum, and it filled him with misgivings. In his mind's eye he saw Ellice, as was her wont, mounting from stage to stage of emotional revolt against her circumstances, and he was dismayed. His means were limited, and he was in the middle of a novel. Besides, the place did suit him. He pondered. Perhaps it was selfish of him to look at it in that way. But, after all, it had been Ellice's idea, and he had offered resistance of a sort, at any rate criticism. She was rattling on, apparently incensed at his silence.

“It's all very well for you. You have your work, and you enjoy talking to the villagers. I don't. I am accustomed to something better. This is stagnation; I feel the mould growing over me. It's no good. I can't stand it.”

“There's Mrs. Blenkinsop,” murmured George, weakly, “and old Weldon isn't bad, and—”

He had invited the thunder and he got it. Mrs. Blenkinsop was third-rate. Old Weldon was of no account. “It's the second-rates I know—not one of the

people who really matter, not one,” she pronounced, with embittered emphasis.

“Young Beaman—” George would have begun, but was snapped up.

“Beaman! Where are the Beamans?” she demanded, in ringing accents of scorn, and a connection making in her fretted brain, she turned upon him again. “Of course it might have been different if I knew how to ride. If you had only had lessons for me, when you knew that we were coming into this wilderness!”

George Richardson discovered it was time to act. If this went on, the flood would carry him away. He pulled himself together and faced the situation boldly. He put his teacup down and crossed his legs.

“We give hostages to fortune when we abandon town. I warned you of that,” he said. “You are good enough to consider me a very clever fellow, my dear, and I am disposed to agree with you. But it is a mistake to suppose that cleverness counts much in life.”

“What counts?” she asked.

“Various things—money, position, advertisement, but not cleverness. You told me that you thought my book *Illusion* was the most brilliant novel you had read for years. (You have an admirable literary taste, dear.) Now if you were to go up to Cradley Park to Lord Carfield's house-party assembled this coming September for partridge shooting, you would find ears blank to *Illusion* and my very name. Possibly you might catch some one's attention. ‘Richardson? Lives here? Is that the writin' chap? No, I never read any, but I believe my sister read one once.’ But, mind you, that would be an extra well-informed guest. They're not interested in me or what I do. They buy my books, if they buy them at all, as they buy groceries. You don't call on your grocer.”

“It's all shameful,” declared Ellice, simmering.

“What I do obviously doesn't count. Books are produced, and so are guns and motor-cars. They couldn't produce any one of these. Why should they consider the person who produces books for them to buy as more important than the persons who produce guns or motor-cars? In fact, the man who makes their guns is more important than such as I. He does

count. They'll know his name and have a respect for him."

"Then why did you bring me here?" demanded Ellice tragically. "We must leave at once."

At this moment the maid announced Mrs. Mowbray, the Vicar's wife, who approached slowly, in all the righteous resignation of her dull and sober raiment. Ellice's face showed a perfunctory welcome, but George bustled about in a way which was alien to his usual large deliberation. He proffered a chair, a cup of tea, and a plate of cake.

"You must try this—Buzzard's, you know," he explained, in a delicately intimate way. Ellice was silent, wondering. The Vicar's wife, uneasily eating Buzzard's, broached the object of her visit with characteristic tactlessness. It might have eased poor Ellice's raw wounds had even this dull lady come for social amenities. But she had not. Munching a Buzzard delicacy which she had not even the wit or *savoir faire* to commend, she unlimbered her ordnance.

Mrs. Richardson must have noticed the state of the bells. No? Ellice was flat; she had not recovered herself. But Mr. Richardson had, he professed, waiting anxiously to know what their condition might be. They were badly hung, it seemed, and there were defects in two. Hadn't Mr. Richardson (she appealed to him now) noticed the tenor? Of course Mr. Richardson had. That seemed to make it easier for the Vicar. Well, the Vicar was anxious to restore the bells in accordance with the dignity of the Church and its traditions. Lord Carfield had been approached and was in cordial agreement—in fact, it need be no secret that his lordship was heading the subscription with twenty guineas. The total cost would be about two hundred pounds. Staid Mrs. Mowbray was shrewd and business-like, if dull. She invitingly eyed George Richardson beaming over bells which he hated.

"Of course I am willing to help with my mite," he declared, choosing the word mite as most Scripturally suitable for the lady. "But, my dear Mrs. Mowbray, it will take some trouble to raise that sum in these hard times."

The Vicar sighed unconsciously, for had she not debated this very point with

her husband ere setting out on her begging round?

"The Richardsons ought to give five pounds," he had said. "I believe novelists are well paid. And Mrs. Richardson comes regularly to church."

Yet it would take, to be precise, forty five-pound notes or checks to make up £200. Mrs. Mowbray's sigh was an involuntary testimony to her discouragement. Ellice eyed her hardly, realizing now that this was no social call, but merely an official stand-and-deliver. To her intense amazement George went on genially:

"I think I may be of help to you there, if you will allow me. We might arrange for a dramatic performance, or something in that line."

Mrs. Mowbray looked doubtful. "Yes," she assented, her mind adding up the various attractions and accomplishments of the parishioners. "Captain Hassall acts, and there are the Melcombe girls," she suggested, still doubtfully. "I think they acted somewhere in private theatricals last year."

Ellice's attention tautened. George's idea was good. After all, clever men had their uses. She overlooked in her approval the scrawny bodies of the Melcombe girls, recognized and bitterly criticised from church pews.

"Yes." George's assent this time was doubtful. "I hardly designed a local affair. I was thinking I might assist you in another way. I might get Miss Estelle Fairfax."

"Miss Fairfax!" Mrs. Mowbray woke up, deserting parish and bells and the narrow confines of Cradley. "You mean Miss Fairfax the actress?"

Her mind flashed over leagues of wilderness to rare nights at the Euphrosyne, nights of enjoyment, nights of stolen pleasures in a round of dull duty, nights touched with as nearly delirious romance as placid natures are capable of. She saw George Richardson's nod. "Yes."

In that instant also Ellice's heart homed, and she was in a taxi, wrapped about with fluffy things, on her way to the Euphrosyne. Piccadilly roared and surged about her in the summer twilight. She remembered the block at Hyde Park Corner, the imperturbable police . . . Constitution Hill . . . the soft murk of

the rain . . . darkness, and the lights of the street. But what was this strange business of George and Estelle Fairfax?

"It would be desirable, of course, that it should be educational," proceeded her husband, leaning back in his chair with a leisurely and indulgent smile. Was it possible that he saw Mrs. Mowbray's face drop and change at that estimable and ugly word?

"Of course," she murmured.

What in the name of conscience and goodness did George mean?

"Do you think, for example, Lord Carfield would lend his grounds for a pastoral play?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Mowbray brightened. "I'm sure he would. He's always so anxious to help. But what—"

"I had an idea of *As You Like It*," suggested George, offhand, and as though appealing to her judgment.

Mrs. Mowbray only remembered Shakespeare dimly, but the name of the play sounded nice.

"The forests, you know, the healthy open life of the woods, the exiled Duke's court, pretty girls, and all the pomp of romance."

The drab little Vicaress, moribund before her time, brightened anew; her face was flecked with color, and she smiled. "That would be nice," she said, still restricted as to the adjective. It is not only in conduct that one must be nice, but in attributes also. Meanwhile understanding went up in a flare through Ellice Richardson's soul. Oh, how clever was George! Clever people always *were* the best.

"I think it would be simply splendid," she declared.

"I should hazard at a guess that you could raise fifty pounds easily by that means," said George, reflectively, adding after a moment's punctuation: "Of course Miss Fairfax would make no charge. She would come at my invitation."

"How very kind of you!" said the Vicaress. (Kind was kin to nice.) "I'm sure Lord Carfield will give his consent."

"It should be great fun," speculated the plotter. "Miss Fairfax, of course, as Rosalind. Have you seen her? She's amazing."

"No-o." Mrs. Mowbray's negative was a diminuendo expressive of regret.

"The Miss Melcombes, Captain Has-sall, Lady Carfield, I dare say. . . . But Miss Fairfax could leave that to Lady Carfield and yourself."

So did the official visitation merge strangely into a pleasant social affair, at which wonderfully mundane things were discussed. George Richardson, you see, alarmed and active, was now in command, with all the advantages of a lively, healthy, and unscrupulous imagination. The instant result was an improvement in the domestic atmosphere. With an admiration of George's literary gifts his wife had combined an undervaluation of his tact—or tactics, if you will. She now perceived him to be a general of resource.

"But can you get Estelle Fairfax to come?" she had asked that evening, when the most alluring aspects of the proposal had been canvassed. He looked at her a little quizzically.

"You know I knew her," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, but I didn't know you had known her so well as that," was Ellice's remark.

"I used to see a good deal of her when Clayton was alive," he said.

His quizzical look altered as he regarded her; but there was no signal of jealousy or even of suspicion in her attitude. Indeed, there was, if she should know all, no reason why there should be. Later in the evening, when his wife was in bed, Richardson made a draft of the letter which he sent the next day to Estelle Fairfax, running thus:

DEAR POLLY,—Perhaps you haven't forgotten me. Some eight years since you vowed that you owed me something. Can you pay it now, or is it barred by the Statute of Limitations? It is proposed that a pastoral play, *As You Like It*, shall be produced in Lord Carfield's park here. If you could take the part of Rosalind, I should feel you had more than discharged your debt. The affair is, I believe, to buy bells or something of the kind for a church. You know I'm married.

Yours sincerely,

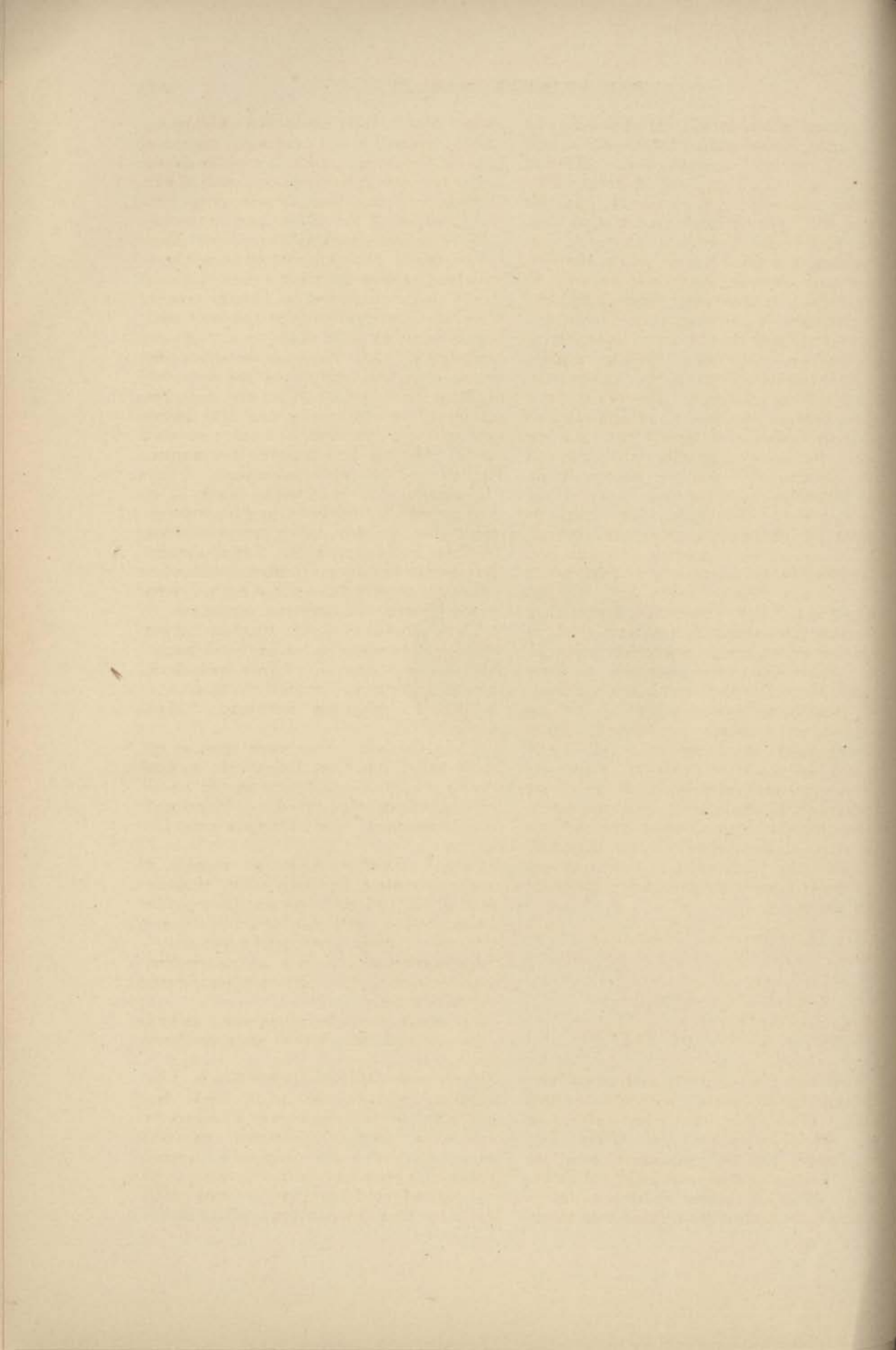
GEORGE RICHARDSON.

When he had finished he sat back, with the aroma of a particularly nice cigar





*Drawn by Frank Craig*      *Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam*  
A DAINY ROSALIND IN HER FOREST COSTUME



lingering on his palate. He pushed aside the table, contemplated the bookcase, and pursed his lips unconsciously. He was reviewing phases of Polly Fairfax's life. Clayton, a composer of genius, had not been the first to intervene in that life. He had come third, he thought; but Clayton, his friend, had taken the disease with rampant passion. At once he tyrannized and adored; and Polly was so friendly, so amusing, so good-natured, and so natural that it was impossible to dislike her, or to bear a grudge against her. After all, Clayton was foredoomed by his own qualities. He failed as a man because he was a genius. Often it is so. Was it Polly's fault that she could not give him only what and all that he wanted? She was always frank, as frank as good-natured, and on the whole pretty reasonable. The only explanation of her was that she had an individual code of morals. George had thought the connection would be better "cut," and when Polly cut it, had helped her. Clayton stormed, denied him, forgave him, thanked him, and died, as will be remembered, somewhat tragically. Why should he condemn or even judge Polly Fairfax, who had since floated into conspicuous fame? Was the woman of Samaria condemned, before the thought of whom, after all, Polly would or ought to blush? With one passing mental glance at a newspaper paragraph he had lately seen respecting Miss Estelle Fairfax and the famous actor Graham Gordon, George Richardson gave up the problem and went to bed.

Polly's answer came after a delay of two days:

MY DEAR QUIXOTE,—I dare say you've grown stouter, but then you were always too thin. Yes, I'll come. Write it off that ledger. I was going to Harrogate early in August, but I'll come to you if you'll name the day. Is she pretty?

POLLY.

This letter opportunely arrived an hour or two before Mrs. Mowbray's excited visit. Gone now was every vestige of the official manner; the sallow face quickened over the emotional storm below. Lady Carfield was delighted at the idea. If Miss Estelle Fairfax could be secured ("and we look upon you to ar-

range *that*," interjected the Vicar), Lord Carfield would willingly give his park—"the wild garden," explained the lady—for the performance; and Lady Carfield and she had already gone into the question of the actors and actresses. Lady Carfield thought that Miss Melcombe might play Audrey, but she (Mrs. Mowbray) thought that the part of Celia ought to be entrusted to Lady Carfield. From the conversation it was evident that the two ladies had been resuming acquaintance with Shakespeare and the Forest of Arden. Ellice, having the news of Miss Fairfax's consent, was now the conduit of its conveyance, and Mrs. Mowbray and she exchanged and interchanged views. George had started the engine. He deserved his comfortable pipe.

Meanwhile up in Cradley Park it is permissible to overhear a conversation which has already taken place. Lady Carfield, a fluffy, flighty thing, carries the news to her husband, blond and forty-odd, with great white teeth, and his roots in solid duties and practical pleasures.

"Mrs. Mowbray wants to know if we will lend the place for a pastoral play." His lordship grunts. "You see, dear, they're going to get Estelle Fairfax."

"What!" cries his lordship. "Mrs. Mowbray!"

"No; it's some one—those people we heard had taken Holt Place. He writes, doesn't he?" So was George Richardson's prophecy vindicated! "Harrison? No, Richardson," Lady Carfield amended her guess.

"Oh!" Lord Carfield, as became a very substantial British person, contemplated. He had once met Estelle Fairfax at the house of the Home Secretary, whose wife was "smart," and wrote bad plays. He remembered her then as enlivening, and he had always admired her acting and her figure.

"If she'll come, by all means. Better write and ask her down," said his lordship.

That was Ellice Richardson's first triumph; and it was what made her realize to the full the beauty of George's manœuvre. For Miss Fairfax, appealed to in one of Lady Carfield's scented sheets of note-paper, excused herself on the ground that she was to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. Polly Fair-

fax dropped this item into a hasty letter fixing her date, and Ellice glowed. Next day it also dribbled down from Carfield Towers through Mrs. Mowbray. That is, Mrs. Mowbray did not know that the Countess had invited Miss Fairfax, but she heard from the Countess that Miss Fairfax was to stay with the Richardsons. It was certain now that the Carfields knew of the existence of the Richardsons. Indeed, it was no longer possible for any one in the neighborhood to profess ignorance now. The idea of the pastoral play had set the heather afire. In an expiring season it had aroused enthusiasm. Captain Hassall, the Melcombe girls, and Lady Carfield were in constant communication with one another. They had decided the precise theatre for the occasion in a little glade, a clearing embowered in rising heights of wood as it were the upper cloths of a stage. Ellice, receiving news of this state of commotion, withered; it seemed that she had counted her chickens too soon. It was not until Estelle Fairfax arrived that a restitution of the balance took place.

Mrs. Richardson accompanied Estelle Fairfax to Cradley Park on a broiling afternoon. "I thought we'd better get to close quarters at once, Lady Carfield," said the actress. "So I got Mrs. Richardson to bring me up."

Lady Carfield acknowledged Ellice with an amiable smile. "We have been doing ever so much," she declared, eagerly. "But we do want your assistance. I'm so glad you've come at last."

Polly Fairfax took off her gloves, discovering pretty hands that were ringless. Ellice, mechanically noting this, was vaguely disturbed by the recollection of a newspaper paragraph some years back mentioning Miss Fairfax's marriage at a registrar's office. This popular lady was bright of face, instinct with vitality, of an exceedingly shapely form, and possessed a most divine smile. She was somewhere about six-and-thirty.

"Now tell me exactly," she commanded Lady Carfield. She threw herself into the breach like a regiment, inspected the glade and approved it, suggested a few alterations in the cast, solved the question of costume that had been so baffling with a graceful gesture of her hand.

"Don't bother. I can fix that. Bur-

bage will send me his wardrobe from the Royal. It cost a mint of money. I played Rosalind there, you know."

Of course Lady Carfield knew. Had she not seen Miss Fairfax in the part? She flew into fresh excitement, discussed questions with zest, and clasped Ellice Richardson's hand warmly in parting.

"You'll come to lunch and we'll go into it all to-morrow. I'll get some of them here," she called out, ecstatically. "Mrs. Richardson, bring her to lunch."

Never had Ellice been so fluttered as by this display of friendliness. The lunch succeeded. Miss Fairfax remembered the occasion when she had met Lord Carfield, and reminded him of a witicism he had let fall. His lordship smiled and bridled; he was even submissive in hearing that he had been set down for the Duke.

"I've never acted. I'm as stiff as a prop, but if you want me—"

They did. "Such a lark!" Polly Fairfax confided under the rose that night to George Richardson. "It will be the funniest pastoral I ever played in. Heaven send us fine weather so as not to put the comedy out! There's Carfield himself, a veritable Duke; Lady Carfield as Celia. Ye gods, a colorless blonde who would like to dare and pretends she knows things, and would shy at a man's shadow on the foot-path! There was a girl—Sir James some one's daughter—"

"Melcombe," suggested George.

"That was it—with a walk like a milkmaid, and bony hands. She's to play Phœbe, and it goes to my heart I can't cast her for the wench Audrey. It seems she's the best lady rider to hounds in these parts. Save my waist-line I should think so! But the girl who takes Audrey—it doesn't matter what her name is—is rather pretty in a rustic way—Coll—no—Cork—oh, it doesn't signify."

"My dear Polly," said the author. "In a rustic way! Don't you know that this young lady is probably, from your description, the Hon. Helen Colclough, of one of our oldest families, and herself an heiress of weight?"

"Is she?" said Polly Fairfax; and then, clearly without heeding, burst into laughter. "Oh, I forgot my warm admirer, Captain Hassall. As well leave out Hamlet as that Orlando."

George reflected. "I believe I've heard Ellice speak of him. He is a sporting man with a sporting wife."

"His wife is as plain as a pikestaff, but has a wonderful figure. Hassall's a beauty, one of the real lady-killers. I'm his new victim."

On this occasion, you understand, Ellice had retired. The day had been one glow of satisfaction, and she had retired happy, *felix opportunitate somni*. The Melcombe girls had been civil, and Mrs. Hassall tolerant; Lady Carfield had been cordial, meeting her as though old friends met, and Miss Colclough had been amiable and interested. She was a distinctly pleasant and unaffected girl, and that had pleased Ellice almost more than anything. She had almost forgotten such people as Major Weldon and the Blenkinsops, and, alas! she had quite forgotten that source and fount of her present intoxication, Mrs. Mowbray.

The rehearsals in the park were an amazing success, if the entertainment of the performers be considered. Miss Fairfax inspired them with life, blew into them the breath of enthusiasm. Her very appearance on the scene infused sparkle into it. She amused herself. Captain Hassall trailed after her, the model of Don Juan, under the very range of his wife's hard eyes. He cooed in corners, arranged her flounces, thrilled when she set a careless hand on his arm. He strutted like a bantam on the road to conquest. Polly Fairfax was, as she always was off the stage, no actress, but herself, her wilful, frank, selfish, good-natured and unpretentious self. In her dainty forest costume at the dress rehearsal she cannoned into the dignified Sir James Melcombe, and first shocked and then charmed him by exclaiming in a merry mood: "My dear man, where did I hit you? Let me rub the place; do."

In a word, Polly Fairfax was natural to the top of her bent, and every one knows in these days that individuality is the only thing that counts, whether you be criminal or apostle. If your individuality be invented for you by the public press, so much the more to your advantage. But it is only accidents of birth, wealth, or favor of the gods that accomplish this. Was there ever a wiser summary of human affairs than that saying:

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them."

Lord Carfield was born great, and he played the exiled Duke quite handsomely. For the part of Jacques was found that elegant and promising member of Parliament, Silvester Merrill, who has written a book of essays and a book of verses, and will some day rise to the surface of his party and be in the Government. He cut a very pretty figure and aroused sore feeling in the heart of Orlando. Lord Arthur Vallings, who had the soul of a music-hall *lion comique*, played Touchstone with gusto, but Touchstone much edited. It was between Lord Arthur and Miss Fairfax that the play began to "go." At the dress rehearsal everybody played up magnificently. Ellice in a pretty summer gown was installed among the privileged spectators; to one side of her Mrs. Beaman, on the other Lady Melcombe. George Richardson, who for the first time visited the scene, on the express invitation of Lady Carfield, wandered about examining people and effects with a critical eye. It was he who marked the flash in Mrs. Hassall's eye when Orlando cried out with an overplus of emotion:

"What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!"

As a matter of fact, it was just that which stirred Mrs. Hassall's tongue to action. She was married to a good-looking man, and had long been aware of it. If she realized that Miss Fairfax found his attentions tiresome at last and much preferred Lord Arthur's frank vulgarity, it made no difference. She began feminine operations at ten o'clock that night, when Miss Fairfax and her hostess had retreated after a merry and unmethodical meal to the shelter of Holt Place. She shot her remarks with the blunt acidity of her temperament into the general company—"firing into the brown," so to speak. No men were present, the occasion being strictly feline.

"I wonder what became of Miss Fairfax's last husband?"

Lady Carfield stared. "Which?" she asked, vaguely.

"I don't know his number. The actor, wasn't it, whom she married two or three years ago. One never hears of him now."

"Perhaps he's dead," suggested Lady Carfield, who saw no particular point of interest in the problem. The men were playing billiards or smoking.

"Is the other one dead—the musician, you know?" inquired Mrs. Hassall, with deadly equanimity.

"What other one? What do you mean?" retorted Lady Carfield.

"Of course Colonel Le Maille doesn't count," pursued Mrs. Hassall, recrossing her legs deliberately.

"Who's Colonel Le Maille?" asked Lady Melcombe.

Probably Mrs. Hassall welcomed a visible target. "Oh, the man in the Guards, don't you remember?" she said, turning slightly toward her interlocutor. "He was afterward concerned in that filibustering raid."

Lady Melcombe was of an age to remember and had tolerant notions. She was the nearest approach to the *grande dame* Cradley could produce.

"Of course," she assented. "He was vastly *épris*, wasn't he?"

"Poor Mrs. Le Maille!" breathed Mrs. Hassall.

The attention of the girls in the room was obvious. Mrs. Mowbray listened, alert, anxious, and instant.

"I believe Miss Fairfax was first married at eighteen," said Mrs. Hassall, at field work.

"Yes. What a shame!" said Lady Carfield. "I don't wonder, poor thing—"

Mrs. Hassall hadn't expected or wanted this.

"Clayton was supposed to be the man she really cared for," she interrupted. "You remember Clayton's tragic death?"

She fastened her glance on Lady Carfield, who moved uneasily.

"That's all ancient history," she said.

"Clayton was a genius," remarked Lady Melcombe. "Lord Winterborough told me that Estelle Fairfax inspired him with his second Symphony."

"She left him," declared Mrs. Hassall, defiantly.

"My dear, you can't judge people like that," demurred Lady Carfield.

"Nothing was ever proved," protested Mrs. Beaman.

"Codes, you see, are different," said Lady Carfield, vaguely.

"She goes everywhere," remarked the

*grande dame*. The girls showed increasing interest, and Mrs. Mowbray looked from one speaker to another. Mrs. Hassall's desperate hard eye alighted on her and invited her in.

"What do you think, Mrs. Mowbray?"

"I—" she hesitated. "Oh, I think Lady Carfield's right. Of course we are told not to judge."

It was Mrs. Hassall's last gamble with the dice; she had failed, and recognized it. She rose, the fineness of her figure emphasizing her plain face and unsympathetic eyes. "I don't mind myself. I'm quite broad-minded," said she. "But where there are young people about—" Her gaze swept over the three girls, and she didn't finish. In fact, she went out on that.

"What on earth did she mean with all that?" inquired Miss Colclough, wrinkling her brows in a puzzled way. "What has Miss Fairfax—"

"Oh, it's all rubbish," said Lady Carfield, hastily; and so the privateering ended.

At the actual performance Ellice and George occupied seats of honor between the Melcombes and the Beamans, Bob in attendance; and the old maids of the district, devoted to church and good works, sat in state in order to do honor to Shakespeare and augment the Bell Fund. The Vicar was present, officially certifying, as it were, an atmosphere of sanctity, and Mrs. Mowbray renewed the stolen joys of liberty and worldliness.

"I have enjoyed myself, but it's reached a limit," murmured Polly Fairfax in George's ear after the play. "Hassall has become an emphatic nuisance. He ought to know there are hundreds of him hanging about any theatre. But your Lord Arthur's a dear."

George disclaimed any proprietary rights in Lord Arthur; but she paid no heed. Lord Arthur called for her with his car next morning, and she departed as informally as she had come.

"He's going to drive me up to town," she imparted to George. "Kiss your petsy for me. She quite passes. I've got to meet Rayner to-night before I go to Homberg. No, my dear man, I enjoyed it."

She took her seat, just as Ellice hurried up, and waved gayly to both. Lord Arthur was most friendly, and the last



*Drawn by Frank Craig*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LORD ARTHUR VALLINGS PLAYED TOUCHSTONE WITH GUSTO





they saw of the pair consisted of laughing exchanges as the car whizzed down the road. Ellice sighed as at the end of a pleasant dream. George was looking quizzically in the direction in which the car had vanished. Lord Arthur!

But, after all, he had nothing of which to complain. Sir James Melcombe told his wife, that stately lady, that that chap Richardson was not at all a bad chap. He knew how to cast a fly with any one. Miss Colclough had admired Ellice's gown, and said so frankly. All this was very satisfactory. But the little comedy did not fizzle out quite so tamely. We may set its conclusion that same evening. In the afternoon Ellice in tailor-made costume disappeared, and returned only an hour before dinner, coming upon her husband as he sat at work.

"George, isn't it great? Bob Beaman is going to teach me to ride, and Mr. Beaman is lending me a horse."

He looked up indulgently. "My dear, I knew you only had to get to quarters with them all."

But later that night he was free to

revolve the episode in his mind, and the thought that framed itself at last was this:

"To think of Polly Fairfax pulling us through the needle's eye!"

He giggled aloud, and his wife asked him why he laughed.

"Oh," said he, fumblingly, "I was thinking of something Lord Carfield said."

"What was that?" she persisted, as the maid brought in the evening post. She opened the letters.

"It was," he said, slowly and carefully, "to the effect that in the matter of a genius things don't count."

"Well, of course, they don't," said Ellice, abstractedly, as she read her letter. "George dear, Lady Melcombe has written asking us to dinner on the 25th. We shall be able to manage that, sha'n't we?" she asked, calmly.

"I'll look up my engagements, but I think so," he said, his eyes twinkling.

"Of course," said Ellice, complacently, after a tiny pause, "country society is more exclusive than town, and smarter."

## The Bitter Thing

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

'TIS hard, my Heart, for toiling through,  
This Land-of-Lonely-Things!  
No league were long, could she be nigh,  
To share thy wanderings;  
Yet wouldst thou have her here—footsore—  
Who hath the wont of wings?

So long thy shelter was her love,  
'Tis bleak and sore to be  
The buffet of unkindly winds,  
Yet, though they beat on thee,  
Give thanks, my Heart, that she is cloaked  
From all inclemency!

But when through fairer valley-ways  
Sometimes thy paths deploy;  
Some rainbow comes to span the storm,  
Some sweet, too rare to cloy,  
Then weep, Heart, for this bitter thing:—  
Unshared with her, thy Joy!

# Enemies

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

WITH my arms stretched out I was pritty near as wide as Devil's Lane, which ran between old Darrow's farm and our own; and by standin' in the middle of it could have touched the rough stone walls on both sides.

But I hadn't lost anything in such a place, where you git thistles in your feet and burs in your hair, and your dress was tore every time you thought somethin' was creepin' up.

I'd made up my mind not to tear my dress any more that day, so I walked on top of our own rickety spite wall, which Gran'pa had built jist to keep old Darrow from havin' the highest one on the opposite side o' the Lane. These walls had been put up when they'd quarrelled and gone to law over that long, crooked strip o' land before I was born. I spoke politely to the old imp hidin' in the bushes, for on this mornin' I was goin' down to keep an inimy from passin' along the turnpike, and needed him to back me up. Then the weeds stirred so that I fell off the wall and tore my dress anyhow.

There was no use feelin' sorry when I couldn't tell which tear it was, so I went on to the foot o' the lane, where soon I could hear the clang of big iron hoofs strikin' the flinty places. It was my inimy comin'; and he was one worth havin', bein' always mad; though whether folks said he ate fire or only spit it I forget now.

Gallopin' up to the Lane, he swung off his big black charger, and throwin' the bridle over his arm, started to walk past our place, lookin' neither right ner left.

"Stan' there!" I said, peepin' through a cranny in the wall. "Frien' or inimy?"

He frowned and answered, "Frien'," but I knew better.

"What's the byword?" I asked.

He thought a minute, and then seein' my tousled head over the top o' the wall, said, "Sally Moore is the word."

"No; my name was good only for yistiday," I told him. "You're an inimy."

He led the charger close up, and lookin' down at me with his black eyes and hard lean face, laid on the wall a red apple from his own blue-grass farm.

"What's the word?" he asked, knowin' I wouldn't let him by till he had it.

"Inimies," I answered. "You can pass on now," and callin' out "Inimies," he jumped on the black horse, which reared almos' straight up with him. Then he galloped away without another word, for he was on old Darrow's side o' the feud over Devil's Lane, so we couldn't talk together, and it wouldn't have been hon'er'ble to take a apple from him except as a bribe.

When I went back to the house munchin' the apple, I found Gran'pa standin' by the barn where we used to keep horses, a cow, and the goat, before we went on the ragged edge. Then they wouldn't keep any longer, except the goat, who was waitin' for somethin' to turn up, and was now on the raggedest edge of any of us.

Gran'pa stopped pickin' at some old rusty ploughs and harrows, which lay on the ground like animal skeletons with their claws broke from tryin' to scratch in our old farm, and said he must go to court. The Devil's Lane case was up agin.

So, after 'while, though the road was dusty, he put on his best coat, instead of the other one, which would have left the window open, and I started with him to rest my feet along the road after walkin' on our farm.

It wasn't far into town, and we were soon at the court-house, where a crowd o' men were standin' with their horses hitched to the racks. Some of 'em drew up to us, and when old Darrow came in, walkin' as we'd done, others gathered around him, and the two parties stood eyin' each other and grumblin' every

once in a while. Then the crier opened court, and everybody pushed each other inside.

Gran'pa stood talkin' to the lawyer, who sometimes came out to the house to see how much we had left, and old Darrow was five or six paces away. I heard their names called, there was a mutter about Devil's Lane, and then everything was so very still that the squirrels began scoldin' in the trees o' the court-house yard.

All at once Gran'pa cried out in a loud voice to the whisperin' of his lawyer:

"I'll have my rights; nothin' less. Have I carried this case up and down the courts twenty years, to give up to that man now!"

He took two quick steps toward Darrow, draggin' me after him; and his frien', big Major Felix, was behin' his shoulder. "Never; we'll have justice here," he bellowed.

Several men pressed up to Darrow, the first one bein' my inimy, who raised his hand high in the air.

"You'll get justice, Felix," he said, and he did spit fire, out of his eyes.

"Whenever you like, Mr. Danton!"

My heart beat quick at their strange, loud voices, and I thought how lean and crooked and weak the two old men looked in that ring o' big fierce-eyed fellows. But they were not in the least afraid, and straightened up to stare at each other.

"There'll be no breach in my side o' Devil's Lane," said my gran'father. "To the last ditch against you, sir."

"To the grave," answered old Darrow, and their faded-out eyes flashed new and bright.

I saw Major Felix and my inimy, Danton, push back the crowd, their faces changed to somethin' black and wicked; and afraid of bein' trampled down to the floor, I stepped into the only clear space. It happened to be right between 'em, and both men stared at me as if surprised. Then, after standin' silent a minute, they passed outside with their frien's, and soon I could hear 'em all ridin' their horses out o' town.

When we two walked home, I thought Gran'pa stumbled a good deal, and he was tremblin', too, which was somethin' he never did when his inimy Darrow was in sight. At home, he sat all afternoon

in the sunshine of the porch, with the dust still coverin' his face, till I wiped it away with a cloth. Then he smiled at me and said:

"I reckon that lawyer will sell us up now; he wants me to drop the case just because I haven't any more money. But we'll fight on against Darrow someway, won't we, Sally?"

I nodded. "To the grave," I told him. "Didn't you all used to be frien's?" I asked then.

Gran'pa took his hand off my hair and scowled. "Don't ever speak o' that agin," he said; and goin' down into the field, he put whatever rocks he could lift on top of his spite wall, to make it still higher than Darrow's.

That evenin' after supper Gran'pa lit the lantern and took me to the top o' the stairs, 'cause I might as well have the comp'ny o' the light when it had to burn anyway. He sat on the top step, till I called, "I'm almos' asleep now"; then he went down soft-footed with the lantern.

But I couldn't sleep, and lay listenin' to the wind whir under the old curled-up shingles, and to Gran'pa, who sometimes muttered down-stairs to dead and gone folks that came back like moths to his lantern. I was thinkin' of bein' sold up, which he'd explained meant that a auctioneer would come to shout that our things wasn't worth much, and that strangers would take 'em in, and lie under the curled-up shingles at night, 'stead o' him and me.

"Still, we got sich a little bit, we can afford to lose at least all of it, and fight old Darrow to the grave," I thought.

Then I got out o' bed and felt my way about, touchin' everything in the dark; for I'd been playin' with my outfit a good while, and thought I'd rather tell 'em good-by when I couldn't look on. O' course I was goin' to send the things mother'd left behind to me, and my own playthings, under the hammer with the rest. All we needed was money, and I knew my inimy would be glad to bid me out of 'em.

Nex' mornin' I tied up my hair with a red ribbon, which looks bright against coal black, and movin' out o' house and home, loaded my belongin's in my waggin. Once I'd had all this waggin,

but now there wasn't any tongue to speak of, and the wheels had to stump along on spokes. I hitched the goat to it with strings, and led him to the turnpike. When my inimy came along without the byword, I said, "You can't go chargin' past here like that."

"What's the word?" he asked.

"Sold up," I told him. He looked surprised, and we spoke another word for the first time.

"Where did you hear that?"

I told him, and then explained that I was goin' to hold my auction first. "Here they all are," I said, showin' him the things. "Anybody can buy 'em, though o' course I'd rather see a inimy take 'em away."

After a minute he raised his horse right over our wall and looked at my outfit. Then he swept his eye along Devil's Lane, and with a sudden scowl rode quickly half-way up the hill which rose between us and the house. Slowly he looked from old Darrow's farm to ours, thinkin' how pore they were besides his own blue-grass place up the valley, and walkin' his horse back and forth.

I'd been so surprised at his doin' this that for a minute I couldn't move; then I ran toward him and stood in front of the horse with my arms stretched out. It's a bad sign to have a inimy nosin' around your place, whether there's anything there for him to find out or not.

"Do you dare jump your horse over our wall? This is no frien's place for you," I told him.

Without a word he rode down the hill, with me walkin' beside him. I'd taken the apple he'd paid to get past, but now I wouldn't keep it, for he'd come into our place only because nobody but me was there for him to ride over. I couldn't throw the apple down—he wasn't that kind of inimy—so I put it back on the wall.

"There," I went on, as he didn't answer; "you can take some other road after this."

He was always hard and black-lookin', but now he seemed like a picture in my old war book, with a cloud o' fightin' armies and sword blades whirlin' around him. He looked at me steadily. "This old quarrel's lined up at last," he said, as if to himself.

That hard stare made me believe he was despisin' me for my bare feet and best dress. I wasn't ashamed of 'em, but I remember the tears came into my eyes.

"If Major Felix was here, you wouldn't dare come into our place," I said.

He answered quickly: "Tell him to meet me here to-morrow mornin'—you must have two people to bid at a auction—and tell nobody else. Will you promise this?"

"Yes," I said, for I could catch a ride on a waggin up to Major Felix's farm. He took another sneer at my things, at the apple on the wall, and then at me.

"You're a good inimy, like all the Moores were before you," he said; then takin' his horse over the wall, he galloped back the way he'd come, for I'd made it plain that he couldn't go past our place any more.

On the first waggin which went by I rode up to Major Felix's, and told him where he could meet Danton next day. He seemed puzzled for a minute, and then he asked:

"Did Danton send you to me with this?"

I answered that we were goin' to have a auction, and that Danton was comin' to bid in the things as an inimy. The Major gritted his teeth.

"I heard about your misfortune to-day for the first time," he said, "and if Danton don't show more judgment than to go there, he's liable to git somethin' he don't bid for."

When I reached home I found a man who had ridden out from town to leave some papers; after he'd gone, Gran'pa said: "I reckon all this will go on the block now; here's the notice. But we'll have that Devil's Lane yet, or know the reason why."

O' course he and I didn't mind leavin' that old bramble patch of a farm, and we didn't hide this from each other a bit; what we did want was Devil's Lane, and we was goin' to have it. But after 'while I noticed that Gran'pa was walkin' around touchin' things just as I had done—he seemed to be doin' it in the dark, too—and comin' on me suddenly he raised his hand and peered into my face in a blind kind o' way. I was afraid he was goin' to touch me good-by, and leave me behin' with the other wore-out

things, but he saw which one of 'em I was in time, and asked, as if just reminded of it.

"How many dresses you got, Sally?"

"The best one," I answered; "the good one and the better one are wore out, I think."

"Is there anything you want?"

I believe I had thought o' some little thing, and o' course I might have asked good old Gran'pa for anything in the worl'. But I looked at him a while, and couldn't remember just what it was I'd wanted at that minute.

He said, "You're a good frien'; that's what you are," and passed on.

Three or four times that afternoon I went down to look at the apple on the wall, and once I sat down in the dust, gatherin' my knees in my arms and rockin' to and fro. I happened to think, too, o' that red ribbon, which nobody else had done. This would make anybody feel terrible forlorn, and when Billy seemed catchin' it from me, I drove him behind the barn with a stick, where Gran'pa couldn't see him.

"This ain't any time for your jaw to hang," I told him; "we'll git Devil's Lane, anyway, won't we, even if this old farm does go on a block?" and I was pretty near givin' him somethin' to look sorry for with the stick.

Then I got all my outfit around me, which I couldn't do after to-morrow any more, and when the furniture was full o' company which used to come there in mother's old times, I entertained 'em. As they couldn't get out o' their places without disappearin', I had to pass the table around among 'em.

After I was sure the party had gone off well enough, I walked in to supper, where Gran'pa and I didn't have much to say. For words broke in two in the middle, the lantern flickered in a sickly way, and swarms o' silent inimies seemed creepin' into the house till the rickety stairs and floors groaned under 'em.

I lay awake in my room after Gran'pa had gone down-stairs with the light, and wondered that inimies came hauntin' like ghosts, and whether red did look so very well against coal-black hair. Then, though it was so dark, I could see that man Danton ridin' up and down our field in the sun, and glarin' across the walls

o' Devil's Lane. I'd been in trouble over this all afternoon in an uncertain way, but here, deep in the night, I began to understand the look in his fiery, spyin' eyes. He'd been huntin' a secret.

I crept out o' bed and down the stairs to Gran'pa's room; there he stopped walkin' back and forth, to stare at me, and he held the lantern up close, for in that dim light I was as dingy as the other ghosts.

"If I was you, I wouldn't mutter any to-night," I told him.

He leaned forward to look into my face. "What is it?" he whispered, as if I'd come walkin' in my sleep and he was afraid of wakin' me before I could answer.

"Danton rode his horse up and down our field, and spied across Devil's Lane this mornin'."

He twisted his lean hands together and thought. Then foldin' his arm around my shoulder, Gran'pa led me to the sofa, and tuckin' a old robe around me, he went away.

I listened to the seconds marchin' past, as the hours unwound the clock; a mouse came out to play on the floor by himself. Once he'd had playmates, but folks about to be sold up couldn't support so many, and now he played alone like me. A little star shone through the glass part of the window, above the coat, and as I watched it the clock stopped tickin', the mouse listened and ran away, and a heavy stumblin' shook the ground outside.

Another time I'd have done like the mouse or the clock, but the dim way o' the night, and Gran'pa's starin' at me once and stealin' away, made me feel different from what I used to be by day. So I went to the window pretty soon, with the old robe wrapped around me, and peepin' through the blinds, saw a giant shadow, black and still in the starlight.

Openin' the shutters, I told it, "You can come look into this house if you want to; we don't keep any secrets here."

My inimy rode the black horse slowly to the window, like a ghost comin' to a ghost for the password down a lone-some road.

"Old Moore?" he asked, in his deep voice, at last.

"Gone," I answered.

We were still for a minute; then the

horse shied so wildly that my inimy swayed in his saddle, and a man seemed to rise from the ground between us.

This man said fiercely, "Do you ride up in the night to settle quarrels through a window!" It was Major Felix, and he held a pistol in his hand.

Without a word, Danton swung to the ground and let his horse stray out among the trees. Then he walked across the porch and down the hall till he came into the room where I was; and Major Felix growled at his heels, though he'd put the pistol away.

My inimy looked at us, and his eyes seemed glowin' through a fire. He said we would have the auction now, and takin' out the outfit I'd piled in the corner, he bid five hundred dollars for half of 'em.

I sat on the couch with the robe around me, and though nothin' seemed very real, I said I guessed he could have 'em, because I didn't want him to know how much more I cared for 'em than that.

Then the Major cried out that this was all triffin', and I felt as if cryin' in my sleep; it didn't seem triffin' to me, when all the things I'd been raised a part of had to be sold up.

"I'll throw in the goat," I said, though Billy was so threadbare now that he seemed almos' one of us, and I knew how wounded he'd feel after stickin' the way he had.

"Moore won't take such money," said the Major; "and though you'd like to have these things and tell the story on the old man—"

"He'll take it," answered my inimy; "I tell you old Moore is disgraced already. Four hundred for the other half."

The Major was so mad he forgot himself, or else he wouldn't be outbid by Danton.

"Five hundred," he shouted, which was just what my inimy had bid for the other lot.

"Then silence," said Danton, "and wait. That's all I ask."

They were perfec'ly still after that, while I could only look at my old play-things which had gone over to the inimy.

The seconds began to march agin; the mouse came out to listen, and then some one walked up the hall.

"All's well," he called; "there's nobody here," and Gran'pa came into the room.

What went on from that minute is more plain to me than anything else which ever happened.

As Gran'pa's eyes got used to the light a scared look came over his face and he gave a quick gasp. He turned as if to go back into the hall, but he was so unsteady that he had to take hold of a chair, which he sunk into, inch by inch.

"Nobody there, Davvy?" called a voice; "then we've kep' our secret till the very end."

The man who came inside at this staggered a little when he saw the dim forms by the candle's light. Then his eyes began to glare, and he moved along till, layin' his two hands on Gran'pa's shoulders, he spoke in a fierce, loud snarl:

"Well, ain't you satisfied yet? Do you want us to kill each other at last!"

It was old Darrow, our inimy of Devil's Lane.

Danton rose without a word; I heard the arm o' Major Felix's chair crack in his grip as he looked on.

"You—two—old—inimies—together!" he said.

"No," cried Danton, in a threatenin' voice. "Two old frien's! For twenty years this neighborhood has quarrelled on one side or the other o' that lawsuit, and all the time they've been frien's in secret; each one must have been helpin' the other when the case went agin' him—"

There was a silence, till Major Felix almos' whispered, "Prove this."

"Go down into Moore's field, as I did this mornin', and look at the trail, leadin' from house to house, which they've worn in years o' secret visits. I came here to-night to face 'em down; I'm glad you followed me—"

"My horse fell lame and I was standin' under a tree when you took the wall," explained the Major. "But, Moore, this can't be true."

Yet it was true; and I'd known a good while what that mutterin' was in Gran'pa's room at night, though he pretended to be talkin' to himself. And then I was proud o' the old man, when he drew himself up as straight and tall as my inimy, and answered:

"That was to be a frien'ly suit between Darrow and me. But no; our frien's, who had grudges o' their own, must take sides and pretend to quarrel on our ac-

count. Then to give up would disgrace us. You set frien' against frien', fightin' your own quarrels over our heads. We've been inimies before the worl' to satisfy you; we've almos' fought because our pride wouldn't swallow anything in front o' you men—"

"And now you follow it up," said old Darrow, "by robbin' us of our secret, so that people will say we were afraid to fight in earnest. You bloodhoun's; I've tried to save Davvy's farm, but it's too late to save my own. They've both been swallowed in that graveyard you made us build—the Devil's Lane."

My inimy walked out before 'em in a way that everybody noticed.

"You two are traitors to a hones' quarrel," he said.

"I'm ashamed o' my part in it," shouted Major Felix, takin' the opposite side. "Why, this frien'ship o' the two old men is the most splendid thing I ever heard of."

"Well, the quarrel stan's; you and I urged 'em on, and we two will fight it out." My inimy lowered his voice. "I bid in some things at a auction here to-night; I'll pay and take 'em along."

He counted money on the table, and throwin' his wolf's look from face to face, he took his part o' my old things and went out.

Major Felix ran both hands through his hair. "That man's a savage," he said. "Yes, yes; the little girl played auction; I bid in five hundred worth. You will take it with Danton's, by Heaven! What's the matter with Danton! We're inimies; but to quarrel for the sake o' the quarrel! He cursed you two; but the auction; the auction; why, our money will pay costs; costs in this very suit we've urged along."

Of a sudden he ran toward the hall. "I'll either find out what he means by all this or—" and then his voice died away.

The two old men looked at each other queerly. Then Gran'pa spoke in a gentle, anxious way.

"Danton's caught him up like a vise in this generous act, and made him a partner to it. He's outquarrelled Felix—he's outfelixed him. Quick; we must

bring Sally's play game to a good end between those two." Smilin' at me, they went out with the lantern.

I heard 'em talkin' outside—all but Danton—with a cheerfulness which hadn't been in that house for a long while, 'cept in my play games. But I stayed behin', thinkin' of all my things gone away; of the men outside who would soon be frien's, and me, the only inimy who was left. Well, I didn't care; my heart could beat and burst if it wanted to; maybe Major Felix would think that was triflin'.

Would they all be frien's! I hadn't heard my inimy's voice, and I listened with my breast achin', afraid of hearin' him speak cheerful like the others. When his voice rang out in a few sharp words, I could have sang a song, for I wanted him to stay inimy to everybody in this world.

Then somebody came into the room, with quick, soft steps. "Sally," he whispered; "Sally, Sally!"

I answered the bes' I could, and the next minute my old inimy raised me in his arms.

"Only you and I understan' that bein' sold up ain't any play," he said; "even if we do wear red ribbons at the auction."

"I hope you'll like the things you bid in," I managed to tell him.

"I'll never part with 'em in this world; for this auction's taught me things I should have felt before; and I'll build a new play-house to put 'em in."

"Who for?" I asked, somethin' tuggin' at my heart.

"Do you ask that? My wife and I have talked it over many a time, but we couldn't have you with us them days, 'cause we was inimies."

"No more," I whispered.

"No more," he said. "And I couldn't make frien's with one of 'em out yonder till I knew you were my dear little frien' first of all."

I pressed my cheek against his own, and it wasn't hard as I'd s'posed, though I believe it was wet, like mine.

Then he went outside, speakin' cheerfully to the others, and leavin' me in the room, where it wasn't dark or lonesome any more.

# Night

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

TWO small boys and a dog were hurrying along through the woods in the early spring twilight. The ice was out of the streams and the sap was running, but there were no leaves yet, only a haze of frail green like the ghost of a veil, when you looked over the trees into the sun. Under the hemlocks, however, it was as dark as in June, and with the coming of night the trail was almost indistinguishable. The dog smelled it out. The small boys found it by the feel of their feet and by looking up and following the thread of open sky. They kept ever closer together and spoke little. It was very dark and terrifying among those great hemlocks. The wind sighed eternally, like a human, overhead. Things unknown pattered off through the undergrowth. The boys unconsciously broke into a dog-trot.

Then suddenly ahead they saw the light of the clearing, beyond the swamp. The trail grew faintly visible, like a gray ribbon. It crossed the swamp brook on a bridge and wound off through the fringe of hard timber and over the ridge toward home. The water in the swamp glistened like quicksilver. It seemed to hold more of the departed day than the sky itself, which was fast fading into night. Out of the quicksilver the swamp maples and saplings reared almost indistinguishable trunks to the horizon line. Above that they told against the pale sky as a black tracery of intricate delicacy and beauty. And in the swamp the Pickering frogs were singing shrilly—*phoe, phoe, phoe*—far up above the limits of the human voice. Their cheerful spring song and the kindly presence of the clearing brought the little boys down to a walk again. They looked back into the now impenetrable gloom of the hemlocks, then forward at the lovely black tracery of twigs against the west, and the sweet influences of night brooded over them as they went silently homeward.

It was many years later that one of those boys read Shelley's

"Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of night . . ."

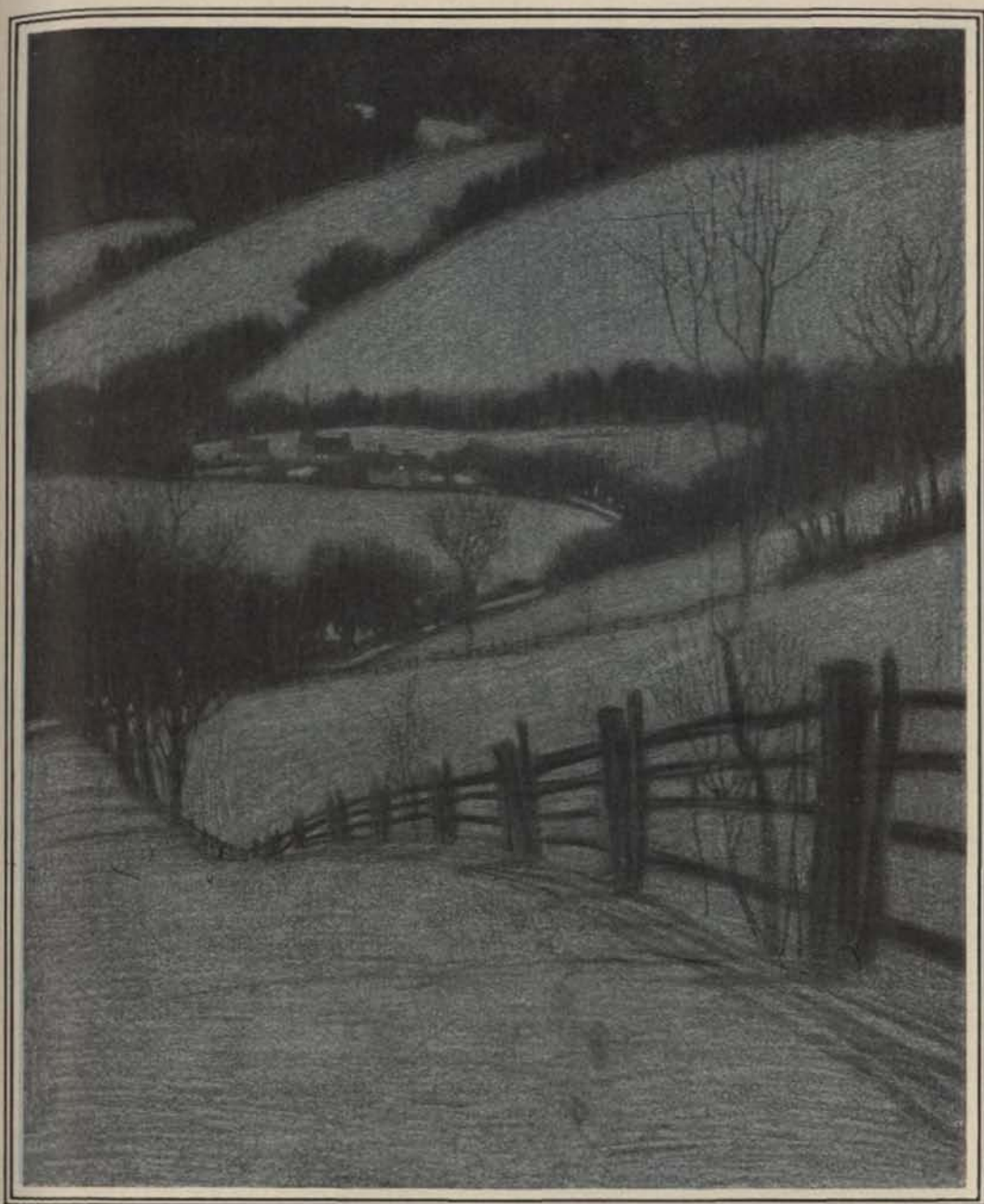
and interpreted it, as we all must interpret poetry and art and music, in terms of his own experience. It was only when he reached this period of Shelley and self-consciousness that he realized how rich his experience had been, thanks to a country boyhood, in those sights and sounds of Nature, when she stands intimate and revealed, which are the backgrounds of poetry and perhaps the most precious possessions of memory for the reader. If the mind and spirit are to give to art an immediate and kindled response, they must possess a wealth of co-ordinate details, the seed of suggestion must not fall on barren soil. There is, I fancy, a very real difference in the nature and strength of his response even to such a poem, say, as Arnold's *Scholar Gypsy*, between the reader who has known shy Nature intimately in all its moods and the reader born and reared exclusively in such a city as New York.

"But when the fields are still,  
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
And only the white sheep are sometimes  
seen

Cross and recross the strips of moon-  
blanched green,  
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!"

That phrase, "the strips of moon-blanched green," has a peculiar magic for the reader whose memory holds similar pictures, who as a boy perhaps stole furtively out at night over the pastures and viewed with something akin to awe the giant oak that guarded the first glade of the forest. There it stood bathed dimly in the moonlight, gigantic, strange, unknown. Night and the moon had transfigured it, as they had transfigured the forest beyond and the open valley behind.





THE FIELDS ARE BATHED IN MOONLIGHT

What terrors did those dark woods not hold, even for the brave boy of twelve? And what fairy shapes, too, might not glide into the moon-blanced open, even the white nymphs one had read about? And behind, how deep the valley lay, how far it stretched to the dim, silvered hills beyond! In all the world there was not

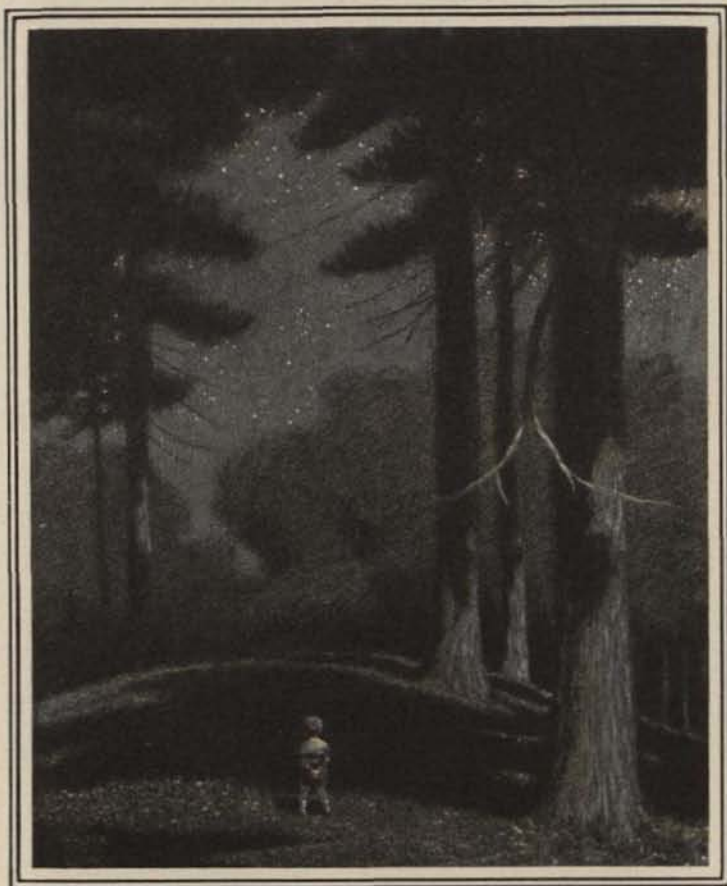
a sound save the night whisperings of the leaves, the sleepy chorus of the crickets, and the sad call of a whippoorwill. The world of day, the people and the cattle and the bright, friendly light, slept as if they would never wake. On your feet the dew was cold, and on your heart lay the wonder and the mystery of night.

It was one of those moments when God trains His little children to be poets—or, at any rate, future readers of poetry!

And how much of such training is done by night! In our stupid, unimaginative, grown-up way, we write silly little verses about the child's terror of the dark, or

false because it is too superficial. The shades of the prison-house have obliterated our finer recollection. And in nothing is this so pronounced as in our forgetfulness of the child's feeling for night, his unconsciously imaginative life between sunset and dawn.

When I was a little boy, night in the mountains was for me a perpetual joy and terror, nor has it yet lost the joy nor quite all the terror. A level wall of near-by mountains just before the moon heaves up behind them, and their summits are silvered with a mysterious light while the slopes are black, utter shadow, still seems to me a mighty, unbelievable wave bearing down upon me, and to this day if I am alone, far from a house, I have a sinking sensation of terror, and can with difficulty refrain from running away, as I did when a child. Professor James might tell me that sinking sensation is a physical memory of the childish experience, and induces the mood of terror. He says we are often frightened because we run away, not the reverse. But I prefer to believe



THE GREAT GARDEN OF THE PATIENT STARS

draw silly little pictures of it, regarding it as a mild and amiable joke. Yet the child's terror of the dark is often the result of a far finer flight of imagination than any we grown-ups indulge, and night for the child holds deep, primeval mysticism and poetry. We admire Blanco White's sonnet to night; yet it is essentially a child's conception to find the darkness in the light, to see in imagination the earth ball spin, from the shadowed side. Most of our literature about the child, just now so popular, is essentially

otherwise; I prefer to believe that I can still, under cover of the night, see things as they are not!

I know at any rate that I can still stand on a hill, where a black cedar cuts the sky, and feel the earth swing eastward under the stars. Always as a child I tried to realize that the earth was a ball spinning on its axis and hurtling through space, but my mind could never quite grasp the illusive picture. Then one night I stood upon a hilltop, and felt the eastward spin. It all came clear in a

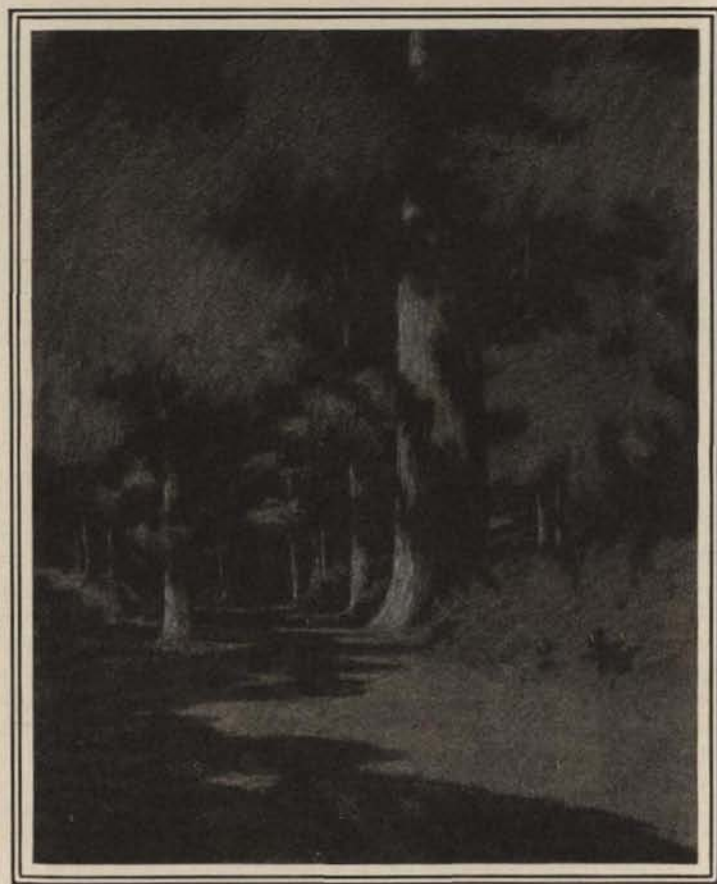
flash of revelation. That first night, too, the stars were not in the sky; they were lamps let down on invisible wires till they hung just over the trees. You may see them that way any winter night in Florida, but not often in the North. I watched till I almost fancied they swayed in the wind. Gradually they were drawn up an infinite distance, and I felt the earth travel beneath them. I lay on my back to obliterate everything but the sky and the top of the cedar. I felt the eastward spin even more clearly then. Rising, I looked down at the valley lamps. Behind one of those window squares the grown-ups were playing cards. I thought them very silly, as I stood up there with my stars, riding the earth ball through space and night. I was the adult, the poet, the philosopher. They were just playing games. And yet we patronize the child!

It was at our mountain house that I used to lie in bed at night and watch the men go out to the stable with lanterns. Their great shadows danced fantastically on the barn wall and up over the roof, the legs getting hopelessly crossed and tangled. These grotesque pantomime performances were an endless delight. One night I saw a lantern bobbing up in the orchard, and got up myself to investigate. As I entered the orchard the light was resting

on the ground, and showed me in the midst of the inky dark the vague outlines of a clothes-basket, and some flapping sheets on a line. Mrs. Sheldon was taking down the wash. "Why?" I asked her.

"Because it's going to rain," she answered. "The mountain is talking."

She was a thin, wiry woman, of few words, who could smell rain a day off, and make excellent cookies. I went out of the circle of lantern-light and looked up toward Kinsman. His great, shaggy sides were faintly visible, looming preternaturally high, a blacker patch against the black sky and the dim stars. The air was quite still. There was no wind. I listened intently, and presently my ear caught a sound like the steady roar of a far-off waterfall. It was the wind rushing through the forests far up on those



A GIANT OAK GUARDS THE FOREST GLADE

shaggy slopes. The mountain was holding converse with the gale. Down here there was no wind. Far aloft the gale was hurrying. It gave me a tremendous sensation of space and height. I fancied myself alone up there clinging to a dizzy ledge, while the gale howled about me;



ON THE SHORE A PATH GLIMMERS DIMLY

and I grew faint with my imagined terror. But I felt, too, a curious new friendship for the mountain, as for a human thing which could communicate news of the weather and bid us, on a perfectly calm night, take in the clothes. I went to bed with entire confidence that I should wake up to find the mountains buried in cloud and the brooks roaring. And it was even so. My evident increased admiration for Mrs. Sheldon, too, brought a fresh batch of cookies. I was a gainer all around!

"'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown

The pale round moon shines deeply down."  
So sang Byron. And in college a passage in our rhetoric (was it not quoted from Ruskin?) pointed out that the poetry of this couplet resides in the adverb "deeply." I remember my efforts to explain to my roommate *why*. It was so perfectly apparent to me, who even as a child had seen our mountain intervals deepen and grow luminously mysterious beneath the magic of the moon, and the cleft on Cannon become a bottomless pit.

His environment had been less kind to him; perhaps, too, his mind was less naturally pictorial. If I tried to explain poetry to him, he had an even harder time trying to explain mathematics to me. But I feel sure that the poverty of his memory in co-ordinating details, so essential to the visualization of poetry, was in no small measure due to his urban childhood. He had never been turned loose on the edge of the wilderness, never pushed adventurous footsteps into the mystery of the mountain night or brushed the moonlit dew from the clearing.

Moonlight! How its soft, obliterating glory remakes the world, and remakes it "nearer to the heart's desire"! George Moore called the songs of Schubert and Schumann "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music." Moonlight is the illumination of Romance. There is something lyric and lovely about it, something akin to the magic of the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*, which is saturated with moonlight. Quaintly, too, the moon, symbol of the chaste goddess, is in



THE NIGHT GLOOM OF THE WATERS

reality the patroness of the mating passion. But the child as yet feels nothing of that. For him moonlight on familiar fields is but the revelation of a strange, mysterious, exquisite half-world concealed somehow in the glare of day, and made manifest once a month for his wonder and delight. When, like the good king in the carol, he looks out of the window after tea,

“And the snow lies round about,  
Deep and crisp and even,”

it is a different world that he sees, blue and dimly suffused with misty gold. The fence rails are reproduced on the snow as they climb over the ridge, and long shadows creep out from the trees and bushes, like spirits. As the snowy world rolls into distance, it grows dimmer, more mysterious. It is very cold. Perhaps the child slips out-of-doors and stands on the snow crust, which squeaks faintly under his boots. There is no other sound. Silently, coldly, beautifully, the misty golden moonlight at once floods and

obliterates his universe. He has a strange sensation of unreality, of unreality that would yet be very sweet could it be real. Is this not, after all, the essence of Romanticism?

Once, in our same mountain home, we drove down the Landaff valley to see the moon rise. Over the ridge of Kinsman fancy could detect a lighter space in the dark sky, but that was all for several miles. The road ahead was almost invisible, the horse a bobbing blur. Presently the light behind the mountain became more definite. The last slope was outlined behind a golden halo. Then the road plunged down between high, wooded banks into utter darkness, and we emerged, suddenly, abruptly, beyond the last ridge of the mountain, into brilliant moonlight. The harness glittered, long shadows stretched westward, distances became luminous and distinct, everything was bright and clear-cut as by a sudden flood of artificial light. And there at the left, just across the meadow in a gap



THE SWAMP-BROOK BRIDGE

of low hills, only a few hundred yards away, hung the full moon.

"We could get out and touch it!" I cried.

My father smiled, but he did not laugh at me. He was a wise man, and never laughed at children. "If it doesn't hurry, it will get caught in the treetops," he said.

But it escaped their entanglement, and rode higher and higher behind us all the way home, making a quiet splendor of the night.

Could the little boy who carried this picture treasured vividly in his memory thereafter meet the word "moonlight" without an instant association? Is it

sensible to suppose that such scenes and experiences in childhood do not color and enrich the whole future of the man? Our enjoyment of most things in this world depends largely upon our private stock of associated ideas, upon the extent, as it were, to which the new stimulus can find friends in our brain. Our enjoyment of art in all its forms depends tremendously upon the images of beauty in our memories, by which we test, compare, and appreciate. Keats's

"The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,"



AGAINST THE SKY A DELICATE BLACK TRACERY

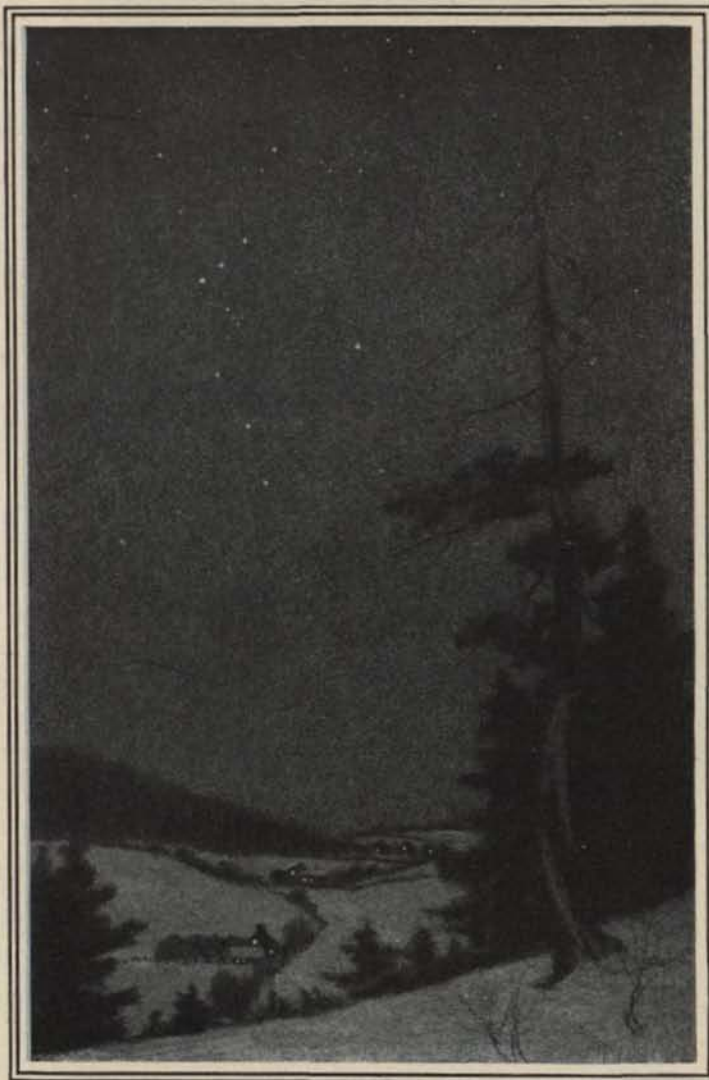
is sheer magic only to the imagination which can project itself, at the stately call of the verse, into the void and see the earth ball rolling under from the sun while the starlight glooms its many waters, or which can survey, as from a great cliff, the dark plain of the sea and the curl of foam along a dim shore, stretching endlessly into the night. To answer the call of Keats, the imagination must have its materials of memory to work with, and only Nature can have supplied them. No one, I fancy, who has not stood at night high above the seashore will ever know the full magic of this immortal couplet. No one, too, whose

memory does not hold a picture of that infinite curve of the sea rim, who has not brooded upon the last red topsail sinking "below the verge," will ever know the full magic of Shakespeare's

"On such a night  
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage."

The sensitive child that is permitted at all hours and all seasons to wander by sea margin and forest, over fields and under the moon, is laying by treasures that are not made with hands. The cruelty of keeping a child in the city

is not alone a matter of his bodily health. And it is especially at night, when the daylight pastimes are put aside and the child walks hand in hand with mystery, that his little soul is touched, his dawning memory stocked with immortal recollections.



A BLACK CEDAR CUTS THE SKY

There comes a later period of life when night has a peculiar charm, because in some subtle way it seems to shut the youth into a great, sweet chamber of darkness, alone with his beloved. She may be far away, but thoughts of her

bridge the sleeping world. He may leave her side, but her presence walks with him, and he fears no prying eyes. Night is sacred to lovers no less than to thieves. Shall you, as long as you live, forget the *warm chill* of that dark pond across which you nightly paddled, while a

guiding light was set in a window behind you? Sometimes the pond was ghostly with a white mist steaming up into the starlight, and your body was enveloped while your head rose above the vapor. Now and then a fish jumped unexpectedly, with a flash of silver and a loud splash. Though it seemed light on the pond, and you had the lamp behind for beacon, the farther shore, under the woods, was utter black, and you made your landing by some primitive instinct, gliding under the shadow of the trees where the prow of your own canoe was invisible, and hearing at the expected moment the friendly grate of gravel under the keel. On the shore a path glimmered dimly, and fireflies glinted in the grass. The frogs were singing. Five miles away you heard the faint whistle of a locomotive. You yourself whistled one long-drawn note which went out over the water, and the lamp twinkling in the distant window disappeared and appeared again, three times. It was essential, you remember, that you prove you hadn't been drowned! Then you felt

your way home through the dark pines, which were warm, like a chamber; felt your way unerringly, for in the night old powers wake, dulled by long disuse, so accustomed are we to depend almost exclusively on sight. We do not



know till there is need to walk in the darkness, for instance, that the soles of our feet have senses.

Again it was night when white arms released you, reluctant to be released, and you crossed the cropped lawn which bespoke a more urban neighborhood, and passed through deserted streets and down a short cut over the railroad tracks by the roundhouse. The last train from the city had come in, the trainmen departed. That shocking confession you will have to make! But the locomotives had a little steam up, and were gently panting as though in sleep, waiting for morning. There were cracks of light about the doors of their fire-boxes. They were warm, almost human, and often you paused beside one, patting its iron flanks, as if you greeted a comrade of the night. A little farther on, your way took you past a cemetery, which by long familiarity held no depression. But once, very late, after the white arms had released you with tears for the terror that hot love has of its own too possible brevity, you saw the moon set behind that cemetery ridge—and you will never forget it.

There is no twilight of the moon. As it catches in the trees before setting, a pallor comes over the landscape. Then the moon is seen visibly to plunge down out of sight, as you may see the long hand on a great clock jump the minutes. All the light shivers off the world, and instantly the body seems to feel a chill and the spirit a strange depression. At that moment when the moon vanished behind the desolate graveyard ridge, you knew a despair such as you pray you may never know again. The reaction from a perhaps too romantic passion was violent and abrupt. You felt "chilly and grown old." You knew you should never love in the future with the old, ardent heart of youth. That was forever behind you! What a pity, too, your poor heart held for itself! Could there be any morning for this black world? Almost you hoped that there was not. And in this new, utter dark of the spirit you found a strange new thrill. Ah, happy youth—too happy, happy youth—it is not till later that the moon sets for our ardent passions and our hearts of hot Romance! And generally we are abed, soundly sleeping, and do not know that anything at all has happened.

The beauty and charm of the outdoor stage (which is slowly gaining favor in America) are immeasurably enhanced by night. Under the kindly cover of the dark, obliterating fences, telegraph poles, and the neighbor's house, almost any garden grove may become a Forest of Arden or Titania's abode. Effects of illusion are possible unknown to the stage of sharp wing pieces and definite procession. I once saw a performance of *The Old Wives' Tale* in the orchard back of the Radcliffe College dormitory, where the calcium illuminated a spot between two apple trees, and the characters came and went by a process of drifting into the light or melting back into the dark. At first we heard the lost shepherds hallooing in the distance, and caught the crunch of their feet before they drifted bewildered into the illumination. What a magic of mystery is here, what a fairy atmosphere, what a fluent, ethereal plasticity is possible, when no character is cut suddenly and sharply off by a wing piece or a door, but all melt away or grow into being, like the figures in a dream! And yet we sit eternally for our dramatic entertainment in an artificial theatre and let this magic border-land of drama lie unexplored! Only the young people in our colleges know better. They are still poets and lovers of the night.

Yet none of us is ever quite so far from childhood, perhaps, that the night has wholly lost for him its charm and its mystery. Still it must remain, at least, the symbol of the Eternal Mystery, which is why, possibly, we grow with advancing years less eager to contemplate it. But there is no man who does not now and then walk by night on the edge of the woods, where the trail is a dim gray ribbon, and in the moon-deepened shadows see the white nymphs of the Heart's Desire. There is no man who, on a summer night, does not now and then pause to listen for the myriad tiny sleigh-bells of the crickets, chimes of elf-land faintly ringing, which fall into one chord at regular intervals, and bring to the heart an inexpressible calm, to the turbid spirit a sleepy hush of peace. There is no man who, somewhere, somehow—it may be over a lawn in Central Park, or in his own garden, or just on the deserted pave

of a city street—does not watch the moon obliterate the ugliness of the world with a soft suffusion of its golden light, and does not hear for an instant the whisper of the old Romance. Perhaps there is no man, when the insect cares of life annoy and the Pilgrim's pack is galling and heavy, who does not one night throw open his window and gaze into the immensity of silent space, into the great garden of the patient stars. The man meditates in silence, carried out of himself. How small he feels, and yet how large! How petty his selfish interests and worries in the face of this infinity of worlds! How large his soul which can roam the interstellar spaces! New strength pours in upon him from the deeps of heaven. The insect cares have ceased to sting, the heavy burden is forgotten. He is one with the brooding mystery of the night, he has joined Orion in the infinite march with God.

To-night there has been a thaw. I stepped out on the city square before my

dwelling. The slushy snow, fouled almost beyond recognition by human traffic, lay in the gutters and in patches on the grass. The air was warm, almost like spring, but there was no spring smell in it. Instead, there was a heavy, stale, dead odor, at best as of a world warmed over. But I looked up. Against the misty silver of the arc-lamps the trees threw a delicate tracery of black, as lovely as those swamp maples against the twilight when I was a little boy. Still higher, the electric cross on the church tower blazed upon the sky like a constellation. The stars were overhead. It was late, and the city's roar was stilled. A far-off bell flung a chime to me over the housetops. It seemed as if the cows were calling from the upland pastures. The mind takes wings under the silent dome of night. Sleep is but the lesser part of our sunless hours, and day itself, perhaps, the lesser part of what in future times unguessed we shall most delight to remember.

## The Judgment Tree

BY ANTOINETTE A. BASSETT.

TWO souls stood up before the Lord  
 As we must do.  
 "Israfil, what dost thou record  
 Against these two?"

The little blossoms shone like gold  
 Upon the tree--  
 The angel read the book that told  
 Of destiny.

"The first—O Lord—achieved success,  
 But bore it ill;  
 And the last failed, but through distress  
 Perceived Thy will."

The little leaves of heaven shook fast  
 Upon the tree.  
 "Brother," the Lord said to the last,  
 "Remain with me."

# With That Measure of Love

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was snowing: the flakes were shaken to the wind from a thick sky to which the moon gave a narrowing circle of misty light. The gale came from the farther northwest. It ran over the pines, broken free of the mountains, and, careering unaware, tumbled headlong into the little clearing at Kettle Camp of the Cant-hook Cutting, where it swirled bewildered and angry. Having rattled the windows of the bunk-houses in a flush of indignation—and having shaken the doors in complaint—and having beaten the roofs in a vicious prank of the night—and having poked cold and searching fingers with impudent curiosity into every smallest crevice of these low log habitations—and having howled in the lustiest fashion through all the agitated experience—it rushed away to the big woods, whisking off the smoke of the cabin fires and their short-lived sparks. The smoke found good company and an engaging adventure with the roistering wind, it seemed; but the aspiring little sparks, flashing gladly in the free wind's wake, died of frosty hardship in the first eager flight. It was Sunday night: an idle time—with cold weather and a blinding gale to keep men close to encouraging company and to the fires. Rowl, the scaler, weathered to the knot and grain of his tall nature by forty years of forest labor, and grown vastly sentimental in the selfsame silence and isolation and forming companionship, kicked open the door of the superintendent's stove and flung in more wood, growling contemptuously in answer to the wind's big roaring, his broad face scowling and red in the furnace glow.

"The trouble with you, Rowl," said the young superintendent, blandly, "is that you've been in the woods all your life. You see—"

"But," Rowl interrupted, indignantly, "it ain't no trouble t' me. I'm satisfied."

"What I mean," the superintendent

patiently explained, "is that you don't know nothing about the great big world which doesn't know nothing about you—nor cares a water-soaked hoot about you, nor about me, nor none of the boys, just so long as the big sticks gets in the river and down to the mill. You see," he added, with an indulgent little laugh, "you don't know the world."

"I know *my* world," Rowl answered, in a flash.

"Yes-s," the superintendent drawled; "but there ain't much *in* your world."

"Just me and the woods," said Rowl. "Just me and the woods," he repeated, in a muse, "and—"

"I suppose," said the superintendent, interpreting the pause, "that you mean Gawd?"

"I don't mean what you mean," Rowl replied, "but only what you say. I mean God; but what that means t' me," he added, without intention to wound, "doesn't mean nothin' much of the same simple, every-day, common-sense sort o' thing t' you."

"There's a lumber-jack or two?" the superintendent inquired.

"Oh, aye!" Rowl answered. "There's a lumber-jack or two, as you say, in my world; and I'm reminded by that that there's also just one parson."

We could in politeness make no answer to all this sentimentality.

"Now," said Rowl, warming to the eloquence by which he was occasionally distinguished (he had in these years been a great reader of grave books), "it's all very well for you young lusty bucks t' squat here at this fire on a windy night an' guess about men an' women. It's all very well for you t' warm your shanks, an' toast your soles, an' gab an' declare about men an' women. It's all very well for you t' take a child's chart o' the world in your hands an' discover the worth of a man to a woman an' the service she owes him. It's all very well for you,

I've no doubt, t' look for God's purposes, in the dark an' troubled hearts of us all, with a lantern o' half-baked experience an' selfish wishes. It's youth t' guess—t' guess, an' t' have no obligation, an' t' pay nothin'. It's youth t' take without thinkin' an' t' complain o' burnt fingers; it's youth t' blame God for its own stupidity; it's youth t' plan a better world than the Ancient of Days Himself could make with His own Almighty Hands out o' the knowledge of His years and all the pain o' them; it's youth to excuse itself, an' t' find fault, an' t' whine of injustice, an' t' curse the law it has offended in stupidity. It's age t' laugh at guesses; it's age t' content itself with wonder—t' find wisdom in visions—t' know the law—to accept an' t' be still.

"An' as for Gingerbread Jenkins, an' the parson, an' the woman," he concluded, his emotion breaking in a quiet chuckle, "why—"

The superintendent laughed.

"Well," the scaler drawled, "I never could quite figure it out that a sot o' Thirty Drinks had much t' spare in the same room with the mother of a child."

"What child?"

"Why, *any* child!" Rowl burst out. "Anybody's child! Don't you understand?"

We listened. . . .

"'Tis a big and curious world, no doubt," Rowl began, after a little brooding pause, with a chuckle in which was more of melancholy than of laughter, "an' no discredit t' the reputation of its Maker, as I do grant an' believe. I've been a lover o' books in my time, though no great reader o' the hearts o' livin' men; but 'tis doubtless true o' cities, as 'tis the almighty truth o' these woods, that a man's soul gives him small bother 'til he's strangled it. 'Tis right there on the job, mindin' its own business, workin' overtime, with as little fuss as may be an' no thanks at all, t' turn out courage an' hope an' kindness fresh for the day's need. But in all the world 'tis God help a man once he's seen his soul lyin' dead at his feet! There's always a land left, no doubt, where the law can't find a man, a new place, on the face o' the earth, t' hide from what can't follow; but there's no new land for the man who's

once clapped eyes on his own dead soul. An' 'twas so with poor Gingerbread Jenkins. He come blithe from the North Coast, by way o' the Maine woods, t' log on Bottle River, out here in the West, a lad as clean as morning, with a taste for stars an' trees, an' the habit o' chuckles, an' with the same word for all women as for the mother he'd write to every Sunday night by the light of a lantern in his bunk. But 'twas no great tale o' years, as the years fall upon careful men, before Pale Peter's whiskey an' the lights o' Thirty Drinks had turned him into a gray-headed, shrivelled, frowsy, mouthy little grouch of a swamper in the meanest camps o' the State.

"'Good God!' they'd say, that knew him once; 'is *that* young Gingerbread Jenkins?"

"'Jus' the leavin's,' says I. 'That used t' be Gingerbread Jenkins. The devil's picked him t' the bones.'

"'Quick work,' says they.

"'The devil feeds fast on a good man,' says I, 'when not interrupted.'

"But Gingerbread didn't know. 'Rowl,' he'd whine, when he'd come crawlin' back t' camp from Thirty Drinks, all a-jump an' coughin', 'I've had my fling, now, an' I'm through. I know when I got enough.'

"'Huh!' says I.

"'Yes, I am,' says he. 'I'm *through*.'

"'You're through, all right, 'til you make another stake,' says I, 'an' get the stomach t' hold it just where you'll put it.'

"'I'm gettin' too old t' travel with the boys,' says he. 'I'm tired, too, Rowl; an' I want t' get somebody t' take care o' me.'

"'Who might that be?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'a woman.'

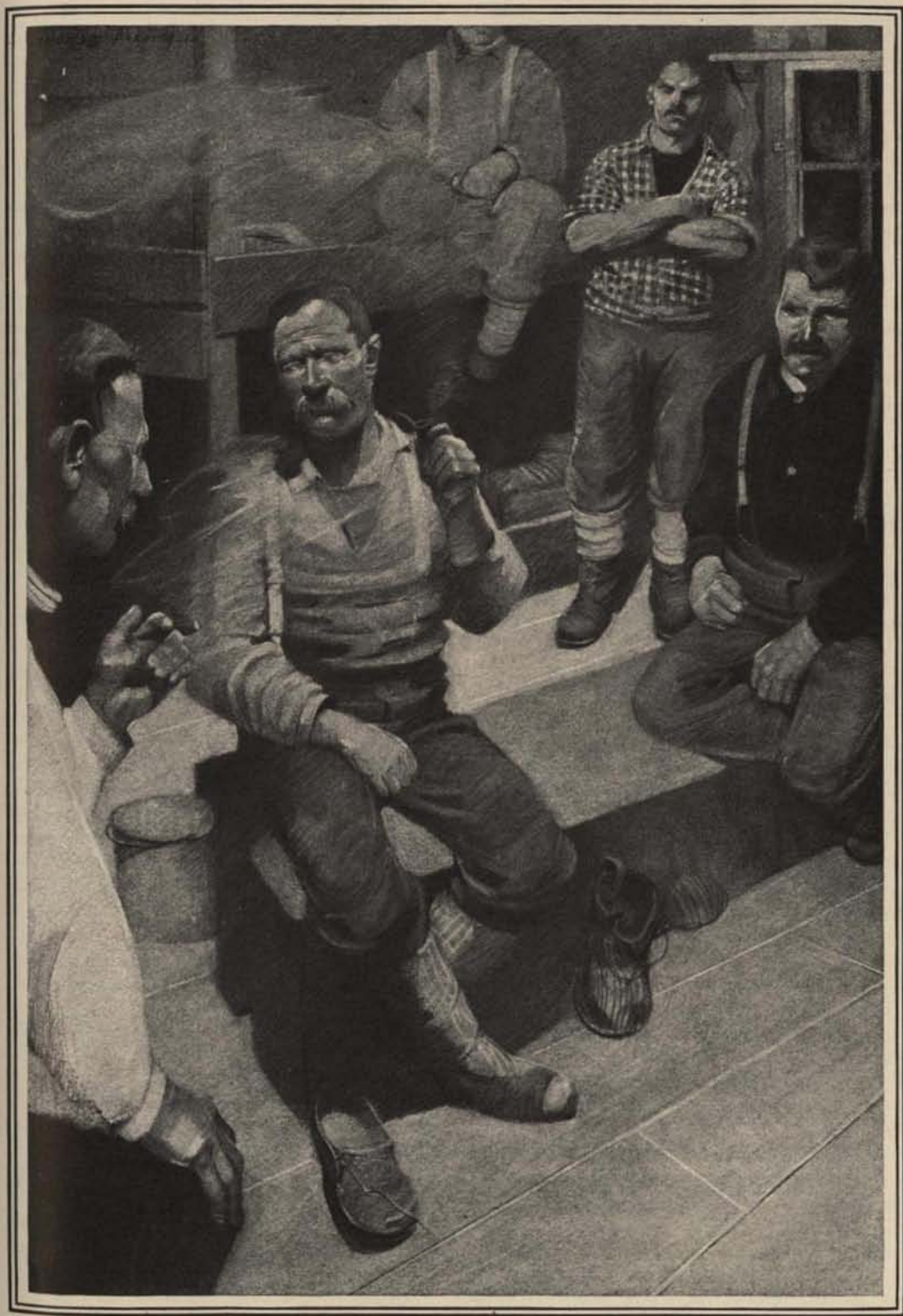
"'It's been done before,' says I.

"'Jus' about time I married,' says he, 'an' settled down.'

"'It's been done before,' says I, 'by men like you.'

"'Yes,' says he; 'that's the way it goes, as a usual thing. You see, Rowl, it's natural. When a man gets t' my age he's pretty much always had his fill; an' then he just naturally marries an' settles down.'

"'What you gettin' married *for*?' says I.



*Drawn by George Harding*

"I KNOW MY WORLD," ROWL ANSWERED IN A FLASH

"'Well,' says he, 'nothin' like a good woman t' steady a man. You take a good woman, Rowl, an' if she's been well fetched up an' careful of herself, she'll be clever at that, as well as useful in other ways. That's the *business* o' women. A good woman, Rowl—a sweet little womanly sort o' girl who's lived all her life in her own home an' not seen too much o' the world—is jus' the sort o' wife a man who's lived too free will get for himself if he knows what he's about. An' a man who's lived too free isn't the sort to be fooled in a little matter like that. I know you, Rowl,' says he, 'an' I know you're no hand for matrimony; but you're makin' a big mistake. There ain't nothin' in the world like a good woman t' take care of a man, an' steady him, when he's had his fill. I been thinkin',' says he, 'that if I went slow, an' picked 'em over, an' chose with my eyes open, I might get the right sort t' look after me. I'd be a sight better off,' says he, 'with a little homestead out here, an' a wife t' keep it, than I am sleepin' in a bunk-house an' pushin' my stake over the bars o' Thirty Drinks. An', anyhow,' says he, 'I'm tired o' liquor.'

"'You got a little woman handy?' says I.

"'Not handy,' says he; 'but back where I come from, Rowl, there's a little girl that used t' be wonderful fond o' me. She's a comfortable little thing, too, Rowl, an' might answer very well, if I give her a fair show in the beginning. A man ought t' give a little girl like that a chance t' get the hang o' things before he passes judgment on whether she's goin' t' do or not. There's many a man that doesn't; but as for me, I'm not o' that kind—I got feelin's. I been thinkin' o' the little thing back home,' says he, 'but I haven't quite made up my mind.'

"'How long is it since you've saw her?' says I.

"'She's not overly old yet,' says he.

"'What I meant t' say,' says I, 'is how long is it since she's saw *you*?'

"'A man,' says he, 'don't change much in fifteen year.'

"'That's all right,' says I; 'but the thing for you t' do, jus' now, Gingerbread, is t' report t' the office an' go swampin' the new road t' the landin' on Round Island Lake.'

"'Swampin'!' says he. 'Me—swampin' again! You jus' wait 'til I get married, Rowl, an' I'll show you what a man like me can *do*.'

"'Nothin' like a little swampin',' says I, 't' show a man jus' what he really *can* do.'

"'Well,' Rowl went on, "Gingerbread Jenkins went home, after the drive o' that year, t' fetch a wife t' keep the homestead of his poor mean dream.

"'I'll be back in the fall, boys,' says he, 'with a comfortable little wife t' make home attractive an' keep me straight. I've had my fill,' says he, 'an' I'm goin' t' settle down. *I'm* wise,' says he, 't' what's good for me.'

"'God help him!' thinks I; 'he's a harsh lesson t' learn at the hand o' the Almighty's law an' may take unkindly t' the teachin'.'

"'What the little girl that used t' love the young eyes an' soul of him said, God knows! but I'm thinkin' she blushed ashamed, when the leavin's o' young Gingerbread Jenkins croaked o' love, an' that she was frightened, too, an' sick at heart, an' that she prayed with tears, that night, in her white little bed, because the Almighty had given her new an' sadder knowledge o' the mystery o' men. There was never a word of her from Gingerbread Jenkins when he turned up alone at the Big Chance camps in the fall o' the year; nor has there been since. She's back there now, I'm thinkin', with the grief an' loneliness that come t' women who love an' are ill-taught about love by the men they glorify. As for Gingerbread Jenkins, he'd been back home, not only t' old places, but to other years; an' memory had taught him the change in his own soul, an' he was broken down when he come again t' the woods.

"'I been back home, Rowl,' says he; 'but I didn't stay overlong.'

"'You stopped at Thirty Drinks, anyhow,' says I, 'on the way back.'

"'Jus' for a little liquor,' says he. 'You see, Rowl, liquor's like medicine to a man like me.'

"'Yes?' says I.

"'I don't care nothin' about it no more,' says he. 'It ain't a beverage; it's jus' medicine—for a man like me.'

"'Tis a poor cure,' says I, 'for a man's soul.'

"Well, Rowl,' says he, 'I got a good deal t' forget.'

"See the folks?' says I.

"Spent most o' my time,' says he, 'with a little boy.'

"That's queer,' says I.

"No,' says he; 'it ain't queer at all.'

"Never knew,' says I, 'that you was much of a hand for children.'

"Well,' says he, 'I used t' know this little feller real well.'

"Your nephew?' says I.

"No,' says he; 'not my nephew. But I used t' know him,' says he, 'real well.'

"A ol' chum's kid?' says I.

"No, Rowl,' says he; 'no—not a ol' chum's kid. Jus' a little feller I used t' know.'

"'Tis a wonder he knew you,' says I.

"Well,' says he, 'he had some doubts.'

"He must be growed up by this time,' says I.

"Well, no,' says he; 'he wasn't growed at all. Somehow or other,' says he, 'he was jus' the same jolly little feller I used t' know—real well.'

"That's queer,' says I.

"You see, Rowl,' says he, 'all my folks is dead, an' the folks that used t' know Jimmie Jenkins, an' t' be real fond of him, too, has been so busy, the last fifteen years, that they couldn't quite take t' Gingerbread Jenkins. After I made a little call on—on—well, on a old friend o' mine—I passed a good deal o' time alone; an' one day when I was passin' the candy-shop I found this little feller—this same little feller I used t' know—lookin' in the window. The little monkey! There he was, Rowl, lookin' in the window o' the candy-shop an' pickin' an' choosin' like mad. The little tyke! I used t' know him real well. A nice little feller, Rowl—jus' a real nice little boy I used t' know—with blue eyes an' freckles—an' a little grin, Rowl, an' a little laugh, an' a little head full o' the nicest kind o' mischief. He didn't know no wickedness, Rowl; an' he didn't know no trouble, an' everybody loved him, too, you bet! So after that me an' him passed a good deal o' time together. We went t' the woods, Rowl, an' t' Sunday-school, an' t' the circus lot, an' down the river, an' over t' the ball-grounds, an' up t' the



GINGERBREAD JENKINS

school-yard when the boys was in, an' jus' everywhere else where the boys used t' go when I was a boy like him. An' then, Rowl, it struck me that he was a bit too young an' nice t' be loafin' around with a man like me. Seemed t' me, somehow, that I might spoil him. I wanted to keep him friendly and good; an' so I thought I'd better come back t' the woods where Gingerbread Jenkins was born.'

"Seems t' me,' says I, 'that I, too, used t' know that little feller.'

"You did,' says he; 'but he was a bit older then.'

"He was a nice clean boy,' says I, 'when I first knowed him.'

"Was he?" says he. "Really mean it, Row!"

"A good boy," says I.

"Row!" says he, "I've lost my soul!"

"It may be lyin' around somewheres handy," says I. "I wouldn't worry."

"I've lost it!" says he.

"Well," says I, "when a man once misses his soul, an' wants it back again, he can usually find it, if he takes the trouble t' look for it right away."

"I'll never find mine," says he.

"Not," says I, "if you carry your candle in a bottle."

Rowl paused to sigh.

"They care no more for a man's soul in the shanty saloons of a Western lumber town," the scaler continued, presently, "than for a sour tin can. They toss 'em into the garbage-pail, or throw 'em into the back yard, with the same wish t' keep their barrooms ready for business. In Pale Peter's place at Thirty Drinks, an' in every other ramshackle, squattin', packin'-box-an'-tar-paper dive o' the town, from the Café of Egyptian De-lights t' the Lumber-jack's Rest, they never give Gingerbread Jenkins a show. When Thirty Drinks goes west-by-north on the trail o' the lumber-camps, I'm thinkin', there'll be a marvellous heap o' castaway souls left with the tin cans an' ol' shoes on the site of it. Gingerbread Jenkins worked at the Big Chance camps that winter, an' wasted in the saloons o' Thirty Drinks. 'You see, Row!' says he, 'I got a good deal t' forget.' 'Twas a week's harsh labor to his middle in snow for a night's waste lined up at Pale Peter's bar with a drove o' squealin' swine. 'You see, Rowl, I've lost my soul,' says he, 'an' I jus' got t' forget it.' A wonderful fuss he made about that soul when well gone in liquor. There was never a man so drunk—none so foul—that he wouldn't buttonhole an' bore him with a whimperin' tale of his state an' condition an' what he used t' be. But that was Gingerbread Jenkins: 'twas spree in town t' forget the shivers in camp. That was Gingerbread Jenkins before the Reverend John Fairmeadow followed him out t' the middle o' No Man's Lake an' opened his bottle in a blizzard o' wind an' snow.

"I mind I encountered Gingerbread

Jenkins, shakin' with the liquor o' three days gone, an' drunk with the day's drinks, leanin' over Pale Peter's bar, that night. A mad night, too: Christmas week—with the crews from Kettle an' Big Bend paid off an' spendin', an' an Irish outfit from the Yellow Tree works t' raise hell.

"Come out o' this!" says I.

"No time," says he.

"No time, ye fool!" says I. "You've no time?"

"You see, Rowl," says he, "I'm busy."

"'Tis no strange occupation," says I. "You've worked hard at it heretofore an' might rest."

"All the same," says he, "I'm busy."

"Gingerbread," says I, "what's this new job, anyhow?"

"Well, Rowl," says he, "I'm insultin' the devil."

"Why?" says I.

"I don't like him," says he. "He irritates me. An', anyhow," says he, "I want t' get even."

"'Tis a thankless profession," says I.

"You see," says he, "I'm doin' jus' as much damage as I can in the time I got left."

"You'll never get even," says I.

"Not if I waste my time like this," says he. "I ain't got much time," says he; "but by God! Rowl, I'll make the ol' man squirm while I can. I'll sauce him, by God! I'm fightin' mad, Rowl. Never was so mad before. I want t' get even, God knows!" says he. "I want t' get as near even as I can with the devil that misled me. I ain't got much time left, neither, t' do it in; but I'm usin' my time t' the best advantage." With that he turned t' the bar. "What's t' become o' all you boys, anyhow?" says he, lookin' the length of it. "Eh?" says he. "Is you boys got t' thinkin' you can dodge the lightnin' o' the Lord God A'mighty? All hands at this here bar," says he, "is a-goin' t' hell. That's what! You're hell-bent, you poor damn' fools an' sots an' pigs. Haven't I warned you? Eh? Haven't I been hangin' over this here bar for the last half-hour a-tellin' you you're goin' t' hell? You can't blame me for it." He called the bartender then. "Charlie, boy," says he, in a whisper, hardly able t' talk on account of his cold, "pass the bottle. I'm athirst an' parched



for rum. Look here, boys,' says he, when he'd swallowed his whiskey. 'There'll be some o' you get t' hell before I do if the rum holds out an' the signs read true. An' when you come face t' face with Ol' Nick—an' when the choir o' wee black imps waves their little pitch-forks an' strikes up the hymn o' welcome—an' when Ol' Nick takes you by the hand—you may give him a dig in the ribs for me, boys, if you've the mind.

"Hist, your Honor!" says you; "there's a hand back there at Thirty Drinks that isn't no friend o' yourn."

"I'll never believe it," says he.

"You'd best beware," says you; "he's insultin' you daily, an' he'd knife you in the back if he got the chance."

"At Thirty Drinks?" says he. "An' no friend o' mine?"

"The same," says you.

"Huh!" says he. "Well, well! Much 'bliged, I'm sure. I'll have t' look into *this*. They're doin' poorly in the lumber-woods these times, it seems."

"Gingerbread Jenkins he's called," says you.

"I've many friends o' the name," says he.

"He's doubtless down on the books," says you, "as James Alfred Jenkins, of Argyle Harbor, on the North Coast. Don't you make no mistake about the Jenkins," says you, "or you'll rue it. An' don't you let him in *here*. You let Gingerbread Jenkins go Aloft in peace. Otherwise, your Honor," says you, "there'll be a mutiny in hell before you got time t' clap Gingerbread Jenkins in irons."

"I reckon," says Pale Peter's wee little boy, who was sittin' on the bar at my elbow, "that Gingerbread Jenkins would never get in if I kep' hell."

"Well, well!" Rowl laughed, in a large and hearty way, "the boys howled with delight an' bought Gingerbread Jenkins another drink." He sighed. "God help him!" said he. "I left him then, preachin' hell an' damnation, between coughs, in that roarin' barroom, t' get even with the devil, while time was left. He'd struck bottom, all right—an' struck hard, too: the little Jimmie Jenkins that Gingerbread Jenkins used t' know an' still loved.

"It was snowin' too hard for me t' take the Big Chance trail that night. There was a big gale blowin' down—a thick nor'wester at thirty below. Lord! but 'twas a nasty cold night in the open. I'd small stomach for the tote-load from Grass Landin' through the Blasted Cedar muskeg: I'd none at all for the frost an' the sweep o' the wind on No Man's Lake. So I sat in the window o' Pale Peter's place—I'm no hand with a bottle—an' watched the snow drive through the light that fell warm an' yellow from the office. I thought a deal about Gingerbread Jenkins—perhaps overmuch an' softly for the harsh kind o' man I am. I remembered the day that he come t' the Bottle River camp: I remembered the clean, live, young look of him, an' the hope he had, an' the morning song on his lips, an' the love o' life in his heart, an' the unspoiled soul that was his. Well, well! he was a good boy, was Gingerbread Jenkins, in them days—a boy with a straight back, an' free shoulders, an' a head held up, an' eyes that never shifted, an' a laugh that wasn't afraid of itself. I'm older than him; an' I used t' think, I remember, that t' Bottle River at last had come a boy they couldn't spoil of his youth an' his wages. I was young then, after all. I was only a poor damned fool. I didn't know, as I know now, that never a boy was born they wouldn't ruin on Bottle River. Ruin? Ay; never a boy they wouldn't ruin for the sheer sport! An' I kep' right on believin' in young Gingerbread Jenkins, in them old days, when he was a boy, until, one Saturday night, he went out t' Thirty Drinks, with ol' Bum Lush an' Billy the Beast, t' learn about life.

"T' learn jus' a little," says he, 'about life.'

"Don't you go, Jimmie," says I.

"Jus' this once," says he. "I want to."

"Don't you do it," says I.

"Jus' once," says he, "won't do no harm."

"Don't you go," says I.

"Jus' this once," says he. "I'll only look on."

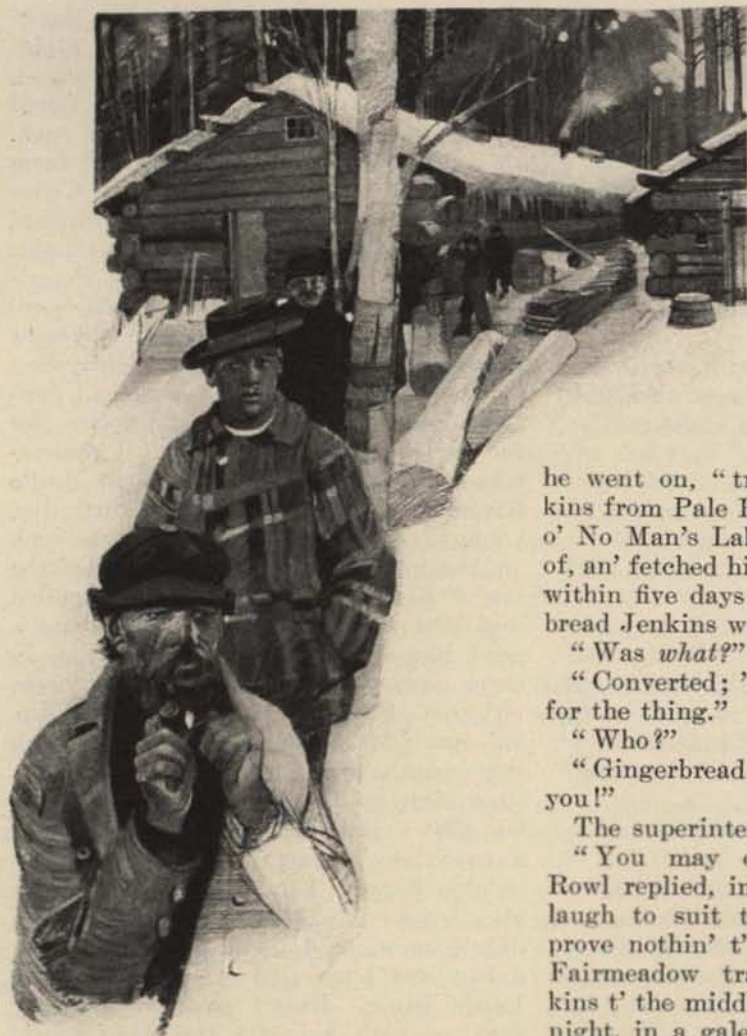
"No, no!" says I.

"Jus' this once," says he.

"God help you, Jimmie!" says I.

"Jus' once," says he.

"They fetched him back on Monday



"HE WENT OUT TO LEARN ABOUT LIFE"

mornin'," Rowl sighed, "pretty well informed. After that," he added, repeating the sigh. "he was what you might call a fairly inquirin' student. An' that's the way it goes," he declared, scowling, "with all the boys that come loggin' t' these woods."

It was still blowing high. The fire in the superintendent's office had burned to expiring coals. No comfortable glow of light—no red warmth—no genial sparkle and crackling—proceeded from it. The room was cold. And now the frosty gale intruded upon us who had forgotten it. And it was blowing a blizzard outside; all the world of the woods was bitter with cold and wind and driven snow—

inimical with night. The superintendent coaxed the fire to a blaze, and heaped it with dry wood; and while it sputtered and roared with the lusty intention of recovering itself, we waited for the sentimental old scaler to resume the tale of Gingerbread Jenkins.

"The Reverend John Fairmeadow," he went on, "tracked Gingerbread Jenkins from Pale Peter's place t' the middle o' No Man's Lake, that night I told you of, an' fetched him home on his back; and within five days from that time, Gingerbread Jenkins was converted."

"Was *what?*?" said the superintendent.

"Converted; 'tis the only word I know for the thing."

"Who?"

"Gingerbread Jenkins, I'm tellin' you!"

The superintendent laughed.

"You may call it what you like," Rowl replied, in a growl, "an' you may laugh to suit the word; but *you* don't prove nothin' t' *me*. I know that John Fairmeadow tracked Gingerbread Jenkins t' the middle o' No Man's Lake, that night, in a gale that chased me indoors, an' you wouldn't face t' save life, an' that John Fairmeadow found him there, half crazy with what he'd had, tryin' t' open a bottle o' whiskey with frozen hands, an' that he carried him home on his own back, God knows how! What John Fairmeadow done t' Gingerbread Jenkins, when he got him home, I don't know, no more'n you do; but I do know that he kep' Gingerbread Jenkins in his own room over One-Eyed Mag's for five days, an' that at the end o' that time Gingerbread Jenkins was converted, for John Fairmeadow tol' me so, an' Gingerbread Jenkins didn't deny it. An' I know, too," Rowl went on, his voice rising, "that Gingerbread Jenkins wouldn't stir out-o'-doors without havin' Mag's little Angel by the hand, an' that not a man o' Thirty Drinks would ask Gingerbread Jenkins t' take a dram when little

Angel was along. An' I know, more-over," he concluded, "that in four weeks Gingerbread Jenkins was himself again—that he come back t' the Big Chance camp—that in three months he was rosy, an' clean, an' strong, an' happy, an' no more afraid—that he was a boss on the Big River drive o' that spring—an' that in the fall o' the year he was offered a superintendent's job by Ol' Rat Wallweather o' the Yellow Forks Lumber Company."

"That's a good deal t' know," said the superintendent.

"No, it ain't," snapped Rowl.

"It's a good deal t' know."

"It's the kind o' thing that any fool can find out an' know that wants to."

"Well," drawled the superintendent, "I ain't much up on miracles."

"It's nothin' t' know at all," said Rowl; "but it's a devil of a lot to explain."

The superintendent laughed.

"The Reverend John Fairmeadow," Rowl resumed, "is the parson that preaches in the bunk-houses o' these woods. God knows where he come from! We've no notion hereabouts. But you can bet your life the devil is aware that he is on the spot. John Fairmeadow's on the job, my boy, from the Big River to the camps o' the Logosh Reservation; there isn't a barroom in four hundred square miles where he can't call the bartender Johnnie, nor a bunk-house where he isn't at home. He's a big man. I mean it: he's a great big man—a man of our kind and big by our scale. It took a man big in body an' heart an' faith—a bigger man than me in the ways that we know as bigness—t' put Gingerbread Jenkins on his back in the middle o' No Man's Lake an' fetch him t' Thirty Drinks through the wind an' snow an' frost o' that night; an' it takes a bigger man than any other big man I ever knew t' operate in a religious fashion, without cant an' all manner o' foolishness, in the bunk-houses an' bars an' dives o' these woods. I'm no judge o' Christians, havin' handled none in my business, an' I've heard ill tales o' their state in these days; but I know that an ounce o' John Fairmeadow t' the gallon o' this generation's Christianity would cure the wrongs o'

the world in a day—an' I draw my own conclusions. 'Tis said by the boys from the East that men don't go t' church no more. I don't know: maybe not. I don't care. Anyhow, John Fairmeadow's a minister for men; *he's* no little sister o' the rich.

"At this time he had headquarters with One-Eyed Mag, which kept the Mother-Used-t'-Make-It Restaurant, near the depot at Thirty Drinks, a large an' flabby lady, not open t' suspicion, a perfectly respectable person, poor soul! on account o' one eye an' various other varieties o' looks—these same headquarters bein' a home-made institution o' one room with a barred window for the confinement an' cure o' the snakes. There was a bit of a mystery at Mag's, too, with which the parson had nothin' to do. 'Twas in the shape of a wee small girl—a pretty little rogue called Angel—which Mag foster-mothered like a lonely hen; an' 'twas this child that had led Gingerbread Jenkins around by the hand at Thirty Drinks while the wish for liquor was yet on him. 'Twas a mystery that couldn't be accounted for by no guessin' the boys o' Thirty Drinks was able for. 'Twas said that a lady from Big Rapids come t' see the child when nobody was lookin'—a real lady o' fashion with reasons of her own—an' I'm able t' say, as it turned out, that a lady from nearer than Big Rapids would often slip in at the kitchen door of a dark night t' see little Angel put t' bed; but it wasn't no lady o' fashion.

"'I'm a converted man, parson,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, one day in the fall, 'but I'm jus' as much ashamed o' myself as I used t' be. Seems t' me,' says he, 'that a converted man ought t' be *doin'* somethin'.'

"'You're workin', Gingerbread,' says the parson.

"'Oh, shucks!' says Gingerbread; 'any fool can *work*. I mean somethin' big an' real.'

"'For example, what?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'takin' care o' somebody.'

"'For example, who?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'somebody, anyhow.'

"'But *who*?'

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'a woman.'

"The parson looked Gingerbread in the eye for a long time. 'So?' says he.

"'Yes,' says Gingerbread; 'seems t' me that every decent man ought t' be takin' care of a woman, whether he's a converted Christian man or not. What's a man *for*?' says he. An' so I'm fixed an' determined in this,' says he, 'that a decent man ought t' get married, an' settle down, an' take care o' somebody, an' *be* somebody.'

"'Are you able t' take care of anybody?' says the parson.

"'I'm able,' says Gingerbread, 'if I'm fit. But that's what's botherin' me. I've lived free, in my time,' says he, 'an' as I figure it out there isn't much comin' t' the man that's lived free. So I'm not askin' much in the way of a woman. 'Most any woman would be good enough for me. I'd be able t' keep the dogs off, anyhow. An' the more she'd need takin' care of,' says he, 'the better I'd like it. You see,' says he, 'that's a man's *business*.'

"'Say that again,' says the parson.

"'I says,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'that the more she'd need takin' care of the better I'd like it.'

"The parson jumped up an' put his hands on Gingerbread's shoulders. 'Do you mean it?' says he. 'Do you mean it?—or is this jus' talk?'

"'Talkin' be hanged!' says Gingerbread Jenkins. 'I'm not give t' talkin'. O' *course* I mean it!'

"'You're a big man, Gingerbread,' says the parson. 'I wonder how big.'

"'I don't know,' says Gingerbread.

"'How big?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'you better measure an' see.'

"The parson walked the floor in a deal o' trouble. By an' by he come up t' Gingerbread Jenkins again an' looked him right in the eye. It was then toward the evenin', John Fairmeadow says. An' John Fairmeadow turned Gingerbread Jenkins's face t' the window, an' looked into his eyes, an' tried t' search the last places of his soul. Gingerbread Jenkins says that he couldn't stand it no longer, by an' by, an' that he looked away from John Fairmeadow's eyes t' the sunset clouds beyond the pines, an' that he was afraid, but didn't quite know why.

"'Jimmie,' says John Fairmeadow, 'listen t' me well: I'm goin' t' measure

you, now. I believe you. I believe in your humility an' in your love o' the world for Love's sake. I don't misunderstand: I know. Love healed you, whether you know it or not in these words; an' now 'tis in your heart t' love, that some other one may be healed by Love also. I believe that you want a woman t' take care of—t' guard an' cherish from the ills o' life—because you believe it t' be the duty o' men t' care for women. Listen t' me well, Jimmie Jenkins: I'm goin' t' measure you, now. You may do, if you will, what no other Christian man I know or ever knew—not I, most of all, God help me!—not I—would do for Love's sake. Stand up, Jimmie Jenkins,' says he, 'an' be measured by the measure o' Love!'

"Gingerbread Jenkins was frightened. 'What's all this, parson?' says he. 'What you mean?'

"'I know a woman.'

"'What woman?'

"'A needy woman with a heart turned toward a love just like this.'

"'Then,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'fetch her out. If I'm fit, I'm willin'.'

"'There's little Angel,' says the parson.

"'I love her,' says Gingerbread Jenkins.

"'She has a mother.'

"'The mother o' little Angel!' says Gingerbread Jenkins. 'The mother o' little Angel—an' *me*! I'm not fit. She's a lady!'

"'The mother of little Angel,' says the parson, 'is no lady.'

"Gingerbread Jenkins jumped away from him. 'What you sayin'?' says he. 'I can't do *that*! I can't! Man, I tell you I *can't*! I'm jus' not able.'

"'No,' says John Fairmeadow; 'no man could do that.'

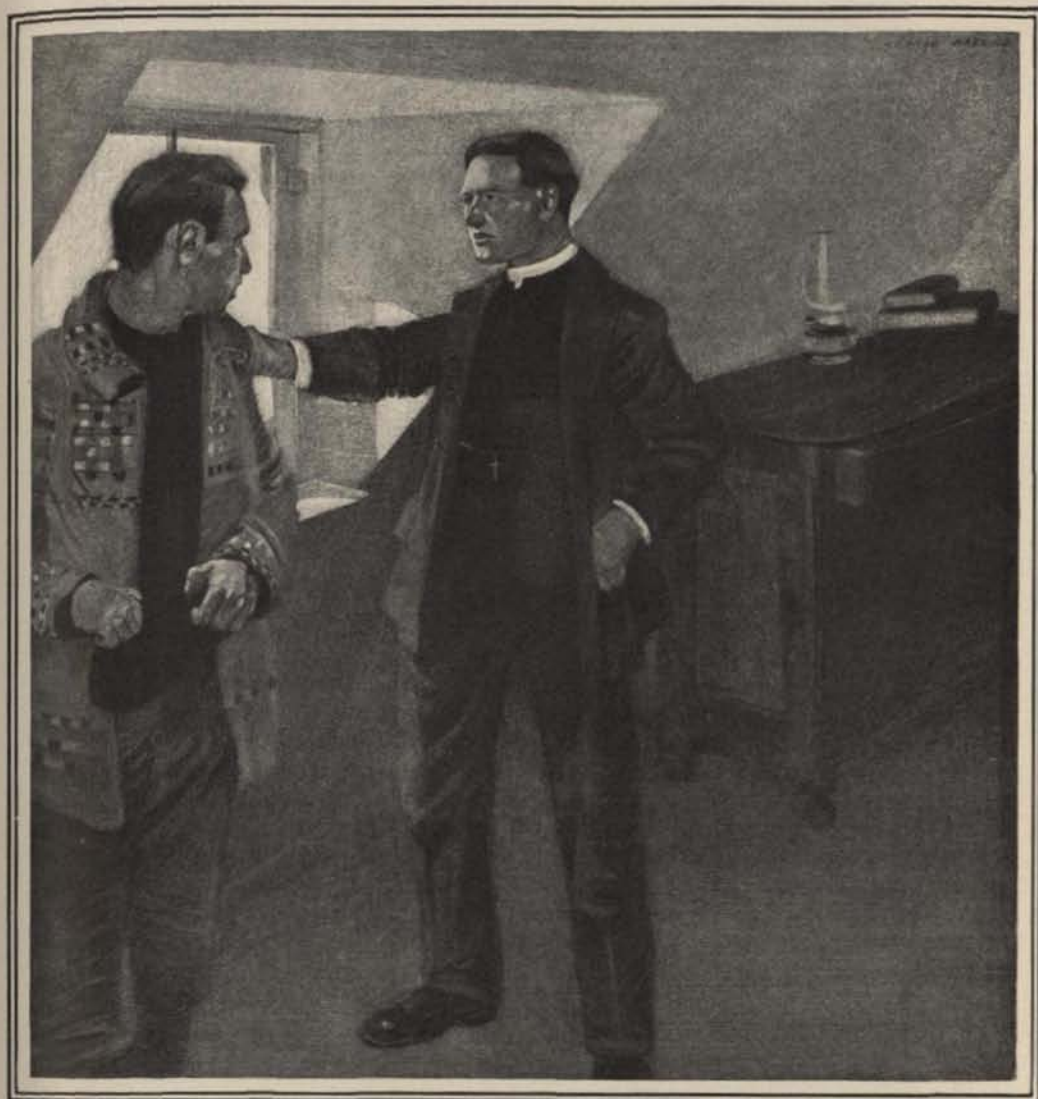
"'Speak plain,' says Gingerbread Jenkins. 'Little Angel's mother no lady? What is she, then?'

"'What have you been, James Jenkins?'

"'I'm not what I was,' says Gingerbread Jenkins.

"'Nor is she,' says the parson.

"'Parson,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'I guess it's jus' about time for you t' lead in prayer. Prayer's a pretty good thing in a case like this. An' I'm tired,' says he. 'I'm all tired out, an' I want t' be prayed for. My heart's fixed on doin'



"'I'M NOT WHAT I WAS,' SAID GINGERBREAD JENKINS"

right,' says he; 'but I don't know what is right.'

"'Nor do I,' says the parson.

"Gingerbread Jenkins says that at that very minute a flood o' sunshine broke over the clouds an' made the whole world light."

"And so," said the superintendent, "they were married?"

"They was, in course o' time," Rowl replied, gravely; "an' John Fairmeadow done it."

The young superintendent whistled.

"She was a sweet little woman," Rowl

went on, in a muse. "She was sweet, an' pretty, an' modest as ever a bride could be, an' shy in the company o' so much joy. Never a bride whose eyes shone brighter!

"'God bless her!' said I, in my heart; 'an' God bless o' Gingerbread Jenkins!

"An," Rowl concluded, "God has."

"The tale has a happy ending," the superintendent laughed.

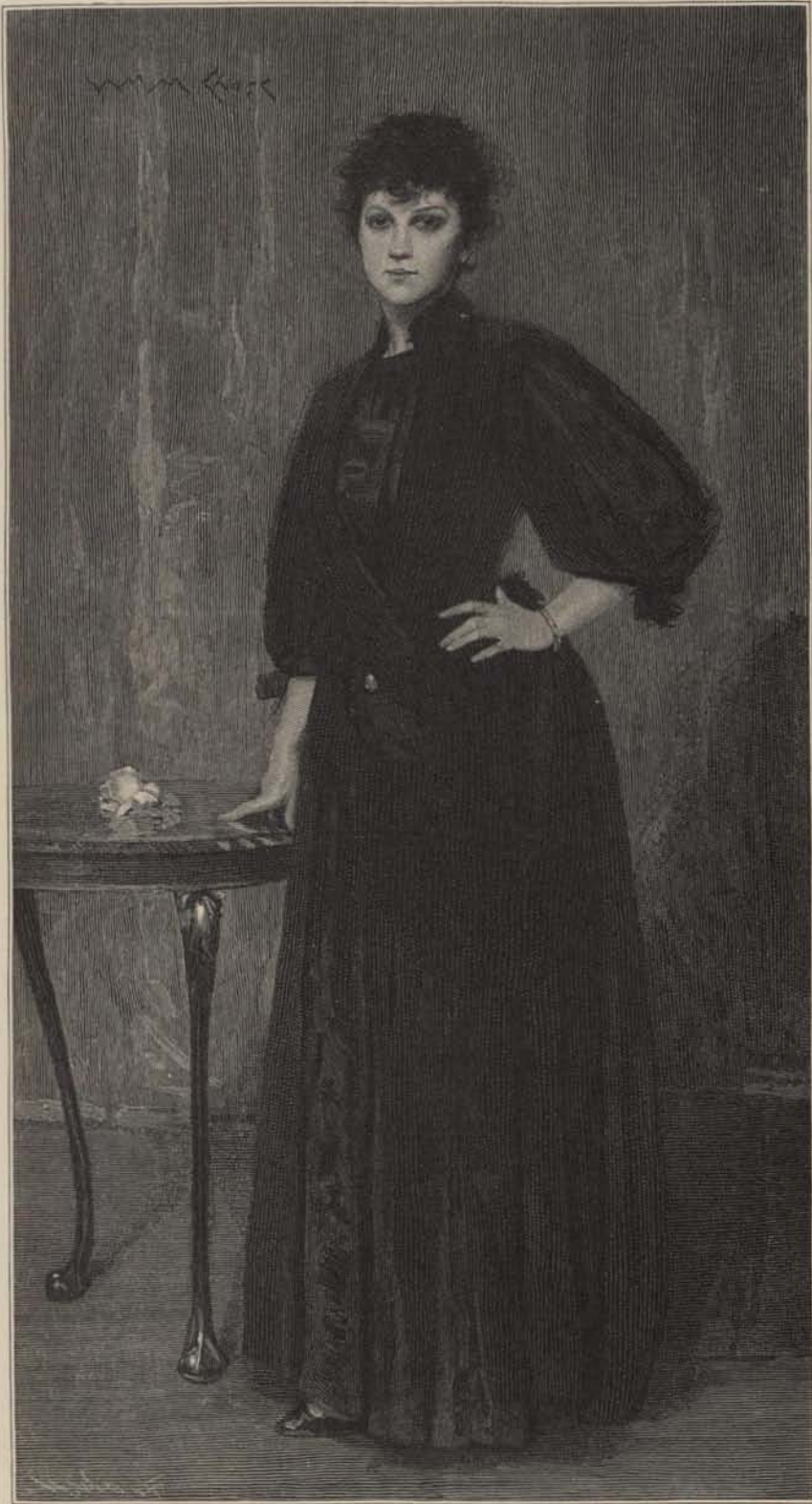
"Accordin' t' the last word from Saskatchewan," Rowl agreed. "An' I've observed," he added, "that a man o' good courage will usually unravel a happy endin' from the tangle of his life."

"A Lady in Black," by  
William M. Chase

WHILE portrait-painters portray things seen, in every work of the highest rank the element of individuality, the subconscious self of the sitter, rises above external likeness and awakens a lasting interest. Portraits in which this quality is vividly brought out will interest beholders years hence to whom the sitter is wholly unknown. Great portrait-painters always reveal deep consciousness of the personality of their sitters, hinting at things thought, felt, and dreamed about. Knowing such portraits, one never confuses them. They stand forth as distinct revelations, showing the painter's gifts of perception and power to lift his work upon a plane beyond the ability of common mortals, and to send forth some message that will meet the needs of the soul. From this point of view it will be seen that it is not the subject but the artist, and what he contributes, which gives the abiding interest to a portrait.

The range of Mr. Chase's achievements is remarkably varied. In his portraits, which are now under consideration, his expression has striven to meet the demands made by the individuality of his subject. His visual perception is extraordinary. But with all he may do of set purpose in recording what his eye sees, more is accomplished by the eliminating and harmonizing process of the unconscious mind in its effort to express the hidden import of character. But fashions in feeling and in the way of seeing men and things change with the ages. That is why the art of to-day is unlike the art of the eighteenth or the sixteenth century. The glory of Chase or Sargent differs from the glory of Gainsborough or Van Dyck or Titian. The taste of to-day demands of the painter truth and vigor rather than courtly elegance, hence from Chase or Sargent we never look for the graceful, flattering portrait of those earlier times. But we do expect a likeness marked by vitality, showing the artist's individual gifts of perception, but without artificial embellishment or idealization.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"A LADY IN BLACK," BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*





# The Microbe as Social Reformer

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

IN the summer of 1892 the startling news flashed across the world that the hosts of Cholera had risen up in Persia, that they had marched through Russia and western Europe, destroying thousands; that Hamburg was under siege, and that the scourge was about to invade America. On the 31st of August the cholera-ridden steamship *Moravia* was reported at quarantine in New York, with the *Normannia*, *Rugia*, *Scandia*, *Heligoland*, *Bothnia*, all from Hamburg, following in close order.

Had the Pied Piper threatened the defaulting burghers of Hamelin with a return of all the rats he had piped into the river Weser, with all the rats of Hanover city besides, those over-thrifty Brunswickers could not have matched the terror of New York—and, for that matter, of the entire menaced nation—seventeen years ago. Yet, strangely enough, it was this very intensity of the popular fear that was destined to make the cholera of 1892 remarkable for its beneficent consequences.

For fully a decade the officers of the New York Health Department, instructed by the discoveries of such scientists as Pasteur and Koch, had asked in vain for a bacteriological laboratory as a base from which to make thoroughgoing war, not only upon epidemics such as cholera and yellow fever, but also upon all forms of endemic contagion—diphtheria, tuberculosis, and the like. But in those days even the medical profession were disposed to ridicule the idea that myriads of "little bugs" could flourish upon the minute corpuscles of the blood to our bodily destruction. And as for the people at large—who were in the last analysis responsible for the denial by the stolid financial authorities of the Health Department's request—their state of mind was precisely like that of the dwellers in the ancient Turkish city of Van, of whom Mr. F. D. Greene, then a missionary of

the American Board, tells me the following story:

A caravan had brought cholera into the city over the route travelled centuries before by Xenophon and his Ten Thousand. The disease spread rapidly, for its progress was greatly facilitated by the water-supply that came from a nearby mountain and ran through the streets in open ducts.

The population of the city was equally divided between Mohammedans and Armenian Christians. The missionaries knew that cholera entered the body only through the mouth, and that the microbes might be destroyed by high temperature; they determined accordingly to persuade the people to boil their food and drink, and sterilize their cooking utensils. The Mohammedans were impervious to advice; they declared that inasmuch as Allah had written upon every man's forehead the precise moment and manner of his death, it was both useless and blasphemous to try to thwart His will by infidel precautions. The Armenians, while not equally fatalistic, showed, like their contemporaries in New York, the indifference born of ignorance. It was only when people began to die by the hundred that the fear of death stirred their lethargy. Then they turned to their priest, Hovsep Vartabed, for help.

Now when the missionaries had asked Hovsep Vartabed to explain to his congregation the nature of cholera, he had replied that the lives of the people were in the hands of the women who prepared the food, and that they were too ignorant to comprehend the difference between a germ and a mountain-lion. But the ingenious priest had resources of his own. He gathered his flock into the great Armenian church, and when they were packed as close as they could sit upon the floor, he put on his flowing clerical robes, mounted the pulpit, and shaking his long, bony finger, began to harangue them as follows:

"Have I not told you, miserable sinners, that unless you repented and were more zealous in your religious duties, God would surely punish you? Behold, He has permitted the water to swarm with little snakes, so that the people perish. Whence came these snakes? Verily I say unto you that they are nought but devils that God has unloosed from hell to chasten you sinners. Disguised as little snakes, they have fled to the water to cool off. Woe unto them that drink the cup of Satan, or cook in unhallowed water, for them the devils will surely seize and destroy. There is only one way of escape: make the water so hot that the imps will be glad to run back to Gehenna, whence they came. When the water boils, you may know that every bursting bubble is a devil that leaps from the pot!"

This announcement was received with cries of alarm and moans of repentance. The women did not wait for the benediction; they arose like startled pigeons, rushed home, and began boiling busily. And it was fully two months after the last case of cholera was reported that the kettles of Van cooled down.

The New-Yorkers of 1892 were quite as benighted in respect to public health as these Armenian Christians, only they were far less religious; so that when the cholera-ridden ships at their gates terrified them with the fear of death they turned to the Health Department, as the people of Van turned to their priest, for protection.

The department did not answer with a fable; its officers simply renewed their request for a bacteriological laboratory. They explained again that cholera was nothing but a microbe, or rather swarming myriads of microbes, as destructive to man as the seventeen-year locusts to the plants of the field, but so infinitesimally small that they might easily elude the utmost vigilance, unless the department were equipped with the powerful lenses essential to microscopic research. And this announcement, too, was received with expressions of alarm and repentance—and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment voted the requisite funds.

Thus it was that the cholera of 1892 caused the establishment of the first municipal bacteriological laboratory in the world, and not only inaugurated a

new era in governmental methods of conserving public health, but also gave a fresh impulse to the revolution that science had already initiated in the popular, fatalistic conception of disease and death. To-day the scouts of the laboratory keep sharp watch not only of the ships entering the port, but also over the milk and water supply, the oyster beds, the meat and vegetable markets, and all the various channels within and without the city through which destructive microbes can enter.

Already the results have been inspiring, and justify the department in adopting the motto of Pasteur, that it is within their power to rid the city of every parasitic disease, hardly excepting old age itself. There is a certain dramatic interest in the mere recital of some of the facts of achievement.

In November, 1848, the packet-ship *New York* arrived from Havre with cholera on board; during the remainder of that and the following year 5,073 people died in a population of 380,000. In November, 1865, the steamship *Atlanta*, also from Havre, arrived with cholera on board; during the remainder of that and the following year 1,147 people died in a population of 750,000. In 1892, the date of the bacteriological laboratory, only nine people died in a population of 2,000,000! And, what is of special significance, the disease was not only restricted to a few cases, but, to quote the contemporary report of the Health Department, "each case was confined practically to the room in which it occurred," showing that epidemics can be prevented by isolation, scientific care, and disinfection when the microscope definitely reveals the whereabouts of the disease-breeding germs.

Since 1892 cholera has been unknown in New York. Moreover, typhus fever, that before 1892 took many lives each year, has entirely disappeared. Typhoid, though its annual toll is still high, owing to its ability to steal into the city in milk, on fruit, on the legs of the common house-fly, and especially in the bodies of so-called "typhoid-carriers" — bakers, dairymen, and others, who, once having had the disease, retain it in their systems after recovery, and spread it through the food and drink they touch—is no longer

an epidemic disease. When it pulls off an "outbreak," as the Health Department calls its sporadic appearance, it is swiftly localized, thanks to the microscope, and usually as swiftly suppressed.

In 1892 diphtheria destroyed in what is now Greater New York 3,243 lives, and 4,530 in 1894. Then in 1895 the bacteriological laboratory reinforced its microscopic work with the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin. The deaths from the disease immediately diminished, until in 1907 they had dropped to 1,614, although the city had added a million to its population.

In brief, the microbe, by appearing as the true cause of pathological conditions, has shown how disease may be conquered. In New York, as elsewhere when similar methods have been adopted, the general death rate has splendidly fallen—only from 26.68 in the thousand in 1869 to 26.11 in 1891; but then to 25.38 in 1892, when the laboratory began its work; to 19.81 in 1897; and to 18.10 in 1903. If the death rate of 1892 prevailed to-day, the city's annual mortality would be increased by 25,000 souls!

Surely this is an inspiring record. And yet since 1903 the general death rate has again become almost stationary. What is the trouble? There has been no slackness in the administration of the Health Department. But an examination of the departmental records reveals a curious fact: the diseases that are stationary, or whose destructiveness is actually growing, are the diseases of poverty: pneumonia, that preys upon the fatigued and those whose resistant vitality is low; tuberculosis, that haunts the huddled tenements; and those diseases of infancy that multiply where mothers are frail, or overworked, or cannot for various reasons nurse their children—diarrhea and so-called "congenital debility."

With these, and especially with tuberculosis and the aforementioned diseases of infancy, sanitary science alone has seemed unable to cope. Accordingly, as peculiarly the diseases of poverty, they have opened the doors of the Health Department to "social" workers—that is, to the servants of organized charity, the modern Samaritan.

Soon after the establishment of the municipal bacteriological laboratory a

change took place in the theory of philanthropy no less radical than that inaugurated in the popular theory of disease by the cholera microbe itself. The paid social workers, who had begun to be entrusted with the administration of the great charities, were abandoning the idea of poverty as the heaven-inflicted penalty of moral turpitude, the perpetual harvest of Eve's great transgression; under the influence of social economic thinkers, they were shifting the responsibility for human waste, as poverty was coming to be called, to social environment and adverse economic conditions. Moreover, they held the doctrine of "surplus wealth," based upon the knowledge that industry directed by science was producing more of the necessities than the race required for its vigorous and healthful sustenance. If some part of this surplus wealth could be applied to the wretched environment of the poor, poverty, these social workers had begun to believe, would go the way of epidemic disease.

An analysis of the records of the great charities shows that disease is a serious disabling factor in fully three-fifths of their cases of dependency; the records of the Health Department show that fully three-fourths of the cases of tuberculosis and infant mortality are related to poverty. Clearly there was need for an alliance between these two divisions of the city's human repair-shop.

The Samaritan took the initiative and brought to the problem a point of view somewhat different from that of the officers of the Health Department. The health officers, with their bacteriological laboratory, were primarily interested in the detection and annihilation of microbes; the philanthropists were concerned with improving environmental conditions and with lightening the load of the poor, so as to increase their fund of vital resistance. In 1902 the Charity Organization Society created a special committee to look into the "social, as distinct from the medical, aspects of tuberculosis, and to study the relation between this disease and overcrowding, infected tenements, and unhealthful occupations." It was soon found that tuberculosis flourished most rankly where rooms were overcrowded, budgets were small, and

people were ignorant of the laws of hygiene. Bad housing and ignorance were set down as the chief social causes of the disease. The Charity Organization Society had been largely responsible for the creation of the new Tenement House Department and for the new tenement law that was intended to put an end to dark unsanitary dwellings. What seemed now most needed was a campaign of education, especially among the poor.

Accordingly there began a shower of tracts and pamphlets that for number were like the sands of the sirocco. Circulars were issued by the hundreds of thousands, the public bill-boards became familiar standards of the double red cross, lectures were delivered and handbills distributed in schools and settlements, in churches and vacant stores—even the street-car transfers bore mottoes of advice and warning, which were thus published to the number of fifty millions in a single year. People were told not to spit, to keep themselves and their homes clean, to eat good food and enough of it, to ventilate their bedchambers thoroughly, and in case they themselves were already infected, to move from dark rooms to rooms that were bright and sunny; to sleep in the open air when possible, and if their disease were far advanced to leave their occupations betimes and to seek a cure in a sanatorium, public or private. The gospel of the anti-tuberculosis campaign—"tuberculosis is curable, communicable, preventable"—was carried into the tenements for the inspiration of the poor by the visitors of a hundred charities, it was repeated to them at the public dispensaries, and preached to them from the pulpits.

But in spite of so much admirable effort, at the end of seven years the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis issued a booklet, in which it declared that, "contrary to the popular impression, the tuberculosis death rate has not materially decreased during the last seven years . . . the problem is quite beyond the grasp of private philanthropy, and can be properly dealt with only by the forces of government."

Now, why this remarkable admission on the part of the modern, scientific Samaritan? Because charity, however excellent its resources, can only deal with

those who voluntarily turn to it for aid, whereas the microbe has taught us that disease is war, and can only be fought successfully by an organization that is permanently on a war footing. With the growth in the public knowledge of contagious disease, the police powers of the Health Department have been steadily strengthened both by law and by public opinion. The Health Department can compel physicians to report every case of contagion from leprosy and smallpox to tuberculosis and measles; it has authority to enter the homes of the infected, it can take sputum and specimens of blood for examination at the bacteriological laboratory, it can compel disinfection and cleanliness, and in extreme cases, where the patient is a menace to the health of his neighbors, it can remove him forcibly to an appropriate hospital. If disease is to be conquered, charity has concluded, it must be by the will of the people working through government.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these official prerogatives. But heretofore they have been largely ineffective because the Health Department has not been granted sufficient funds. The facts in the case are astonishing. The records of the department show that there are at least 44,000 consumptives in the city, that of this number only 16,000 are in the care either of private practitioners or of physicians at public dispensaries, and that even the whereabouts of 20,000 are entirely unknown. It is as if the enemy had stolen through the pickets at night and there were no police or soldiers to follow them. The tuberculosis bacilli swarm through the city on silent wings, grimly laughing at pamphlets and lectures and scattered deeds of charity, which they find it so easy to elude.

Accordingly, last year the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis concentrated its energy and that of the allied Samaritans upon the city budget, with the result that the yearly appropriation for the war on tuberculosis was increased by a quarter of a million, making the total of approximately \$500,000 available for the tuberculosis work alone. The Division of Communicable Diseases, in addition to reinforcing the bacteriological laboratory, will have

twenty-five disinfectors, thirty-six medical inspectors, fifty-five attending physicians, and the imposing number of one hundred and fifty-nine trained nurses!

The city has been thoroughly districted. Each one of the 24,000 new cases of tuberculosis that are reported yearly will be visited by a nurse. The diagnosis will be confirmed by the laboratory. When tuberculosis exists, the patient will be urged to put himself under medical care, and if this is financially impossible, to attend one of the clinics of the department. His children will be examined by the physicians of the department. Incipient cases will be taught how to prepare their food, how to dress, how to ventilate, how to devise inexpensive outdoor dormitories. For many of those in the first stages of the disease provision is being made at the magnificent sanatorium maintained by the city in the hills of Otisville. Those who are a public menace will be removed to the department's isolation hospital on North Brother Island, or otherwise provided for. Never was there such an army for the building up of health put in the field by a municipality. Except once.

For many years the diseases of infancy have been even more destructive of human life than tuberculosis. In New York, for all its high rank among healthful cities, approximately 17,000 infants die annually, ninety per cent. of them, it is estimated, from preventable causes. In 1906 the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor inaugurated a campaign against infant mortality, whose contributory results quite parallel those of the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

The roots of the campaign against infant mortality strike back to that earlier time when compassion and chivalry, rather than vital economy, were the dominant motives in charitable practice. In 1883 the association secured a beautiful seaside property, named Sea Breeze, on the south beach of Coney Island, to which parties of women and children, shop-girls, and occasional work-worn men were invited for a day's outing. The legend is that these "ocean parties" were suggested by the gracious practice of the European landed nobility who, like Sir Walter Vivian in *The Princess*, are ac-

customed once a year to give their "broad lawns all a summer's day up to the people." In the morning the parties gathered at the Hudson piers and were taken by steamer down the majestic bay an hour's journey to the beach, where, on open pavilions and beneath a cluster of ailantus trees, food was set before them. In the afternoon they went in swimming, splashed along the beach as the waves dashed in, or lay in the warm sand, blissfully watching the sails go eastward. Toward four o'clock, having received further refreshment, they took the boat again for the noise and worry of their tenement homes, reluctant and yet happy, like Pippa at the end of her New-Year Day, and grateful to those who, enjoying the higher lot, had shared it for a few hours with them. To give these mothers one happy day, and then, when necessary, to pay the funeral expenses of their children, seemed in those days to satisfy the Good Samaritan's spirit of mercy.

Then came that revolution in the philanthropic point of view to which repeated reference has already been made. The paid social workers, discounting a multitude of frailties imputed to the poor, and holding that if their environment were changed and they were relieved of the terror of want, they would prove themselves made of the universal clay, converted Sea Breeze into an experiment station to illustrate the truth of their theory. The picnic parties of a day were supplemented by "stay" parties; mothers with little children were invited for two days, four days, and finally a week or more. Thus it became possible to show that the poorest mothers, when relieved of the oppression of a sordid environment, had in them the divine breath, that they were both eager and able to learn, that when given even a brief opportunity they quickly took a fresh hold upon life. Classes were organized in infant and personal hygiene, cooking, and domestic economy. The experiment grew like rich fields well sown, until the summer of 1908, when, in addition to 28,717 day guests, Sea Breeze entertained 4,412 mothers with little children for periods varying from one week to six. Of the 4,412 mothers and children, seven hundred women and "runabouts," as those

who can walk are called, required special convalescent care, and five hundred and ninety-nine infants were more or less dangerously sick. What simply a change of environment and relief from hunger can do is indicated by the fact that all of the mothers and runabouts rapidly recovered and ninety-nine per cent. of the babies got well.

But the accommodations of Sea Breeze are at most those of a picnic-ground and summer experiment station. The waiting list grew year by year, until it at times reached twenty thousand. This circumstance and the association's determination to bring home to the public the enormity of the human waste involved in the yearly holocaust of seventeen thousand infants to ignorance and poverty, prompted a further experiment to test the methods of Sea Breeze within the tenements themselves.

From a base on a cliff overlooking the tide-washed East River, where six "shacks" were opened for the hospital care of sick babies and where classes for mothers were regularly held, a corps of trained nurses was sent from tenement door to tenement door, in quest of all children under two, not with the purpose of Herod's men, but to win the confidence of the mothers, to educate them in the elements of infant hygiene, to bring such of them as were in obvious need to the attention of relief agencies, and especially to see to it that sick babies received proper medical or hospital care before their illness became acute. In the summer of 107 these Junior Sea Breeze nurses visited one hundred and two thousand tenement families, found thirty-five thousand five hundred and seventeen babies under two years of age, and instructed their mothers in cooking, infant bathing and dressing, household sanitation and ventilation, and kindred subjects.

And that summer, while the infant death rate in the city at large increased, the deaths in the ward where the nurses worked fell off eleven per cent.

The demonstration was accepted on all hands as conclusive, and had as its major result the concentration of philanthropic interest upon the Health Department's request for funds to establish a comprehensive child-saving service. In 1897 the department, taking advantage of the

growing public realization of the menace of contagious disease, had secured the appointment of one hundred and fifty medical inspectors to examine suspected cases of contagion in the schools. Owing largely to the opposition of private practitioners, who disliked seeing the public service encroaching upon the field of medicine, the appropriation allowed only thirty dollars a month for these first school physicians. In 1902, however, their salaries were increased to one hundred dollars, and they were required not only to examine children in school, but to visit absentees in their homes. The same year a small group of nurses was added to aid in the war on the microbe.

Then in 1908, largely as the effect of the Junior Sea Breeze experiment on the public mind, the department secured approximately \$350,000 for the creation of a Bureau of Child Hygiene. To this division there are now attached 142 nurses and 163 physicians. Again the city has been thoroughly districted. The children's corps examines every school child, not only for symptoms of contagion, but also for every possible physical defect, and a system has been devised by which the department can see to it that all diseases are treated and all physical defects corrected or removed. In addition to the school children it is the plan to have this staff of civil servants attend to the babies within their respective districts. Last April they began to visit all infants whose births were reported by midwives (the law compels the reporting of all births, under penalty), and whose addresses made it doubtful whether their parents could afford proper medical attendance. At present the school children are monopolizing the strength of the division of child hygiene during the school term; but the plan provides that in time no child shall be born to the city whose mother may not command expert nursing and medical counsel.

A far cry this from the priest in Van working on the superstitious fears of his congregation. More than six hundred men and women devoting their lives to a municipal campaign for human conservation! And in a very immediate sense it all grew out of the cholera invasion of 1892. Surely the microbe deserves to rank well among social reformers.

# The Way to the Wedding

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT was the Wednesday after Easter. The year, being unimportant, need not be specified. Suffice it to say that although the subway had ceased to be a novelty in New York, it had not yet been extended to Long Island, and Brooklyn Bridge was still the greatest thoroughfare across the East River.

Ned McEwen, strolling along the second level of the great bridge on his way to that part of the Borough of Brooklyn known as Bay Ridge, where he was going to see Howard Forbes married, caught sight of a large bulletin announcing the train he sought, and near it an ascending stair toward which he turned. A moment later his attention was attracted and held by a young woman who stood just beyond the ticket kiosk; first because hers was the fine, free, unconscious type of beauty of which he had dreamed much during his long absence from his native land, and later because she seemed, although in evening dress, to be alone and watching for some one.

As he approached and her scrutinizing glance passed from other faces to his she started, stared for an incredulous moment, and moved swiftly toward him, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Ned McEwen, of all men!" she rejoiced. "I can't be mistaken! You *are* Ned McEwen?"

"I never doubted it before," he warmly assured her, and there was nothing in his manner to indicate, even to a keen observer, that he had not the faintest idea who she was or where they had met, "but it's so long since anything as delightful as this has happened to me that it makes me question my own identity."

"Oh yes," she nodded, laughing and withdrawing her hand from his, "you're manifestly Ned McEwen! And neither time nor tide has changed you a bit."

"Nor you," said he.

His congenital inability to remember

faces was a failing concerning which McEwen was extremely sensitive, and so cleverly had he learned to conceal it, so expert had he become in tracing connections during an apparently casual conversation, that only his closest friends realized how often he was at a disadvantage. It was instantly apparent to him, from this girl's manner, that he had at some time known her rather well, and he hoped, by dissembling his perplexity and by careful probing, to discover her identity without betraying his own weakness. So he smiled cordially down at her, repeating, "Nor you."

"Of course you're going to the wedding," she affirmed rather than questioned; and here, he congratulated himself, was his first clew. Since he had never met Florence Keeler, the bride of the evening, this ready inference as to his destination argued that he was intimately connected in his companion's mind with Howard Forbes. Straightway he began calling to mind girls whom both he and Forbes had known, and they were many, but into none of those memories could he fit this woman. Meanwhile he responded:

"Of course I am. And you?"

"Naturally. But what I want to know is how you happen to be here? I thought you abode in some outlandish tropical clime. Cuba, was it? Or—somewhere in Central America?"

"Neither. I live in Mexico. I hope you know the difference," he whimsically commented. "Few people do, I find."

"I think I've heard that Cuba is bounded by San Juan Hill and Havana Harbor," was the dry retort, "but as to just where Mexico leaves off and Central America begins—frankly, I shouldn't care to be asked. Your home is still in Mexico, then?"

"My work is still in Mexico," he discriminated. "Home I have none, except



"NED McEWEN, OF ALL MEN!"

in the broad sense. Perhaps one has to live some time in foreign countries to realize that 'home,' in the last analysis, really means almost anywhere within the boundaries of one's own country."

"Yes, I know," said she, and immediately set him wondering whether she had lived abroad. "Then you don't like Mexico?"

"On the contrary, I like it very much," he declared, conscious that she was learning a good deal about him and telling nothing of herself. "It's the most pic-

turesque—and in many ways the most interesting—country in this hemisphere. But I'm an American and this is 'home.' And I hadn't been here in so long that the social side of me was getting atrophied, so when I received Howard's letter urging me to come to the wedding and meet some of the old crowd again, I decided that the moment was auspicious—and here I am. Now that's enough about me. Tell me of yourself."

"Oh, there's nothing about me that you don't already know from Howard and the



rest," she carelessly returned. "When did you arrive?"

"This afternoon."

"Then you haven't seen Howard?"

"I haven't seen anybody but you. And I don't think you realize what abominable correspondents 'Howard and the rest' are."

"Oh—really? Haven't they told you anything about me?" A flicker of amusement came into the woman's eyes, and she looked at him so quizzically that he quaked lest he had made a false step. Her next words relieved him. "You're sure the fault wasn't with the postal service? Because I seem to remember hearing rumors, from time to time, that you must be either dead or paralyzed—or married."

"Well—guilty," he confessed, and they both laughed. "I like to get letters—and I always *intend* to answer them."

"Virtuous person! That's so enlightening to your friends! Still—good intentions are said to make excellent pavement. By the way, we're going to a wedding, and inasmuch as Tempus has probably not abated his usual pace, don't you think we should be fugitting ourselves?"

"By all means! But—are you alone? I thought—you seemed to be waiting for some one."

"I half promised to meet the Taylors here—you don't know them, I think—but as they're always late I warned them that I should go on with any acquaintance who came along—and you came." She shot a roguish glance at him, to which he promptly replied:

"Then let's go quickly, lest they arrive and spoil my tête-à-tête with you."

"Do you know that this is the way?" she demurred as he turned again toward the near-by stair. "Would it be better to ask and make sure?"

"Oh no, this is all right," asserted McEwen.

"You've been over to the Keelers' before, then?"

"Never. But Howard sent me most explicit directions. This is right." He began to realize that he had entered upon a path beset with dangers unforeseen, and that if he was to be alone with this girl all the way to Bay Ridge he must either find out quickly who she was or be ignominiously detected. Therefore, as they

climbed together to the upper platform, he hazarded, "From your unfamiliarity with Brooklyn trains, I take it you haven't seen a great deal of Miss Keeler."

"No—not a great deal," she admitted, and again her amused, speculative glance disquieted him. "To be sure, I called upon her"—this was apparently a casual afterthought—"but that time I drove over, with Bobbie and some other people, so I learned nothing about trains—except that it's wiser to take one." She chuckled reminiscently. "Our driver didn't know Brooklyn—and of course none of us did! We got lost, and drove all over the place, and were disgracefully late when we finally arrived at the Keelers'."

"I begin to understand why Howard wrote me that I could drive if I wished, but that he strongly advised the train," said McEwen, laughing. At the time this conversation took place, it will be remembered, taxicabs were unknown in New York, and automobiles were comparatively few.

"Did he? Good for Howard! I'll tell Bobbie that. Bobbie was furious—indeed, we all but came to blows—because I simply would not have a carriage to-night. Having had one experience in driving from New York to Bay Ridge, I knew I'd have to start before dark, with my dinner in a basket and a map of Brooklyn in my hand, or else risk missing the ceremony, and I much preferred to come this way—especially as I expected to meet the Taylors here. By the way, Bobbie's sick to-night. That's the reason I'm alone."

"Oh? Then I shall not see him at the wedding," he regretted, racking his brain for memory of anybody named Robert among Forbes's friends. Then, to explain what must seem to her an unpardonable oversight, "I—I hoped he might be coming over later."

"Oh, you remember about Bobbie, then? You waited a long time before mentioning it!"

"I've been far too busy thinking about you to waste any time on 'Bobbie,'" he avowed, truthfully enough. Was the man her brother? Her cousin? Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that she might be married. Could this "Bobbie" be her husband? A line of cars wound toward them around the loop, and he

added: "We're in luck. Here comes our particular serpent."

"Are you sure?" she queried. "There are so many of these trains. Wouldn't it be well to ask some one about it?"

"It isn't necessary. This is the one," he affirmed. "'Fifth Avenue'—you see the sign on the front? That's the train Howard told me to take from this platform. It's all right."

"Brooklyn Bridge always was a mystic maze to me," said she, preceding him into the car. "I have never crossed it without asking directions of every uniform in sight. Men never do that, do they? But then," slyly, "there are so many things we women don't know that it doesn't mortify us particularly to acknowledge our ignorance of one more." At this McEwen turned a penetrating glance upon her, but she smiled back at him with such frank amusement that he decided it must have been a random shot.

"Now," he enjoined as they found seats and settled down for a long chat, "tell me all about yourself."

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"That's rather a large order, Ned," she parried, laughing. "Shall I begin with my name, age, color, and previous condition of servitude?"

"Do!" he lightly recommended, devoutly hoping that she would, and, at the same time, wondering uneasily how well this smiling woman had known him and his weaknesses. "Why not be thorough?"

"Why be obvious?" she tossed back. "My name you know; my age—you should be able to approximate; my color speaks for itself; and my servitude, past and present, I prefer to forget—when I can. Still, I was prepared to offer them all up in identification when I saw you coming."

"Why?" he boldly challenged. "Did you think my memory so much less trustworthy than yours?"

"Everybody's memory is treacherous sometimes, isn't it?" she submitted, simply. "I know mine is. And it wasn't to be expected that you should recognize me so promptly."

"Again, why?" He was watching her narrowly, suspecting mockery; but, although she was laughing a little, her eyes and lips seemed guileless.

"Oh—because. It's so many years—"

"Just how many? Do you remember?" he interrupted, grasping at this opportunity. "I confess to being a little shaky."

"It's tactful of you to forget some things," she commended.

"It isn't tact; it's fact. I'm afraid I've really forgotten. Do you know just how long it is since we last met?"

"Yes, I remember exactly—but it's more years than you should ask me to count. To be sure, they haven't made much outward and visible impression upon you, but people say I'm changed. You don't find me so?" She looked at him with a doubtful half-smile, and he felt that perhaps he had entangled himself in this web quite needlessly. Apparently she had not expected him to recognize her. However, nothing remained to him now but to persevere in the course he had chosen, so he stoutly declared:

"Not a bit. You look just as you always did. Or else it's your voice—or possibly your smile. There are so many characteristics by which one may recognize a friend that it's a little difficult sometimes to decide which is the most potent."

Indeed, he was honestly puzzling over just that point. Something about her—a smile, an inflection, a trick of the eye, he could not quite make out what it was—tormented him by its elusive familiarity, but when he thought he had captured it and fitted it to a memory, it was gone. Having failed to elicit from the lady any direct information about herself, he now determined to try negative methods. If he could not learn who she was, he would endeavor to find out who she was not, and thus, by a process of elimination, possibly solve the riddle. Meanwhile, though she would not talk about herself, there might be other bait which would tempt her to disclosures.

"You said 'Bobbie' was ill," he reminded her, positive that he had never called any man by that name, but uncertain whether he had ever known this one well enough to allude to him as Bob. "I hope it's not serious—but of course if it were you wouldn't be here."

"Oh no, it isn't serious—only uncomfortable. It's lumbago. I offered to stay home from the wedding, but Bobbie wouldn't listen to it, so I said I'd come with the Taylors. My conscience hurts,

though. Lumbago's such a wicked thing to be left alone with!"

"Salve your conscience, then, by telling me all about 'Bobbie,'" he suggested, smiling again over the name. "Remember how long I've been away, and how I hunger and thirst for news of people. Begin with him, won't you?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be modest for me to talk about Bobbie," she laughingly protested. "Bobbie's mine, you know, and it isn't pretty to brag. Ask somebody else. No, really," replying to a gesture, "I couldn't trust myself to talk about Bobbie. It would be all in superlatives."

McEwen was beginning to have an uncomfortable conviction that his companion was perfectly aware of his embarrassment and that he was being skilfully baited, and he resolved that if this were true he would beat her at her own game, discover her identity by hook or by crook, and never admit that he had been puzzled. But to accomplish this he must walk warily.

"Very well," said he, proceeding on the theory that she might be Marion Deering, whom he remembered as a particularly attractive girl, with a facile wit, although his mind retained no more impression of her physical appearance than as if it had been a schoolboy's slate, washed clean. "If you won't talk about 'Bobbie,' perhaps you'll consent to tell me about Tom—who, by the way, is even a worse correspondent than I am."

"Tom?" she questioned, her head tipped to one side, like a bird's.

"Yes, Tom."

"Tom—oh, Tom Deering?"

"Precisely. Tom Deering." Through half-closed, laughing eyes he watched her.

"He bought a fruit ranch in California several years ago, and has lived on it ever since," she glibly told him. "He's married, you know."

"Yes, I know. When did you see him last?"

"I? Oh—I haven't seen him for— for a long time."

"No?" He felt that he was closing in upon her.

"No."

"I thought he came East every little while?"

"So he does. But it happens that I've never been here when he was."

"No?"

"No. By the way, Marion—of course you remember his sister Marion?"

"Rather!"

"She's in California now, visiting Tom," she informed him, in a casual tone. "I had a letter from her yesterday, bitterly lamenting that she was not to be with us to-night, and sending her love to any of the old set who appeared. I suppose that includes you."

"Thanks." McEwen gave no sign of defeat. "I'm sorry she isn't here, but perhaps she'll return before I go away. She was a good sort in the old days."

Another girl whom he remembered as possessed of sense, sympathy, and humor was Ethel Knapp, who had latterly devoted herself, he had been told, to work in one of the social settlements. Accordingly, he turned the conversation toward philanthropy, and found his friend so responsive that he was confident he had her accounted for at last. But when he left the field of abstract discussion and asked a question touching specific details, she shook her head.

"I don't know anything about that," she declared. "Ask Ethel Knapp. She lives in one of the settlement-houses, you know, and can probably give you all the statistics you want. I think she's to be at the wedding."

"Foiled again!" thought McEwen, amused, despite the awkwardness of his predicament. All he said, however, was: "Good! I always liked Ethel. Apparently there are others going to the wedding also," he added, as a party of young people boarded the train and were hailed by friends at the other end of the car with joyful cries, above the confusion of which detached phrases concerning bridesmaids, old slippers, and rice were distinctly audible.

Twice again he cautiously felt his way toward girls whom he and Forbes had known, and each time, just as she seemed within grasping distance, his companion swung away from him, and out of the haze surrounding her came that tantalizing, familiar call from the past, whether accent or inflection or smile he could not yet determine. He was desperately casting about for memory of another girl who could possibly have grown into this woman, rejecting this one as too literal

and that one as too insipid, when the lady asked, somewhat uneasily:

"Aren't we going a long way? Do you know where we should get off?"

"We go to Sixty-fifth Street, the end of the road," he told her. "It will be a case of 'all out' there, so we can't miss it. Then we take a trolley-car for a few blocks, and walk a block. Don't worry. I'll get you there all right."

"Will you?" She let him see a droll twinkle. "Do you remember the night you undertook to pilot a sleighing party from Yonkers to White Plains?" Then they laughed together.

"Well—we got there, anyway," he reminded her.

"Yes, but think of all the other places you meandered into first," she riposted.

"Oh, not so many," he defended, thinking fast. Of whom had that party consisted? Jack Alden, who was the host, and probably Tom Deering, as the two were chums. Jack's mother had chaperoned them, he remembered, and the girls—? "Not so many—considering."

"Considering, I suppose, that, being a perfectly normal man, you preferred to wander all over the countryside rather than ask directions?" she teased.

"What's the use of depending upon somebody else to tell you what you can find out for yourself?" he demanded, his mind far away on that road from Yonkers to White Plains. Marion, he now remembered, had been of the party, and—Dolly Bain. The third girl eluded him. "We found that road finally, didn't we?"

"Yes, but not by the Socratic method," she laughed. "No; it sounds nice and superior and masculine, your reasoning does, but I'm afraid it's superficial. Either you haven't gone to the bottom of the matter and analyzed it, or you're dodging the issue—and of course you wouldn't do that." She regarded him with mocking gravity.

"Never!"

"What! Never?" she quoted.

"By George!" exploded McEwen. "Do you remember that amateur *Pinafore* we gave? Deering was Rackstraw, and Dolly Bain did the soprano—what's her name? I was Dick Deadeye, and Buttercup—" He stopped short, staring at her.

"Polly Lancaster was Buttercup," she supplied. "Don't you remember Polly?"

"Remember!" he ejaculated. If he had not known that Polly Lancaster was somewhere in the Orient, slaking her thirst for travel as the secretary and companion of a wealthy and peripatetic spinster with literary aspirations, he would have sworn that she was here beside him, going to a wedding in Brooklyn. She had spent only one winter in New York, visiting her friend Frances King—and in a flash accompanying that memory came the conviction that the puzzle was solved. This must be Frances King. But it was Polly's voice and Polly's laughter and Polly's lilting personality that she recalled to him, which was not surprising, inasmuch as Polly had engaged his attention to the exclusion of pretty much everything else except study that winter. He had frequently assured himself that he was not in love with her, but neither had he been in love with any one else since; and he now realized that in all these years he had never thought of Frances King except as a sort of inoffensive and colorless appanage of Polly. Even now, when he met her face to face and found her anything but colorless, it was still Polly whom he remembered. "When I forget Polly Lancaster, I'll be dead," he found himself saying, boyishly. "That was a great winter, wasn't it?"

"It was the jolliest winter I ever spent," she assented, a trifle wistfully.

"And Polly was the life and soul of it. I wonder where she is now?"

"She's been travelling in the Orient for three or four years with Miss—with a literary woman."

"Yes, of course I know that. But I mean to-night. I wonder where she is to-night?"

"I heard Howard say a day or two ago that he had had a letter from her recently, congratulating him, and so on, and saying that they were just leaving for Central India."

"Yes, he told me that in his last letter."

"Oh, did he?" Her eyes were hidden behind drooping lids, and a fleeting smile played around her lips.

"But doesn't she ever say anything about coming home?" he demanded.

"Not a word."

"I suppose she likes it. She always wanted to travel. I wish she would come home. I'd go a long way to see Polly."

"All the way from Mexico here?"

"By George! I just about would!"

"Really? I think that would interest Polly."

"Do you? Why?"

"Oh—just because. Few people are so well remembered through time and absence." She gave him a glimpse of laughing eyes.

"All right; I'll write to her and tell her so. What's her address?" He felt for his note-book.

"I—I don't think I can give you her address—offhand, this way. I'll send it."

"Will you, please? Thanks." Then it occurred to him that, as had always been the case, he was allowing Polly Lancaster to obliterate Frances King in his consciousness, which was hardly civil, under the circumstances. Except for his inability to remember faces, McEwen had an uncommonly retentive memory, and now that it had a clew to work from, it quickly reproduced for him the fragmentary gossip about Frances that had reached him from time to time. She had broken her engagement to Jack Alden—whereupon he remembered, clinching his certainty of her identity, that she had been the other girl of that sleighing party—had married an Englishman whom he had never met, probably 'Bobbie,' and had spent at least the first year or two of her marriage somewhere out of New York. More than this he had not heard, or, if he had, had forgotten.

"You've been away from New York a good deal, too, since the old days," he suggested.

"Oh? Then 'Howard and the rest' did tell you something about me, after all?" Again the quizzical, amused little smile, but this time it did not frighten him.

"Indeed they did," he hastened to claim, "but not as much as they should. And I'd like to know the rest."

"Oh? Well—if you'll tell me what you already know about me I'll try to fill in the gaps."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about you since your marriage," he confessed, eager to show that he really had recognized her. "They wrote me about the wedding and that you had gone away, and after that I rather lost track of you. I didn't even know you were back."

"But isn't that quite as it should be? Don't all good stories end with a wedding and 'they lived happily ever after'?"

"I hope you've lived happily ever after?" he ventured.

"Oh, quite!" And she looked as if she had.

"But *where* have you lived?"

"Does that matter? Isn't *how* one lives the important thing?"

"Now, see here, Frances," he remonstrated, "stop your dodging and answer questions for a minute."

"With pleasure," said she. "Will you first permit me to remark that it's very interesting to learn that you have at last found out who I am?"

"What on earth do you mean by that?"

"Fess up, Ned! 'Fess up!" she urged. "First you tried Marion, and then you hinted at Ethel, and then you wriggled carefully toward Grace—"

"Suffering Mike!" he scoffed, "can't a returned prodigal ask a lady about a few other ladies without being accused by the lady of not knowing any lady from any other lady? You'll be telling somebody next that I took you for Polly Lancaster just because I mentioned her name!"

"No, I won't! I acquit you of that!" she declared, laughing. "So you still say that you knew me from the first?"

"Look here, Frances, are you serious?" He grew suddenly grave himself. "I wouldn't like to have you think I'd forget an old friend. Now, how can I prove to you—why, there's 'Bobbie'! Didn't I remember all about him?" At this a delighted little gurgle of laughter broke from her. "Is there any 'Bobbie' connected with any of those other girls?"

"Not one!" she assured him. "I have the only Bobbie there is. And you did remember him, didn't you? I'd forgotten that for the moment. I'll forgive you much for that!"

"Well, are you satisfied now?" he demanded.

"Perfectly! Perfectly! Ned, you're adorable! Such a proper, upstanding, *man-ny* sort of man!"

"Thank you kindly! Now go on. Tell me all about yourself since I lost sight of you."

"Well—you heard about the wedding. For a year or two we travelled. Then Mr. Chichester—"

"'Bobbie'?"

"Who else?" She smiled happily. "He is, as you may know, an Englishman, and he became enamored of Australia, so he bought a big place there and settled down to farming on a large scale."

"The deuce! You don't look like a farmer's wife." She wrinkled her nose at him saucily. "Do you like it?"

"Didn't I tell you in the beginning that I preferred to forget my servitude? Why force me to talk about it?"

"Then you don't like it."

"I like—Bobbie."

"Lucky beggar! So you've settled down in Australia! How long have you been here?"

"Only a few days."

"When did you see Polly last? You've no idea how you remind me of her!"

"Polly and I haven't met in—longer than you'd believe. Why do you keep insisting on dates? They're so unpleasant!"

"Well, let's talk about happy things, then. Do you remember—"

They drifted into reminiscences, over which they were still laughing when the train stopped and the guard called, "All out." On the platform they found several surface cars waiting, and toward one of them McEwen guided his old friend.

"Ned, would it be of the slightest use to ask you to inquire about this car and be sure it's the one we want?" she plaintively questioned.

"Not a bit," said he, with amusement. "You haven't any faith at all in me, have you? Do you see the illuminated sign this car flaunts? That same legend is writ out clear and fair in the directions Howard sent me. Moreover, do you behold all these other festive wedding-guests piling in ahead of us?"

They entered the car and dropped again into their reminiscent chat. Presently she asked if they were not going too far, and he replied, easily, that it was "all right." A moment later the car stopped and they left it, immediately behind the younger party whom they had noticed on the train and whom they now followed to a large, gayly lighted house in the next street.

As they passed under the carriage awning McEwen felt his companion hesitate, and he asked, looking down at her:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing—much," she replied, and moved on toward the steps.

They had almost reached the top of the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, when some one above them exclaimed:

"Oh, do hurry! It's almost time for the ceremony now!"

"Hear that?" whispered McEwen. "Can you go down at once?"

"Don't wait for me," she hastily returned. "No—I insist! Somebody stepped on my gown as we came in and it may have to be fixed, but that's no reason why you should miss the ceremony. Go down immediately—you can find me later. Please!" Nodding brightly, she disappeared in the ladies' dressing-room.

McEwen found no one whom he knew in the men's cloak-room, which was not surprising, but he was a little puzzled when, on descending to the main floor, he met no one who knew him. One or two faces among the men looked vaguely familiar, but as his half-smile won no response he was afraid to trust his uncertain memory and did not venture to claim acquaintance. He bowed over the hand of the woman receiving and murmured his name, but others pressed close behind him and there was time for nothing more. He drifted with the current through the rooms, feeling a little lonely and dreary, watching in each face he met for signs of recognition, and at the same time assuring himself that one never does know any of the people one meets at weddings.

Presently there was a stir and a whisper, the people crowded back toward the walls, the first strains of *Lohengrin* came from the hall, and the ushers marched in, two by two, carrying ribbons. A white-cassocked clergyman appeared near the altar, but among the men about him McEwen looked in vain for a familiar face. A pink mist of bridesmaids floated past him, and the bride, a very young girl, with starry eyes fixed on a youth who presently received her from her father's arm.

It was all rhythmical and measured, but to McEwen it seemed a riotous jumble, with the unreality and inconsequence of a dream, and before his dazed wits cleared enough to show him that he had followed the party of young people to the



"SHE SAID YE'D BE RACIN' UP HERE"

wrong house and was attending the wedding of people he had never seen before, the music had ceased and the priest had begun to speak.

McEwen gave one desperate, hunted glance around him, but he was hemmed in on all sides; every one else was intent on the ceremony, and to force his way out then would be but to increase the offence of which he was guilty. There was nothing for it but to remain until these pretty

children were married and then to get away as quickly as possible. He tried to see Frances Chichester in the crowd near the door, hoping she had not come down in time to make her way into the rooms, but he failed to descry her.

It seemed to him that of all the interminable marriage ceremonies to which he had ever listened, this was the longest, but in time it was over, and he struggled against the chattering, congratulatory

tide to the hall, whence he despatched a servant to find the host, while he busied himself vainly trying to discover the woman who had come there with him.

Mr. Denslow, whose house it was, arrived duly, and to him McEwen presented his card, his explanation, and his apologies, after which he hurried up-stairs. At the door of the ladies' cloak-room he was met by a smiling maid, who asked:

"Arre you Mr. McEw'n?"

"I am, yes. Is there a lady—"

"No, sor; she's gon'."

"Gone!"

"Yis, sor. But she lift this f'r ye, sor. She said ye'd be racin' up here directly 'twas over."

McEwen opened the note, merely a half-sheet of paper, folded, and read:

"DEAR NED,—I've gone to Howard's wedding. The man at the door will tell you the way—if you'll ask him."

"How long has she been gone?" he demanded.

"Oh, she niver tuk her t'ings off at all, at all. She said she forgot somethin', an' I was to give you this, an' off she wint, almost runnin'."

"I see. Thank you." He gave the girl a coin, thrust himself into his hat and coat, and fled. At the outer door he paused to ask of a man in livery:

"Can you tell me where Mr. Keeler lives?"

"Yes, sir. Four blocks down to the left and one to the right, sir."

Four blocks to the left and one to the right McEwen went, and there he came to another gayly lighted house with awnings and carriages and sounds of mirth and music. He slipped in quietly and managed to get up-stairs unobserved by any but the servants, but as soon as he showed himself again in the lower hall a man started out of a group, crying:

"As I live, there's Ned McEwen!"

"Say, you fellows, has anybody seen Frances come in?" demanded the newcomer as soon as he could make himself heard over the babel of welcome.

"Frances?" The other men looked blankly at one another. "Who's Frances?"

"Frances King—Frances Chichester she is now."

"Frances King! Good lord, man, she's in the Antipodes," somebody told him. "She lives in Australia."

"Yes, I know, but she's here to-night. Yes, she is. She came over on the train with me, but we—we got separated, and if she isn't here, I've got to find her."

Waiting for no further argument, he strode into the drawing-room, two or three of his old comrades wondering at his heels. As they approached the thicker crowd about the newly married pair, McEwen paused.

"There she is!" said he to the men with him. "There's Frances King, talking to that young woman in yellow."

"Frances King your grandmother! That's Polly Lancaster."

McEwen gave the speaker one stricken look, and marched straight to judgment.

"We had all our plans made to go into Central India," she was saying, as he paused behind her, "but then the cable came saying Miss Robertson's play was to be put into rehearsal at once, so we hurried home immediately."

"They're all saying that it's really your play," said the woman in yellow.

"It isn't my play at all," indignantly disclaimed Polly. "I never created anything in my life—except a playwright, and I'm very proud of her. She was trying to write a poor novel and I made her see that it was a good play. That's all I had to do with it."

"Well, Polly Lancaster?" said McEwen, in her ear.

"Oh," said she, calmly turning toward him, "are you quite sure of me this time? You must have asked somebody."

"I didn't," said he. "You always find out if you wait a little and use your gray matter."

"If you don't die first," added Miss Lancaster. "Was it a pretty wedding?"

"Hang the wedding!"

"Oh no! It's Easter week, Ned, and the proper time for weddings. There's one on nearly every bush to-night."

"H'm! So I've learned."

"I dare say you might locate a few more in this neighborhood—if you'd ask," she soberly reflected, a laughing devil in her eye. "Or you might even discover a belated wedding-guest whom you could follow to the door and so save your pride."





*Drawn by Luctus W. Hitchcock*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"OH, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN AGAIN?"

"Only one wedding will ever interest me very much now," he said, "and that will be yours. Polly, who's 'Bobbie'?"

"Oh, have you forgotten again?" she grieved. "You were so sure of him a little while ago."

"As you are strong"—" he begged, and left the quotation unfinished.

"Haven't you reduced me to pulp? Am I not asking? Who is 'Bobbie'?"

"Bobbie is my own private and particular pet-name for Eleanor Robertson, the woman I work for."

"The woman—thank the Lord!" fervently breathed McEwen; and then, no less fervently: "You imp!"

## End of Day

BY A. WARD

EARTHLY toil is done,—  
Come and sit in sun,  
While the last ray lingers in the west;  
Empty hands may be  
Folded on the knee,  
Work is ended, it is time to rest.

Noonday heat is o'er,  
Labor calls no more,  
Sit and watch the crimson turn to gray;  
Sweet upon the ear  
In the quiet clear  
Falls the thrush's farewell to the day.

Rest is earned at last,  
Feel how space grows vast!  
In th' eternal depths a star leaps bright;  
Faithful sentinel,  
All is well—is well—  
Naught we fear the coming of the night.

Now regrets but seem  
Fancies of a dream,  
Shapes of mist that fret us not nor grieve;  
Through the tranquil sky  
Homing pigeons fly,  
Hopes that strayed at morn return at eve.

Dim the landscape grows,  
Like a mantle close  
Veiling all we knew and loved before;  
All the voices cease,  
Darkness falls, and peace,—  
And the dial points to Time no more.

# A September Day on the Shore

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

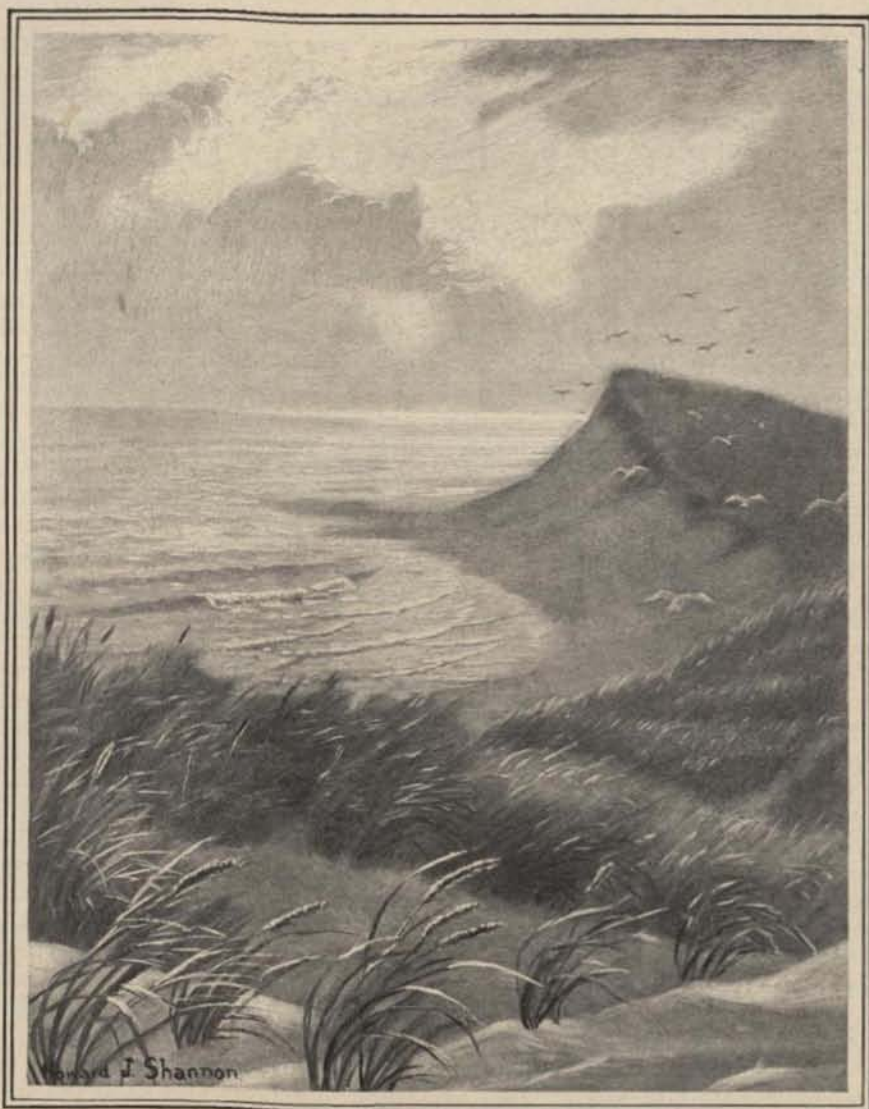
NO other season by the sea is comparable to the late summer, when the warmer months slowly, almost imperceptibly, merge through days of a nameless tranquillity into the more serious period of autumn. Yet, before this transition really begins, most summer visitors desert the shore, leaving the world of sand and wide-spread ocean to its season of inviolable solitude. Indeed, if Nature were conscious of this withdrawal, and now more openly and unreservedly informed the visible creation, she could not disclose a greater splendor—such a deep and quiet splendor as mid-summer days have only suggested or partially and intermittently revealed. Nor is it necessary to look out upon the royally carpeted marshes, whose hitherto unbroken summer emerald now quietly glows with orange and saffron, russet and golden-green; nor need we explore the flowering hedgerows along the creeks—the unfenced, Nature-sown gardens of rose-blossomed mallows and yellow star-flowers—to realize that this is the crowning season. For, as I traverse the intervening strip of sand, push a way through dried shrubs and through goldenrod stalks, whose filmy seeds, shaken free by my passage, lightly float away upon the soft breeze—as I pass through this tide-made gateway in the wall of the dunes and come out under the broad light of the beach, the wide aspects of the ocean-shore itself are seen to have experienced a great transforming change.

Owing to the sun's lower position in the southern heavens, its reflection, even at midday, shines more broadly over the waters and farther out to sea, spreading fields of glimmering radiance even to the horizon. Then, too, slow flocks of cirrus clouds drift upward from the west over the sun's otherwise intolerable rays, softening and veiling their keen intensity and luminously diffusing the light; so that the deep, amethystine blue of the

upper heaven is irradiate—even the zenith is flooded with light, as the lower shining reflection silvers the blue sea, and there lives along the shore, on this September day, a subdued and splendid radiance.

How far one can see in this clarified and crystal-clear atmosphere! how more penetrative and comprehensive the vision has become over other times and seasons! Usually the mainland is invisible, or its presence guessed, rather than certainly discerned in the quivering heat-haze of summer; but to-day it lies clear and distinct, a low, wavy line of blue along the western rim of the sea. Fishing-boats in the offing seem closer inshore than they really are; even the far blue shades of square-rigged sails, that poise for a time above the dim horizon, have a realized form more distinct than previous months would show; and, beyond them all, farther still, trails a misty ribbon of gray, the aftermath of some ocean steamer's passage. Golden-green sedges such as rustle above my head, and clothe the dune-slopes about me, also crown the higher sand-hills down the shore, except where the steeper sides of shining white face seaward. Bayberry shrubs, at the base of the hills, spread patches and irregular dark clumps of russet-olive foliage against pale reaches of finer grasses which clothe the low mounds far away. Upon them, and over all this withdrawn realm, the low sun sheds a quiet radiance, that, like some rare, supernal solvent, seems to remove all harsh, obtrusive appearances from the natural world, revealing its purest self, perfect in its intrinsic excellence.

And the sea! how tempered and yet deeply expressive sound its rhythmic thunders! Perhaps it is only the after-effect of yesterday's storm which so strongly swells beneath this heaving, laboring surf that landward rolls; but an almost conscious power seems to initiate



A SUBDUED AND SPLENDID RADIANCE LIVES ALONG THE SHORE

the rising water-walls that advance and, with earnest intention, slowly plunge to their thundering fall, as if the great element, like an errant, unwieldy instrument, were at last attuned to and unmistakably informed with the overmastering concord of the hour.

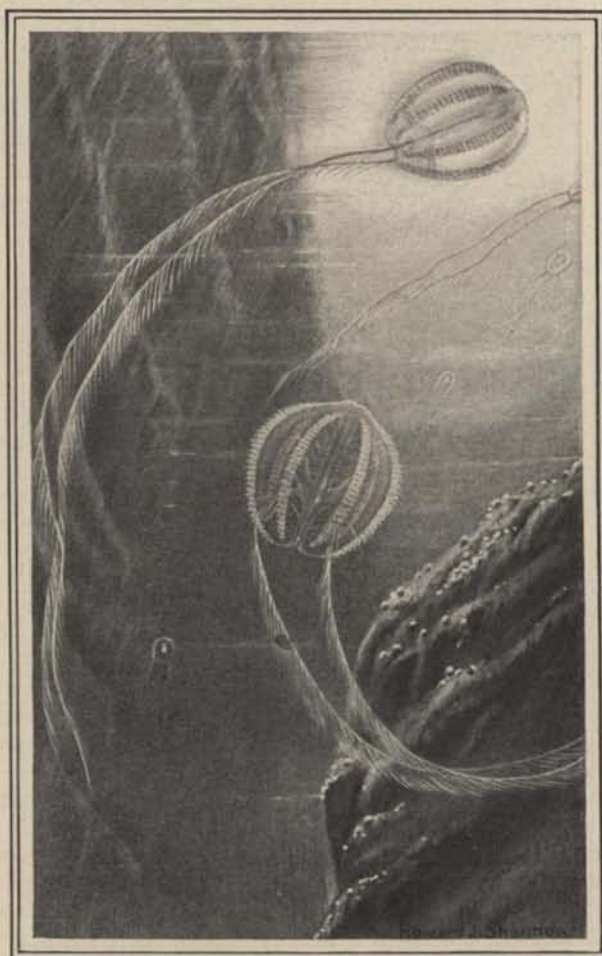
To-day there is little disposition to explore the shore, or to search along the water-line for tide-cast, curious forms. It is enough to look about and to breathe this salt-tinctured atmosphere. It is enough just to rest here within the shadow of the dunes, between these two

great tranquillities that lie all about me upon either hand—the wide-spread world of sleeping marsh whose winding creeks show never a sail, and this other world of the wide-spread sea whose surface waves move over motionless depths—and listen to the faint and far-called cries of their respective inhabitants. Softened by distance come the faintly audible, musical callings of gulls which are gathered in great flocks upon an offshore island. At intervals they disturbedly fly upward from some momentary alarm, then again settle down upon the level beach; or

flappingly rise in more wildly disordered companies that take multitudinous flight for narrow sand-spits which the receding tide exposes over against my hiding-place. Here they settle down and quietly feed: henceforth disturbing clamors only occasionally rise.

Meanwhile, from the landward side, from sedges which border the marsh, are faint, twittered songs begun—and repeated, then quickly suppressed; as if their authors were conscious of unfamiliar, even unfriendly fields, and of the mysterious forces which have brought them here and will continue to urge them until they set forth upon their long southward journey. For these are well-known birds—robins, sparrows, and meadow-larks—already gathering to their autumnal migration; but these hesitating notes hardly suggest their usual confident songs—they seem hardly more than a memory of some long-distant and half-forgotten spring. Except for this there is no sound. No, not one. For I am now so far removed from the shore that even the muffled crescendos of the surf, heard but a moment ago, have gradually become fainter and fainter, until they have ceased altogether; there falls a sense of pause, a great silence. Such stillness supernal in a hushed universe always wins from the thoughtful mind its deepest response. For this withdrawn shore, however solitary; this water-immensity, so slowly, majestically moving in its eternal round; and this late summer sun, although it is indeed the very apotheosis of serenity—all these could not alone and of themselves apprise one, in this place of absence, of a Presence rather, and one not far removed; in unseen worlds the tidal seas of peace are rising and are overflowing their bounds, beneficences, too vast to be contained there, instill their essence into our world.

After a time one desires to explore the beach, for last night's storm may have cast curious sea-creatures there; perhaps some of those notable ones in harmony with the day and with our mood—those most beautiful members of all the ocean's progeny, which September gales so often bear to the land. It seems curious that the ctenophores, the animal forms I have in mind, should have been mentioned so rarely in general literature; and, except to the scientist, are so little known. Even the technical descriptions by Louis Agassiz are interspersed with expressions of wonder and admiration awakened by the study of our living ctenophores. He



STRANGE ANIMALS OF THE SEA

The ctenophore *Pleurobrachia* swimming free near the surface of the ocean. These notable forms, which autumn gales often bear to the land, are the most beautiful of all the ocean's progeny

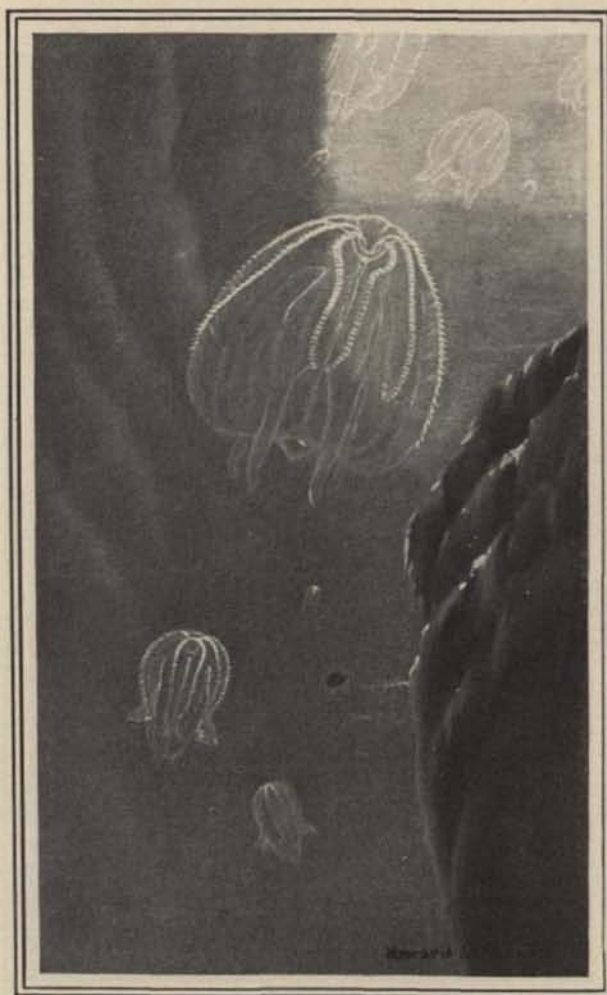
writes of one species, *Pleurobrachia*, "I can truly say, I have not known in the animal kingdom an organism exhibiting more sudden changes and presenting more diversified and beautiful images, the action meanwhile being produced in such a way as hardly to be understood." What is true of this variety, respecting its curious and beautiful activity, is true of all.

Although extremely tenuous, the ctenophores are readily visible to an eye focussed to discern the delicate bodies as they float in the ripples of the receding tide, lie, half submerged, upon the beach,

or swim about in such basined hollows as often appear along the pliable shore.

Here is such a hollow, filled with limpid water. I bend down to scrutinize the clear depths, and see, among drifting seaweed particles, the glinting shimmering globes of almost palpable form—the *Pleurobrachia's* iridescent, quivering spheres. Several half-inch globes are idly floating near the surface, as if in temporary lassitude; others, glittering with the spectrum colors which break in brilliant waves along their moving, sunlit sides, are playfully diving, as if intent to show their wondrous powers; and ever and again, as they move along, are jerkily, retractively, drawing inward the two streaming, pink-fringed tentacles, that soon again unfurl to trail gracefully backward in motile evolutions of their own.

After a brief contraction, the bell again puts forth the wonderful strands, which drop downward with the rapidity of a plummet-line, and unfold to softly trail in still further graceful lengthenings of ductile tissue. Then lateral processes appear, and, in finger-like extensions of web-fine tissue, line all the length of each drifting strand with a gossamer fringe. Now here, now there, these delicate threads contract into minute, tightly tangled bundles; then again, after a moment, uncurl to stretch wide their rose-tinged threads, like tactile organs, independently moving and exploring the liquid near by. Or they stiffly bend in curious, angular directions; or slowly, almost insensibly, lift; and, as if drawn by a powerful current, stream upward. Another change, and they gracefully conform to wavering curves that passively float. Suddenly, as if by a conjuror's art, the two widely wandering fabrics of displayed tissue are withdrawn; are caught up; as if some wonderful secret had been inadvertently shown, and are retracted into the two lateral pockets which the bell provides.



THE CTENOPHORE RISING FROM THE UNDER-SEA  
Six of the eight systems of minute swimming-plates are visible as bands of glittering light. As waves of motion pour down these systems they break into brilliant iridescence



THE GREAT ELEMENT SEEMS ATTUNED TO THE OVERMASTERING CONCORD OF THE HOUR

Often the globe widely swings in concentric orbits, then turns upon itself and travels toward the bottom to plunge against the sand with visible impact and elastic rebound. It becomes entangled with others resting there, and one expects dismemberment and injury; but, in unbroken integrity, every detail of drapery is elastically withdrawn and streamingly follows whither the parent body leads. Hardly has the mounting bell released the drooping tissues, till they deviously float below, before it withdraws them unto itself, partially staying its course meanwhile; then, again, the linked cords are unloosed to plumb the depths, while the glittering sphere, with renewed energy, and with swimming systems beating in unison, victoriously rises toward the surface of the water and the light.

As I observe *Pleurobrachia* circling about, or diving far below, or steadily ascending through the employment of most individual powers, I almost fancy that I am witness of some initial attempt in adventurous flight, and am pleased by its successful consummation. Perhaps the emotion awakened is due in part to the creature's comparative unfamiliarity;

nevertheless no other frame in the lower creation prompts, in its contemplation, a greater feeling of wonder and of reverence, a more immediate impulse to earnest apostrophe.

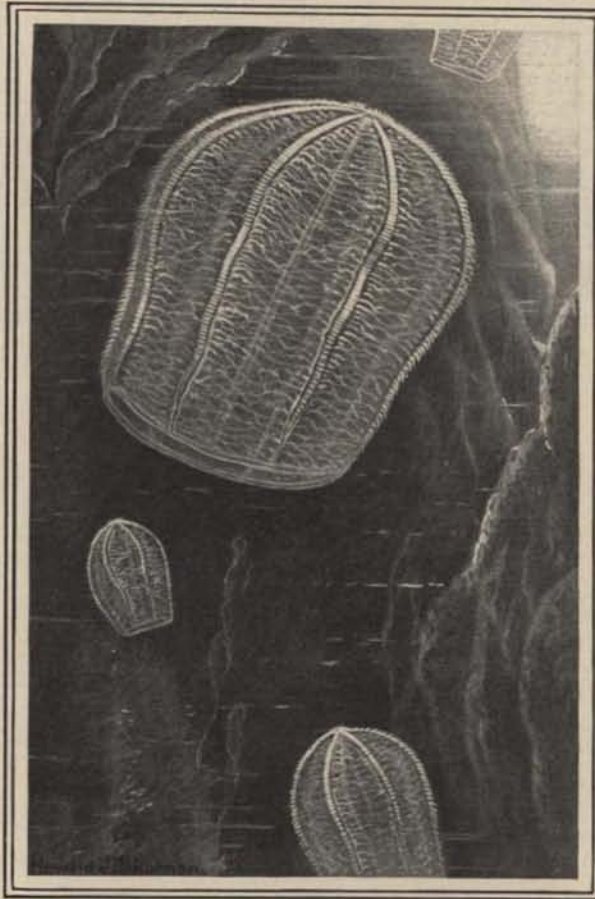
Hoping to discover a larger species (for the swimming parts are very small in these specimens) I travel farther down the beach, passing, as I go, many other basined hollows containing the small, rainbow-hued inhabitants. Soon many familiar translucent bodies are seen half stranded along the shore; but, although several inches in length, they are so tenuous as to dismember if removed from their element. So I hollow away the sand beneath one bell; then, when the inflowing water floats it free, a jar is brought beneath, and, water and all, lifted to the sunlight for observation.

The webbed globe of gossamer, light as a cloud, half floats in the liquid. It seems impossible that a structure so tenuous could have withstood the breaker's turmoil. Yet, although no pulsations, such as a jellyfish initiates, are awakened in the bell, although the plicated and multiplied folds of tissue droop dependent and motionless in the water, the curious body rests secure in its liquid

medium, as if sensitively adjusted thereto, and ready to float free when an impulse decides. Now the impulse awakens. For see! like a globe of light, the impalpable, irregular sphere soars aloft, and, propelled by invisible means, passes, almost with a sense of translation, even to the very top of the vessel and rests in light contact with the water surface. At first this mysterious flight bears no evidence of being effected by material

ordinated motion. Watch the bell which has again drifted to the bottom and now reposes there in uneven balance. Quivering movements are visibly passing along filaments, or tube-like channels, in the globe's interior; but these have to do with the vital processes. It is upon the surface of the bell that our attention really centres. For, along eight band-like structures, which sweep from the bell's summit to its lower border, waves of motion are shimmering and shining

in the sun, and are iridescing as continual motile waves sweep over the minute, hinged plates that overlap in a multiplied series down these wonderful borders. Now, along the undermost systems, do the flooding ripples more vigorously and unrestrainedly pour, until the body's almost imponderable inertia is overcome, when it tilts upward nearly perpendicular; then all eight systems more vividly waken and pour their down-trending showers of propulsive intention in wavering rainbow-cascades that break in prismatic flashes and in scintillating gleams, until, all radiant and ablaze with brilliant iridescence, the body floats lightly aloft. We are told of the impulses that pass like messages along sensitive nerve-tracts, and it almost seems as if here we saw some otherwise hidden life-activity in virgin purity. With all reverence be it said, one almost imagines that the Power which brought the visible world into being, had reviewed its other creations—the star forms of snow crystals, the transparent plates of mica which flake from the insensate rock, and the rose-hued and purple-dyed tissues of flowers, and then, through the desire for a body combining the structures and



IRIDESCENT BELLS DRIFTING TO THE AUTUMN SHORE  
Pale crimson canals which delicately vein *Beroë's* tissues flush the entire body with rose-color. It often attains a height of over four inches

means: it seems as if a body, counting gravitative force as nothing, had by its own desire been propelled.

Closer examination, however, will reveal definite propulsive structures which exhibit the very quintessence of co-

ordinate nature of these, but more mobile and intimately expressive, the ctenophores were conceived and were born in globes of palpable cloud—ribbed, and robed with living light they floated free, to be, forever, a symbol of the Invisible.

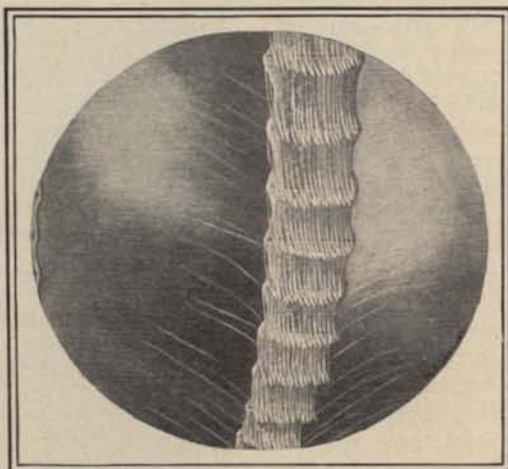


What degree of sentiency informs these creatures? Microscopic examination will disclose certain structures of special sense whose office has been ascertained. A small glittering grain, or pellet, is situated at the base of a pit in the bell's depressed summit. This is the ctenophore's so-called eye, or, more properly, organ of direction. The minute, calcareous grain is delicately supported upon four spring-like arms which equally bear its weight. A ciliated groove proceeds outward from the base of each support and separates into two divisions which extend to the swimming-plates of the respective sides of the bell. As a slight tilting of the bell, one way or the other, causes the pellet to press with greater force upon the spring-like arm of the tilted side, the impulse, so generated, is carried along the ciliated groove to the corresponding swimming system, which quickens to increased activity, and the animal's equilibrium is restored.

Before being cast on shore, the ctenophores usually liberate their eggs, which develop through the late summer and autumn; then the young bells probably sink to the deeper ocean beyond the reach of wintry gales. Very little is known of this winter history: science cannot tell in what abysses of the dark ocean they are harbored.

But let imagination in place of certitude and of observation be our guide, and we will see these creatures drifting through the dusk of the deep, with the curious animals of that place obscure, in cold, under-sea currents that move in undefined channels over the Atlantic ooze. One hardly knows how to conceive of these creatures wandering among the lower life-forms of our globe, so great a contrast do they present to their companions. But this sojourn is only transitory. For, when the seasons in their revolution bring us to spring again, when the upper world universally responds, then do the ctenophores, also, quicken with new life, as if they realize their pale, wandering season over. From the informing Spirit of the bell impulsive waves of motion more vigorously run; from the unseen vital centre eight crystal-pure rivulets, as of a great and a visible gladness, well up and rise to the summit of the bell and overflow, pouring down its

veiled and globed sides a glistening succession as of tremulous and half-spent desires. Wave upon wave floods down those gleaming borders, and wave upon wave succeeds, until, through this inspired power, as of an inexhaustible emotion—through its ineffable impulsion the ctenophore slowly ascends.



A MAGNIFIED PORTION OF A SWIMMING SYSTEM

The minute, glassy plates (of *Pleurobrachia*) are hinged at the base and fringed at their outer extremity. Each plate partly overlaps the one beneath, producing a series which suggests overlapping plates of prismatic mica

We trace its course through the ocean's depths, peopled with strange inhabitants that, dully moving through the ooze, are ready to devour and destroy, would this winged creature only pause in its flight and grow still. But, guided by the sense that distinguishes the height from the depth, the above from the below—guided by this one faithful sense alone, the ctenophore steadily rises through zone after zone of ocean, each concerned with its own commerce of life and of death, until the region of the upper sea is reached, where the denizens that we know are foregathering to the spring—and, with soft contractions and with quiet expansions as of inbreathings, the veiled body rises still! Only when the sunlight shines across the green water, only when those eight quivering systems of materialized light are struck across by the Greater Radiance to break into rainbowed iridescences of crimson and of purple fire, only

in the sense of this great and glorious transfiguration do the veiled and convolved wings grow still and fold themselves in peace and repose.

Still other ctenophores drift ashore, sometimes in such numbers as to clog the nets of fishermen. The balloon-shaped body of *Beroe ovata* is delicately flushed with pale crimson owing to the multiplied veinings of minute canals which branch out from the main trunks, situated behind the swimming systems, and commingle, covering the bell with rosy ramifications. In this species the swimming-plates are more robust, and are readily watched under the microscope. How they reflect and flash back the light in brilliant spectrum colors, each a separate note in the wonderful, chromatic harmony! Pure crimson, or scarlet, orange, yellow, bottle-green, or violet light blazes back from each glassy plate as it rises to the sunlight; and these prismatic fires run into each other and change with kaleidoscopic variety.

Under the microscope the colors soon fade, for, with the close confinement, the body processes wane. Now, only pale, rainbow tints waveringly waken over transparent plates that rise and sink in feeble rippling motions, then feebly quiver and cease. The wonderful structures are still. Last crimson and lilac gleams blanch and fade from the glassy surfaces, and the ctenophore dies, faintly alight and irradiate with such

visionary, celestial colors as the returning sunlight strikes from dark rain-clouds after the storm.

One other impressive power, inherent in these creatures of the sea, will soon be made plain; for the storm-clouds, which have shut down in thunderous blue

over the early sunset, are already spreading a deeper gloom over the dark ocean. As I lift the hooded cover from my carrying-case, hardly seeing it in the obscurity, and disturb the jars which are packed there, they gleam as if afire and sparkle with blue and emerald light. I lift one vessel containing *Mnemiopsis* notable for its brilliant phosphorescence. I shake the vessel. A brilliant blue-green glow flares up, brightening all the water and the sandy bottom with a spectral glimmer. Again I shake it. Points of living fire break forth, and loop and bead and festoon themselves in dependent clusters and in columns, a transitory uplifted fabric of undecipherable design flares out against the darkness and dies, for these indicate certain inner centres, possibly the seat of vital powers which the daylight hid, now revealed in the darkness of night. I cease to agitate them, and the fire disappears; but, ever and again, as, moving here and there, rising or descending in the vessel, the bodies happen to brush the cloudy sides of their fellows, a momentary soft light of exclamation glows.

A gathering gloom, such as sombrely



A JAR CONTAINING PHOSPHORESCENT CTENOPHORES

On cloudy nights the crest of a breaking wave will sometimes show a flare of green fire where a ctenophore glows. Occasions have been reported when the entire surf rolled shoreward a waterfall of fire, owing to the thousands of animals involved.

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darkens the shore to-night, was advancing over the sounding ocean the first time I ever held a jar of ctenophores in visible phosphorescence. And, upon that occasion, as now, when I held the vessel before me, hardly seeing it in the obscurity, when the mysterious bells glowed and flared again in intermittent fire, the dark, drifting curtains of the storm-clouds were themselves momentarily illumined by the lightnings' lambent glow. Within my hand's reach glowed the veiled, cloudy

tissues: out upon the dim horizon, upcast, irradiating reflections of interstellar fire brightened along the wind-swept borders of the storm. And, as I watched, again the ctenophore brightened; and once more the sky replied; for this life-cloud finds, in the vast, a great similitude to its fiery body of night, as to its rainbow-hued vestment of day, suggesting that greater similitude and veritable identity which our humanity believes it discovers in great powers not its own.

## The City's Cry

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE City cries to me all day  
 And cries to me all night.  
 I do not put its voice away  
 When I put out the light.

With stars and frost and windy things,  
 Eternal things and still,  
 The City laughs and sobs and sings  
 Across my window-sill.

*O Sky of Stars, how wide you are!  
 How swept with light you lie!  
 Yet never any leaning star  
 Can heed the City's cry.*

I lay awake when past the roofs  
 The planets all were strange.  
 I heard the City's wheels and hoofs,  
 The City's shift and change.

The planets all were greater far  
 Than when I went to sleep;  
 And one long splendor of a star  
 Across the dark did leap.

But, oh, for all they were so proud  
 I heard the City cry,  
 And in my dreams I saw a crowd  
 Of wan folk herded by.

*O Sky of Stars, though you are great,  
 Though dreams are heaven-high,  
 Monotonous and old as Fate  
 I hear the City cry!*

# The Eclectic

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was already after ten, although no one had remarked it but Mrs. Archibald, who always impatiently lived a day ahead and who, even in this curiously intimate atmosphere, could not entirely surrender herself to the moment. To any one watching us, it would have seemed as if this group of men and women, talking, not in the least lightly, of other men and women, of the "adventure of life," and of the essential adventure of love—it would have seemed as if we were gathered about some common vessel, perhaps some invisible loving-cup, from which each eagerly drank, and which each in his turn as eagerly replenished. For it wasn't merely that by such participation thirst was stimulated rather than assuaged;—the desire, with each of us, to distil, and pour within the cup, the pungent liquid of his own experience, was no less obviously feverish. There was not one of us, of course, who did not suppose that he had effectually disguised his contributed essence. Yet it was almost like eavesdropping, I remember, to listen to the transparent generalizations of young Reese, who had been married only a year—and who, until the last absorbing hour, had found us rather an indifferent solace for his temporary bachelorhood. And once or twice I could see that discreet Mrs. Seabury's whole being was wrenched with the effort to translate an apposite bit of autobiography into something decently cloaked and impersonal. O'Neill, who was the only professional dinner-guest among us, did, as usual, a good share of the talking, but even he had yielded to the spell of veiled confession, and had laid aside his anecdotal habit. A remarkable and contagious intoxication prevails at such moments. One knows that he must speak; but does not ask himself why, and is far from considering what.

"That merely illustrates," Mrs. Seabury had offered, in her spirited way, in

comment upon a story of O'Neill's, "that our best energy goes to verify platitudes! We're all rebels when we're twenty. *Our* lives aren't going to swing tamely around the same old tethering-stake that kept our ancestors in that tiresome circular groove of theirs! But by the time we're thirty we see that our most profound experiences have had what result? Why, merely that of making some drab old commonplace stand out in letters of fire! It's so humiliating to have to rank oneself among the spiritual bourgeois. That's why the most ravaging experience is less painful than the sober, sensible conclusion it drives one to!" She looked about her in whimsical defiance.

Dwight, the widower, who was the only stranger among us, gave his hostess an understanding glance. "But that's not the whole story, Mrs. Seabury!" he reminded her, half lightly. "You know of course that there's an endless succession of such phases—rebellion and assent, rebellion and assent!"

"Oh, but I knew I had some advantage over you people who stop to think!" chattered Mrs. Archibald, within whose extravagant comments lay usually what to me was a quite fascinating kernel of truth. It had often been observed that ideas seemed constantly to be scampering through this vivacious lady's head like mice through an empty room; but she had no contrivance for detaining them. So she had to talk very fast and feverishly or the notion she pursued would escape her altogether. "I *never* think; and so, instead of having your morbid experiences, I have always the sensation of being original and unfettered. Reflection is the most unsalutary practice!"

"If we had all reached ninety," Sidney Reese gently ventured, "I suppose we couldn't disagree about these things; we couldn't even discuss them. Having had the same emotions and experiences, and reached the same conclusions—we should

merely sit nodding in the sun and assenting to one another's tritenesses."

"There aren't many of us that escape," O'Neill pursued. "And yet there are instances. For example, I know of a man who thought all this over when he was very young, and thereupon chose to discard all the notions that the rest of us shape our lives by—chose, indeed, to discard life itself, as we live it, and to frame another that might or might not be superior. Interesting experiment."

There were encouraging murmurs from most of us, but from Dwight, who until this moment had given an impression almost of languor, the challenge shot with a painful directness, "Do you mean that you *knew* Rendell?"

"Knew him? Why, no," drawled O'Neill, evidently veiling astonishment at the manner of the question, which immediately had altered and sharpened the quality of our atmosphere. "He was a Princeton man, I remember, somewhat before my day, and I knew several fellows who used to talk about him. But I never saw him and haven't heard of him for years. I've often wondered if he arrived at anything. Can you tell us?"

"I knew him," was all that Dwight conceded, his swarthy, haggard face unheeding our curious glances.

"A sane man who refused life," Mrs. Seabury smoothly summed up. "I think we shall have to hear about him. That is—was he sane, Mr. Dwight?"

"Entirely so," Dwight answered, with a certain grimness. "That, after all, was what differentiated him. The rest of us, of course, are mostly delusion-fed."

"It's not a quality that recommends him!" Mrs. Archibald decisively observed. "I never like a man whom other men praise for his sanity. As for women—but who ever describes a woman as sane?"

With this she rose to leave, but her hostess insisted that she stay—that she spend the night, indeed, inasmuch as our conclave seemed scarcely to have begun. And the rest of us were briskly informed that we might leave only when the story was finished. At which we all turned thirstily toward Dwight. But it proved not so easy to induce him to begin. From the start it had of course been

evident that the subject was far from agreeable to him—but the man had an odd sort of literalness that made him helpless before our persistence. I am sure that if he could have thought of an excuse for declining which would have been both honest and sufficient, we should never have heard the story. But we were all patient, and Mrs. Seabury was cogently persuasive; and at last our friend yielded.

"I knew Julian Rendell at college," he began, in a voice that had a suggestion of harshness; and then paused. "If I told you about him as he was then, you would think him a prig; but he was very far from that. I *was* one, however, and that was why I preferred sitting in Rendell's room, listening to his talk, to playing football with fellows who were more of my own calibre. I supplied the only need he had at that time, which was that of an audience, and he expounded, as boys do, upon pretty nearly every subject in the universe. From what I can recall of his talk, I can see very plainly that this idea of his, that O'Neill has mentioned, and that was to dominate his life, arose from no chance whim. It represented an essential part of his nature. Not that he was perverse—nor was he a natural ascetic. But he was extravagantly fastidious, incredibly eclectic—I think that best expresses him.

"Of course a lad of that sort didn't take college seriously. He was too mature and too positive. And yet he was more reluctant to leave it than I, who thought it a very heaven. When I first knew him, I used to protest, after the manner of boys, that I was tired of lecture-rooms, and that I longed to go away and *live!*—and I remember how he used to smile. It interested and astonished him, he said, to observe that other people desired 'life.' For him the reason for tolerating college was that it wasn't life—that it eliminated so many gross and painful features of life. Its restriction and artificiality were what he commended in it. It hadn't any misery, or vulgarity, or garishness—he would point out to me—or social puerilities, or domestic dulness; and these lacks he intensely valued. I believed such an attitude to be highly admirable, and though

at the time it was beyond my reach, I hoped some day to imitate it. I believe even now that Rendell really was an astonishingly developed youth for his years, and he must have found the cubishness of even the most precocious of us hard to bear.

"One day I remember that I was still artless enough to breathe to him the word Adventure. It was a noun for which I had great awe.

"Do you know what people mean by adventure?" he demanded. "They mean an opportunity of violently hating a man or violently loving a woman; if possible, a tangle of both."

"I digested this respectfully, as usual. I could understand that my enlightened young preceptor was not interested in the emotion of hate; it was far too rudimentary—"

"Nor in love?" innocently questioned Sidney Reese.

"Yes. He admitted love," said Dwight, slowly. "But the notion he had then was scarcely an idealistic one. . . . Oh, Rendell had everything wonderfully settled. He hadn't an uncertainty in the world.

"Though Rendell's was always a tutelary attitude toward me, we were remarkably close together as long as we were in college. I became very dependent on him; and I believe he was fond of me. But after our Commencement, when we all disappeared like so many drops of water spilled from a jug, I didn't see or hear from him for two years. Naturally, there was no activity he could logically engage in. He belonged to a brilliant and rather conspicuous family. If he had been the usual sort, they would have arranged a diplomatic career for him. But, of course, with Julian—! In my own case, and in that of most of the other men, there wasn't much question as to what we should do with ourselves. We simply settled down to our cut-and-dried professions. I went in with a firm of architects, and at the end of two years felt myself a middle-aged citizen. Meanwhile I had heard that Julian was in Egypt. But he never confirmed this—and to this day I don't know where he spent those years.

"As soon as I heard that he was back, I hunted him up without delay. My af-

fectionate awe of him was as strong as ever. Besides, I hadn't gotten that notion of the importance of 'life' out of my head, and I was eager to know if he, with his magnificent free opportunity, hadn't seen the shining light or felt the great emotion. I had no doubt as to the experiences that would have befallen me, had I been at large for two years—my idealism was incurable. But Rendell assured me, with a smile for my immaturity, that he had found nothing of the sort. And indeed he bore no betraying signs of it. If he had changed, it was merely that he had found more things to dislike. The usual pursuits of civilized men—society, sport, theatres, clubs—he regarded with contempt. He scorned the professions, and he recognized that he had no supreme vocation for any of the arts. As a matter of fact, he seemed to me to have an extraordinary gift both for music and for letters, but he thought it futile to be less than the greatest. I suggested to him at this time that he devote himself to making books of his philosophizings. But he maintained, in a spirit that was very far from modesty, that no work of his could be of permanent significance. Nothing that he could do seemed worth while, because he saw beyond everything. That was his curse, I think. An unclouded vision is rather more than any of us can bear.

"It was never until this time that he had put into so many words, in speaking to me, his intention to decline 'life.'" Dwight paused a little here and spoke these sentences with a slow irony. "It seemed to me a sublime course. Julian himself I regarded as an anointed being. My own content with an ordinary existence appeared nothing short of despicable.

"Nor did it ever occur to me that he might weaken. That was the sort he was; he compelled belief. So I was not surprised when, shortly afterward, he told me that he had bought a place down on the Maryland shore where he intended to live alone indefinitely. And to me and to several other men he said quite casually that if we cared to see him he should be glad to have us hunt him up; but that he should never invite us.

"The following summer I took him at his word. His place wasn't easy to find; and staying with him wasn't much like

the usual visit. He didn't, of course, go in for horses, dogs, sport, fancy gardening, or any of the customary 'country gentleman' pastimes. No newspapers or magazines ever came there; in fact, he had no post-office address. I must repeat, however, that he had no ascetic ideal. He merely chose to withdraw himself from the vulgar, the trivial, the irrational. And in his view most elements in the lives of the rest of us fell under those categories. He was by no means without his luxuries in that hermitage of his; but they were of the most delicate and sublimated character. Two Japanese servants took care of the whole establishment. My host and I didn't eat together, I remember, for Julian regarded that as a barbarous custom. When one of us was hungry, he merely helped himself from stores that included the choicest fruits, the most delicate wines—

"When the invader came," coolly demanded Mrs. Archibald, as though there had been some transition, "did she accept all this fantastic arrangement or did she disturb it?"

"The invasion," Dwight answered, slowly, "was too brief to allow of any—rearrangement. The invader was cast out."

"But so very many ladies must have been supplicants for his hand," suggested O'Neill, no longer able to suppress his habitual flippancy.

"This lady was not," Dwight grimly stated, without looking up.

"I see how it was—he was in love with her," announced Mrs. Seabury.

"I have every reason to believe that he was." Dwight seemed to measure his syllables.

We all waited.

". . . . But his scheme had not included the indulgence of that emotion. So he—declined her, with the rest of life."

"He was a fanatic, of course," said Sidney Reese.

"No, he was not. But he was so constituted that in the most blinding of human crises he still retained the power of choice."

"And she?" asked Mrs. Seabury, softly. "You'll have to tell us, I think."

Dwight now looked as though he had been swept so far backward by his remi-

niscence that he was scarcely longer conscious of the listeners who groped after him. Nor did his narrative from this point cost him further effort. It was rather the easier course, I surmised, for him to continue. And we all forbore further interruption, for in some way I am sure we all knew that he was telling us something that he had never told before.

"The one pastime that Rendell countenanced," Dwight resumed his thread again, "was sailing the seas. It had for him none of the childishness or barbarity of other forms of sport. Indeed, in his attitude toward the sea he was something more, I used to think, than coolly reasonable. It brought out a kind of mystical fervor in him that nothing else in the world elicited. And, although he would never leave his place for any other purpose, he was not unwilling to board a comfortable deck. So one summer, a year or so after my visit to him, a friend of his and of mine took us both cruising on a yacht. There were only a dozen of us on board. And one was a young woman who—

"Oh, well, it's not necessary for me to describe her. But any match-maker would have delighted in bringing this girl and Julian Rendell together. Anybody could see what obvious complements they were. However, no manipulation was necessary in their extraordinary case. They discovered each other within an hour after sailing. And from that time on, though without any suggestion of coquetry on her part or mere dalliance on his, they spent all their time together. The other people on board leered amiably, with an assumption of understanding. But those two noticed nothing. They were too desperately serious. I was the only one, I think, who understood how serious they were. I knew that they were having their supreme adventure. But it didn't inspire me. I knew Julian too well. I had too well-founded a fear of the outcome. . . . We were on the yacht two weeks. And when, at the end, we came ashore and exchanged our cheerful, commonplace farewells, Julian and—Julian and the girl smiled and shook hands. . . . They never saw each other again.

"I think perhaps I may be pre-

senting his case too gently when I say that he declined her. As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the sort. He accepted her. He accepted her radiant and measureless love. But he made his own use of it.

"You see, it was the girl's miserable fate not to offend him in any particular—and nothing less than what he considered consummate perfection could do that. There wasn't a point in which she didn't satisfy his cruelly exigent taste. Nor was his the only judgment that found in her every imaginable grace—of body, of mind, of spirit. It would have been very well if he had been content with approving. But he chose to love her. And he intended that his love—the astonished rapture, that is, of those weeks on board the yacht—should not wane. He intended to preserve the luminous thing forever, in the crystal of his imagination—and her presence near him was by no means a necessary adjunct to that feat. It was something he was quite capable of doing; he knew his powers. All the poetry of love he made his; he merely rejected the prose.

"We all know that the prose is less desirable—"

Dwight looked at the faces about him—at the gallant mask that was Mrs. Seabury's, the anxious triviality of Mrs. Archibald's, the smooth, hard disillusionment of O'Neill's, the sudden dismay in Reese's. . . . Oh, it was quite plain that his audience understood!

"—The barrenness of conversation five or ten years afterward," he went on, "the tiresome, inelastic matters that married people are forced to have in common, the sometimes sordid familiarity—we all know this. But we don't speak of it much. We don't constantly face it; we don't, above all things, throw it in the scales together with the one priceless experience of life! But Rendell did. He wouldn't have the woman he loved on those terms. For him it was infinitely easier to lose her. Her side of it, of course, he didn't dream of considering. So they shook hands, as I say, and Rendell went back to his place and read Plato and took sea-baths and—well, at all events, he kept himself quite free from the disturbing or the commonplace. His existence remained entirely undefiled."

"I suppose she went into settlement work," Mrs. Archibald unemotionally interposed.

"She—married another man," Dwight corrected, very slowly. "You see—she was a woman of great kindness. And there was an unfortunate chap hanging about who had also been hanging about a good while previously, and with whose sentiments toward herself she was entirely familiar. So when she caught her breath after the cruel thing Rendell did, she was so thoroughly a woman, she had such a passion for conferring happiness, that she chose to confer it on the one who seemed to her most to need it."

"Oh, but that's so comforting." Mrs. Seabury smiled. "I was afraid you were going to tell us something much worse."

"It couldn't have been worse. I mean, she couldn't have made a more serious mistake. There was no high and just appropriateness in the marriage she made, as there would have been had she married Rendell. She was too superior a creature, she had always to stoop—oh, I don't mean that it wasn't always in the most beautiful way—but nevertheless she stooped. But of course that wasn't the greatest difficulty.

"The reason the thing was so horribly wrong was that she was still, of course, in love with Rendell. And there he was in the same world with her, still alive, still, as she well knew, loving her. At every moment of her life she was conscious of the man to whom in imagination she belonged, yet who had denied her, who had shut her out. And that was no fault of hers. It was inevitable. She and Rendell did belong to each other. . . . And under those circumstances you can see that it wasn't much solace for her to have always a secondary sort of chap at hand. As for the chap himself . . ."

Dwight had filled the loving-cup to overflowing now. Silently we shared in the draught. I fancied I detected the others striving, as I strove, not to betray how deeply the man's singular revelations had moved us. And an hour before I had thought him an agreeable but slightly arid companion!

"It was an odd sort of inverted jealousy that afflicted him. I do not believe there was anything base in the emotion. If jealousy was ever justified, his



must have been. He had, of course, married the woman he loved. Your commonplace observer would tell you that should have satisfied him—that his own attitude was fantastic in not surrendering himself to happiness. But the wisest of you will understand the wretched falseness of his position. You will see that his torment—though having, as he did, her companionship, and the privilege of constantly beholding her loveliness, accepting her acts of kindness—was undoubtedly far greater than that of Rendell, who never saw her, yet who effortlessly controlled her life and thought. Oh, Rendell knew! It's absurd to imagine he didn't know—as she knew—as her husband knew. But not a word of it could be spoken. They spent their lives in a dusk of silence—a dusk so deep that it seemed at times they could scarcely see each other.

"Oh, well, I needn't go any further. I have told enough to show you how wrongly it all turned out. Three lives, and not unimportant lives, were utterly wrong. And all through the whimsies of a fellow who thought too much. We miss life so terribly—the important

things at least—when we think too much about it. We ought to approach them simply—accept them naturally. Perhaps Rendell knows this now. Perhaps it all seemed different to him when she died. I don't know how that may have been. But he can never know *how* wrong he was. Only one man knows that. Nor would there be any virtue in his knowing, now that it is irremediable. He may still be comparing, selecting, declining. . . . At all events"—Dwight looked at Mrs. Seabury with clear candor—"I've told you all I know of him. You may form your own opinions of his theory—and of his applications."

"There's more than one deduction to be drawn from that story," remarked O'Neill, trying to restore a natural tone to our atmosphere.

"Only one important one," said Sidney Reese, with conviction.

"Sidney, you're all youthful aggressiveness," began Mrs. Archibald, in a familiar manner; and ended, surprisingly, "If you were older, you'd understand—oh, well, you'd understand that there isn't one of us that doesn't agree with you!"

## Song

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ALL the words in all the world  
 Cannot tell you how I love you,  
 All the little stars that shine—  
 To make a silver crown above you;

All the flowers cannot weave  
 A garland worthy of your hair,  
 And not a bird in the four winds  
 Can sing of you that is so fair.

Only the spheres can sing of you;  
 Some planet in celestial space,  
 Hallowed and lonely in the dawn,  
 Shall sing the poem of your face.

# The Woman Who Was Ashamed

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE house stood out among its weather-beaten neighbors strung along the shady road that for almost a hundred years had been for the village the highway of life and death. During the years the journeying of many feet had left traces in the deep grooves of stone door-steps; while the ebbing life-flood of the countryside had left its tide-mark of an occasional windowless, doorless tenement, the shell of a dead family, flung high by a grassy wayside.

But this house was newly painted, glaringly, cheerfully bright with its reds and yellows, beside the soft melancholy of weather-tinted shingles. The walk that led to the door was dazzlingly white with powdered clam-shells. Through the woodshed door there was a glimpse of the winter's thrifty store of wood, already piled high, although the flowers of the brief summer were in their glory beside the road. Back of the house was the orchard, the trees heavy with still green fruit; stunted, domestic, familiar trees they were, that seemed to hump gnarled shoulders and stretch limbs distorted bearing fruit for man—longing for the careless caress that should be the reward of their service. The only disorderly region of the whole snug domain was where the old stone wall that formed its boundary from the road was buried under the load of eager summer life that had flung itself forward in search of a foothold where it could bloom and bloom and bloom its unthrifty, prodigal joy into thrifty brownness and seed.

But seed-time was far distant on the morning when it caught my vagrant eye, and there was no trail of brown in all the sweet tangle of wild-rose and morning-glory and blackberry vine. It was the wild roses that held me, the glory and the pathos of the northern summer—unmatched, ineffable in their morning blush and melting curves—and to be shattered at the violence of another day.

As I wondered at them, a little gray figure like a shadow was visible for an instant between the house and the woodshed, then disappeared. But in that instant I caught sight of a small, peering face in the aperture left by a close-clutched shawl, and was gripped by the drowning eagerness of the eyes.

I waited, with an odd sense of obligation to remain—my eyes for the pink and green of the rose hedge, my nostrils full of the delicious compound of salt and balsam and faint, sun-distilled flower-perfumes, my ears busy with the melody wrought by the chorus of small chirping voices and the deep organ-song of the telegraph wires overhead, chanting of the eager work of the hurrying, growing world. But my mind was concerned with the human life that had somehow sent me its appeal.

As the minutes passed, with no return of the small gray figure, the uneasy sense grew that eyes were on me from behind the closed shutters. I began to cast around for some plausible reason for knocking at the door. I was not convicted in my own mind of curiosity; it was merely that I knew it was meant I should enter. When one has been friendly with elemental things for long vacation-weeks impulse grows to have the authority it was intended to have.

Fortunately, lacking noon as it was, a woman came from her door across the road, put a huge conch-shell to her lips—for which bit of the old time I secretly blessed her—and called for the midday meal. Then the reason came to me—that hunger which we at the Camp so carefully cultivated and concerning which we exchanged exultant meal-time notes.

I reconnoitred. There was a milk-pail sunning on a bench by the side door, and a half-submerged pail in a tiny spring-house by the side of the brook. The house looked neat and trim and prosperous—I would ask for a glass of milk.



*Drawn by J. A. Williams*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE DOOR OPENED ALMOST AT THE INSTANT OF MY KNOCK



The door opened almost at the instant of my knock—it must, then, have been her eyes that I had felt watching me. And yet, when I entered, she blotted herself against the wall, with her shawl still protecting her, in the attitude of one who persuades herself she is concealed!

"I wonder if you could spare me a glass of milk? I have been walking—" I had said so much, when I was halted by the amazing effect of my words. Her breath came in short, frightened gasps, her wondering, wide-opened eyes were on my face. What had there been so extraordinary in my request? Was she insane? But I had heard nothing of any madwoman in the locality; and there is usually not much concerning one another's deficiencies that neighbors are not willing to impart.

"If you have none that you can spare—" I was turning to go, when a small claw of a hand was darted out. It seized my sleeve feverishly.

"Just come in—and wait—in—in the pa'lor!" she gasped. Her voice had the creak and rasp of the door she threw open.

The damp, earthy air of the closed and shuttered room enfolded me as I groped around in the dim light for a seat. I found it in a stiff, horsehair-covered chair beside the centre-table. In the gloom I dimly saw three other chairs and a small sofa against the wall, framed photographs, a crayon of a larger size, a picture of a large ship under much mathematically exact sail, the oval frame and glass that sheltered a stiff wreath of funeral flowers. Big shells were stationed at either end of the empty hearth, and a china dog and a small spangled figure bearing a basket were placed mathematically distant from a fan-like spray of coral on the centre of the mantel-shelf. There were, in fact, all of the objects absolutely necessary to proclaim to the world respectability—and the cheerless order of non-use.

Before the chill had had time to penetrate, my hostess was back. One hand held out the brimming glass of milk, the other clutched closer to her head the shawl. I could see, even in the dark that made of her form a black instead of a gray shadow, that she watched me, while I drank it, with an anxiety that had in it something feverish and even tragic. The

chilling presentiment of the abnormal that pervaded me did not keep me from realizing that the milk was delicious, rich, creamy; and that, when we summer people who scoured the country for milk and cream were becoming accustomed to the dismal blue that must serve for all but the babies.

"Thank you so much," I said, as I put the glass back in her hand. "It's evident the drought hasn't affected your cows."

There was a pause before she responded to my trivial remark—a pause that carried with it something of the awkward effect of unused machinery, and something of what would have seemed to me, had it not been so evident that there was nothing in the situation to justify it, panic.

"I—haven't any cow," she said finally, as if a confession had been wrung from her.

"That saves you trouble." I was fumbling with the clasp of my chatelaine bag—surely I had placed some small change there.

Again there was the pause that seemed more freighted with meaning than common sense could justify. And again the unwilling speech:

"I haven't any menfolks to do stable chores. And since the rheumatiz got to my hands—" A glance at the small knotted hand that still held the shawl together completed her sentence.

"But how lucky you are to be able to get such good milk from your neighbors!" There is a human instinct that makes one cram a cheerful truism down the most unwilling throat. "I wish you would let me know who furnishes it. Maybe we can beg some from him at the Camp—" How much, I was wondering, should I offer? It seemed to be as heinous to give too much to our business-like country hosts as to give too little.

"Most of the cows are drying up," she said, her eyes uneasily on my hand and the chatelaine bag. "It's been awful dry—and then the pasturage's giving out 'most everywhere about here."

"But they let you have it—"

There was a long pause.

"Yes. They're—kind—I suppose you'd call it. But then"—was there a touch of defiance in her tone?—"I don't use much."

I had found the coin I sought and had risen with my hand outstretched, when for the first time she raised her eyes and met mine fairly; small eyes hers were, twinkling warily far back in their nest of wrinkles. And they held me while I was made to know that a sick soul waited, fearing, hoping, some decision of my own. What was it? Why was she so furtive, so strange, so hidden away, yet so wistful? The instinct that sometimes saves us from cruel blunders made me finger undecidedly the coin that, in every other house of the whole region, would have been accepted without question. And I put it away.

A sigh escaped her, and her face quivered for an instant into satisfaction. She turned and eagerly beckoned me into the room across the entry. It was a homely, worn place, kitchen and living-room together. There was a small round table covered with a red cotton cloth, a painted pine sideboard with a few pieces of glassware on it, a tarnished old "castor" with its vinegar cruet and salt and pepper, a flaring glass cake-dish on a long standard, a tumbler or two. In the built-in cupboard were a few coarse plates and cups and saucers, and drawn up to the table was a cane-bottomed chair, while a black-painted rocker with a cushion of cotton patchwork was under the window—geraniums blooming cheerfully in old tomato-cans. Poor as it was, the room was cheerful with the noontide sun flooding it.

"Won't you—sit down?" There was a new decisiveness in my hostess's manner. While she pulled the rocking-chair invitingly forward, her shawl fell to the floor, and she picked it up with a gesture of finality and hung it on a nail behind the door. I glanced at the small drab calico-gowned figure with still growing curiosity. Her head was erect and her eyes were bright and excited.

"Won't you—sit a while and take a dish of tea with me?" Her breath came fast in an anxiety I could not disappoint. But the sense of bewilderment deepened as I assented, trying to let none of the effort with which I spoke creep into my voice.

Then she began to bustle feverishly about. There was at first uncertainty in the movements with which she raised

a leaf of the table, set on it a cracked sugar-bowl with one handle gone, two horn-handled knives, and plates. But confidence had come when she paused and looked undecidedly from me to the lowest shelf of the corner cupboard. There was a dawning child-pleasure in her look, struggling with secretive cunning.

"I 'most believe—" She paused and drew a long breath. "But there ain't anybody about here that knows." She looked at me dubiously. "But"—with a sudden dash of desperate resolution—"I'll get it out!"

There was an interval of rummaging, from which she emerged holding an exquisite Royal Canton cup and saucer delicately between the thumb and finger of either hand. She set them down on the table before me.

"There! I had the whole tea-set once. My gran'ther brought it to me when he came home from his China v'yage the year after I was married. He was a sea-captain and he owned the best ship in the ha'bor. And the China trip was the biggest thing any one about here cal'lated to do then."

"Was your husband a sea-captain too? And is that the picture of his ship in the parlor?" I was admiring the rich yet delicate coloring of the decoration and the warm, transparent tone of the china.

"Yes; but it was all the coast trade when he went to sea. But that's played out now—for any but the big companies—was before he died—" She caught herself up with a frightened glance at me.

"And the china?" I prompted her gently. Was there, then, some disgrace of the husband? I seemed to be merely repeating lines in a play, the outcome of which I knew but had mysteriously forgotten.

"Well—I sold most of it. Not that there was anybody would give me anything like what it was worth. There ain't nobody here that has the money to—" A queer gleam of malicious pleasure shot across her face. "My gran'ther could have bought and sold any of—Them in his day. But I kept this one and hid it, so—They wouldn't know I had it."

"They'?" I had suggested the question before I had realized how imperti-

ment it was. She gave me another of her quick, dubious glances.

"Any of the neighbors' children. They might break it; it's so thin," she explained, breathlessly. "Sometimes they come in to pile up the wood or bring it in for me."

"That's kind—" I had begun, when I saw her wince.

"They haven't any call to do it—unless they want to," she said, sullenly. "And I callate to pay their mothers—some way. I darn their stockings sometimes, or sew buttons on for them—that is, I used to. But now—my hands—" She gave an angry look at the knotted little fingers. "It's because of my hands—They—" She checked herself again, and wiped the cup and saucer daintily before she put it down before me. Then she went to rummaging again, until she brought out a tiny canister of tea, with a strange sprawl of Chinese characters upon it.

"What tea is that?" I asked. "I never saw that before."

"Nor ever will," she amended, with an attitude of growing dignity. "That's some I've had put away for years. And it isn't the kind that loses its strength, when it's properly wrapped up, either. You needn't mind drinking *that*. It was given to me before—" She caught the look of wonder that must have been on my face, and stopped herself with a sharp note of impatience in her voice. "I'll go out and get a stick of wood," she said, dryly, and went out of the room.

But she tiptoed back again in a moment to ask me, with an elaborate carelessness that I have seen equalled only when my little daughter prepares for me some gigantic "s'prise":

"I suppose you haven't seen any strawberries up here since you came?"

"No," I answered, taking the cue with the ease that comes of long practice. "They were all gone, I believe, when we got here."

"Too bad, isn't it?" she said. "And I've heard the rusticators mainly like the flavor of the wild strawberries, too! Well, I'll set the kettle to draw in a minute now." I heard her chuckle slyly as she dipped back again.

When she came back, to place before me a plate of ginger cookies and a tiny

jug of cream, the excited color had risen to her face. But, although her voice shook with nervousness, there was a sweet dignity in her manner as she said:

"Will you draw up your chair, please?"

We were seated. She bent her head to pour out my cup of fragrant tea. "I will take as many cups as I can swallow," I vowed to myself as I saw her face. No little girl at her first tea-party with a new set of Christmas dishes could possibly have been more rapt.

It was a real party as we sipped our tea together—it actually was the most delicious brew I have tasted for many a day. But she directed sly glances toward a mysterious covered dish she had slipped on the table at her side. The first instant when I had stopped dilating on the tea she whisked off the cover. There was a dish of fresh strawberries, red against a wreath of their own green leaves!

"How lovely!" I cried out with pleasure—it really wasn't any effort at all to play my part—the "s'prise" was undoubtedly charming.

"They grow right back here in Cap'n Beasley's wood-lot," she beamed. "You needn't mind about eating them at all. They're anybody's for the picking. And I've had so many of them I'm tired."

Naturally it was my rôle to linger over each berry, expatiating over its perfection, the exact difference in flavor between it and the cultivated varieties, the reasons for the difference. With the last berry, however, I found it necessary to change the topic.

"These are delicious cookies," I said. But there evidently was a false step. A pall fell over the party. She hurried in her explanation:

"Mrs. Adams—across the road—sent them to me. She baked this morning. I don't cook, myself—anything fancy. I never was much of a hand to eat—and it's little I need—now. Just bread and butter and tea and a mite of fish or pork now and then." She seemed trying to justify herself in my eyes.

"What kind neighbors you have!" I said.

"Yes, they're—kind," she replied.

And then it dawned on me that I had before insisted on the "kindness" of her neighbors; and that she had

answered me with the same half-sullen, half-ironical intonation.

Hunting around for another topic, my eyes fell on the neat and plentiful wood-piles that I could see as I sat facing the window. So I was eloquent concerning the pleasure of the big wood-fires at the Camp, and wondered who would bring us more hard wood. That made her wince again.

"I don't know—I'd rather not say—I—get mine from Cap'n Beasley. But he don't cal'late to—sell—to every one."

I realized at last that my mission in her house, for some mysterious reason, was merely to eat—that what she wanted was to feast her eyes upon a guest at her table. So, while she herself merely pretended to be eating, I dallied over every ginger cookie, and ruthlessly ate up every one of them. And I drank three cups of tea. With each mouthful that I ate—and with each word that I didn't say—the little woman opposite me seemed to grow in stature and dignity. I could see her shoulders straighten before my eyes; hollows in her cheeks were filled out; the dead gray of her skin took on a living tone; her eyes came out of their ambush and were gentle and benignant as Nature must once have intended them to be; she seemed to look at me with affection; the scant gray hair shone with a silver lustre—the recollection came to me of the last sunset I had seen, when the stark rocks of the island opposite had been wrought into softened splendor by the passing miracle of the afterglow.

At last, when it seemed to me that there was no possible reason for not going, I rose to take my leave. The old woman put out her hand to detain me. She withdrew it in an instant, but the motion had made its record. It was the despairing clutch on companionship of a desolate soul. So I paused again at the threshold, in view of the living beauty of the outside world, the jewel-studded green, the romping waves, the sky's innocent blue. She would not follow me farther than to the door, and cowered into the shadow of its side. She cast an uneasy glance up and down the road, muttering to herself:

"If—They should see her!" The sinister shadow that had been dispelled while we sat at table fell again. Why was it

that she so clung to me? And of what was she afraid?

"A charming site you have here," I said.

"My husband set store by it," she said, dully. "But I never could abide the water when I was young."

"He made you care for it?" I scented romance.

"Oh, I suppose I turned fool like all the rest when my time came. I used to go for a sail with him sometimes when I'd let my scholars out and he was home from a cruise. You'd think he would have had enough of the water, being first officer on the boat he bought the next year. I mind how the girls used to plague me with having a beau that didn't know any better way of keeping comp'ny than that. But he never would buy a proper buggy. And he never had any eye for a horse." The sting of the ancient disappointment was in her voice.

"Was he lost at sea?"

"No, Bert died in his bed at last—and after a good long spell of sickness that used up everything we had been able to put away." Was she really callous, or was it that feeling had been for a long time dead? "But little Bert wa'n't a mite like him. He was afraid of the sea—like I'd been, I guess. But then he was never quite right—"

I gasped with horror. "Oh—wasn't that worse than—death?"

She looked at me curiously. "I don't know. He was a great one to work. It was kind of queer, too. He would work and work, and the only way you knew he wa'n't just like other boys was that you had to tell him when to stop. He'd keep right on till he dropped."

"And he died, too?" I asked, a great pity for the desolate mother flooding my heart.

"Yes— There was a fall when the mortgage fell due—we'd had to put it back on after his father died. So little Bert knew, in his way, that I needed money. And he had a job of clam-digging that paid him real well. He worked awful hard, early and late. One day—I was away, quilting comforts down the road a spell. I told Mis' Allen, who lived next door, to look after little Bert, but she forgot. So there wa'n't any one to tell him when to stop. And he worked straight



through the night and part of the next day. When Mis' Allen found him he was beat out; he had fallen down in a heap. He never seemed to get over it."

"Poor little Bert—" I was wondering how mothers bear such things.

"My boy was a good boy, if he wa'n't just right," she said, dully. "And he was a great one to work. If he had lived— There's Mis' Adams across the road—for all she puts on so much—sending me ginger cookies—all she's got except her farm—and that isn't clear—and her two pair of hands, is that boy of hers. If she should lose him, I cal'late she'd be on the town fast enough!"

"Where is your poorhouse?" I asked, to change her thought—the expression on her face was not pleasant.

She drew herself up proudly. "'Poorhouse'? We never had to have a poorhouse! Everybody here has all he wants and money in the bank. Why, our town has money at interest! They may have to have places like that far south—or where there are a lot of shiftless foreigners. But here we cal'late to take care of ourselves!" The stern independence of her bearing was inspiring, harsh as it was. "No, we have never had any one on the town since—" She stopped abruptly, then took up her story again hurriedly. "Even after little Bert died I used to make as much as the best of them digging clams, before the rheumatiz went to my hands. I had the mortgage 'most paid off. They pay two dollars a barrel for clams at the factory."

I looked for a moment at the slight figure, the hands, and turned away my head.

"It used to be real handy," she reflected. "There's a fine clam-bed down there, just under the bank. And I was real thankful Bert had built the house here."

A gay little sloop lilted into view around the curve of the clam-bed she pointed out. It was the *Zephyr*, and I knew the party would be on board that I had refused to make one of, saying I must work. As it swept past, lee scuppers properly under water, sails bellying, some one caught sight of me on the doorstep above them and waved me an ironical salute. Then the whole party stood up and groaned in chorus, expressing sympathy with the slave I had represented

myself to be. Marion went through a vigorous pantomime of toil at a wash-tub, which would have been more successful had she the slightest idea of the process; Tom Parker thumped at an imaginary typewriter; Louise gave a realistic touch by dusting violently the deck cushions; Perry turned himself into a street laborer breaking stones; Billy Sands—always the monkey of them all—ground out a concert on a street-piano. They were still careening around in cynical joy when the sail disappeared around the headland. My hostess looked at them with unnoting eyes. "If it wa'n't for the rheumatiz—and if little Bert had lived—They would have had to leave me alone. I could have managed a bo-ut as well as any man; and they pay well for fish at the factory. There's Mis' Adams looking at us! I suppose she's wondering what I'm doing with a visitor. And if she knew you'd been to eat with me!" Her face wrinkled into a thousand lines of malice—and alarm.

"Thank you so much for the delicious tea," I said, awkwardly. "I feel so much refreshed."

She bent her head with the ghost of her gracious manner. "It was a real pleasure."

Again I tried to resist her unspoken appeal and go. She shook hands with me. I went reluctantly down the two steps that led to the dazzlingly white walk. Then I turned; she was still peering at me—a drowning look.

"Tell me!" I had said before I knew I was going to speak.

She shrank deeper into her corner, with a look of scared wonder upon her face. I climbed the steps again, and was at her side.

"Indeed, it will do you good," I said, taking the little knotted hand in mine. "You need to talk to some one."

An ugly suspicion came into her face. "What have you heard? Who has been talking to you?" she whispered.

"I have never heard your name." I looked earnestly at her to make sure she would believe. "But I have felt, every moment, as if there were something you wanted to say to me."

She made a pitiful effort at indignation. "I don't know what you mean, coming here like this! I don't need any

one to talk to—I have all I want. Just because you're a rusticator—" She jerked her hand away.

I smiled at her while I was waiting to think what would move her. Then an inspiration came to me that went to the root of the matter.

"In a few days I am going away. I shall probably never be here again. You need never see me face to face another time. And even if I wished to speak, there is no one of your neighbors with whom I have ever exchanged a word. If you like, I'll give you my promise—"

She shook her head—but I felt her wavering.

"There are times when it is safer to tell some one." I spoke as gently as I could. "I know—because I have felt it—"

"Come in," she said, drawing me toward her with feverish impatience. "Come in where—They can't see us!"

She pulled me into the cold and dark parlor and thrust me into a corner of the slippery sofa. She herself leaned forward from the chair opposite. There was just light enough for me to see the desperate purpose animating the meagre shadow.

"I lied to you!" She wrung her hands until I winced. "I lied to you because I was ashamed! And I will be scourged with His wrath—if there's anything left for Him to do!" The sterile despair that is the dregs of the bitter draught of Puritanism was in her face.

I tried to pull her hands apart. "Don't feel this way," I said, in distress. "You had a perfect right to keep anything that pains you to tell from a stranger like me. I'm sorry I spoke. I have been impertinent—intruding."

She disregarded me entirely. "I lied to you," she repeated. "Wait—I'll tell you."

"Don't say anything unless it will do you good to talk. I'm afraid I've been wrong—"

"No, I guess it's meant I should tell you—you're right—I've got to talk to some one. If I don't—! I've gone around all locked up, lying to myself and every one else since—It happened. I hate every one—and I don't believe I used to. I think it over and over. Why should—They look at me that way? You will—when you know."

"Oh no, no! How could any one possibly feel anything but—liking? See how kind you were to me—how sweet! I was tired and faint, and you took me in and made me welcome at your table, a stranger—"

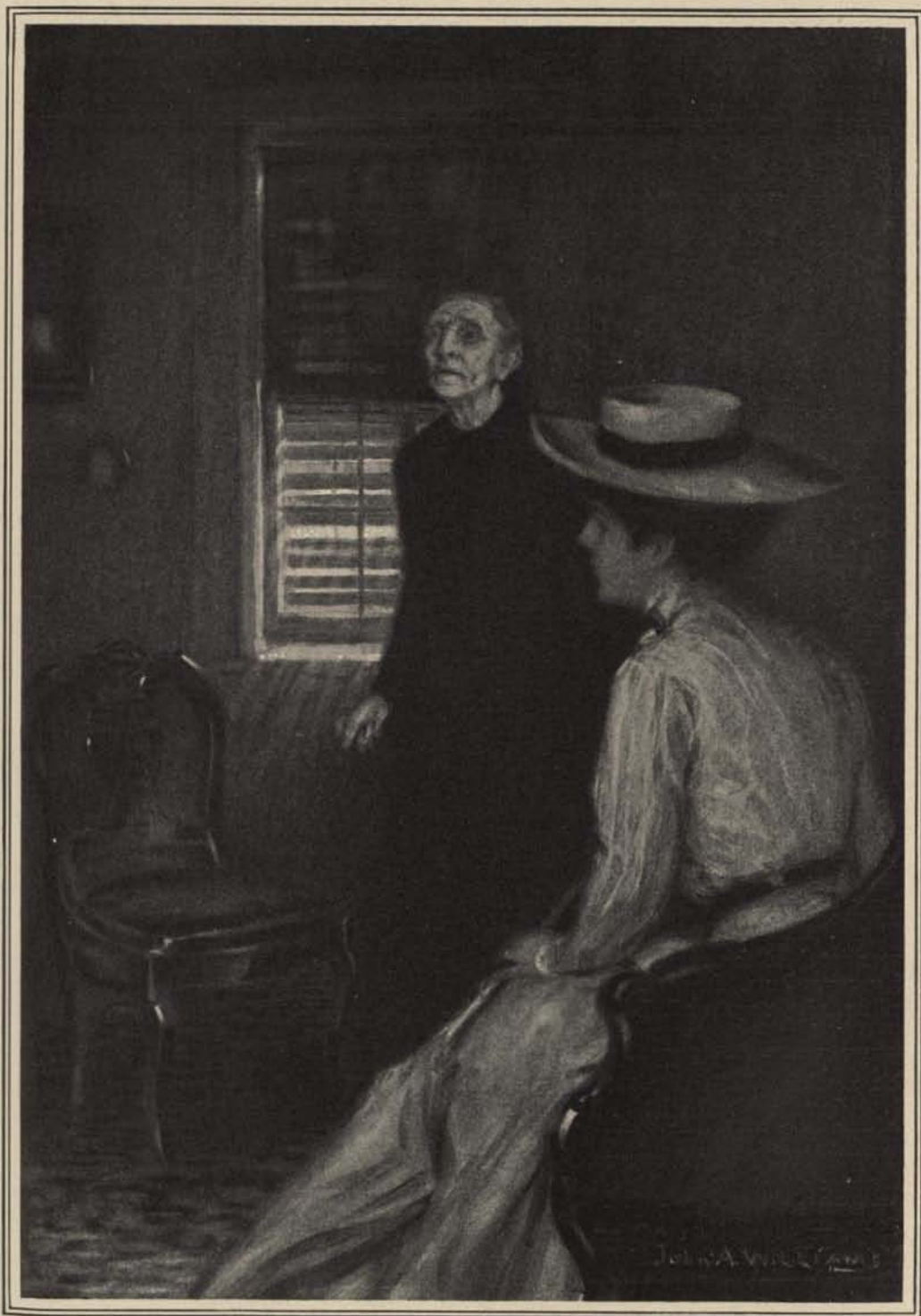
"That's just it," she whispered, hoarsely. "You could come because you didn't—know. But perhaps I don't look at things right—I can't. It has hurt me so here!" She struck her narrow chest so cruelly that I wondered she did not cry out with the pain. I tried to keep her hands in mine. She let them stay a minute.

"For a little while," she moved her hands restlessly, "it seemed as it used to do when I could give things and not feel that—They were looking at me—wondering. You see, you didn't think you had to pay me for the milk! I had to—right or no right. And then the tea was a present to me years ago, and the berries I'd picked. There was only the sugar and the cream—but you didn't take that—and the cookies—"

I was trying to follow her and trying, so hard, to understand. She must have seen—

"Just let me tell you in my own way," she said, with some calmness. "Perhaps I can make you understand. I was the kind of a girl that had to earn my own money as soon's I had finished my schooling, even though my father was a sea-captain that owned his ship and had money in the bank. Most of the girls around here are like that—or used to be. I don't know much about them—now. And it never comes amiss to have a little more coming into a house—or even to just have the expense of board and keep taken out. Why, I wouldn't even let them give me my setting-out, but earned enough to furnish my house myself, linen and everything. This parlor set I bought with my school money two years before we were married. And that china dog—I mind now what a good time Bert and I had the day I bought that! There was a fair over to Rockport. And he did tease me so about getting even the ornaments for my mantel-shelf!" Her tone was merely reminiscent. There were no tears in her eyes, although, foolishly enough, there were in mine.

"So Bert and I were real forehanded.



*Drawn by J. A. Williams*

"I HAVEN'T BUT ONE FEELING IN ME. IT'S—SHAME!"



and paid off the mortgage on this house and had money in the bank. The day little Bert was born, Bert put twenty-five dollars in the bank to begin saving for him to go to college. The baby was never real strong—I guess I didn't rest enough before he came—I never could do much resting. And, of course, we wanted our boy to have it easier than we had had it. Then Bert was sick and the savings were used up. And then Bert died and I had to put a mortgage on the house again. Then I knew little Bert wa'n't just right; and then he died—just as I told you.

"But I got along all right until last winter, when the rheumatiz went to my hands. Even then I had everything I wanted—I was never one to spend much for foodstuffs, anyway. But—one day—Amanda Adams—I used to go to school with her—and she and I always used to run each other to stay at the top, and I 'most always won—came in to visit. I was just a mite tired and had lain down on my bed. But she said—I—was—*hungry!*" She could go no further. I wouldn't, of course, look at her. But I felt that, even in the darkness, her face was darkly flushed.

"It wa'n't so at all. But Amanda always was one to pry. And, of course, it made her feel good to pretend she thought so—when I had always beaten her before—and Bert had used to go with her once—before we sung together in the choir and he began to keep comp'ny with me. She brought something in—her bread is always sour, too—and made me eat when I hadn't any appetite at all. Then she went and spread it everywhere. And they called a meeting of the selec'men. And they voted to take up the mortgage on my house. There never was a poorhouse here. That was true I told you. But if there had been one, I suppose—They'd have sent me there!"

For the first time she faltered—and I could do nothing but take the poor clutching hands and hold them softly. At last she went on—her voice gathering in tragic intensity with her story:

"They portioned me out. I can see the words of the letter they wrote; they dance before my eyes sometimes as if they were written in running fire: 'The community will assume responsibility for your support.' And they had written

down what each one would do—how Mis' Adams would send me something of every baking, and Cap'n Beasley give me wood and send his boys to pile it up, and Mrs. Sawyer send me in all the milk I need, and Ed Wells down at the store let me get sugar and calico and shoes without paying for them, and Deacon Williams paint my house and fix up my walk. And Doctor Ford—he used to want to keep comp'ny with me before Bert did—he would furnish 'medical attendance.' But"—she raised her head proudly—"if I do have to eat, I don't have to get sick—or let any one know of it if I do. So I don't ever have a call to go to him to ask—*charity!*"

"But surely," I said, gently, "they are kind."

She turned on me in fury. "So'd I be *kind* if it was for me to give instead of being give to! I used to do a sight of sitting up with the sick—before—now I won't stir to go in one of their houses—nor They wouldn't want me to. 'Kind!'" She choked for a minute before she could find words. "They're prying and spying every day to see what I'm doing and what I have. They feel as if they owned me. Do you suppose I buy a calico-dress pattern at the store that every woman here ain't looking at it and wondering if I couldn't have made out with one yard less? They ask to look at my account at the store—I don't need to see them to know they do it. And Ed Wells lets them—I know he does—and shakes his head at his own '*kindness*' in letting me have white sugar as well as brown! They come and look at my wood-pile when they think I'm asleep! Many a night I've waked up at two o'clock in the morning and heard noises and known, just as well as if I'd got up and looked out of the window, that it was—Them. It makes them all feel rich to think they've 'contributed to my support'! Cap'n Beasley ain't painted his own house for fifteen years—but he comes and gives mine a coat of paint this spring, when it looked five times as well as his—and such colors, too! And Mis' Adams forgets she has to get up at four in the morning to wash for the summer people when she sends me over a batch of bread. I'm better than bank stock or paid doctor's bills to them all! They look at me

and feel rich when they know there is one person in the world they're giving charity to. I'm their luxury! And then I'm expected to bow down to Amanda Adams and Cap'n Beasley and thank them for being 'kind' to me now I'm on the town. Yes, that's it. That's where I lied to you. *I'm on the town!*"—her voice failed her. But her gray lips worked. And something in me rose to feel, at that moment, not grief, but exultation for the tempest of righteous pride that tore her.

Still, it seemed to me that the room rang with my baffled silence. "Are you sure that this is as you say? Isn't it really a gentle kindness that has moved them to do this for you? Don't you think they are trying to do what they can in the way they think will be easiest for you?"

Her lips quivered and she passed her hands uncertainly over her face. "I—don't know—maybe it ain't so—but that's the way it seems to me—most times. But somehow it ain't right for me—living so; queer things come into my mind, being alone so much, with every one I cared for once gone—that is, I know I must have cared for them once—but it seems a long time since—there hasn't been anything but—This. I try sometimes to think different—but somehow I can't think anything else. I guess it's different from most anything else—to be—on the town. There ain't any other trouble you can't share with other people. I remember when my husband died—I must have felt awful bad—for Amanda Adams just came and stayed with me for weeks and took care of me like a baby. And I let her. And when she left we kissed each other and cried. But—This eats every other feeling out and makes you hate everybody. And there's nothing, either, you can look forward to—for it's the one thing people never forget. It's worse than stealing or killing people, I guess—for at least there's always some one who believes that you haven't really done anything wrong—your mother or

your child perhaps. But every one knows—This. There's no way of getting over it except by dying. And that seems to take an awful long time. I had feelings once—I remember them. But since It happened—I haven't had but one feeling in me. And it's the mother of every wicked and low thought in the whole world. It's—*Shame!*"

She stood, blazing wrath, a small slight figure, stooped and knotted. But the fire that filled her invested her with the power of one of the ancient Hebrew prophets when he stood, he alone, a frail bulwark against a rising tide.

One moment I halted, searching for the word. At the end of that moment the whole figure lessened, sank into impotence. I tried to grasp her—she eluded my touch—she was crouching back in the shadow, seeking to blot herself against the wall. She spoke once:

"When you go, pretend you're picking flowers—lots of the summer people do that. Don't tell—Them you were here—to eat."

I tried to answer. But she was looking at me sullenly out of eyes of mean suspicion. Alas and alas! The moment had passed. In the instant of doing the only service I could perform for her I had lost the power to help. I had become one of Them. *I knew.*

As I went down the dazzlingly white walk of clam-shells the little gray figure crept away from the door to watch me behind the shutters. I felt her there. At the rose hedge I paused, marvelling at the green-massed, rose-flecked beauty, with the vital blue of speeding waves beneath it, and the innocent blue of the sky overhead. As I picked the wild roses I wondered at the joyousness with which the Earth Mother sent them forth, unmindful that her other children were starving at her failing breast. And the full summer chorus of small chirping voices swelled out jubilantly, sustaining the deep organ tones of the telegraph wires as they chanted the exultant triumph of the growing world.

## Editor's Easy Chair

"WHAT did you mean," we asked of our July familiar, "by saying, the other month, when you were talking of the pair whom you saw walking hand in hand in the Park, that the girl's brother was not a Bostonian, if the girl was?"

"Ah, that was very curious, wasn't it?" our friend returned. "It was apparently a contradiction in terms; but it was really only a paradox."

"Would a paradox be so very much better?"

"I'm not saying it would be. I'm stating a fact, not arguing a point. What I wish to convey by the fact is that the male Bostonian seems to want the witchery often so immanent in the female. He is very well; he has done most of the right, and high, and clear thinking which has got the country forward. He has always been unscrupulously brave, with often a tender conscience against fighting; and he is apt to be patrician, if not aristocratic, while all his convictions are for democracy. He is not winning; his cold, snubbing manner fails to make you instantly at home with him, or even to desire his further acquaintance; if you wish to know more of him, it is at the distance which he seems, instinctively, to have put between you. In other words, and fewer of them, he wants charm."

"Well?"

"Well, and this young fellow, this putative brother of that most charming half of the unmistakable pair of lovers, did have charm."

"Oh, now we see."

Our friend did not amplify on the point. He accepted our acquiescence without comment. "He was so intelligible, his position was so clear, that I gave him rather more of my heart than I gave the lovers. In fact, why aren't the immediate witnesses of any love-affair, the next of kin to it, actually more interesting than the lovers them-

selves? The lovers themselves are the mere exponents of an instinct. Apart from it and from each other, they may have every claim upon your respect, admiration, and affection, but together they do not move either in you, and they do not need either; they have got as much from each other as their lives can hold."

"Oh, come!" we revolted. "This won't do. You have said this girl was charming, that she was Bostonian, and you have made out that her lover was, either as a practically romantic Southerner or an idealistic Westerner, capable equally of great success, and entirely worthy of her. You pretend to have been enamoured of their amour, impassioned of their passion, in such measure that it was an intolerable hurt to you when they dropped each other's hands, indignantly resentful of your stare, and passed separately out of your sight and knowledge."

"Yes, all that is true. But I have since realized that I could not have borne their rapture a moment longer. At the same time I could have dwelt forever, with hungry pity, in an endless famine of sympathy, upon that bored brother's countenance, his weary brow, bared with its beads of perspiration to the afternoon air, his tired eyes, spent with the tense avoidance of the mawkish spectacle in his reluctant, yet conscientious charge. He was such a good brother, so magnanimous, so superlatively patient! Since I told you about him, I have been imagining such heart-breaking martyrdom of him, in what detail you never can know! I don't believe the brothers of girls in love have ever been truly appreciated in life or in literature. The passive part assigned to them is supposed so easy, so simple! But is their part necessarily passive? If objectively passive, isn't it often subjectively active? Suppose the brother and sister are good comrades, as they frequently are, and they have come to

know each other's characters as lovers never can. He has learned to know in her the noble qualities which many women so successfully conceal throughout married life; her beautiful unselfishness, her wise prudence, her exquisite judgment, her knowledge of people, her studied behavior, her inspired discretion, her flashing wit, her saving humor; and suddenly he sees such a sister as this gone silly, silly about a man, and silly about a man who can never be known to her as he is known to her brother! Do you call that a simple part, a part easy to play in the tremendous drama suddenly staged in his life?"

"No, it isn't simple, it isn't easy; it has its difficulties. Go on. But don't exaggerate its difficulties," we said, catching our breath in unexpected interest.

"What good would it do to go on in a world so besotted that it 'loves a lover,' as it loves children, generically, in the lump?" our friend returned. "What I want is a novel, a truthful, righteous epic, which shall take the fact that there is a love-affair, and leave it central and motionless, while all the family motives wheel round it like planets in an orrery. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, grandfathers and grandmothers (if surviving), aunts, uncles, and cousins, these are the people sensibly affected, these are the prime parties in interest; and yet how our purblind fiction blinks them, glances at them casually over its shoulder, as it were, while it follows the fortunes of the infatuate pair who have no sense of things beyond themselves. Is love so important that it must be treated to the exclusion, or the subordination, of all the other affections: parental anxiety, sisterly interest, brotherly companionship, cousinly criticism? The family, the family is the supreme expression of humanity. The Latin civilizations embody that notion. In them the youthful pair are strictly secondary, wholly a minor consideration."

"And yet," we thoughtfully suggested, "without the youthful pair there could be no family. The Greeks had the instinct of this; their very language embodied it in that dual number interposed in its accident between the singular and plural."

"You are wandering, not to say

maundering. The Greeks are too far off to be taken into account. The family, as we have had it, began with the Romans, and the family as we are getting to have it, ended with them. Monogamy flowered with them, and it faded in facile divorce, just as it is practically doing with us. But, as we have agreed, the pair I saw holding hands were not divorced people; they were, to be sure, rather mature young persons bringing to their second or third love the ripened, but not over-ripened, experience of their first; or—such things may happen at their age—they were really in their first love. How would you like the brother and sister to have come by the midnight train in the kind fiction that she wished to do some of that spring shopping in New York which I've heard some Boston women do not find their city quite equal to?"

"We see no objection to that," we replied, "unless the fact is going to take you too far afield, and tempt you to spend your fancy on the girl's bewilderment among the flowers of our spring openings."

"There is no danger of that," our friend explained, "if the fact is not a fact, but a fiction accepted by both the brother and the sister, and duly authorized by the father and mother, who are so well affected toward the young man that they see no harm in her coming for a few days to the city where he has suggested that he will be at complete leisure for as much of the May-time as she likes. The May-time in New York, you know, is something very different from the May-time in Boston; the east wind, which is a blessing here, is a bane there. The family consider her perfectly chaperoned; and neither she nor her brother objects to adding a few galleries and theatres to the shops. The Boston galleries and theatres are not so satisfying, or not so permanently satisfying—"

"You needn't go into the reasons for a merely supposed case like that," we put in.

"Ah," our friend sighed, "I was beginning to believe in it. But if, as you say, it is only a supposed case, what is the matter with having the young man come in gayly, and with the air of being altogether unexpected by the brother and



sister, at the breakfast which they are having a little late after repairing the ravages of a night on the sleeping-car in a toilette involuntarily elaborated to the imagined metropolitan standard. Their own standard is very good, from their English experience and authority, but New York—something in the air—tempts a blossom here and there in places where life would not flower in the Boston May. Her costume has advanced the season by slight touches, imperceptible to the young man's senses but not his soul, a fortnight, and an inner sunshine bursts out of him and irradiates him from head to foot."

"If you go on at that rate you will never reach the climax, and when you do, it will be through the consciousness of the lovers and not of the brother." So we declared, and our friend assented.

"You're right. We will drop them from this point; spoiled children of fiction as they are, they shall not be flattered in this study of the affair. We will leave them at the table, and go out with the brother for a paper, which implies a cigar. When the cigar has been smoked, we go back with him, and find the young people still at the breakfast table, and we learn that it has been arranged that they shall all go for the morning to the Metropolitan Museum. The girl asks what time it is, and it seems that brother's watch can best reply; then everybody but he is surprised to find how late it is. The girl goes up to her room to add some further petals to her efflorescence—a strictly tempered, Bostonian efflorescence—and the young man and the brother find themselves wonderfully short of conversation in her absence. They like each other well enough, but neither has any use for the other. When the girl comes down, the young man eagerly possesses himself of her umbrella, her purse, her catalogue—which a friend has lent her and she has brought on from Boston with her. He wishes to take her gloves, but she is putting them on—"

"Stop, stop!" we cried, indignantly. "There you go again, devoting yourself in spite of all your own theories and principles to the lovers, and leaving the brother out altogether. Really, really!"

"But it's the last touch I'm putting

on them, don't you see? It completes the brother's elimination, and now we follow him gladly into his exile. It's no longer a party of three, but one party of two, and another party of one. From this on our business is with the party of one. We make him our battle-ground, where the emotions are fought out, our theatre where the drama is played." Our friend paused, and then he resumed with a dreamy air: "It is very curious about brothers. Take one of them, take the most liberal-minded of them, the wisest, and he cannot put himself in his sister's place when she is in love. It is entirely conceivable, and it is beautifully right and fit that some other brother's sister should be in love with *him*. He finds in her tender affinations toward him, whether obviously combated, or openly but unconsciously indulged, a charm which is altogether wanting in his own sister's attitude; he feels in that a foible, a want of dignity, a derogation of character, a disappointment of the ideal, which all ends in making him sick. As the day wore on, say, in this instance, the brother became worse and worse. At the Museum his experience was very relaxing. He went about with the lovers through the wonderful collections—for they are wonderful: pictorial, sculptural, architectural, numismatic, archæological—and if you haven't been there lately—"

"We go there constantly," we replied, with perhaps more enthusiasm than veracity, "and only yesterday we went to see the Whistlers. Before we got to them, we stopped to look at so many things that we felt the old familiar back-ache and neckache of European galleries, and perceived that here in powerful concentration, though perhaps in tabloid form, we had the effect of the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Pitti, and the Vatican. And the Whistlers, when we came to them, how they took the marrow out of our spine, as if they had been so many Tiepolos, Velasquezes, Van Dykes, Reynoldses! Yes, it is a marvellous place; but we are not getting on! Where is that brother, that man and brother, you put yourself in charge of?"

"Abandoned on any chair or bench that he could find. From time to time he followed hard upon the lovers' steps, and then again he lost them, and when he

hunted them up he found them rapt before some miracle of art, but really looking at each other and held in breathless wonder at such reciprocal miracles of nature. The brother hardly knew his sister in these transports—the keen-witted, humorous, satirical girl, the student of human nature, the observer of character, the somewhat haughty spectator of life, lapsed to the level of a *débutante*, and wreaking her delight like a village person flirting at a church fair, or a summer silly on a picnic or in a moonlight shadow on the veranda of a seaside hotel. He was not only sick, he was ashamed; he wanted to go away and leave them to their fate; but that would not do; and the forenoon dragged along with him through sloughs of exhaustion in which the pair seemed momentarily to renew their strength and youth. They talked gayly and incessantly; they whispered, they cried out, they laughed. To the brother it was simply loathsome, and he could scarcely keep his patience when, at the end of the long morning hours, he came up with them after a vain search and she suddenly asked what time was it, and being told it was one o'clock, declared she was hungry as a bear; and the young man, fixing her with a look of adoration, as if she had declared a supernal merit, said they would go to the Casino for lunch."

"Look out, now," we warned the narrator, "you're getting back to forbidden ground. The lovers, you know, have nothing to do with your story."

"Don't be afraid; my story has nothing to do with them, except pivotally. The brother is always the hero of my tale. He noted that though as hungry as a bear she ate no more than a bird, but chattered throughout the long lunch like an anthropoidal ancestress. But he himself ate for the pair, and he was glad the young man had ordered the lunch so ridiculously long and large. He enjoyed eating in the open as they were doing on that pleasant northward terrace, and he didn't mind the company being rather common, and tacitly dubious in some groups or couples; it was often so in Paris; and it was not lurid, as he

knew it was apt to be in that place at dinner; it was saved to his respect by the harmless parental presences, with children rejoicing in a holiday, and going and coming with their mothers' leaves. The conversation of the lovers did not embrace him, except by compulsory fits and starts, and after catching himself in a doze, he said, if they did not mind, he would go off for a stroll in the Mall. If they minded, they did not say so; they did not say anything; and he went off to the Mall, where he found a shady seat, and watched the children roller-skating, and shouting and shrieking up and down the stretch of asphalt; and the nurses with their go-carts pushing their babies back and forth from the benches, and the goat-carriages making tours of the Mall with proud little boys and girls bound to the seats. It was not quiet, but it was peaceful, and the brother slumbered again. When he woke, he walked back to the terrace, but the pair looked as if they had not moved, and he instinctively felt that he had not been missed. He went for a stroll in the Ramble, and found the warm day friendlier to sitting than walking. He wished he had a newspaper, or even a book, but he managed to drowse again without one. He did not think he was very well used; but on the whole he decided not to go back at once. When he woke from one of these generous oblivions, he found it was four o'clock, and he hurried back to the Casino, for now surely they must have talked out and become aware that they had been talking solely to each other. When he saw them last, they were talking very seriously; he seemed to be laying down the law, and she taking it for gospel. Her brother disliked the bird-like gaping of her attentive mouth; but now he saw them very gay. They had long ago had demi-tasses, and apparently had lingered over them till it was time for afternoon tea. They had ordered tea, and they hailed him hilariously and said he was wonderfully opportune. But as they had to make the waiter bring another cup, they were apparently not expecting him, and he unmolestedly figured up the tip that the young man would have to give that waiter.

## Editor's Study

ALMOST we might say that the writing of fiction is properly a feminine rather than a masculine accomplishment. The great story-tellers in prose and verse, where invention and a broad range of the constructive faculty are necessary to the entertainment, have always been men. But fiction, as we moderns understand it, is a more delicate and intimate portraiture of real life, quite alien to the story-telling art, and more native to women; it began in the kind of letters women wrote, naturally, picturingly, no stray thought interfering with direct embodiment.

In the play the story is removed by the dramatic art from the plane of ordinary life, and by the distinctive requirements of that art—elaboration of plan, concentration of action, and variety and detail of characterization—from the straightforward method of the story-teller. An illusion is to be created and maintained, involving the acceptance of the playwright's premises by the audience. Nearly all of the successful plays have been written by men.

The earliest fiction—all before the middle of the eighteenth century—was written by men, but it was not fiction in the modern sense; it did not attempt real social or individual portraiture. No woman would ever have been tempted to undertake what was so magnificently done by Apuleius, or Rabelais, or Cervantes, or Lesage, or by John Lyly and Robert Greene in the Elizabethan era, or by Defoe and Swift in the early eighteenth century. Even Steele's and Addison's character-sketches were as much beyond her natural inclination as all their essays were. Their essays were social, as distinguished from those of a more speculative order in the preceding century—such as Cowley's, Bacon's, and Sir Thomas Browne's—they dealt with manners and so inclined to the concrete presentment of types of human character, preparing the way for the social novel.

"Isaac Bickerstaffe" is even concerned with affecting domestic scenes, feelingly portrayed, but always with the distinctly masculine detachment, which is still more evident in the portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb. The humorous whimsicalities so characteristic of Addison in sketches of this sort, and perpetuated later, with variations due to individual temperament, by Fielding, Sterne, Lamb, and Thackeray, have never been adopted by women in essay or fiction. The few women who wrote essays in the eighteenth century, even after the essay had become more picturesque and concrete, were more formal and didactic and far less entertaining than men. In our own day Vernon Lee—not to mention other women who have won distinction in this field—has written essays which in matter and manner have not been surpassed by her masculine contemporaries.

It must be conceded that, as a rule, women, since their advent into literature, have shown an aversion to essay-writing—at least to that kind which gains a permanent place in literature. It is a fact significant of disinclination rather than of disability. Women have chosen to leap directly from letter-writing to fiction, finding no compelling allurements in the intermediate field of the essay.

Fiction, as we of to-day understand it, is an entirely new art of expression, meeting a new need; and what is new in it has been creatively developed chiefly by women. We do not mean that they initiated this new art, or each new note marking the points of departure from an older style of fiction; on the contrary, we think that such initiative must be conceded to men. In the generic sense men are more original than women, even determining feminine fashions. It is the originality of the master, and in the arts men have been the masters—in this new art of fiction as in all others. In the representative arts, including the drama, this mastery was essential to the supreme

effect. It was equally effective in story-telling for the simple purpose of entertainment. But in the representation of life by creative embodiment of its reality—by creative realism, for it comes to just that—this mastery was in the way; not because of it, but in spite of it, have men been creative realists in fiction.

When women began to write fiction they portrayed life as they saw it and felt it. They were quickly and keenly observant and had deep sensibility. They cherished intimacies with living things—brooding intimacies—and were naïvely creative of situation and character. They were not so much inclined as their brother novelists to freedom of adventure, to loose invention of incident, to elaboration of plot, or to the masterful exploitation of human passions. They were womanly, but they were eighteenth-century womanly, and we cannot say that they initiated or illustrated creative realism, or, indeed, that their work furnished convincing proof that fiction was distinctively a feminine accomplishment, though it strongly suggested woman's peculiar fitness for the deft, vivid, and truthful portrayal of social life.

Men had undertaken the novel of society and were followed by women who, in so far as they had any conscious aim, meant to follow in the path of Richardson. They were as much under the intellectual influences of their time as the men were, quite as sophisticated, within their range of thought, and not less the victims of the tyranny of abstractions. They were more formal moralists, and thus excluded from their fiction a wide range of vital human experience. They easily assumed the masculine detachment from the material they wrought with—though it was something less remote than the masculine—because the entanglements and involvements they bound and loosed were superficial, pertaining to social types in a rigidly classified order, and only lightly touching any adventure of the individual soul.

Woman had never got so far away from primitive naturalism as in that eighteenth century. Step by step she had been wrenched away from it by man's progressive civilization, until now she was stranded in the dry air of a Common Sense world which had accepted Pope as the

greatest of poets and was now yielding to the literary dictatorship of Doctor Johnson. In such an atmosphere her fiction gave no clear prophetic intimation of a new naturalism to come.

But even out of this dry ground the fruit of woman's imagination yielded native flavors. Woman in any age, if she creates at all, must confess to her peculiar natural bond, whatever may be her conscious aim or her environment, including the stimulus of masculine fellowship and inspiration. She has, as we have said, a brooding intimacy with living things; she has always had it, else there would never have been possible the domestication of animals. It may be that, in the mysterious course of heredity, only a small proportion of women have it, growing perhaps less with every generation, but at least those women who create, in life or literature, must have it and, with it, the sense begotten of it which invests the commonest thing that life has dwelt in, or has touched, with the sacredness of an ancient familiarity.

In woman this heritage is one of feeling and, in her creative work, is shown in close and natural intimacies, vivid description and portraiture of what is nearly seen and felt, fancies bred in the heart, and an almost physiological architectonic. Her lightest gossip is born of vital sympathy. All this, along with animately natural graces and humors, is apparent in her eighteenth-century fiction, mingled with an intolerable deal of sophistry, for which she was not accountable. She dealt with life directly, though externally and in typical representation, and we have, therefore, a feeling of reality in the portraiture, with no dramatic exaggeration, no caricature or distortion or grotesque whimsicality of any sort. If she did not disclose a new art of fiction she made it seem new by bringing to it fresh resources from her own nature, and through the development of these resources she made a distinct departure from the methods employed by her masculine contemporaries in the depiction of social life. She did not revolt against the old devices and, herself abounding in artifices, she consciously reinforced rather than resisted the artificial in literature, so that her every departure from it was inevitable rather

than contemplated—a fresh path that she must take because she could take no other. This necessity proved to be a blessed limitation, a divine opportunity, the condition of a peculiar and surpassing excellence.

It might reasonably have been expected that the protest against the formal civilization of the eighteenth century would have come from woman; but it was Rousseau who sounded the note of revolt; and the new Romanticism was initiated and developed by men and reached its high tide in the first quarter of the nineteenth century with but a slight and passive response from women, except as its mystical side appealed to a few of them, notably to Mrs. Radcliffe. It was just this side of the movement—its reversion to medievalism—which repelled Jane Austen, the finest and sanest artist in pre-Waverley fiction, who gave the old type of social portraiture its utmost naturalness and charm.

Romanticism helped to give fiction its modern subjectiveness. It laid stress upon individualism, and it developed, in philosophy, poetry, and criticism, surprising variations of individual genius, contrasting with the manifest uniformities of eighteenth-century literature in these fields. Conventions were relaxed. Religious and political movements among the people showed new impulses at work, subversive of long-established forms. Poetry and philosophy were transformed. But fiction, as a portraiture of contemporary social life, was violently arrested. The story-teller reasserted his claim. He does so in every age; but here the story-teller was Sir Walter Scott, a master-magician for entertainment who for many years had the monopoly of this ancient art. Generous as Scott was in the confession of his limitations as compared with Jane Austen; modestly as he professed to follow Miss Edgeworth in an attempt to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland; gladly as he hailed Miss Ferrier as a sister artist in the Scottish field—yet he drove every woman novelist to cover, until the gentle emergence of Miss Mitford with *Our Village* in 1824, and, after that, there was no woman of distinction in English fiction before the middle of the century.

Scott, by virtue of his genius, deserved

to hold the field which he so splendidly enriched and glorified. For the moment he paralyzed novel-writing of the Fielding and even of the Jane Austen sort—the sort which concerns itself with contemporary manners, with the comedy sense of life—he turned to the past and told stories; and there had been no such masterly creation, not only of a story but of the living men and women enacting it, between his historical romances and Shakespeare's historical plays.

He was followed, not by women, but by men who also were story-tellers rather than novelists, in our modern sense of the novel—men like Ainsworth and Lever, G. P. R. James and Marryat. The novel proper was continued by Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray, all of whom entered the field at the beginning of the Victorian era—none of them prophetic of the creative realism of the next generation, though widely differing from the eighteenth-century society novelists to whom they were the legitimate successors. They met the needs, emotional and intellectual, of a vastly more refined society, profoundly changed by the ferment of revived romanticism; but, while they were less superficial than Fielding and Smollett, they indulged in no subtle analysis of character and aimed at no intimate psychical disclosures. The fact that the dramatic and melodramatic Dickens was the dominant personality in the world of fiction, as Scott had been before him, shows how nearly allied the novel, as written by men, was to the older forms of masterly entertainment.

So, too, when we advance another step, to a wholly new order of creative work in George Meredith's fiction, while we feel ourselves lifted into a psychical world, where the comedy of life is heightened by poetry and illuminated by philosophy, and the whole entertainment is transformed, still under these so novel conditions we note not merely the old mastery which counted for greatness in masculine achievement since art was born, but the consciously brilliant trick of it. He penetrated to the minds of his men and women as no other novelist before him had, but often his philosophy obscured rather than illuminated, proving a will-o'-the-wisp to his own imagination and to his reader's. Thomas Hardy, in

his more gigantic and naturalistic dramatic mastery, was, if more modest, quite as wilful.

We ask ourselves, then, if there can be a new art of fiction quite free from the devices which men have used with more or less of magic since they began to give creative imagination embodiment in the set forms of human speech and for the purposes of human entertainment. Is creative realism, pure and simple, possible? Can there be a representation of life which does not lift it, by dramatic or poetic tension or picturesque enhancement, out of what we deprecatingly call its commonness—a representation of life creatively embodying its inherent charm, its native beauty, humor, bounty, and pathos, in all its commonness, and needing no didactic purpose, no speculative intention, for its justification? That would indeed be creative realism, but so remote from all which we have been accustomed to call art that we must refer it to the æsthetic of a new naturalism.

Every step in the advance of fiction since the middle of the nineteenth century has been toward this new naturalism—toward the representation of life in the light of its native unfolding, just as during the same period every advance in science has been toward the disclosure, not of wonders attributable to Nature, but of those which natively belong to her and which she herself reveals to man's waiting vision. Meredith and Hardy were, in different ways, the prophets of this ultra-modern fiction, and the disciples of Meredith, or at least his natural successors in the lines of his prophecy—such men as Conrad and Hewlett and Henry James—have been masterly creators and interpreters; but the real development in this new field has been due mainly to women, because of their more intimate sense of life in its near and common aspects and in its natural becomings, and because that kind of mastery which made the old art did not come in the way of their progress toward the new naturalism. They have given us, therefore, more examples of unadulterated realism since their fresh advent into fiction—after a considerable interval—at about the same time that Meredith appeared with his whimsical bravura, *The Shaving of Shagpat*.

We need not point to the work done by Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, and Mrs. Oliphant, dealing directly with contemporary common life within closely parochial limits, or show how natively real it was as compared with the examples furnished by Anthony Trollope and other men portraying life within such limitations. George Eliot's fiction, so far as realism is concerned, went to pieces when she wrote *Romola*, following the masculine fashion of art. The majority of women novelists since her time have attempted the same fashion with less admirable results, having little perception of what is distinctively the office of modern fiction—the disclosure of life as it is in its own natural procedure and not as we would sentimentally or with speculative ingenuity refashion it. Perhaps a true knowledge of heredity would show that most women are not born distinctively women—that is, as having the intimate sense of things in a creative way—and are to be regarded as a social class rather than as a sex, it being indifferent what place they take either in literature or in the world's business.

It seems almost paradoxical that in our own generation, when there seems to be an increasing number of women belonging to this indifferent class, there are more genuine examples of creative realism in women's fiction than ever before. This realism, in its simplest terms, has been exemplified chiefly in short stories, because the elaboration of the novel usually leads to the adoption of the old contrivances necessary to a "plot." These stories have shown what a range of variations is possible in the reaction of the creative imagination upon the common material of every-day life. The creations of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Deland, Edith Wharton, Mary Austin, and Georg Schock stand out vividly in the American field; there are fewer in the English, but the work of Mrs. Dudeney most instantly recurs to our mind. If in some of these women's stories it is the native quality which impresses us, we feel that is born of life; and if in those of others it is a dramatic or poetic tension which heightens the charm for us, we feel that it is life's own tension. We are removed as far as possible from the old story-teller's art.

## Beverly's Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

ALL that you have urged, Bishop, in regard to infusing practicality into philanthropy," said the Colonel, "would have been listened to with a warm interest by my friend Mr. Beverly." "Unless Beverly 'd gone to sleep at the Bishop's 'fourthly,' same as I did," put in the Doctor, stretching himself and yawning. "Practicality," continued the Colonel, ignoring the Doctor's interpellation, "was Mr. Beverly's dominant characteristic. Just as it was the essence of his many curious and useful mechanical inventions, so was it the essence of his many humane projects for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men. His Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society, for instance—"

"Pardon me, my dear Colonel," interrupted the Bishop. "Before we go farther I must beg that you will favor us with at least a partial explanation of the eccentric, I may even say the incongruous, name of Mr. Beverly's society. Frankly, I do not see how a hairpin can be benevolent. True," continued the Bishop, musingly, "we still find—lingering in obscure nooks and corners of the world—survivals of the medieval custom of endowing inanimate objects with vital characteristics. Equally, a like disposition is found everywhere among children. A child, for example, will assail with angry objurgation the knife with which it has cut its own fingers; precisely as though—"

"You needn't snip down that medieval survival to only children, Bish," interposed the Doctor. "I guess it's in the bed-rock of the race. You just ought to have heard me swearing away last night at a chair I banged into in the dark!"

"I am very well pleased, sir," replied the Bishop, stiffly, "that I was not in a position to overhear those regrettable

lapses of speech on your part, which could not but have been most offensive to one of my cloth. I will admit, however, that your unhappy outburst of profanity, directed at an inanimate object, does illustrate the curious ethnological reversionary trait now under discussion."

"I beg your pardon, Bishop," said the Colonel, coldly. "I am under the impression that the matter now under discussion—at least, of elucidation—is the philanthropic project of my friend Mr. Beverly. I even venture to remind you that your request for an explanation of the name given by Mr.



"USEFUL EMPLOYMENT WAS PROVIDED FOR A NEGLECTED CLASS OF INDIGENTS"

Beverly to his society remains unanswered—awaiting the termination of your own and the Doctor's rambles in the mazes of your respective verbosity."

"My dear Colonel," replied the Bishop, with a genial courtesy, "we offer you our sincere apologies. Tell us, I beg of you, about Mr. Beverly's benevolent hairpins, and why and how they were reclaimed."

"Subject, of course, to further irrelevant interruptions," said the Colonel, his tone still chilly, "I shall endeavor to continue my little story. I must premise that in naming his society Mr. Beverly sought to exhibit its broad purpose in the fewest possible words. The outcome was a slight sacrifice of clarity to brevity. He did not mean, of course, that hairpins were benevolent, but that through the agency of a society organized on philanthropic lines their reclamation led directly to benevolent results."

"In effect, these results were dual: First, useful employment was provided for a neglected class of indigents. Second, from such employment a liberal fund was created by the indigents themselves for their own moral and material betterment. Mr. Beverly's plan, in brief, was that the hundreds of homeless little waifs unhappily existing in every great city should be drilled and organized, under the Society's officers, to reclaim—that is, to collect and to place in

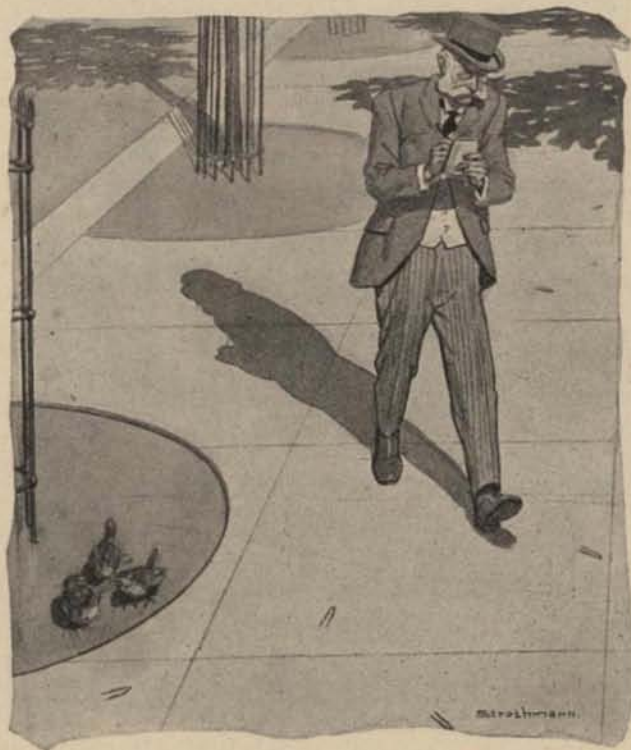
the Society's depositories, whence they would be withdrawn, refounded into merchantable pig-iron, and sold for the Society's benefit—the hairpins which are dropped in the streets of every great city and there go to waste. Obviously, this project—being, as were all of Mr. Beverly's projects, strictly practical—gave assured promise of benevolent results which fully justified the Society's name."

"About how many waifs did Beverly mean to keep on one hairpin?" asked the Doctor. "I reckon three waifs, putting in all their time at it, might find as much as one hairpin a day."

"Your trivial question, sir," replied the Colonel, "would be passed unnoticed did it not indicate a lack of observation on your part that, being common to minds of the medium order, must be reckoned with in properly presenting Mr. Beverly's scheme. Few people will observe the general prevalence of hairpins in the streets until they begin consciously to look for them; and even then no considerable numbers of hairpins will be noted until the eyes of the observer have been educated to the search. This secondary fact is in accordance with the law in optics that requires the eye to be taught, when search is made for small objects of an unusual sort, to convey notice of what it sees to the brain. Not until the education of the eye has been perfected will physical sight and mental perception go hand in

hand. To be quite frank, I will admit that I myself did not perceive that the streets of New York literally are cluttered up with hairpins until, under my friend's guidance, I came to look for them with a trained eye.

"Believe me, Mr. Beverly's Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society was not a chimerical project, sprung from fancies for which support had to be created by a quibbling array of perverted facts. On the contrary, it was the sane outgrowth of substantial facts acutely observed; and then—in the crucible of his extraordinary mind—resolved into possibilities of benevolent usefulness. In other words, his carefully cultivated habit of minute observation having led him to note the hairpin-encumbered condition of the streets of this city, his natural detestation of waste instantly prompted him to search for some practical plan by which so considerable an annual loss of valuable metal might be stayed. Then, in one of the flashes of his inventive genius, came the thought of setting the waifs—he was deeply interested in waifs—to reclaiming the hairpins; and so—by



"HE COUNTED ALL THE HAIRPINS THAT HE SAW"



raising the funds necessary for the accomplishment of that benevolent purpose—to reclaiming themselves.

“Rashness, however, had no part in Mr. Beverly’s composition. His conservative and cautious nature ever withheld him from essaying any venture until he had submitted its possibilities to the severest practical tests. While himself satisfied that his philo-economic hairpin-waif-redemption project rested on a secure foundation, he recognized the necessity of obtaining irrefutable data which would enable him to present it convincingly to minds of the average mediocre order—and so to win for it a generous financial support. To this end—painfully, laboriously, through many successive weeks—he counted all the hairpins that he saw in the course of his walks about the city; and, in keeping with his cautious habit, so arranged his walks as to time and locality and weather conditions—this last being a most important factor, because of the increased droppings of hairpins on windy days—as to make the details and the sum of his findings broadly exemplary.

“The data thus secured abundantly justified his intuitively perceived conclusion. Incidentally, it brought out a mass of curious and important facts, previously unknown to ethnological statisticians, in regard to the distribution of hairpin waste in New York. Fifth Avenue, he found, yielded incomparably the richest harvest—so extraordinarily rich in the gusty neighborhood of the Flatiron Building that Mr. Beverly decided to station a waif at that point permanently—but the hairpins observed on that fashionable thoroughfare, and throughout the fashionable portions of the city generally, for the most part were of a delicate thinness and small. On the East Side the findings, relatively, were few—possibly due to the frugal Old World habit of picking up dropped hairpins and using them over again—but the pins were of so massive a make, being adapted to the heavy hair of the foreign population there resident, that the scanty pickings to be had in that region fully equalled in weight the numerically far larger pickings to be had in the more elegant portions of the town. The region below the City Hall, he found, practically was negligible. It yielded almost nothing—implying a business-like tenacity in hairpin sticking on the part of lady typists that was in commendable contrast with the careless methods of their affluent sisters of the



“TEN MILLIONS OF HAIRPINS A YEAR”

Avenue. One of Mr. Beverly’s daily counts will exemplify this matter of distribution lucidly:

Below the City Hall.....	2
On the Bowery, Houston Street to Fourteenth Street.....	4
On Broadway, Seventeenth Street to Twenty-third Street.....	12
On Fifth Avenue, Twenty-seventh Street to Forty-seventh Street.....	45
—	—
Total .....	63

“The total of 63 hairpins observed on this occasion must not be regarded as exemplary. It was much in excess of the eventually determined daily average. Indeed, in the beginning—interestingly illustrating the law of psycho-physics in regard to the untrained eye to which I have made reference—Mr. Beverly almost was led to abandon his admirable project because of the smallness of the returns. Not until he had carried his daily countings through a lunar month—he adopted the lunar month as his statistical unit because of its ready divisibility into weeks—did he feel assured that the working basis of his scheme was sound. With his customary precise business methods, he tabulated his returns in such a way as to show the total findings

of each day, week, and lunar month at a glance. The record for that first month, so gratifying to him in its reassuring results, stood:

Days	First Week	Second Week	Third Week	Fourth Week	Totals
Sunday	8	1	7	11	27
Monday	18	83	39	69	209
Tuesday	16	10	69	12	107
Wednesday	1	22	22	60	105
Thursday	10	68	3	6	87
Friday	1	47	51	51	150
Saturday	5	11	11	62	89
Totals	59	242	202	271	774

"As in the case of the single day's count, 63, that I have cited in illustration of the important matter of hairpin distribution, even the highest of the weekly totals here noted frequently was exceeded in the course of Mr. Beverly's wearily continued months of exact enumeration. But—induced by his habitual conservatism to reduce his basic figures to the most cautious minimum—he accepted the result of his first four weeks as determinative: and thence drew the ultra-prudent conclusion, based on a simple arithmetical calculation ( $774 \div 28 = 27.64 \times$ ), that each waif would find (for caution's sake he ignored the appreciable decimal) not less than 27 hairpins a day.

"As conservatively planned by Mr. Beverly, the Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society would give employment, to not less than 1,000 waifs: whence it followed, as the result of a simple arithmetical calculation ( $27 \times 1,000 \times 28 = 756,000$ ), that the net lunar monthly total of hairpins reclaimed by waifs (again for caution's sake he ignored the now very considerably increased

decimal) actually would exceed three-quarters of a million. Adverting from the lunar monthly to an annual reckoning (admitting the previously ignored decimal, now so greatly augmented as no longer to be negligible; and allowing for the quadrennial increase, 27,640, incident to an extra day's collection) Mr. Beverly arrived, by a simple arithmetical calculation ( $27.64 \times 1,000 \times 365 + 27,640 = 10,115,640$ ), at the overwhelmingly convincing result that the 1,000 waifs, on an average, would reclaim—for conversion into merchantable iron, to be sold and the proceeds benevolently applied to the amelioration of their unhappy condition—not less, in round numbers, than ten millions of hairpins a year!"

Pausing for a moment impressively, the Colonel added: "These amazing figures, gentlemen—easily verified by any observant person who will devote a few days to hairpin counting—are a sufficient answer to the Doctor's characteristically coarse pleasantry as to one hairpin affording support for three waifs. I trust, indeed, before I go farther, that you, Doctor, will admit—and that you, Bishop, sympathetically will approve—and that you, Judge, from the standpoint of your exact legal training, will admire—the sane soundness, the severely uncompromising practicality, of Mr. Beverly's benevolent scheme?"

But the Colonel did not go farther. Receiving no response to his several appeals, he regarded his companions attentively—and perceived that, collectively, they were sound asleep. This fact also explained why no irrelevant interruptions—to his anticipation of which he had made caustic reference—had punctuated the latter portion of his discourse.



The First-Born

*In the eyes of the Parents*

*In the eyes of the Neighbors*



CLERK: "Have a straw for your ice-cream soda?"

CUSTOMER: "Haven't you any more big ones like Mr. Elephant is using?"

## The Old Marine

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

"YES, I were once a marine," said he,  
 "An' a most remarkable one.  
 An' you've little idee, from the looks of me,  
 Of the bravery deeds I done.

"But I stirred up sort of a jealous rage  
 In the buzzums of all the rest,  
 Till I had ter resign fer the good of the  
 line,  
 As the admiral thought were best."

"But it isn't an admiral's job," said I,  
 "To tell a marine to skid!"  
 He started slightly and answered politely,  
 "This kind of an admiral did.

"And you've no idee of the things," he  
 said,  
 "I seen in my long campaign,  
 From Mindaneco to Chiny and Rio  
 And all through the swamps of Spain."

"There ain't any swamps in Spain," said I.  
 He answered in tone serene,  
 "Hev I got ter explain there's mor'n one  
 Spain,  
 An' there's swamps in the one I mean?"

"But speakin' o' swamps—in the Philippines  
 The mud it comes down in showers,  
 And you'd certainly laugh ter see the  
 giraffe  
 I rode fer his wadin' powers."

"Giraffes in the Philippines?" I cried—  
 Perhaps I was too abrupt,  
 For he sorrowfully sighed and at length re-  
 plied,

"A gent doesn't interrupt.

"But speakin' of beasts—in the 'Strailian  
 bush  
 Is a thing called a Pattyplus;  
 One-half of it's bird, an' the rest—my  
 word!—  
 Looks terrible much like us.

"It can throw a stick called a rangaboom  
 With sech a peeculiar swing  
 That the thing it hits has curious fits  
 And runs around in a ring.

"But speakin' of runnin' around," said he,  
 "When you come to the isle of Guam,  
 The women you meet ain't got any feet,  
 And yet they is brave an' calm.

"An' my buzzum bleeds fer their helpless  
 state,  
 Fer none of 'em ever begs,  
 So I asks your aid fer a fund I've made  
 Fer buyin' 'em wooden legs."

"But I am a native of Guam," I said,  
 And he growled, as he shuffled by,  
 "I've wasted enough of expensive guff  
 On such a cheap sort of a guy."

### Her Original Intention

THE curly-haired little sprite of the house came running to her father in the study and, throwing her arms about his neck, whispered confidentially in his ear:

"Oh, papa, it's raining!"

Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters aside, so he said, rather sharply, "Well, let it rain."

"Yes, papa; I was going to," was her quick response.

### Keeping It Quiet

SMALL Caroline's home was unfortunately located in a very gossipy neighborhood, and, being an observant child, she had drawn her own conclusions. After an unusually naughty prank her mother sent her up-stairs to confess her sins in prayer.

"Did you tell God all about it?" she was asked on coming down again.

Caroline shook her head decidedly. "'Deed I didn't!" she declared. "Why, it would have been all over heaven in no time!"

### Not by an Alien

IT was a little Cleveland boy, American born, who rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanor.

"But, Tony, your father has a right to whip you when you are naughty," said his teacher, in an effort to uphold parental authority. Tony's big eyes flashed.

"I'm a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think I'm going to let any foreigner lick me?"

### His Hobby

A GENTLEMAN formerly attached to the American Embassy at London tells how an old country sexton in a certain English town, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at one tombstone and say:

"This 'ere is the tomb of 'Enry 'Ooper an' 'is eleven woives."

"Eleven!" exclaimed a tourist, on one occasion. "Dear me! That's rather a lot, isn't it?"

Whereupon the sexton, looking gravely at his questioner, replied:

"Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'is'n."

### His Epitaph

IN Zanesville, Ohio, they tell of a young widow who, in consulting a tombstone-maker with reference to a monument for the deceased, ended the discussion with:

"Now, Mr. Jones, all I want to say is, 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place."

"Very well, ma'am," said the stone-cutter.

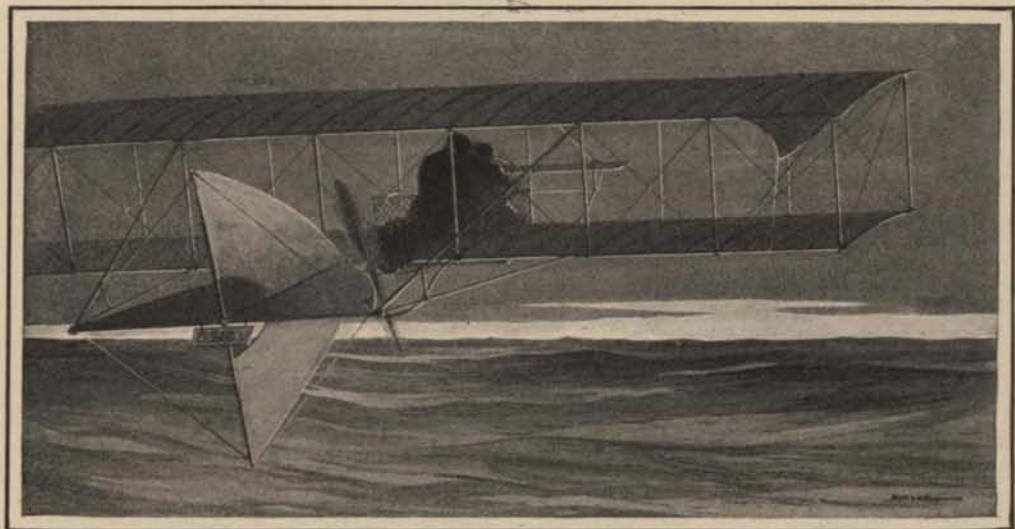
When the tombstone was put up the widow discovered, to her amazement, that upon it were inscribed these words:

TO MY HUSBAND. IN AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.

### For the Best

ETHEL. "Men are so lacking in self-control."

CLAIRE. "Don't become feverish about it, my dear. If they weren't, most of us would die old maids."



Getting Into Deep Water

## Asking Papa

AFTER calling faithfully for about a year, Percy finally managed to fulfil expectations by proposing, and was promptly accepted.

"Now, dear, I think you should go right in and see papa, and everything will be all right!" Alice remarked, fondly brushing a speck from his shoulder.

"Er, yes! Of course!" Percy gasped, looking yearningly toward the door.

"He's in the library—go right in!" Alice said, giving him a playful little push. "Of course he is fond of me, and may feel a little cut up, but I am sure you can convince him that our happiness depends on his consent. He was real rough with—er, that is, I mean, I am sure he will be just sweet about it!"

With his brain in a whirl, and regretting bitterly the occasions on which he had laughed—yes, actually laughed—at jokes, so-called, of young men who had been kicked down the front steps by large and unappreciative fathers, Percy entered the library. Subconsciously Percy noted that papa's shoes were of terrible thickness, and numbered at least eleven. He trembled, and tried to speak.

"Hello, Percy! Got through with it at last, have you?" Papa remarked, pleasantly. "Sit down and have a smoke. You young fellows certainly are slow these days! I was married three months after meeting Alice's mother. What's the matter?"

Percy had swooned away.

## Q. E. D.

A MEMBER of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."



Far from the Madding Crowd

## On the Face of It

A YOUTHFUL contributor to a Western journal one day received the manuscript he had a few days before sent the editor. Instead of the usual rejection slip, the young man was amazed to find the following brief note from the editor:

"I venture to observe that the superscription to your MS. seems best to express our reason for declining it."

The title-page read as follows: "His Great Sin, about twenty thousand words."

## And He Gave It

"YOU may say what you like against young ministers, but I have nothing but praise for our young pastor," the pompous Mr. Brown remarked, as he passed out of the church. "Nothing but praise!"

"So I observed," dryly retorted the deacon who had passed the plate.



*In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.*—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

## The Quarrel

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

NOW, Willie Johnson, yesterday,  
 He make a face at me, an' say  
 He's glad he ain't a little girl,  
 'Cause he don't have no hair to curl  
 An' his face don't have to be clean—  
 An' so I tell him 'at he's *mean*,  
 An' I make faces at him, too,  
 An' stick my tongue out! Yes, I do!

Nen me an' Willie Johnson *fight*.  
 I know 'at girls must be po-lite  
 An' never get in fights—but he  
 Got in the fight; it wasn't me.  
 An' so I tored off Willie's hat  
 An' give him just a little pat  
 Up 'side his face, an' he just cry  
 An' run home like he's 'fraid he'll die!

So pretty soon his mama, she  
 Comed to our house—an' *looked* at me!—  
 Nen goed right in where mama is—  
 She tooked 'at tored-up hat o' his.  
 An' Missus Johnson she just told  
 My mama lots o' things, an' scold  
 About me, too—'cause I'm outside  
 An' hear—th' door is open wide.

Nen Willie comed out wif his pup  
 An' say "Hullo!" So we *maked up*,  
 Nen get to playin' an'mal show—  
 His pup is a wild li'n, an' so,  
 W'y, he's a-trainin' it, an' I'm  
 Th' aujence mos' near all th' time.

An' nen our mamas bofe comed out.  
 His mama she still scold about  
 Me slappin' him—an' they bofe say:  
 "Hereafter keep your child away!"

An' nen they see us playin' there  
 An' they bofe say: "Well, I *declare!*"

# Old Age a Condition

Really within Control

To a Great Extent

A man with a healthy body  
feels young, whatever his years.

The Secret of retained youth is in the food that builds and sustains the body, and a healthy mind.

The elasticity and "bound" of prime manhood is designed to last through after years.

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New York June 21, 1910

Mrs. G. Hervey Walker,  
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Very respectfully,

A. A. Vantine & Co.

Per *H. J. Lawrence*  
Secretary.

## This Letter

has a message for you.

It was written by one of the world's greatest authorities on rugs, to a woman who wanted to know how best to care for them.

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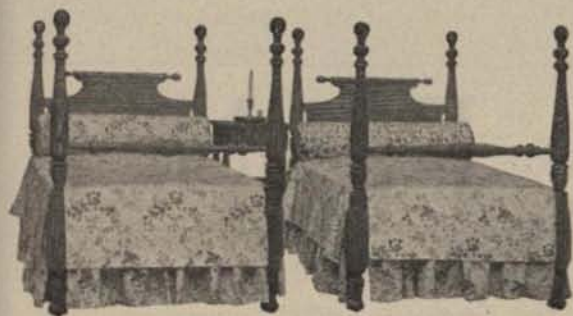
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Ten years ago a man who imported much fine foreign furniture for his fellow Americans decided to make American furniture the standard of the world.

This man has doubled his facilities over and over again, until he now has the largest and most perfect workshops of their kind in the world—making COWAN CABINET WORK—and yet he is not supplying one-tenth of the demand which will arise when all the people know about Cowan furniture.

He is planning to double his workshops again and again. The old way would have been to advertise conservatively and wait years. The modern way is The Cowan Special Offer, to Induce Immediate Acquaintance with Cowan Furniture.

The Special Offer for September is the Cowan Colonial Four Poster Bed (the famous old pineapple pattern shown herewith) on which we offer you a saving of \$17.50 on the single, or \$27.50 on the double size. This offer holds good for the month of September only.

The beds are shown in our own retail store in Chicago, and by all the stores throughout the country where Cowan furniture is sold. If you do not know the nearest Cowan agency, the name will be furnished upon request, or you may order the beds by mail direct from the Cowan shops.

There is only one Cowan quality. You can buy other four post beds of similar appearance at our reduced price or near it, but do not do so expecting to get Cowan quality. You will be disappointed. These beds no doubt are worth what is asked for them. The whole point of our special offers is that whatever we offer will be worth much more than the price at which we offer it temporarily.

Hundreds of Cowan beds of this famous old pattern are now in the finest American homes, and they have been sold uniformly heretofore at \$55.00 for the single, and \$65.00 for the double size. They cannot be sold for less, at a profit, and will not be sold for less after September 30th.

During September we offer them for \$37.50 in either single or double size.

The beds are of the very finest of selected solid mahogany, each board selected for its beauty of grain and texture. The posts are *hand* carved and the head board is *five-ply* mahogany, veneered upon solid mahogany, to prevent warping.

We sell our special offerings to our agents at less than our shop cost to enable them to fulfill the terms of this offer. We make the same offer through our retail store and by mail, F. O. B. Chicago, to make the opportunity nation-wide.

We make these offers solely to stimulate your *first* interest in Cowan furniture. Once interested, we know you will do as hundreds of others have done—furnish your home entirely with it—all at once if you can—piece by piece if you must.

There is no other furniture like it, and no other *fine* furniture made in a sufficient number of patterns so that a home may be furnished entirely with it.

The Cowan line now numbers more than a thousand patterns, all in mahogany or Circassian walnut, reproduced from the masterpieces of historic design—Sheraton, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Adam, American Colonial, etc.

You can take advantage of the September special offer *only* in September. Call upon our nearest agent if you know him, or write to us at once for information. Dresser, dressing table, chiffonier, costumer, commode and cheval glass to match can be had if desired.

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They have listened to people who literally knew nothing whatever of music play the Pianola Piano with a beauty—an expressiveness—a brilliancy of execution only surpassed by the greatest pianists.

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But not all these people will exercise the care they should when they come to make their purchase.

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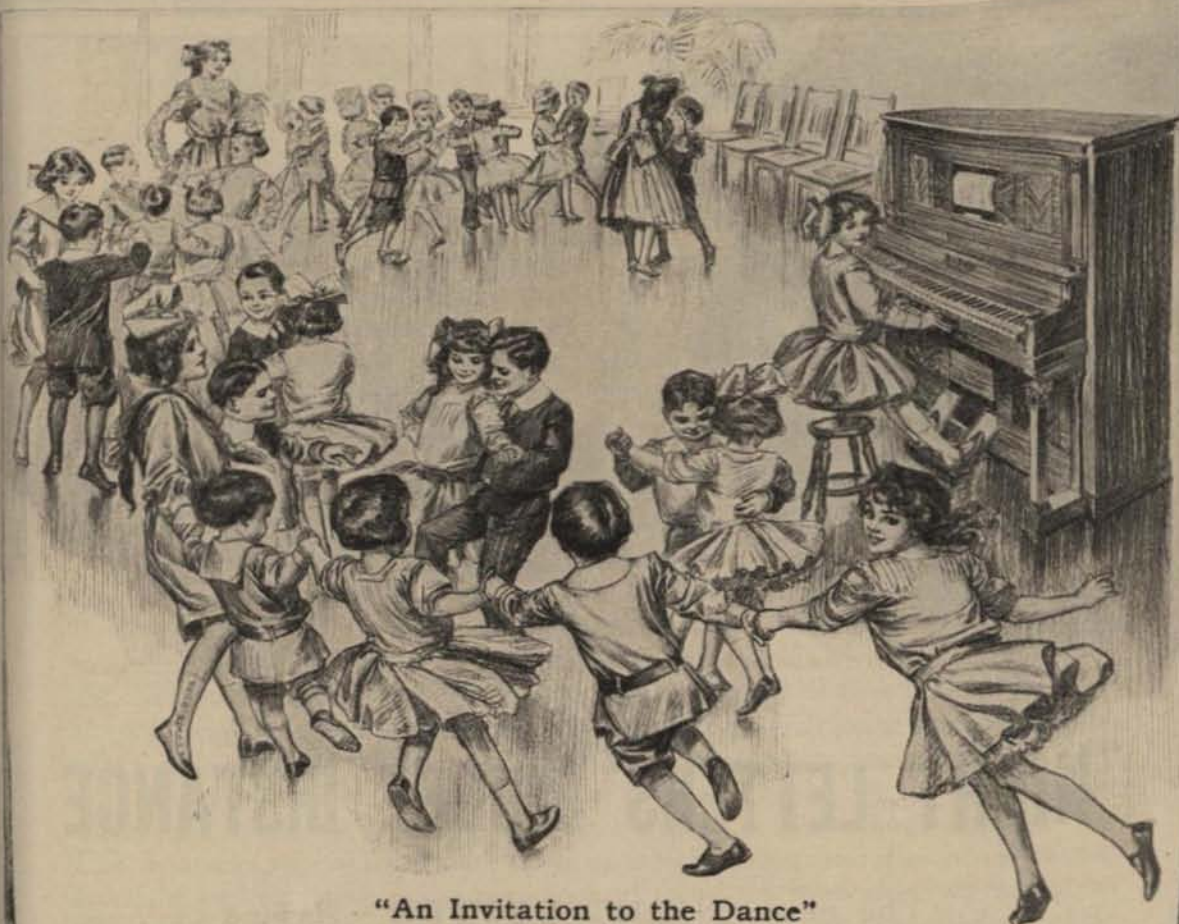
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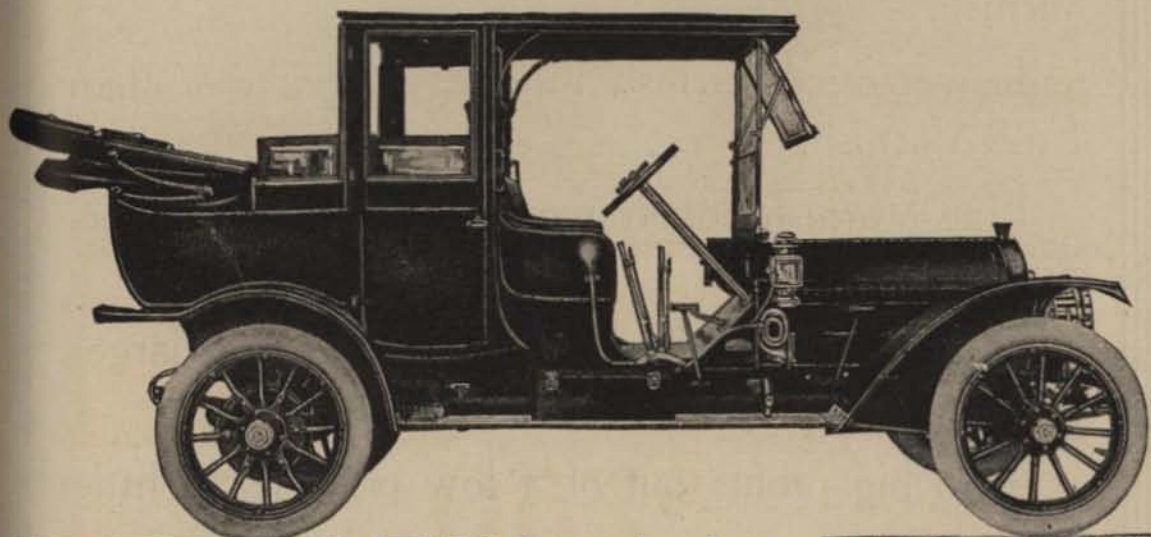
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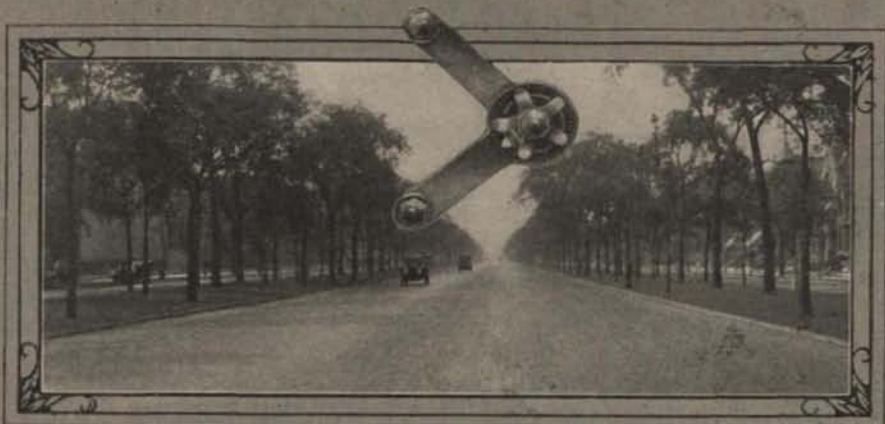
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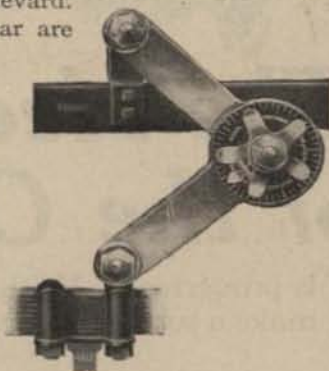
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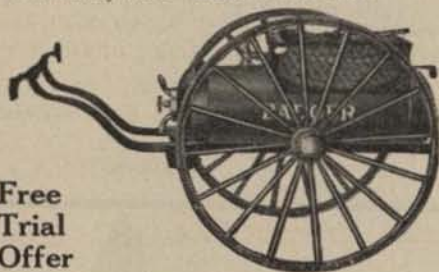
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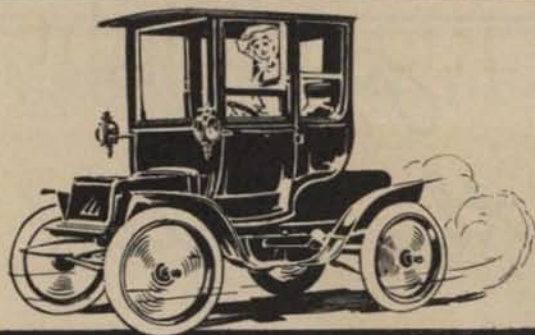
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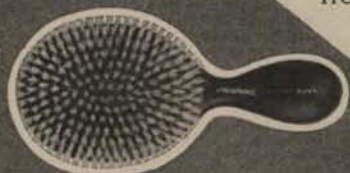
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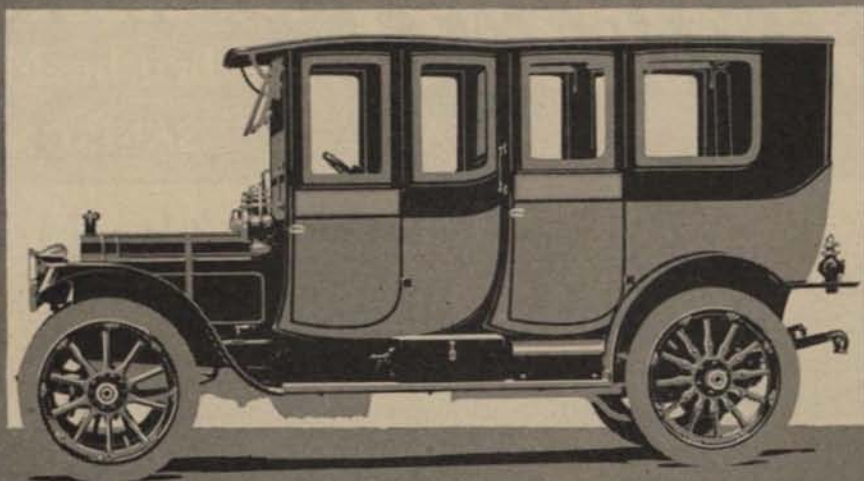
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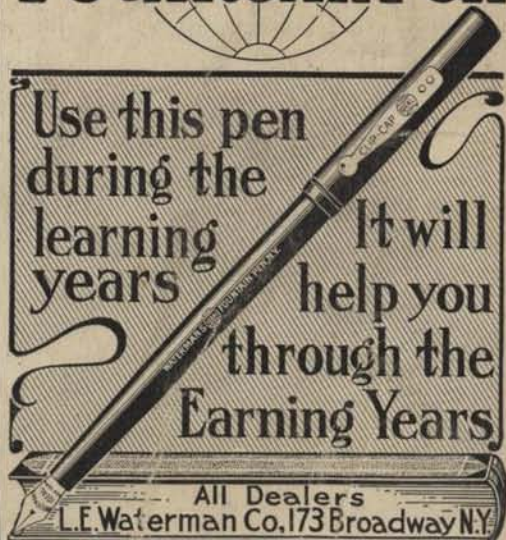
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