



HARPER'S MAGAZINE



JANUARY

IN MEMORY OF JEAN
BY


MARK TWAIN

1911

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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For FEBRUARY

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The First Americans

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, of the Department of Geography of Yale University, writes of his discovery of the home of an ancient people who may definitely be considered to have been the first Americans. Mr. HUNTINGTON found the ruins of their dwellings in Arizona, and presents with great clearness and interest his reasons for believing that this long-vanished race were the first inhabitants of our country.

Increased Efficiency in Business Through Scientific Management

TO secure the greatest efficiency with the least waste of effort is the secret of industrial success. Interesting advances are being made along these lines to-day. WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT tells of the remarkable results that are being accomplished in this direction through scientific management, how it increases efficiency, decreases waste, and results in a material advantage to both employer and employee.

Baltimore, the City of Homes

PROBABLY a larger percentage of the population of Baltimore live in houses and fewer in flats and tenements than in any other large American city. It is pre-eminently a city of homes, and, incidentally, one of the most dignified and aristocratic of American cities. HARRISON RHODES writes of the city and its people. His article is accompanied by etchings by C. H. White and drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey.

In the Orkney Islands

FEW travellers of to-day visit that interesting group of islands known as The Orkneys and lying to the north of Scotland. MAUDE RADFORD WARREN recently visited them for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. She writes delightfully both of places and of the strangely simple and primitive people.

7 Unusual Short Stories

THERE are some wonderful stories among them—some by famous writers and some by authors who will one day be famous. Among those represented are ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER, NORMAN DUNCAN, MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY, BELLE LAVERACK, and ANNE WARWICK.

Mrs. DUDENEY's story is illustrated with pictures in color by Howard E. Smith.

Margaret Deland's New Serial

"THE IRON WOMAN"

What Others Say of HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM WINTER

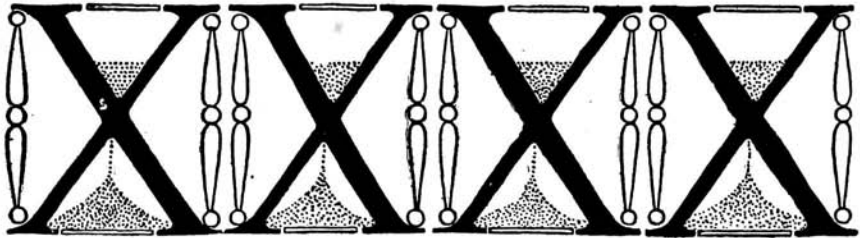
In the February CENTURY begins the series of articles by William Winter on "Shakspeare on the Stage." Each article will be devoted to some great character—Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Henry VIII, Richard III, and Shylock—and the series will cover completely and interestingly the appearances of all the greatest actors of the stage in these different parts. The article on Hamlet, which will be printed in the February CENTURY, will contain illustrations of many of the great Hamlets of the world, including Kemble, Garrick, Charles Keene, Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, and Mounet-Sully.

MEN WHO FLY

No magazine has paid more attention to the subject of flying than has THE CENTURY. Some of the older readers will remember Edmund Clarence Stedman's article on "Aerial Navigation," printed in the February, 1879, number of this magazine, with its illustrations—which might almost stand for pictures of the dirigibles of to-day. For many years after 1879 little advance was made in flying, but within the last few years THE CENTURY has printed many articles on the subject, and has kept abreast of the times.

Do not miss "A Record Voyage in the Air," by Augustus Post, in the present number.

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CENTURY MAGAZINE

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From Dr. Cook's latest
photograph taken at
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No-
vember, 1910, for Hamp-
ton's Magazine.

Dr. Cook's Confession.

"Did I get to the North Pole? ** I confess that I do not know absolutely. * * Fully, freely, and frankly I shall tell you everything."

—From Dr. Cook's Own Story in Hampton's Magazine for January.

Since the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dr. Frederick A. Cook in November, 1909, until the publication of this series no word has been received from this man who stood so conspicuously for a brief while before the world, the recipient of unprecedented honors. Why did Dr. Cook disappear? Was not this a tacit admission that he had presented a fraudulent claim to the discovery of the North Pole? Or did he ever possibly believe in himself? Where dur-

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¶ Among the notable articles in the January number are:

A Government of Law or a Government of Men? *H. H. Lurton*
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The Crusade for the Child . . . *Olivia Howard Dunbar*

The Music of Loeffler . . . *Lawrence Gilman*

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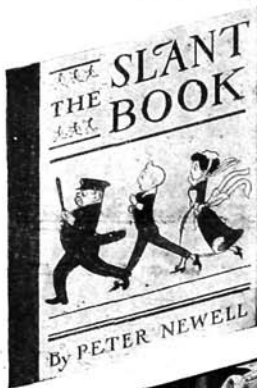
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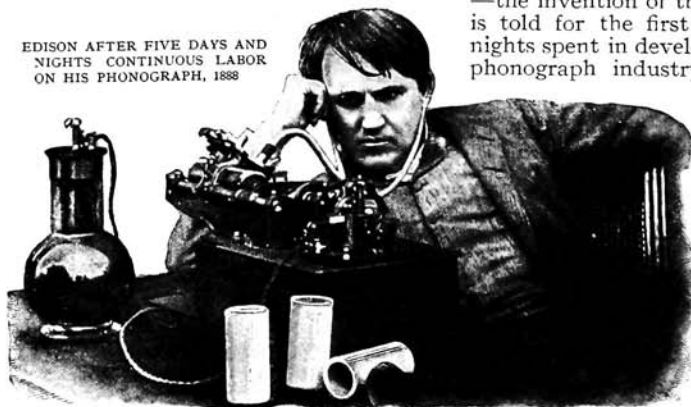
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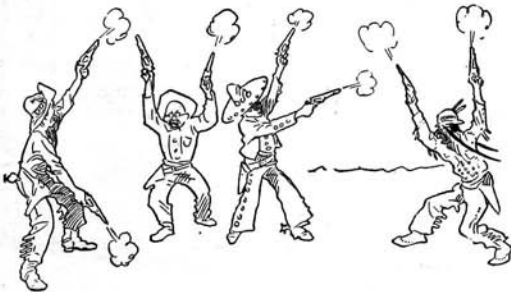
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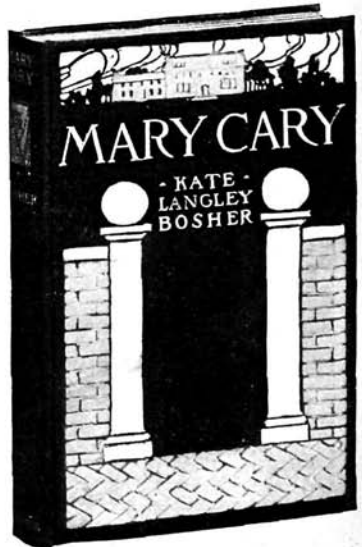
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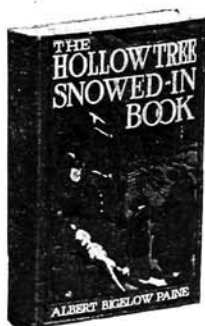


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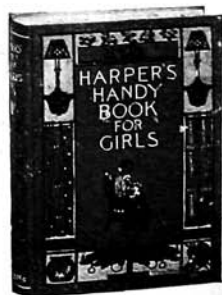
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Harper's Bookshelf

A BOOK that may be recommended not only to the religiously minded, but to all who love poetry and find in it inspiration for life, is *A Manual of Spiritual Fortification*, by Louise Collier Willcox. The author tells us in her preface that the book was begun as a personal manual—a collection of true and brave thoughts expressed in verse, for her own use and satisfaction. The work, therefore, has the advantage of sincere selection. As usual when this is the case, the scheme turns out to be much more successful than would be anticipated. Nothing is included that hasn't something of direct personal appeal. Many a reader will experience the thrill of discovering in some verse of this volume the exact spiritual thought that his mood requires nobly expressed. More than this, the basis of selection is for several reasons a good one. It excludes what is trivial, vague, or merely pretty. It includes some of the greatest poetry in the language; for great poetry is almost inevitably spiritual in tone, and conversely the religious sentiment has sometimes found its most eloquent expression in secular verse. In reading these poems, which are taken from the entire range of English literature, one traces the progress not of religious thought, but of religious feeling. This is interesting historically, but it is more interesting humanly. The reader feels the current of human emotion that runs through the ages. The most ancient verses have the same direct understandable appeal as the modern ones. Thus the volume amply fulfils its aim as a manual of spiritual fortification; for nothing



LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX
Author of *A Manual of Spiritual Fortification*

is more inspiring than to feel the common bond of feeling that unites us even with the remote past. Moreover, as in every collection made sincerely and upon a true basis, the poems react upon one another to produce a greater warmth of appreciation in the reader. Collected they have a greater human, a higher literary value than they would have if scattered or otherwise classified. Hence the book is unintentionally something of a literary manual. To read it through is to have one's appreciation of poetry in general deepened. Such classification as Mrs. Willcox has undertaken is fertile and instructive; for a set course in literature can hardly do more than place various writings in their true juxtapositions. The sensitive reader who knows how bad a collection may be will be grateful to the author for her taste and devotion. The range of selection is very wide. Among the poets whose works are quoted are Spenser, Raleigh, Beaumont, Sir Philip Sydney, Shakespeare, Herrick, George Herbert, Milton, Wordsworth—of more modern poets, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, and many others. Some of the verses are anonymous, and many are such as one would not be likely to meet in an ordinary course of reading; yet these may be precisely the ones which will appeal most to the individual. The volume is adequately annotated, but quite free from impertinent comment. Mrs. Willcox has given us a good book—one that has permanent value and a real reason for being.

Those who read *Pa Flickinger's Folks*, by

Bessie Hoover, and remember what a pleasure it was to meet in that story some real working people without the slightest flavor of artificiality about them will gladly welcome Miss Hoover's new novel entitled *Opal*. Opal, it will be recalled, is the youngest daughter of the Flickinger family. She has grown to young ladyhood now, and in the opinion of Ma Flickinger has become "too finicky to live." The change seems to be due in part to her high-school education and in part to her "beau," Sefton Woods, who has too much style for the Flickingers, they think. Poor Opal tries hard to civilize her family a little by improving their grammar and their table manners, but of course this is just what her patient overworked mother and her honest,

where the cat rubs against it. Nevertheless the Flickingers are good, kind people and one loves them the better for their limitations. Even in their continual bickerings they are delightful because the bickerings are so natural and unavoidable, and the makings-up are so kind. They quarrel because they don't understand, and they make up in spite of not understanding, which is more than some more cultivated folks can do. Sensitive Opal; big, domineering Bill, the married son; dowdy, complaining Jule, the married daughter; taciturn, gawky Jed, Opal's younger brother—these and the rest of the family and friends are real individuals, just as natural and just as surprising in their naturalness as people are in real life. In the midst of them Ma Flickinger toils to bring order out of chaos. Her children are older now than they were in *Pa Flickinger's Folks*, but to her they are all young-ones still, and indeed they remain quite child-like, as is the way with people who live simply. They are something of a trial, and one feels with Ma when she says: "I never—in all my life—ast a young one what they was doin' that they didn't answer back, Nothin'."



BESSIE HOOVER
Author of *Opal*

They are deliciously plain-spoken. Ma Flickinger says of her grandson: "He's all heels and holler, as his grandpa says, and when I add stummie there you have Butch's aughterbiography—all there is to him." Jed gives an equally honest and accurate description of Willie Briggs, a delightfully priggish young man who is "sweet on" Opal. "He's a smug little tyke," says Jed, "but he's really a good boy, jest like he thinks he is." When Willie joins Opal, however, in her work of uplift and begins to assume a loftily critical air toward her family, the girl's pride is stirred, and she indignantly refuses his patronizing offer of marriage. All the same, the rumor gets started, through the irrepressible Butch, that Opal and Willie are engaged. This leads to an estrangement with Sefton Woods, a really manly fellow. Sefton sensitively withdraws, and Opal cannot understand.

plain-spoken father cannot understand or endure. There is real pathos in Opal's efforts at reform, though one likes the parents no less because they don't and can't respond to them. They continue not to have napkins or a table-cloth, except when there's company, and they keep the coffee-pot on the floor

There isn't too much plot—the story is one of those that are not too good to be true—but it is a story of real human feelings, and Opal's romance never loses its appeal from its timid beginning to its "story-book ending." Ma Flickinger doesn't want Opal to

have "beaux"; she wants her to be a teacher. "Teachin' beats gettin' married all holler," she tells her. So the girl suffers much well-meant persecution, but in the end she learns to appreciate her family as she never had before. Through kindness and a sort of rough-and-tumble good sense everything is happily settled at last, and the story leaves a most pleasant impression, for it is shown, not in any cut-and-dried fashion but convincingly, that everybody is the better for the grotesque mistakes that have been made and overcome. *Opal* is a cheerful, truthful, and very genuine story. It abounds in homely incidents, pathetic and ludicrous, and the dialogue—not dialect, but just plain talk—is refreshing in its directness and unexpectedness. It is a really original story, too, without a trace of conventionality or bookishness, and the reader will not soon forget the picture it gives of factory folk in a not too citified Michigan town.

Mark Twain wrote in his brief preface to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*: "Huck Finn is drawn from life; Tom Sawyer also, but not from an individual—he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew, and therefore belongs to the composite order of architecture. . . . Although my book is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account, for part of my plan has been to try to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt, thought, and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in." These words, so modest and wise, are better than any appreciation of *Tom Sawyer* that any critic could write. They get to the root of the matter and show just what a book like *Tom Sawyer* should be. The boys are real boys. Tom Sawyer—the "composite"—is the representative of all boyhood. Nothing better can be said of him than that he is entirely satisfactory in that capacity to the boys who read about him. Huck Finn, who is drawn singly from life, is the most complete and natural individual of all the boys of fiction. One can't find a touch of the author's interpretation of character in Huck; he is all absolutely real and alive. Moreover, the book does most notably succeed in pleasantly reminding grown-ups of what they were when they were boys, and it has taken

rank among the rare few which appeal to readers of all ages. The demand for a really fine edition of *Tom Sawyer*, which has been steadily increasing during recent years, has at last been satisfied. The new edition has been illustrated by Mr. Worth Brehm, who went to Missouri and spent some time in the actual localities, in order that the atmosphere might be absolutely correct. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the pictures. Within their limits they tell the story as well as the text tells it. Tom and Huck and Injun Joe and the rest are drawn to the life—or rather, what is far more difficult, in a manner to amply satisfy the conceptions of the most ardent lover of Mark Twain's story people. Even the cat in the scene where Tom gives the pain-killer to "Peter" is a real cat from the tip of his tail to his laid-back ears as he imbibes the potion. Though there is never a touch of caricature, the picture of Tom having stage-fright in the midst of "Give me liberty or give me death," is a humorous story in itself. There are sixteen full-page illustrations in all, making the book a pictorial joy.

The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book, by Albert Bigelow Paine, illustrated by J. M. Condé, is as satisfactory as the new edition of *Tom Sawyer* in its combination of good text with good pictures. Mr. Paine a number of years ago wrote *The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book*, of which the present volume is a continuation. Mr. Paine's stories suggest *Uncle Remus*, but the resemblance is not very close—not close enough to make comparison in the least disadvantageous either way. Only, the *Uncle Remus* tales are the only stories about animals to which one can refer to convey an idea of how good, how quaint, and how humorous these stories of Mr. Paine's really are. They are not written in dialect, but in that simple, familiar style that children—and grown-ups, too, perhaps—like best in the long run. "Once upon a time there was a Big Hollow Tree with three hollow branches. In one of these there lived a 'Coon, in another a 'Possum, and in the third a Big Black Crow." This is how *The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book* began. Here again is the same Hollow-Tree house in the fascinating *Deep Woods* of dreams, and here are the same delightful animal folks. Mr. 'Coon tells how he came near being a part of a

HARPER'S BOOKSHELF

menagerie; we learn of the early doings of the hollow-tree people and how they found a home; Mr. Rabbit tells all about himself and his family history; there is an interesting account of the Snowed-In Literary Club; Mr. Robin tells the remarkable tale of the discontented fox; Mr. Bear, Mr. Crow, and many others contribute to the entertainment



ZANE GREY
Author of *The Young Forester*

by telling the strange and true experiences of themselves and their friends. In it all there is an indescribable atmosphere of adventure and cozy story-telling. It is impossible to do justice to a good story for children in a review. It is enough to say that the boys and girls like Mr. Paine's stories, and they are the best judges. The illustrations, scattered everywhere through the volume, have a homely naturalness and a prankish humor just as hard to describe as the flavor of the stories themselves.

Zane Grey, who wrote *The Heritage of the Desert*, opening up a fresh field for romance in the cañon country of Arizona and Utah, has put a part of his very extensive knowledge of the West, and a great deal of his skill and imagination as a writer, into a story for boys called *The Young Forester*. The so-called "Wild West story" has an everlasting fascination for boys, and there seems to be no reason why this kind of tale should not be made as sound and wholesome as any other variety of juvenile fiction. Hamlin Garland's *The Long Trail* shows how exciting and true to life a boy's story of adventure in the wilderness may be, without being in the least sensational. It is always pleasant to find an author who can write so that grown-up readers appreciate and praise his work, putting his best into a story for children. This is what Mr. Grey has done in *The Young Forester*. His knowledge of the country he writes about cannot be questioned. He inspires the same confidence in the genuineness of his descriptions as Hamlin Garland in *The Long Trail*, or Frederic Remington in *Pony Tracks*. He has camped and hunted through the wilderness in which his scene is laid. He has chased wild horses and helped Buffalo Jones, the old hunter and plainsman, to lasso mountain-lions. The story of his own experiences in the West and elsewhere would make an exciting narrative if told in autobiographic detail. It is evident that in writing this story he has remembered that he was a boy once himself and loved adventure in the whole-hearted and hopeful manner of all boys. His hero is a lad who goes to join a forest ranger in Arizona, so as to learn forestry and become a ranger himself. He and his friend become involved in a quarrel with timber-thieves who are stealing from government lands. A thrilling series of happenings follows, with all the adventures of pursuit and ambush and fights and captivity. Trout-fishing and deer-hunting, experiences with mountain-lions and an encounter with a grizzly bear are among the minor incidents. The result is victory for the plucky young woodsman, the final episode being a forest fire, in which the resourcefulness and self-control of the boy are put to severe test. The tale impresses the importance of forestry and shows how the rangers work. It is far better fiction than the majority of boys' stories.

C. H. GAINES.

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An Unpublished Talk with Napoleon

BY THOMAS BINGHAM RICHARDS

Thomas Bingham Richards, whose remarkable account of his interview with Napoleon is here presented for the first time, was an English merchant of well-known family. He was born in 1786 and was actively engaged in business in London until 1826, when he retired to his estate near Tunbridge Wells, where he died in 1857. The original diary is in the possession of the author's nephew, Mr. Henry Richards, of Hythe, Kent, from whom this manuscript was secured.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was the topic of conversation at Leghorn with every stranger who arrived there in November, 1814. I found the distance from Porto Ferrajo was only sixty miles. We considered ourselves good sailors and did not shrink from the passage. Every one assured us he was affable and of easy access. Those who had seen him expressed the greatest satisfaction. We thought seriously of it. We met a Mr. Douglas, son of Lord Glenberrie, and a Mr. Fazakerly, member for Lincoln, at Mrs. Fraser's one morning. They had just returned from the island. The former had an audience for an hour; the latter, with a Mr. Vernon, was several hours with Napoleon in his garden of San Martino. They strongly advised us to go. Napoleon conversed about the Scotch nobility with Mr. Douglas, apparently much interested, and well acquainted with the subject. Douglas having a red face and looking much older than he was, Napoleon said to him, "You are forty years old?" "Excuse me, I am only twenty-three." "Then you drink?" "Oh no; wine costs too much with us on account of the taxes." "Well, Mon-

sieur, you are in a country where you can drink as much of it as you please, for it is very cheap."

Fazakerly said he conversed freely with him upon the subject of his expedition to Egypt in 1793, and his views in undertaking it. He spoke of his battles as "des beaux spectacles," alluded to his change of fortune with the most perfect indifference, and talked like a historian, except that he used the first instead of the third person.

One of these gentlemen remarked to him that the fire of Moscow had spoiled his campaign in Russia. "Yes; but has history ever told of such a fire? I could not have expected it." He spoke of the Emperor Alexander of Russia as "faux et fou"; said that he, Napoleon, was pledged to the Poles, and therefore he engaged in the last war. One of the gentlemen asked him why he had not made peace at Dresden. "I was still strong enough to hope to do better." "Why not on the Rhine?" "I was then too weak, I should have had to sacrifice France; she could make peace, not I."

Speaking of the affair of Vandamme's defeat, he remarked: "How could I expect that a born soldier would fight in

the plains, when I had ordered him to hold the heights?" This reproach was severe.

They all described his manner as very pleasing. He appeared to prefer listening to talking and enjoyed the conversation of travellers, particularly of those who had been in the Levant and Egypt.

Thus the anecdotes we heard, the facilities before us, and the hopes of being able to go and return in three or four days induced us to hire a Leric felucca and get our passport countersigned by my old friend Lieutenant-General Spannochì, the Governor of Leghorn, who much approved of our curiosity.

A friend gave us a letter for General Bertrand and procured one from Madame Fillipi to her sister, Madame Vantini, the lady of the Emperor's chamberlain. The friendly reception Napoleon gave to the Englishmen seemed accounted for by the manner in which one of our officers, Colonel Campbell, had assisted in protecting him from insult during his journey from Fontainebleau, and the handsome behavior of Captain Usher

and his officers and crew during the passage to Elba.

In the course of the summer, too, his mother arrived at Leghorn to embark for Porto Ferrajo. She was insulted by the populace and much puzzled to get away in safety. In this dilemma a friend of mine asked her if she would object to embarking on an English vessel of war, then in the Roads, provided he could procure a passage for her. So far from having any objection, she was much pleased with the proposal. My friend applied to the English consul, who saw the captain of the vessel, telling him who it was that required his protection and a passage to Elba. The captain, whose name I do not recollect, offered both, and she was conveyed to her son in a style worthy a person of the highest rank. The deck of the vessel was covered with an awning made of the colors, and the entertainment on board was such as might be expected from the liberality of a British officer.

It must be observed that this was a voluntary mark of attention, proceeding entirely from the captain's own feelings,



HOME OF NAPOLEON ON THE ISLAND OF ELBA
From an Old Print

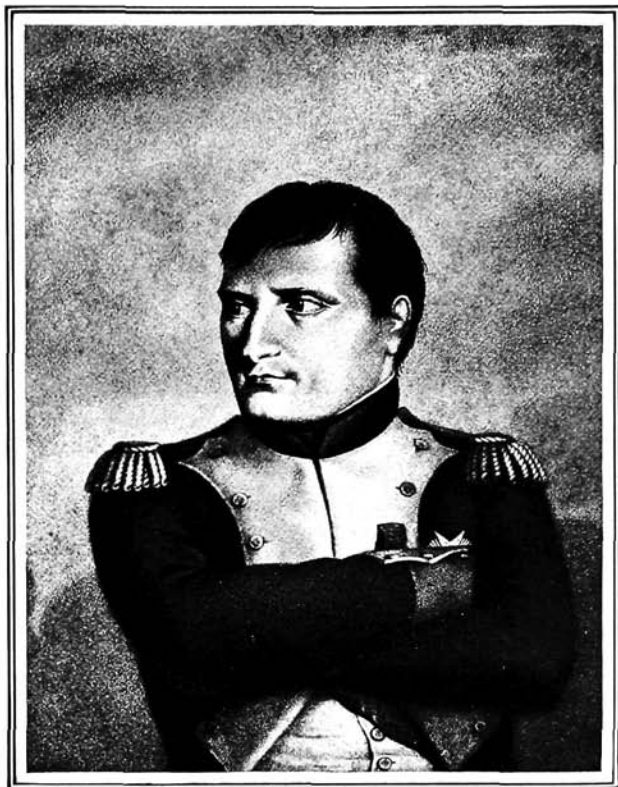
and surely it had its due influence over those of Napoleon.

I do not exactly remember to whom he used those extraordinary words, "They thought I would kill myself—blow my brains out—I had no such intention; my career is not ended." They must strike the person who heard them, for truly *his race was not run*.

We sailed on the 25th of November, 1814, and arrived at Porto Ferrajo after a tedious passage of twenty-six hours.

General Count Bertrand's secretary, M. Sannonier, said that Napoleon was generally in better humor with those around him than he used to be in Paris; the Count's words were, that he did not give way so much to moods, and he added: "You will see none, be sure.

He is very gracious to strangers, and especially to Englishmen. His own secretary says that he is sometimes very angry and speaks crossly, and like an absent man forgets himself. He walks up and down the room, dictating quickly. The scribe writes after him as fast as he can, supplying such words as he does not hear distinctly. He never makes an observation upon this, taking it for granted, apparently at least, that the words are written as he uttered them. He dips his pen to the bottom of the inkstand, be it full or empty, and blots the table very much in bringing it to the paper. When he is indisposed, his remedy is a warm bath, in which he will stay for hours, and close confinement to his room, admitting no one.



EMPEROR NAPOLEON

Drawn by Vigneux, engraved by Henry. Print belonging to the Count Primoli, of Rome, and bearing the following interesting testimony written by the Prince Gabrielli himself, a relative of the Emperor: "Only portrait of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte that resembles him; bought in Paris by the Prince, Don Pietro Gabrielli, in December, 1809."

"He indulges much, enjoys his bed like a child, covering himself up almost entirely."

Just before our arrival he had been watching the progress of a stage, building within the walls of a church. He remarked that the arch over the proscenium was not quite correct. The architect could not see any fault. Napoleon maintained that something was defective. In a few days after, it gave way and fell down.

Madame Vantini told us that he called his own residence "mon Tuileries," and his country house "mon Fontainebleau," with great naïveté. She said he took no care of himself, going frequently about his grounds without hat in the rain, standing in the cold half dressed,

regardless of currents of air. They upbraided him for such carelessness, but he does not pay the least attention to them. She said that in August last she went to his hermitage near Marciana with other ladies to spend the day with him. In the course of it, the weather being very hot, he stepped into a stream of limpid water above his knees, and leaning forward, he amused himself for some time in opposing the current with his hands and beating the water about. He seemed absorbed in thought, laid himself on the bank and slept for two hours. When he awoke he seemed dull and uneasy in his mind, noticing no one. They urged him to change his dress, but he refused. At six o'clock the evening air was cool and induced him to put on a dry suit.

Madame Vantini spoke of him as being very affable and desirous to see his visitors amused. He prevailed upon them to dance one evening at the Princess Pauline's, which greatly delighted him.

He dined with his mother every Thursday. He called on General Bertrand daily, and was desirous to condole with him and his lady on the loss of a child which died just before we arrived; Napoleon was the only person admitted for some days.

Some young Englishmen from Leghorn had one day placed themselves in a passage by General Bertrand's door, waiting to see Bonaparte. The guards drove them out: they persisted. He came by and expressed great displeasure at the guards, telling them the English might place themselves anywhere.

He frequently conversed with Englishmen whom he met in his morning rides, and asked them to see what was doing in his garden. If they had travelled much, he contrived to detain them a long time in conversation. He always enjoyed the society of those who had been in Egypt. He did not take wholesome exercise voluntarily while I was in Elba. His friends complained of it. The carriage went for him every day at noon, and he usually drove out for four or five hours. I never saw him on horseback; he was not fond of riding. It was thought the exertion was too great for his comfort; he required some

one to assist him to mount, from weakness in the loins. His walk was heavy and labored, almost a waddle. Horses were placed in his way to tempt him to ride, but without success.

He frequently forgot or neglected to sign papers left with him for that purpose, and had sometimes fits of apparent indifference to all around him. He occasionally stopped short in dictating upon a particular subject, and never returned to it. His secretary said that in such cases he did not attempt to recall his memory so that he might continue the subject.

It was said that he wrote and read a great deal in the summer at his country residence. He did not appear to have any particular pursuit while I was in Elba.

He breakfasted at nine, sat some time at it, transacted business relating to the island, drove out at noon, dined at five, and had a party at home in the evening, or went to his mother's or the Princess Pauline's. He generally retired to rest at eleven. I never saw him among his soldiers or at the reviews. He did not appear to enjoy such matters on a small scale. I expected he would, and General Druot said that he used every possible means to attract him by placing the band, at the relief of the guard, near his window to remind him of Paris and the Place de Caroussel, but it had not the desired result.

He would sometimes walk from his palace to the Lodge and converse with the sentinel, continuing to walk to and fro with his hands behind him. I never saw a frown on his countenance; often a pleasing smile. For an Italian, his countenance appeared open; an Englishman might not think it so.

Marshal Bertrand sent a letter for me to take to Paris—another was sent by the Princess Pauline. As the latter was a thick one, I remarked to M. Sannonier that I supposed there were letters enclosed in it from the Emperor. "I know nothing about that, I received it from the Princess's physician; the seal bears her cipher and the crown."

The conduct of the Princess Pauline in visiting her brother was applauded, while that of the Princess Elise (La Bacciocchi) was blamed. She had been

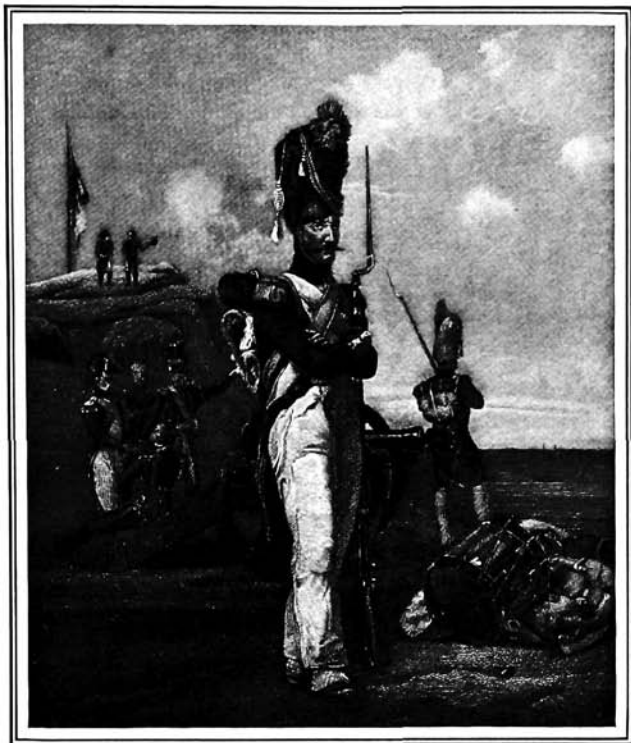
expected in Elba—great preparations were made at Rio by M. Pons, director of the mines, to receive her. She did not come. When urged to perform the promise she had made, she said: "No; since he has learned to fall let him rest where he is."

I had imagined it was easier to obtain an interview with this specimen of fallen greatness than I found it to be in reality; chiefly for want of knowing the form of application. Having a letter of introduction to Marshal Count Bertrand, I thought it sufficient to mention my wish to him and that he would do the needful. As, however, I did not see any result, I spoke to Signor Vantini, for whom I also had a letter. He promised to do his utmost for me, assuring me that I should certainly be introduced to the Emperor, one way or another. He also supposed my application to Bertrand was sufficient for the purpose.

In order to serve me more promptly he applied to General Druot, the governor. I was then told that I must address a letter to this general expressing my desire, but not to mention any name in it.

I wrote accordingly in a polite style, giving the Emperor his title, requesting the honor of an interview for my sister and myself. I took my letter to General Druot, who received me kindly. We conversed together for half an hour, chiefly upon commerce and the effects of the peace upon it. He said he would lay my letter before his Majesty and send me an answer.

I learned afterward that he did so, and the Emperor said, "I will see them." Druot, however, did not give me that answer at the time, waiting for his Majesty to fix the day and hour.



NAPOLEON AT ELBA

From an engraving after Horace Vernet. Napoleon is shown in the background with one of his officers looking out to sea

I expressed surprise to every one that I had not heard from General Druot. Our patience was nearly exhausted. We therefore called upon the general, who assured us that the Emperor had been very unwell for several days, and saw no one, but that we should be the first he would see.

Several days passed; we were asked by every one whether we had seen the Emperor. Our friends were surprised we had not, as the Princess Pauline had actually named the time when we were to be received.

The 3d of December was the day Napoleon had fixed, but General Druot



EMBARKATION OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. RAPHAEL FOR THE ISLAND OF ELBA
From a Contemporary Print

was absent at Porto Longone, which was assigned as the reason why we had not been admitted on that day.

On Sunday, the 4th of December, soon after we had breakfasted, the governor called to say that his Majesty would receive me at eight o'clock in the evening of that day.

"And my sister?" said I. "He has not named her," was the reply. "My application was for both; can I take her?" "He could not say more than he thought it was an omission of the Emperor's, owing to his having forgotten her." I then asked him about dress. He said, "If you *have* buckles, you may as well wear them; if not, you need not be particular." My sister determined to accompany me at all events, and General Bertrand's secretary gave an opinion which confirmed her resolution, for he was certain his Majesty uttered the words, "Je les verrai," meaning both.

We agreed that she should go up to the palace with me, remaining in the anteroom, when I might mention her in the course of conversation, leaving Napoleon to do as he liked. The governor

said he should be at the palace and I must ask for him. We dressed as for a full-dress party; my sister wore everything English; I mention this because he complimented her upon her dress. At eight o'clock we walked up to the great gate of the palace. We had some trouble to find the door, as it was merely a window in the right wing, cut down.

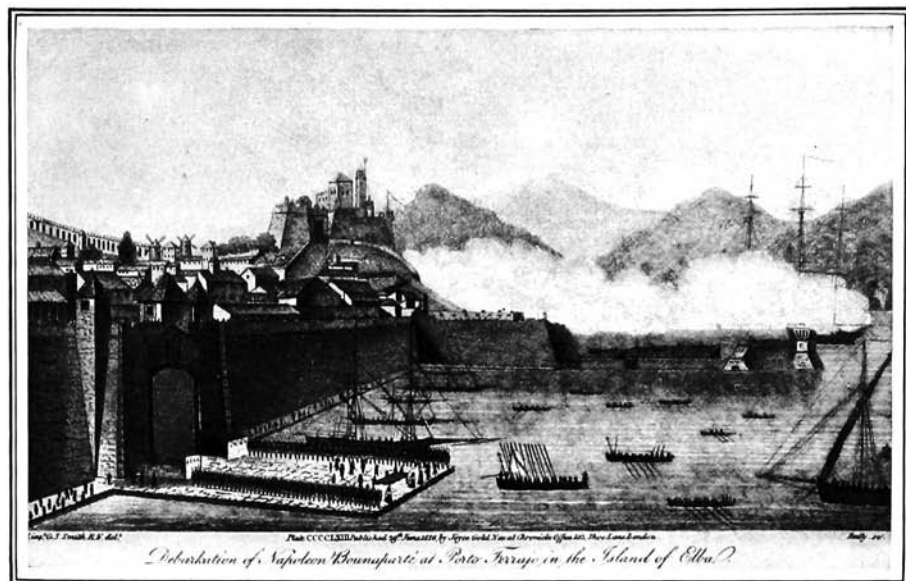
There were several servants in a small hall. We were shown into an anteroom, hung with good prints of Morghens in plain neat frames. There was a rush-bottomed sofa and some chairs. The governor came to us: I apologized for having brought my sister. He said: "You have done well; I will sit with her while you are with his Majesty."

He left us, and in an instant returned to take me into an adjoining room, in the middle of which Bonaparte was standing. The door was shut behind us: we were alone. I bowed on approaching: he looked toward me in a most friendly manner, saying:

"Is this Mr. Richards?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"From what part of England do you come?"



DEBARKATION OF NAPOLEON AT PORTO FERRAJO
From a Contemporary Print

"From Warwickshire."

"I do not recall the name of that province."

"It is in the centre of England."

"Do they make hardware there?"

"Yes, at Birmingham."

"What is your business?"

"I carry on the London business on my own account, and that of Birmingham on my father's."

"The Italians complain that you do not give them credit as formerly."

"Pardon me, we give them some credit, but not so extensively as we used to, certainly. The reason is that the old-established houses no longer have their former reputation; their names remain, it is true, but neither the foundation nor the capital of former times."

"Did I do your commerce much harm?"

"Not so much as you were told. It has found other very satisfactory outlets."

"Ah, the Spanish affair opened up the Indies to you?"

"Yes; they had been jealously closed against us until fate procured for us relations with that country, where we have entered into transactions of some magnitude."

"But you did badly at Buenos Ayres?"

"Yes, at the beginning, because we did not know the needs of the country, so as to adapt our exports to them, but the goods that we have given them gratuitously, in order to create new wants in that country, are coming back to us now in the form of established trade. Several London firms have established branches there, and they are so absorbed in their extra-European relationships that they could not re-engage in European commerce without much preparation."

"The peace has done you no good, then?"

"I see no reason to rejoice in it so far. In a little while the products of the French islands will create much competition in the Mediterranean ports."

"But should you look for such a competition in time of peace?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that, in the circumstances under which peace was concluded, we yielded more to the Bourbons than we would have yielded to you if you had remained on the throne of France."

"And why?"

"It was our belief that you would have

been content with your Continental system, and we should not have thought of giving up to you an unlimited number of islands, as we have just done."

"Your licensing system was bad?"

"Yes, and we changed it."

"There was plenty of spurious paper in circulation?"

"Yes, but for one of ours there were ten of yours. There were some very clever counterfeiters."

"Were you in Paris while the Treaty of Amiens was in force?"

"Yes."

"Did you find it definitely changed for the better?"

"You had had some splendid buildings constructed, with bridges and several other very useful things. I must particularly praise the Simplon route, which I passed through in a single day, while thirteen years before I traversed it in an English carriage, and it took me four days and cost me twenty-five louis for transportation."

"You found it pleasant, then. And how about the Mont Cenis route?"

"I have not traversed it; I shall return that way."

"Good; you will find that pleasant also. Were you received favorably in France?"

"Very favorably and amicably. It was enough to be an Englishman to pass anywhere."

"How about the soldiers?"

"At first we thought that they looked upon us with disdain and coldness, but we found that this was only the military air, which gave them an aspect of unsociability."

"I have always been well satisfied with them. And did the people seem to you dejected after the recent episodes?"

"Not at all; I found them lively and animated."

"And the Bourbons—are they popular?"

"I think so—at least I heard no remarks against them. They try to please everybody."

"You think, then, that that is the case because nobody says any evil of them. But do you believe that affairs will actually remain in this condition?"

There was much of interest in this question. We had moved toward a cabi-

net, he holding my button. I was rather puzzled, and said:

"Yes, I think so. They are trying to retain as far as possible the military spirit that you left in the country, and the goodness of the Duchess of Angoulême will contribute much."

He asked news from the Congress at Vienna. At this time I was somewhat tired of so much questioning, and in hopes to produce a change I mentioned my sister. He continued, however, to converse respecting his iron-mines, wishing to establish furnaces for melting the ore, for which purpose he would require coal. He asked me whether it would pay to bring coal in ballast and exchange it for iron ore. He said our iron was not so apt to convert into steel as that made from the Elba ore; and he gave ready remedies for the difficulties I stated relative to the landing of coal and the shipment of the ore, adding that if it could not be managed well on his own coast, he would send the ore to Leghorn and take back the coal in the same lighters.

He said repeatedly the ore must not go to France. He conversed much about the extent and produce of his mines. I mentioned my sister again, who was waiting in the anteroom.

He said, "Very well, let her come in." I went to the door and brought her in. She has made a memorandum of his conversation with her, which was upon the subjects of books, theatres, music, dresses, travelling, and such like. She was much delighted with his courtesy and attention.

When the interview was over, we were shown out by the governor most politely.

It was upon my return to the Continent that I became aware of the consequence which my interview with Napoleon had given me. I was sought out and invited by many persons and questioned with interest by all classes. All wished to hear a correct account of the great man's health, manner of living, etc. At Florence many anecdotes about him were related. Among them was that of his conversation relative to the Duc d'Enghien.

Bonaparte said: "This young man appealed to my feelings; I wanted to save

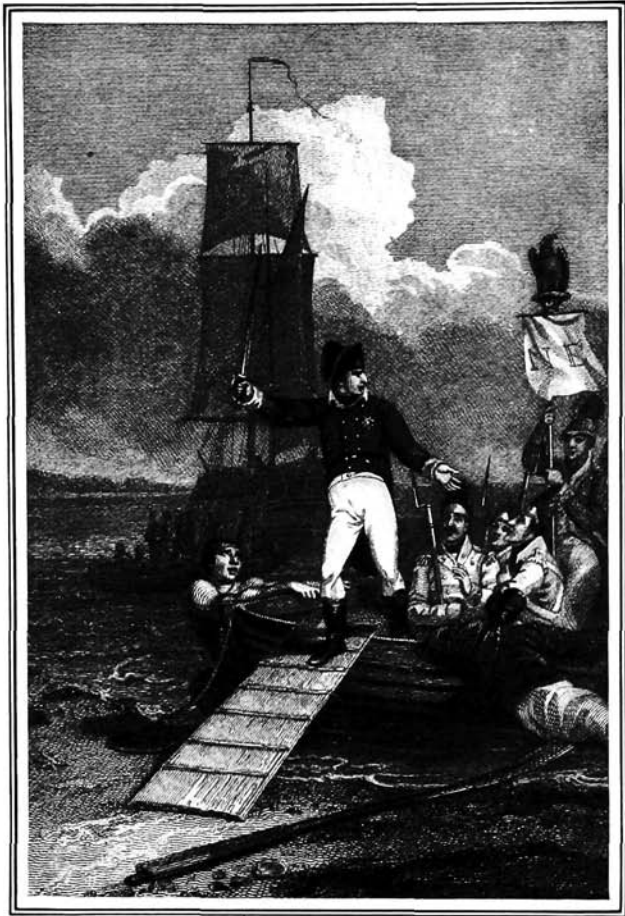
him, but it was too late. Talleyrand had formed the plan of making away with all the Bourbons—he was the only one of them to fall into his hands. I did not wish for his death.”

I did not hear that he said more upon this subject, and the way it was introduced was by himself putting the question to some one of our travelling gentry, what was the greatest possible prejudice against him in England. The answer was, “The death of the Duc d’Enghien.”

On the 16th of December I met Colonel Campbell at a concert at Florence, in which city he usually resided. I inserted in my journal these words: “Either this gentleman fancies Napoleon does not need watching, or that if left to himself he can do no harm. I hope the Colonel is not neglecting his duty.”

It was commonly observed the Colonel was a very easy guardian, but at the same time all were of opinion that his office was superfluous, for Napoleon’s career was run, and he would not find friends to support him even if he did feel inclined to try his luck once more on the political stage. At Milan I found so many enthusiastic admirers of him that I was convinced he would be well received there. On entering France, near Chambéry, I was most politely treated by the *douaniers*, because I gave them several details respecting him. Not a package of my baggage was opened.

At Lyons all spoke well of him. At



NAPOLEON LANDING IN FRANCE AFTER HIS EXILE
From a Contemporary Print

one party a lady rose from her seat and crossed the room to embrace my sister; directly she heard that she had conversed with Napoleon. This was done in presence of an assemblage of respectable people, not one of whom disapproved of such a manifest token of attachment to him.

I thought it strange that people should say so much in favor of Bonaparte and never mention the Bourbons; when, indeed, these latter were the subject of conversation no one seemed disposed to continue it.

Thus were my eyes opened before I reached Paris. I must have been truly

blind not to have seen there the embers ready to burst into flame. Complaints were general that the Bourbons withheld the stipend agreed upon for Napoleon. Inquiries about him were frequent and anxious. Those who had seen him since his exile were invited to parties, and also those who had resisted the Bourbons the longest; such men were the most in vogue in society. Sentences in praise of Bonaparte were written on the walls of coffee-rooms. Portraits of him hung in many apartments, and where they did not think it right to show them so openly, they brought them to me to give an opinion on them and show that they possessed them. In short, I became literally annoyed with the press of questions which even strangers sought me out to put, so that I said, "Buonaparte, Buonaparte, et toujours Buonaparte." Not one word could I screw out of a Frenchman in praise of his king. I remarked this to friends, who merely observed, "He is as good a fellow, no doubt, as we could find in his government." It seemed to be the glory of a Frenchman to talk of Napoleon and his works. The utmost they said against him was that he pushed the matter too far in attempting to conquer Russia, which was a pity, for, had it not been for that, he would have been the greatest monarch in the world.

I was introduced to Admiral Verhuel, General Lauriston, and other persons high in office, in order that I might give them an account of Napoleon. I found invariably that a favorable one was most agreeable to them. I made so sure of it that I did not think of giving any other. I made the most of his situation in Elba, painting his life there in glowing colors, for I knew this was most gratifying to their feelings.

The Comte de Sémonville, Grande Référendaire of the House of Peers, was invited to meet me at a banker's. He was an able politician and a very clever man. He told me that Augereau met Bonaparte at Valence on his way to Elba, and went to him immediately. Napoleon said to him as he approached: "And you, Augereau, you betrayed me." "Sire, conditions forced me to take the side I took." "Do not speak of it; I carry your proclamation here," putting

his hand on the left breast. "Go; I have nothing to say to you."

I met at one party a Genoese of distinction who had been called to Paris by Napoleon to occupy some place in the government, and who still retained it under Louis XVIII. He told me that a young *protégé* of his was sent to Fontainebleau with some papers for Napoleon's signature. He arrived there about an hour after the abdication was signed. Napoleon was walking in the gallery of the palace, he saw the young man approaching, and knew what he wanted. "You have come too late; take back those papers; I cannot sign them. But you are Genoese; go to the Emperor of Austria and do all that is possible to serve the interests of your country; take care that no one sacrifices it." The youth mentioned this conversation, and I was told it was acted upon; not, however, as the event has shown, with much effect.

The Comte de Sémonville told us that his lady was staying at the Baths of Aix in Savoy with Bonaparte's mother about two years and a half ago. The city of Chambéry had one day presented a complimentary address to Madame Mère upon some birthday or other family event of rejoicing, setting forth in most glowing colors the prosperity and happiness of all her children. The old lady did not seem to appreciate this flattering unction to a mother's soul, for she said: "They call me Madame the Joyous Mother. I assure you, Countess, that I am no more happy in my children than others. You are behind the curtain—one can talk freely with you. There is my poor Pauline, for example; she suffers from a malady [cancer] from which she will never recover: I am very unhappy on her account." She mentioned things relative to the inattentive husbands of her other daughters, Caroline and Eliza, which were bars to their happiness. Then she spoke of Jerome and Lirus as being like fish out of water when they attempted to govern kingdoms, feeling convinced they would have been happier men as "simple individuals."

Of Lucien she said: "He is in England. He has quarrelled with his brother. I never see him. I am not happy on his account. Joseph is King of Spain, but

such a king that if he wants to go hunting he is surrounded by soldiers, and when he fires in front of him somebody else fires behind him. Really, Madame la Comtesse, I am not the happy mother that they make out." The Countess then named Napoleon. "Ah, yes, yes, so far as Napoleon is concerned I should be happy; he is a good son and loves me, but he keeps my life in constant suspense, for he has the desire to lie on a bed of straw and to stuff a candle into the midst of it. As for me, I do not know how long I shall be allowed to wear the lacquer that I now have."

This dialogue was much improved by the provincialisms of the lady, which savored strongly of Marseilles.

Bonaparte's escape from Elba in March, 1815, reconvulsed the Continent and upset my plans. The peace which ensued after the battle of Waterloo

opened a channel to me which led to good results, in the Agency for Noblemen and Gentlemen who travelled on the Continent, more particularly to Italy, where they purchased objects of art, antiques, and curiosities of every description. These were sent to me in London to pay the duties and all charges upon them, and to deliver them to their owners for a fair remuneration in the shape of a commission.

The prospects before me encouraged me to marry at the close of 1816. I took a good house near the Foundling Hospital, where I resided about twenty years. Having a prosperous business and being without children, I spent my gains liberally and hospitably among my relations and friends, my chief object being to give them pleasure and to be of use to them after the manner of such as reside in large cities whose relations and friends live in the country.

The Resurrection

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE dead arose. How they had dreamed,
 Deep in the grass of the still grave,
 Of meeting their beloved once more!
 They knocked at each familiar door—
 They waited eagerly to see
 The old loved faces at the door;
 They waited for a voice to say
 The same old words it said before—
 They knocked at each familiar door.

But no one answered to the dead,
 No voice of welcome, no kind word—
 Only a little flower came out,
 And one small elegiac bird.

“Parisienne”

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

“At least,” said the Comtesse, still staring at the brisk fire in the steel grate—“at least he saw them with his own eyes.”

She was thinking aloud, and Elsie Gray, her distant relative and close companion, only looked up without reply. The Comtesse’s face stood in profile against the bright appointments of the fireplace, delicate and serene; the tall salon, with its white panels gleaming discreetly in the light of the candles, made a chaste frame for her fragile presence. The window-curtains had been drawn to shut out the evening which shed its damp melancholy over the Faubourg, and to the girl the great, still room seemed like a stage set for a drama. She sat on a stool beside the Comtesse’s chair, her fingers busy with many-colored skeins of silk, and the soft stir of the fire and the tick of a little clock worked themselves into her patient thoughts.

“He was to come at nine, I think,” said the Comtesse at last, without turning her head.

“Yes,” said Elsie, leaning forward to look at the little clock. “It still wants twenty minutes.”

The Comtesse nodded slowly; all her gestures had the gentle deliberation of things done ceremonially.

“It is not much longer to wait, is it?” she said. “After twenty years, one should be patient. But to think! Tonight, for the first time, I hear of Jeanne from one who saw her at the end. Not a lawyer who has sought out the tale and rearranged it, but one who knew. You see, Elsie?”

Elsie put a hand on her arm, and her little thrill of excitement died out at once.

“Yes,” said the girl: “I see, but you must be tranquil.”

“I will be tranquil,” promised the Comtesse. “I will have consideration for my heart. It is only the waiting which tries me.”

“And that is nearly at an end.” Elsie released her arm, and the Comtesse turned again to the fire. The tick of the clock renewed its tiny insistence; the great room again enveloped them in the austerity of its splendid silence. The girl returned to the silk strings in her lap. She knew the occasion of the Comtesse’s sudden emotion; it was a familiar tale, and not the less familiar for being told in whispers. She had heard it first when she came from her English home to be the Comtesse’s companion. It had been told to her officially, as it were, to guide her in her dealings with the Comtesse. A florid French uncle, with a manner of confidential discretion that made her blush, had been the mouthpiece of the family, and from him she had learned how Jeanne, the Comtesse’s half-sister, had run away with a rogue, a man who got his deserts, an officer in a regiment stationed in Algeria.

“Eventually he committed suicide, but before that there were passages,” the French uncle had said. The dreadful word “passages” seemed to contain the story, and he gave it an accent of unspeakable significance. “The Comtesse has suffered,” he told her further. “It was a sad affair, and she had much tenderness for Jeanne.” And that, at first, seemed to be the whole of it, though once or twice the uncle checked himself on the brink of details. But on this evening the tale was to be told afresh. There had arrived from Africa one, Colonel Saval, who had served with the sorry hero of poor Jeanne’s romance; he had known him and dealt with him; and he was appointed to come to the Comtesse in the quality of eye-witness.

He was punctual, at all events; the little clock was yet striking when the gaunt footman opened the door and spoke his name. The Comtesse looked up, and Elsie Gray rose to receive him; he advanced and made his bow.

“Madame la Comtesse?” he said, with a faint note of inquiry. The Comtesse’s inclination answered him. “Madame la Comtesse honors me. I am happy to be of service.”

He bowed to Elsie, who gave him “good evening”; the footman set forward a chair for him and withdrew. His white hair stood about his head like a delicate haze; under it, the narrow, wise face was brick-red, giving news of his long service under the sun of North Africa. He was short and slight, a tiny vivacious man, full of charming formalities, and there was about him something gentle and suave, that did not quite hide a trenchant quality of spirit. He stood before them, smiling in a moment of hesitation, half paternal, wholly gallant.

“Madame la Comtesse is suffering,” said Elsie, in the spacious French idiom. “There is little that she can say. But she thanks Monsieur most sincerely for giving himself this trouble. But please be seated.”

He was active in condolences at once. “I am most sympathetic,” he said seriously. “And for the *trouble*”—he flicked it from him—“there is no trouble. I am honored.”

The Comtesse bowed to him. “Monsieur is very amiable,” she murmured.

He hitched up his chair and sat down, facing the pair of them. His shrewd eye took the measure of the Comtesse and her infirmity, without relinquishing a suggestion of admiration. He was a man panoplied with the civil arts; his long career in camps and garrisons had subtracted nothing of social dexterity. There was even a kind of grace in his attitude as he sat, his cane and hat in one hand, with one knee crossed upon the other. He spent a moment in consideration.

“It is of the Capitaine Bertin that I am to speak? Yes?” he asked, suddenly.

The Comtesse stirred a little in her chair. “Yes,” she answered, in a voice like a sigh—a sigh of relief, perhaps.

“Ah!” He made a little gesture of acknowledgment. “Le Capitaine Bertin! Then Madame will compose herself to hear little that is agreeable, for it is a tale of tragedy.” His eyes wandered for a moment; he seemed to be renewing and testing again the flavor of memories.

Under his trim mustache the mouth set and grew harder. Then, without further preamble, he began to speak.

“Bertin and I were of the same rank,” he said, “and of much the same age. There was never a time when we were friends; there stood between us too pronounced a difference—a difference, Madame, of spirit, of aim and even of physique. Bertin was large, sanguine, with the face of a bold lover, of a man noticeably gallant. I recall him most vividly as he sat in a café behind a little round table. It was thus one saw him most frequently, with his hard, swarthy face and mustaches that curled like a ram’s horns. In such places he seemed most at home, with men about him and cards ready to his hand, and yet—has Madame seen the kind of man who is never wholly at his ease, who stands forever on his guard, as it were? Bertin was such a one; there were many occasions when I remarked it. He would be in the centre of a company of his friends, assured, genial, dominant; and yet, at each fresh arrival in the room, he would look up with something furtive and defensive in his expression. I have seen deserters like that, but in Bertin it lacked an explanation.

“And there was a further matter yet. He was my fellow officer; I saw him on parade and at mess; but his life, the life of his own choice, was lived among those who were not our equals. How shall I make that clear to you, Madame? In those days, Europe drained into Algiers; it had its little world of men who gambled and drank much and understood one another with a complete mistrust; it was with such as these that Bertin occupied his leisure. It was with them that his harshness and power were most efficacious. Naturally, it was not pleasant for us, his colleagues, to behold him forever with such companions; the most of them seemed to be men connected with one sport or another, with billiards, or racing, or the like; but there was nothing to be done.”

The Comtesse shifted slightly in her chair. “He *had* power,” she said, thoughtfully.

The little Colonel nodded twice. “He *had* power, as Madame observes. He had many good qualities—not quite enough,

it is true, but many. There were even those that loved him, dogs, horses, waiters, croupiers, and the poor women who made up the background of his life. I have thought, sometimes, that it is easy for a man to be loved, Madame, if he will take that responsibility. But what befell Bertin was not commonplace. He returned to France on leave, for six months, and it was then, I believe, that he first met the lady who became Madame Bertin?"

He gave the words the tone of a question, and the Comtesse answered with a slow gesture of assent.

"Yes, I have heard that it was so," said the Colonel. "Of what took place at that time I can tell nothing, naturally, and Madame is no doubt sufficiently informed. But I saw him—I saw them both—within a week of their return. Upon that occasion I dined at a hotel with two friends, Captain Vaucher and Lieutenant de Sailles. Bertin, with some friends and his wife, was at a table near by. She was the only lady of the party; her place was between an Englishman, a lean, twisted man with the thin legs of a groom, and a Belgian who passed for an artist. It was de Sailles who pointed them out; and, in effect, it was a group to see with emotion. The lady—she was known to you, Madame? Then the position will be clear. She was of that complete and perfect type we honor as the Parisienne, a product of the most complex life in the world. She was slender and straight—ah! straight as a lance, with youth and spirit and buoyancy in the carriage of her head, the poise of her body, the color upon her cheeks. But it was not that—the beauty and the courage—that caused her to stand out among those men as a climbing rose stands out from an old wall; it was the schooled and perfected quality of her, the fineness and delicacy of her manner and expression, the—in short, the note of breeding, Madame, the unmistakable ensign of caste. The Englishman fidgeted and lounged beside her; the fat Belgian drank much and was boisterous; Bertin was harsh and rudely jovial and loud. It was as though she were enveloped in a miasma.

"So that is what Bertin has brought back," said Vaucher, slowly, as his custom was.

"It is a crime," said de Sailles.

"I wonder," said Vaucher, and drank his wine. He was much my friend, a man with the courage and innocence of a good child; but his thought was not easy to follow. He gave Bertin's group another look under puckered brows, and then turned his back on it and began to talk of other matters. I might have known then that—but I must tell my tale in order.

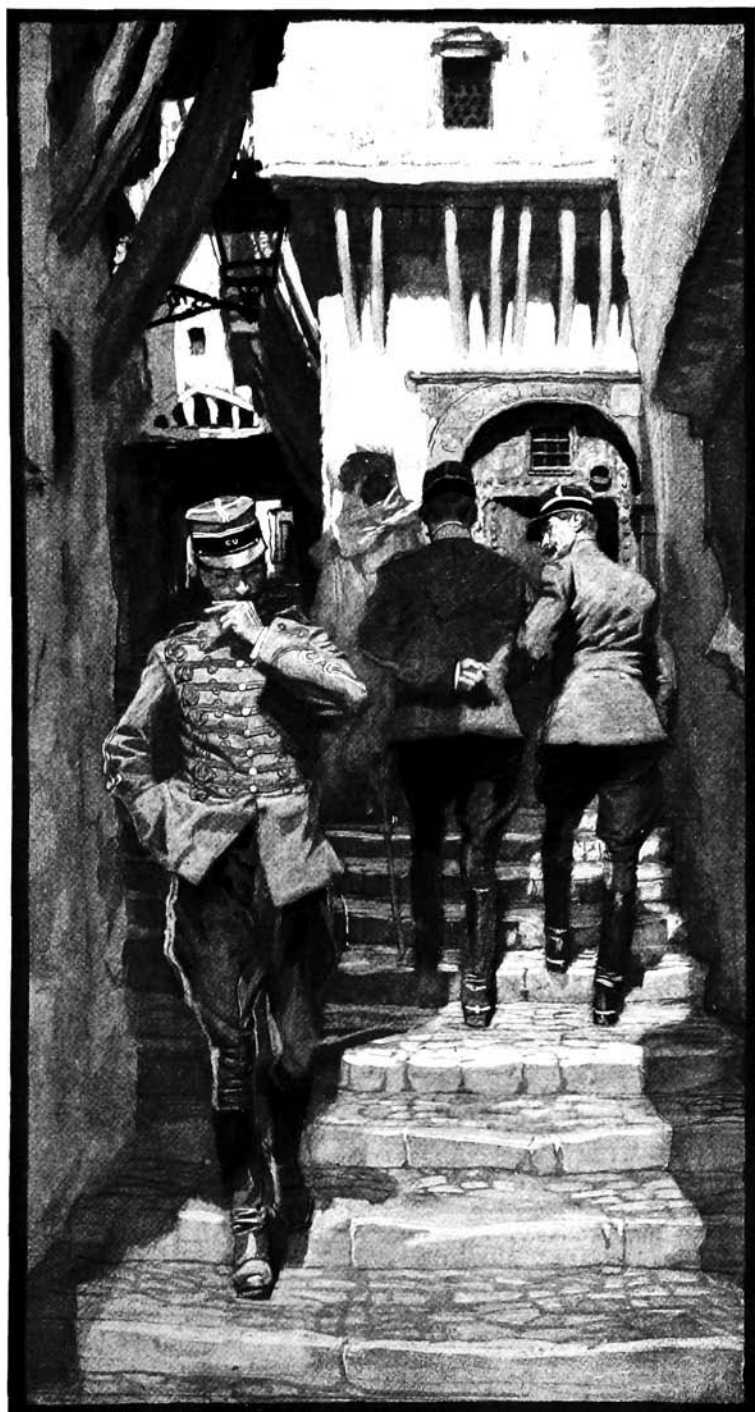
"Bertin was not wise—if it were nothing more—to bring such a wife to Algiers. It turned eyes upon him. Those who had been aware of him merely as a man of low tastes now began to notice his particular actions. He had a house in a certain *impasse*, and one night there was a brawl there—an affair of a man drunk and angry, of a knife drawn and some one stabbed. Before it might have passed; our discipline was indulgent; but now it took on the shape of a scandal. It was brief and ugly, but it marked a stage passed in Bertin's career. And it was only two days later that Vaucher came to me in my quarters with a manner at once deprecating and defiant. He sat in my armchair and laughed quietly before he spoke.

"I am looking for friends," he said: 'for a pair of friends.'

"Then, of course, I understood. I bade him count on me. 'And there is also de Sailles,' I reminded him. 'He has a very just taste in these affairs. But who is our opponent?'

"It is Bertin," he answered.

"I was astonished, and he told me all. It was an episode of quixotry, a thing entirely imprudent and altogether lovable in him. It chanced that on the evening of Bertin's little—er—fracas, Vaucher had passed by the *impasse* in which Bertin lived. He had heard the scream of the man with the knife in him and paused. It was a dark night, and in the *impasse* there was but one lamp, which stood near Bertin's door. There was a babble of many voices after that scream—shouts of fury, the whining of the would-be assassin, and so on; he was about to pass on, when Bertin's door opened and a woman slipped out and stood listening on the pavement. Her attitude was that of one ready to flee, terrified but uncertain. As the noises



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

MOST OF US WERE PASSING HIM WITHOUT RECOGNITION

within died down, she relapsed from her tense pose and showed her face to Vaucher in the light of the lamp. It was Madame Bertin. She did not see him where he waited, and all of a sudden her self-possession snapped like a twig you break in your fingers. She was weeping, leaning against the wall, weeping desolately, in an abandonment of humiliation and impotence. But Vaucher was not moved when he told me of it.

“‘That I could have endured,’ he said. ‘I held my peace and did not intrude upon her. But presently they brought the wounded man down-stairs, and Bertin came forth to seek a *fiacre* to take him away. She heard him ere he came out and gained thus the grace of an instant. There was never anything in life so pitiful, so moving, as the woman’s strength that strangled down her sobs, dried the tears at their source, and showed to her husband a face as calm as it was cold. He spoke to her and she gave him a word in answer. But’—and he leaned forward in my chair and struck his fist on the arm of it—‘but that poor victory is sore in my memory like a scar.’

“All that was comprehensible. Vaucher was a man of heart. ‘But what is the quarrel?’ I demanded.

“‘The quarrel!’ he repeated. ‘Let me see; what was it, now?’ He had actually forgotten. ‘Oh yes. He spoke to me. That was it. He spoke to me and I desired him not to speak to me for the future, of course.’

“Madame, up to the time when I went with Vaucher to the ground, I had not given a thought to the issue of the affair. I had taken it for granted that Bertin would go down; at such seasons, one is blinded by one’s sense of right. It lasted not two minutes. They fought with the small-sword—our custom at that time. Though it was early in the morning, there was a strong sun; it made a flame on the blades as they saluted before engaging. Bertin was very sober and serious, but one had only to glance at him to perceive a very heat of wrath masked under his heavy countenance. Vaucher was intent, wary, full of careful purpose. Their blades touched. ‘Allez!’ There were a couple of moments of fencing, of almost formal *escrime*, and then

Vaucher lengthened his arm and attacked. Bertin stepped back a pace, and, as Vaucher advanced, he slashed with a high open cut, and it was over. Vaucher threw up both hands and came to his knees. I remember that I stood, unable to move, staring aghast at this end to the affair; while Bertin threw down his sword, turned his back, and went to where his clothes lay. At that moment he seemed as vast against the morning sky as a monument, as a sphinx carved out of a mountain. He had spoken no word.

“We took Vaucher back to the city. It was a cut in the head. Madame shall be spared the particulars. I think he is living yet, but it was the end of him, none the less.”

The little Colonel’s voice dropped on the last words. He did not take the sympathy and friendship that waited for him in Elsie’s gray eyes; he looked with a sombre gaze at the Comtesse. She still held her favorite attitude, leaning a little to one side in her great chair, so that she could watch the shifting shapes in the fire. She was smiling slightly, but her smile vanished as the Colonel paused.

“He was a gallant gentleman,” she said, softly. Elsie turned her head to look at her, surprised, for the thing was said perfunctorily, in the manner of a commonplace of politeness.

Colonel Saval bowed. “Madame la Comtesse is only just,” he said. But he glanced sharply at her serene, preoccupied face with a manner of some dissatisfaction.

He resumed his tale with a sigh. “After all,” he said, “there is not much to tell. I was not fortunate enough to meet Madame Bertin frequently during the two years that followed. From time to time I saw her, always with some wonder, for she preserved to the end that delicate and superb quality which so distinguished her. The scandal of the brawl was the small thing that was needed to turn Bertin’s course down-hill; almost from that day one could mark his decline. It was not a matter of incidents; it was simply that within a year most of us were passing him without recognition, and there was talk of debts that troubled him. He had deteriorated, too; whereas of old he was florid, now he was inflamed and gross; where he had been merely

loud, he was now coarse. Within eighteen months the Colonel had made him a scene, had told him sour truths, and shaken his finger at him. That power of his, Madame, was not the power that enables a man to hold his level. Even with the companions of his leisure, his ascendancy faded. I recollect seeing him once, at the corner of the Place du Gouvernement, in the centre of a group of them, raging almost tearfully, while they laughed at him. The horrible laughter of those outcasts, edged like a saw, cruel and vile! And he was purple with fury, shaking like a man in an ague, and helpless against them. I was young in those days and not incapable of generous impulses; I recollect that as I passed I jostled one of those creatures out of the path, and then turned and waited for the remonstrance which he decided not to make."

The Comtesse nodded at the fire, like one well pleased. The little Colonel gave her another of his shrewd glances, and went on.

"As you see, Madame, it is not possible to describe to you the steps by which Bertin sank. The end came within two years of the duel. One knew—somehow—that it was at hand. There were things dropped in talk, things overheard and pieced together—a whole atmosphere of scandal, in which there came and went little items of plain fact. The trouble was with regimental funds; again I will spare Madame the details; but certain of them which should have passed through Bertin's hands had not arrived at their destination. Clerks from a bank came to work upon the accounts; strange, cool young men, who hunted figures through ledgers as a ferret traces a rat under a floor. You must understand that for the regiment it was a monstrous matter, an affair to hide sedulously; it touched our intimate honor. There was a meeting of the rest of us to consider the thing; finally, it was I that was deputed to go forthwith to Bertin and persuade him to leave the city, to vanish, to do his part to save our credit. And that evening, as soon as it was dark enough to be convenient, I went.

"There was still that light in the *impasse* by which my poor friend Vaucher had seen Madame Bertin weeping; but

from the windows of the house there came none. It was shuttered like a fort. It was not till I had knocked many times upon the door that there came any response. At last I heard bolts being withdrawn—bolt after bolt, as if the place had been a prison or a treasury; and Madame Bertin herself stood in the entry. The one lamp in the *impasse* showed her my uniform, and she breathed like one who had been running.

"I saluted her and inquired for Bertin.

"‘Captain Bertin?’ she repeated after me. ‘I do not know—I fear—’

"‘My business with him is urgent,’ I told her, and at that she whitened. ‘And unofficial,’ I added, therefore.

"‘At that she stood aside for me to enter. I aided her to fasten the door again, and she led me up the stairs to a small room, divided by large doors from an inner chamber.

"‘If you will please be seated,’ she said, ‘I will send Captain Bertin to you.’

"She was thinner, I thought, and perhaps a trifle less assured; but that was to be understood. For the rest, she had the deliberate tones of the *salon*, the little smile of a convention that is not irksome. Her voice, her posture, had that grace one knows and defers to at sight. It was all very wonderful to come upon in that house. As she left the room, her profile shone against the wall like a cameo, so splendid in its pallor and the fineness of its outline.

"She must have gone from the passage by another entrance to the room beyond the double doors, for I heard her voice there—and his. They spoke together for some minutes, she at length, but he shortly; and then the doors slid apart a foot or so, and he came through sideways. He gave me a desperate look, and pulled at the doors to close them behind him. They stuck and resisted him, and he ceased his efforts at once.

"‘You wanted to speak to me?’ he asked. He seemed to be frowning as a child will frown to keep from bursting into tears. ‘But not officially, I believe? It is not official, is it?’

"‘No,’ I answered. ‘It is a message—quite private.’

"He ceased to frown at that, staring at me heavily, and chewing his mustache.

"‘Sit down,’ he said, suddenly, and

came nearer, glancing over his shoulder at the aperture of the doors. Something in that movement gave me the suggestion that he was accustomed to guard against eavesdroppers; all those poor forlorn gamblers and wastrels are full of secrets and privacies. One sees them forever in corners, with furtive eyes for listeners, guiding their business like conspirators.

“I gave him my message at once. There was a need upon me for plain speech with the man, like that need for cold steel which came upon poor Vaucher.

“‘There is time for you to make your packages and be gone,’ I said. ‘Time for that and no more, and I recommend you to let the packages be few. If you go, you will not be sought for. That is what I have to say to you.’

“He glanced over his shoulder again and came a step nearer. ‘You mean—’ he said, and hesitated.

“‘The money? Yes,’ I answered. ‘That is what I mean. You will go?’

“He stared at me a moment in silence. I felt as if I had struck him and spat in his face. But he had no such thought.

“‘How long have I?’ he asked, suddenly.

“‘You have to-night,’ I answered.

“It seemed as if he were going to ask further questions, but at that moment Madame Bertin appeared in the doorway behind him. I knew she had heard our talk.

“‘Your business is finished?’ she asked, carelessly, coming forward into the room.

“‘It is quite finished,’ I replied.

“She nodded, smiling. ‘Captain Bertin has to catch a train,’ she said, ‘and if I did not watch the time for him, he would surely lose it. He has no idea of punctuality.’

“‘I hope he has not much packing to do,’ I said.

“‘I have seen to that,’ she replied.

“‘Then I will not intrude upon your adieux,’ I said, preparing to depart. *Ma foi*, I was ready to weep, as Vaucher had wept, at the gay courage of her. But she stopped me.

“‘Oh, the adieux are complete like the packing,’ she said. ‘And if you should have anything further to say to Captain Bertin, you can drive with him to the station.’

“I could see her meaning in that; my company would guard him till he left. So I bowed.

“‘I shall be very happy,’ I said.

“‘Then if you will send for a *fiacre*,’ she suggested to her husband. He was standing between us, wordless and dull. He gave her a look of inquiry; she returned it with a clear, high gaze, and he went at once.

“‘It is a good season for travelling, I believe?’ she said, when the door had closed behind him.

“‘Captain Bertin could not have chosen a better,’ I assured her.

“Her composure was more than wonderful; by no sign, no hint of weakness or ill ease, did she make any appeal to me. To my sympathy, my admiration, my devotion, she offered only that bright surface of her schooled manner and disciplined emotions. While her house crumbled about her ears, while her world failed her, she deviated not a hair’s-breadth from the line of social amenity.

“‘But he is hardly likely to have company?’ she asked again.

“As for me, I had visions of the kind of company that was due to him—a formal *sous-officier* with a warrant of arrest, a file of stolid soldiers, with rigid faces and curious eyes.

“But I answered her in her own manner.

“‘There is certainly that drawback,’ I said, and I thought—I hoped—I saw gratitude in her answering look.

“Then Bertin returned, with the hat of a civilian and a cloak that covered him to the ears. I saw their farewell—his look of appeal at her, the smile of amusement which answered it. And next I was seated beside him in the *fiacre* and she was framed in the door, looking after us, slender and erect, pale and subtle, smiling still with a manner as of weariness. It is thus that I remember her best.

“It was not till we were out of her sight that Bertin spoke. He lit a cigarette and stared up at the great white stars.

“‘She spoilt my luck from the first,’ he said.

“I don’t know why, but I laughed. At the moment, it seemed to me a very droll saying. And at the sound of my

laughter he grinned in sympathy. He was a wonderful man. When he was established in the train, he held out his hand to me.

"Adieu," he said. "You have been kind in your way. You didn't do it for me, you know—so adieu!"

"I took his hand. It was a small thing to grant him, and I had no other answer. As the train moved away, I saw his face at the window of the carriage, full of a kind of sly humor—gross, amiable, and tragic! He waved me a good-by."

The Colonel paused, staring at his trimly booted toe. Madame la Comtesse looked at him thoughtfully.

"You saw him again?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "But possibly the tale becomes too painful."

The Comtesse passed a hand over her eyes. "I must hear the rest," she said. "You saw her, too, again?"

"Yes," said the Colonel.

"She was very hard," said the Comtesse, thoughtfully. "Very hard always. As a girl I remember—"

The Colonel was looking at her intently, but as though some thought had suddenly brought him enlightenment. Both he and the Comtesse seemed quite to have forgotten Elsie, listening on her stool in bewilderment and compassion. She saw them now exchange guarded glances, as though measuring each other's penetration.

The Comtesse leaned back. "I beg you to proceed," she said, with a sigh. Elsie reached over the arm of the chair and took her hand and held it.

The little Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

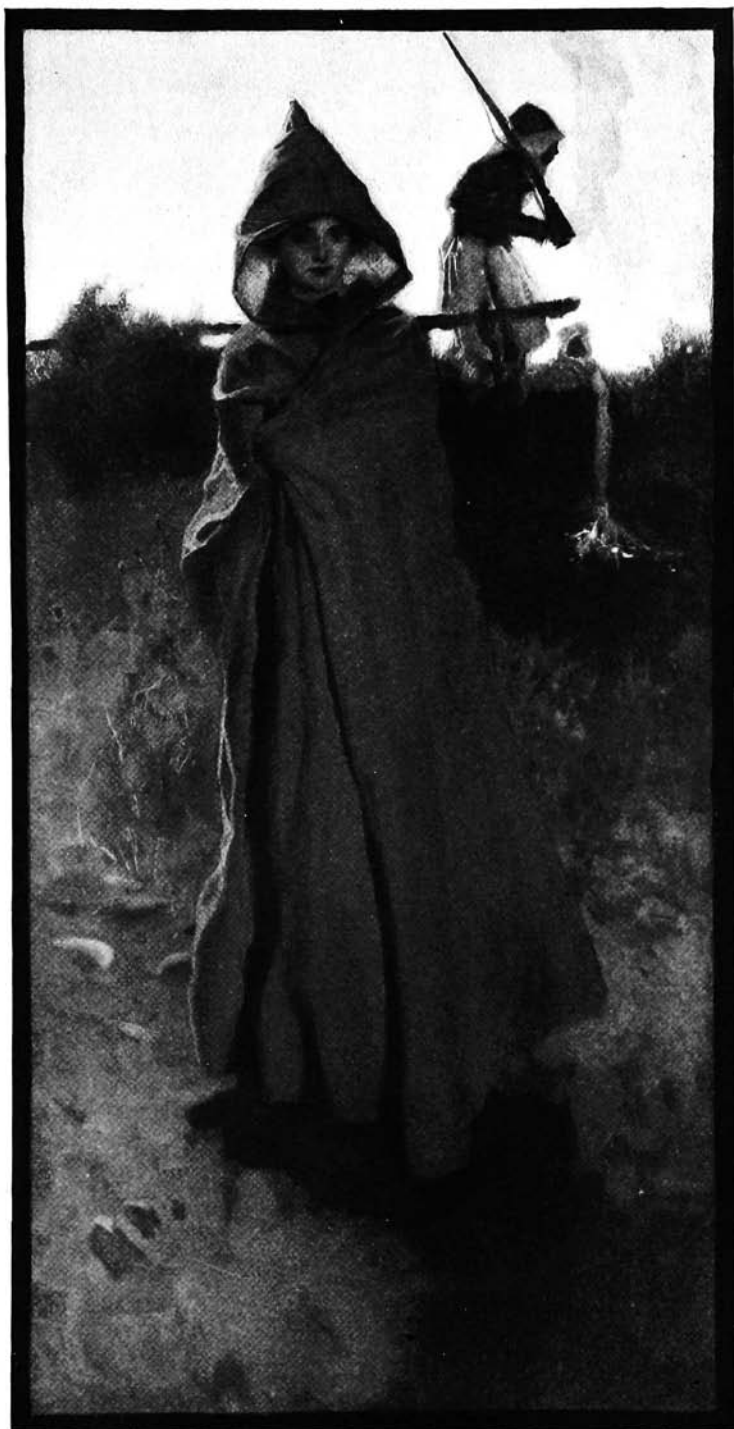
"Since Madame la Comtesse wishes it," he said. "But some years elapsed before I saw either of them again. Madame Bertin had said nothing which could encourage me to call at the house in the *impasse*, and there was no message from him to carry thither. I heard—it was said—that she, too, left the city; Bertin's exit from the service was arranged, and thus the matter seemed to close. I preserved certain memories, which I still preserve; I was the richer by them. Then came active service, expeditions to the interior, some fighting and much occupation. It chanced that I was fortunate; I gained certain credit and

promotion; and by degrees the affair of Bertin sank to rest in the background of my life. It was a closed incident, and I was reconciled never to have it reopened. But it seems one can never be sure that a thing is ended; possibly Bertin in his hiding-place thought as I did—and made the same mistake. I heard the news when I visited Algiers on my way to a post up-country at the edge of the desert. New powers had taken charge of our business; there was a new General, an austere, mirthless man, who knew of Bertin's existence, and resented it. He had been concerned here and there in more than one enterprise of an unpleasant flavor, and it was the General's intention to put a period to him. My friends in barracks told me of it, perfunctorily; and my chief sense was of disgust that Bertin should continue to be noticeable. And then I went away up-country, in a train that carried me beyond the borders of civilization, and set me down at last one dawn at a point where a military line trickled out into the vast yellow distance, against a saw-edged horizon of sand-hills. It was in the chill hour of the morning; a few sentries walked their beats, and beyond them there was a plot of silent tents. The station was no more than planks laid on the ground beside some locked iron sheds, a tank for the engine, and a flagstaff. It was infinitely forlorn and empty, with an air of staleness and discomfort. At some distance, a single muffled figure sat apart on a seat; I thought it was some Arab waiting for the day. Be judge, then, of my amazement when it rose, as I would have passed it, and spoke.

"This, also, is a good season for travelling?" it said, and I spun on my heel to face it. From the hood of a *berousse* there looked out at me, pale and delicate still, the face of Madame Bertin.

"In my bewilderment and my—my joy, I caught at both her hands and held them for a moment. She smiled and freed herself gently and her eyes mocked me. She was the same as ever, impreguably the same; stress of mind, sorrow, exile, loneliness—they could not avail to stir her from her pedestal of composure. That manner—it is the armor of the woman of the world.

"'I came here on a camel,' she told me, in answer to my inquiries. 'On a camel



Drawn by Frank Craig

THERE LOOKED OUT AT ME THE FACE OF MADAME BERTIN

from my home. I understand now why *chameau* is a word of abuse.'

"I am not very sure that the season is good for travelling,' I said.

"She shrugged her shoulders. 'When one is acclimatized, seasons are no longer important.'

"And you are acclimatized, Madame?" I asked her.

"She showed me the *bermousse*. 'Even to this,' she said.

"Across the slopes of sand, one could hear the engine of the little military train grunting and wheezing as it collected its cars, and the strident voice of a man cursing Arab laborers.

"You go by that train?" she asked me.

"To Torah," I answered.

"I also," she said, looking at me inquiringly.

"I said I was fortunate to have her company, and it was plain that she was relieved. For I guessed forthwith that it was at Torah that Bertin was, and she knew that if my going thither were to arrest him, I would spare her. I am sure she knew that.

"It was a journey of a day and a night, while that little train rolled at leisure through a world of parched sand, beyond the sand-hills to the eye-wearingly monotony of the desert. Sometimes it would halt beside a tank and a tent, while a sore-eyed man ran along the train to beg for newspapers. Over us, the sky rose in an arch from horizon to horizon, blue and blinding; the heat was like a hand laid on one's mouth. I had with me my soldier-servant and a provision of food; there was something of both ecstasy and anguish in serving her needs, in establishing her comfort. She talked little, and always so that I stood at a distance from her, fenced apart by little graceful formalities, groping hopelessly and vainly toward her through the clever mesh of her adroit speech and skilful remoteness. I was already fifteen years in the country, and fifteen years her inferior in those civilized dexterities. But she thanked me very sweetly for my aid.

"Another dawn, and we were at Torah. A half-circle of dusty palms leaned away to one side of the place, the common ensign of a well on a caravan route. The post was but a few structures of wood

and mud, and, a little way off, the tents of the camp. In the east, the sky was red with the foreknowledge of the sun; its light already lay pale over the meanness of all the village. I helped her from the train, and demanded to know whither I should conduct her.

"I will not give you further trouble," she said, and though I protested, she was firm. And at last she walked away, alone, to the huddle of little buildings, and I saw her pass among them and out of my sight. Then I turned and went over to the camp, where my duty lay.

"That was a sorrowful place, that Torah. The troops were chiefly men of the Foreign Legion, of whom three in every four expressed in their eyes only patience and the bitterness of men whose lives are hidden things. With them were some elderly officers, whose only enthusiasms showed themselves in a crazy bravery in action, the callous courage of men who have already died once. From some of these I heard of Bertin. It was a brown, sun-dried man who told me.

"Yes, we know him," he said. 'He passes under various names, but we know him. A man wasted, thrown away, my friend! He should have joined us.'

"You would have accepted him?" I asked.

"Why not?" was the answer. 'It is not honest men we ask for, nor true men, nor even brave men—only fighting men. And any man can be that.'

"It made me wonder if it were yet too late for Bertin, and whether he might not still find a destiny in the ranks of that regiment where so many do penance. But when I saw him, a week later, I knew that the chance had gone by, with his other chances. It was in a café in the village, a shed open at one side to the little street of sand and furnished only with tables and chairs. A great Spahi, in the splendid uniform of his corps, lounged in one corner; a shrouded Arab tended the coffee apparatus in another; in the middle, with a glass before him, sat Bertin. The sun beat in at the open front of the building and spread the shadows in a tangle on its floor; he was leaning with both elbows on the table, gazing before him with the eyes of a dead man. He had always promised to be stout, but he was already fat—a flabby, blue-jowled heap of a

man, all thick creases and bulges; and his face had patches of blue and purple in its hollows. He was ponderous, he was huge; and with it there was an aspect of horror, as though all that flesh were diseased.

"I paused by his table and slowly he looked up to me. His features labored with thought, and he recognized me.

"Saval!" he ejaculated, hoarsely. "You—you want me?"

"I sat down at his table. 'I haven't come to arrest you,' I told him. 'But you had better know that the authorities have decided to arrest you.'

"He gasped. 'For—for—'

"'I don't know what for,' I told him. 'For whatever you have been doing.'

"He had to blink and swallow and wipe his brow before he mastered the fact. His mind, like his body, was a shameful ruin. But the fact that he was not to be arrested at the moment seemed to comfort him. He leaned over the table to me.

"'My wife's here,' he said, in a raucous whisper.

"'Yes; she knows,' I answered.

"He frowned, and seemed perplexed. 'She'll make me shoot myself,' he went on. 'I know what she means. I warn you, she'll make me do it. Have a drink?'

"He was horrible, an offence to the daylight. He bawled an order to the Arab, and turned to me again.

"'That's what it 'll come to,' he said. 'I warn you.'

"He repeated the last phrase in whispers, staring at me heavily: 'I warn you; I warn you.'

"'Have you a pistol?' I asked him. Yes, Madame; I asked him that.

"He smiled at me. 'No, I haven't,' he said, still confidentially. 'You see how it is? I haven't even a pistol. But I know what she means.'

"I was in field uniform, and I unbuttoned my holster and laid the revolver on the table before him. He looked at it with an empty smile.

"'It is loaded,' I said, and left him.

"But I wondered. It seemed to me that there was a tension in the affairs of Bertin and his wife which could not endure, that the moment was at hand when the breaking-point would be reached. And it was this idea that carried me the same evening to visit Madame

Bertin. The night about me was still, yet overhead there was wind, for great clouds marched in procession across the moon, trailing their shadows over the sand. Bertin inhabited a little house at the fringe of the village; it looked out at the emptiness of the desert. I was yet ten paces from the door when it opened and Madame Bertin came forth. She was wrapped in her *bernoise*, and she closed the door behind her quickly and stepped forward to meet me. She gave me greeting in her cool, even tones, the pallor of her face shining forth from the hood of her garment.

"'Since you are so good as to come and see me,' she said, 'let us walk here for a while. Captain Bertin is occupied; and we can watch the clouds on the sand.'

"We walked to and fro before the house. 'I saw your husband to-day,' I told her.

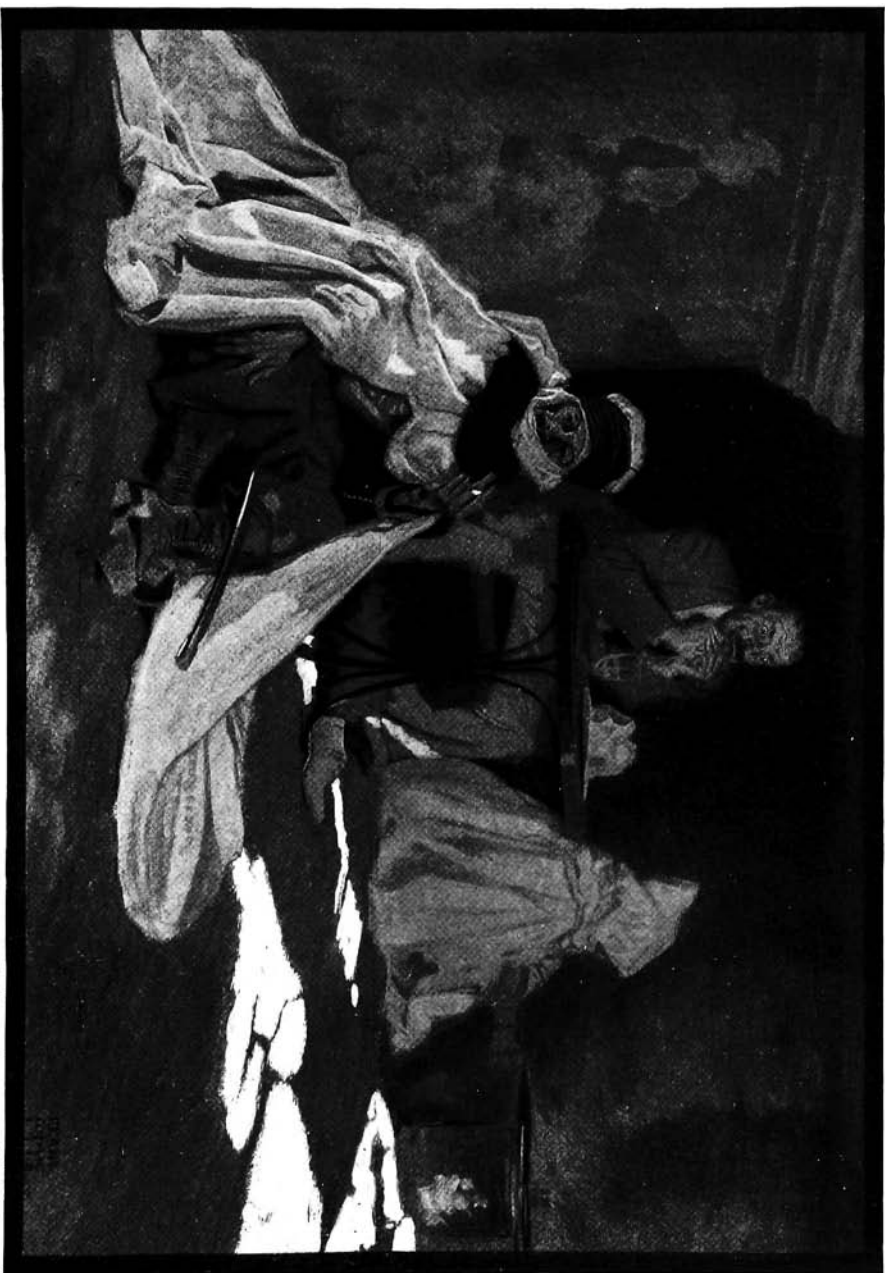
"'He said so,' she answered. 'It was pleasant for him to talk with an old comrade.'

"One window in the house was lighted, with a curtain drawn across it. As we paused, I saw the shadow of a man on the curtain—a man who lurched and pressed both hands to his head. I could not tell whether Madame Bertin saw it also; she continued to walk, looking straight before her; her face was calm.

"'Doubtless he has his occupations here?' I ventured, presently. 'There are matters in which he interests himself—non?'

"'That is so,' she replied. 'And this evening he tells me he has a letter to write, concerning some matters of importance. I have promised him that for an hour he shall not be interrupted. What wonderful color there is yonder!'

"The shadow of a great cloud, blue-black like a moonlit sea, was racing past us; it seemed to break like surf on a line of sand-hills. But while I watched it, awe was creeping upon me. She was erect and grave, with lips a little parted, staring before her; the heavy folds of the *bernoise* were like the marble robe of a statue. I glanced behind me at the lighted window, and the shadow of an arm moved upon it, an arm that gesticulated and conveyed to me a sense of agony, of appeal. I remembered the revolver; I felt a weakness overcome me.



Drawn by Frank Craig

HE WAS LEANING ON THE TABLE, GAZING BEFORE HIM WITH THE EYES OF A DEAD MAN

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Lentholt

“‘Madame!’ I cried. ‘I fear—I doubt that it is safe to leave him for an hour to-night.’”

“She turned to me with a faint movement of surprise. The moon showed her to me clearly. Before the deliberate strength of her eyes, my gaze faltered.

“‘But I assure you,’ she answered; ‘nothing can be safer.’”

“I made one more effort. ‘But if I might see him for an instant,’ I pleaded.

“She smiled and shook her head. I might have been an importunate child. ‘I promised him an hour,’ she said. Her voice was indulgent, friendly, commonplace; it made me powerless. I had it on my lips to cry out, ‘He is in there alone, working himself up to the point of suicide!’ But I could not utter it. I could no more say it than I could have smitten her in the face. She was impregnable behind that barrier of manners which she upheld so skilfully. She continued to look at me for some seconds and to smile—so gently, so mildly. I think I groaned.

“She began to talk again of the clouds, but I could not follow what she said. That was my hour of impotence. Madame, I have seen battles and slaughter, and found no meaning in them. But that isolated tragedy, boxed up in the little house between the squalid town and the lugubrious desert—it sucked the strength from my bones. She continued to speak; the cultivated sweetness of her voice came and went in my ears like a maddening distraction from some grave matter in hand. I think I was on the point of breaking in, violently, hysterically, when I cast a look at the lighted window again. I cried out to her.

“‘Look! Look!’ I cried.

“She did not turn. ‘I have seen the sea like that at Naples,’ she was saying, gazing out to the desert, with her back to the house. ‘With the moon shining over Capri—’

“‘For the love of God!’ I said, and made one step toward the house. But it was too late. The shadowed hand—and what it held—rose; the shadowed head bent to meet it.

“Even at the sound of the shot she did not turn. ‘What was that?’ she said, tranquilly.

“For the moment I could not speak. I had to gulp and breathe to recover myself.

“‘Let us go and see,’ I said then. ‘The hour is past, and the letter of importance is finished.’”

“She nodded. ‘By all means,’ she agreed, carelessly, and I followed her into the house.

“Once again I will spare Madame la Comtesse the details. Bertin had evaded arrest. At the end of all his laborings and groanings, the instant of resolution had come to him and he had made use of it. On the table were paper and writing-things; one note was finished.

“‘It is not for me,’ said Madame Bertin, as she leaned upon the table and read it. I was laying a sheet upon the body; when I rose she handed it to me. It bore neither name nor address; the poor futile life had blundered out without even this thing completed. It was short, and to some woman. ‘*Très-chère amie,*’ it said; ‘once I made a mistake. I have paid for it. You laughed at me once; you would not laugh now. If you could see—’”

The Colonel stopped; the Comtesse was holding out both hands as though supplicating him. Elsie Gray rose and bent over her. The Comtesse put her gently aside.

“You have that letter?” she asked.

The little Colonel passed a hand into a breast pocket and extracted a dainty Russian-leather letter-case. From it he drew a faded writing and handed it to the Comtesse.

“Madame la Comtesse is welcome to the letter,” he said. “Pray keep it.”

The Comtesse did not read it. She folded it in her thin smooth hands and sighed.

“And then?” she asked.

“This is the end of my tale,” said the Colonel. “I took the letter and placed it in my pocket. Madame Bertin watched me imperturbably.

“‘I may leave the formalities to you?’ she asked me, suddenly; ‘the notification of death and so on?’”

“I bowed; I had still a difficulty in speaking.

“‘Then I will thank you for all your friendship,’ she said.

“I put up my hand. ‘At least do not

thank me,' I cried. I could not face her serene eyes, and that little lifting of the brows with which she answered my words. Awe, dread, passion—these were at war within me, and the dead man lay on the floor at my feet. I pushed the door open and fled."

Colonel Saval sat up in his chair and uncrossed his legs.

"I saw her no more," he said. "Madame la Comtesse knows how she returned to Algiers and presently died there? Yes."

The Comtesse bowed. "I thank you, Monsieur," she said. "You have done me a great service."

"I am honored," he replied, as he rose. "I wish you a good night. Mademoiselle, good night."

He was gone. The white doors closed behind him. The Comtesse raised her face and kissed the tall, gentle girl.

"Leave me now," she said. "I must read my letter alone."

And Elsie went. The story was finished at last.

Evidence

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

COME, you invisible things, you mighty invisible masters,
Come to my help when I call in the weight of the gathering years,
From depths and from darks hid with boding and lurking disasters,
Come with assurance to faith, with defiance to fears!

You that asleep in the amber that plashed from primeval branches,
Sleep also, forever unseen, in the vast where is pulsing nor breath,
That, rending the heavens, come down on the rain's avalanches,
Father and mother of being, whose recession is death.

You that steal out of old gardens from rose and from rue in the darkness,
Bringing far bell-tones o'er water to melt on the heart like a sigh,
That sweeping from deep to deep lift the seas in terrible starkness—
O thing of great singing, great sorrow, who hath seen you go by!

You—soul of the sun and the spheres, strong spirit of splendor,
How laden with life are your wings, how sure is your infinite flight,
Lord of the circling worlds, of the spark the mined jewels surrender,
Who traverse the ether in blackness to touch us with light.

And known, but undreamed, unimagined, strange colors beyond the clear seven,
Colors more sacred than purple, it may be, more royal than red,
With your gleams of some glory that builds the new earth, the new heaven,
Into the secrets of shadow show me the way I tread.

Come, then, you viewless as life is, viewless as love to the lover,
As song to the singer, as fragrance escaping the leaf that is crushed,
Rear the towers, with your high intimations that over us hover,
Whose banners none see, whose trumpets are muffled and hushed!

The Solving of an Ancient Riddle

IONIC GREEK BEFORE HOMER

BY GEORGE HEMPL, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Germanic Philology, Stanford University

THIS is not a tale of the Golden Age, when Prometheus first brought down fire from heaven and taught men the elements of civilization. It is not a narrative of wild hunts in the jungle, or of adventures among the Indians of the plains. It is not a detective story, to keep you intent, while the hours slip by and the fire goes out. And yet I shall be disappointed if those of my readers who now and then dream of the days of old and still have in their blood a taste for the chase—I shall be sorry, I say, if they do not find, in what I am going to tell, something that will set them to dreaming again their school-day dreams of ancient Greece, and make them feel the sense of creeping tenseness that comes over one when he is earnestly on the track of anything—be it a lost child, a deer, a problem in mathematics, or what it will—and the thrill that pervades him when he realizes that he “is getting warm,” and that at any moment his eyes may light on the coveted object. But before I begin my story, I must say a few introductory words concerning an ancient country and its people.

The island of Crete, lying midway between Greece, Asia Minor, and the northern coast of Africa, occupies a unique position, not only geographically but also historically. To the student of Greek history it forms a shadowy background to peoples, things, and events. One is conscious that there were on this mysterious island great men and great occurrences, but he is given no definite information as to them, and gradually comes to regard the island and its people as more than half mythical. So it was with even the wisest until a few years ago. The partial removal of the power of the Turkish Sultan made it possible for archæologists to go upon Crete and

work to advantage, and during the decade just past they have worked with such success as seldom crowns the labors of the spade. Englishmen, Italians, and Americans have toiled in friendly rivalry at Cnossos and Phæstos and on the eastern end of the island. The scholarly world owes much to each and all of them, but most to the distinguished British archæologist, Arthur J. Evans. Together they have brought to light the remains of a marvellous prehistoric civilization, a civilization surpassing any that had yet blossomed in the Ægean and far more advanced than any that Greece was to know for hundreds of years to come. The story has recently been well told by Mr. and Mrs. Hawes in a delightful and illuminating little volume, *Crete the Forerunner of Greece*. It is a story of intense interest to the lover of art and to every student of human progress.

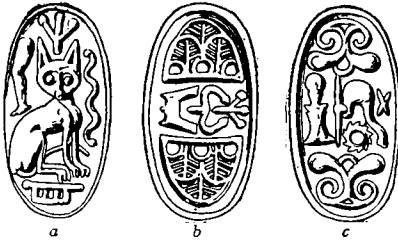
We see the ancient Cretans—or Minoans, as scholars now call them, in honor of their great King Minos—in their shops and markets, at their sports, and in their palaces and humbler dwellings. They were a wonderfully modern people, pursuing the arts of peace in large unfortified towns, secure in the consciousness of the mastery of the sea—much like the people of another famous island in our own day. The traces that still remain of the attainments of Minoan artisan, architect, and artist alike excite our interest and admiration. The palace at Cnossos was a town in itself, with quarters for guests and servants and craftsmen of all kinds, and was fitted out with sanitary plumbing such as the world was not to see again until the nineteenth century. The walls were decorated with paintings and mosaics that tell us much of the life of the time. The dress of Minoan ladies was modern, close-fitting

about tight-laced waists, with low necks and puffed sleeves, and with flounces about the skirts. We feel strangely at home among these people.

But there haunts us all the time a feeling of uncertainty, a questioning as to who these moderns of the ancient world really were—of what origin, race, and language. Written records are not lack-

than 1600 B.C. It is a disk of refined clay, about three-quarters of an inch thick and six and a half inches in diameter. It is not inscribed; but when the clay was still soft, characters were impressed upon it by means of engraved stamps, not unlike our rubber stamps. Each individual character, or picture, was thus made with one stamp and is consequently always exactly the same. We have here, in fact, a remarkable anticipation of the sort of printing that is done to-day in stores and shops, when signs and placards are produced by the use of rubber stamps containing a single letter each.

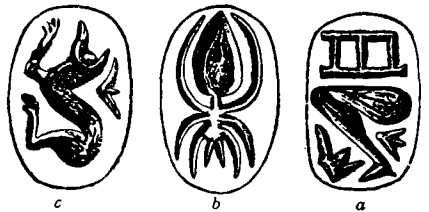
Both faces of the Disk are covered with characters. These run in a continuous spiral from the edge to the centre. Groups of characters are separated from one another by vertical lines that meet the spiral above and below, so that each group is enclosed in a little frame. Dr. Evans believes that the writing started from the centre, running from left to right until it reached the circumference at a line of four or five puncts. He has discovered various peculiarities about the pictographs, which lead him to believe that the Disk is not Cretan at all, but originated somewhere to the northeast of Crete, in southwestern Asia Minor or on one of the intervening islands. This theory is strengthened by the decision of his able colleague, Dr. Mackenzie, that



THE THREE IMPRESSIONS OF A ROYAL PRISM-SEAL
The text runs from left to right

ing, for Evans and his co-workers have brought to light thousands of tablets and seals evidently recording the commercial and official life of the Minoans. But they are written in a strange and unknown script, consisting of pictures or of characters evidently derived from pictures. Like the Sphinx of old, these have challenged the wonder and the ingenuity of scholars ever since Evans began to publish them at the turning of the centuries. He is now engaged upon a definitive treatment of all the inscriptions, and has already published the first volume of his most important work, *Scripta Minoa*. It was a copy of this that fell into my hands at the close of the college year and stimulated my curiosity to such an extent that I temporarily postponed the completion of my reports on Venetic and Etruscan, in my desire to outwit, if possible, the Cretan sphinx.

I was attracted chiefly by the Phæstos Disk, which is written in characters differing from those employed in all the other Minoan writings. This unique monument of ancient civilization was brought to light two years ago by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission. He discovered it in a part of the palace at Phæstos, under conditions that lead scholars to agree in dating it not later



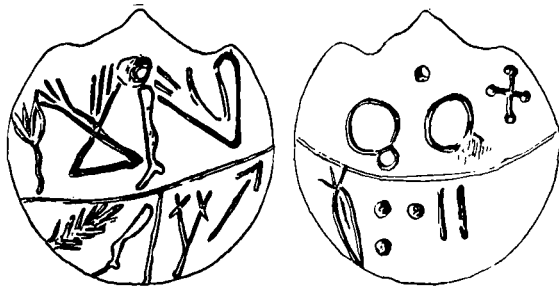
THE THREE IMPRESSIONS OF THE PRISM-SEAL OF A CHIEF
The text runs from right to left

the clay is not Cretan. After much study of the Disk, Dr. Evans came to the conclusion that the text was probably that of a religious chant, but he was unable to decipher any of it.

Here, then, was a unique text that presented several remarkable aspects of an

unusually tempting character. To be sure, there was nothing to indicate what language it was written in. Every symbol employed was an unknown quantity. The very direction of the writing was problematic. In fact, it was an open question whether the writing was hieroglyphic, syllabic, or alphabetic; and those who had thought most about the matter made it still more tantalizing by concluding that we probably had to do with a mixture of two or more divergent systems of writing. Still, there were several encouraging features about the problem. The text was not too short, the characters were perfectly distinct, and there were division-marks, apparently separating the words from one another. I determined, therefore, to try and see what could be done. It was clear that if any progress was to be made, it would be by such a study of the text as would force it to reveal the nature of the writing. It was also evident that in various doubtful matters it would be necessary to weigh the probabilities, form tentative theories, and then rigorously test them—in other words, to do some judicious guessing and see if it worked.

On first examining the Disk, I was

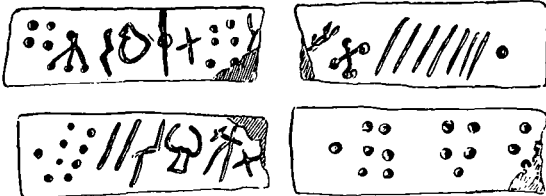


THE TWO SIDES OF A CLAY LABEL HUNG BY A STRING ABOUT THE NECK OF AN "AMPHORA OF NATIVE WINE"
The legends read from right to left

Phæstos Disk is found under the left-hand end of a word, I inferred that the writing probably ran from right to left, and not from left to right, as Evans thought. A closer examination of the spiral in which the text runs made it clear that this was true; for it is obvious that the scribe, or rather impresser, began at the line of four or five puncts at the circumference and jogged up when he had completed the first ring of the spiral. What misled Evans was, I fancy, the fact that the figures face toward the right. This was, however, to be expected. For, while the designs were carved on the stamps from right to left, they of course appear reversed when stamped.

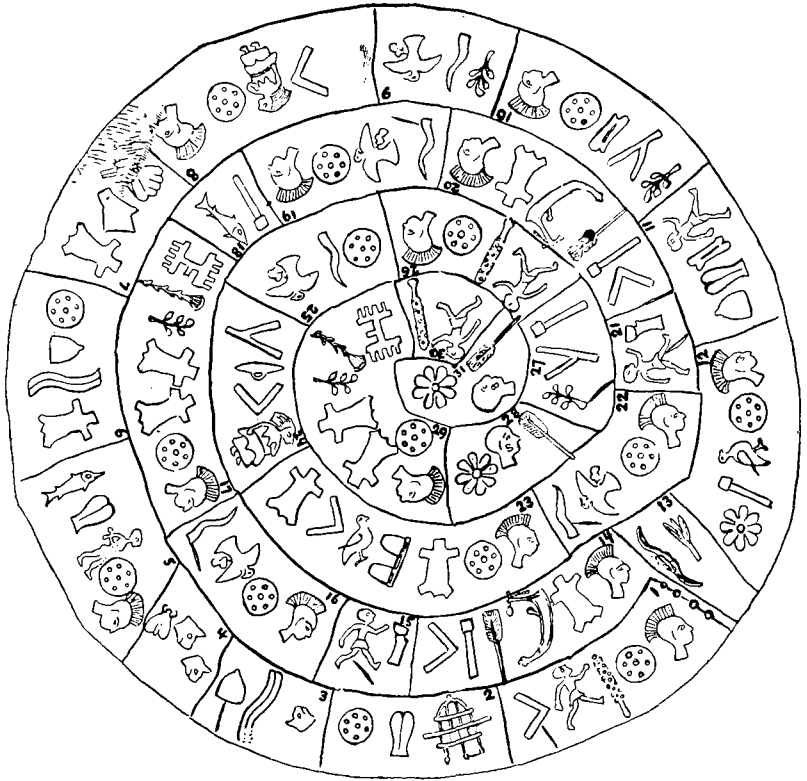
I also observed that when the stamp did not come down squarely on the surface, it usually pressed down a little too heavily on the left. This is not shown on the engraving, but may be observed on the photographs given by Evans. Testing the matter with a rubber stamp, I found that when one uses the right hand the impression is likely to be more distinct at the right, and that the use of the left hand induces deeper impres-

sions on the left. I thus saw that our impresser had used his left hand when he made this disk some three or four thousand years ago. But this is just what we should have expected him to do. As he was working from right to left, the right hand would have covered up what he had already done and have made it impossible



THE FOUR SIDES OF BROKEN CLAY INVOICE-BAR, RECORDING A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEEHIVES AND OTHER THINGS

struck by an oblique scratch under some of the characters. This reminded me of the virama of Sanskrit, Venetic, and early Runic writing, being in form and position identical with that found in Sanskrit. As the virama stands under a final consonant but not under an initial one, and as the virama-like mark on the



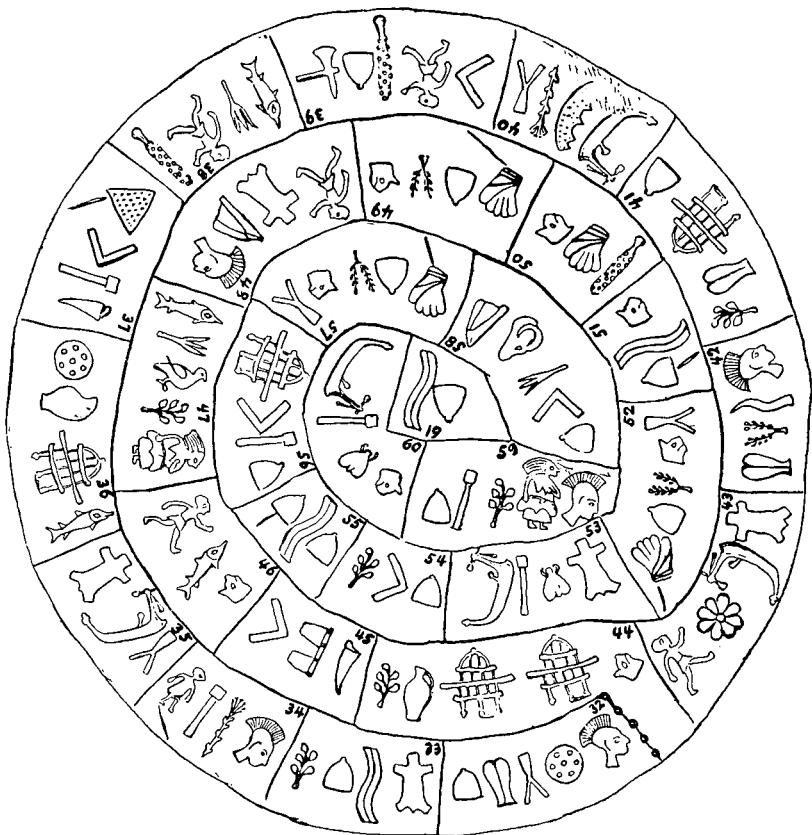
THE PHAESTOS DISK. FACE A.

for him to gauge with precision the place for each new character. In other words, his use of the left hand in stamping from right to left corresponds exactly to our use of the right hand in stamping and writing from left to right.

There are a few cases of errors corrected. In group 5 and in group 29, one sign had been omitted by mistake; in order to get it in afterward, it was necessary to erase a neighboring letter and crowd two into the place of one. In group 8, one character is obliterated. At first I thought this was due to some injury to the Disk; but I found out that the letter had been impressed by mistake and later erased.

I found forty-five different characters in all—too many for alphabetic writing and not enough for hieroglyphic writing, but just about the right number for syllabic writing. A good example of syllabic writing is furnished us by the Greek texts

found on the island of Cyprus. In writing of this sort, there were letters for the vowels, just as in alphabetic writing. But a consonant-sign stood, not for the consonant alone, but for the consonant plus a vowel. Thus there was a sign for *a*, a sign for *pa*, one for *ta*, another for *ka*, and so on. Similarly, there was a sign for *u*, one for *pu*, another for *tu*, etc. When it was necessary to write a final consonant, that is, a consonant without a following vowel, the consonant-sign was used that implied the vowel *e*, and the silence of the *e* was left to be inferred, as in *love*, etc.; or the consonant-sign was used that implied the vowel *a*, and the silence of the *a* was indicated by the scratch called the virama. The first of two adjoining consonants is written with a consonant-sign implying the vowel of an adjoining syllable, its silence being left to be inferred. Thus the number of the letters employed on the Disk, as also



THE PHAESTOS DISK. FACE B.

the use of what appeared to be the virama, made me feel pretty sure that we had to deal with syllabic writing.

But the use of the virama helped me a step further. As it was employed to cancel an implied *a*, I concluded that a character that sometimes had the virama must imply *a* when it did *not* have the virama. I therefore went in search of characters that sometimes had the virama; and I found eight of them, just about the right number. I consequently felt reasonably certain that I had in these eight characters the symbols for eight consonants, each followed by *a*. Of course, this was only partial knowledge, for I had no idea which one stood for *ka*, which for *ta*, which for *sa*, etc. Still, I felt that I should probably soon find use for the information, such as it was.

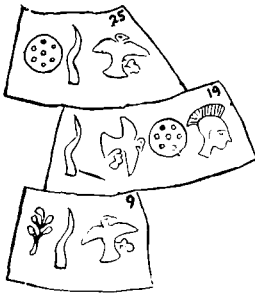
In syllabic writing, vowels can, of

course, be implied in a preceding consonant only when there is a preceding consonant. Initially and after another vowel it is necessary to employ the special vowel-signs. I reasoned that if a character was used only or mostly in initial positions, the chances were that it represented a vowel. In searching for characters so situated, I found the crested *man's head* (1, 5, 8, 10, etc.) and the *cat's head* (3, 4, 44, 46, 49, etc.) both in frequent use. It seemed reasonable to me to assume that these characters represented the two vowels that were most likely to appear initially in the language of the text. As I did not know what that language was, I made a study of the occurrence of vowels at the beginning of words in Greek and Latin. From this I learned that, in general, *a* and *e* were thus situated oftener than other vowels.

I decided, therefore, to assume tentatively that the *man's head* stood for *a* and the *cat's head* for *e*.

Starting, then, with the provisional assignment of the value *consonant*+*a* to the eight characters that were sometimes used with the virama-mark and of *a* and *e* to the *man's head* and the *cat's head*, I proceeded to try to read the text. I had no chance of succeeding unless the language was Indo-European, as I am familiar with no other languages. An Indo-European language in Crete was most likely to be Greek, so I decided to test the text first for Greek.

There are two birds on the Disk. The one (12, 23, etc.) that is standing appears to be a dove; the other (9, 16, etc.), which is represented as flying and carrying something in its talons, seemed to be intended for a hawk, or some other bird of prey. My attention was attracted by the following groups, standing directly above one another on Face A.



HAWK—HORN—shield (25)
man's head—shield—HAWK—HORN with virama (19)
 HAWK—HORN—sprig (9)

I suspected that these groups contained a word spelled *hawk-horn*, with some sort of prefix or suffix. In (19) there is no suffix and the *horn* has the virama. From this I inferred that my hawk-horn word ended in a consonant. But in (25) the *horn* has no virama and is followed by a *shield*, a character that never has the virama, and therefore implies a vowel other than *a*. This led me to believe that in this case my hawk-horn word was followed by a suffix or post-positive preposition that began with the *a* implied in the preceding *horn*, followed by a consonant and a vowel other than *a*. I now looked for a Greek preposition that answered

this description. There was one and only one, namely, ἀπό, "off, from, of." The finding of this preposition gave me encouragement to believe that I was on the right track. I also saw that if this was the correct interpretation of the end of this group, the *shield* must stand for *po*. By *po* I mean πo, πω, βo, βω, φo, or φω; for in early scripts, for example Cyprian syllabic writing, no attempt was made to differentiate graphically surd, sonant, and aspirated consonants, not to mention open ω and η as distinguished from close o and ε.

But in (19) my hawk-horn word was preceded by a prefix or preposition spelled *man's head*—*shield*. As I had assumed that the *man's head* stood for *a*, I thus got ἀπό before the hawk-horn word, just as I had got it after the same word in (25). I thought of German *gegenüber dem Hause*—=*dem Hause gegenüber*, and of *die Nacht durch* by the side of the verb *durchmachen*. I felt, too, that I had, in this coincidence of prefixed and suffixed ἀπό, a sort of confirmation of my assumption that the *man's head* stood for *a* and that the scratch was a virama.

Furthermore, I observed that our hawk-horn word, as will be seen above, might also be followed by a suffix or post-positive preposition spelled with a *sprig* (9). As the *sprig* was one of the signs that ended in *-a*, and as the preceding *horn* ended in *a*, I conjectured that my second suffix or post-positive preposition consisted of *a*+*consonant*+*a*. The only Greek preposition that answered to this was ἀνά, "on, up, back." I therefore concluded that the *sprig* probably spelled *na*. The finding of ἀνά as well as ἀπό made me still more confident that my assumptions as to the value of the *man's head* and of the signs used with the virama were correct.

Three other apparently related sign-groups next attracted my attention.

The *breast* is one of the consonants that sometimes have the virama, and therefore



cat's head—STREAM—
 BREAST with virama (51)
 hide—STREAM—BREAST
 —shield (6)
 hide—STREAM—BREAST
 —sprig (33)

ends in *a*. This, with the final *shield* and *sprig*, gave me the prepositions *ἀπό* and *ἀνά* as in the former groups. I therefore inferred that I had to do with a noun *stream-bread*, which could be governed by the post-positive prepositions *ἀπό* and *ἀνά*. The noun was preceded in these two cases by a *hide*; but when not governed by a preposition, it was preceded by the *cat's head*. As I had already come to the conclusion that the *cat's head* probably represented the vowel *e*, I suspected that it here stood for the article *ἡ*, "the," and that the *hide* represented some oblique form of *ἡ*, most likely *ῥῆ* or *ῥή(ν)*. Testing this theory in other places, I found that it worked.

I now had identified the signs for the vowels *a* and *e* and those for the syllables *po*, *na*, and *te*, and had read the words *ἀπό*, *ἀνά*, *ἡ*, and *ῥῆ*. It was a small beginning, but I felt sure of my results and realized that I had before me a Greek text a thousand years older than any Greek inscription hitherto read. The recognition of the nature of the treasure that lay in my hands made me redouble my efforts to remove the crust of uncertainty that encumbered it.

I observed that symbols were seldom doubled. This was not strange, as the doubling of long vowels and consonants is not the usual practice in primitive writing. The double *cat's head* in (4) clearly meant *ee*, two vowels which were likely to contract and thus to appear as *ei* in the Greek that we know. The two *cat's heads* were followed by but one sign (the *moth*), and that not one of the *a*-consonants. All this looked suspiciously like the third person singular of a verb with syllabic augment before a vowel; *εἶσε*, the aorist of *ἵζω* "to set, establish, dedicate," suggested itself at once. The meaning "dedicate" seemed to fit nicely into such an inscription, and *εἶσε* gave me *se* as the probable value of the *moth*.

Of double consonant-signs I observed the double *hide* in (17):



As the characters are syllabic, I inferred that a double consonant-sign probably

meant the repeating of a syllable—in other words, reduplication. As the reduplicated syllable of a Greek verb contains *e*, I here got a partial confirmation of my earlier deduction that the hide stood for *te*. I could now read the larger part of the word, namely, *a-po-te-t(e)-na*, or *ἀποτεθνα*, and I saw that I had to do with some perfect form of *ἀποθνήσκω* "be put to death," probably with the third person plural, *ἀποθνήσκει* "they have been put to death." The *e* after the second *t* (=θ) was silent, as explained above in speaking of the method of writing adjacent consonants in syllabic writing.


I thus had *ἀποτεθνα* + *consonant and vowel* (other than *a*) + *another consonant and vowel* (other than *a*). If the form was *ἀποτεθνάσει*, the last consonant-sign must stand for *si* or *ši* (from older *ti*). I still had to account for the preceding consonant-sign. Scholars have determined that there must once have been an *n* before the *si*, thus *-ανσι*, whence the *-ᾱσι* found in classical Greek. This *n* between *a* and *si* would, in syllabic writing, as explained above, be spelled either *na* or *ni*, that is, with the vowel of one of the adjoining syllables. As the preceding *sprig* spells *na*, it is obvious that *ῥ* could not spell *na*; so it must spell *ni*. I thus got *ἀποτεθ(ε)ναν(ι)σι*, a correct prehistoric form of *ἀποτεθνάσει*; and at the same time I had found the character for *ni* and the character for *si* or *ši*. I afterward discovered that the regular spelling for *si* was ῥ , which occurs half a dozen times on the two sides of the Disk, and I thus saw that ῥ must spell *ši* (something like *ts*), the phonetic stage intermediate between the original *ti* and the *si* found in classical Greek.











In these and similar ways I worked on until I had determined with more or less certainty the values of some seventeen characters. These sufficed to reveal a number of words and to put beyond all question the fact that the text was Greek. Furthermore, as the article *ἡ* and various other words showed *e* where Doric Greek has *a*, the Ionic-Attic character of the dialect was obvious.

At this stage of the investigation, it occurred to me that the syllable represented by a pictograph might stand in

some relation to the name of the object depicted, either in Greek or in the language of some people that might have taught the Greeks the art of writing. On testing the matter, I was delighted to find that the syllable which a pictograph stood for was the first syllable of the Greek name for the object represented. I may here cite a few examples, including some that I did not identify until later.

| | | |
|---------------------------|----------|----|
| <i>crested man's head</i> | ἀνῆρ | a |
| <i>branded criminal</i> | κιζάλλης | ki |
| <i>captive</i> | ληϊδῖος | le |
| <i>boy</i> | παῖς | pa |
| <i>woman</i> | γυνή | ku |
| <i>tunny-fish</i> | θύννος | tu |
| <i>sheep's head</i> | ῥις | o |
| <i>hog's head</i> | ῥις | u |
| <i>horse's foot</i> | πούς | pu |
| <i>moth</i> | σῆς | se |
| <i>hide</i> | δέρμα | te |
| <i>short curved sword</i> | μάχαυρα | ma |
| <i>bow</i> | τόξον | to |
| <i>shield</i> | βοάγγιον | po |
| <i>yoke</i> | ζεύγλη | ze |
| <i>tiara</i> | τιήρης | ti |
| <i>ship</i> | νηῦς | ne |
| <i>lily</i> | σοῦσον | so |
| <i>water-lily</i> | νυμφαία | nu |
| <i>stream</i> | πηγή | pe |

It will be observed that such syllabic writing still betrays its origin in hieroglyphic writing in that the pictographs are real representations of objects. But they are not intended (as in hieroglyphic writing) to suggest to the mind of the reader the *idea* of the object depicted, but its *name*, or rather only the first syllable of its name. Pictographic syllabic writing had the advantage that it could be read even by those who had never learned to read, or who usually followed some other system. Furthermore, as soon as I had discovered the nature of the system, it enabled me to find out the phonetic values of certain characters that had up to that time eluded my efforts to unmask them. I thus added a few more to my store of known signs. But the possibilities in this direction were soon exhausted. A picture might be perfectly clear and still the identification of the Greek word be very difficult. For example, Evans correctly recognized in  (58) the "head of a horned sheep or perhaps a moufflon," but there are

nine or ten Greek words for 'sheep,' 'ram,' etc., each of which had to be tested in turn. Then,  was clearly a dove. There are plenty of  Greek words for 'dove,' but no one of them would work, try as I would. It was only when I thought of Latin *columba*, 'dove,' that I got hold of Greek *κόλυμβος*, 'diver,' which turned out to be just what I wanted. In this way I also learned that *κόλυμβος* once meant 'dove,' and that scholars are wrong in supposing that Latin *columba* and Greek *κόλυμβος* are not related. The  was evidently a horn, but *κέρας*,  the Greek word for 'horn,' would not fit into any of the groups in which the character occurred. From Prellwitz's dictionary I learned that *κάρη*, 'head, top,' was originally a doublet of *κέρας*, 'horn,' the differentiation having taken place later. Thus I stumbled upon *ka*, which was just what I needed. But  was an enigma to me at first. But  when I chanced upon  among the true Cretan pictographs  and had already observed that in these pictographs dots implied water or other liquids, I decided to try *stream*. After testing nineteen other Greek words for 'stream,' I found that *πηγή* was what I was after. Later I discovered that Pernier had suggested that the sign in question might perhaps "be a conventional representation of water." Even so clear a pictograph as  which evidently represents a man  or boy in the act of walking rapidly, succeeded in evading identification with remarkable agility. I tried all the Greek words for 'walker,' 'runner,' 'courier,' 'messenger,' 'herald,' 'racer,' and the like, to no purpose. Not until I found some reason to suspect that the pictograph was used to spell *la*, was I able to discover *λαβροτόδης*, 'walking rapidly.'

Such objects as



were veritable puzzles. I was not much better off with the various plants. A native Cretan could probably recognize them on sight; but it was a very different matter for an American in California. I soon found that it was wise to ignore the form of a sign, and to strive to get

at its value as I had done at the outset. That is, I looked for words beginning with signs already identified, and then I examined every word in the dictionary that began with the sounds represented by the known characters. If the word contained but two or three unknown characters, I usually succeeded in the course of time, occasionally very quickly. It was a process of hemming an elusive symbol in on all sides, so that it simply *had* to reveal its identity. As soon as I thus got a tentative value for a character, I tested it in every other place where it occurred. If it wouldn't work in these, too, I saw that I had been deceived; and so I went at it again in a different way, or I gave it up until the identification of some other character should put me in a better position to attack it. In a large number of cases I succeeded in determining the phonetic value of a sign, but even then could not identify the object intended. When I had cleared up about twenty-five characters, further progress was slow and difficult, and I had to fight for every step that I made in advance. But when I had thirty-five, the tide turned. The number of unknowns was now so reduced that the phonetic possibilities were small; one recalcitrant symbol after another yielded in quick succession, and only two held out. After a struggle of three days, these also succumbed. And so at last I had solved all of the forty-five symbols. How different they now appeared, these pictographs that but a short time before had tantalized me by their wise air of mystery. Now that I knew what sounds they stood for, and thought of them only in terms of phonetic values, they appeared like entirely different things; and if I succeeded in reviving my former feeling toward them, it seemed like something of long ago.

But the battle was not won with the identification of the symbols. Etruscan and Venetic were written in Greek letters, almost every one of which was perfectly clear; and yet these languages lay unread until the twentieth century was well on its way, in spite of the fact that they are close sisters to Latin. One has to look at even so simple a group as *mepin* (27) twice before it blossoms out as *μη πίν'* "drink not," and more than

twice at *mikinu* (28, 31) before he will realize that it is *μίγνυ*, "mix."

Naturally, the greatest difficulty was experienced in cases involving a symbol that could stand for any one of various similar sounds. For example, the *cat's head* could stand for *ε*, *ει*, or *η*. The *stream* could spell *βε*, *βει*, *βη*, *πε*, *πει*, *πη*, *φε*, *φει*, or *φη*. It is obvious that in the case of a word that contains such a sign as this and also one like the *hide* (*τε*, *τει*, etc., etc.), the number of possible permutations is almost countless. To try to depend on one's memory of Greek words is useless. Even a Greek couldn't do it. The right word is as likely as not an obsolete one or a technical term that no one could be expected to know. I found it a saving of time to face the task from the start; that is, to take the dictionary and examine every word beginning, say, with *βε*, *βει*, *βη*, *πε*, *πει*, etc. until I got one that answered the requirements. I frequently found it best not to be sure that this was right, but to go on and see if there might not be others that answered better. One can readily imagine the amount of time and patience required. But all the drudgery was quickly forgotten when it led to results. An extreme illustration of material of this kind is *tepetapo* (6), with its four ambiguous consonant-signs and its three ambiguous vowels. I doubt whether I should ever have identified it, had I not noticed that there were other groups with the same two medial characters (*stream—breast*) as I have explained above.

Not infrequently, as already shown, it was quite impossible to make a word coincide with a classical Greek form. This was because Minoan Greek is so much older. Sometimes the beginning was different, sometimes the medial vowel, more often the ending showed an unfamiliar form. I had to train myself to recognize an old acquaintance in strange dress, with a hat, or a coat, or shoes that seemed outlandish and disguised him.

This is not the place for me to go into details as to the Greek to be found on our Disk; I have done that in my forthcoming book on the subject. Still, I may here furnish such data as will make clear the nature of the text and determine with considerable probability the very dialect in which it is written.



A-po-sū-la-r ke-si-pō ē-pē-t e-e-se a-po-lē-is-tū tē-pē-ta-po.
 × × — | — × × | — — | — — × × | × × — | — — | — — | × × ᾶ
 'Ἀποσὺλ' ἄρ Ξ ε φ ὦ ἡ φῆγ' εἶσε ἀπὸ ληιστοῦ τῆ φῆγ' ἄπο.
Lo, Xiphō the prophētess dedicates spoils from a spoiler of the prophētess.



Te-u-s, a-po-ku-ra. Vi-ka-na a-po-rī-pi-na lā-ri-si-ta a-pō-ko-me-nū sō-tō.
 — × × | × × — | × × × × | — × × | — × × | × × — | × × — | —
 Ζεύς, ἀποχύρου. Σίγ' ἀνά ἀπόρριπτε λάριστα ἀφώκτου ζφόν του.
Zeus guard us. In silence put aside the most dainty portions of the still unroasted animal.



Ā-tē-nē-Mī-me-ra, pū-l. A-po-vī-k. A-po-te-te-nā-ni-ši tū-mē. A-po-vī-k.
 — — | — — | × × — | × × — | × × × × | — × × | — — | × × —
 'Ἀθῆνη Μέρμηρα, βούλ'. 'Ἀποσίγ'. 'Ἀποτεταῖσι θύματα. 'Ἀποσίγ
Athene Minerva, be gracious. Silence! The victims have been put to death. Silence!

THE OPENING LINES OF THE PHAESTOS DISK TRANSLATED

From the document we learn that a pirate had plundered the shrine of the prophētess Xiphō and had afterward given reprisals. Furthermore, that these reprisals, which consisted of cattle, were now to be sacrificed to the gods with due ceremony and with many injunctions to the bystanders to maintain religious silence. There are a few words in the latter part of the text which I have not fully cleared up. A sample from the beginning will suffice for the present. The text starts at the circumference of Face A, and reads as shown above. I give it in the original, but reversed, so as to read from left to right, also in syllabic transcription, classical Greek transcription, and English translation. The invocations to the gods I have printed in Italics.

The Greek scholar will at once observe remarkable agreement with the Greek that he is familiar with, but he will also find numerous deviations from the usage of classical times. These are almost all due to the fact that we here have Greek

that is far older than any hitherto known, Greek in fact that was written down more than a thousand years before Æschylus and Euripides were born, and hundreds of years before the Homeric age. These new old forms are not only interesting in themselves, but they also throw a flood of light on the early history of Greek sounds, inflections, and syntax. I may call attention to the original -η of the neuter plural (*tume*) and to the primitive forms of verbs ending in -ω (*ἀποχυρώ*) and in -πτω (*ἀπορρίπτω*). It will be observed that the article could follow its noun (*ζφόν του*), as in Old Norse. The demonstrative adjective often does the same in Venetic. The form *του* was still used in the feminine as well as in the masculine and neuter, for example, *kunakos(o) tū = γυναικός του* (47). The second element of a diphthong was generally ignored, as in *kunakos = γυναικός*. The words *aposula* (1, 26) and *sula* (30, 39) are used in the sense of cattle taken in reprisal or given in requital. Compare the use of *ληίς*, also *σῦλον, σκύλον, ἀποσυλάω*, etc.

One of the most interesting points is the union in *Atene Mimera* of what we have been wont to regard as the Greek and Latin names of the goddess of thought. It now appears that the much-disputed name *Minerva* is nothing more or less than one of numerous variants of the Greek word *μέμμηρα*, later *μέμμηρα*, "thought."

It will be observed that the text falls into tetrameters, such as are usually called anapæstic, though any four-time foot may be used in them. The only unindicated elision is that at the cesura of the first line. Such feet as the second of the first line, the fifth of the second line, and the sixth of the third line show that glides, or epenthetic vowels, are recognized metrically, if implied in a preceding consonant-sign. The length of the first syllable of *Atene* betrays the recent loss of the digamma after the first consonant. It is obvious that the order of the words in the first verse is poetic.

Of course, the metrical form that is revealed by our text has nothing to do with Evans's theory that the Phæstos Disk contained a religious chant; for this theory was based on the mistaken idea that the virama-marks were metrical signs.

Evans has made a careful study of the pictographs from an archæological point of view and, as stated above, has shown that the civilization that they reflect is not that of Crete but rather that of southwestern Asia Minor. He calls attention to the tight-laced waists of men as well as of women in Crete, and compares them with the very different representations found in the pictographs on the Phæstos Disk (47, 46, 34). The clothes and the manner of dressing the hair also differ essentially. Evans points out the resemblance that the round shields and the crest on the man's head bear to those seen in Egyptian records of the invaders that came down from the north and ravaged the Delta from the eighteenth to the twenty-first dynasty. The style of architecture displayed in the *κειμηλιάρχιον*, or storehouse (2, 44, etc.), also points to Asia Minor as the home of the Disk.

Now, the philological evidence supports the contention of Dr. Evans and makes the theory even more definite. We have seen that our text has η , not α , in such

words as $\acute{\eta}$ (3 etc.), $\tau\acute{\eta}$ (6 etc.), $\sigma\epsilon\mu\eta\eta$ (53), 'Αθ\eta\eta (14, 20), $\theta\acute{\upsilon}\mu\eta$ (18). This proves the dialect to belong to the Ionic-Attic group. But we also find η after ρ in $e\text{-}k\text{-}e\text{-}k(e)\text{-}r\text{-}e\text{-}n\text{-}a$ (44) = $\epsilon\acute{\kappa}\epsilon\kappa\rho\eta\eta$ (Epic $\acute{\epsilon}\kappa\rho\eta\eta$ but Attic $\acute{\epsilon}\kappa\rho\alpha\eta$), which shows that the dialect is Ionic and not Attic. The use of the *ship* (Ionic $\nu\eta\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$, Attic $\nu\alpha\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$) to spell *ne*, rather than *na*, likewise proves that we have to do with Ionic speech. The α rather than η , in words like *peta* (61), = $\phi\eta\tau\alpha$ "prophetess," and *Mimera* (14), is short, just as it is in the corresponding $\acute{\mu}\acute{\epsilon}\mu\mu\eta\rho\acute{\alpha}$, $\acute{\mu}\acute{\epsilon}\mu\mu\eta\acute{\nu}\acute{\alpha}$, and so is not involved in the question. The form *teus* = $\Delta\epsilon\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$ (7) for $\text{Ζ}\epsilon\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$, by the side of $so = \zeta\acute{\omicron}\rho\upsilon$ (13), betrays a certain Æolic admixture, such as we know to have existed in the Ionic speech of the Homeric poems. Finally, among the thousands of seals and inscriptions found in Crete, there is no other that shows the characters that appear on the Phæstos Disk or the system there employed. Compare the seals and clay labels reproduced above. Taking all these things into account, we are justified in believing with Evans that the Disk originated somewhere on the southwest coast lands of Asia Minor.

Here, not in Crete, we must look for further examples of this script, or, more correctly, this printing. As Evans says, the careful preparation of such dies implies an extensive use of the script. And, while porcelain disks may be broken, they are not hurt by fire or water or rust. Somewhere in Ionian lands the earth is surely harboring more of these treasures for us.

But we may now ask ourselves: How did the Disk come to Crete? I fancy it was in some such way as this: Privateers from Phæstos plundered the shrine of "the august prophetess." Subsequent misfortunes among the people of Phæstos were attributed to divine displeasure at the deed of sacrilege. A sacred embassy was despatched to Ionia to inquire what could be done to appease the wrath of the gods. The priestly wisdom perceived an opportunity to establish an affiliated shrine at Phæstos and thus to extend the sphere of influence of the Ionic cult. It was therefore decided to require reprisals in the form of cattle that were to be consecrated and sacrificed

to the offended gods. The sacerdotal reply was made to include instructions as to the ceremony of sacrifice, and thus the cult was established on Cretan soil. Similar wisdom was displayed many hundred years after in the propagation of other cults.

I have said that the writing on the Phæstos Disk is unique and differs from that found on the many seals and labels and tablets that Evans and others have brought to light in Crete. I may add that the language, too, differs. For, though it is Greek in both cases, the Cretan dialect turns out to be Attic. But how I learned this is another story, which

I shall tell at another time. At present I will only say that some of the pictographs employed in the Cretan inscriptions proper are the prototypes of the so-called Greco-Phœnician letters; and that not only is Evans right in identifying certain of the Minoan pictographs with Egyptian hieroglyphs, but the same is true of the Minoan pictographs and the most primitive Chinese characters. For example, the old Chinese sign for "stream" or "river" is identical with the three-line character found on the Phæstos Disk. The world is large, but the streams of learning early flowed to the uttermost parts thereof.

Immortal

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HOW living are the dead!
 Enshrined, but not apart,
 How safe within the heart
 We hold them still—our dead,
 Whatever else be fled!

Our constancy is deep
 Toward those who lie asleep,
 Forgetful of the strain and mortal strife
 That are so large a part of this our earthly life.

They are our very own:
 From them—from them alone,
 Nothing can us estrange,—
 Nor blight autumnal, no; nor wintry change!

The midnight moments keep
 A place for them; and though we wake to weep,
 They are beside us: still, in joy, in pain,—
 In every crucial hour, they come again,
 Angelic from above—
 Bearing the gifts of blessing and of love—
 Until the shadowy path they lonely trod
 Becomes for us a bridge that upward leads to God.

The Surgeon of the Sea

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

WHEN Scott Parsons, the big president of the big Transcontinental system, suddenly made up his mind that he would run over to London the next day, and McCotter, his secretary, reported that he was unable to get accommodations on one of the crack new liners, he swore roundly, as was his way. For once the Parsons' pull failed. The captains and the pursers had already given up their accommodations; there was simply no room left. McCotter stammered apologies. In the end Scott Parsons made a wry face and said that he would go on the *Valambria*—McCotter's suggestion.

After all, the *Valambria* was a good ship and she sailed for a good line. Scott Parsons knew that she bore a good name. Her crew rarely changed. In fact, Fenelon, her captain, and Renwick, the chief engineer, had been with her since her maiden trip, twenty years before. On that maiden trip the *Valambria* had been hailed as the mistress of the sea. She was the first steamship ever built in excess of 10,000 tons. On her maiden trip she made the run from the Mersey to the Hook in six days flat, and since then Fenelon had brought her a thousand times in safety through the dangerous lanes of the North Atlantic, among the clustered icebergs, through the mantling fogs.

But the day did come when there was a bigger and a faster ship on the route—ocean liners, like prima-donnas, have their day. The new ships had twin screws, and the keen-memored reporters at Ships News almost forgot how the great thrust-shaft of the *Valambria* had broken in mid-sea, and had been repaired in four days by Renwick and his men while the ship tossed in the rolling ocean. They strung the antennæ of the wireless, and no longer remembered how Fenelon had lain in the trough of the sea those four fearful days with the broken

thrust-shaft, unable to signal for aid, and all the while stiffening the courage of his men.

Still, the *Valambria* was a good ship, and Scott Parsons was going to sail across for the voyage. So, after his first explosion, he cooled down and sent McCotter hurrying off to Bowling Green for the passage ticket.

Scott Parsons stood at the stern of the stout old *Valambria* as she pulled out from her pier and gazed down at the crowd that gathered there. The band was playing quite gayly, handkerchiefs by the hundreds waved breezily; a young man who stood beside him was giving buoyant farewell to a girl down there in the crowd. Scott Parsons could see the girl clearly, with two older women. She was a pretty girl of the trim, trig New York type, and when Scott Parsons looked at her he began to wish that he had some one down at that pier to see *him* off. He grew a bit jealous that moment of the tall young man. It seemed as if that young man was getting something more out of life than the Parsons' millions had ever bought from it.

Late that evening Scott Parsons found the young man alone in the smoke-room, and, uninvited, he dropped into a seat beside him. He handed a cigar—there was none finer in New York than the Parsons' private brand—and launched into conversation. Scott Parsons liked young men; he believed implicitly in them. This chap held his attention. He was an engineer—a caisson specialist—who talked so modestly of his own work and so enthusiastically of his profession that Parsons felt sure that he must be a good engineer. He listened attentively while John Tyler—the engineer—talked. Scott Parsons, when he left the smoke-room to go to his stateroom, felt that the evening had not been wasted, and he had been in there more than four hours.

And as for John Tyler, a man he once had met somewhere touched him on the arm as he started for his state-room and asked, "How long have you known Scott Parsons?" "Scott Parsons?" John replied. "Yes; that is the big Parsons of the Transcontinental. He values his time at about a hundred dollars a minute. You must have used twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of it." But John only chuckled and shook his head wisely. "My own time is worth something," was his confident reply; "or it will be sometime," he added, softly.

Yes, sometime; that was it. It had been a long time. John Tyler had been a rich man's son. He had been educated for that post, and a part of that education had been a miserable flunk at college. Right after that had come the smash—the unanticipated death of his father; the estate swamped and scattering to the four winds; his dear, helpless mother on his hands to be supported. Life had turned right-about face upon him. The smiling side was gone. John Tyler knew that he must fight for existence.

If it is hard for a poor boy to make a success out of his life, it is doubly hard for a rich man made poor. So what success John Tyler won was a double success. At first he was mad, fighting mad. He went to work for a contractor, and he had plenty of use for the fighting part of his anger. The contractor made him time-keeper, and that meant a pitched battle nearly every week with some workman. They worked him like a galley-slave. The first week of such work made him long for death, and by the end of the second he became fighting mad.

After a few weeks every workman in the job respected and feared John Tyler. Then the contractors, who, after the manner of contractors, saw everything, made him a foreman. He might have continued a foreman right along, with enough pay to support his mother and himself in a degree of comfort—but that was not enough for a man who was fighting mad at himself seven days out of the week. He decided to become a mechanical engineer, and he became one. Ambition prodded him—and Natalie.

Natalie, that was it. Natalie had gray eyes and soft chestnut hair that waved delicately—Natalie was the trim, trig girl

who had waved farewell to him from the pier end. She was the great inspiration of his life. He had known her from the days when they had gone to a kindergarten over in Madison Avenue, and, by the strange coincidences that run so often in real life, Fate had struck hard at Natalie. Her father had also died, and her mother and herself were alone, slipping along on a meagre inheritance, sliding a little nearer the pit all the while. For her, too, he had battled forward toward that magical "M.E.," only to find after he got it that the field was full of young engineers.

Once Natalie had planned to go to work, and John's sky clouded. The Tylers were not used to having their women work, and thought of the thing made him desperate. And yet he understood. But even though he understood, it was hard to see the girlishness die out of the gray eyes. He worked the harder that he might put himself in position to support the three women.

Then there came light out of the darkness. A big concern was being formed to drive sky-scraper foundations in lower Manhattan, and John Tyler was to be its chief engineer. He told Natalie in vague fashion to think no more of going to work, and went down to Maiden Lane to buy a ring. The night that he was to go to her house to ask her if she would wear it for him through the long years, they telegraphed him the news that the biggest man of the new concern had failed. The deal had fallen through. After that he put the ring away and kept his silence.

Still again Natalie talked of going to work; they were close to the pit, and John Tyler swore inwardly. She wanted to be a social secretary, she said—lots of nice girls were, but that made no difference to John. . . . Then he had heard of a concern that was starting to erect steel-framed buildings in London, and he was bound on the *Valambria* to see what they could offer him. . . . It had been temptation at that farewell moment on the pier, but still John Tyler kept his silence, the ring hidden. He would ask no woman to marry him until he was able to support her and hers. And all the while there weighed upon him the prospect of Natalie—dainty, girlish Natalie—

going out into the world and working for her existence.

The ship gave a lurch, and John Tyler went to the foot of his berth in a heap. There was a great crash in the night, and after that a great silence. The silence was short-lived. It was broken by the noise of men running along the decks, doors being opened into passageways, the crying of women—just a few—and children. The engines were stilled, and the ship remained listed just as she had turned when John went bumping down to the foot of his berth.

They were ashore; no doubt of that. He dressed quickly and slipped into the passageway. To reach the cabin where the passengers were gathered was like mountain climbing. They were barred from the decks, and a petty officer was telling them that they were ashore; they might try to get off when the tide changed. There was not much use trying in an ebb-tide. John had read of steamship panics, and it seemed hard for him to realize that he was that moment on a ship in peril of her life. The men and the women were gathered about the long centre-table of the cabin—a constantly increasing company.

Some men were trying to whistle; a woman prayed in a low voice; another, with the solitaire habit, had already spread her cards upon the floor. Some children were already playing; a few hung to their mothers' skirts and wondered why they had been tumbled out of bed at so weird an hour. The women who cried, cried softly; other women gathered about them and comforted them. Scott Parsons, with his pajamas thrust down into his trousers, nodded to John Tyler. Parsons also sat on the floor, a half-dressed child upon his knee. He was a great comfort to the child, and John remembered that he had the reputation of being the harshest man in the Street.

They came no nearer panic on the wrecked *Valambria*. Once or twice the penned passengers in the cabin heard angry voices outside, once the sound of a revolver. But the children continued their play, the woman who sat tailor fashion on the floor could not draw herself away from her solitaire.

After a time the ship righted herself

a bit, but John felt that it boded no good. In a few minutes the electric lights in the cabin blinked out, and they were all in the dark together. There was a little gasp, a deep-drawn breath, and then the cabin was still. There were real men and real women aboard that ship.

John poked his way down a passage until his foot quashed on wet carpet. He reached down. There was standing water in the place, and he climbed upslant once more into the cabin. They had brought some lanterns—the solitaire woman had already found a place by one—and they were beginning to take the women out to the boats.

A woman clutched John Tyler by the arm. "They won't let me go back to my room," she whispered. "I don't care about the jewels—those things. But there's Lettie's picture, the las' I can ever get. I should 'a' brought it with me."

"I understand," said John. "You will get it yet."

She had trusting eyes like those of a child, and she believed him.

When they came to the men, Scott Parsons pushed himself to the head of the file. The ship's officer, emotionless as stone, saw it and ordered him back.

"I'm Parsons, president of the Transcontinental."

The ship's officer wasted no words.

"If you don't obey orders, you'll be ex-president within two minutes."

And Parsons went to the rear of the file like a whipped schoolboy. John Tyler saw that and smiled grimly. They were shuffling along the deck. It was gray dawn. The whole thing painted itself vaguely to John—the pounding of the sea upon its prey, a burning flare forward somewhere, the dim lights of a coaster lying off in the misty distance, the melting snow falling upon them. It was all vague because John's mind was away from it—winging its way toward the stars in the ecstasy of a great idea that fixed itself within his soul and would not be shaken. He found himself dreaming within its possibilities—and Natalie came with him in that dream.

"Never saw such a fog in all my days," he overheard a sailor say. "Jus' like a blanket, an' we at half-speed, when up comes Bug Light out o' th' fog like a

man stickin' a lantern in your face, and she shivered jus' once and lay on th' reef."

That was all that there was of it. The squat lighthouse set on spindly legs was within stone-throw of where they lay listed on the reef. The keeper was helping, but there was not much for him to do. The *Valambria* would not sink farther; Fenelon's judgment in landing his passengers by daylight had saved a death roll and the unsullied reputation of his line. Already the newspapers in the cities were printing their extras about the wreck; its details were known across the land all the way to San Francisco.

They came up from New York and down from Portland, out from Boston, big scientific divers, each of them. They went deep into the hold of the *Valambria*, and they all told the same story to Fenelon. The rock had pierced a great hole in the ship's bottom, so big a gash that temporary patching would be an impossibility out there upon the reef. The wreckers shook their heads and said that they would not risk men or ships upon the job. Fenelon cursed all of them. With tears in his eyes he sent all the way down the coast to Norfolk to a man who was past master in his profession and who had picked up a hundred ships that other wreckers had abandoned. This man came north with enthusiasm. It vanished when he saw the *Valambria*, and he, too, shook his head and went home.

John Tyler went back to New York, and for a week he hung in the ante-room of Scott Parsons's office, snubbed by under-secretaries and office-boys and kicking his heels with a line of other schemers on a bench—a row of imaginative brains they were—each leaping over barriers of reality and dreaming of overwhelming success close at hand. The end of such dreams was a very practical underling who took the precious dreams of months and years and cast them into the waste-basket. Scott Parsons's time was too well filled with dollar-chasing to study dreams.

John Tyler never saw the underling. His card carried him straight into Parsons's office when the big man returned to town. Parsons bent his head low to John Tyler's scheme. His secretary knew that each nod of Parson's head proclaimed the

scheme accepted at headquarters. When John Tyler went out of the place the line on the bench knew from his expression that he had been successful.

So it came to pass that within the fortnight John Tyler was in command at the *Valambria*. He kept the captain and the chief—two loyal men who might prove invaluable. Then, too, the old captain—sticking to his stanch ship the long years through while the line offered him the bigger and better boats—came close to John Tyler's heart. He began to see the pathos of an old sea-dog patiently listening to the fool suggestions of a landlubber who took what the best wreckers in the country had passed by and swore that he would accomplish the impossible—and by an untried scheme.

"She can't be patched from underneath," John told Fenelon. "We'll tackle her decks and work from the inside. I'm going to make the decks tight—so tight that you can't blow a bubble through them—and then we are going to patch the hole, fill her with air, and float her in big tide."

They laughed at him when he told his plan, but within three days he had enough air in her sealed hold to enable him to pass through a crude air-lock rigged in a hatch and go below. Double atmosphere there, but it was telling, and the cabins were beginning to dry. He smiled as he saw the cards on the floor where the solitaire woman had left them. In a stateroom he found a photograph. On its back was written "Lettie," and John put it in his pocket, for he remembered the woman who had lost it.

Forty-eight hours before the big tide of the month, when John was ready to clear the *Valambria* of the ledge, a nor-easter, the thing he most dreaded in their position, hit them. He had been smiling at his success, the air had accomplished everything that he had promised for it, but he ceased smiling when the gray December clouds began to blanket the sea. He got his night shift out and put his steam-pumps to work. Those pumps had gone in for a purpose. John had planned to keep some of the compartments filled with water, others with air—he spoke learnedly of the "trim of the

ship," which meant that he must keep her keel fairly even. If he should permit bow or stern to thrust itself into the air, that might mean that she would break her back. If it came to that, they would have to dynamite her apart and carry her in sections to the dry dock—an all but impossible thing. It was all delicate work handling the air-pumps and the water-pumps, and it took a sight of planning to adjust the air pressures and the water ballasts so that at the crest of the tide the ship would rise gently and evenly from her rude berthing-place.

Now there was double work for the pumps—double work for the men. Fenelon and Renwick had gone ashore to get the tug that was to haul them to dry dock, and John was alone on the ship with the choice lot of roustabouts that he had picked up along the water-fronts of Boston and New York to do his work. The men grumbled at their work, and John went over and told them that there was double pay that night for all. He could not risk a stoppage of the pumps. The *Valambria* hung that night on a delicate thread; John fancied that a sharp breath would undo his work, and here was the nor'easter beginning to whip down from Newfoundland.

Throughout that night, throughout the day that followed, John kept his men steadily at it. It was not an easy task, they were grumbling more and more, but he threatened and he cajoled, and he had his satisfaction in the readings of his gauges. When night came he kept the day gang at it. The wind freshened, and he went down and himself took a position with the men on the hatch combing. They feared him and respected him, and when he came among them they nodded their heads and whispered that the boss wasn't a bad sort, after all.

Before midnight they came to him from the forward hatch.

"Water's gaining on us," they told him. "One of our pumps 's down an' out."

He went the length of the ship and climbed down the forward hatch. Two of the workmen held a lantern, and John dismantled the pump. It was quick work, and he was no expert on centrifugals. As he worked at the pump his foreman

gave him the readings. The water was gaining on them, his hand thrust well into the pump was a slow and clumsy thing, the life of the *Valambria* was still in a delicate balance. The foreman watched him quizzically. He was ready to order all hands to the deck—he was sure that their chance was gone, and once told John Tyler that. John Tyler gave no answer that moment. A moment later he spoke—and laughed for the first time that night. He drew his grease-covered arm from within the pump and brought in its palm a battered chisel.

"I'd give a dollar to know the chump who dropped that toy in there," he said. "Pumps aren't catch-alls."

But he laughed as he said it. He was gaining confidence. And throughout that night he held to confidence. He was forward and back, cheering his men, standing beside them, taking hold with them; his hands were not too proud for actual labor. He realized that he ought to be tired—he had been hard at it for two nights and a day, with only a snatch of half-sleep now and then upon the deck. But he was too busy to think of being tired. That last night moved itself in an endless clatter that made him forget all save two things—the ship and Natalie.

When the crowd below him grew unusually unruly, John Tyler let the muzzle of his revolver gleam in the light of a lantern that hung above him. The rest of the time he kept his gaze swinging out over the blackness of the sea. Each time he caught a light his hopes raised. They fell as the lights rolled past him—coasters bound up-shore to Portland or to Bath; a big liner, such as the *Valambria* had been, bearing her fate well in mind and giving wide berth to Bug Light.

Before it was yet dawn—a little after eight bells of the winter's morn—John gave a little thrill of joy. The deck was righting; for the first time in five long weeks it was level again. He gave a shout for joy—the *Valambria* was afloat and drifting clear of the reef. His joy knew no bounds.

After the night, the day!

In the pink of early dawn there steamed up from the south the *Little Duke*, the stanchest tug all the way from New Bedford to Halifax, and aboard her Renwick and Fenelon rubbing their eyes

at sight of the *Valambria* again tossing in the sea. They helped John fasten the tug's towing-hawser to the liner's nose. Then John went aboard the tug and saw that she had wireless.

"Take a message for me?" he asked the operator.

"I guess if you wanted the wire all the way back to Boston, you could have it, Mr. Tyler," laughed the operator. John bent low and whispered his message to Natalie into the operator's ear.

"How long will it take to get the answer?" he demanded. The operator grinned. He had a girl of his own down in Connecticut.

"Inside of an hour or two—if your lady friend's at home."

He had more to say, but it was taken from him. A shot—cannon-like—stopped him. The *Little Duke* careened wildly for a minute. In the next her screw was lifted clear of the sea.

"That damned towin'-hawser!" swore the operator. "Rotten cotton for a craft in salvage business! My old woman wouldn't have her wash on't."

Streeter, the captain of the *Little Duke*, lost little time in damming hawsers. John Tyler told him that there were half a dozen others on the *Valambria* and so he put back for a new line. The fair west wind was freshening again—no wonder that rotten old hawser had snapped at the splice—and it was not an easy trick getting back to the liner.

"Take it easy," shouted Fenelon from the bow of his ship, where he was fastening another towing-line. "We're rolling heavy."

Streeter did not trust himself to give the answer discourteous to that blamed Britisher. The *Little Duke* was less than five hundred tons in all the books, but Streeter had never put *her* ashore on Bug Light Reef. He danced her on the very surface of the rolling sea. Her tearing screw was clear of the water half the time and roaring like an in-country threshing-machine, but Streeter would show them.

He did show them. A big comber caught the tug with a terrific twist and sent it spinning. It took Streeter un-awares and sent his engineer reeling. The *Little Duke* swung helpless and lay in the trough of the sea. Streeter

stood to his telegraph, but the engineer lay unconscious in his room. The black bulk of the *Valambria* loomed high above them. The sea drew them back. They were helpless—their engines unmanned. . . . John Tyler ran from the wireless to the engine-room. The chief still lay unconscious on the floor. The telegraph needle was making wild circles about the dial. John knew a little more about marine engines than he had known before he tackled the *Valambria*. He jumped to the levers and gave attention to the telegraph.

Too late! The sea lifted the stout little tug and bore her hard against the side of the crippled liner. There was an instant of impact—then the crash of glass. . . . They had poked their nose through one of the *Valambria's* water-line ports. . . . The next three minutes were uncertain. The water splashed down upon them, and John wondered if they would be caught under the liner—for an instant they hovered on the lip of eternity. In the next the stout tug asserted herself, and Tyler found himself taking orders from the telegraph. The *Little Duke* was again master of herself.

"Bully boy!" whispered her engineer from the floor.

"Badly hurt?" asked John Tyler.

"Broken arm. It's a bum arm. I smashed it first time when I was working for the Canadian Pacific up in the Crow's Nest."

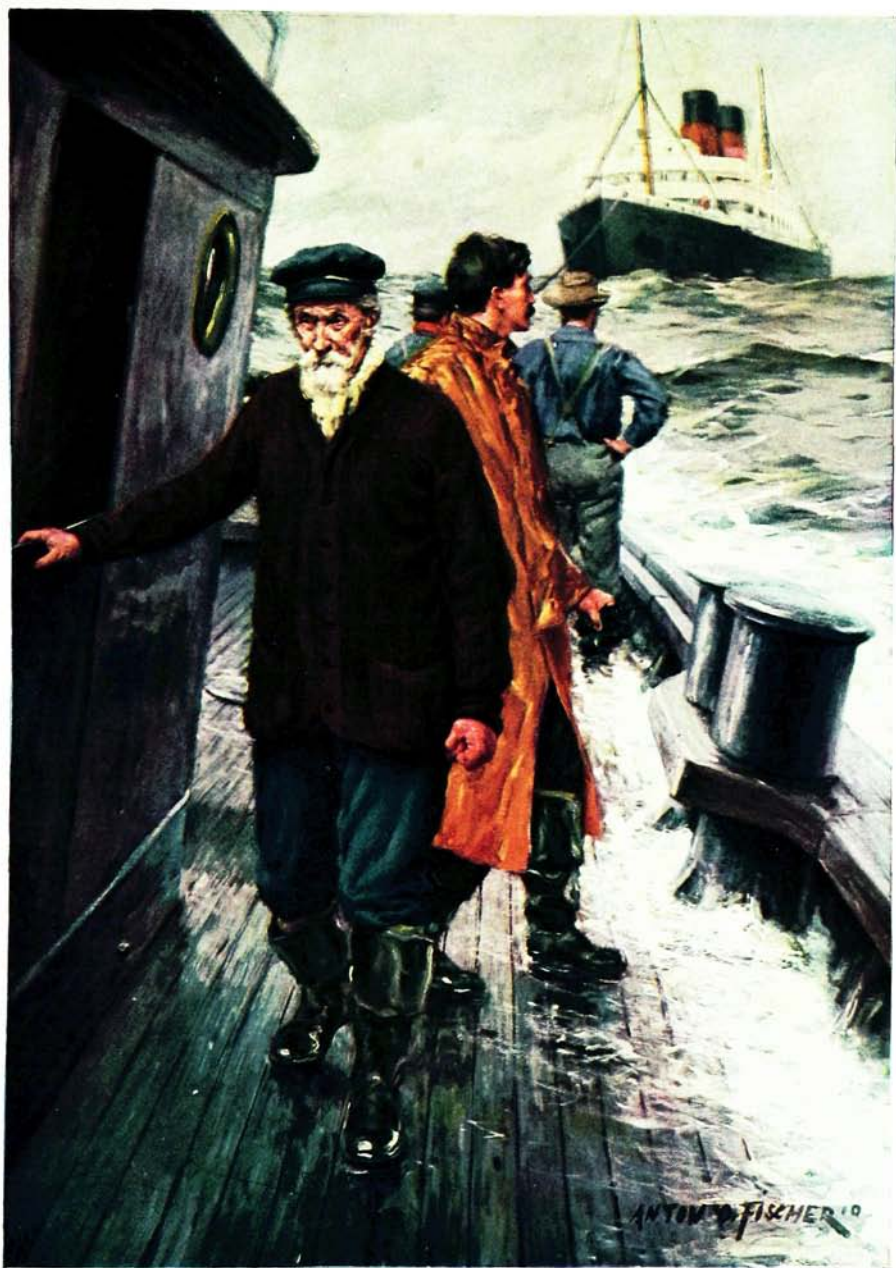
He rambled on incoherently, but John's head was out of the window, his eyes scanning the *Valambria*. She was listing badly. Men were beginning to drop over her side and swim toward the tug. He shouted to Streeter.

"Is she going to sink?" he yelled.

"That damned port!" said Streeter. It was his way of saying yes. Old Renwick was in the water, and when Renwick gave up there must be little hope. Fenelon was the last to leave. When he came, sputtering through the icy waters, he brought a line to another towing-hawser. He found John Tyler in the engine-room and Renwick at the levers of the tug's mechanism.

"What can we do now, Mr. Tyler?" he demanded.

John Tyler's courage never failed him. He understood what the loss of his ship



Painting by Anton O. Fischer

EACH MOMENT HE EXPECTED TO SEE THE "VALAMBRIA" GO TO HER GRAVE

must mean to the old North Atlantic captain, and he held himself cool by effort.

"What's the depth here, Captain?" he demanded.

"It's channel and forty fathoms. If she goes down here, all the contraptions on earth can't ever get her up again."

"Then it's up to us to get her out of the channel and beach her," said John Tyler, coolly. He knew what that meant—the labor of long weeks again to pump the air into her hull—the risks, the uncertainties. And here was the *Valambria*, sinking on their hands and a growing drag on the little tug. Their progress grew slower and slower. Renwick, in the engine-room, knew what was expected, and he took no care to read the government certificates. He did not want to know the limit of those boilers. He saw that they were new and he crowded them—crowded them to a point that would have brought heart-failure and a round government fine to the owners of the *Little Duke*.

John Tyler, standing with Fenelon, expected each moment to see the *Valambria* turn her bow toward heaven and go to her grave. Each moment saw the inevitable approach, and Fenelon turned his back. He could not bear to see the tragedy. John Tyler saw the tears course down the old captain's face, and, with a little grasp of his hand, he sped away to the wheel-house.

"She's holding well," he said to Streeter.

"I ain't often had the likes of him," he was speaking of Renwick, "at the engines o' th' *Duke*." Which was high praise for a Yankee skipper who had an inborn hatred of the English. They went another three minutes—five—ten—twelve. Streeter caught a familiar shore range.

"We're striking shoal," he told John Tyler.

As he said it, they cut the hawser. The *Valambria* was ashore, the *Little Duke* could not do more for her. . . . John Tyler went into the cabin and found Fenelon sitting at a table.

"I ain't a-going to look on any unmarked graves," stammered the old commander. His head was buried in his arms. His grief was overwhelming. John lowered his voice to a whisper.

"You're a-going to see your *Val* again. We've beached her."

Fenelon let his glance go out of the cabin port. A low-lying hull, two spars, two funnels—red and black of the company's familiar standard—showed above the sea. He dropped back into his chair.

"We'll try again," said John Tyler. "We'll never give up."

It was a narrow chance—but still a chance. It was forlorn hope—with the next nor'easter whipping down to break her into a thousand parts—but it was a hope. And such a hope. The young man who operated the wireless caught John Tyler's arm.

"Chipper up, Mr. Tyler," he said. "Your lady friend says it's a go."

The operator knew why John Tyler did not, why he left the written form of the message unopened.

Poor Natalie! And this was to have been the happiest moment of John Tyler's life.

Fenelon and Renwick found a boarding-place in a little cottage on the shore from which they could see all that remained of their *Valambria*, and John Tyler hurried back to New York. At parting he gave a new courage to old Fenelon.

"Don't you care, Captain. Scott Parsons will do the right thing by us."

John had conceived a real affection for the stanch old seaman—he understood what the loss of his ship must have meant to him. This second loss had meant something to John Tyler. Fenelon had told him of a man who kept a little coffee-house on a side street not far from the Liverpool landing-stage, and how that man had been the master of a ship lost in a howling storm in the Bay of Biscay. That loss had not been the master's fault, but apologies do not go from the men who follow the lanes of the sea. He was dropped. Fenelon need not have told that story, for John Tyler understood.

"I'll make Scott Parsons do the right thing by us," was his parting word.

In the morning he went down to Wall Street to see Scott Parsons. Hope and enthusiasm set high within him—he had spent the preceding evening with Na-

talie—and the inspiration of her girlish affection was a great spur to him. He found a seat on the outer bench with the line of imaginative brains—but only for an instant. McCotter was a man who remembered, and he took John's card in to the big man without delay. John caught up his hat and met the secretary coming back from that inner world behind the green baize door. There was a smile on John's face. There was no smile upon the secretary's face.

"Mr. Parsons is busy to-day. He cannot see you," he began.

The smile faded. John Tyler became deadly earnest.

"Perhaps to-morrow?"

"Mr. Parsons is off for Mexico in the morning. You did not get his letter?"

John shook his head.

"Mr. Parsons says that the matter is closed. He is busy to-day—"

John Tyler caught his breath. And after all those long, hard days—this! He understood now. The secretary began backing toward the outer door. John Tyler ceased backing. He took McCotter by the shoulders and sent him spinning over into the corner. Then he strode straight into Parsons's office.

The railroad president colored.

"I thought I said—" he began. John interrupted him.

"That you wanted to see me, to get a report. Well, here I am."

"The matter is—"

"Not a closed incident, Mr. Parsons. If you had followed my requests and sent me three tugs—not one—we would not have dropped the *Valambria*. Now we are in good position to start at her again—only there is no time to lose. That is our biggest foe now—time."

The secretary made his appearance at the door, but Scott Parsons told him to keep out. He waved John Tyler into a chair. Then he began:

"I always give the man with the Idea a chance. Some of the best men I have with me to-day came that way. I gave you your chance and you failed to make good."

John Tyler started to protest, but Parsons interrupted him.

"But I like you; I like your style and I like your grit. I am not going to kick you loose. I am striking our new line

down in Mexico next month. There are bridges by the dozen to be built, and I want you to build some of them. There'll be lots of caisson work for you."

Scott Parsons stopped. He was sure he had done the decent thing. John Tyler hesitated. A good job on the Transcontinental. That might mean Natalie and an easy streak. . . . Then there confronted him the picture of two seafaring men who stood on a New England cliff gazing across to a wrecked ship—all that remained of theirs. He recalled the story about the old man who ran the coffee-house not far from the Liverpool landing-stage.

"I'll stick by the *Valambria*, Mr. Parsons," said he.

Annoyance crossed the big man's face. "I like stickers," he said, "to a certain point. Read that."

He pushed a newspaper clipping over the desk. It was a Boston despatch saying that the *Valambria* would go to pieces within the fortnight.

"They don't know and I do," said John. "I'll stick."

Scott Parsons's heavy hand came down upon the desk.

"I won't," he thundered. "You can go to Mexico or get out."

He reached for his correspondence basket. John Tyler thought—thought quickly. Then he reached out and pushed the correspondence basket away from Parsons's outstretched hand. He smiled—a smile of quick confidence.

"I'll make a gamble with you on it," he said, in a low voice.

"I don't gamble," laughed Parsons, "that is, not often. Occasionally I play a little poker, and I used to have a string of horses. I couldn't afford the stable, and so I've quit gambling."

John Tyler contradicted him.

"You do gamble," he said, slowly. "You gamble every day of your life. You buy a railroad because you think it will make money for you—you gamble on the investment. If you go to a play, you gamble on an interesting evening; if you build a new country place, you are gambling on your judgment. You cannot get away from your gambling, Mr. Parsons."

The big man laughed—a bit awkwardly. "And this bet?"

"You are going to back me—to the

limit—to get the *Valambria* up again. If I ask for three tugs, you are going to send me three—not one. For my part I'll agree to have the ship in dry dock in thirty days. But you are to go the limit all that time."

Scott Parsons closed his keen eyes so that he might think the more clearly, and John gazed steadfastly at him. Thirty days! This was Wednesday, the 20th of January, and the clock on the office mantel pointed both hands to twelve. Thirty days. On Friday, the 19th of February, the *Valambria* would have to be docked. It was a big contract. Parsons opened his eyes.

"There are two sides to a bet," he began. "If you don't dock the ship in thirty days?"

John Tyler choked. Then he collected himself and started in:

"If I lose I'll give you the next ten years of my life at just a living wage—say twenty dollars a week. I will design your bridges and build them, too. I will give myself to you. I'll be a good investment."

He stopped. Scott Parsons looked at him intently. He was a gambler, and he knew it. He shot his big hand across the table.

"It's a go," he said. "I hope to God I lose."

When John Tyler again trod the rusty deck of the *Valambria* there was new triumph in his soul. He whistled gayly as he cleaned out his engines and his pumps and set once more at the monotonous labor of pumping air and plugging leaks. The concrete coffer-dams had held well, and John knew that there was little patching to be done. He came to his work with enthusiasm—away back in New York there was a girl who cared. It was not every man who had a girl that cared, and John Tyler felt that with such an incentive he might easily conquer even the gray wastes of the sea.

On the twenty-seventh day after he left New York he calculated that he had ninety per cent. of the necessary air again in the sealed hold of the *Valambria*. The weather had been their staunch aid—the winter days had been surprisingly fine. The machinery ran better

than before—the men stood to their work like veterans.

Now the big tide was twenty-four hours away again, and John Tyler, setting his lights at the close of the short February day, felt that his worries were ending. He had margin upon his contract with Scott Parsons, and Natalie—dear little Natalie—would be waiting for him next week in New York.

He set his pumps to work—it was necessary to adjust that "trim of the ship" of which he could speak so learnedly—so that she would rise from the sand-bar in the morning. The pumps were the crucial period of the work. It took something like courage to stand in the black hold of a badly listed ship, with the fear all the while that the water might be gaining on the pumps, and toil till muscles ached and hands burned. John Tyler knew it. He respected the workmen the more for it.

Fenelon and Renwick had gone for the tugs again, and once more he was in sole command upon the ship. Before midnight he was sorry that he had not kept one or the other of the *Valambria's* chiefs. The men began rebelling—a little at first, then more and more openly. He had a new lot at the pumps—Italians—the older men would take the trick at dawn. John Tyler, standing above the hatch, could hear the muttered Calabrian profanity as it came up to him from the black womb of the ship. He could hear the orders of the Italian foremen silencing them. They scolded more and more. Finally there was no more scolding—neither were the men at the pumps.

They were quitting, coming up the ladder in the hatch of the main-deck, where John Tyler stood—his white face whiter still under the glare of a lantern near by. He was in for it again. The Italians were shouting. "Strike" was the one word he could distinguish. That settled it. It was time to act. He laughed as he knelt on the dirty deck and fumbled at the lashings of the ladder. They were at its foot; it was quivering in the grasp of an angry hand. The stout knots held true. There was foot pressure upon the ladder. John Tyler whipped out his knife as coolly as if he were going to cut a cigar-end.

He hacked at the cords. The first of the Italians came higher upon the ladder.

Then John Tyler stood erect and shouted. The ladder, loosed, went crashing down into the blackness of that hatch-hole. He heard cries and yells, but he laughed, for he knew they were prisoners. He felt no regrets for the man who had fallen with the ladder. The law of the sea has long been the law of self-preservation.

The pumps!

The laugh died away when he thought of them and remembered the big tide close at hand. Then his thoughts were carried in a new direction. His day-foremen had heard his call—they were piling out upon the deck. The first of the tried sailormen were finding their way once again down into the hatch.

Long before the *Little Duke* with two consort tugs—Scott Parsons was keeping his contract to the letter—came in sight, John Tyler had his pumps hard at work again. The Italians were quick to see that they had been whipped—they took their orders sullenly—but they took them. The day gang went to work—the night gang relieved it at intervals—all the while the pumps kept their monotonous chug-chug-chug—clear melody in John Tyler's ears.

When they were afloat once again and ready to start toward Boston the fogs closed in upon them and held them prisoners. One night and a day the tugs and their crippled charge lay huddled there in the thickness of the fogs, and John Tyler remembered that his was a time contract. High noon on the 19th of February was high noon of day after to-morrow. High noon day after to-morrow—and after that . . . his own personally conducted deluge!

He found his way to Streeter's cabin. The fog lay so thick about them that you could hardly see the *Little Duke's* bow-staff from her stern.

"Captain, we've got to move," he told Streeter.

"We're in comfortable anchorage an' we don't want to take no reesks," he said, refilling his pipe. John kept his compact with Scott Parsons no longer secret. He bent over and whispered to Streeter. The pipe fell from the captain's hand

and scattered its ashes on the clean floor of the tidy cabin.

"Why didn't ye say so?" he sputtered. Then, after a while, this: "He won't hold ye to that thirty-day clause as long as ye get yer ship safe."

"I won't take risks on that," said John, slowly. "He has the reputation in Wall Street of taking his pound of flesh every time. Can you make way again?"

Streeter bent over and picked up his pipe.

"To-day?" urged John Tyler.

The captain saluted.

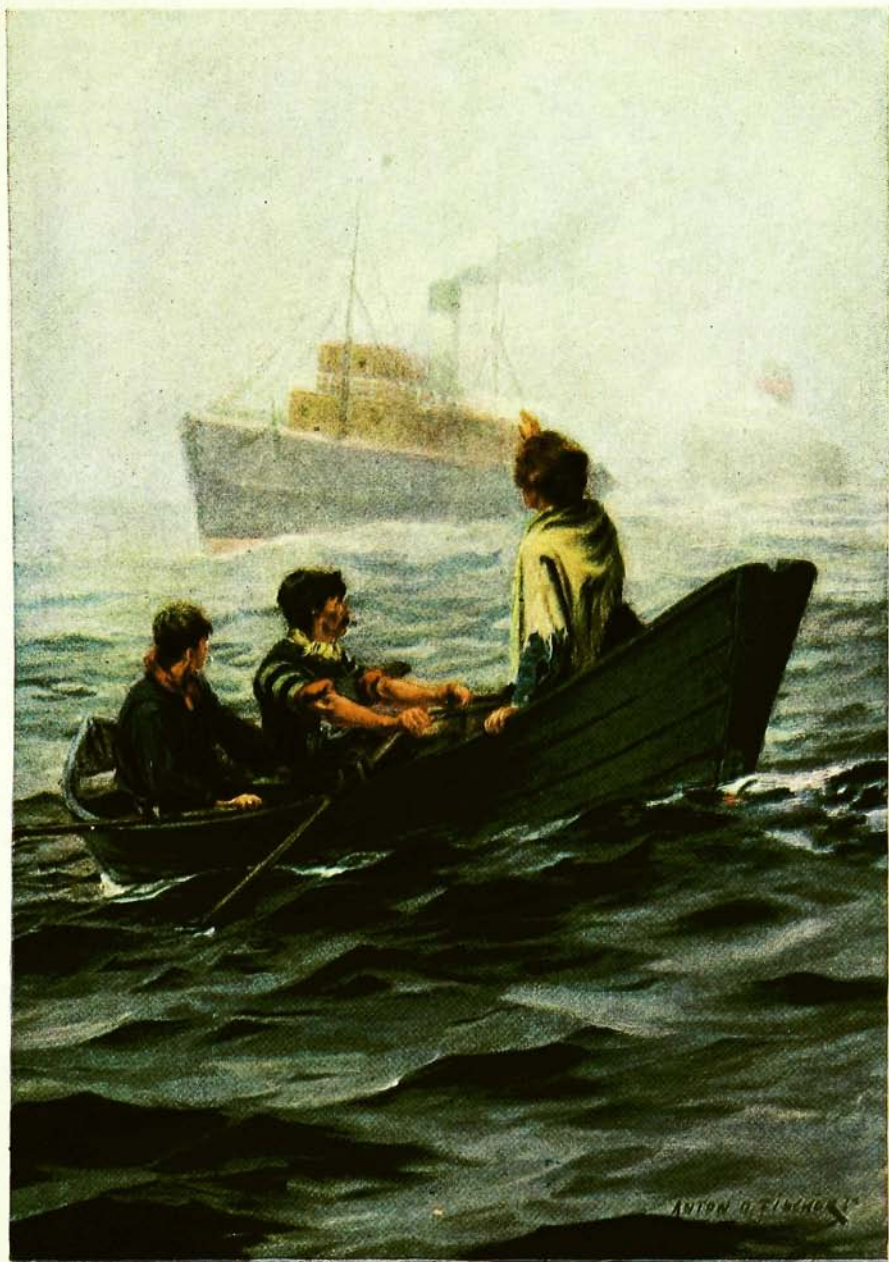
"We'll weigh anchor in ten minutes, sir."

The screws of the tugs were churning again, and John Tyler stood beside Streeter in the wheel-house of the *Little Duke*. They were making way through the mystery sea, the very portrayal of eternity. Gray mist hung over them. From the unknown, queer voices called. Stern horns told of near-by rocks, queer cow-calls trumpeted alarm in their very faces, once they were close enough to mainland to hear a locomotive whistle and the roar of its train. Monotonous bells, droning the chorus of the high seas, slipped past them in the fog, a gray shape showed itself above their bows to starboard. There was a din of whistles, then the sharp commands of engine bells, renewed splashings of the screws; then the gray bulk shaped itself into a coaster that went slipping past them, so near that you could see the passengers on her decks, despite the fog.

"That's what I call taking reesks," said Streeter.

John Tyler said nothing. He kept his eye upon the wheel-house clock and began to pray for success.

A woman's voice called to them from out of the unknown. There was no woman among all of the little fleet. The woman's voice called once again. Then John Tyler saw them bring something over the bow of the *Little Duke*. It was a woman; a woman lost on the glassy surface of the fog-buried sea, and with her in the tiny dory two men, faint and silent. The woman still had her courage. The men had lost theirs. One of the Italian workmen established communication with her.



Painting by Anton O. Fischer

THE WOMAN STILL HAD HER COURAGE. THE MEN HAD LOST THEIRS

The story was short. A sailing-ship out of Gloucester, returning to Sicily with the load of fish that she had taken aboard for her salt, had been cut down amidships by a steamer in the night. She carried two dories, one forward, the other aft, and they had made for the nearest. In this way the girl—she was the captain's sweetheart, it seemed—had been carried off with the two sailors.

It was a simple tragedy, but there was something about the girl that came close to John Tyler's heart. He knew. She had the same wonderful silver-gray eyes as Natalie, and he wondered if the same look would come into Natalie's eyes if he were drifting in the ocean sea. Streeter came to him.

"She wants us to put out for the other dory. I tol' her how they'd be sure to be picked up. All the Gloucester 'Bankers' come through here. . . . We ain't got time to lose monkeying here. I wouldn't stop now for the choicest bit of salvage I ever see."

He turned toward his wheel-house, but John Tyler stopped him, with hand upon elbow. Streeter almost exploded.

"You can't take the reesk, Mr. Tyler," he sputtered. "S'pose somethin' happens agin to this ole log and we hav' to lay to for five or six hours?"

John Tyler struggled with himself for an instant. Then he walked over to where the girl sat and caught her hand. He spoke to the Italian workman by her side.

"Tell her we will put a boat out for her sweetheart," he said.

Night came upon him, but John Tyler's watch stayed within his pocket. Sometimes they would hear the calls of the men in the small boat, and then they would send answering calls. The search held for some hours.

Some time before midnight they brought the Italian master and his men aboard the *Little Duke*. Then the engine bells rang sharply, and the screws of the tugs began churning once again. John was heavy for sleep and dozed stoutly in the captain's chair. They were at the beginning of the end. The engines of the tugs throbbed throughout

the night and into the tardy coming of the dawn. He slept soundly—a tired mind and body were seeking their natural rest.

Streeter touched him upon the arm.

"Look at that, Mr. Tyler," he said.

John looked. A tall lighthouse, rising almost from the sea itself, was gleaming in clear sunshine. Streeter let out a mighty yell and slapped John Tyler on the back.

"Yell," he said; "that's Boston light."

So they put the *Valambria* in dry dock just before the clock hands joined at their little zenith. John Tyler had won his gamble with Scott Parsons, and no one was more glad of that than the big railroad president himself. He saw to it that the ship was put in good shape for another quarter of a century. John Tyler made him see to it that Fenelon was to rank as owning captain. She was to go into "tramp" service, and Fenelon came into the great opportunity of his life.

So when the warm gay spring came again the big *Valambria*—cargo-carrier—sailed out again past the aged lightship at the Hook. She was bound for New Zealand. There were but two passengers aboard, and these two enough for Fenelon. The two were one, and theirs a wedding-trip more than half-way round this globe.

Natalie stood beside John as they sailed down through the Narrows. He was telling her of his plans for the future.

"Scott Parsons wants me to go into the wrecking business. He says that there are a hundred wrecks up and down the coast that we will pull up with the air." He was silent for a moment. "It all seems so strange," he said, slowly. "How different it has come about—those long years since the pater left us! Do you know that he wanted me to be a professional man—a surgeon—and here I am a wrecker! It's a far call. It's—"

She silenced him with a little cry of pleasure.

"Don't you see, John dear," she laughed. "You are a surgeon, after all—you are the surgeon of the sea."

The Death of Jean

BY MARK TWAIN

The death of Jean Clemens occurred early in the morning of December 24, 1909. Mr. Clemens was in great stress of mind when I first saw him, but a few hours later I found him writing steadily.

"I am setting it down," he said, "everything. It is a relief to me to write it. It furnishes me an excuse for thinking." At intervals during that day and the next I looked in, and usually found him writing. Then on the evening of the 26th, when he knew that Jean had been laid to rest in Elmira, he came to my room with the manuscript in his hand.

"I have finished it," he said; "read it. I can form no opinion of it myself. If you think it worthy, some day—at the proper time—it can end my autobiography. It is the final chapter."

Four months later—almost to the day—(April 21st) he was with Jean. It would seem, now, that the world may, with propriety, read these closing words.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

STORMFIELD, CHRISTMAS EVE, 11 A. M., 1909.

*J*EAN is dead!
Has any one ever tried to put upon paper all the little happenings connected with a dear one—happenings of the twenty-four hours preceding the sudden and unexpected death of that dear one? Would a book contain them? would two books contain them? I think not. They pour into the mind in a flood. They are little things that have been always happening every day, and were always so unimportant and easily forgettable before—but now! Now, how different! how precious they are, how dear, how unforgettable, how pathetic, how sacred, how clothed with dignity!

Last night Jean, all flushed with splendid health, and I the same, from the wholesome effects of my Bermuda holiday, strolled hand in hand from the dinner table and sat down in the library and chatted, and planned, and discussed, cheerily and happily (and how unsuspectingly!) until nine—which is late for us

—then went up-stairs, Jean's friendly German dog following. At my door Jean said, "I can't kiss you good night, father: I have a cold, and you could catch it." I bent and kissed her hand. She was moved—I saw it in her eyes—and she impulsively kissed my hand in return. Then with the usual gay "Sleep well, dear!" from both, we parted.

At half past seven this morning I woke, and heard voices outside my door. I said to myself, "Jean is starting on her usual horseback flight to the station for the mail." Then Katy* entered, stood quaking and gasping at my bedside a moment, then found her tongue: "*Miss Jean is dead!*"

Possibly I know now what the soldier feels when a bullet crashes through his heart.

In her bath-room there she lay, the fair young creature, stretched upon the floor and covered with a sheet. And looking so placid, so natural, and as if asleep. We knew what had happened. She was an epileptic: she had been seized with a convulsion and heart failure in her bath. The doctor had to come several miles. His efforts, like our previous ones, failed to bring her back to life.

It is noon, now. How lovable she looks, how sweet and how tranquil! It is a noble face, and full of dignity; and that was a good heart that lies there so still.

In England, thirteen years ago, my wife and I were stabbed to the heart with a cablegram which said, "Susy was mercifully released to-day." I had to send a like shock to Clara, in Berlin, this morning. With the peremptory addition, "You must not come home." Clara and her husband sailed from here on the 11th of this month. How will Clara bear it? Jean, from her babyhood, was a worshipper of Clara.

* Katy Leary, who had been in the service of the Clemens family for twenty-nine years.

Four days ago I came back from a month's holiday in Bermuda in perfect health; but by some accident the reporters failed to perceive this. Day before yesterday, letters and telegrams began to arrive from friends and strangers which indicated that I was supposed to be dangerously ill. Yesterday Jean begged me to explain my case through the Associated Press. I said it was not important enough; but she was distressed and said I must think of Clara. Clara would see the report in the German papers, and as she had been nursing her husband day and night for four months* and was worn out and feeble, the shock might be disastrous. There was reason in that; so I sent a humorous paragraph by telephone to the Associated Press denying the "charge" that I was "dying," and saying "I would not do such a thing at my time of life."

Jean was a little troubled, and did not like to see me treat the matter so lightly; but I said it was best to treat it so, for there was nothing serious about it. This morning I sent the sorrowful facts of this day's irremediable disaster to the Associated Press. Will both appear in this evening's papers?—the one so blithe, the other so tragic.

I lost Susy thirteen years ago; I lost her mother—her incomparable mother!—five and a half years ago; Clara has gone away to live in Europe; and now I have lost Jean. How poor I am, who was once so rich! Seven months ago Mr. Rogers died—one of the best friends I ever had, and the nearest perfect, as man and gentleman, I have yet met among my race; within the last six weeks Gilder has passed away, and Laffan—old, old friends of mine. Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands good-by at this door last night—and it was forever, we never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here—writing, busying myself, to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.

Seventy-four years old, twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yes-

* Mr. Gabilowitsch had been operated on for appendicitis.

terday. Who can estimate my age to-day?

I have looked upon her again. I wonder I can bear it. She looks just as her mother looked when she lay dead in that Florentine villa so long ago. The sweet placidity of death! it is more beautiful than sleep.

I saw her mother buried. I said I would never endure that horror again; that I would never again look into the grave of any one dear to me. I have kept to that. They will take Jean from this house to-morrow, and bear her to Elmira, New York, where lie those of us that have been released, but I shall not follow.

Jean was on the dock when the ship came in, only four days ago. She was at the door, beaming a welcome, when I reached this house the next evening. We played cards, and she tried to teach me a new game called "Mark Twain." We sat chatting cheerily in the library last night, and she wouldn't let me look into the loggia, where she was making Christmas preparations. She said she would finish them in the morning, and then her little French friend would arrive from New York—the surprise would follow; the surprise she had been working over for days. While she was out for a moment I disloyally stole a look. The loggia floor was clothed with rugs and furnished with chairs and sofas; and the uncompleted surprise was there: in the form of a Christmas tree that was drenched with silver film in a most wonderful way; and on a table was a prodigal profusion of bright things which she was going to hang upon it to-day. What desecrating hand will ever banish that eloquent unfinished surprise from that place? Not mine, surely. All these little matters have happened in the last four days. "Little." Yes—*then*. But not now. Nothing she said or thought or did is little now. And all the lavish humor!—what is become of it? It is pathos, now. Pathos, and the thought of it brings tears.

All these little things happened such a few hours ago—and now she lies yonder. Lies yonder, and cares for nothing any more. Strange—marvellous—incredible! I have had this experience before; but it would still be incredible if I had had it a thousand times.

"Miss Jean is dead!"

That is what Katy said. When I heard the door open behind the bed's head without a preliminary knock, I supposed it was Jean coming to kiss me good morning, she being the only person who was used to entering without formalities.

And so—

I have been to Jean's parlor. Such a turmoil of Christmas presents for servants and friends! They are everywhere; tables, chairs, sofas, the floor—everything is occupied, and over-occupied. It is many and many a year since I have seen the like. In that ancient day Mrs. Clemens and I used to slip softly into the nursery at midnight on Christmas Eve and look the array of presents over. The children were little then. And now here is Jean's parlor looking just as that nursery used to look. The presents are not labelled—the hands are forever idle that would have labelled them to-day. Jean's mother always worked herself down with her Christmas preparations. Jean did the same yesterday and the preceding days, and the fatigue has cost her her life. The fatigue caused the convulsion that attacked her this morning. She had had no attack for months.

Jean was so full of life and energy that she was constantly in danger of overtaxing her strength. Every morning she was in the saddle by half past seven, and off to the station for her mail. She examined the letters and I distributed them: some to her, some to Mr. Paine, the others to the stenographer and myself. She despatched her share and then mounted her horse again and went around superintending her farm and her poultry the rest of the day. Sometimes she played billiards with me after dinner, but she was usually too tired to play, and went early to bed.

Yesterday afternoon I told her about some plans I had been devising while absent in Bermuda, to lighten her burdens. We would get a housekeeper; also we would put her share of the secretary-work into Mr. Paine's hands.

No—she wasn't willing. She had been making plans herself. The matter ended in a compromise. I submitted. I always did. She wouldn't audit the bills and let Paine fill out the checks—she

would continue to attend to that herself. Also, she would continue to be housekeeper, and let Katy assist. Also, she would continue to answer the letters of personal friends for me. Such was the compromise. Both of us called it by that name, though I was not able to see where any formidable change had been made.

However, Jean was pleased, and that was sufficient for me. She was proud of being my secretary, and I was never able to persuade her to give up any part of her share in that unlovely work.

In the talk last night I said I found everything going so smoothly that if she were willing I would go back to Bermuda in February and get blessedly out of the clash and turmoil again for another month. She was urgent that I should do it, and said that if I would put off the trip until March she would take Katy and go with me. We struck hands upon that, and said it was settled. I had a mind to write to Bermuda by to-morrow's ship and secure a furnished house and servants. I meant to write the letter this morning. But it will never be written, now.

For she lies yonder, and before her is another journey than that.

Night is closing down; the rim of the sun barely shows above the sky-line of the hills.

I have been looking at that face again that was growing dearer and dearer to me every day. I was getting acquainted with Jean in these last nine months. She had been long an exile from home when she came to us three-quarters of a year ago. She had been shut up in sanitariums, many miles from us. How eloquently glad and grateful she was to cross her father's threshold again!

Would I bring her back to life if I could do it? I would not. If a word would do it, I would beg for strength to withhold the word. And I would have the strength; I am sure of it. In her loss I am almost bankrupt, and my life is a bitterness, but I am content; for she has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts—that gift which makes all other gifts mean and poor—death. I have never wanted any released friend of mine restored to life since I reached manhood. I felt in this way when Susy

passed away; and later my wife, and later Mr. Rogers. When Clara met me at the station in New York and told me Mr. Rogers had died suddenly that morning, my thought was, Oh, favorite of fortune—fortunate all his long and lovely life—fortunate to his latest moment! The reporters said there were tears of sorrow in my eyes. True—but they were for *me*, not for him. He had suffered no loss. All the fortunes he had ever made before were poverty compared with this one.

Why did I build this house, two years ago? To shelter this vast emptiness? How foolish I was! But I shall stay in it. The spirits of the dead hallow a house, for me. It was not so with other members of my family. Susy died in the house we built in Hartford. Mrs. Clemens would never enter it again. But it made the house dearer to me. I have entered it once since, when it was tenantless and silent and forlorn, but to me it was a holy place and beautiful. It seemed to me that the spirits of the dead were all about me, and would speak to me and welcome me if they could: Livy, and Susy, and George, and Henry Robinson, and Charles Dudley Warner. How good and kind they were, and how lovable their lives! In fancy I could see them all again, I could call the children back and hear them romp again with George—that peerless black ex-slave and children's idol who came one day—a fitting stranger—to wash windows, and stayed eighteen years. Until he died. Clara and Jean would never enter again the New York hotel which their mother had frequented in earlier days. They could not bear it. But I shall stay in this house. It is dearer to me to-night than ever it was before. Jean's spirit will make it beautiful for me always. Her lonely and tragic death—but I will not think of that now.

Jean's mother always devoted two or three weeks to Christmas shopping, and was always physically exhausted when Christmas Eve came. Jean was her very own child—she wore herself out present-hunting in New York these latter days. Paine has just found on her desk a long list of names—fifty, he thinks—people

to whom she sent presents last night. Apparently she forgot no one. And Katy found there a roll of bank-notes, for the servants.

Her dog has been wandering about the grounds to-day, comradeless and forlorn. I have seen him from the windows. She got him from Germany. He has tall ears and looks exactly like a wolf. He was educated in Germany, and knows no language but the German. Jean gave him no orders save in that tongue. And so, when the burglar-alarm made a fierce clamor at midnight a fortnight ago, the butler, who is French and knows no German, tried in vain to interest the dog in the supposed burglar. Jean wrote me, to Bermuda, about the incident. It was the last letter I was ever to receive from her bright head and her competent hand. The dog will not be neglected.

There was never a kinder heart than Jean's. From her childhood up she always spent the most of her allowance on charities of one kind and another. After she became secretary, and had her income doubled she spent her money upon these things with a free hand. Mine too, I am glad and grateful to say.

She was a loyal friend to all animals, and she loved them all, birds, beasts, and everything—even snakes—an inheritance from me. She knew all the birds: she was high up in that lore. She became a member of various humane societies when she was still a little girl—both here and abroad—and she remained an active member to the last. She founded two or three societies for the protection of animals, here and in Europe.

She was an embarrassing secretary, for she fished my correspondence out of the waste-basket and answered the letters. She thought all letters deserved the courtesy of an answer. Her mother brought her up in that kindly error.

She could write a good letter, and was swift with her pen. She had but an indifferent ear for music, but her tongue took to languages with an easy facility. She never allowed her Italian, French, and German to get rusty through neglect.

The telegrams of sympathy are flowing in, from far and wide, now, just as they did in Italy five years and a half ago, when this child's mother laid down her

blameless life. They cannot heal the hurt, but they take away some of the pain. When Jean and I kissed hands and parted at my door last, how little did we imagine that in twenty-two hours the telegraph would be bringing words like these:

"From the bottom of our hearts we send our sympathy, dearest of friends."

For many and many a day to come, wherever I go in this house, remembrancers of Jean will mutely speak to me of her. Who can count the number of them?

She was in exile two years with the hope of healing her malady—epilepsy. There are no words to express how grateful I am that she did not meet her fate in the hands of strangers, but in the loving shelter of her own home.

"Miss Jean is dead!"

It is true. Jean is dead.

A month ago I was writing bubbling and hilarious articles for magazines yet to appear, and now I am writing—this.

Christmas Day. Noon.—Last night I went to Jean's room at intervals, and turned back the sheet and looked at the peaceful face, and kissed the cold brow, and remembered that heart-breaking night in Florence so long ago, in that cavernous and silent vast villa, when I crept down-stairs so many times, and turned back a sheet and looked at a face just like this one—Jean's mother's face—and kissed a brow that was just like this one. And last night I saw again what I had seen then—that strange and lovely miracle—the sweet soft contours of early maidenhood restored by the gracious hand of death! When Jean's mother lay dead, all trace of care, and trouble, and suffering, and the corroding years had vanished out of the face, and I was looking again upon it as I had known and worshipped it in its young bloom and beauty a whole generation before.

About three in the morning, while wandering about the house in the deep silences, as one does in times like these, when there is a dumb sense that something has been lost that will never be

found again, yet must be sought, if only for the employment the useless seeking gives, I came upon Jean's dog in the hall down-stairs, and noted that he did not spring to greet me, according to his hospitable habit, but came slow and sorrowfully; also I remembered that he had not visited Jean's apartment since the tragedy. Poor fellow, did he know? I think so. Always when Jean was abroad in the open he was with her; always when she was in the house he was with her, in the night as well as in the day. Her parlor was his bedroom. Whenever I happened upon him on the ground floor he always followed me about, and when I went up-stairs he went too—in a tumultuous gallop. But now it was different: after patting him a little I went to the library—he remained behind; when I went up-stairs he did not follow me, save with his wistful eyes. He has wonderful eyes—big, and kind, and eloquent. He can talk with them. He is a beautiful creature, and is of the breed of the New York police-dogs. I do not like dogs, because they bark when there is no occasion for it; but I have liked this one from the beginning, because he belonged to Jean, and because he never barks except when there is occasion—which is not oftener than twice a week.

In my wanderings I visited Jean's parlor. On a shelf I found a pile of my books, and I knew what it meant. She was waiting for me to come home from Bermuda and autograph them, then she would send them away. If I only knew whom she intended them for! But I shall never know. I will keep them. Her hand has touched them—it is an accolade—they are noble, now.

And in a closet she had hidden a surprise for me—a thing I have often wished I owned: a noble big globe. I couldn't see it for the tears. She will never know the pride I take in it, and the pleasure. To-day the mails are full of loving remembrances for her: full of those old, old kind words she loved so well, "Merry Christmas to Jean!" If she could only have lived one day longer!

At last she ran out of money, and would not use mine. So she sent to one of those New York homes for poor girls all the clothes she could spare—and more, most likely.

Christmas Night.—This afternoon they took her away from her room. As soon as I might, I went down to the library, and there she lay, in her coffin, dressed in exactly the same clothes she wore when she stood at the other end of the same room on the 6th of October last, as Clara's chief bridesmaid. Her face was radiant with happy excitement then; it was the same face now, with the dignity of death and the peace of God upon it.

They told me the first mourner to come was the dog. He came uninvited, and stood up on his hind legs and rested his fore paws upon the trestle, and took a last long look at the face that was so dear to him, then went his way as silently as he had come. *He knows.*

At mid-afternoon it began to snow. The pity of it—that Jean could not see it! She so loved the snow.

The snow continued to fall. At six o'clock the hearse drew up to the door to bear away its pathetic burden. As they lifted the casket, Paine began playing on the orchestrelle Schubert's *Impromptu*, which was Jean's favorite. Then he played the *Intermezzo*; that was for Susy; then he played the *Largo*; that was for their mother. He did this at my request. Elsewhere in this *Autobiography* I have told how the *Intermezzo* and the *Largo* came to be associated in my heart with Susy and Livy in their last hours in this life.

From my windows I saw the hearse and the carriages wind along the road and gradually grow vague and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean was gone out of my life, and would not come back any more. Jervis, the cousin she had played with when they were babies together—he and her beloved old Katy—were conducting

her to her distant childhood home, where she will lie by her mother's side once more, in the company of Susy and Langdon.

December 26th.—The dog came to see me at eight o'clock this morning. He was very affectionate, poor orphan! My room will be his quarters hereafter.

The storm raged all night. It has raged all the morning. The snow drives across the landscape in vast clouds, superb, sublime—and Jean not here to see.

2.30 P.M.—It is the time appointed. The funeral has begun. Four hundred miles away, but I can see it all, just as if I were there. The scene is the library, in the Langdon homestead. Jean's coffin stands where her mother and I stood, forty years ago, and were married; and where Susy's coffin stood thirteen years ago; where her mother's stood, five years and a half ago; and where mine will stand, after a little time.

Five o'clock.—It is all over.

When Clara went away two weeks ago to live in Europe, it was hard, but I could bear it, for I had Jean left. I said *we* would be a family. We said *we* would be close comrades and happy—just *we* two. That fair dream was in my mind when Jean met me at the steamer last Monday; it was in my mind when she received me at the door last Tuesday evening. We were together; *we were a family!* the dream had come true—oh, precious true, contentedly true, satisfyingly true! and remained true two whole days.

And now? Now Jean is in her grave!

In the grave—if I can believe it. God rest her sweet spirit!



The House of the Five Sisters

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

WHEN the surrey stopped at last, Mrs. Renwick was so exhausted by the long drive over bad roads that she could hardly walk up the long flight of steps. At the top stood five shadowy figures, women's figures. They were so curiously alike that they seemed, in the half-light, an architectural feature designed by the builder of the old Colonial house, rather than beings of flesh and blood. The spell of silence and of motionlessness was broken as the tallest of them peered over the side of the piazza and called out in shrill, harsh tones of alarm:

"Father! Father!"

There was no answer. Then she came forward to greet us. I spoke first:

"Doctor Dietrich wrote, I believe, to make arrangements for us? You are the Miss Tayloe of whom Mr. James told him?"

There was a pause before she answered:

"I don't know whether I am the Miss Tayloe of whom Mr. James wrote. But I am Miss Tayloe—" There was a furtive rustle among the four indefinite figures which told that the dry neutrality of her tone masked some telling shot. At least that was the way it impressed me. And I began to get curious right away.

With a perfunctory sort of courtesy Miss Tayloe did all the usual things. We were ushered into the drawing-room, where the group resolved itself into five dark, tall, slender, high-nosed women, who, to us in the lamplight and dazed as we were by the newness of things, seemed almost exact duplicates of one another. They gathered around with an embarrassed, constrained hospitality. One took our bags, two others hovered around with tentative offers of assistance in taking off veils and hats, Miss Tayloe went out of the room to prepare for us a late supper.

The room we were in was high and dignified. In the gleam of the lamp-

light, which made a dull glow of rich old picture-frames and hinted at the satiny, wine-colored sheen of fine mahogany, it was almost magnificent. The family portraits on the walls reflected bewilderingly the type of the five sisters; the formal panelling of the ancient wall-paper had an impressiveness of its own. We were just helping Mrs. Renwick up-stairs when a tall old gentleman appeared, hurrying ostentatiously with conciliatory glances at Miss Tayloe, who appeared, tray in hands, from a door farther down the hall.

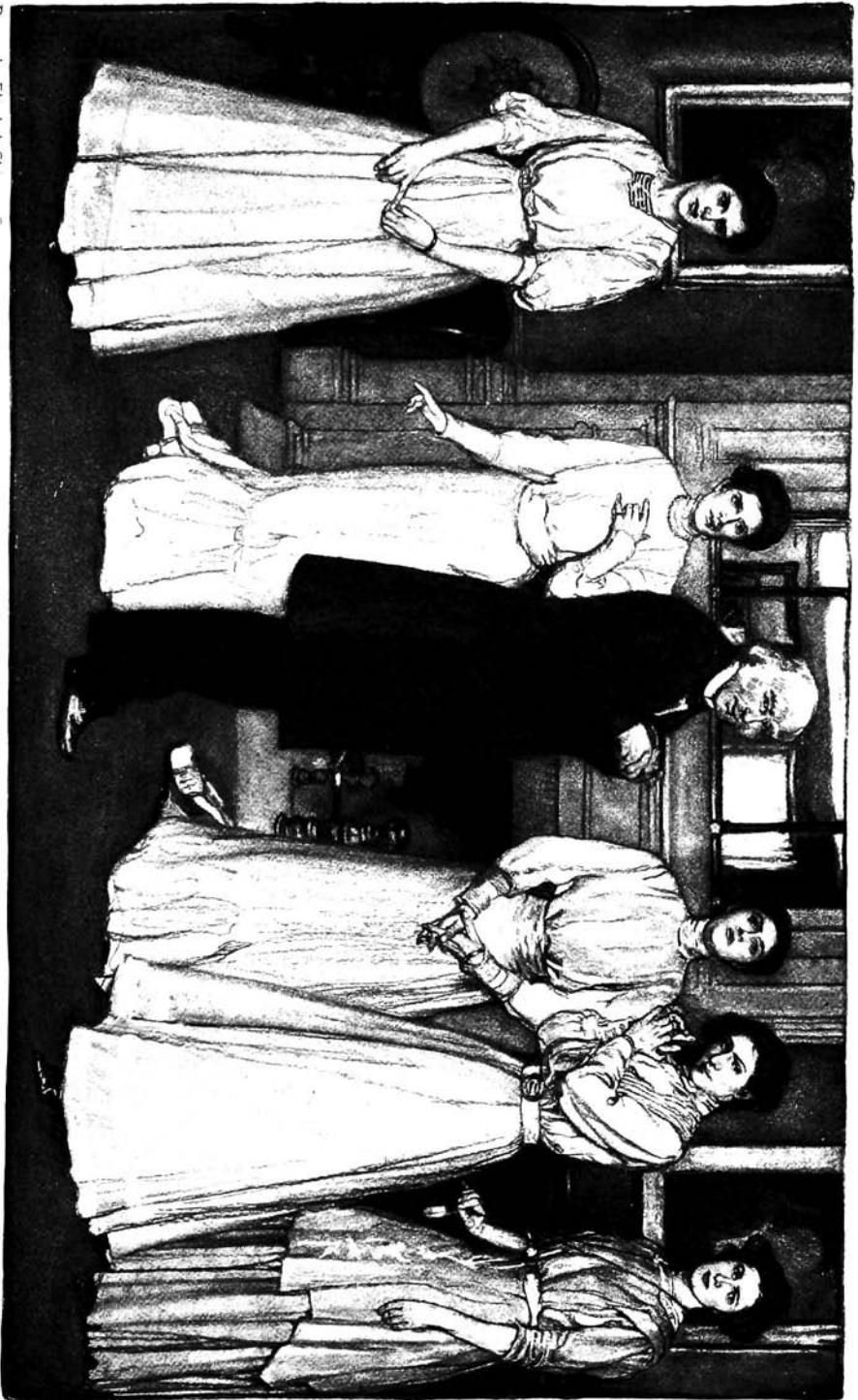
"Just went out into the garden a few minutes ago," he murmured, vaguely, nervously rubbing his long, thin old hands together. Then he drew himself up pompously. "A new specimen of Erythronium I noticed—I have read in—somewhere—that it has rare properties—of special efficacy in intestinal troubles—intestinal," he repeated, his eyes seeking his daughter's face anxiously. "I had no idea of staying out so late."

The sharp anxiety on the face of Miss Tayloe had given place to a rare and tender sweetness.

"If only the night air hasn't hurt you," she said. "I hope you are not too tired, Father— You know you have grave responsibilities. And this is Mrs. Renwick, and this is Miss Alyson, the nurse, our—guests." She hesitated uncomfortably before she settled on the word. Then she shut her thin lips together and said no more.

"Any friend of my daughters—any friend—will be—" the old gentleman began, but drifted into silence, leaving the sentence unfinished save for the courtly and beautiful and vacant smile on his lips.

Mr. Tayloe must have been very old, although he was still erect, and his high-nosed, thin-featured face was not much wrinkled. It was in the pathetic panics that put to rout the remnants of what



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE FIVE SISTERS SEEMED TO BE ALMOST DUPLICATES OF ONE ANOTHER

had evidently once been his usual air of assured authority that his age was evident—in that and in sudden lapses of thought, heralded by his furtive air of concealment.

I suppose I made the first mistake in allowing the old gentleman to be called in that night. But Mrs. Renwick was hysterical—the result of the long journey and the gloom that hung around the immense, barren corridors and half-furnished rooms of the place she had been sent to in order to complete her convalescence.

“It’s just the place for her,” Doctor Dietrich had said. “High, fine air, pure water, and if we can get the Tayloes to take her in, she will be made. There is a physician there, a fine gentleman of the old school, and five charming daughters—I think James said there were five; maybe it’s only one of them that is charming—to cheer her up when she gets morbid and depressed. After such a nervous breakdown as she has had, the main thing, of course, is to keep her in a cheerful and hopeful state of mind. So don’t hesitate to call in Doctor Tayloe whenever she needs to be braced up a little.”

Now, however, the five stern-looking sisters seemed to inspire her with positive terror, particularly Miss Tayloe. But when Miss Tayloe suggested having her father come in to prescribe for the patient, she quite cheered up.

“At least,” she said to me privately, “he is a man, and his hair is white now—even if it probably once was black like theirs.” Mrs. Renwick was a dear, appealing, inconsequential little thing, whose long illness had made her more dependent and child-like. “And he looks as if he were scared too,” she added. Which motive seemed to appeal to her, but was not, when you think of it, the best endorsement for a physician.

I ought to have acted on my first intuition that Doctor Tayloe was not to be trusted. But it’s pretty hard to have the whole burden of responsibility of such a case, alone and away from all the patient’s friends. Then, too, I hadn’t realized what a lot of harm a gentle and benignant-looking old gentleman could do.

For when he came to the bedside of

Mrs. Renwick, shaking and helpless as she was in a nervous attack, all traces of benignancy and gentleness had fled. Not even Miss Tayloe, who thought it necessary to accompany him, could have looked more gloomy and terrifying. An awful solemnity engulfed him.

He first put to Mrs. Renwick endless questions, some of them of an amazing irrelevancy. Following this, he began an exhaustive examination. I tried to cut it short by telling him that Doctor Dietrich had diagnosed the case as nervous exhaustion following a long-continued strain; and I suggested that, in the patient’s weak condition, we had found it advisable not to alarm her by more discussion of her case than was absolutely necessary. Majestically he waved me aside and went on with his tapping and sounding. He lifted up her eyelid and knit his brows over a scrutiny of the iris; he peered anxiously into her throat; he listened tensely to her breathing; he prodded and poked her from head to foot. But he was in his glory only when, with ceremony, he produced a stethoscope. Having adjusted it, he listened to the action of her heart, shaking his head forebodingly. All this time Mrs. Renwick, her eyes shrinkingly on the doctor or beseechingly on me, was in a pitiable state. I attempted to interfere.

“Since the examination is over, Doctor—”

“The examination is not over. There are some complex symptoms here that I don’t like—I *don’t* like,” was the only reply I won. And he went on, prodding and tapping for a space longer.

Finally he delivered himself of his opinion.

“I find here,” he said, tragically, “an alarming condition, a truly alarming condition. The heart action is unsatisfactory, most unsatisfactory. But the primary disease is intestinal. How my brother practitioners can have overlooked this I can’t imagine. Your trouble, madam, is senile gangrene of the intestines!”

The effect of this announcement can hardly be imagined. Even Miss Tayloe gasped, and her fixed expression of adoration wavered with a passing doubt. I was too thunderstruck to speak. And then, what could I have said? Even if

the thing was monstrous, Doctor Tayloe was a regular practitioner whose standing had not been questioned, as far as I knew. From any standpoint it was impossible for a nurse to contradict him. But no such etiquette constrained Mrs. Renwick.

"Senile?" she gasped. Evidently the dread word "gangrene" was of secondary importance in her mind. "Why, that's what ails people when they're *old*. And I'm not old at all—even if I have a grown daughter. I married when I was absurdly young—not out of the school-room. 'Senile!' And every one says I don't look a day older than I did then!" She sat up in bed, her indignation giving her strength.

The old gentleman bent down and fixed his terrifying gaze upon her.

"Be careful!" he said, his hand on her pulse. "Your heart is affected! It won't stand the strain of sudden motion! There-e-e!"—lowering her carefully back among her pillows. "With complete rest for some hours I think you may repair the damage. I wonder how you have lived with that heart! No, no, don't speak— It isn't safe, it really isn't." And while poor Mrs. Renwick shivered on the bed, frightened almost into collapse, Doctor Tayloe turned benignly to me. "I will bring down some medicine, something entirely new, a discovery of my own, a tincture of Erythronium, which I am about to put on the market. It will be a specific in all intestinal disorders—"

"But, Doctor Tayloe—" I had begun, when I hesitated. I knew I had no right to speak at all, and, moreover, that it was probably useless to attempt to influence the poor old gentleman. Instead I pressed Mrs. Renwick's hand encouragingly, and smiled at her, shaking my head reassuringly when the doctor couldn't see me. "Isn't senile gangrene rather a rare disease?" I queried, cautiously.

"Yes, it is rare." He turned his face to me, beaming in child-like delight. "I have just been reading about it to-day. And the causes of it are—the causes—" A sudden blank expression passed over his face—then timid fear possessed it. He gave a furtive glance at his tall, dark daughter, and then straightened himself to rally his forces. "We must pay great attention to the diet—great attention!"

He proclaimed pompously. "And that again will be an idea of my own. We will give her nothing but fruit; fortunately this is just the locality to get all kinds of fruit in their perfection. The berries are gone. But plums, peaches, apples, melons—oh, there will be no lack of variety."

I protested—I couldn't help it.

"But Doctor Dietrich sent Mrs. Renwick here under my care and with full directions. He wanted her to have a generally building-up diet, with plenty of milk and eggs and chicken and beef. He cautioned me to use fruit only sparingly. He was anxious to avoid the accumulation of gas that the fruit would generate. You know the strain of any severe pain on the heart—" I stopped, for a look of childish obstinacy had come over his face.

"You are, I believe, the nurse, not the physician?" he retorted, crushingly.

I turned to Miss Tayloe in protest. But she shut her thin lips in fierce loyalty. "I will see that she gets the proper diet, Father," she said.

It was absurd, I know, but I had a queer feeling that it was useless to oppose her, that my poor patient and myself were as much in her power as if we were immured in a donjon-keep by a grim chatelaine of feudal romance.

With his victory Doctor Tayloe lapsed into his gentle other self. He talked benignantly with Mrs. Renwick, bowed chivalrously when he started to leave the room, and, at the door, turned around to bestow on us both his courteous and beautiful and vacant smile.

As soon as the door closed behind Miss Tayloe—

"Senile!" said Mrs. Renwick, with even more contempt than indignation in her tone.

After that she had an attack of hysterics that left her pitifully weak. The gray light of dawn crept in before she got to sleep.

In two days several things had happened.

I had learned to distinguish each of the five sisters. I had learned their names: Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Calliope, and Euterpe—so called in compliment for their father's classic enthusiasms of fully sixty years before. I

had appealed to them, *en masse*, dramatically and emotionally, and had been rebuffed. I had learned that nobody in the village would help me when the edict had gone forth from the House, as the big dwelling on the hill was called. The people that lived in the little houses that lined the roads were for the most part drab-haired, heavy-featured Pennsylvania Dutch, who worked the mines of which Mr. James was the manager. I had managed to smuggle an egg from my own breakfast in to Mrs. Renwick once. But Melpomene had an unpleasant way of appearing silently and forbiddingly at doorways when one least expected her. She so terrorized Mrs. Renwick that, on the occasion of the egg, I had difficulty in keeping her from trying to thrust its poached iniquity under the bedclothes when Melpomene's head appeared.

The result of all this agitation was as bad as it well could be. And the fruit diet brought on an attack of indigestion. After an anxious night, when Doctor Tayloe had done nothing more than appear and shake his head forebodingly and mutter prophecies about her heart, I began to be really desperate. I wrote to Doctor Dietrich, but it would be impossible to get an answer before five days. As it turned out, I didn't hear then—he had been called away from home. And in the two days Mrs. Renwick had lost all she had gained during the past month. She was again in the state of nervous exhaustion that I had found her in at the end of her only daughter's long illness.

On the third morning I watched Melpomene go down the long flight of steps to the surrey with a market basket on her arm. Then I descended to find the other sisters.

They were, all four, at work in the big kitchen. As I said, I had learned them apart. And yet, when I saw them together, black hair of one woman intensifying the dark hues of another, swarthy skin making the olive cheek next it more dark, high nose accentuating the fierceness of the neighbor's aquiline profile, I was oppressed by the inexorableness of the family type that had come down, through centuries of dead ancestors, to daunt and perplex me now.

Polyhymnia, glue-pot on the table beside

her, bent her thin, high-nosed face anxiously over the back of an old ladder-back chair. It was the day, I afterward learned, on which she made her rounds ministering to the decrepitude of the old mahogany furniture, which would have fallen into ruin had it not been for this high priestess to the family pride. The face she raised in response to my entrance had been drained of every characteristic except pride—mere stupid, unfounded, fanatical family pride. Her color was less swarthy than her sisters', her eyes a paler brown. But the nose was higher than any nose I have ever seen, and the glance that shot out at me over the bridge of it was glacial.

Calliope, cake-spoon in hand, had come to the window to follow with her eyes the course of a horse and buggy down the road.

"That's the third time the Dawson girl has been driving this week," she was saying. "And with a different boy every time." Calliope had a quick glance of alert curiosity which was not at all unpleasant. As she glanced at me it was quite evident that she was taking notes of every detail of my appearance.

"What hat is she wearing?" asked Terpsichore. It had taken me a long time to realize that that was what her name really was, and that no one in the family was ever allowed to be nicknamed.

"What difference can it possibly make to you?" Polyhymnia put in, impatiently. "You can't expect plain people to have any sense of what is fitting."

"But 'plain people' sometimes have a sense of what is becoming!" Terpsichore's tone was distinctly discontented, and I looked at her with a realization that she was an individuality. "They actually go to the city and see the styles in the shop-windows and in the magazines and on people!" I decided, on closer scrutiny, that Terpsichore was probably only in the twenties and wasn't bad-looking at all. She had a good deal of color, and there was an unquiet sparkle somewhere in her black eyes that Tayloesville had certainly done nothing either to create or to quench. And while the dress of the other sisters was of a self-effacing plainness, Terpsichore had used a bit of finery here and there, with a certain sense of the effective.

All this made me feel as if they were more human than I had thought, and so I began my plea for Mrs. Renwick. With the first words each woman stiffened and stood on guard. "I am really afraid for Mrs. Renwick," I went on. "She is losing ground every day—"

Polyhymnia opened her thin lips to say:

"Our father, Melpomene says, has prescribed a course of medicine and of diet."

"But her own doctor sent her here with entirely different instructions. And I won't answer for the consequences. All I want is for you to let me have some milk and eggs and things like that—something to keep her alive. If you don't want to furnish them, just give the people around here instructions that they are to sell me what I want."

There was a smile of cool satisfaction on her lips.

"If my father and Melpomene have told them not to, you will find that they will not do anything to displease the House."

"In that case it's quite possible that Mrs. Renwick may die here—"

She grew a little paler, but she spoke with decision:

"I promised Melpomene."

I looked in turn at each of the others.

"I promised Melpomene," came from each—determined, troubled, or faltering, but alike inflexible.

I turned at the door.

"Mrs. Renwick has been through a great deal," I said. "If you only knew—"

I caught a soft gleam from the dark eyes of Euterpe, the youngest of the sisters. Bent over the sink—the Tayloes kept no maid—she had taken no part in the conversation. But now I saw that the flush of suppressed emotion was on her face, and that her eyes were moist. And she was young and pretty. She had, of course, the features that marked the family. But with her the nose was delicately hooked like that of some high-born Spanish señorita, and the eyes were soft and bright. And when she smiled I saw that the young blood made a scarlet flower of her curving lips.

So it was easy to appeal straight to her, just as I would have done with any of the girls in my class at Densmore.

The tears came into her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I wish I could do what you ask. But I promised Melpomene—I—don't know anything about it. Melpomene said Father didn't want her to have anything but fruit. And Melpomene brought us all up. I have to mind Melpomene."

I turned away.

"Then I'll have to try to find Mr. James," I said, more to my own troubled self than to her.

At the name fear and joy together ran a race to her eyes.

"Mr. James"—her breath came fluttering over his wonderful name, and her little trembling hands instinctively flew to make a shield over her heart—"perhaps Mr. James would help you. He would if he thought it was right—Mr. James is so strong, so inflexible—Mr. James—!"

"Euterpe," came Polyhymnia's dry tones, "you have spoken that man's name three times in the last sentence!"

"I never promised Melpomene *that!*" Euterpe wheeled to face her sister, and the slender figure straightened to its full height as if some spring had been released. "She just said we were not to speak his name, and I didn't say anything. I think Mr. James was just doing what he thought was right. He always does." Her mood changed rather forlornly. "He is very angry with us—with all of us. So he never comes here any more. But I think he was right. He is—very determined, you know, you feel that, and yet his manner is very gentle. It's like"—her breath came fast and her eyes opened to their full extent, starry and wonderful at the daring of her fancy—"it's like the hand of iron in the glove of velvet that you read about!" And the dewy freshness of her spirit made us all thrill as though she were the first woman who had ever poured her love-subjection into the time-worn mould of that thought!

I found the office of the Tayloesville Mining Company without much difficulty. Mr. James did not seem a formidable person. He was young and good-looking, and had an engaging little trick of ducking his head and looking up at you out of clear gray eyes that made one disposed to conversation.

There is no doubt about it, it is monotonous to be with nothing but women all the time. And somehow there seemed to be more of them at the Tayloes' than there really were. I felt exhilarated just to get a whiff of the cigar he threw into an ash-tray on my approach.

So it seemed to me that if I just told him about my difficulty it would be removed. As soon as I had mentioned the Tayloes' name it was evident that he was keenly interested. When I had finished my story—

"You know, of course, that I'm not welcomed there now," he said.

"I noticed there was something wrong when your name was mentioned."

"Who spoke of me?" he asked, quickly.

"I believe it was Miss Euterpe."

Mr. James unscrewed and screwed on again the top of his fountain-pen. He did it three times. And it required careful concentration of attention.

"I'll tell you what made the trouble," he said at length. And when he raised his eyes a twinkle had come into them. "You see, I am trying to work out a proposition of my own here. The father of a friend of mine owns the property, and they have turned it over to me to try the effect of some sort of a human management of these Dutch people and Huns and Slavs. We have a profit-sharing scheme and run a school for the children, a library and dispensary, and that sort of thing. We called Doctor Tayloe in once or twice. But—I don't need to go into that with you, do I?" We both laughed. "So I imported a chap I knew for our plant. And the worst of our iniquity is that some of the bolder of the village people have gone over to him."

"Oh, I see," I said. "Of course, Miss Melpomene would never forgive that!"

Mr. James smiled ruefully. "It wasn't only Miss Melpomene. Even—well, they were all pretty sore about it. And so—I really don't see what I can do. I can't afford to make them think worse of me than they do now—"

"Are you, too, afraid of Miss Melpomene?" I asked, with some curiosity. He really didn't look as if he would be afraid of many things.

"Sure!" You couldn't help liking even the way he used slang. It gave

him a cheerful sort of kinship with all the nice every-day things. "I'm terribly afraid of Melpomene. It was she who first taught me to shiver." He laughed at me in a barefaced pantomime of terror.

"But it was because you raved so about the place and the Tayloes that Doctor Dietrich sent us up here!"

"Did I really?" It was evident that he was quite honest in his surprise. "I didn't know I had said anything much. I suppose I happened to run across Dietrich soon after I had started in here. They were rather nice to me when I first came. You see, there really wasn't any one else of their kind up here. Why, Miss Euterpe told me—" He paused to tuck a bundle of letters into a pigeon-hole of his desk, and then failed to go on with his sentence. "Why don't you call on Dietrich to come up here and get you out of the mess? My brother says they used to put him up to face Prexy— Perhaps he could manage Melpomene!" He actually chuckled. And I began to lose patience.

"Possibly you don't realize what it means to a busy physician to leave his practice for even a day. And I've written to him and he hasn't answered. But you might help us out with perfect ease. All I want is for you to send over an easy carriage and arrange to have us taken to some house here where my patient can be cared for until we can get a message from Doctor Dietrich—"

"I'll tell the housekeeper to give you the eggs and things. But I can't peril my standing with the family any further!"

What on earth was the matter with the man? This all seemed so foolishly trifling. And he looked as if he were used to handling big enterprises.

"Mrs. Renwick is so terrorized that it will have very serious consequences if she stays in that house much longer—"

"Oh, she'll get along somehow," he replied, comfortably.

"I must say I'm disappointed in you." I rose. "I had supposed from what I heard that you would be just the one to take the matter up—"

"Who told you anything about me?"

"Miss Euterpe." I began to put on my gloves—with impatient jerks, I'm

afraid. "And she certainly was misinformed." I turned to go.

"Don't be in such a hurry." He half put out his hand to stay me. "Let's talk the matter over. What opinion has—Miss Euterpe of me? She seemed quite to share the family indignation when I saw her last."

"That must have been Melpomene. Euterpe thinks you are a hero where a principle is concerned—of adamantine purpose and tender heart—everything you're not, in fact!"

"Oh, I say! Wait a minute! Let me have time to think this over!" Mr. James, a very becoming color adorning his face, was walking up and down the room in undisguised agitation. He stopped his walk after a minute to pull a chair close to mine and sit down confidentially.

"Now see here, Miss Alyson, we may be able to help each other in this matter."

"Oh, since it's a matter of self-interest—" I said, disagreeably.

"Pretty much everything is—of one kind or another—don't you think? Now I'm going to make a clean breast of everything—"

As if he needed to! I had known all about it for at least five minutes. It was just at that instant that a little flavor of interest had gone out of the day. For I had remembered Euterpe's face in the kitchen that morning. And it was rather a nuisance to have to think of Euterpe just then. It's all very well for a girl to be—perhaps—thinking a little bit about one person—one man, I mean. It doesn't prevent some other man from being interesting for purposes of comparison or experiment. And then, even if you haven't the least selfish interest in an agreeable personality, it is very little short of an insult when he first tells you of his partiality for another girl.

"Of course no one could fail to see that Miss Euterpe was the loveliest girl that ever lived," he went on, with calm conviction. "And I imagine she must have seen I thought so pretty soon. I had even begun to think she liked me a little. It helped, of course, that there wasn't any one else here—and I wasn't going to risk telling her what millions

of better chaps there were that would be mad about her. Everything went swimmingly until the doctor business came up. It must have been along about that time I saw Dietrich; of course everything about the place seemed rosy to me just then. But even when I knew it was spoiling my chances with her I couldn't give up the lives of these ignorant babies here to the vagaries of an old man in his dotage—"

"But you wouldn't lift a finger to help Mrs. Renwick!" No one could have helped being indignant.

"These people here are under my charge." He evidently thought he had explained the inconsistency. "But now, let's make a bargain. I'll help you if you'll help me."

"Very well," I said. By this time I was beginning to be interested in the affair. "But what can you do?"

"I could send over and rescue the lady, I suppose. But that would raise an awful fog, wouldn't it?" He was depressed again. "Melpomene is quite capable of locking Euterpe up in her room on bread and water."

"And if I was out of the house I couldn't help you with Euterpe." I was quite sympathetic by this time. "Let's think of something better than that."

"Yes, let's think. Let's be subtle. You be subtle. What's the use of being a woman if you can't be subtle!" He dug his elbows into his desk and buried his hands in his nice thick hair.

At that moment—despatched by a special providence—a little boy came past the windows. Sometimes he whistled and sometimes he sang. Into the silence of our painful thought his words rang with startling significance:

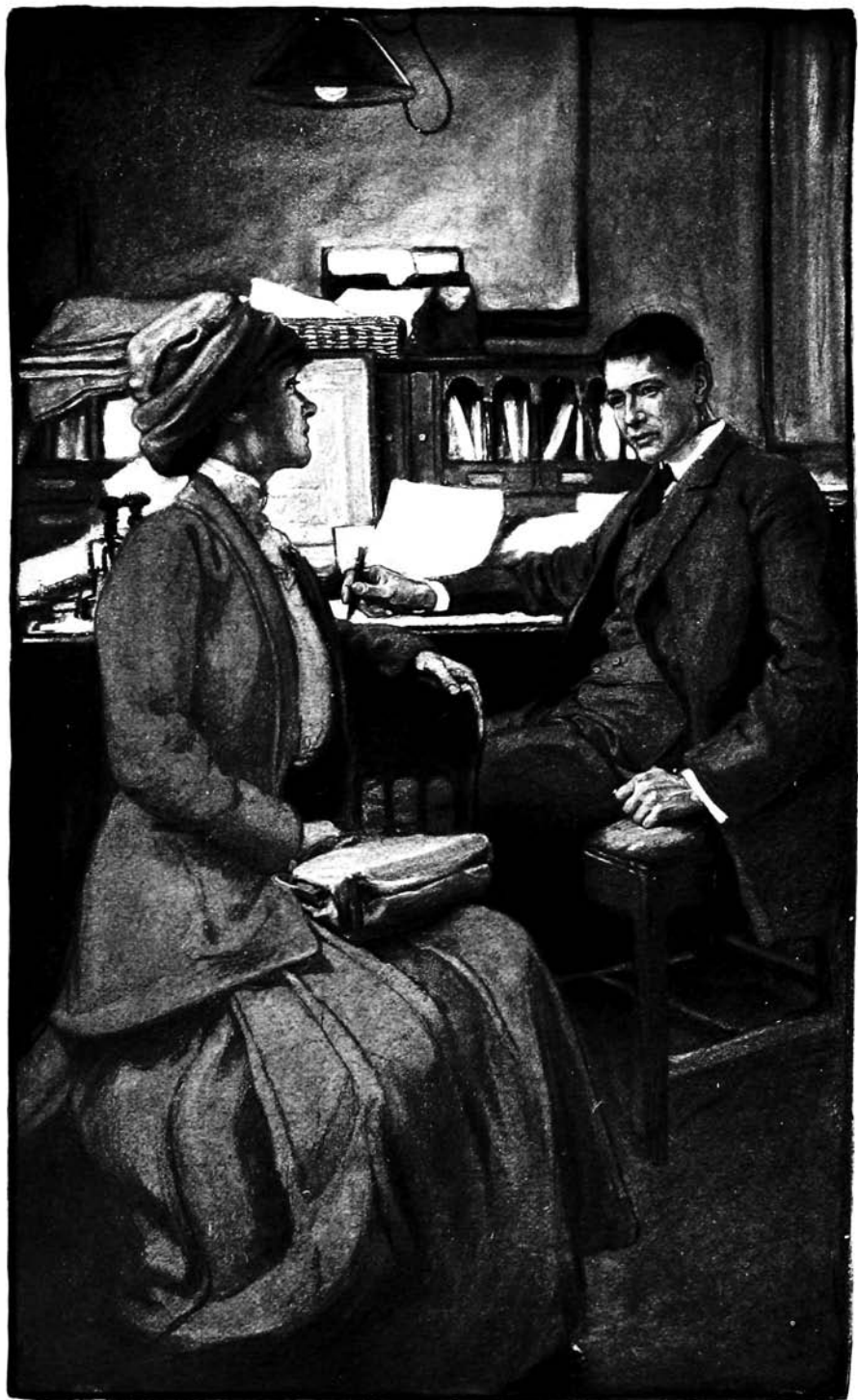
"One little, two little, three little Injuns,
Four little, five little, six little Injuns,"
he chanted.

"Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck and then there were five."

Mr. James straightened his head and a gleam came into his eyes.

"Five little Injuns on a cellar door—"
The voice began to grow softer in the distance.

"One tumbled off and then there were four."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MR. JAMES DID NOT SEEM A FORMIDABLE PERSON

"There you have it!" Mr. James rose to his feet in his excitement. "There we have it!"

"How? Where? Why?"

"Why, of course, there you have the whole method suggested. It's as clear as anything—"

"I don't understand—" I was becoming exasperated.

"Did you ever try picking them off, being a sharpshooter—using the method that inspired epic suggests?"

"No. How?"

"Let me put you through an examination. Are you an observant person? What would you say was Polyhymnia's pet weakness?"

There was no possibility of hesitation.

"Family."

"Good. What is Calliope's?"

"Curiosity."

"Good. With its corollary, gossip. Terpsichore's?"

"Clothes."

"Correct. With its associated idea—admiration. Euterpe— But we needn't discuss her."

"I've already ticketed Euterpe. And it's a great weakness, too!"

"But Melpomene!"

We breathed the word together and in equal trepidation. I felt hopelessness settling over me.

"I don't understand how this is to be done at all. And I've been away so long Mrs. Renwick may be in a collapse. I must hurry."

"I'll drive you over—or as near the house as is expedient. And I'll elucidate my modern, Melpomene-proof methods as we go!"

His confidence was so inspiring that, even before I had taken my seat in his car, we were laughing as if the battle had been won. In the course of a mile we had worked out a capital plan of action. But as we drew within sight of the House our rash confidence faded and a pall settled over us both.

After all, there was Melpomene!

The day after my interview with Mr. James—the milk and broth that I had brought home was used up and but one egg was left—I descended resolutely into the kitchen pantry. I knew that Melpomene had taken her father out for a

drive; in pursuance of the methods determined on with Mr. James, the others had been despatched to their special, pre-arranged engagements. I had no scruples whatever about robbing the larder. I regarded myself as the chief of commissary sent out to forage in the interests of the hospital corps. Moreover, I had the consent of four sisters. Why should I be afraid of Melpomene? I don't know why I should have been. But I was.

So my hands shook guiltily as I filled the little basket—which I had calculated would do excellently as a masquerading work-basket in case of necessity—with supplies enough to last my patient for a day. And when I started back up the stairs I jumped nervously at every creak of the boards. I was at the top of the flight and was just beginning to congratulate myself on getting back in safety, when the front door opened slowly, and Melpomene walked majestically in.

I knew as soon as she appeared that there was no hope. So I stood quite calmly still while she climbed the stairs, invested with all the panoply of justice, raised the lid of the basket, and confronted me in accusing silence.

"Where are my sisters?" she then demanded.

"They are all out." I could hardly raise my eyes to hers.

"That is extraordinary," she said, in her overbearing manner. "May I ask if you know where they are?"

Her tone roused every particle of opposition in me. Otherwise I would not have had the courage to defy her.

"Miss Polyhymnia is by this time in the library established by Mr. James at the Mines. I suggested that she might find there some points regarding the genealogy of her family that she is anxious to establish. Miss Calliope has also gone to the Mines, to a meeting of the Mothers' Aid Society in the Assembly Room. I thought that would be of interest to her, and arranged that she should meet Mr. James's sister there. With Miss Calliope's knowledge of the locality and her interest in neighborhood happenings I knew she could be of assistance to Miss James. And I knew"—I couldn't help smiling a little

when I thought how avidly, at that moment, the curious one was, in all probability, drinking in information diffused by anxious mothers—"I knew that was what Miss Calliope was most interested in. Miss Terpsichore has gone over to consult Miss Eveleth, the teacher in the school at the Mines and a really charming girl, about the way to make up her new foulard. And I believe she is planning to wear it to one of the musical evenings at the Assembly Hall, to which Doctor Rogers is to take her."

I paused. Under that gaze my courage was beginning to need reinforcement.

"And Euterpe?" There was not a shade of expression in Melpomene's voice.

My own voice trembled a little. For this last was really a dangerous thing to say.

"Miss Euterpe—I *believe*"—somehow the perfectly transparent evasion in the "believe" was comforting—"is on the road to Beavertown with Mr. James. He was to drive her there in his car."

Melpomene's face blanched.

"For what purpose?"

"I understand there were certain things they wanted to talk over."

Melpomene drew a long and very difficult breath.

"I understand," she said. Then she closed her lips and I waited.

"Disloyal!" There was fierce contempt in her tone. "A genealogy—a gossip—a dress—a lover. For such things to desert—Him!"

I took my courage in my hands. She did not seem as angry as I had expected—only sad.

"But, Miss Tayloe, isn't it natural that they—being women—should care for these things?"

She faced me, tragedy in her dark face.

"And am I not a woman? And have I not cared? Has there been one of these things that I have not held in my hands and put away for him? I was twenty-one when Euterpe was born and our mother died. There was a time when I read, thought, *flirted*—" there was grim satisfaction in her voice. "Could you believe that I was once the best cross-country rider for miles around! And in the twenty-two years there has not been one thing I cared for that I have

not seen fall away. My beauty, my friends, my pretty frocks, the man who loved me. Poverty came, sickness came, isolation and dreariness. The people of our own class have disappeared from the near-by towns, and we have been left alone. There was only my father left. You can't imagine what he was when I was a child. He was a god to me. And I have seen him change from a brilliant, courtly man, the best physician this side of Washington—to what he is. There was a time when every one in the village hung upon his nod. And now they are going over to the Mine doctor. It's all he had left, and they're taking it away from him. I'm afraid if they take it away he'll die. And if they take him away from me I'll die!"

She made your heart ache. But it wasn't possible to give her sympathy.

"But wouldn't it be easier for you all if he gave up practice?"

It was then that she turned on me in a real fury.

"Give up his practice because he had lost his mind! My father *imbecile!* I shall never admit it. To see him who was the core of my heart being despoiled, inch by inch, of every quality by which he had stood in my heart as *himself*—And the moments when he was like a child, unconscious of his own failings—and the worse moments when the agony of it flashed across him and he *knew!* I'd do anything, crime even, to keep that knowledge from other people. And I'd die to keep it from himself!"

"But the lives of others—Mrs. Renwick's life perhaps, certainly her health—at stake!"

"What do I care! Oh, I suppose I don't mean that really. But there is just one thing in the world I do care for! Nothing seems of much importance beside my father!" There was the light of fanaticism in her eyes. And I felt myself very helpless before it.

We were standing in unquiet silence, when we heard slow steps coming up the stairs outside. A tender glow came over the fierce, harsh face.

"There's Father now," she said, adoringly. "He would put the horse up. It's the hardest thing of all for him that, since we sent the man away, we girls sometimes have to take care of the

horse." In the very instant of her speaking there was a heavy fall.

I was the first to reach him. It's an odd thing that even love doesn't seem to be as swift to aid as professional training.

So it happened that in the half-hour that followed I took the lead. Miss Tayloe carried out directions fairly well, but it was in a dazed, faltering way, and often, when quick action was necessary, she stood still and wrung her hands mutely. He was desperately ill, with one of those attacks of acute indigestion, the stoppage of all the functions, that are so often fatal with very old people. If we hadn't gone to work upon him he would probably have died where he fell, for the heart action was very feeble. I had to give him a hypodermic of strychnine before the Mine doctor got there. But he was much easier and the circulation was starting up finely when Doctor Rogers bent his pleasant face over him.

You never saw anything sweeter or more docile than was that dear old gentleman. There was eagerness in the readiness with which he gave up the conduct of things to us. And when he saw from a glance at Melpomene's face that she was docile too, he settled back, and an expression of beautiful restfulness came into his face. He was so dear and so grateful for the least little thing, and the exquisite breeding that was an inalienable part of him was so touching when you saw him lying there helplessly before you, and knew that if he did recover it would be for only a few faltering years, that the pity you felt almost made the hands that were ministering to him shake. Yet the benign sweetness so beamed through him into your soul that you knew that was the greatest part, that it was divinely alive and young, and so would be always. The poor dear was so glad to give up and not have to strain himself to be wise any more. And the strange part of it was that the three of us moved about him as if we were taking part in some religious ceremonial. When our hands met as we worked over him the chance touch became the sign of some great brotherhood whose entrance rites we three, so lately unknowing and antagonistic, were performing in unison.

So, when the excitement was all over,

and, almost before she knew how ill he was, Doctor Rogers assured Melpomene that her father would soon be well, she was quite different. And the humorous part of it was that it was Doctor Rogers, whose coming to Tayloesville had made all the trouble, to whom she was really grateful. It seemed as if she *liked* to be subordinate to some one, and that when the necessity of being the stern despot of the household was over, something unnatural and harsh in Melpomene dropped away too.

When the other sisters came in, very guilty and hurried, their anxiety about their father filled the first moments. And when that was over and the inevitable pause came when they eyed Melpomene expectantly, nothing worse happened on Melpomene's face than a grim little smile or two. Even when Euterpe and Mr. James drove up, Mr. James quite shamelessly jubilant, and Miss Euterpe dewy and wistful and very, very rosy, nothing of the expected tempest materialized. So Mr. James began to take possession of the various practical details that had to be attended to, in his easy, efficient way, and Doctor Rogers made every arrangement for Doctor Tayloe's illness, and Melpomene sat back with hands that seemed to me, just at the first, ominously empty. I had slipped up-stairs to give Mrs. Renwick her dinner, and she felt so much better that she wanted to come down and read to Doctor Tayloe. Then it became apparent that Doctor Rogers had met Terpsichore before and was attracted by her—I thought he was very foolish, for she wasn't anything like as interesting as Melpomene. I suppose, of course, that since she was ten years or more younger, it was more suitable. But I couldn't help being sympathetic with Melpomene. Not that she had an idea of the sort herself. He was just an abstract sort of a symbol of the masculine, I think.

I *am* absurd, I suppose, but all the time I was getting Doctor Tayloe comfortable for the night, I was thinking of Melpomene. The long, dutiful, *lost* years of her life rolled out before me, endless, starved, dumb. I tried to imagine what the lover was like that she had sent away; I imagined the scene when she sat her horse at the end of a cross-

country run, a queen in her little court. I had to tell myself over and over again that she had done the right and heroic thing. But I couldn't help feeling just angry to think of all her murdered years. I wonder if any one else is foolish enough to get into a passion for some one else over things that have for a long, long time been over? And it made me angrier than ever to think of Terpsichore and Doctor Rogers having everything made so easy and pleasant for them.

But with Euterpe and Mr. James it was very different. They had a right to be selfish. It was all right—divinely

right. I saw them as they drifted away from the rest to say good night—the little fluttering hands that somehow knew the way around his neck, the great eyes that were lifted up adoring him, the trembling scarlet flower of her mouth—and his face, white now with an awful seriousness of his young passion. All night long they were haunting my consciousness, the worshipping eyes, the scarlet mouth, the white face whose lips strained at their leash of control—the man and maiden seeing, feeling, wanting nothing but each other—the flower and the fragrance and the melody of life!

Christmas Carol

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE kings they came from out the south,
 All dressed in ermine fine,
 They bore Him gold and chrysopease,
 And gifts of precious wine.

The shepherds came from out the north,
 Their coats were brown and old,
 They brought Him little new-born lambs—
 They had not any gold.

The wise men came from out the east,
 And they were wrapped in white,
 The star that led them all the way
 Did glorify the night.

The angels came from heaven high,
 And they were clad with wings,
 And, lo, they brought a joyful song
 The host of heaven sings.

The kings they knocked upon the door,
 The shepherds entered in,
 The wise men followed after them
 To hear the song begin.

The angels sang throughout the night
 Until the rising sun,
 But little Jesus fell asleep,
 Before the song was done.

Out of No-Man's Land

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THERE is a No-Man's Land that you may find anywhere from St. Petersburg to Tokio. It is the land of the big hotel—the hotel double-starred in the guide-book. Its essentials are space, elevators, electric lights, and baths—all very good things in their way, but things for which one may pay too high a price in more precious things than money.

Conformity is the ideal of No-Man's Land, and while the exigencies of the climate cause this outward expression to vary, yet every effort is made to do away with trying differences which may jar on the nerves of the fastidious traveller who takes this curious way of seeing the world. For instance, while the servants are perforce of different nationalities, this trying variation is overcome as much as possible by the training of the waiters. They seem to breed a polyglot tribe all through southern Europe to serve those who live in No-Man's Land, just as they breed tall and pompous grenadiers for *portiers*.

The general aspect of the inhabitants is curiously alike—as alike as the sequence of courses or the fashion of cooking. You may go at a bound from Paris to Rome, and yet eat the same dinner and sit down to it with the same crowd about you. In one place as in the other you will find well-dressed Americans, the same British matrons, the same scattering of titled people, and in one place as in the other the assembly will be heavily weighted with English-speaking people.

Like a rich and powerful family, these hotels have many poor relations. Some are enveloped with specious elegance and small comfort; others sternly respectable—all modelled as nearly as possible upon the lines of the most powerful and enduring; while still others, like old families who need not to put on any frills, have for so long had a standard of ex-

cellence that they keep on their own way tranquilly, without any concessions to fashion, secure of their patronage. There are two things about these hotels that one may be sure of—that they are all to be found in Baedeker, and that they are all appallingly and deadeningly alike. Through their dignified portals the wind of chance never blows; the atmosphere of the country in which they are is shut out as sternly as an Italian shuts out the night air.

But while the great hotels in No-Man's Land do things with a gesture, and although its fluctuating crowd has little to say about the country, still, viewed as a crowd, it is often more than amusing. It is in what one might call the well-connected hotel and pensions that middle-class dulness broods, and to these most of us are condemned.

In an excellent but depressing hostelry in Florence a company of Americans found ourselves. "Is this Italy?" we asked one another (the cooking and the company were overpoweringly virginal and English). We sat reflecting sadly how an ignorance of a language cuts one off from all but museums. We told one another mournful tales of our childhood, when we had walked through endless hotel corridors, our wistful eyes searching the eyes of other children to whom we never spoke; we didn't need to be told not to—the atmosphere of No-Man's Land did it as surely as if some great sign had been placed frieze-like along the wall—"No Talking Allowed Here." This is a sad way for friendly children to live. We confessed that good-tempered chambermaids, not yet broken into the rigorous service, had formed our only solace.

In childhood, too, we had all seen from railway carriages little red-roofed towns in which were comfortable smiling little hotels whose sun-bathed faces overlooked some sleepy piazza. We had

wondered why we never stopped in places like these, and had wished very much indeed that sometimes one could get off the train before the place one had planned to stop the night before, and take one's chances along the road.

It was inflaming talk of this kind that led us into the real Italy, past the warning in all guide-books. You may find it under the heading "Hotels," as follows:

"The wise traveller will avoid the native hotels of the country. While there may occasionally be found one of excellence, for American and English travellers they are for the most part utterly impracticable, leaving much, if not all, to be desired in cleanliness, food, and lodging, as well as in service."

And it is a warning that the traveller who is under the heel of the great god Comfort would do well to heed. If you are one who has gone through life leading by one hand a porcelain tub and by the other a radiator, such adventurings are not for you.

Our entrance into the real Italy might be described like a ride through a tunnel that brings you out on the other side of the mountain into a different climate and a different atmosphere, though in our case the tunnel was merely a ride under the stars in a *carrozza* after a time passed tediously on the railway—a ride up a hill to a town that can have no name, because of the personalities that I shall have to indulge in concerning my friends Amelia, Otilio, and Annunciata. Some busybody would be sure to go to them and tell them that I, a trusted friend, had delivered them and their ingenuous vanities to print, and this would be a poor recompense to pay to those who led us first really into Italy, and also helped us to learn their lovely language through their eager willingness to understand every broken word of ours.

It was Beppi, the *facchino*, who led us up the hill in the darkness, chatty and communicative. Instead of the clanging bell that greets one's arrival at the hotels throughout Europe as a signal for the *portier*, deferential of manner and ample of abdomen, to come forth with his military salute, Beppi entered the hotel and bawled informally:

"Amelia! Amelia! Le Signorine Inglese!"

And so we stepped over the threshold of what in our eyes seemed the Land of Romance, with Amelia, purple of cheek, curling of hair, ample, homely, wholesome, as guide.

Underfoot the floors of our rooms were covered with red tiles. The plastered and whitewashed walls were stencilled with a pretty blue pattern. Furniture there was little beyond a bed and an august wardrobe, which looked as though it had begun life with the ambition of becoming a mausoleum, but had been forced by circumstances into a humbler walk of life. The very bareness of the room was reassuring and grateful.

"Here," we said, "we are quit of those who live in No-Man's Land. The British matrons, the two gentle American spinsters who have haunted us under varying forms, will never find their way here. There is nothing to see here but Italy."

And we took to admiring the hotel garden—a mere little shelf of land tucked almost on top of the roofs of houses and overlooking other shelf-like gardens fifteen or twenty feet below. From its exterior one would not have suspected the Stella d'Italia of any garden at all, for it gave prosaically on a little narrow street on one side and on an apology for a square on the other. A humble little *trattoria* flanked it, where people sat and drank syrups or the wine of the country, on the sidewalk, and there were the symptoms of a cinematograph opposite; it had been or was to be, I don't know which, for in the small hill towns of Italy the cinematograph is apt to be like the "Free Lunch To-morrow" of the historic Bowery sign.

This garden itself was an eloquent and touching example of how Italy can make a great deal out of very little. Here was a little shelf of land, very little more than a long back yard, and, behold! by its artful divisions it had a wood at one end so dense that 'at a stone table set in the midst of the boskage one could have imagined oneself miles away in the very depths of a forest. Especially as evening drew on was this true, until Annunciata lighted an evil-smelling acetylene light, heated her irons on a tiny charcoal fire made in what seemed

to be a square flower-pot, and thus performed her ironing *al fresco*, thereby, it seemed to me, making a fine example to our housewives, who perform the same task of ironing clothes in a hot kitchen and in the middle of the day.

There was a graceful path of complicated design through whose intricacies one might really make a walk of several rods and pretend one was in a spacious garden, and on both sides this path was bordered by a small and very fragrant rose, while an opulent Dijon clambered masterfully up the side of the hotel. Here and there a marble table at which one might dine gleamed white against the trees, and in the remotest corner dense shrubbery made a little private dining-room; nor was there lacking a small fountain. Down below one could see the winding streets of the little village, other gardens, and, at a distance, terraces of lemons with their straw mattings to protect them from the too direct rays of the sun; and still farther a glimpse of the little beach, with fishing-boats drawn up upon it.

And as we looked out and reflected, with very much the feelings of children on their first escape from parental authority, Amelia entered, with a copper jug of hot water in her big purple fist.

"What will it please the Signore to eat?" she inquired. And with such an air of authority did she speak that we asked her if she were the *padrona*.

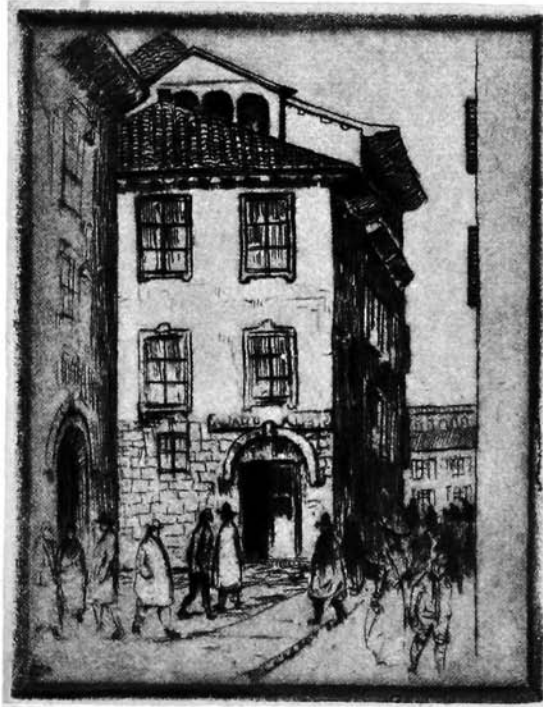
And at this she blushed and exclaimed quickly:

"Oh no! I am only the *cameriera*. Would it please the Signore to eat a duck?" she persisted.

We agreed to eat a duck.

"I will now go and kill it suddenly," remarked Amelia; as indeed she did, and very near our windows it was, for be-

neath the hotel terrace were arches where were poultry and wash-tubs; where the children made doll-houses, and where the numerous old women attached to the house sat and gossiped while they did everything from washing clothes to picking over old mattresses.



THE STELLA D'ITALIA GAVE PROSAICALLY ON A NARROW STREET

Presently we dined upon the recently slaughtered duck and irreproachable fried potatoes and a salad and fruits served on fresh leaves. We ate in the face of the sunset out-of-doors, with the air sweet with the scent of the roses, the wandering winds bringing us whiffs of lemon blooms from the neighboring terraces, and the dusk gathering over the white stretch of sea far below. In sweet contentment of spirit we listened to the prattle of Fede, the waiter, as he came and went. He told us everything that would make our stay more enjoyable, wishing to prove that the Stella d'Italia was a peerless place, I believe. He even

mentioned that the composer Bizet had stayed there the season before; and when, in our ungallant Anglo-Saxon way, we mentioned the fact that we had ignorantly supposed him dead these many years, nothing daunted, he proved that this was not so by humming the *Toreador*.

And then, in the midst of our happi-



AMELIA

ness, he allowed the axe to fall upon our defenceless heads.

"The Signore are not the only English Signore here," he said. "There is another lady here—an English lady who paints; an English gentleman with his spouse departed yesterday." He ran away in quest of cheese.

Was it not possible in the uttermost parts of the earth to escape them, we wondered. What brought them to this little unknown town which had nothing to recommend it to the sightseer except a church—and what town in Italy hasn't a church and a pulpit and an altar-piece?

By the time Fede had returned, our pessimistic minds had formed a picture of the interloping English painter.

"Was she middle-aged?" we asked. "Had she long teeth?"

"Very long teeth," replied Fede, "very middle-aged." He smiled.

"What time does she have her meals?" we asked.

"She breakfasts very, very early and is off. She stays away all day to paint. She returns late. She goes down to such and such a town."

"And why does she not stay there?" we wanted to know.

"The air," replied Fede, without hesitation—"the air here is much finer. She comes back to sleep."

He changed the subject by announcing that Otilio, the padrone, had purchased a cageful of nightingales and a cageful of doves, both of which Annunciata was to cook for us.

"A brave cook, Annunciata!" prattled Fede. "Truly an accomplished woman! One time she was cook for long in an English family—*nobilissimi* they were. She only left because of the death of her padrone."

Indeed an accomplished woman was Annunciata, as Fede proclaimed her. She had, I suppose, the dirtiest kitchen that any woman was ever guilty of. We knew that its floor was covered with red tiling because the rest of the floors were; otherwise it might have been the beaten earth of the street. Scrubbings would have done it no good; the hoe and the rake and the hose of the fire department would have been the only things strong enough to have removed the grime of ages from that kitchen floor. The *batterie de cuisine* was of copper, but it did not shine.

In one corner of this kitchen an old and decrepit man and several elderly females sat and perpetually prepared vegetables or plucked the feathers from fowls and poultry of various kinds, for the Stella d'Italia had a fair business at luncheon-time, as people sometimes drove out from the large neighboring town for the sake of the view.

In one corner was a soapstone hearth as high as any ordinary kitchen range, and a hood built down upon it. Upon this were places for several tiny charcoal fires, and over a handful of inadequate-looking coals and dusky copper dishes Annunciata would turn forth as savory meals as it has ever been my lot to taste. She could roast to a nicety in a covered

casserole, and I think, to do her justice, from the taste of the cookery, that the interior of these pots must sometime have been scoured.

At all hours one might find her, large and good-tempered, waving her dilapidated turkey-fan with a delicate hand toward the embers. When we descended the stairs at noon and Amelia or Fede cried out, "Annunciata! Le Signore Inglese!" she would boom out, "Prunto!" as resonant as a bell, and presently send forth, from the midst of the unspeakable disorder in which she cooked, succulent dishes.

We turned blind eyes upon the dirt of Annunciata's kitchen and concentrated our attention on the excellent food, and philosophized about the economy of fuel in Italy, whereby a whole hotel was supplied with meals at less cost for fuel than for a small family in this country, and went around our small town rejoicing, our only dark spot the haunting shadow of the long-toothed Englishwoman.

And if it hadn't been for the dog of the *paroco*, we might have gone away and really have missed the whole significance of our little hotel. It was our custom often to stray into the church of Santa Maria di Primavera near at hand, and more than once we had lured forth the dog of the parish priest, who had a fondness for eating his bones before the altar of Our Lady—to our Protestant eyes an unseemly act. And through this Scotch terrier, whom I have always suspected of having some Presbyterian leanings, we became acquainted with the parish priest, an ascetic, middle-aged man, possessed of some French.

"Brave people," he remarked to us, "with whom you stay. A good daughter is Amelia, and a fine cook the *padrona*,

Annunciata." (It was Otilio we had supposed to be *padrone*.) "Yes," went on the priest, "and well brought-up her children. When Annunciata took up this venture, a while back, her son Fede left the big hotel in which he was *cameriere*, to help his mother; and Otilio, though not a clever lad, is good enough for bookkeeper. It has been a great windfall for them to have you with them. You are the first English that they have had, and I hope you will recommend them to others. A fine thing for Annunciata to have all her rooms taken by one party, except the room for commercial travellers and that for the Signor Avvocato."

He called to his dog and went his way.

There never had been any English lady, you see. There was no house across the street; there was no Marjorie Daw. The lady of the long teeth, of the early



A HUMBLE TRATTORIA WHERE PEOPLE SAT AND DRANK SYRUPS

rising habits, had been a pure figment of the brain of Fede, touchingly invented to make us feel at home and that we were not strangers in a strange land; and to make their new hotel glorious they had all of them sunk their personalities—all but Otilio—who wore the dignity of *padrone* with all the youthful malaise in the world.

Now we understood why it was that it

was like digging for buried treasure to extract the weekly bill from them, and understood, too, conversations such as these that would occur:

We, looking the bill over sternly: "Otilio, you have neglected to place upon the bill the sandwiches and tea we had the other afternoon. How much are they?"

Otilio: "Signore, I do not know; I will ask ma—that is to say, I will ask Annunciata. I was in town that afternoon."

"The wash bill, did you not pay our wash bill last week when we were absent?"

Otilio, with deep discomfort, as though convicted of a fault: "Si, Signore."

We, sternly: "Find out how much it was and put it on the bill. And the extra wine that we had the other evening?"

Otilio, throwing forth his hands: "Signore, that I cannot count for you. If the Signore drink a little more or less, who can count that? We who buy wine at wholesale!"

"But it must cost something."

"Almost less than nothing," Otilio, hastily and with embarrassment: "That wine I buy from the *podere* of my uncle."

Thus inadequately did poor Otilio play the unfamiliar part of the grasping hotel-keeper. No doubt he got many scoldings from his "mamma"—otherwise Annunciata, the true and adequate proprietress.

But until our departure we never told them that we knew that Amelia was no ordinary *cameriera*. We let them go on playing their little parts for the glory of the Stella d'Italia of which they were so proud, and for us, their first *forestieri*, though it was true that at the last they became a little lax in calling Annunciata, and occasionally we would hear:

"Mamma! Le Signore!"

Partly because they were charming persons and partly because they opened the door of Italy to us, Otilio and his family, who deceived us so bravely for the glory of the Stella d'Italia, will always remain first to us, though the Minerva, in Capo di Sorrento, played it a close second.

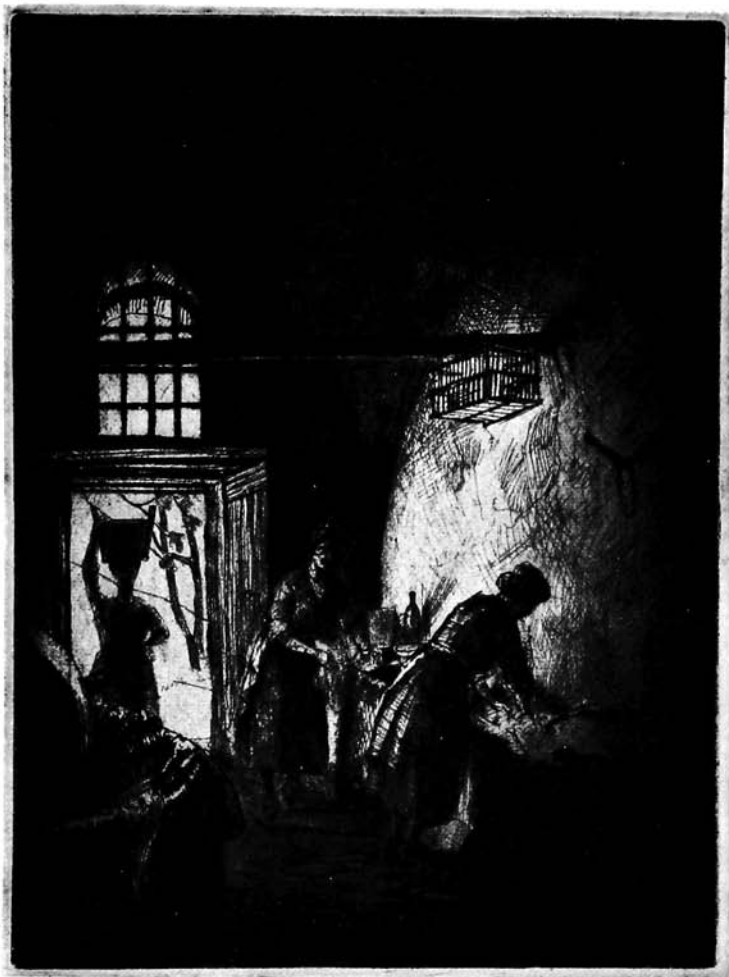
There is no town of its size that I

know of in the south of Italy where the No-Man's Land hotels flourish better amid a more successful *mise en scène*. They have every modern improvement—electric light and lifts and baths in connection with each room—well, almost every room—and marvellous views from each window; for you cannot escape views in that part of the country if you want to. The gardens are knowingly laid out, and full of roses; besides that, they dance the Tarantella every night that there are strangers enough to pay for it. Indeed, they do very well indeed, both scenically and every other way.

But there are some things they can't do for you that the little Minerva, out a couple of kilometres, can, though you may live there for five or six *lire* a day. Because if you live at the Minerva you can't help finding out how a big Italian farm is run. For a half-hour's walk out of the tourist-ridden town of Sorrento, the shops of whose main street proclaim it to be given up to the stranger, you may find yourself in the deep country. Your walk takes you winding around the edge of a mountain, up whose sides clamber terraces of olives, and down whose flanks slide lemon groves, and at each turn in the road you have a new picture. The sea below you is more like some clear jewel than water, and Vesuvius, as beautiful as Fujiyama ever was, dominates the whole. No wonder they love their country—the south Italians; no wonder they come back to it, and no wonder the nations of the earth—heavy Germans, and all the northern races—escape from their countries to look upon the pure beauty of this lovely land.

Capo di Sorrento is a tiny village, with its own church and its scattering of houses and a mysterious and ample Roman ruin of its own. The new Minerva until recently was not inaptly termed "Paradiso," for lovely enough its ornamentations were when we arrived. Perhaps too much wistaria clambered up the trellis, the roses clustered too richly, the view too magnificent, until the whole thing gave one the effect of being in a well-staged Belasco play instead of in a humble little pension-hotel, which was to Italy what the farmers' boarding-houses are to America.

At just what date the proprietor be-

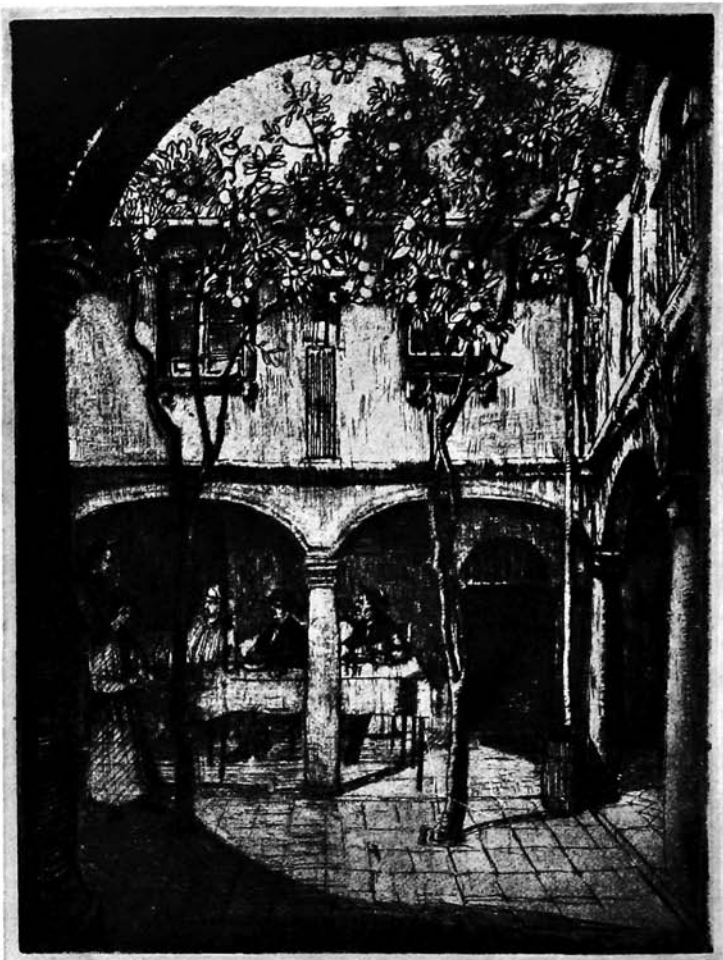


THE KITCHEN—HOTEL MINERVA
Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

came more hotel-keeper than he was farmer I cannot tell you. Tourists probably found him out one time in his *podere*, or perhaps it was his father or his grandfather, and boarded with him in his up hill, down dale house—the house under which are tucked away the cow-stables, the bake-oven, and the mill for the olive oil. Incidentally there is also a bath-tub, used only under great stress, such as in cases of severe illness; for, when we saw it, it was turned upside down and stored away among the rafters, with the dust of ages over it. The clothes

of the family were being washed in the substitutes for set-tubs opposite the bake-oven, where their wholesome brown bread was in the process of baking.

And the Minerva is still as much of a farm as it is hotel. They grow their own vegetables and their own fruit, and have their own cows, and make their own wine and their own oil; and more unusual yet, most of their own bread. The work is done as at the Stella d'Italia—by the sons and daughters of the family, only the old patriarch of a proprietor makes no pretences for the sake of his



THE ORANGE-TREE PATIO—FONDA ITALIA
Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

hotel. And how many sons and daughters he had was a fact never fathomed; all we knew was that they were all handsome, red-cheeked, deep-bosomed, curly-headed, and that he fairly burst with pride over the beauty of his daughters, making a personal matter of it, as though it were through some special virtue of his that they were such a fine-looking race.

As business increased he bought the second pension-hotel, and there from his farm he feeds a horde of Northerners; for by some trick of the tourist business

almost all of the people who go there come from the farthest corner of Europe. You may hear Russian talked and Finnish and the variations of Swedish and Norwegian, and German also, but hardly ever a word of English.

It is to be observed as one travels around in different places that the tourist only too often acts as though he were invisible; here he stops to gape at a market group; there you find him in a cathedral while high mass is in progress, making his way through the worshippers to sur-

vey some picture as though they were not there. So in the end the people of Italy have gotten to treat the mighty army of tourists as though in very truth they did not exist. It is different in Spain; you cannot visit that land without meeting Spanish people; they do not keep courteously out of your way as do the Italians. Even if you do not speak the language you will, whether you wish to or not, and whether you keep your eyes open or not, see more of Spanish people in a week's time than it is probable you will of Italians in a month. In Spain, even in the cities, every eye will follow you; you are an object of interest—not a flattering interest always, but from the small boy who follows you in mobs to the demurely observant eye of well-bred ladies on their way to mass they are never indifferent to you.

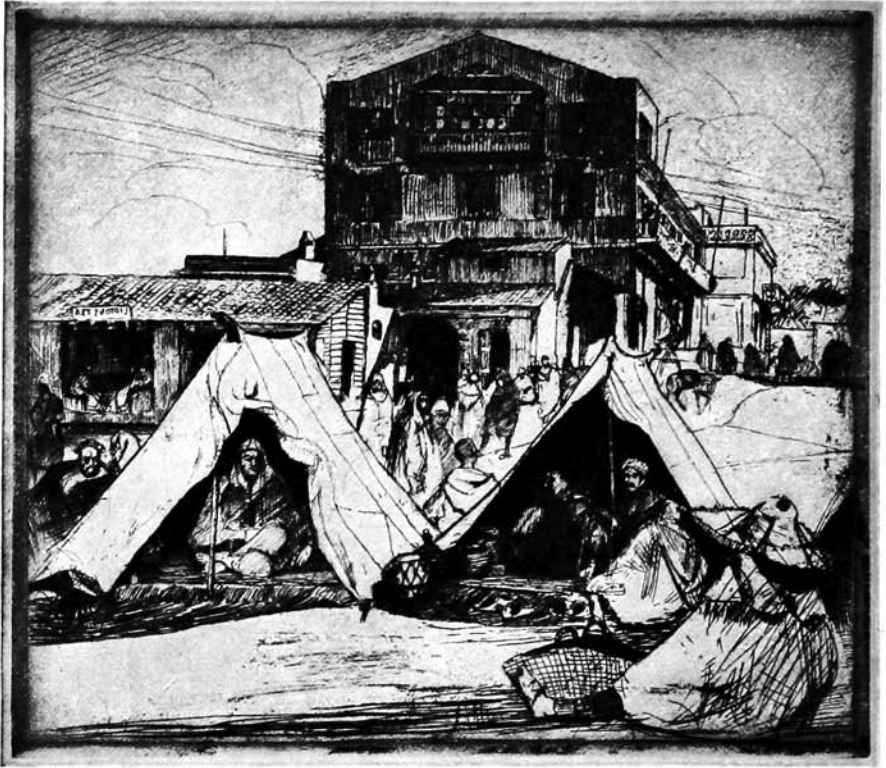
It was because of this interest we aroused that our hearts failed us for a moment—that and the guide-book warning of "No Thoroughfare" in front of the native *fondas*. I have seen Spanish guide-books, indeed, where the earnestness of the warnings reached the point of hysteria; so much so that it made any experimenting seem adventuresome enough. But as far as my experience goes I should rather have a jolly meal out-of-doors in the Fonda Italia in Algeciras than in any other hotel in that town. It depends on what you have come to Spain for, of course; if you have come to see a fine hotel, go by all means to the Reina Cristina; it is a most commendable and beautiful hotel. But if you have come to see Spain and feel adventur-

ously inclined, wander up the little ice-cream-colored side street, beyond the market on this side of the cathedral, and ask one of the dozen little boys that will be following you where the Fonda Italia is.

If it is the proper season of the year, you will eat in a charming patio where oranges grow to the second story, and there will be a good-tempered and talkative Spanish crowd eating around you; and if it is your first venture in Spain you will marvel over the length of the menu and the strange disposition of the courses; for if I remember rightly there were hors-d'œuvres, soup, fish, and that dish whose name I have never mastered and without which no Spanish dinner is complete—boiled dried peas of a huge size, with more or less fragments of boiled beef about it and shreds of greens, an excellent dish, though as I tell it sounding contrary to all known laws of cookery. Then the meat and some other fish, and finally dessert, nuts and raisins



THE "UP HILL, DOWN DALE" HOUSE



HOTEL CAVILLA—TANGIER

and oranges; and it seems to me that I have omitted mention of a fowl with salad in some portion of the menu where one would not expect such fowl and salad to appear.

Of the No-Man's Land in Spain I am in no position to speak; I never saw it, for right in the beginning of things we met Doña Amelia, a much-travelled business woman, who gave us addresses of tiny and inexpensive *fondas*, so that for the brief space of time we were in Spain we did not so much as see an English-speaking waiter, and were received as old friends by members of the family. Charming people gave us lessons in Spanish, reconstructed our Anglo-Saxon coiffures, and led us into the mysteries of the adjustment of the *mantilla*, until we felt that we were relatives returned from journeyings instead of board-paying strangers. It may be, for

all I know, that Spain has no true No-Man's Land; perhaps all Spain is off the beaten track.

It is not always sunshine, though, in the world outside of No-Man's Land; moments there are when one turns to the respectable if not heart-warming Baedeker for advice. There remain in our minds some vast tomb-like rooms in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in a hotel that acted as though its only visitors for a generation had been ghosts. The ordering of food was accompanied by dreary waits; panic followed on the heels of a request for the "Bath in the Hotel" advertised in four languages; and no wonder, for the family washing of the whole past month was at that moment soaking in the amorphous tank-like structure which the proprietors fondly looked upon as a bath-tub. And as a disreputable pendant of this respectable and

moribund *Gasthaus* there was in Marseilles a whited sepulchre of a hotel of a snug enough and quiet exterior, but of dubious gayety o' nights. To offset these was the little Hôtel du Commerce in Saint-Raphael, whose windows looked forth on a populous beach on which were drawn up many boats; whose proprietor was the chef, and who brought to the preparing of meals that loving zeal so seldom found outside France.

The most rewarding of hotels is that hotel of paradoxes—Cavilla's, which is a Spanish hotel but which is not in Spain; Cavilla's, on whose roof live turkeys, and where the women sing the old coplas of Andalusia all the day long as they wash the clothes; on whose terraces dwell hoary turtles, and where you hear the perpetually disquieting beat of Moorish drums and the noise of the *gimbri* from the cafés underneath. For Cavilla's is a little island of Europe perpetually washed by the waves of Islam. It stands a big square place overlooking the Socco Grande in Tangier, and to get to it one must push one's way through the flocks and herds of the tribes. Before the very door the caravans of small camels lie down and the muffled women await the return of their lords, sitting with their backs against the hotel, looking at the Europeans with great and curious eyes. Outside, all is color and confusion; inside, all is quiet. You pass from one civilization to another, from Morocco to Spain, every time you cross the doorstep, and no matter how long you stay, the contrast never loses its sharpness.

They say that any one who knows the Sôk of Tangier and understands its currents, its drifts, and from which tribes the men come who wander through it, and who the holy men who beg there day by day (holy men who do not beg from Christians, in contradistinction to those who do), and who can understand the story-tellers, and knows how the snake-charmer lights straw by blowing on it after his tongue has been bitten by his snakes—it is said that any one who knows these things knows Morocco; but it is safe to say that the Europeans who do can be counted on one hand. There are not many Stricklands to be found in El Moghreb. But certain it is that you may

live months in this place and day by day the sights from your window will be new, and day by day the varying life of Tangier, full of color, will be unrolled before your eyes. Wedding processions with the bride cooped in a bright-painted wooden box will sway past at nightfall with torches and music, and the chanted dead march of the informal Moorish funerals break into the roar of the Sôk, while the skirling music of Sidi Mccfee, the patron saint of the Sôk, dominates every other sound.

After all, the little inns of a country are about the only point of contact that the average traveller has with the people of that country; for, indeed, what people eat and drink, and how they are contented to live out of their own homes, tells one a vast lot when you come down to it.

The moment you leave the land of big hotels and step into one of the little hostelries you find along the roadside you can make up the whole civilization of the country if you are clever, as a Buffon could reconstruct the whole animal from one bone. What more eloquent of the civilization of France, for instance, than the excellent omelet you may find waiting for you in almost any little hotel from Dieppe to the Midi? "*Der Mensch ist was er isst,*" and one could spend years in studying the customs and manners of France and Germany, and yet find it all in the contrast between that marvellous roast chicken, the art of which is lost the moment you put foot over the border, and the estimable salad of France with the beer and the ever-present productions of the pig in the small hostelries of the Fatherland. What more significant of at once the poverty and the richness of our own civilization in this country, where all the fruits of the earth—or at least the vegetables of it—are served in the country hotels in a series of chilly and forbidding birds' bath-tubs. We are a nation who ask for a ruinous plenty and are content, in more things than food, to have this plenty cold, unappetizing, and ill-served. It is a far cry from the chain of fashionable institutions from Ponce up the coast to the little ordinary hotel of the small town. Could not a sagacious traveller plumb our heights and depths from these?

The Bridegroom

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

UPON the ancient and unsteady gate of the Duggan homestead, that twilight in October, leaned Liza Duggan, propping her elbows on the top of it, cradling her chin in two calloused little palms, and lifting wide, trustful eyes to the face of the man before her. He, big-shouldered and silent, slouched, waiting coolly, one hand deep in his pocket, the other ripping, with small tearing noises, splinters from a decaying picket beneath his hand.

"It ain't that I don't trust you, Johnny," she reproached him, timidly sweet; "you know that, don't you?"

He left off torturing the wood long enough to answer with a shrug of his shoulders and a kind of stubbornness. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, Johnny!" said Liza, again. There were tears in her eyes, but she winked them back. She looked away from him, out across the dimly shining beach and the reach of shadow that was the Sound, to where an island light showed far on the vague horizon rim.

"Because I can't bear for you to be mad at me," she pleaded.

The very controlled indifference of his reply frightened away the last traces of her insurgence.

"I ain't mad at you. I'm just tellin' you. One day don't make no difference. But if you can't see it that way—"

"When it's yo' weddin'-day, Johnny?" It was a wistful regret, not a protest.

"One day later 'll marry us, just as good—if you *goin'* to marry me."

The dim threat of losing him sufficed.

"What you think's right," she cried, in her haste faltering sadly over the words, "is right for *me*. I reckon you know best. I never would 'a' thought nothin' of it, only Ma said—"

"Now you puttin' yo' finger on it," he interrupted, impartially. "Ma said—and Aunt Josie said—and gran'mammy said—till between the lot of 'em you don't scarcely dare to call yo' soul yo'

own. You ain't got nerve enough to think fo' yo'self—you po' soft little kid!"

He put out his hand with a sudden roughness of caress, and she cuddled her cheek upon it happily. His flare of tenderness, half yearning, half indulgent, made all things well with her.

"What 'd yo' ma say, Liza?"

"She says," deprecatingly, "that it's bad luck to postpone yo' weddin'—without you got a mighty good reason."

"Mine's good enough."

"She says—she says it wouldn't suit *her*."

His short laugh took small account of that.

"Tell yo' ma I'm not marryin' her. Listen here, Liza. I want you to understand, so we'll be through with all this talk about it, once 'n' for all. I tell you I got to go out in the country. There's a man I want to see—"

"He couldn't come here to you?" she put in, timidly.

The suggestion might have carried a flick of irony, for he winced, his eyes narrowing over some secret struggle.

"No, honey, he couldn't come here. An' I got to see him now, or he won't be there. It's a kind of business that don't wait on weddin's. He'll be expectin' me Friday—I got to be there. Now, you understand?"

Stricken with remorseful submission, she had opened the gate in an instant and slipped round it to lean against his shoulder.

"It's all right, Johnny. I oughtn't 'a' bothered you."

He held her close with one arm, his right hand still plucking and ripping splinters of the rotten wood. In spite of his mastering coolness, the almost stoic front of his indifference, there seemed a latent strife within the man.

"That's my girl!" he said, suddenly.

Out of his crushing hold, his cheek against her hair, she murmured a tremulous assent, and when he kissed her, lit-

tle short of savagely, tightening his big arms until she gasped for breath, her face was white with happiness.

"It's all I care for," she whispered.

He relaxed to a gentler tenderness.

"Then you needn't worry, Liza. That's safe enough. Ever since you came back from yo' aunt Josie's this summer, there ain't been any doubt in my mind. When I think of that li'l' old house, and you in it, and me—I could mighty nigh whip the earth!" Love's age-old lyric croon was in his husky voice. A sincerity, vital and beyond question, looked from his eyes.

"You satisfied now?" he asked, gently, "and you won't let 'em pester you none—if we ain't married till Saturday?"

"I'm satisfied, Johnny." She added in a sighing contentment, "Ain't nobody can pester me, so long as you and me's together."

"Well, you want to remember that," he muttered, caressingly, above her bent head.

Presently he reverted to the old discussion with a passionate note of extenuation.

"I'm never goin' to leave you again, Liza."

She only rubbed her face, with a little adoring movement, up and down against his sleeve.

More to himself than to her, he went on with a gathering hoarseness.

"This is the last time—I swear to God—this is the last time!"

She lifted her head, startled by the conflict naked within his tone.

"Why, Johnny! What's the matter? I oughtn't to 'a' said anything mo' about it," her voice dropped to a surrendering softness. "It's all right. It was only because Ma said she reckoned you didn't care much if—if you wanted to wait—"

His powerful arm, beneath her little clinging fingers, quivered through all its muscles.

"Wait one day," he said, grimly, "and I can marry you to-morrow. If you don't want to do that, honey, it means waitin' just so much longer. Money don't grow on bushes."

"Oh, if it's money— I didn't know—"

"What 'd you think it was?" he demanded, with stifled bitterness. "Liza! Did you think it was anything else could stop me?"

"It's all right," she soothed, a healing in her voice like cool fingers on aching eyelids. "It's all right, Johnny. Don't you care! It's only one day, anyhow. Seems like things just crowd in on you sometimes—don't it? There was Monday you had to go to the city; now, to-morrow, goin' after the money—"

"Well," he interrupted, thrusting across her gentle trend with apprehensive eagerness, "it 'll be the last time." Then he put both arms about her, and she lifted her face to be kissed.

"You my girl, ain't you?" he murmured, with one of his brief hot flashes of tenderness.

A moment later, with an abrupt movement, he released her.

"You run inside now," he commanded. "Good night, honey."

But she lingered reluctantly.

"You'll be back to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night—I'll be over. Don't you worry."

"Then good-night, honey," she cried, like a wistful echo, and ran up the path to the steps of the sprawling cottage behind the oleanders.

The man struck into the shell road that led to the village. He walked with the long, swinging stride of vitality at high pressure, and as he went he whistled a formless tune, a mere abstracted keeping time to the rhythm of his movements. He passed two houses with lighted windows, but coming to a third, he turned abruptly and entered.

A tired-looking woman, beside the oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, glanced up from her perusal of the evening paper and smiled.

"Well!" she greeted him, surprisedly. "You didn't stay long at Liza's to-night. Ev'rything all right about Saturday?"

He nodded. "Anybody been for the mail?"

"Nothin' but this," explained Mrs. Mangan.

She turned the paper so that on its first page a double-column heading and three pictures stood out boldly.

"I been readin' about that man Salvadoni. They're goin' to hang him to-morrow."

She swayed as she talked, and upon the bare floor the rockers of her chair gave out fretful creaking sounds.

"You know he killed another man—about his wife—the other man's wife. Ain't them dagos dirty beasts? His picture's here."

She read aloud, slowly, with shuddering relish. "'Tonio Salvadoni, the Murderer—Hans Schwartz, the Victim, and Sarah Schwartz, the Woman in the Case!' Salvadoni's in the Parish Prison. It says he's just as cool—smokes cigarettes the reporters give him—eats like anybody else—talks to a priest. He says the woman made him do it, but he forgives her. I reckon that won't do him much good when he's bein' hung to-morrow. You'd think the city 'd 'a' had enough o' dagos with their vendettas, and their Black Hands, wouldn't you? I see they say Miller, the hangman, comes from somewhere up in this State—ain't it the—"

"Who's he?" interrupted her son, briefly. He watched with contracting brows while she answered.

"He's the man that does the hangin'. Funny, ain't it, for a man to *ask* for a job like that! He's hung ev'ybody the last two years. Here—want the paper?"

"You finished?" he asked, gruffly. He put out one hand and drew it back again.

There was secret eagerness in his face, and a kind of sickened resolution. So a man might look stretching his hand through flame to his heart's desire.

"That's all right—I can see it some other time," insisted his mother, unselfishly. Her glance lingered with a morbid interest upon the unlovely features of the three pictured faces. "I was readin' where a reporter from the *Journal* talked to Salvadoni, and he says he no more repents than—you do."

"Than me? What d'you mean?"

She lifted blue, faded eyes, blinking apologetically, before the startled roughness, the almost torture of his tone.

"Why—than you—or me—or anybody else who's got nothin' to repent of. Sit down and talk, son. What you goin' to do?"

He shifted from one foot to the other, his shoulders filling the narrow doorway.

"Goin' to bed. I got to get up at five in the morning. I'll want some coffee."

"What does Liza think of yo' goin' out in the country to-morrow, and makin' her wait to be married?"

"I'll be back to-morrow evenin'," he continued, ignoring her question, not brusquely or unpleasantly, but as if other matter occupied his closest thoughts. "Good night."

His footsteps sounded sharply along the hall.

"Don't lose that paper," his mother called after him. "I want it, son."

Hours after she had fallen asleep a light burned in the back room of the cottage; and upon the flimsy window-shade, drawn close, the shadow of a man pored over the shadow of a newspaper—very quietly. The wind died down and the stars sank before that shadow melted into darkness.

Dawn was more than a promise next morning when Mangan left the house. He rode away at a gallop, his sunburnt, handsome face showing both shadow and line for witness of a white night.

"I'll be back this evenin'," he called from the road, and his mother had answered docilely, wiping her hands on her apron:

"All right, son; I'll look for you."

That was at half past five. At ten minutes of seven, when smoke was curling from every kitchen chimney, and the sun showed a genial glamour thrusting up between the pine-tops, Liza and Mrs. Duggan waited at the station for the train.

The mother, a sharp-featured, brisk little woman, was full of consolation and caution.

"It 'll take yer mind off yerself. I'm glad I thought o' sending you. You can buy you a hat with half the money, and get my medicine with the rest. Mind you don't lose it! Go out to your cousin Robert's for dinner. The train don't start, comin' back, till ha'f past three. Have you got your money?—and the ticket? Things won't look so bad, with you goin' to the city to-day. Mind the cars on the street."

"I'll be all right, Ma," said Liza, in obedient reassurance. She drew a long breath when, from the car window, the last shadow of the station faded on her sight. The thought of that day, at home, had not been a happy one, for all her gentle bravery.

The blue silence of the bay was past, and the dew-smothered marshy country

opening on either side, before her hands relaxed their hold upon each other. Then her mind leaped ahead in a happy resilience, and the haze of wretchedness that had enveloped her for over a week, since Mangan had insisted upon the postponement of their marriage, fell away. With the memory of his arm about her shoulders, his convincing words in her ear, she smiled, and had faith. A half-seen, tremulous vision unfolded itself. "When I think o' that li' old house—and you in it—and me!"—that was what Johnny had said, and—"I'm never goin' to leave you again, Liza—this is the last time."

The cobweb of dreams meshes the stars.

Liza half closed her eyes, and her heart beat with the tumult of the train. The flush that grew on her cheeks, swept to the roots of her brown hair, and ebbed, yet left her rosy, was a very delightful thing—if there had been any one looking to see it.

But there was not. In the seat before her, two men on their way into town for the day's business were discussing (with the casual interest of the citizen who beholds battle, murder, and sudden death head-lined beside his breakfast plate) the execution of Salvadoni.

"He'll get his," said the first one, briefly. "Good thing, too. Never heard of a more cold-blooded murder."

"He blames the woman—doesn't he?"

"Rotten coward! However, I dare say, she wasn't altogether innocent."

Liza, hearing, wondered absently. The outside world was not so real as her habitation of dreams.

"Well," the other man was saying, "of course he's guilty. He ought to be punished. That's all right. But this thing of hanging! Why don't they use the chair? Why don't they electrocute—decently—in the presence of only the necessary authorities?"

"Good many States hang," suggested the first, without much interest.

"It's a ghastly custom. Take this man who's doing the job to-day. What do they call him? Miller the Hangman. He's from somewhere up in our State. Comes to the city whenever there's a hanging—to cut the rope. The papers have mentioned him several times. It's the sheriff's work by rights, but nobody wants to shunt a man into eternity.

Miller asks for the job and gets it, every time—the last two years. What d'you call that? I call it legalized murder—eh? He isn't an instrument of justice—what does he know about the crimes of these men—or their punishment?"

"Somebody's got to cut the rope."

"That's what I say—it's a ghastly custom—but it ought to be administered by an officer of the law—not by some morbid outsider with a lust for murder. I tell you that's what it amounts to."

"What are you going to do about it?" suggested the first, in the familiar formula of the age. "Tough luck all 'round. Cotton slumped sixty points yesterday."

Liza shivered slightly, turning back to her window and the green stretches outside. She had not read the papers, nor for that matter much of anything else, and talk of the hanging was new to her.

"Miller the Hangman" made a sinister harmony of syllables that clung in her mind, like a bat in a flowering tree. She shrank from the half-comprehended jargon of sin and punishment and death back into her mists of memory and imagining. The song of the train set itself to her thoughts—as to the thoughts of how many another!—and when she came at last out into the street from the dusk of the station, it startled her to find the day so old. She had not felt the time go from her. The street, in its turn, presented to her timid eyes the unchanging miracle of sophistication. She passed down the sidewalk, lagging before the windows, like the child she was at heart, a quiet enough little figure in her brown suit, with the black bow upon the brown straw hat.

A block behind her, having delayed for the emptying of the train, but wholly unaware of her presence as she was of his, Mangan left the station, and waited at the first corner for a car.

It was almost noon before Liza completed her purchases. The medicine, thanks to an attentive clerk in a big drug-store, was merely a matter of moments, but over the hat the prospective owner wavered lengthily.

When—even with the languid aid of a saleslady—*this* makes no setting for brown eyes and a clear, warm skin—and *that* is too dear—! However, the matter of decision was ended at last, the price

of decision paid in Mrs. Duggan's butter-milk money, and Liza only waited—as the proudest must wait—for her parcel.

The saleslady, pausing in a lofty career, banded the time o' day with an intimate.

"Ten minutes of twelve?—me for lunch! It 'll be twenty-three for Salvadoni an hour from now. I know a gentleman who's goin' to the hangin'. Comin', dearie?"

Dearie said she had *been*—and come back.

Liza's hat arriving at the moment in a sheath of crisp paper, Liza herself went out upon the street again. She was beginning to be tired—and hungry—and the repeated reference to the Italian's tragedy saddened her. Upon so bright a day—clear sky overhead—magic pavement underfoot—it seemed too pitiful a man should go, thrust violently out of the world—and into the dark—unwilling.

As she waited for the car that would pass before her cousin's house, she felt curiously dispirited, but the ride stimulated her pleasure in life. To the clear country eyes even the people on the streets possessed a mysterious fascination. She came to the city so rarely that it had for her always the charm of strangeness.

When she rang her cousin's door-bell she was once more rested and happy. The cousin's wife came at the summons—a large slatternly woman with eyes that lit to a pleasant friendliness at sight of the girl.

"Well, Liza Duggan! Where did you come from? Come right in. I heard you were gettin' married to-day. Take off your things and sit down. You ain't been to dinner?"

Liza explained, with a certain soft dignity that precluded exclamation, about the postponement of the wedding. She added that she had not been to dinner, and that she was hungry. The cousin's wife thereupon set her down to a plentiful meal at one end of the denuded table.

"I had dinner a little bit early," she explained, importantly, "to get things out of the way. Robert's on duty, but he's given a lot o' people leave to see the hangin' from here—so I got to have 'em trackin' up my floors—"

"The hangin'?" gasped Liza. She dropped her fork with a little crash.

"Sure," said the cousin's wife, comfortably. She hunched both elbows on the table, and settled to the enjoyment of her topic. "You forget we're right next to the Parish Prison. Didn't you see the people as you come in? That colored Odd-Fellows Hall across the street's had every window jammed since twelve o'clock—people just butted in. There'll be a crowd like Mardi-Gras in the courtyard, but you got to have a pull with the force to get in there. I sent the two kids up to my mother's. I didn't want 'em getting all worked up about it—they're too young. Our up-stairs windows look right straight over into the yard, you know. You can see fine. It must be 'most half past twelve now. What's the matter, Liza—ain't you feelin' good?"

Liza, white and shaken, had pushed her plate away. The food choked her.

"I never was so near—so near anything like that before," she said, unsteadily; "it makes me sick."

"You don't need to see it," soothed the cousin's wife. "Here, have some water. I'll take you up in the back room, and you needn't go near the window. Bein' a policeman's wife, I don't so much mind it myself, though Gawd knows—"

The bell rang clangorously.

"Salvadoni's nothin' but a murderer," finished the hostess before she went. "Take your things up in the back room, Liza. You know the way. I got to let these men in. Just shut the door, and make yourself at home."

Up in the "back room," high-walled and narrow, stricken through broken blinds with garish splashes of sunlight, Liza sat down upon the bed and waited. The window menaced her with a horror that lay beyond. She could not keep her eyes from it.

After a little, the cousin's wife came panting up the stairs. In her wake heavy feet trod clumsily and dispersed. She opened the door of the back room alone.

"Well, Liza," she said, cheerfully, "how you feelin'? I've sent them friends of Robert's into the front room and out on the gallery. Anything I can get you?"

"Thank you," said Liza, faintly. "I'm all right—"

The cousin's wife smiled and nodded. "Don't you feel bad about it," she

soothed. "He's only gettin' what's comin' to him. It's five minutes of one. I reckon the priest's with him now. Say, Liza—you know Miller the Hangman—he's the man that's done all the hangin' here for two years—he comes from somewhere up in your part o' the country. Funny for a man to come after a job like that. Of course he gets paid by the sheriff." She turned the handle of the door, rattling it a little between absent fingers. "Robert says he told the reporters he was goin' to quit with this one. I should think he *would*."

"Does Robert know him?" asked Liza, clasping her hands tight in her lap. The figure of Miller the Hangman loomed vast and ghoulish to her frightened fancy—a creature of grisly shadows, its fingers sodden with blood.

"Who? Robert? Never seen him," returned the cousin's wife; "he keeps himself pretty scarce." A note of sharp excitement thrilled suddenly in her lazy voice. "I hear the crowd—you don't care if I go in the front room to watch? you'll be all right here? I can see better from there."

"Go on," said Liza. She spoke with difficulty, through dry lips.

"All right—you just lie down—I'll be back," accepted the cousin's wife, eagerly, and was gone.

Liza slid forward upon the bed and buried her face in the cover. The back room was very still, and after one hysterical gasp she lay quiet, with impotent fingers in her ears. A horse-fly came and buzzed upon the ceiling with a noise like thunder. All the little common sounds magnified themselves, and penetrated to the raw consciousness of the girl, in a sequence of wounds. When the window-shade flapped in a languid gust of wind, she started blindly and caught her breath. When a paper fan fell from the bureau, crackling on the floor, she cried out half aloud.

Time went by in spaces of pain. Unseeing, she suffered the deadlier agonies of imagination, her small tanned face paling gradually to a pitiful grayness.

After what seemed an interminable reach of hours the cousin's wife came back. She, in her turn, had whitened a little from her usual florid calm, but her voice was drawlingly unshaken.

"Well," she said, not ungently, "it's all over—you can sit up now. Don't take on so, Lize. Murderers have got to die. Want me to get you a drop of whiskey?"

Liza drank the whiskey meekly. The color came slowly back to her white little face.

"I reckon it's just because I'm not used to it," she apologized.

"Sure," agreed the cousin's wife, "that's all. If you was me, you'd feel just like I do about it. A policeman's wife gets used to *anything*."

For all that, a gloom hung upon the house, and the back room in especial sheltered an evasive horror. No amount of cheerful gossip on the part of the cousin's wife dispelled it. Liza watched the hands of the clock hungry-eyed, and pinned on her hat, with fingers that trembled, a good half-hour too soon. It was necessary to remind her of the new hat in its crackling paper bag.

"You funny little thing," said the cousin's wife, "you're too tender-hearted for any use. It's a good thing you're not marryin' a policeman!"

At that, the thought of Johnny's large silent strength, his comforting voice, rushed upon Liza like a flood. Her eyes filled in an instant. She was glad when the door shut behind her, gladder yet to gain the shelter of a street-car, and to feel herself out of the labyrinth—going home.

On the street, a shrill, reiterated cry shocked her ears. It distressed her, but without reason, until a newsboy, swinging on to the platform, gave strident voice.

"Uxtry! Uxtry *Joinal!* All about the hangin'! Uxtry *Joinal!*"

Liza left the car at the station nervously. She bought her ticket, and found herself the first in the long red-velvet-seated coach. When the train slipped out of the city she drew a shuddering breath of relief, and for each of the miles that melted between her and the cottage on the beach her thankfulness was very near a prayer.

It was almost sundown when she came home, and there were questionings and exclamations to be met.

"You look clean played out," grumbled her mother. "Didn't you have

a real nice time? Wasn't Cousin Robert's wife glad to see you? Le' see the hat."

Liza yielded up her booty as calmly as she might. Her only explanation was quiescent and unconvincing.

"I'm tired, that's all. Yes'm, I had a real nice time—and Cousin Robert's wife was glad to see me." An imperceptible shiver ran over her.

"Here, put the hat on," suggested Mrs. Duggan, turning it about with critical fingers. "Le' me see it on you."

Obediently Liza put it on. It was a simple-enough red felt, adorned with velvet of the same cheerful shade. In the morning it had been pleasing; now, above Liza's colorless face and big, frightened eyes, it took on a brightness almost grotesque.

"It don't look good," the girl said, simply, and laid it aside on the bed. Her shoulders drooped with fatigue.

"Nothin's goin' to look good on you the way you are now," scolded her mother; "you go and lie down. What time will John Mangan be here this evenin'?"

"Not before eight o'clock, I reckon," said Liza, "maybe later." She did not tell her mother of what had happened in the city—of the tragedy that had dogged her day. She could not somehow bring herself to speak of it till Mangan came; then, sitting on the beach beside him, under the chill, winking stars, her hand in his, her head against his arm, she gave way at his first probing question.

"I didn't know you was goin' to the city to-day?"

"I wasn't," she denied, brokenly; "I never thought of it till last night after you went—Ma said it would be good for me. She took her buttermilk money—and said for me to get me a hat—and to get her medicine. Oh, Johnny! I wisht I hadn't gone! I wisht I hadn't gone!" Her fingers clung convulsively in his hold.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asked, slowly. His left hand, thrust into the sand, closed and unclosed itself tensely a great many times while she talked. "Didn't you get the hat?"

"It's nothin' about the hat," said Liza, simply. After a moment she went on, quivering with painful excitement: "Johnny, did you know there was a man

hanged in the city to-day—a dago—out at the prison?"

"I did hear some talk about it, down in the village."

"Talk!" She laughed hysterically. "Talk! I was in a room where you could see—"

Then, and not before, a start shook him visibly, even to her excited perception. At once the tenderness in her came uppermost again.

"You cold, Johnny? Maybe we better go up to—"

His voice came hoarse. He cleared his throat twice before he spoke.

"I'm all right. Go on—you say you saw—"

"No!" she cried, her pitiful horror stung to vehemence. "Oh no, Johnny! No! No! No! I didn't see—I hid my face in the bed—I couldn't bear it—it mighty nigh killed me to think of it."

There was a silence, void and curious.

"It's all right," he said at last, slowly, almost to himself, "so long as you didn't see." There was no color to his speech, no echo, it came so powerfully repressed.

"Cousin Robert's wife was tellin' me about it," said Liza, a mist of helpless tears clouding her soft eyes. "Oh, Johnny!" she began to cry in little sobbing gasps, her face against his sleeve. "it was awful—it was awful!"

"Tellin' you what?"

Like a child answering to a stronger will, Liza responded obediently to that slow, steady question.

"She was tellin' me—about the crowds in the street—and the man that comes to do the hangin'—"

He prompted carefully, not moving, with no hastening of his quiet drawl.

"The man that comes to do the hangin'?"

"They call him Miller the Hangman."

"An' who," he asked, thereupon, each word mordantly distinct, "is Miller the Hangman?"

Liza caught her breath like one who has cried too long.

"You hurt my hand, honey," she reminded, pitifully; "he's the man that hangs people." Unconsciously she reverted to the words of the cousin's wife. The back room, with its sun-streaked floor and walls, flashed sharply on her

sight. "He comes 'way from somewhere in this State to do it. She was tellin' me about him, an' when—when it was time—she went in the front room an' *watched*."

"Did you go, too?" asked Mangan, unswerving, but the muscles about his mouth contracted sharply.

Liza tried to speak and failed. Her tears choked her.

"Did you go?" he insisted, and, the second time, the controlled voice, vibrant with a tight-strung fear, shook for the fraction of an instant.

"I hid my face in the bed," Liza answered him, "and put my fingers in my ears—but I saw—and I heard—like I was lookin'—an' listenin'. Oh, Johnny, it nearly killed me—it was so near! I felt like Miller the Hangman was standin' right beside me."

She shivered from head to foot, her fevered imagination quickened to a torture of reality.

"Did yo' cousin's wife see him?"

"She never said so."

"Or yo' cousin? Who is yo' cousin?"

"My cousin Robert is a policeman."

She lifted one hand to wipe her eyes. "They live next do' to the prison—and I went over there for dinner. Ma told me to—that's how—"

"Robert who?"

Wondering a little at her lover's interest, Liza answered unsteadily.

"Robert Blake's his name."

"An' did he see the hangin'?"

"No; he was on duty somewhere else."

"He ever see—Miller?"

"No," she said, "he never did. Why?"

Mangan's voice changed—a breathless reaction, an incredible lightening of word and tone, as if a heavy weight slipped down from muscles overstrained.

"You didn't see him—nobody around you saw him—what you afraid of? It's all over."

Liza shook her head. She was no longer crying, but she leaned against his arm in a complete weariness. The day had taken its toll of her.

"It was so awful, Johnny—I can't forget it—it makes me sick to think of it. I keep rememberin' that name—Miller the Hangman—Miller the Hang-

man— Oh, Johnny—I know I'll dream about it!"

"No, you won't," he reassured her; "you're goin' to forget it—you hear? You had no business anywhere near that prison. Yo' Ma had no business to let you go to the city at all to-day."

"She didn't know about it," Liza protested, loyally.

"Well, she ought to 'a' known."

The water slapped lazily upon the white, hard sand at their feet, the world about them lay dusk and still, but in Liza's mind the day lingered cruelly. A chance speech of the cousin's wife came back to her.

"They say this is his last time—Miller the Hangman—he's goin' to quit after this."

"That's what I heard. Now I want you to forget all that, Liza. You ought never to 'a' been near it. It's no sight fo' a woman. Just you stop thinkin' about it—you hear me, honey?"

Liza quivered beneath his touch.

"But, Johnny—don't it seem too awful? Fo' a man to *want* to hang people—like—"

"*Want!*" he caught at the word with a scorn that had something in it of desperate fierceness. "He might 'a' needed the money—needed it bad. And he might 'a' got into it that way. Don't you reckon? It takes money to live, Liza—it takes money to die—my Gawd! it takes money to get married—" he stopped dead, steadying his voice with a titanic effort. "Ain't nobody can tell," he finished, drawlingly, "what a man *wants* by what he *does*. Liza, honey—that's nothin' to do with you an' me. To-morrer's Saturday!"

The thought swept a revivifying flush into Liza's tear-washed face.

"I ain't forgot," she murmured, shy head averted. "Did you get through with what you went fo', to-day?"

He did not answer at once, the darkness hiding his face; and when he did, she only nodded and smiled, already content beyond measure with the hope of to-morrow.

"Yes," he said, briefly—the words bore all the tension of a vow—"I reckon I'm through."

The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER VII

NOBODY except David took the childish love-affair very seriously, not even the principals—especially not Elizabeth. . . .

David did not see her for a day or two, except out of the corner of his eye when, during the new and still secret rite of shaving—for David was willing to shed his blood to prove that he was a man—he looked out of his bedroom window in the morning, and saw her down in the garden helping her uncle feed his pigeons. He did not want to see her. He was younger than his years, this honest-eyed, inexpressive fellow of seventeen, but for all his youth he was hard hit. He grew abruptly older that first week; he didn't sleep well; he even looked a little pale under his freckles, and his mother worried over his appetite. When at last he saw Elizabeth, or rather when she, picking a bunch of heliotrope in her garden, saw him through the open door in the wall, and called to him to come "right over! as fast as your legs can carry you!"—he was "very queer," Elizabeth thought. He came in answer to the summons, but he had nothing to say. She, however, was bubbling over with excitement. She took his hand, and running with him into the arbor, pulled him down on the seat beside her.

"David-David-David! Where on earth have you been all this time? David, have you heard?"

"I suppose you mean—about you and Blair?" he said. He did not look at her, but he watched a pencil of sunshine, piercing the leaves overhead, faintly gilding the bunches of green grapes that had a film of soot on their greenness, and then creeping down to rest on the heliotrope in her lap.

"Yes!" said Elizabeth, "isn't it the most exciting thing you ever heard?

David, I want to show you something." She peered out through the leaves to make sure that they were unobserved. "It's a terrific secret!" she said, her eyes dancing. Her fingers were at her throat, fumbling with the fastening of her dress, which caught, and had to be pulled open with a jerk; then she drew half-way from her young bosom a ring hanging on a black silk thread. She bent forward a little, so that he might see it. "I keep it down in there so Cherry-pie won't know," she whispered. "*Look!*"

David looked—and looked away. His fingers picked nervously at the edge of the old wooden bench.

Elizabeth, with a blissful sigh, dropped the ring back again into the warm whiteness of that secret place. "Isn't it perfectly lovely? It's my engagement ring! I'm so excited!"

David was silent.

"Why, David Richie! You don't care a bit!"

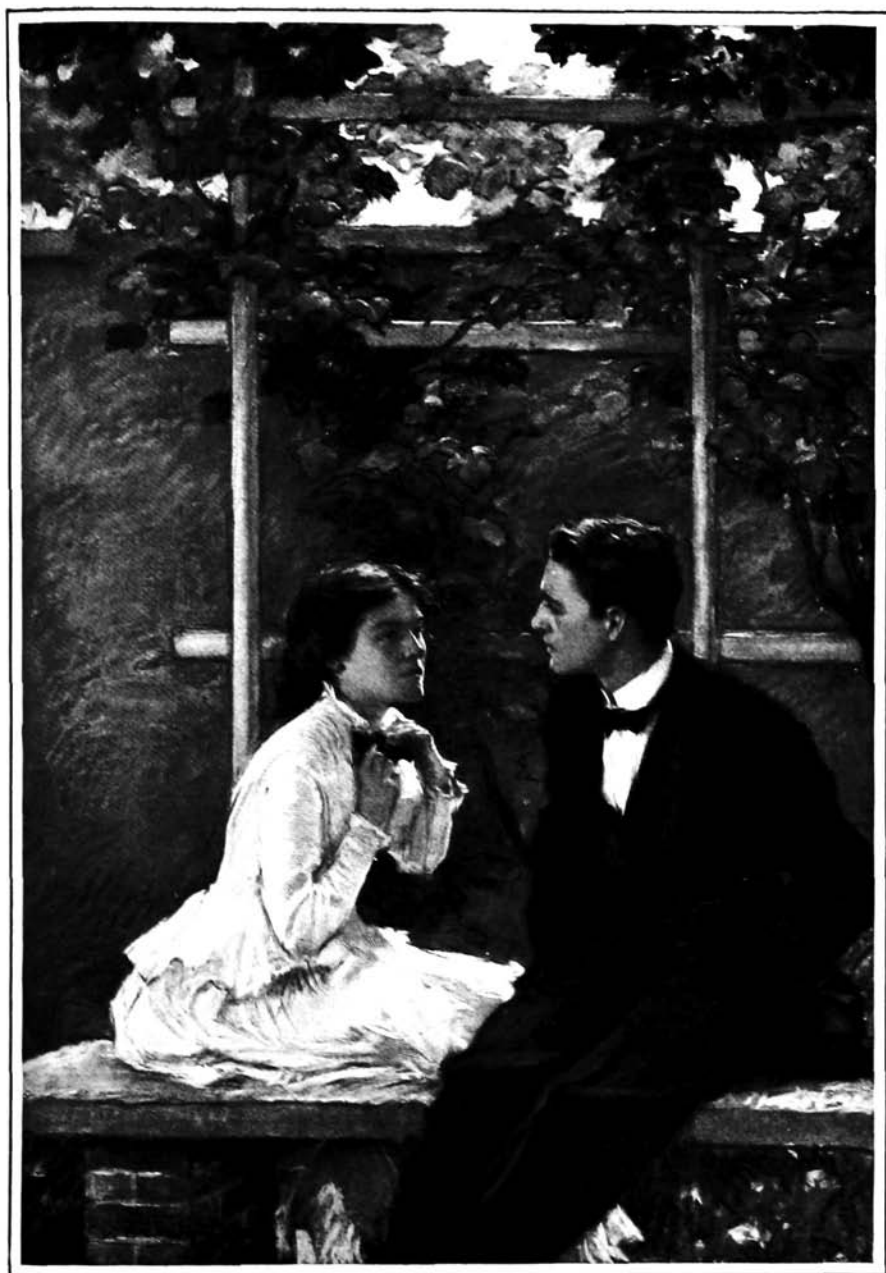
"Why, yes, I care," he said. He took a grape from a bunch beside him, rubbed the soot off on his trousers, and ate it; then blinked wryly. "Gorry, that's sour!"

"You—don't—like—my engagement!" Elizabeth declared slowly. Reproachful tears stood in her eyes; she fastened her dress with indignant fingers. "I think you are perfectly horrid not to be sympathetic. It's very important to a girl to get engaged and have a ring."

"It's very pretty," David managed to say.

"Pretty? I should say it was pretty! It cost fifty dollars! Blair said so. David, don't you like me being engaged?"

"Oh, it's all right," he evaded. He shut his eyes, which were still watering from that sour grape, but even with closed eyes he saw again that soft place where Blair's ring hung, warm and secret; the pain below his own breast-bone was very



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"YOU—DON'T—LIKE—MY ENGAGEMENT!" ELIZABETH DECLARED SLOWLY

bad for a minute, and the warm fragrance of the heliotrope seemed overpowering. He swallowed hard, then looked at one of Mr. Ferguson's pigeons, walking almost into the arbor. The pigeon stopped, hesitated, cocked a ruby eye on the two humans on the wooden seat, and fluttered back into the sunny garden.

"Why, you *mind!*" Elizabeth said, aghast.

"Oh, it's all right," David managed to say; "course, I don't care. Only I didn't know you liked Blair so much; so it was a—surprise," he said miserably.

Elizabeth's consternation was beyond words. There was a perceptible moment before she could find anything to say. "Why, I never dreamed you'd mind! David, truly. I like you best of any boy I know;—only, of course now, being engaged to Blair, I have to like him best?"

"Yes, that's so," David admitted.

"Truly, I like you dreadfully, David. If I'd supposed you'd mind— But, oh, David, it's so interesting to be engaged. I really can't stop. I'd have to give him back my ring!" she said in an agonized voice. She pressed her hand against her breast, and poor David's eyes followed the ardent gesture.

"It's all right," he said with a gulp.

Elizabeth was ready to cry; she dropped her head on his shoulder and began to bemoan herself. "Why on earth didn't you *say* something? How could I know? How stupid you are, David! If I'd known you minded, I'd just as lief have been engaged to—" Elizabeth stopped short. She sat up very straight, and put her hand to the neck of her dress to make sure it was fastened. At that moment a new sense was born in her; for the first time since they had known each other, her straightforward eyes—the sexless eyes of the child—faltering, and refused to meet David's. "I think maybe Cherry-pie wants me now," she said shyly, and slipped away, leaving David mournfully eating green grapes in the arbor. And this was the last time that Elizabeth, uninvited, put her head on a boy's shoulder.

A week later she confided to Miss White the great fact of her engagement; but she was not so excited about it by that time. For one thing, she had received her uncle's present of a locket, so

the ring was not her only piece of jewelry; and besides that, since her talk with David, being "engaged" had seemed less interesting. However, Miss White felt it her duty to drop a hint of what had happened to Mr. Ferguson: had it struck him that perhaps Blair Maitland was—was thinking about Elizabeth?

"Thinking what about her?" Mr. Ferguson said, lifting his head from his papers with a fretted look.

"Why," said Miss White, "as I am always at my post, sir, I have opportunities for observing; in fact, I—I shouldn't wonder if they were—attached." Cherry-pie would have felt that a more definite word was indelicate. "Of course I don't exactly *know* it," said Miss White, faithful to Elizabeth's confidence, "but I recall that when I was a young lady, young gentlemen did become attached—to other young ladies."

"Love-making? At Elizabeth's age? I won't have it!" said Elizabeth's uncle. The old, apprehensive look darkened in his face; his feeling for the child was so strangely shadowed by his fear that she would disappoint him in some way—and so "Life would play another trick on him"—that he could not take Cherry-pie's information with any appreciation of its humor. "Send her to me," he said.

"Mr. Ferguson," poor old Miss White ventured, "if I might suggest, it would be well to be very kind, because—"

"Kind?" said Robert Ferguson, astonished; he gave an angry thrust at the black ribbon of his glasses that brought them tumbling from his nose. "Was I ever unkind? I will see her in the library after supper."

Miss White nibbled at him speechlessly. "If he is severe with her, I don't know what she *won't* do!" she said to herself.

But Mr. Ferguson did not mean to be severe. When Elizabeth presented herself in his library, the interview began calmly enough. Her uncle was brief and to the point, but he was not unkind. She and Blair were too young to be engaged,—“Don't think of it again,” he commanded.

Elizabeth looked tearful, but she did not resent his dictum. David's lack of sympathy had been very dampening to romance. It was just at the end that the gunpowder flared.

"Now, remember, I don't want you to be foolish, Elizabeth."

"I don't think being in love is foolish, Uncle."

"Love! What do you know about love? You are nothing but a silly little girl."

"I don't think I'm very little; and Blair is in love with me."

"Blair is as young and as foolish as you are. Even if you were older, I wouldn't allow it. He is selfish and irresponsible, and—"

"I think," interrupted the girl, "that you are very mean to abuse Blair behind his back. It isn't fair." Her uncle was perfectly dumfounded; then he broke into harsh reproof. Elizabeth grew whiter and whiter; she set her teeth, the dimple in her cheek lengthened into a long, hard line. She forgot Blair; she only realized that because she attempted to defend a friend she was rebuked and told she was an impertinent little girl. She flung back that she hated unfairness, and she hated him; and she loved Blair, and she was going to marry him the minute she was grown up! Then she whirled out of the room, almost knocking over poor old Miss White, whose "post" had been anxiously near the keyhole.

Up-stairs, she flew into one of those black tempers that scared her governess nearly to death: "My lamb! You'll get overheated, and take cold. When I was a young lady, it was thought unrefined to speak so—emphatically. And your dear uncle didn't mean to be severe; he—"

"'Dear uncle'?" said Elizabeth, "dear devil!" She was breathing hard, and the tears were on her cheeks. Then, suddenly, she caught sight of a photograph of Robert Ferguson which stood on her bureau. Instantly she leaped at it, and, doubling her hand, struck the thin glass with all her force. It splintered, and the blood spurted from her cut knuckles on to her uncle's face.

Poor old Miss White began to cry. "Oh, my dear, my dear, if you don't learn to control yourself, you may do something dreadful some day!" Miss White's efforts to check Elizabeth's temper were like the protesting twitterings of a sparrow in a thunder-storm.

When she reproved the furious little creature now, Elizabeth, wincing and trying to check the bleeding with her handkerchief, did not even take the trouble to reply. But that night, when all the household was in bed, she slipped down-stairs, candle in hand, to the library. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of herself, which she had once given to her uncle. She took it out of the frame, tore it into little bits, stamped on it, grinding her heel down on her own young face; then she took off the locket Mr. Ferguson had given her,—it was a most simple affair of pearls and turquoises—kissed it with tearful passion, and then looked about her solemnly—where should it be offered up? The ashes in the fireplace? No; Elizabeth's thrifty mind balked at destroying valuable property. Then she had an inspiration: the deep well of her uncle's battered old inkstand! Oh, to blacken the pearls, to stain the heavenly blue of the turquoise! It was almost too frightful. But it was right; it was fair. She had insulted his dear, dear, *dear* picture! So, with a tearful hiccough, she dropped the locket into the ink-pot that stood between the feet of a spattered bronze Socrates, and watched it sink into a black and terrible grave. "I'm glad not to have it," she said;—Elizabeth was always glad of punishment. Then she took her candle, guttering in its socket, and slipped up to her own room.

As for Robert Ferguson, he did not notice that the photograph had disappeared, nor did he plunge his pen deep enough to find a pearl, nor understand the significance of the bound-up hand, but the old worry about her came back again. Her mother had defended her own wicked love-affair, with all the violence of a selfish woman; and in his panic of apprehension, poor little Elizabeth's temper about Blair seemed to be of the same nature. He was so worried over it that he was moved to do a very unwise thing. He would, he said to himself, put Mrs. Maitland on her guard about this nonsense between the two children.

The next morning when he went into her office at the Works, he found the place humming with business. As he entered he met a foreman, who was just

taking his departure with, so to speak, his tail between his legs. The man was scarlet to his forehead under the lash of his employer's tongue. It had been administered in the inner room; but the door was open into the large office, and the clerks and some messenger-boys and a couple of travelling-men had had the benefit of it, especially as Mrs. Maitland had not seen fit to modulate her voice, although the culprit had answered in so low a tone that his defence had not got over the threshold to the greedy ears outside. Ferguson, reporting at that open door, was bidden curtly to come in and sit down; "I'll see you presently," she said. And then she burst out into the large office.

Instantly the roomful of people, lounging about waiting their turn, came to attention. She rushed in among them like a gale, whirling away the straws and chaff before her, and leaving only the things that were worth while. She snapped a yellow envelope from a boy's hand, and even while she was ripping it open with a big forefinger, she was reading the card of an astonished travelling-man: "No, sir; no, sir; your bid was one-half of one per cent. over Heintz. Your people been customers so long that they thought that I—? I never mix business and friendship!" She stood still long enough to cast her eye over a drawing of a patent, and toss it back to the would-be inventor. "No, I don't care to take it up with you. Cast it for you? Certainly. I'll cast anything for anybody." And the man found his blueprint in his hand before he could begin his explanation. "What? Johnson wants to know where to get the new breeching to replace the one that broke yesterday? Tell Johnson that's what I pay him to decide. I have no time to do his business for him—my own is all I can attend to! Mr. Ferguson!" she called out, as she came banging back into the private office, "what about that ore that came in yesterday?" She sat down at her desk and listened intently to a somewhat intricate statement that involved manufacturing matters dependent upon the quality of certain shipments of ore. Then, abruptly, she gave her orders. Robert Ferguson, making notes as rapidly as he could, smiled with satisfac-

tion at the power of it all. It was as ruthless and as admirable as a force of nature. She would not pause, this woman, for flesh and blood; she was as impersonal as one of her own great shears that would bite off a bloom or a man's head with equal precision, and in doing so would be fulfilling the law of its being. Assuredly she would stop Blair's puppy-love in short order!

Business over, Sarah Maitland leaned back in her chair and laughed. "Did you hear me blowing Dale up? I guess he'll stay put for a while now! But I'm afraid I was angry," she confessed sheepishly; "and there is nothing on earth so foolish as to be angry at a fool."

"There is nothing on earth so irritating as a fool," he said.

"Yes, but it's absurd to waste your temper on 'em. I always say to myself, 'Sarah Maitland, if he had your brains, he'd have your job.' That generally keeps me cool. I tell you, friend Ferguson, you ought to thank God every day that you weren't born a fool; and so ought I! Well, what can I do for you?"

"I am bothered about Elizabeth and Blair."

She looked at him blankly for a moment. "Elizabeth? Blair? What about Elizabeth and Blair?"

"It appears," Robert Ferguson said, and shoved the door shut with his foot, "it appears that there has been some love-making."

"Love-making?" she repeated, bewildered.

"Blair has been talking to Elizabeth," he explained. "I believe they call themselves engaged."

Mrs. Maitland flung her head back in a loud laugh. At the shock of such a sound in such a place, one of the clerks in the other room spun round on his stool, and Mrs. Maitland, catching sight of him through the glass partition, broke the laugh off in the middle. "Well, upon my word!" she said.

"Of course it's all nonsense, but it must be stopped."

"Why?" said Mrs. Maitland. And Robert Ferguson felt a jar of astonishment.

"They are children."

"Blair is sixteen," his mother said thoughtfully; "if he thinks he is in

love with Elizabeth, it will help to make a man of him. Furthermore, I'd rather have him make love than make pictures;—that is his last fancy," she said frowning. "I don't know how he comes by it. Of course, my husband did paint sometimes, I admit; but he never wanted to make a business of it. He was no fool, I can tell you, if he did make pictures!"

Robert Ferguson said dryly that he didn't think she need worry about Blair. "He has neither industry nor humility," he said, "and you can't be an artist without both of 'em. But as for this love business, they are children!"

Mrs. Maitland was not listening. "To be in love will be steady to him while he's at college. Yes, if he sticks to her till he graduates, I sha'n't object."

"I shall object," said her superintendent; but she did not notice his protest.

"She has more temper than is quite comfortable," she ruminated; "but, after all, to a young man being engaged is like having a dog: one dog does as well as another; one girl does as well as another. And it isn't as if Blair had to consider whether his wife would be a 'good manager,' as they say; he'll have enough to waste, if he wants to. He'll have more than he knows what to do with!" There was a little proud bridling of her head. She, who had never wasted a cent in her life, had made it possible for her boy to be as wasteful as he pleased. "Yes," she said, with the quick decision which was so characteristic of her, "yes, he can have her."

"No, he can't," said Elizabeth's uncle.

"What?" she said, in frank surprise.

"Blair will have too much money. Inherited wealth is the biggest handicap a man can have."

"Too much money?" she chuckled; "your bearings are getting hot, ain't they, friend Ferguson? Come, come! I'm not so sure *you* need thank God. How can a man have too much money? That's nonsense!" She banged her hand down on the call-bell on her desk. "Evans! Bring me the drawings for those channels."

"I tell you I won't have it," Robert Ferguson repeated.

"I mean the blue-prints!" Mrs. Maitland commanded loudly; "you have no

sense, Evans!" Ferguson got up; she had a way of not hearing when she was spoken to that made a man hot along his backbone. Robert Ferguson was hot, but he meant to have the last word; he paused at the door and looked back.

"I shall not allow it."

"Good day, Mr. Ferguson," said his employer, deep in the blue-prints.

CHAPTER VIII

ELIZABETH'S uncle need not have concerned himself so seriously about the affairs of Elizabeth's heart. The very next day the rift between the two lovers began:

"What on earth have you done to your hand?" asked Blair.

"I cut it. I was angry at Uncle, and broke his picture, and—"

Blair shouted with laughter. "Oh, Elizabeth, what a goose you are! That's just the way you used to bite your arm when you were mad. You always did cut off your nose to spite your face! Where is your locket?"

"None of your business!" said Elizabeth savagely. It was easy to be savage with Blair, because David's lack of interest in her affairs had taken the zest out of "being engaged" in the most surprising way. But she had no intention of not being engaged! Romance was too flattering to self-love to be relinquished; nevertheless, after the first week or two she lapsed easily, in moments of forgetfulness, into the old matter-of-fact squabbling and the healthy unreasonableness natural to lifelong acquaintance. The only difference was that now, when she and Blair squabbled, they made up again in new ways; Blair, with gusts of what Elizabeth, annoyed and a little disgusted, called "silliness"; Elizabeth, with strange, half-scared, wholly joyous moments of conscious power. But the "making-up" was far less personal than the fallings-out; these, at least, meant individual antagonisms, whereas the reconciliations were something larger than the girl and boy—something which bore them on its current as a river bears straws upon its breast. But they played with that mighty current as thoughtlessly as all young creatures play with it. Elizabeth used to take her engagement

ring from the silk thread about her neck, and, putting it on her finger, dance up and down her room, her right hand on her hip, her left stretched out before her so that she could see the sparkle of the tiny diamond on her third finger. "I'm engaged!" she would sing to herself.

"Oh, isn't it joyful, joyful, joyful!"

Blair's in love with me!" The words were so glorious that she rarely remembered to add, "I'm in love with Blair." The fact was that Blair was merely a necessary appendage to the joy of being engaged. And when he irritated her by what she called "silliness," she was often frankly disagreeable to him.

As for Blair, he, too, had his ups and downs. He swaggered, and threw his shoulders back, and cast appraising eyes on women generally, and thought deeply on marriage. But of Elizabeth he thought very little. Because she was a girl, she bored him quite as often as he bored her. It was because she was a woman that there came those moments when he offended her; and in those moments she had but little personality to him. In fact, their love-affair, so far as they understood it, apart from its elemental impulses which they did not understand, was as much of a play to them as the apple-tree housekeeping had been.

So really Mr. Ferguson might have spared himself the unpleasant interview with Blair's mother. He recognized this himself before long, and was even able to relax into a difficult smile when Mrs. Richie ventured a mild pleasantry on the subject. For Mrs. Richie had spoken openly to Blair, and understood the whole situation so well that she could venture a pleasantry. She had sounded the boy one evening in the darkness of her small garden. David was not at home, and Blair was glad of the chance to wait for him—so long as Mrs. Richie let him lounge on the grass at her feet. His adoration of David's mother, begun in his childhood, had strengthened with his years;—perhaps because she was all that his own mother was not.

"Blair," she said, "of course you and I both realize that Elizabeth is only a child, and you are entirely too wise to talk seriously about being engaged to her.

She is far too young for that sort of thing. Of course *you* understand that?"

And Blair, feeling as though the sword of manhood had been laid on his shoulder, and instantly forgetting the smaller pride of being "engaged," said in a very mature voice, "Oh, certainly *I* understand."

If, in the dusk of stars and fire-flies, with the fragrance of white stocks blossoming near the stone bench that circled the old hawthorn tree in the middle of the garden—if at that moment Mrs. Richie had demanded Elizabeth's head upon a charger, Blair would have rejoiced to offer it. But this serene and gentle woman was far too wise to wring any promise from the boy, although, indeed, she had no opportunity, for at that moment Mr. Ferguson knocked on the green door between the two gardens and asked if he might come in and smoke his cigar in his neighbor's garden. "I'll smoke the aphids off your rose-bushes," he offered. "You are very careless about your roses!"

"A 'bad tenant'?" said Mrs. Richie, smiling. And poor Blair picked himself up, and went sulkily off.

But Mrs. Richie's flattering assumption that Blair and she looked at things in the same way, and David's cruel indifference to Elizabeth's emotions, made the childish love-affair wholesomely commonplace on both sides. By mid-September it was obvious that the idea of college was very attractive to Blair, and that the moment of parting would not be at all tragic to Elizabeth. The romance did not come to a recognized end, however, until the day before Blair started East. The four friends, and Miss White, had gone out to Mrs. Todd's, where David had stood treat, and after their tumblers of pink and brown and white ice-cream had been emptied, and Mrs. Todd had made her usual joke about "good-looking couples," they had taken two skiffs for a slow drift down the river to Willis's.

"Nannie," Blair said, before they started, "Elizabeth and I will go in one boat by ourselves; you and David have got to take Cherry-pie with you. I brought that big red cushion for her; don't you or Elizabeth grab it."

Now, they were rowing home against the slow, brown current. At first the skiffs kept abreast, but gradually, in

spite of Miss White's desire to be "at her post," and David's entire willingness to hold back, Blair and Elizabeth appropriately fell behind, with only a little shaggy dog, which Elizabeth had lately acquired, to play propriety. In the yellow September afternoon, the river ran placidly between the hills and low-lying meadows; here and there, high on a wooded hillside, a maple flamed among the greenness of the walnuts and locusts, or the chestnuts showed the bronze beginnings of autumn. Ahead of them the sunshine had melted into an umber haze, which in the direction of Mercer deepened into a smudge of black. Elizabeth was twisting her left hand about to get different lights on her ring, which she had managed to slip on her finger when Cherry-pie was not looking. Blair, with absent eyes, was singing under his breath:

"Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across;
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I thought he was a hoss;
Sing Polly-wolly—"

"Horrid old hole, Mercer," he broke off, resting on his oars and letting the boat slip back on the current.

"I like Mercer!" Elizabeth said, ceasing to admire the ring. "Since you've been away, you don't like anything but the East." She began to stroke her puppy's head violently.

Blair was silent; he was looking at a willow, dipping its swaying finger-tips in the water.

"Blair! why don't you answer me?"

Blair, plainly bored, said, "Well, I don't like hideousness and dirt."

"David likes Mercer."

"I bet Mrs. Richie doesn't," Blair murmured, and began to row lazily.

"Oh, Mrs. Richie!" cried Elizabeth; "you think whatever she thinks is about perfect."

"Well, isn't it?"

Elizabeth's lip hardened. "I suppose you think *she's* perfect too?"

"I do," Blair said.

"She thinks I'm dreadful because, sometimes, I—get provoked," Elizabeth said angrily.

"Well, you are," Blair agreed calmly.

"If I am so wicked, I wonder you want to be engaged to me!" she cried.

"Spitfire," said Blair, and yawned. "Can't I like anybody but you?"

"You can like everybody, for all I care," she retorted. Blair whistled, upon which Elizabeth became absorbed in petting her dog, kissing him ardently between his eyes.

"I hate to see a girl kiss a dog," Blair observed,—

"Sing Polly-wolly-doo—"

"Don't look, then," said Elizabeth, and kissed Bobby again.

Blair sighed, and gave up his song. Bobby, obviously uncomfortable, scrambled out of Elizabeth's lap and began to stretch himself on the uncertain floor of the skiff.

"Lie down!" Blair commanded, and poked the little creature, not ungently, with his foot. But Bobby yelped, gave a flying nip at Blair's ankle, and retreated to the shelter of his mistress's skirts. "Confound that dog!" cried Blair.

"You are a horrid boy!" she said, consoling her puppy with frantic caresses. "I'm glad he bit you!"

Blair, rubbing his ankle, said he'd like to throw the little wretch overboard.

Well, of course, Elizabeth being Elizabeth, the result was inevitable. The next instant the ring lay sparkling in the bottom of the boat. "I break my engagement! Take your old ring! You are a cruel, wicked boy, and I hate you—so there!"

"I must say I don't see why you should expect me to enjoy being bitten," Blair said hotly. "Well, all right; throw me over, if you want to. I shall never trust a woman again as long as I live!" He began to row fiercely. "I only hope that darned pup isn't going mad."

"I hope he is going mad," said Elizabeth, trembling all over, "and I hope you'll go mad, too. Put me on shore this instant!"

"Considering the current, I fear you will have to endure my society for several instants," Blair said.

"I'd rather be drowned!" she cried furiously, and as she spoke, even before he could raise his hand to stop her, with Bobby in her arms she sprang lightly

over the side of the boat into the water. There was a terrific splash—but, alas! Elizabeth, in preferring death to Blair's society, had not calculated upon the September shallows, and even before the horrified boy could drop his oars and spring to her assistance, she was on her feet, standing knee-deep in the muddy current.

But the water had completely extinguished the fires of wrath. In the hubbub that followed, the ejaculations and outcries, Nannie's tears, Miss White's terrified scolding, Blair's protestations to David that it wasn't his fault—through it all, Elizabeth, wading ashore, was silent. Only at the landing of the toll-house, when poor distracted Cherry-pie bade the boys get a carriage, did she speak:

"I won't go in a carriage. I am going to walk home."

"My lamb! you'll take cold! You must—you mustn't!" Miss White stammered with fright.

"You look like the deuce," Blair told her anxiously; and David blurted out, "Elizabeth, you can't walk home; you're a perfect object!" And Elizabeth, through the mud trickling over her eyes, flashed a fierce look at him.

"*That's why I'm going to walk!*" she said. And walk she did—across the bridge, along the street, a dripping little figure stared at by passers-by, and followed by the faithful, but frightened and embarrassed four—by five, indeed, for Blair had fished Bobby out of the water, and even stopped, once in a while when no one was looking, to give the maker of all this trouble a furtive and apologetic pat. At Elizabeth's door,—in a very scared frame of mind lest Mr. Ferguson should come out and catch him,—he attempted to apologize to the muddy and shivering Elizabeth.

"Don't be silly. It wasn't your fault," she said, with curt fairness; "I was an awful goose; but we're not engaged any more." And that was the end of the love-story!

Elizabeth told Cherry-pie that she had "broken with Blair Maitland *forever!*" and Miss White, when she went to make her report of the dreadful event to Mr. Ferguson, added incidentally that she felt *assured* that the young people had

got over their foolishness. And Elizabeth's uncle, telling the story of the ducking to David's horrified mother, said that he was greatly relieved to know that Elizabeth had come to her senses.

But with all the "tellings" that buzzed between the three households, nobody thought to tell Mrs. Maitland. Why should they? Who could connect this woman of iron and toil and sweat, of noise and motion, with the sentimentalities of two children? She had to find it out for herself.

At breakfast on the morning of the day Blair was to start East, his mother, looking over the top of her newspaper at him, said abruptly:

"Blair, I have something to say to you before you go. Be at my office at the Works at ten-fifteen." She looked at him amiably as she spoke; then she pushed back her chair. "Nannie! Get my bonnet. Come! Hurry! I'm late!"

Nannie, running, brought the bonnet, a bunch of rusty black crêpe, with strings frayed with hurried tyings. "Oh, Mamma," she said softly, "*do* let me get you a new bonnet?"

But Mrs. Maitland was not listening. "Harris!" she called loudly, "tell Watson to have those roller figures for me at eleven. And I want the linen tracing—Bates will know what I mean—at noon without fail. Nannie, see that there's boiled cabbage for dinner."

A moment later the door banged behind her. The abrupt silence was like a blow. Nannie and Harris caught their breaths; it was as if the oxygen had been sucked out of the air; there was a minute before any one breathed freely. Then Blair flung up his arms in a wordless protest; he actually winced with pain. He glanced around the unlovely room: at the table, with its ledgers and clutter of unmatched china—old Canton, and heavy white earthenware, and odd cups and saucers with splashing decorations that had pleased Harris's eye; at the files of newspapers on the sideboard; at the grimy walls, the untidy fireplace. "Nannie, I can't stand it! Thank Heaven, I'm going off to-day. I wish I need never come back!"

"Oh, Blair, that is a dreadful thing to say!"

"It may be dreadful," he said, "but

that's the way I feel. I can't help my feelings, can I? The further mother and I are apart, the better we love each other. Well! I suppose I've got to go, and see her bossing a lot of men, instead of sitting at home, like a lady;—and I'll get a dreadful blowing up. Of course she knows about the engagement, now, thanks to Elizabeth's craziness yesterday."

"I don't believe she knows anything about it," Nannie tried to encourage him.

"Oh, you bet old Ferguson has told her," Blair said, gloomily. "Say, Nannie, if Elizabeth don't look out she will get into awful hot water one of these days with her devil of a temper—and she'll get other people into it, too," he ended resentfully. Blair hated hot water, as he hated everything that was unbeautiful. "Mother is going to take my head off, of course," he said.

But Sarah Maitland, entirely ignorant of yesterday's happenings, had no such intention; she had gone over to her Works in a glow of personal pleasure that warmed up the details of business. She intended to take Blair that morning through the Works,—not as he had often gone before, tagging after her, a frightened child, a reluctant boy—but as the prince, formally looking over the kingdom into which he was so soon to come! He was in love; therefore he would wish to be married; therefore he would be impatient to get to work! It was all a matter of logical and satisfactory deduction. How many times in this hot summer, when very literally she was earning her bread (and her son's) by the sweat of her brow, had she looked at Elizabeth and Blair, and found enjoyment in these deductions! Nobody would have imagined it, but the big, ungainly woman *dreamed!* Dreamed of her boy, of his business success, of his love, of his wife,—and, who knows? perhaps those grimy pink baby socks began to mean something more personal than the missionary barrel. Yes, her dreams went very far ahead. It was her purpose, on this particular morning, to tell him, after they had gone through the Works, just where, when he graduated, he was to begin. Not at the bottom!—that was Ferguson's idea. "He ought to start at the bottom, if he is ever to get to the top," Ferguson had barked. No. Blair

need not start at the bottom; he could begin pretty well up at the top; and he should have a salary. What an incentive that would be! First she would tell him that now that he was going to college, she meant to increase his allowance; then she would tell him about the salary he would have when he got to work. How happy he would be! For a boy to be in love, and have all the pocket-money he wanted, and a great business to look forward to, to have work—work! the finest thing in the world!—all ready to his hand,—what more could a human being desire? At the office, she swept through the morning business with a speed that took her people off their feet. Once or twice she glanced at the clock; Blair was always unpunctual. "He'll get *that* knocked out of him when he gets into business," she thought grimly.

It was eleven before he came loitering across the Yards. His mother, lifting her head for a moment from her desk, and glancing impatiently out of the dirt-begrimed office window, saw him coming, and caught the gleam of his patent-leather shoes as he skirted a puddle just outside the door. "Well, Master Blair," she said to herself, flinging down her pen, "you'll forget those pretty boots when you begin to earn your bread and butter!"

Blair, dawdling through the outer office, found his way to her sanctum, and sat down in a chair beside her desk. He glanced at her shrinkingly, and looked away. Her bonnet was crooked; her hair was hanging in wisps at the back of her neck; her short skirt showed the big, broad-soled foot twisted round the leg of her chair. Blair saw the muddy sole of that shoe, and half closed his eyes. Then he remembered Elizabeth, and felt a little sick. "She's going to row!" he thought, and quailed.

"You're late," she said; and then, without stopping for his excuses, she proceeded with the business in hand. "I'm going to increase your allowance."

Blair sat up in astonishment.

"I mean while you're at college. After that I shall stop the allowance entirely, and you will go to work. You will go on a salary, like any other man." Her mouth clicked shut in a tight line of satisfaction. It was curious that that ruthless common sense of hers was able

to believe that there was any difference between an allowance and an unearned salary!

As for Blair, the color flew into his face. "Why!" he said. "You are awfully good, Mother. Really, I—"

"I know all about this business of your engagement to Elizabeth," Mrs. Maitland broke in, "though you didn't see fit to tell me about it yourself." There was something in her voice that would have betrayed her to any other hearer; but Blair, who was sensitive to Mrs. Richie's slightest wish, and careful of old Cherry-pie's comfort, and generously thoughtful even of Harris—Blair, absorbed in his own apprehensions, heard no pain in his mother's voice. "I know all about it," Mrs. Maitland went on. "I won't have you call yourselves engaged until you are out of college, of course. But I have no objection to your looking forward to being engaged, and married, too. It's a good thing for a young man to expect to be married; keeps him clean."

Blair was struck dumb. Evidently, she did not know what had happened yesterday, but she did know that he had been engaged! And yet she was not going to take his head off! Instead she was going to increase his allowance because, apparently, she approved of him!

"So I want to tell you," she went on, "though you have not seen fit to tell me anything, that I'm willing you should marry Elizabeth, as soon as you can support her. And you can do that as soon as you graduate, because, as I say, when you are in the Works, I shall pay you"—Mrs. Maitland's iron face lightened—"I shall pay you—a *salary!* a good salary."

More money! Blair laughed with satisfaction; the prospect soothed the sting of Elizabeth's "meanness"—that was what he called it, when he did not remember to name it, darkly, "faithlessness." He was so comforted that he had a moment's impulse to confide in his mother: "Elizabeth got provoked at me yesterday"—there was a boyish demand for sympathy in his tone—"and—"

But Mrs. Maitland interrupted him. "Come along," she said, chuckling. She got up, pulled her bonnet straight, and gave her son a jocose thrust in the ribs that made him jump. "I can't

waste time over lovers' quarrels. Patch it up! patch it up! You can afford to, you know, before you get married. You'll get your innings later, my boy!" Still chuckling at her own joke, she slammed down the top of her desk and tramped into the outer office.

Blair turned scarlet with anger. The personal familiarity extinguished his little friendly impulse to blurt out his trouble with Elizabeth as completely as a gust of wind puts out a scarcely lighted candle. He got up, his teeth set, his hands clenched in his pockets, and followed his mother through the Yards—vast, hideous wastes, scorching in the September heats, full of endless rows of pigs, piles of scrap, acres, it seemed to Blair, of slag. The screeching clamor of the place reeked with the smell of rust and rubbish and sour earth, and the air was vibrant with the clatter of the "buggies" on the narrow-gauge tracks that ran in a tangled network from one furnace to another. Blair, trudging along behind his mother, cringing at the ugliness of everything about him, did not dare to speak; he still felt that dig in the ribs, and was so angry he could not have controlled his voice.

Mrs. Maitland walked through her Iron Works as some women walk through a garden,—lovingly. She talked to her son rapidly: this was so and so; there was such and such a department; in that new shed she meant to put the draughtsmen; over there the timekeeper;—she paused. Blair had left her, and was standing in an open doorway of the foundry, watching, breathlessly, a jib-crane bearing a great ladle full of tons of liquid metal that shimmered above its white-hot expanse with the shifting blue flames of escaping gas. Seething and bubbling, the molten iron slopped in a flashing film over the side of the caldron, every drop, as it struck the black earth, rebounding in a thousand exploding points of fire. Far up in the glooms under the roof, above the swaying ladle, the shadows were pierced by the lurching dazzle of arc-lamps; but when the ladle tipped, and the stream of metal flowed with a crackling roar into a mould, the sizzling violet gleam of the lamps was abruptly extinguished by the intolerable glow of light.

"Oh!" Blair said breathlessly, "how wonderful!"

"It is wonderful," his mother said. "Thomas, here, can move the lever that tips the ladle with his two fingers—and out comes the iron as neatly as cream out of a jug!"

Blair was so entirely absorbed in the fierce magnificence of light, and in the glowing torsos of the moulders, planted as they were against the profound shadows of the foundry, that when she said, "Come on!" he did not hear her. Mrs. Maitland, standing with her hands on her hips, her feet well apart, held her head high; she was intensely gratified by his interest. In her pride, she almost swaggered; she nodded, chuckling, to the moulder at her elbow:

"He takes to it like a duck to water, doesn't he, Jim?" "And," said Jim, telling the story afterward, "I allowed I'd never seen a young feller as knowing about castings as him. She took it down straight. You can't pile it on too thick, for a woman, about her young 'un."

"Somebody ought to paint it," Blair said, under his breath.

Mrs. Maitland's face glowed; she came and stood beside him a moment, in silence, resting her big dirty hand on his shoulder. Then she said, half sheepishly, "I—I call that ladle the 'cradle of civilization.' Think what is inside of it! There are rails, that will hold New York and San Francisco together, and engines, and machines for the whole world; there are telegraph wires that will bring—think of all the kinds of news they will bring, Blair,—wars, and births of babies! There are bridges in it, and pens that may write—well, maybe love-letters," she said, with sly and clumsy humor, "or even write, perhaps, the liberty of a race, as Lincoln's pen wrote it. Yes!" she said, her face full of luminous abstraction, "the cradle of civilization!"

He could hardly hear her voice in the giant tumult of exploding metal and the hammering and crashing in the adjacent mill; but when she said that, he looked round at her with the astonishment of one who sees a familiar face where he has supposed he would see a stranger. He forgot his shame in having a mother who ran an Iron-mill; he even forgot that impudent thrust in the ribs;

a spark of sympathy leaped between them as real in its invisibility as the white glitter of the molten iron sputtering over their heads. "Yes," he said, "it's all that, and it is magnificent, too!"

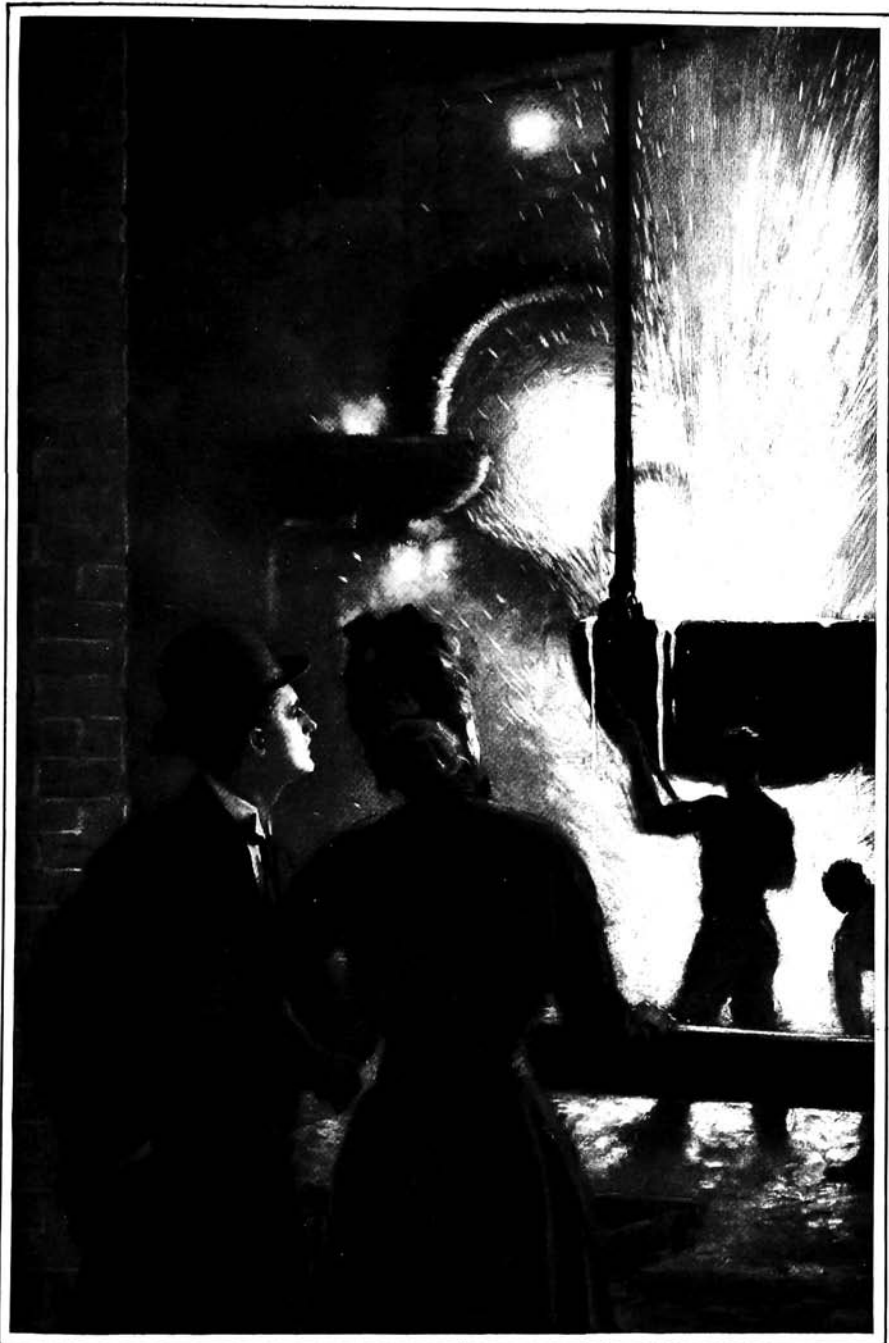
"Come on!" she said, with a proud look. Over her shoulder she flung back at him figures and statistics; she told him of the tons of bridge materials on the books; the rail contract she had just taken was a big thing, very big! "We've never handled such an order, but we can do it!"

They were walking rapidly from the foundry to the furnaces; Sarah Maitland was inspecting piles of pigs, talking to puddlers, all the while bending and twisting between her strong fingers with their blackened nails a curl of borings, perhaps biting on it, thoughtfully, while she considered some piece of work, then blowing the crumbs of iron out from between her lips and bursting into quick directions or fault-finding. She stood among her men, in her short skirt, her gray hair straggling out over her forehead from under her shabby bonnet, and gave her judgments; but for the first time in her life she was self-conscious—Blair was looking on! listening! thinking, no doubt, that one of these days he would be doing just what she was doing! For the moment she was as vain as a girl; and then, abruptly, her happy excitement was interrupted. She stood still, finching and wincing, and putting a hand up to her eye.

"Ach!" She bent over, rubbing her eye cautiously. "A filing," she said, and looked with the other sympathetically watering eye for her son. "Here, Blair, take this thing out."

"I?" Blair said, dismayed. "Oh, I might hurt you." And then, in his helplessness and concern—for, ignorant as he was, he knew enough of the Works to know that an iron filing in your eye is no joke—he turned, with a flurried gesture, to one of the moulders. "Get a doctor, can't you? Don't stand there staring!"

"Doctor?" said Mrs. Maitland. She gave her son a look, and laughed. "He's afraid he'll hurt me!" she said, with a warm joyousness in her voice; "here, Jim, got a jack-knife? Just dig this thing out." Jim came, dirty and hesi-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"SOMEBODY OUGHT TO PAINT IT," BLAIR SAID, UNDER HIS BREATH

tating, but prepared for a very common emergency of the Works. With a black thumb and forefinger he raised the wincing lid, and with the pointed blade of the jack-knife lifted, with delicacy and precision, the irritating iron speck from the iris. "Bliged," Mrs. Maitland said. She clapped a rather grimy handkerchief over the poor, red eye, and turned back to Blair. "Come on!" she said, and struck him on the shoulder so heartily that he stumbled. But her cheek was blackened by the moulder's greasy fingers, and so smeared by tears from the still watering eye that Blair could not bear to look at it. He hesitated, then offered her his handkerchief, which at least had the advantage of being clean. She took it, glanced at its elaborate monogram, and laughed; then she dabbed her eye with it. "I guess I'll have to put some of that cologne of yours on this fancy thing. 'Member that green bottle with the calendar and the red ribbons on it, that you gave me when you were a little fellow? I've never had anything of my own fine enough to use the stuff on!"

When they got back to the office again, she was very brief and business-like with him. She had had a fine morning, but she couldn't waste any more time! "You can keep all this that you have seen in your mind. I don't know just where I shall put you. If you have a preference, express it." Then she told him what his salary would be when he got to work, and what allowance he was to have for the present.

"Now, clear out, clear out!" she said; "good-by!" and turned her cheek toward him for their semi-annual parting. Blair, with his eyes shut, kissed her.

"Good-by, Mother. It has been awfully interesting. And I am awfully obliged to you about the allowance." On the threshold of the office he halted. "Mother," he said,—and his voice was generous even to wistfulness,—"Mother, that cradle thing was stunning."

Mrs. Maitland nodded proudly. Then she rang her bell. "Ask Mr. Ferguson to step here." When her superintendent took the chair beside her desk, she was all business; but when business was over and he got up, she stopped him with a gesture. "Tell the bookkeeper to double Blair's allowance, beginning to-day."

Ferguson made a memorandum.

"And, Mr. Ferguson, I have told Blair that I consent to his engagement with Elizabeth, and I shall make it possible for them to be married as soon as he graduates—"

"But—"

"I do this," she went on, and satisfaction was warm in her voice, "because I think he needs the incentive that comes to a young man when he wants to get married. It is natural and proper. And I will see that things are right for them."

"In the first place," said Robert Ferguson, "I would not permit Elizabeth to marry Blair; but fortunately we need not discuss that. They have quarrelled, and there is no longer any question of such a thing."

"Quarrelled!—but only this morning, not an hour ago, he let me suppose—" she paused. "Well, I'm sorry." She paused again, and made aimless marks with her pen on the blotter. "That's all this morning, Mr. Ferguson." And though he lingered to tell her, with grim amusement, of Elizabeth's angry bath, she made no further comment.

When he had left the office she got up and shut the door. Then she went back to her chair, and leaning an elbow on the desk, covered her lips with her hand. After she had sat thus for nearly ten minutes, she suddenly rang for an office-boy. "Take this handkerchief up to the house to my son," she said; "he forgot it."

CHAPTER IX

FOR the next five or six years Blair was not often at home. At the end of his Freshman year he was conditioned, and found a tutor and the seashore and his sketching—for he painted with some enthusiasm just at that time—much more attractive than his mother and Mercer. After that he went to Europe in the long vacations.

"How much vacation have I had since I began to run his business for him?" his mother said once in answer to Nannie's intercession that he might be allowed to travel. But she let him go. She did not know how to do anything else; she always let him do what he pleased, and have what he wanted; she gave him everything, and she exacted no

equivalent, either in scholarship or conduct. It never occurred to her to make him appreciate his privileges by paying for them, and so, of course, she pauperized him.

"Blair likes Europe," she said one Sunday afternoon to David Richie, who had come in to see Nannie, "but as for me, I wouldn't take an hour of my good time, or spend a dollar of my good money, to see the best of their cathedrals and statues and things. Do you mean to say there is a cathedral in the world as handsome as my new foundry?"

"Well," David said modestly, "I haven't seen any cathedrals, you know, Mrs. Maitland."

"It's small loss to you, David," she said kindly. "But I wish I'd thought to invite you to go along with Blair last summer. You might have liked it, though you are a pretty sensible fellow in most things."

"Oh, I can't go to Europe till I can earn enough to pay my own way," David replied, and added with a quick look at Nannie, "besides, I like being in Mercer."

"Blair has no need to earn money," said Mrs. Maitland carelessly; then she blew out her lips in a long sigh. "And he would rather see a cathedral than his mother."

The pathos of that pricked even the pleasant egotism of youth; David winced, and Nannie tried to murmur something of her brother's needing the rest.

Mrs. Maitland gave her grunt of amusement. "Rest! What's *he* ever done to tire him? Well! Clear out, clear out, you two,—if you are going to take a walk. I'm glad *you* came back for your vacation, David, at any rate. Nannie needs shaking up. She sticks at home here with me, and a girl ought to see people once in a while." She glanced at the two young creatures shrewdly. "Why not?" she reflected. She had never thought of it before, but "why not?" It would be a very sensible arrangement. The next moment she had decided that it should be! Nannie's money would be a help to the boy, and he needn't depend on his doctoring business. "I must put it through," she said to herself, just as she might have said that she would put through a piece of work in the office.

This match-making purpose made her

invite David to supper very frequently, and every time he came she was apt, after he had taken his departure, to tramp into Nannie's parlor in the hope of being told that the "sensible arrangements" had been made. When she found them together, and caught a word or two about Elizabeth, she had no flash of insight. But except to her, the situation as regarded David and Elizabeth was perfectly clear.

When, seven years before, the two boys had gone off together to college, Blair had confided to his friend that his faith in women was forever destroyed. "But I shall love Elizabeth, always," he said.

"Maybe she'll come round?" David tried to comfort him.

"If she doesn't, I shall never love another woman," Blair said darkly.

David was silent. But as he and Blair were just then in the Damon and Pythias stage, and had sworn to each other that "no woman should ever come between them!" he gave a hopeless shrug. "That dishes me, I guess," he said to himself; "so long as he will never love any other girl, I can't cut in."

It would have been rather a relief to Mrs. Richie to know that her son had reached this artless conclusion, for the last thing she desired was that David's calf-love should harden into any real purpose. Elizabeth was a most kissable young creature to her elders, and Mrs. Richie was heartily fond of her—though the girl, in some shy way, would never allow her to feel that they were intimate;—but all the same, she did not want her for a daughter-in-law. That first meeting, so many years ago, when they had each recoiled from the other, seemed to have left a gulf between them, which had never quite closed up. Elizabeth's temper still frightened and repelled Mrs. Richie; and Elizabeth was herself frightened and even repelled by what she felt to be the austere goodness of David's mother. So Mrs. Richie was just as well pleased that in the next few years David, for one reason or another, did not see his old neighbor very often. But by the time he was twenty-four, and well along in his course at the medical school, she had almost forgotten her vague apprehensions. "David never talks about her," she told herself comfort-

ably, and never guessed that in silence he remembered. Of course his idea of honor was no longer subject to the claim of friendship, for Blair had entirely outgrown his boyish passion. Now the only thing he feared was his own unworth. In Elizabeth's presence, he seemed stricken dumb. After all, what had he to offer such a radiant being?

For indeed she was radiant. The girl he had known nearly all his life, impetuous, devoid of self-consciousness, giving her sweet, sexless love with both generous hands, had vanished with the old frank days of dropping an uninvited head on a boy's shoulder. Now, though she was still impetuous, still supremely unconscious of self, she was glowing with womanhood, and ready to be loved. She was not beautiful, except in so far as she was young, for youth is always beautiful; she was tall, of a sweet and delicate thinness, and with the faint coloring of a blush-rose; her dimple was exquisite; her brows were straight and fine, shading eyes wonderfully star-like, but often stormy—eyes of clear, dark amber, which, now that David had come home, were full of dreams.

Before her joyous personality, no wonder poor dumb David was torn with apprehensions! It was to Nannie—kind, literal little Nannie—that he revealed his heart; she was intensely sympathetic, and having long ago relinquished the sister-in-law dream, she encouraged him to rave about Elizabeth to his heart's content; in fact, for at least a year before Mrs. Maitland had evolved that "sensible arrangement" for her stepdaughter, David, whenever he was at home, used to go to see Nannie simply to pour out his hopes or his dismays. It was mostly dismays, for it seemed to David that Elizabeth was as uncertain as the wind! "She does—she doesn't," he used to say to himself; and then he would question Nannie, who would reassure him so warmly that he would take heart again.

At the time that he finally dared to put his fate to the touch, Mrs. Maitland's match-making intentions for Nannie had reached a point where she had made up her mind to put the matter through without any more delay. "I'll speak to Mrs. Richie about it, and get the thing settled," she said to herself; "no use

dawdling along this way!" But just the day before she found time to speak to Mrs. Richie—it was in David's mid-winter recess—something happened.

Elizabeth had accepted—not too eagerly of course—an invitation to walk with him; and off they went, down Sandusky Street to the river and across the old covered bridge. They stopped to say how do you do to Mrs. Todd, who was peering out from behind the scarlet geraniums in the window of the "saloon." Elizabeth took the usual suggestive joke about a "pretty pair" with a little hauteur, but David beamed, and as he left the room he squeezed Mrs. Todd suddenly round her fat waist, which made her squeak, but pleased her very much. "Made for each other!" she whispered wheezily; and David slipped a bill into her hand through sheer joy.

"Better have some ice-cream," the old lady wheedled; "such hot blood needs cooling."

"Oh, Mrs. Todd, *she* is so cool, I don't need ice-cream," the young fellow mourned in her motherly ear.

"Clear off with ye! Ain't you got eyes? She's waitin' to eat you up,—and starvin' for ye!" And David hurried after Elizabeth, who had reached the toll-gate and was waiting, if not to eat him, at any rate for his company.

"She's a dear old soul!" he said joyfully.

"I believe you gave her a kiss," Elizabeth declared.

"I gave her a hug. She said things I liked!"

And Elizabeth, guessing what the things might have been, sheered away from the subject, and murmured how pretty the country looked. There had been a snow-storm the night before, and the fields were glistening, unbroken sheets of white; the road David chose was followed by a brook, that ran, black and chuckling, between the agate strips of ice that lined its banks; here and there a dipping branch had been caught and was held in a tinkling crystal prison, and here and there the ice conquered the current, and the water could be heard gurgling and complaining under its snowy covering. David thought that all the world was beautiful,—now that Mrs. Todd had bidden him use his eyes!

"Remember when we used to sled down this hill, Elizabeth?"

She turned her cool, glowing face toward him and nodded. "Indeed I do! And you used to haul my sled up to the top again."

"I don't think I have forgotten anything we did."

But she sheered away from personalities. "Isn't it a pity Blair dislikes Mercer so much? Nannie is dreadfully lonely without him."

"She has you; I don't see how she can be lonely."

"Oh, I don't count for anything, compared to Blair," she said carelessly. Her breath came quickly. The starry light was in her eyes, but he did not see it. He was not daring to look at her.

"You count for everything, to me," he said, in a constrained voice.

Elizabeth was silent.

Ah, well, well; one need not tell the tender, everlasting story. Most of us know it: "You are so—lovely. And good. And—wonderful!" And the breathless flutter away from the golden, alluring words: "Don't be—silly!" Or perhaps there was no pretty, foolish retreat, because the moment was too great. Perhaps, like Elizabeth, a small, cold hand was stretched out,—a hand that trembled.

"Oh, David, I am not good enough. Truly, I'm not."

As for David, his doubts and fears crumbled so suddenly that the very shock of it made him stand stock-still in the snow and turn white; then he said, in a low voice: "What! You—*care*? Oh no, you don't! You can't. I can't believe it."

Upon which Elizabeth was instantly joyous again. "Well, I won't, if you don't want me to," she said gayly; and walked on, leaving him standing, amazed, in the snow. Then she looked back at him over her shoulder. And at that arch and lovely look he bounded to her, stammering something, he did not know what, himself; but she laughed, and glowed, and scolded, swerving over to the other side of the path. "David! We are on a public road. Stop! Please!"

"To think of your caring," he said, in a low voice, and was silent. His face, with its flash of ecstasy, was like wine to her; all her soul spoke fearlessly in

her eyes: "Oh, David-David-David— isn't it perfectly *splendid*?"

David's lip trembled. He was quite speechless. . . . A little later, as they walked on, her exhilaration flagged. "What will your mother say? She doesn't like me, David."

"Elizabeth!—she loves you! How could she help it? How could anybody help it?"

"Well, some have been able to help it," she said drolly; then she sighed. "No, she doesn't, really; it's my temper, you know, David,—my wicked temper. But I will never lose my temper again as long as I live! How could I? I have everything!" He saw that the tears stood suddenly in her eyes. "But your mother, she has never been wicked, and so she can't understand. She is so simply perfect, you know, that I am sort of afraid of her. I wish she had ever been wicked, like me. David, what will we do if she won't consent?"

"She'll consent all right," he said, chuckling; and added with the sweet and trusting egotism of youth: "the only thing in the world Materna wants, you know, is my happiness. But do you suppose it would make any difference if she didn't consent? You are for me," he said with an abrupt solemnity that was almost harsh. "Nothing in the world can take you from me."

And she whispered, "Nothing."

Then David, like every lover who has ever loved, cast his challenge into the grinning face of Fate: "This is forever, Elizabeth."

"Forever, David."

On their way home, as they passed the toll-house, he suddenly left her and ran up the path to tap on the window; and when Mrs. Todd beamed at him through the geraniums, "*I've got her!*" he cried. And the gay old voice called back, "Glory be!"

On the bridge in the gathering dusk they stood for some time without speaking, looking down at the river. Once or twice a passer-by glanced at the two figures leaning there on the hand-rail, and wondered at the foolishness of people who would stand in the cold and look at a river full of ice; but David and Elizabeth did not see the passing world. The hurrying

water ran in a turbulent, foam-streaked flood; great sheets of ice, rocking and grinding against one another, made a continuous soft crash of sound. Sometimes one of them would strike the wooden casing of a pier, and then the whole bridge jarred and quivered, and the cake of ice, breaking and splintering, would heap itself upon a long white spit that pushed up-stream through the rushing current. The river was yellow with mud torn up by a freshet back among the hills, but the last rays of the sun,—a disk of copper sinking into the brown haze behind the hills,—caught on the broken edges of the icy snow, and made a sudden white glitter almost from shore to shore.

"Elizabeth," David said, "I want to tell you something. I stood right here, and looked at a raft coming down the river, the evening that Blair told me that you and he—"

"Don't!" she said, shivering.

"I won't," he told her tenderly; "you were only a child; it didn't mean anything. Don't you suppose I understand? But I wanted you to know that it was then, nearly eight years ago, when I was just a boy, that I realized that I—" he paused.

She looked at him silently; her lip quivered and she nodded.

"And I have never changed since," he said. "I stood just here, leaning on this railing, and I was so wretched!" he laughed under his breath; "I didn't know what was the matter with me! I was only a cub, you know. But"—he spoke very softly—"all of a sudden I knew. Elizabeth, a woman on the raft looked up at me. There was a little baby. . . . Dear, it was then that I knew I loved you."

At those elemental words her heart came up into her throat. She could not speak, but she suddenly stooped and kissed the battered hand-rail where he said his hands had rested.

David, horrified, glancing right and left in the dusk, and seeing no one, put a swift arm about her in which to whisper a single word. Then, very softly, he kissed her cheek. For a moment she seemed to ebb away from him; then, abruptly, like the soft surge of a returning wave, she sank against his breast and her lips demanded his.

That night David told his mother. He had been profoundly shaken by that lovely unexpected motion of Elizabeth's there on the bridge in the twilight; it was a motion so divinely unconscious of the outside world, that he was moved to the point of finding no words to say how moved he was. But she had felt him tremble from head to foot when her lips burned against his,—so that she needed no words. His silence still lasted when, after an hour next door with her, he came home and sat down on the sofa beside his mother. He nuzzled his blond head against hers for a moment; then slipped an arm round her waist.

"It's all right, Materna," he said, with a sort of gasp.

"What is, dear?"

"Oh, Mother, the idea of asking! The only thing in the world."

"You mean—you and Elizabeth?"

"Yes," he said.

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke her voice broke a little. "When was it, dear?"

"This afternoon," he said. And, once started, he overflowed: "I can't get my breath yet, though I've known it since a quarter past four!"

Mrs. Richie laughed, and then sighed. "David, of course I'm happy, if you are; but—I hope she's good enough for you, dear." She felt him stiffen against her shoulder.

"Good enough?—for *me!* Materna, she is perfect! Don't you suppose I know? I've known her nearly all my life, and I can say she is perfect. She is as perfect as you are; she said you were perfect this afternoon. Yes; I never supposed I could say that any woman was as good, and lovely, and pure, as you—"

"David, *please* don't say such things."

David was not listening. "But I can say it of Elizabeth! Oh, what a lucky fellow I am! I always thought Blair would get her. He's such a mighty good fellow,—and so darned good-looking, confound him!" David ruminated affectionately. "And he can talk; he's not bottled up, like me. And to think she would look at me, when she could have had him,—or anybody else! It seems kind of mean to cut Blair out, when he isn't here. He hasn't seen her, you know, for about two years."

"Perhaps you would like to call it off until he gets home, and give him a chance?"

David grinned. "No, thank you. Oh, Materna, she is, you know, really, so—so sort of wonderful! Sometime I want to talk to you about her. I don't believe anybody quite understands Elizabeth but me. But to think of her caring for me! To think of my having two such women to care for me. You *and* Elizabeth!" He took her hand gently and kissed it. "Mother," he said—he spoke with almost painful effort—"Mother, I want to tell you something. I want to tell you, because, being what you are, you can't in the least understand what it means; but I do want you to know: I've never kissed any woman but you, Materna, until I kissed—*Her*."

"Oh," said Helena Richie, in a stifled voice, "don't, David, don't; I can't bear it! And if she doesn't make you happy—"

"Make me happy?" David said. He paused; that unasked kiss burned once more against his lips; he almost shivered at the pang of it. "Materna," he said hoarsely, "if she or I were to die to-night, I, at any rate, have had happiness enough in these few hours to have made it worth while to have lived."

"Love doesn't mean just happiness," she said.

David was silent for a moment; then he said, very gently, "You mean—you were thinking of—of your little boy, who died?" She did not speak. He stroked her hand softly. "I always think," he went on, with beautiful tenderness, "that that little beggar gave me my mother. And I feel as if—as if I was on his job; if I am not a good son, he'll—" he stopped, and looked up at her, smiling; but something in her face—perhaps the pitiful effort to smile back through the tears of an old, old grief, gave him a sudden, solemn thrill, the race pain stirred in him; he seemed to see his own child, dead, in Elizabeth's arms.

"Mother!" he said, thickly, and caught her in his arms. She felt his heart pounding heavily in his side, and then she smiled. "Yes," she said, "my little boy gave me another son, though I didn't deserve him! No, no, I didn't," she insisted, laying her soft mother-

hand over his protesting lips; "I used to wonder sometimes, David, why God trusted you to me, instead of to a—a better woman." Again she checked his outburst that God had never made a better woman! "Hush, dear, hush. But I didn't mean that Love might mean grief, David. There are worse things in the world than just dying," she ended, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, there are worse things," he said quietly; "of course I know that. But they are not possible things where Elizabeth is concerned. There is only one thing that can hurt us: Death."

"Oh, my dear, my dear! Life can hurt so much more than death! so *much* more."

But David had nothing more to say of life and love. He retreated abruptly to the matter-of-fact; he had gone to his limit, not only of expression, but of that modesty of soul which in a young man forbids exposure of the emotions, and is as exquisite as physical modesty is in a girl. He was unwilling, indeed he was unable, to show even to his mother, even, perhaps, to Elizabeth, the speechless depths that had been stirred that afternoon, and stirred again that night by the sight of tears for a baby,—a baby dead for almost a quarter of a century! He got up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and whistled. "Heaven knows how long it will be before we can be married! How soon do you think I can count on getting patients enough to get married?"

Mrs. Richie laughed, though there was still a break of pain in her voice. "My dear boy! When you leave the medical school I mean to give you an allowance—"

"No, Materna!" he interrupted her; "I am going to stand on my own legs!" David's feeling about self-support gave him a satisfaction out of all proportion to the pain it sometimes gave his mother. She winced now, as if his words hurt her.

"David! All that I have is yours."

"No," he said again. "I couldn't accept anything. I believe if a man can't take care of his wife himself, he has no business to have one. It's bad enough to have you supporting a big hungry medical student; but I swear you sha'n't feed his wife, too! No," he ended, with the laughing cocksureness of high-minded youth, "I couldn't be indebted, even to you!"

"Indebted? Oh, David!" she said. For a moment his words wounded her; but when he had left her, and she sat alone by her fireside, she forgot this surface wound in some deeper pain. David had said he had never kissed any woman but her—until he kissed *Her*. He had said that the things that were "worse than death" were not possible to Elizabeth. "He thinks *she* couldn't do anything wrong," she said to herself almost angrily. For a moment this soft mother felt a stab of something like jealousy; and then her thought went back to that deeper pain. He had not supposed anybody could be as "perfect" as his mother. Helena Richie cowered, as if the sacred words were whips; she covered her face with her hands, and sat a long time without moving. Perhaps she was thinking of a certain old letter, locked away in her desk, and in her heart,—for she knew every word of it:

"My child, your secret belongs to your Heavenly Father. It is never to be taken from His hands, except for one reason: to save some other child of His. Never for any smaller reason of peace of mind to yourself."

When she lifted her bowed head from her hands, the fire was out. There were tears upon her face.

CHAPTER X

IT was the very next afternoon that Mrs. Maitland found time to look after Nannie's matrimonial interests. In the raw December twilight she tramped muddily into Mrs. Richie's firelit parlor, which was fragrant with hyacinths blossoming on every window-sill. Mr. Ferguson had started them in August in his own cellar; for, as any landlord will tell you, it is the merest matter of business to do all you can for a good tenant. Mrs. Maitland found her superintendent and Mrs. Richie just shaking hands on David's luck, Mrs. Richie a little tremulous, and Robert Ferguson a little grudging, of course.

"Well, I hope they'll be happy," he said, sighing; "I suppose some marriages *are* happy, but—"

"Oh, Mr. Ferguson, you are delightful!" Mrs. Richie said; and it was at that moment that Mrs. Maitland came tramping in. Instantly the large, vital presence made the charming room small and crowded. One had a sudden consciousness of too many flowers, too many ornaments, too many photographs of David. Mrs. Maitland sat down heavily on a gilded chair, that creaked so ominously that she rose and looked at it impatiently.

"Foolish sort of furniture," she said; "give me something solid, please, to sit on. Well, Mrs. Richie! How do you do?"

"Nannie has told you the news?" Mrs. Richie inquired.

"Oh, so it's come to a head, has it?" Mrs. Maitland asked, vastly pleased. "Of course I knew what was in the wind, but I didn't know it was settled. Fact is, I haven't seen her, except at breakfast, and then I was in too much of a hurry to think of it. Well, well, nothing could be better! That's what I came to see you about; I wanted to hurry things along. What do you say to it, Mr. Ferguson?"

Mrs. Maitland looked positively benign. She was sitting, a little gingerly, on the edge of the yellow damask sofa at one side of the fireplace, her feet wide apart, her skirt pulled back over her knees, so that her scorching petticoat was somewhat liberally displayed. Her big shoes began to steam in the comfortable heat of a soft-coal fire that was blazing and snapping between the brass jambs.

Mrs. Richie had drawn up a chair beside her, and Robert Ferguson stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece looking down at them. Even to Mr. Ferguson Mrs. Maitland's presence in the gently feminine room was incongruous. There was a little table at the side of the sofa, and Mrs. Maitland, thrusting out a large, gesticulating hand, swept a silver picture-frame to the floor; in the confusion of picking it up and putting it into a safer place, the little emotional tension of the moment vanished. Mrs. Richie winked away a tear, and laughed, and said it was too absurd to think that their children were men and women, with their own lives and interests and hopes—and love-affairs!

"But love-making is in the air, ap-

parently," she said; "young Knight is going to be married."

"What, Goose Molly's son?" Mrs. Maitland said. "His mother used to make sheep's-eyes at—at somebody I knew. But she didn't get him!—Well, I must give her boy a present."

"And the next thing," Mrs. Richie went on, "will be Nannie's engagement. Only it will be hard to find anybody good enough for Nannie!"

"Nannie?" said Mrs. Maitland blankly.

"She is to be Elizabeth's bridesmaid, of course,—unless she gets married before our wedding comes off. A young doctor has to have patients before he can have a wife,—so I'm afraid the chances are Elizabeth will be Nannie's bridesmaid."

She was so full of these maternal and womanly visions that the sudden slight rigidity which came into Mrs. Maitland's face did not strike her.

"Nannie has been so interested," Mrs. Richie went on. "David will always be grateful to her for helping his cause. I don't know what he would have done without Nannie to confide in!"

Mrs. Maitland's face relaxed. So,—Nannie had not been slighted? She herself, Nannie's mother, had made a mistake; that was all. Well, she was sorry; she wished it had been Nannie. Poor thing, it was lonely for her, in that big, empty house! But these two people, patting themselves on the back with their personal satisfaction about their children, they must not guess her wish. There was no resentment in her mind; it was one of the chances of business. David had chosen Elizabeth,—more fool David! (for Nannie 'll have—and Mrs. Maitland made some rapid calculations). "But it's not my kettle of fish," she reflected, and hoisted herself up from the low, deeply cushioned sofa.

"I hope Elizabeth will put her mind on housekeeping," she said. "A young doctor needs a saving wife."

"She'll have to be a saving wife, I'm afraid," Mrs. Richie said, with rueful pride, "for that foolish boy of mine declines, if you please, to be helped out by an allowance from me!"

"Oh, he'll have more sense when he's more in love," Mrs. Maitland assured her easily. "I never knew a man yet

who would refuse honest money when it was offered to him. Well, Mrs. Richie, with all this marrying going on, I suppose the next thing will be you and friend Ferguson." Even as she said it, she saw in a flash an inevitable meaning in the words, and she gave a great guffaw of laughter. "Bless you! I didn't mean *that*! I meant you'd be picking up a wife somewhere, Mr. Ferguson, and Mrs. Richie, here, would be finding a husband. But the other way would be easier, and a very sensible arrangement."

The two victims of her peculiar sense of humor held themselves as well as they could. Mrs. Richie reddened slightly, but looked blank. Robert Ferguson's jaw actually dropped, but he was able to say casually that of course it would be some time before the young people could be married.

"Well, give my love to Elizabeth," Mrs. Maitland said; "tell her not to jump into the river if she gets angry with David. Do you remember how she did that in one of her furies at Blair, Mr. Ferguson?" She gave her grunt of a laugh, and took herself off, pausing at the front door to call back, "Don't forget my good advice, you people!"

Robert Ferguson, putting on his hat with all possible expedition, got out of the house almost as quickly as she did. "I'd like to choke her!" he said to himself. And he felt the desire to choke Mrs. Maitland several times that evening, as he sat in his library pretending to read his newspaper. "She ought to be ashamed of herself! Mrs. Richie will think I have been—Heaven knows what she will think!"

But the truth was, Mrs. Richie thought nothing at all; she forgot the incident entirely. It was Robert Ferguson who did the embarrassed thinking.

As for Mrs. Maitland, she went home through Mercer's mire and fog, her iron face softening into almost feminine concern. She was saying to herself that if Nannie didn't care, why, *she* didn't care! "But if she hankers after him"—Mrs. Maitland's face twinged with annoyance—"if she hankers after him, I'll make it up to her in some way. I'll give her a good big check!" But she must make sure about the "hankering." It would not be difficult to make sure. In these

silent years together, the strong nature had drawn the weak nature to it, as a magnet draws a speck of iron. Nannie, timid to the point of awe, never daring even in her thoughts to criticise the powerful personality that dominated her daily life, nestled against it, so to speak, with perfect content. Sarah Maitland's æsthetic deficiencies which separated her so tragically from her son, did not alienate Nannie. The fact that her step-mother was rich, and yet lived in a poverty-stricken locality; that the inconvenience of the old house amounted to squalor; that they were almost completely isolated from people of their own class;—none of these things disturbed Nannie. They were merely "Mamma's ways," and that was all there was to say about them. She was not confidential with Mrs. Maitland, because she had nothing to confide. But if her step-mother had ever asked any personal question, she would have been incapable of not replying. Mrs. Maitland knew that, and proposed to satisfy herself as to the "hankering."

Supper was on the table when she got home, and though while bolting her food she glanced at Nannie rather keenly, she did not try to probe her feelings. "But she looks down in the mouth," Sarah Maitland thought. There must have been delicacy somewhere in the big nature, for she was careful not to speak of Elizabeth's engagement before Harris, for fear the girl might, by some involuntary tremor of lip or eyelid, betray herself. "I'll look in on you after supper," she said.

Nannie, with a start, said. "Oh, thank you, Mamma."

When Mrs. Maitland, with her knitting and a fistful of unopened letters, came over to the parlor, she had also, tucked into her belt, a check.

It had never occurred to Nannie, in all these years and with a very liberal allowance, to mitigate her parlor. It was still a place of mirrors, grown perhaps a little dim; of chandeliers in balloons of brown paper-muslin, which, to be sure, had split here and there with age, so that a glimmer of cut glass sparkled dimly through the cracks; a place of marble-topped tables, and crimson brocade curtains, dingy with age and soot; a place,

where still the only human thing was Nannie's drawing-board. She was bending over it now, copying with a faithful, finely pointed pencil a little picture of a man and a maid, and a dove and a love. She was going to give the drawing to Elizabeth; in fact, she had begun it several days ago with joyous anticipation of this happy happening. But now, as she worked, her hand trembled. She had had a letter from Blair, and all her joyousness had fled:

"The Dean is an ass, of course; but Mother 'll get excited about it, I'm afraid. Do smooth her down, if you can."

No wonder Nannie's hand trembled!

Mrs. Maitland, putting her letters on the table, sat down heavily and began to knit. She glanced at Nannie over her spectacles. "Better get through with it," she said to herself. Then, aloud, "Well, Nannie, so David and Elizabeth have made a match of it?"

For a minute Nannie's face brightened. "Yes! Isn't it fine? I'm so pleased. David has been crazy about her ever since he was a boy."

Well! She was heart-whole! There was no doubt of that; Mrs. Maitland was visibly relieved, and instantly dismissed from her mind the whole foolish business of love-making. She began to read her letters, Nannie watching her furtively. When the third letter was taken up—a letter with the seal of the University in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope—Blair's sister breathed quickly. Mrs. Maitland, ripping the envelope open with a thrust of her forefinger, read it swiftly; then again, slowly. Then she said something under her breath and struck her fist on the table. Nannie's fingers whitened on her pencil. Sarah Maitland got up and stood on the hearth rug, her back to the fire.

"I'll have to go East," she said, and began to bite her forefinger.

"Oh, Mamma," Nannie broke out, "I am sure there isn't anything really wrong. Perhaps he has been—a little foolish. Men are foolish in college. David got into hot water lots of times. But Blair hasn't done anything really bad, and—"

Mrs. Maitland gave her a sombre look.

"He wrote to *you*, did he?" she said. And Nannie realized that she had not advanced her brother's cause. Mrs. Maitland picked up her letters and began to sort them out. "When is he going to grow up?" she said. "He's twenty-four; and he's been dawdling round at college for the last two years! He's not bad; he hasn't stuff enough in him to be bad. He is just useless; and he's had every chance a young man ever had."

"Mamma!" Nannie protested, "it isn't fair to speak that way of Blair, and it isn't true! not a word of it!" Nannie, the 'fraid-cat of twenty years ago,—afraid still of thunder-storms, and the dark, and Sarah Maitland, and what not,—Nannie, when it came to defending Blair, had all the audacious courage of love. "Blair is not lazy, he is not useless; he is—he is"—Nannie stammered with angry distress—"he is dear, and good and kind, and never did any harm in his life! Never! It's perfectly dreadful, Mamma, for you to say such things about him!"

"Well, well!" said Sarah Maitland, lifting an amused eyebrow. It was as if a humming-bird had attacked a steel billet. Her face softened into pleased affection. "Well, stick up for him," she said; "I like it in you, my dear, though what you say is foolish enough. You remind me of your mother. But your brother has brains. Yes, I'll say that for him,—he's like me; he has brains. And that's why I'm so out of patience with him," she ended, lapsing into moody displeasure again. "If he was a fool, I wouldn't mind his behaving like a fool. But he has brains." Then she said, briefly, "'Night," and tramped off to the dining-room.

The next morning when Nannie, a little pale from a worried night, came down to breakfast, her stepmother's place was empty.

"Yes," Harris explained; "she went off at twelve, Miss Nannie. She didn't let on where. She said you'd know."

"I know," poor Nannie said, and turned paler than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Knowledge

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

SO many Aprils went away
 Before I learned one little part
 Of all the joy each fragile day
 Hid in its heart.

So many Summers hastened by
 Before I caught their secret spell,
 And read in bloom and leaf and sky
 Life's miracle.

Would that Youth's eye could see the grace
 And wonder of the drifting years. . . .
 Grown old, their loveliness we trace
 Through blinding tears.

Captain Meg's Son

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

THE most gallant little chap that I ever knew was a Virginian. He has haunted me like an ardent little ghost all day—one of those wistfulest of phantoms, the shade of a child who has become a man.

However, it is eminently natural that I should be thinking of him, since my first return to Virginia after fifteen years was to this big lumber-camp in the Alleghanies, where since yesterday it has rained incessantly, and to a practical forester steady sluicing rain gives much opportunity for thought of various kinds.

Any proper estimating of timber is out of the question in so shrewish a down-pour. One might as well try to judge the beauty of a woman with tears of rage on her cheeks. I may state in passing that I am an unbeliever in beautiful furies. Helen in a rage would have seemed to me but an ugly jade. But to return to my little lad. I think that I will put in these soaking hours by writing down that adventure in what my wife calls my *Book of Business Romances*. It is a good title, I think, and very pat. Business, whatever the heretic layman may hold to the contrary, involves romance quite as much as does soldiering or law or religion. Also—another paradox in the eyes of the laity—a man may be very practical and very romantic at the same time. I use romantic in its wider sense of imaginative. A romantic man to me does not mean a sentimentalist, but one who likes and believes in the picturesque, original side of things, even, on occasions, the wild and fantastic.

The memory of Beaumarchais abets me—Beaumarchais, without whose practical aid this great American Republic would hardly exist to-day, and yet who was romantic enough to spend on a strange country struggling for liberty his whole fortune, without security or demand for security, and who, incor-

rigible romanticist to the end, contented himself, in lieu of the five million francs owed him by the United States, with a request to the American people that they should dower his penniless daughter. Also, he indulged himself in writing light literature, and that encourages me in continuing my present diversion.

It was on a wonderful blue and green morning of May that I rushed through the Piedmont country from Richmond to Charlottesville. Sky and earth gleamed like lacquer. There were no clouds at first, only a cloud-like drift of foot-hills to westward as we approached the Blue Ridge. The land rolled gently on all sides, soft with young oats and wheat or the dark green of pastures and still darker forests—and through this intense verdure ran endless loops and windings of a soil that was like red enamel. Now and then came a broad sweep of crimson clover repeating the vivid note, and sometimes when it crested against the sky the scene was like a page from an illuminated missal; clots of ruby against gold and azure—slim trees standing solitary, graceful, and naked in the transparent foliage of spring; a shine of narrow water purling down among wild flowers; far beyond and high in air the celestial battlements of the Blue Ridge.

It seemed a land given for the making of homes; so warm and full was the breast of the dark-red earth—a sort of Indian goddess mother tendering her bosom with promise of food and rest to the unresting children of men.

My practical side, however, kept me from unbiassed enjoyment, for I was wincing all along the way at the forests devastated by sawmills and full of lumberman's "slash," with its eager invitation to fire and its appalling unsightliness.

Then it struck me as rather hopeful that the Mrs. Gordon of Redhouse near Charlottesville, whom I was hastening to

see, should have summoned me for the purpose of estimating the value of her woodlands before making any business arrangements in regard to them.

The day had turned from May to June when I reached Charlottesville. As I stood on the incandescent pavement before the station, looking about me for some sign of the Redhouse carriage which was to meet me, it came down the hilly street at a slamming trot, its big black horses speckled with foam. A very smart equipage it was indeed—correct, glittering, prosperous, the old coachman almost as black as his horses and rigid in a dark livery.

"The madam says tea will be ready for you, suh," he observed as he bestowed me and my bags safely. "The madam is kep', misfortunately—kep' by business."

He then remounted the box and set off at a great rate for Redhouse.

I was frankly disappointed by the Redhouse carriage. I had (romantically) hoped to see some of the charming tarnished splendor of the old Virginia of which I had so often read. Both carriage and coachman smacked too much of the rich suburban.

I began to wonder as to the reception I would be given. I was used, in my character of forester, to being regarded in divers and sundry ways—sometimes as something a little better than the plumber, a little dearer than the butler; sometimes as a "soul" would have been by a Russian of the old régime. Sometimes as an equal, sometimes almost as a soothsayer. The professional forester, usually a college man and a gentleman, has not yet been "placed" exactly by what *he* would call "the masses."

That rattling drive through the tangled lanes about Charlottesville soothed me entirely, however. A freakish wind blew from the mountains. The air was a web of thrilling scents. A little covey of white lustrous clouds was now loosed upon the sky. I saw noble copses and woodlands unfolding on either hand.

We drove thus for about six miles, then turned sharply around the shoulder of a wooded hill, into pleasant park-like meadows, and finally through slanting lawns to a long iron gate set between stucco pillars.

Through the fanciful scrollwork of the

gate I looked up at Redhouse, with its pleasant brick façade tempered by time and weather, and the fine effrontery of its huge white columns.

As I went up the old brick walk to the front door a slight figure appeared and came quietly down the steps to meet me. This was my first sight of Jack Gordon—or John Page Gordon, as he liked to call himself—"the gallant little chap" of the beginning of this story.

He was just twelve years old the day before I came. He had thick, soft, black hair parted on the side and scrupulously brushed until it looked quite Japanese. His eyes were of the most extraordinary blue blue (I coin the expression for the subject). His nose and mouth were just those of a nice, undeveloped boy, but his chin was the squarest I ever saw—like the end of a little box. As is usual with boys of his age, his two front teeth were excessively large, but white as china, and did not ill become his shy, rather embarrassed smile.

When I say in hackneyed phrase that John Page Gordon had the manners of a little prince, I mean the manners that we imagine as being part of the appanage of little princes in fairy-tales. He was the very pink of natural, self-forgetful courtesy. When he insisted on gently "worming" from my hand the one bag that Nelson the coachman had consented to leave with me, I submitted. It had some valuable and rather heavy instruments in it, so that Jack's walk was decidedly influenced during our progression to the house, but he carried it with the pleased air of one who is handling a new baseball bat for the first time.

When we entered the front hall together, I was in the midst of that "tarnished splendor" for which I had longed.

The fine old panelling, painted white, was cracked in places and much streaked. Oval stains showed where portraits had gone from the walls. One of the crystal candle-shades in the old bronze lustre was broken, some were missing altogether. The parquet was sprung in places, the mouldings of the ceiling veiled with cobwebs here and there, the fanlight over the big door of solid mahogany dim with them, and the door itself scored outside by the scratchings of impatient dogs.

A new glance at the boy (I had a little

six-year-old at home myself) showed that his neat garments, though nicely darned and brushed, matched the rest. "Tarnished splendor" was the word for Jack as well as for the home of his ancestors. Why then the unmitigated gorgeousness of "Uncle" Nelson, the big blacks, and the carriage? I was to judge this for myself before I left.

The room into which Jack led the way for tea was delightful. The shabbiness of the vague gray-green Louis XV. furniture only added to its soothing pleasantness. Three sides were panelled in white like the hall; on the third was stretched a moth-eaten tapestry as rare in tone as a mist-blurred dawn in April, and in which the old pink of a shepherdess's lute ribbon and a courtier's coat made the accents of the room. Jack, with slim, sunburnt hands that fumbled a little through over-eagerness, set about making tea. The silver was spotless.

"I did it," said he, carelessly, when I admired it, but there was a rare pride beneath the carelessness.

He handed me the clear brown drink with its wheel of lemon atop, as I liked it, and then swung forward the prettiest little Chippendale affair of round shelves and bent-wood, which he called "a curate's assistant." On old Wedgwood platters this quaint table held the best ham-and-lettuce sandwiches possible to imagine.

"I made 'em," said Jack when I commended them.

"You must be a mighty convenient chap to have about," said I, in tones of equality.

"Oh, that ain't anything," he replied, negligently, with his vaguely sweet smile. "I like to use my hands."

Then like a modest host he turned the subject.

"Mother's very sorry she couldn't be here to meet you, Mr. Lockhart. A man came about the new swimming-pool. Mother *couldn't* let any one else see to that."

His voice had the rising Southern inflection which asks a question while stating a fact. So I said:

"Certainly not. I quite understand."

And Jack looked relieved.

"If you'll 'scuse me a minute—" he then suggested.

I "'scused" him ceremoniously, and he returned bearing an old cut-glass tray and liqueur-glasses. There were green and yellow chartreuse in portly little decanters upon it and cognac in its own bottle, "Vintage 1875."

"Mother thought you might like your tea 'laced.' I forgot that," he explained.

We agreed that we liked our tea untripped, and sat soberly sipping in good-fellowship, Jack having further explained that he had promised to make his beverage "half water so he'd grow tall as they think."

His tone was sceptical.

"Do you take wine and water, too?" I asked, idly.

He wrinkled his unformed nose in an unconscious spasm of revulsion.

"No. . . . Hate 'em all," he said, briefly.

When we had thoroughly refreshed ourselves Jack went to some outer door and hallooed:

"Marcell-oo! Oh, Marcell-oo!"

And presently came a pleasant-faced but blousy mulatto girl, who took away the remnants of our repast. I found afterward that her name was really the ordinary "Marcella," but that Jack changed the last syllable to "oo" for convenience in making himself heard. The contrast between "Uncle" Nelson's immaculate livery and Marcella's far from immaculate gingham set me to wondering afresh.

Jack then suggested that we should take a stroll about the grounds, and during our ramble incidentally introduced me to all the pets which are the natural possessions of a country lad of twelve. "Blick," his white bull-terrier, was evidently chief in his affections.

"Blick" was a well-bred little beast who had eaten unwarily of a neighbor's poisoned meat laid out for weasels, and had a quaint curvature of the spine in consequence which made him walk with a high and haughty gait, somewhat spasmodic, and caused him to wag his whole person when attempting to wag only his tail. He had a sensitive, ever-alert muzzle, as speaking as the eyes of a sentimental girl, and when he sat with his own slightly décolleté orbs fixed on Jack's face, and the glistening inward of his cropped ears showing exactly like the ker-

nels of English walnuts, he was a symbol of adoration scarce to be forgotten.

I can see "Blick" as plainly as I can see Jack now. It was just Damon and Pythias between them, or something even more spiritual. For, indeed, "who knoweth if the spirit of the beast goeth downward?" I have always taken great comfort in the thought of "Blick."

Jack was engaged in showing me how "Blick" at the word of command would wash his face—"scrub well behind his ears" . . . when a call came that struck him as alert as ever "Blick" was to his own orders.

"Ja-ack! . . . *Jack!*" called this voice, with the sharp sweet tang of a snapped banjo-string. There was not the soft, long-drawn Southern "Oh!" before or after it, but it carried clear and peremptory without such aid.

Jack stood at attention—"Blick" rigid beside him.

"That's mother," he said, and his voice was hushed with pride.

"Yes, mothe-oo! Coming, mothe-oo!" he called back, and set off running, only to remember the next instant and wait sedately for me.

Mrs. Gordon was standing at the head of the portico steps. I had never seen so tall and so singularly graceful a woman, and yet she had no lending from draperies. Her dress was a perfectly cut shooting-costume, with leather-bound skirt just collar the tops of russet boots. Her coat was of the stiffest correctness even on that warm day. She had discarded her hat and gloves, but still held the rifle with which she had just won first prize, she told me later, at a local match.

I saw in a glance that her cropped, half-curling hair became her. It gave her the head of a Greek boy and was as softly black and thick as her son's.

She let me go up to her, but reached me her hand very frankly when I was beside her.

"'Twas too bad about that man. Had to see to him myself. Darkies are such idiots. Jack treated you well? Hullo! Jacky, don't let that little imp of yours jump on me. His paws are filthy. Get out—you!" she ended, and assisted "Blick" in a swift scurry down the steps with the toe of her boot.

"Don't let's talk business yet," she then said to me. "Let's sit on the east terrace and have a julep before dinner. Jacky, run and make two of your best juleps. What are you waiting for, eh?"

"Only . . . 'cause . . . Mr. Lockhart said he didn't care for anything, mother."

Mrs. Gordon turned to me.

"Have you ever tasted a real genuine Virginia mint julep?" said she.

I confessed that I had not.

She laughed.

"Then you can't know whether you want one or not. Wait till you've tasted one of Jack's. Run along, Jack. Don't stand there like that. You give me the fidgets. And do keep your mouth shut. You've plenty of sense and you look the image of an idiot when you hang it open like that. Aren't boys a *trial*?" she appealed to me as Jack disappeared into the house, leaving a lonesome "Blick" sniffing at the traces of his worshipped footsteps.

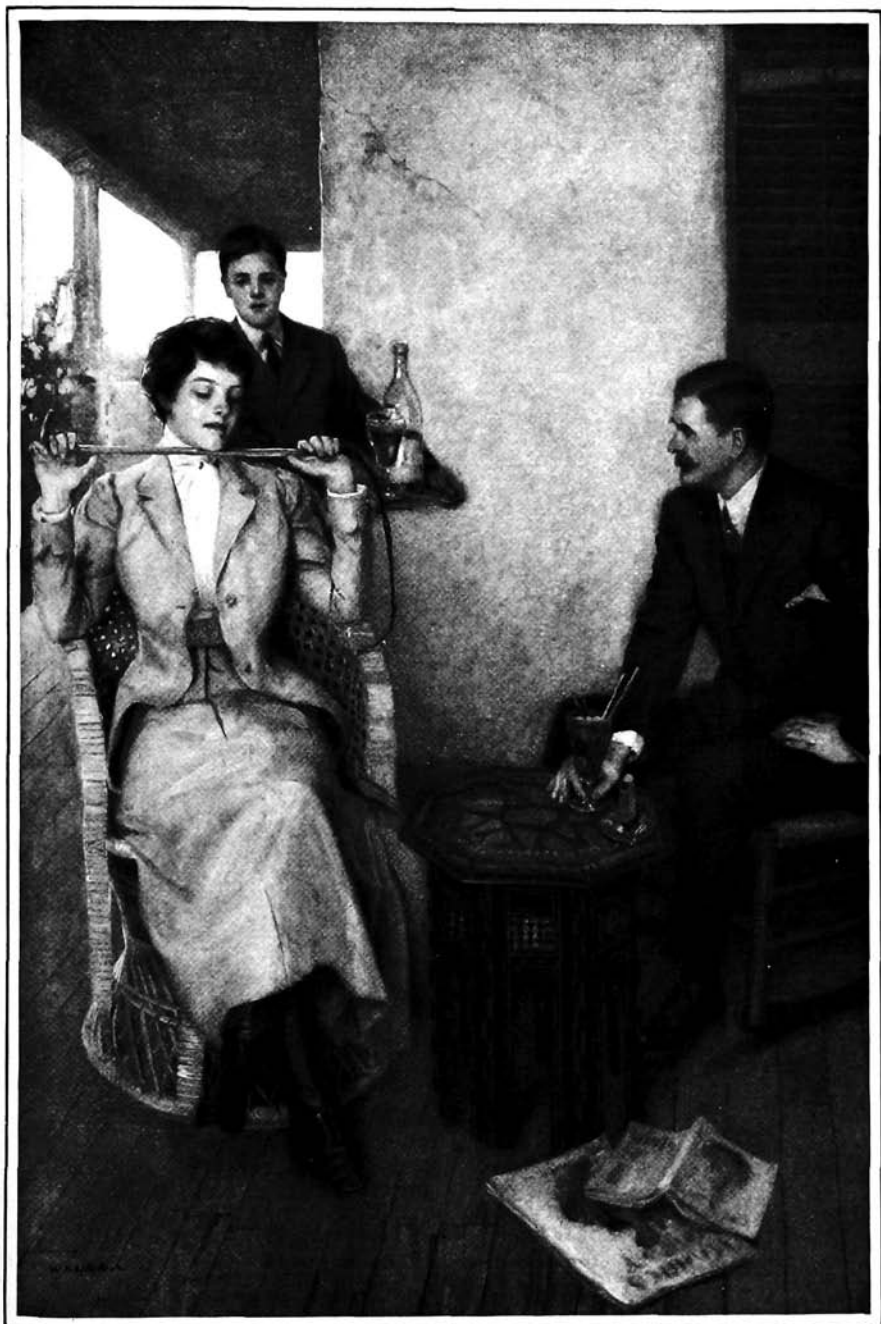
"I can't imagine this boy being one," I couldn't help saying.

Frankly she antagonized me, though I couldn't help admiring the superabundant vitality that played about her in an almost visible discharge of force. And she was extraordinarily handsome in a curious metallic way. Also, strangely enough, I could see that the boy resembled her in certain points, though not in essentials. Her eyes were black where his were blue, and her chin, though square, too, retreated slightly. But the nose, though beautiful, was dominant enough to take the place of two firm chins. I cannot imagine pride, self-will, and ruthlessness better portrayed than in that high, clear-cut nose. She was much tanned, but that too became her. She would have made a stunning young officer on the stage—in fact, she reminded me of a soldier in "mufti" from first to last.

"Oh, Jacky's all right," she said, carelessly, in reply to my last remark. "Nice boy . . . but *boy* all the same."

Then on my making polite inquiries about the new swimming-pool we fell into "shop" talk, or rather she talked and I listened, much interested, for she was as vivid in her speech as in her appearance—until Jack returned.

This was a half-hour later, and he bore carefully upon a small silver tray two old



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT HE HAD QUIETLY OUTWITTED HER

crystal goblets filled with, I must say, the most engaging-looking drink. Ice powdered as fine as snow rose to the brim, below was an inch of burnt topaz; a pearly frost crusted the outside of the glass, a sprig of mint crowned all.

"Ah-h!" said Mrs. Gordon. "Good Jacky."

She leaned back in soft pleasure, took a slow sip, then suddenly sat dart-like.

"Jack!" she cried, "did you slop the whole ice-pitcher into this glass? Wait a minute, Mr. Locker." (She did not get my name right for two days.) "If Jack has made the mess of your julep that he's made of mine it's not fit to drink. If you don't mind, I'll taste it for you. . . ."

She took a spoonful from my glass.

"No, yours is all right. Now, Jack, quick! Take this thing back and bring me a proper julep."

I watched the boy's face while apparently looking into my glass. He was certainly pale, but quite composed.

"Yes, mother," he said, and went off with the condemned julep.

In a moment, however, he was back again with the tray, the goblet, and the bottle of cognac. It seemed to my unaccustomed eye that a goodly amount of that 1875 vintage had gone to the making of these two innocent-looking beverages.

"I just brought you out the bottle, mother. I thought that would be the best way," he explained, gently.

Mrs. Gordon gave him a quick glance. Her curved mouth set itself.

"Very well," was all she said, but the boy moved away as soon as he could, and I saw him disappear with an ecstatically twisting "Blick" in the direction of the gardens.

It was very clear to me that Jack did not want to give his mother more cognac, and that he had outwitted her quietly and respectfully by bringing the bottle, so that she should have to pour it for herself. It was also plain that she saw this and was angry about it. But she only added a little to her glass, pronounced it excellent after doing so, and the scene passed over. Not its memory, though. I thought it an odiously painful scene altogether, and I am afraid that I disliked Jack's mother so heartily from that moment that I am unable to write of her impartially.

We dined, half an hour later, in a long, three-windowed room looking toward the Blue Ridge. The linked azure of these mountains, afloat in a slight haze beyond the stolid beauty of the columns outside, was admirable in its aerial decorativeness.

The table, a great slab of old mahogany, was like a dark, glossy pool, on which rounds of much-darned lace lay like odd water-flowers. The china was rare but unmatched, scarce two pieces being alike. Some one had set a bowl of old diamond-patterned crystal in the centre and filled it with a thorny tang'e of damask roses in charming disarray. I found afterward that this was the work of Miss Miriam Beech, Jack's governess, who lived in the house and played sedately at being chaperon to his mother, she, I learned, later, being a widow. I say "played" advisedly, for it is my opinion that "Miriam Beech" herself could not in earthly form have adequately chaperoned Mrs. Gordon. She was so convincingly one of those who brook no control save such as personal desire suggests.

Miss Beech was delightfully ugly, evidently aware of it and not in the least embittered by that fact. She had a small Roman nose and what I conceived to be a Roman eye and chin as well. This eye was a light, animated gray with red flecks in it, like the eye of William Rufus.

Perhaps that was why Jack called her "Billy." Or more likely it was because of the downright frank comradeship existing between them. "Billy," like "Blick," was a wonderfully comforting thought to me subsequently whenever I mused on the peculiar state in life to which it had pleased Providence to call John Page Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon yawned with extreme frankness straight through dinner. She said that it was the "open air all day" that made her yawn so in the evening and wished that we might put off our business talk until the next morning.

I convinced her that this would bring upon her unnecessary expense, and after coffee and a glass (or so) of yellow chartreuse we adjourned to the faded Louis XV. room to talk things over.

I found that the wooded area which she wished estimated was not very large and decided to do it by myself, without

sending for an assistant. This, I explained to her, would take me about a week. She nodded and said, "Very well."

I found also that hickory (a first growth) and walnut were the timber from which she expected most. She had all the woman's gambling intuition that her woods would prove full of "curly" walnut. When I explained to her that this can never be ascertained until the timber is cut, she said, "How stupid!" and began yawning again.

At half past six next morning I came down in flannel shirt and woodsman's dress, to find Jack and "Blick" presiding over my breakfast, which was situated like a small but tropical island on one curve of the mahogany pool.

"Mammy did it and I helped," said Jack. "I cooked the batter cakes. Do you like batter cakes?"

I said that if they tasted half as good as they smelled I could not possibly like anything better. Then Mammy approached to wait on me, and Jack introduced us.

She had a fine old carven amber face with fleecy gray hair that clasped it like a kerchief. Her smile was motherhood itself. Cleanliness lay upon her like a benediction. Her voice was a blending of sweet cajolery and firmness. I placed Mammy at once alongside "Blick" and Billy in my regard. Yet, I noticed in her expression a certain tenseness that was also characteristic of the two others. They all three had an air about them of being braced for sudden events, not pleasurable.

I thought of how Mrs. Gordon's smart boot-tip had helped "Blick" down the steps yesterday and of one or two other things, and I felt that were I in the same relationship to Jack as themselves I should also wear a taut expression.

Miss Beech consenting, Jack bore me company a little while that morning. I have never seen so keenly inquiring a little lad nor a more intelligent one.

He absorbed my explanations with such acumen that during the last half-hour I said:

"How would you like to take up forestry when you're grown, Jack? Somehow, I think you'd be good at it."

"Oh, I like it *ever* so much," he replied, graciously (he was given to italics in speaking, partly from inheritance,

partly from so much association with women, I fancied), "but what I *really* want to be is an architect."

This was the beginning of many talks on that subject. The boy had really a very unusual creative imagination.

I remember sitting with him on the steps of the rotunda of the University of Virginia, late one afternoon, after my day's work was over, while he swept a nervous brown hand across the distant façade of the building at the other end of the campus as though eliminating it, and drew a vivid picture of how the distant mountains would have looked framed in immense columned arches.

"I'd have put the buildings at each side," he said, "with big columns and arches leading between them. A sort of thing like the Natural Bridge. I can't explain very well, but *you* know what I mean, don't you? Things come to me like that when I'm going to sleep. I was a little tiny boy when they blocked it up. It's made me feel smothered ever since. Jefferson would *cry* if he could see it. I'm sure he would—even if he is a man—a sort of man-angel, I suppose."

I could not see Jefferson as a man-angel, but I could very plainly see Master Jack's arches and columns—and the beauty that the ethereal landscape of cloud and mountain would have lent to that lovely campus, with its colonnaded sides and terraced rotunda.

"When are you going to school, Jack?" I asked, abruptly.

A kind of stern man's look came over his winning face.

"When mother decides," he answered.

"You don't seem to know many boys." I said to him on another occasion. "How is that?"

"Boys make mother nervous," he replied, indulgently. "Besides, I have plenty of fun."

"But wouldn't you like it?" I persisted.

"Not if mother didn't," he said, stoutly.

I am not particularly demonstrative, but I did long to hug him—just catch him up and squeeze him hard as women do sometimes, to the dismay of engaging lads.

I shall never forget the first occasion on which I saw him with a baseball and bat. His companion was a little darky of

eight named Reginald Eugene, and from the spirit with which Jack conducted this game *à deux* you would have thought that at least he was playing the captain of a team.

I could not suffer this sight with apathy, and went down and batted for him until nearly dinner-time. His radiance of appreciation was almost too much for me. I longed to have a brutal conversation with his mother.

Miss Beech saved me from this madness by talking of the boy with me in the frankest terms. She was evidently a person of intuitions and gauged my state of mind correctly.

"What he needs is school," said she, "the contact with other boys. You see, his mother is really very devoted to him—very dependent on him, I may say."

I grumbled something which must have sounded cynical, for she continued:

"Yes, I know exactly how you feel, Mr. Lockhart, but there are many circumstances . . ."

"I don't doubt it," I remarked, unkindly.

Miss Beech pursued her theme unmoved.

"Though this is a fine old estate, Mrs. Gordon is not at all rich."

I smiled disagreeably, even impertinently I fear it would have been considered by any other than Miss Beech, but we had grown too intimate in our mutual affection and concern for Jack to allow her such conclusions.

"No—really," she said now, "money is not plentiful at Redhouse. You must try to be impartial, Mr. Lockhart. Jack's schooling will cost a great deal."

I thought of the swimming-pool which was to cost nearly two thousand dollars at what Mrs. Gordon informed me was "a bargain," and I smiled a second time.

Miss Beech shook her head at me, but sighed frankly.

"We must hope for next year," she said, and sighed again.

I frowned this time and burst forth, bluntly, "It's a shame!" I'm afraid I said, "It's a d—d shame," for Miss Beech put the kind touch of frustrated motherhood on my arm and said, "Now . . . now. . ."

That night something happened which made me more downcast than ever.

I had been sitting up rather late in the library drawing my maps, when the noise of a heavy fall roused me, and I rushed out and half-way up the main stairs, to be met by Jack at the top.

He was in shabby little blue pajamas and his usually sleek hair rumpled sleepily. In one hand he held a guttering candle in an old copper candlestick. He was quite white, but composed as usual.

"Please don't bother, Mr. Lockhart," he said. "Please don't come up. It's only . . . it's just that mother caught her foot in a rug and . . . and tripped. She was . . . she was coming from my room, where she'd been to tell me good night" (it was nearly one o'clock), "and she . . . a . . . she caught her foot in a rug. She hasn't got on a dressing-gown. I'm quite strong enough to help her. . . . It's *very* kind of you to come. But please won't you go back?"

His lip trembled suddenly. He caught it with his teeth and held the candle a little back of him.

"Certainly, Jack," I said, quite sobered. "Mind, you call me if you need me."

"Yes . . . indeed I will," he said, eagerly, and I turned and went thoughtfully down-stairs again. Things which I do not care to put into words were very clear indeed to me just then.

It was the day before my departure that I found that the timber which I had estimated was to go for the payment of the swimming-pool.

This information was given me at luncheon. I am not ashamed to confess that I could scarcely eat. Miss Beech kept her eyes sedulously upon her plate of priceless old Sèvres, which looked as though the Mad Hatter had taken a bite out of its edge. My plate was of Worcester and had had its bite glued back. Jack was eating from a cheap willow-pattern reproduction, Mrs. Gordon from a very beautiful and quite whole bit of Crown Derby. I thought grimly that Crown Derby was perfectly suited to her.

"You'll show him yourself for Mr. Carter, won't you, mother?" Jack's ardent little voice piped up, referring to "Black Arrow," a famous heavyweight hunter that we had been discussing.

"He's a handful, Jacky, you know. Do you think I can sit him?" said she, with basking conceit.

"Oh, *mother!* You can sit *anything!* Old Mr. Carter was saying to one of the judges only the other day, 'Why, Captain Meg, she could set a Zelry full of whiskey!' They call my mother 'Captain Meg' round here, Mr. Lockhart, 'cause she's so brave. She's a champion swimmer, and saved a boy's life once. And she's the best woman-shot in Virginia and the best rider in America," explained Jack.

He radiated pride.

His unique mother laughed.

"Oh, come, boysie," said she, with elaborate modesty. "All Kentucky girls can ride. Not the best in *America*, boysie."

When she called him "boysie" I felt an inner commotion hard to describe. It was usually after the second or third glass of apricot brandy or chartreuse that this happened. But the appalling gush of stimulated affection babbled on after luncheon to-day, overflowed into the drawing-room, inundated it.

She threw herself on a sofa and drew the boy to her, pressing his head against her breast and leaning her cheek upon it.

Jack was very red. His anxious eye sought mine with a horrid fascination. Then, redder than ever, he put up a loyal hand over hers.

"Captain Meg's own soldier-boy," crooned she. "Worth an army of self-ish men!"

Jack patted and patted the prisoning hand, but I knew that it was torture for him to be so sentimentalized over and cosseted before another man. I always thought of him as a man.

To your thoroughly healthy bodied and minded boy sentimentalism is a deadly dose. It actually reverses the peristaltic action. I believe — produces nausea, Jack's smile was sickly. I thought it heartrending.

I got up, saying something about a cigar, and left the room.

Miss Beech left, too. Her lip was quivering.

"It's just her uncontrolled love . . ." she murmured.

"I never heard apricot brandy called 'love' before," retorted I, brutally.

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart!" she breathed.

But even Miss Beech was not to be endured in my then mood. I left her

as abruptly as I had left the room. I was in an exaltedly evil frame of mind. I had spoken as no gentleman should speak, and I was thrillingly glad of it.

I walked fast to the old iron gate, and leaned over it with such vehemence that something in my breast pocket snapped sharply. This did not improve my humor, for I knew at once that it was a tortoise-shell cigarette-case of which I was very fond.

I took it out ruefully. Nothing to be done. I concentrated my unexpressed spite into the gesture with which I flung the pieces from me.

And suddenly there was Jack, with his cordial, sweet courtesy. He, too, had made his escape. This eased me a little.

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart!" he cried. "What a pity to throw it away! I'm sure it could be riveted or something."

"No. . . . I don't like riveted things," I replied, as sulkily as a boy. "Let it alone, please . . ." for he was half-way through the gate to rescue the fragments.

He looked a little dashed, then gleamed at me.

"I know!" he cried. "I'd love to do it . . . truly I would. . . . *Please* let me! . . . You've . . . you've been so jolly to me, you know."

He was blushing now up to the Japanese lacquer of his hair.

"Let me . . ." he urged.

"Let you do what, old man?" I asked, quite restored to the love for my fellows.

"Give you a new cigarette-case as a . . . as a . . . remento?"

He stood as quiveringly tense as "Blick" begging for a walk.

"Why, my dear chap," said I, "I'd like nothing better."

"Shake!" cried Jack.

And I took the kind little paw and wrung it, man to man.

"Why, we can go now . . . right away," he then exclaimed. "Mother's going in to Charlottesville in the run-about. . . . I can stand up in the back. . . . I'll go tell her. . . ."

He was off full tilt before I could say anything. I wouldn't have said anything, though. Let him get all the joy that he could out of his queer, balked little life.

Mrs. Gordon expressed herself as enthusiastic over the plan. There had been more apricot brandy in the interval, I

saw. Her great Indian-like black eyes were far too lustrous for nature. But her fine gait was still that of a smart young officer in petticoats. I looked at her and wondered that she should have borne a child. Her very breast, wide and superb, was at the same time unyielding and muscular. A breast for orders and gold braid, not to pillow the tender head of a child. And for Miriam Beech, that all-mother, to have lived the best part of her life a virgin—this seemed to me a wanchancy trick of Fate.

We drove to town behind a startlish brown mare, the acme of form and race. I wondered, surlily, how much of Jack's schooling had gone to pay for her.

All the way to Charlottesville Mrs. Gordon gave me that mare's pedigree, history, public and private, and a list of the cups and ribbons that she had won. Jack was too full of unusual and pleasurable excitement to talk at all.

He was still dumb when we drew up before the jeweller's.

When we got inside, Mrs. Gordon was extremely affable. Her smile, too piercingly sweet for sincerity, played about us. It reminded me of summer lightning through which the stars look unmoved, for her too brilliant eyes did not share in it.

"You and Jacksie" (this was a variation of "boysie") "must take all the time you want," glowed she. "Don't give me a thought. Mr. Fraser will show me heaps and heaps of jewels, 'rope of pearls' like the man in *Lothair*—piles of emeralds and sapphires and rubies. They do so fascinate me!"

The smile was playing upon Mr. Fraser now, and he responded by strewing the counter with trays of glittering kickshaws.

Jack and I, a little to the left, fell to a more sober scrutiny of cigarette-cases. The lad had a pretty taste. He became enamoured of a case of aluminum inlaid with gold in a simple pattern. I was all for plain silver. We disputed with friendly zeal—absorbed, argumentative, the shopman egging us on.

I was suddenly aware that his attention was flagging. He fidgeted, his eyes wandering past me. I glanced in the same direction and saw that they were fixed on his mother. When he observed

that I noticed his distraction he flushed and took up the aluminum case. But in a moment his glance had wandered again.

Mrs. Gordon was laughing and talking a good deal, her hands fitting from one heap of jewels to another. She put on and pulled off rings—clasped a pearl collar about her throat—held up earrings beside her cheek. Her face, though beautiful in its flushed eagerness, struck me unpleasantly. There was in her eyes the curious lust for gems—there is no other word that exactly describes the look that I mean.

All at once Jack left me.

He went and stood silently at his mother's side for a moment, then laid hold of her sunshade.

"Let me carry it for you, mother," I heard him say.

She gave him an angry look, out of all proportion to the occasion, and twitched the sunshade back.

"Nonsense!" said she. "Don't bother me, Jack. Don't be a nuisance."

I knew, of course, that the boy adored his mother and her tone was very biting, but I was surprised to see him grow so white.

He hesitated, then put his hand gently on it again.

"You'd better let me carry it, mother," he urged. "You . . . you can look at the things better without it. . . ."

This time she gave him a singularly ugly look, but his blue eyes met the black ones full and steady.

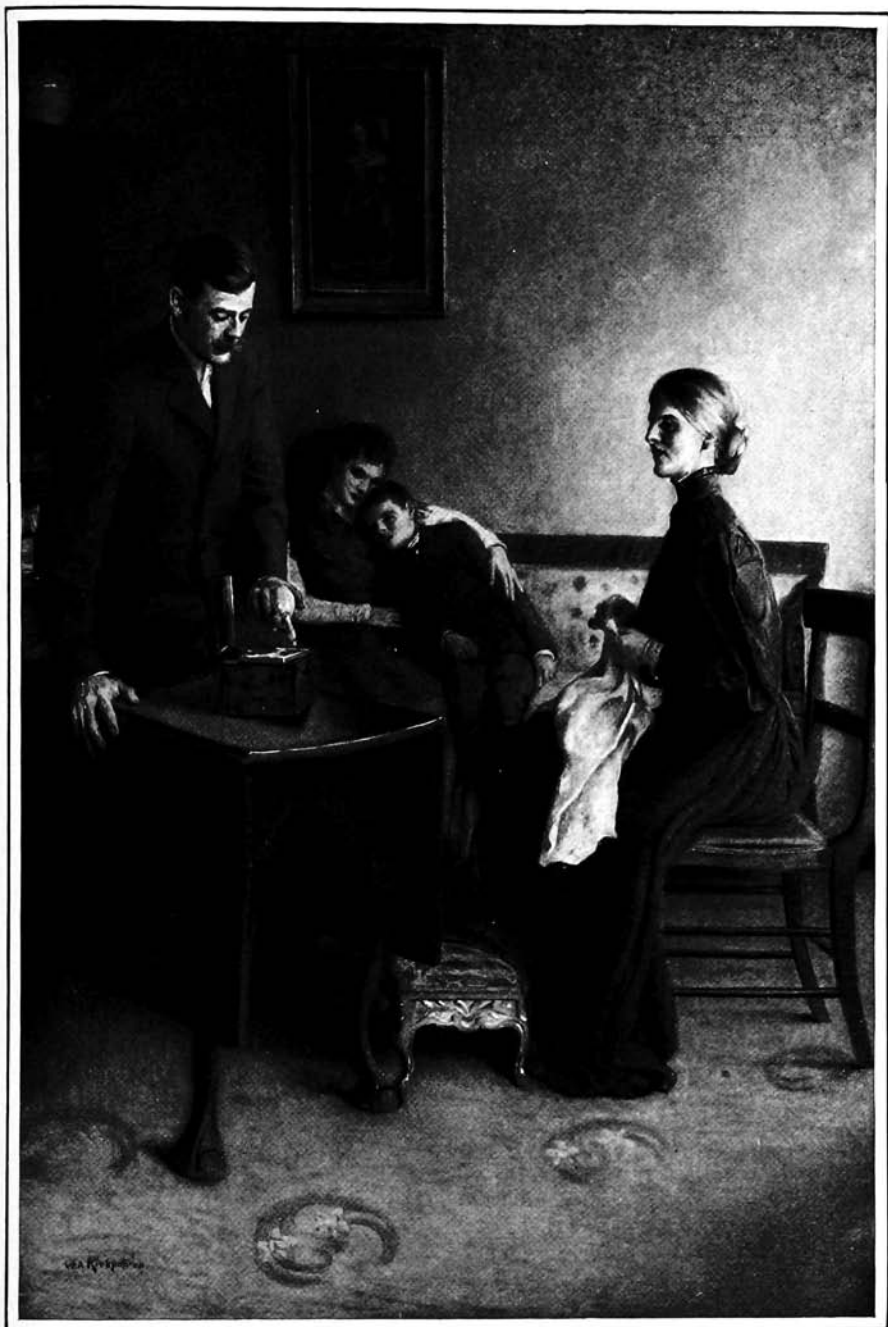
"You'd better, mother," he said again.

And to my entire amazement her face wavered suddenly into a rather foolish smile.

"Of all the sawnies!" she exclaimed, affectedly. "Did you ever see a boy so silly about his mother, Mr. Fraser? . . . Very well. Take it, and if you and Mr. Locker—Mr. Lockhart—have finished you might go and sit in the runabout till I come."

Jack took the sunshade and walked slowly to the door. His face was like paper. I thought the child was ill and turned to follow him, and at the same moment Mrs. Gordon began putting on her gloves and Mr. Fraser to arrange his much-scattered jewelry.

We had all reached the door when that event occurred which I can say with per-



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

SHE THREW HERSELF ON A SOFA AND DREW THE BOY TO HER

fect sobriety was the most painful in which I ever took part.

"I beg your pardon. . . . Just one moment, Mrs. Gordon," I heard a breathless voice exclaiming. We both turned. Jack was standing with his back to us, his hand on the knob of the shop door.

Mr. Fraser, the head jeweller, and his assistant were before us. Which looked the more discomposed it would be hard to decide. They were changing color like schoolgirls, only no schoolgirl ever showed such painful, mottled hues even under the most exquisite embarrassment.

"Only a form—a mere form. We are obliged. . . . Yes, under orders . . . like an oath . . . obliged. . . . A mere form."

That is what they were both stammering like an unhappy chorus of parrots in some modern version of *The Birds*.

Mrs. Gordon was now as pale as her son and had lifted herself to the extreme of her impressive height.

"I don't understand you, gentlemen," said she.

Her voice had an edge to have beheaded error at one stroke.

I can't go on describing this abomination. What these unhappy tradesmen wished to signify was that a very splendid sapphire ring was missing, and that as boys were very unaccountable and "mischievous," they put it (to their eternal honor), they were under the painful . . . the most painful necessity of asking that his pockets should be "examined" (their word again) before he left the shop.

I had been watching Jack before and during this speech. He had taken his hand from the door-knob and was playing nervously with his mother's sunshade, half opening it, running his arm down among the folds, smoothing them out again, twirling it round and round with its point on his foot.

Then came an instant when Mrs. Gordon dropped sharply upon the nearest chair. She collapsed as though stabbed. Her face had all the aghastness and horror that I could have desired.

"My son accused of being a thief? . . . *Jack . . . a thief? . . .*" she stammered. And I heard her say, "Oh, God!" under her breath.

Well, they searched him and they found the sapphire ring in his pocket.

I never liked a man better in my life than stout, sandy-haired Mr. Fraser when he took that beastly jewel in his hand. He just gaped at it a second, then put his other hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Jack . . . sonny . . ." said he, "I know you wouldn't have kept it . . . but why did you take it at all?"

Jack tried to speak, tried to swallow. He could do neither. Mrs. Gordon was leaning against the counter with her head buried on her arms. No sound came from her.

"Here! Give him a glass of water, Mason," said the old jeweller. He had not removed his hand from Jack's shoulder. It was a dry pink hand covered with a sandy fuzz, but it appeared most attractive to me just then, and I have never been able to think of it as ugly since. There was all fatherhood and humanity just in one kindly member.

Jack's mother seemed no more connected with it all, somehow, than if she had been a one-breasted Amazon born of a Centaur and a Lorelei.

Jack drank from the glass which Mason held for him with a shaking hand and looked up. He looked up into old Fraser's pained and puzzled eyes, and I saw a muscle near his mouth twitch slightly.

"Why did you do it, sonny?" repeated Mr. Fraser. He spoke in a very low voice.

Jack said, clearly, "I . . . liked the color."

Old Fraser looked at Mrs. Gordon's bent figure, then at me. I suppose my face was blank enough, for he turned his eyes again to the boy.

"Was that all? Was that why you . . ."

"Yes," said Jack.

"I can't make it out," protested the old jeweller. He seemed to appeal to Jack himself. "I can't make it out at all. It wa'n't like you, sonny."

"I just . . . took it," said Jack. "That's all. . . . I'm sorry."

"You ain't as sorry as I am," said the other.

A silence fell. It was broken by Jack. "Shall you"—he cleared his throat—"shall you send me to prison?" he finished in a low but distinct tone. His face was so perfectly bloodless now that his eyes seemed bruised into it.

"Good Lord! No, sonny. No . . . no . . ." faltered the old man, quite overcome. "There. . . You go straight along home. . . I reckon you're sick. I reckon that's why you did it, Jack. I . . . I know it is. Now you remember that. . . Don't you fret over this too much. . . You hear? . . . You're sick. Look at him," he appealed to me. "He's sick, ain't he? Look at his face." He broke off and turned to Mrs. Gordon. The angry abruptness of his voice in addressing her gave me acute pleasure.

"Your boy's sick, ma'am . . . sick. You hear? You take him home and attend to him right away."

Mrs. Gordon rose at once. Her face was quite expressionless. She left the shop without a word and got into the runabout. Jack and I followed. He did not stand up this time, but sat with his back to us, dangling his legs over the tail-board.

That was an unspeakably disgusting drive. For I had not thought over the whole thing a moment before the truth was clear to me. I knew it for the truth as though I had seen it in detail. Mrs. Gordon, scarcely herself and yielding to a moment's mean and idiotic temptation, had dropped the ring into the folds of her sunshade. Jack had seen this and acted at once. He was his mother's only protector—to protect her from prison even if he could not protect her from herself was a plain and simple duty. I knew, as well as if I had seen it in his hand, that when he had fumbled in the folds of the sunshade he was transferring the ring from thence to his own pocket. I remembered the old saying, "The measure of a man." I thought that Jack filled that measure.

We made but a poor repast that night, Miss Beech and I dining together, with Mammy to wait upon us, like two shipwrecked waifs on an island of black mahogany. Mammy's amber face seemed smeared with ashes—the tint of grief in a mulatto. She had very plainly been crying. I thought the wisp of bleached wool that she kept tucking behind her ear pathetic, not untidy.

Mrs. Gordon, I was informed, had one of her "blind headaches." I considered the ailment strikingly appropriate.

"And Jack?" I asked, bluntly.

Jack also had a headache. He often had them. They were hereditary.

We pretended to eat in a thick silence.

When Mammy left the room to serve dessert Miss Beech turned to me—the motherhood in her all naked and unashamed.

"Tell me . . . tell me," she whispered, avidly. "What happened to-day? . . . What happened to Jack, Mr. Lockhart?"

I heard my voice, hard and unresponsive, saying, "You must ask Jack's mother."

Miss Beech's face contorted as though she were going to sneeze. It is true that our tragic gestures borrow from the comic in real life. But I saw nothing comic in what was actually so. I put out my hand. Poor "Billy" laid her little stiff fingers in it. Then she frankly lifted her napkin to her face.

"He is so sp-splendid," she sobbed. "He ne-ne-never tells."

"No," I said, gently, "he would never tell."

Mammy came in with the dessert.

About two o'clock that night I could stand supine wakefulness no longer. I threw on a dressing-gown, took a towel, and left Redhouse by the west-wing door.

The brook that flowed at the foot of the hilly lawns rushed near the garden into a big, clear pool, for the soil on this part of the estate was sandy. Through most of Albemarle County the streams flow as from overturned giant turkeys of tomato soup. The trees cast shadows across the Rivanna, as across a field—there are no reflections. But at Redhouse the living green of the water flowed as from a glacier.

I went slowly down the turfed slant through the scents and noises of the night.

A high moon was shining, and the wind seemed to blow it a little out of shape like a gold bubble. Under an arch of lindens and tulip trees and birches the pool lay dim and mystic, with here and there a wire of golden light, as though some nixie diving had left her harp afloat on the surface.

I lay in the warm minty grass for a while before bathing. The place was so strangely Greek in the moonlight that a boy-faun, wetting his small hoofs, would

have seemed dreamily natural. I smiled to my indulgent self at this bit of romanticism, then gasped.

Down the bank, not twenty feet away, a little gleaming figure, quite naked, balanced delicately. The moonlight outlined him in one master curve from head to dripping feet. Beautifully thin he was, a sight to delight an artist and shake a mother to tears.

I had almost called his name, then remembered and drew back into the shadows. The wind was blowing from me, and "Blick," sturdily on guard beside his master's clothes, had not scented me.

All Arcady was in that first dive of the boy, and all Christendom, too; for, rising again, he scrubbed and scrubbed his slim body and then his hands with sand from the bank, as though he would scrub away some odious stain.

"All the perfumes of Araby," every passionate yet restrained gesture seemed saying, "will not sweeten this little hand." Again he dived and again, and then again fell to scouring his tender flesh with the harsh cleanliness of the sand. I could not see his face, but I could imagine it. And I could not stand the sight of that supposed stain being vainly scarified another instant.

"Jack . . ." I said.

He dived at once. It was the most primordial thing I ever saw, and I held my own breath until he came up. He seemed long minutes under water.

When he rose I called him again, and he swam toward me. His courtesy did not desert him even in this dire stress.

"We've had the same thought at the same time, old man," I said, horribly conscious and using a frivolous voice that quavered.

"Yes," he replied, gravely. "It's jolly to swim at night."

He stood in the shallow water a little away from me.

"Won't you come in now?" he said, politely. "The water's just right . . . not cold . . . just right."

I stripped at once, and together we swam about for a good bit.

When we had come out and were clothed again in very light attire I said:

"Stay with me just a little, will you? I want a cigarette before we go in."

"Of course," he said, and sat down beside me in the grass, clasping his knees and looking quietly out before him. "Blick" humped himself close by, and later on Jack folded and unfolded one of his cropped ears as we talked.

I smoked without saying anything at first, then I asked:

"Are you like your father, Jack? I think you must be like him?"

The boy was so quick that he said:

"How do you mean 'like him'? They say I look like . . . mother."

There was an imperceptible pause between the last two words.

"Well, I didn't mean your looks exactly, though your eyes are blue. Your mother has black eyes."

"My father's eyes were blue."

"Why haven't I seen a portrait of him? He was a very distinguished man, wasn't he?"

"Yes. My father was a great man—a great soldier. They called him 'Win-or-die Gordon.' But he . . . died when I was a baby. Mammy told me about it. I . . . am glad he is dead."

This was said in a voice that bitter seventy could not have surpassed.

I just put my hand on his.

"No, Jack," I said.

He swallowed hard, then said, "Yes . . . I mean it."

"You wrong him," said I.

"'Wrong him'?"

"Yes. Do you think he wouldn't have understood? . . . All that you chose to tell him," I ended, hastily, for I was implying too much knowledge.

I thought for a minute that he was going to break down and show the normality of his twelve physical years. His soul was certainly a thousand. But he shook off the rigid shudder that had clutched him by the simple device of stretching out his legs and drawing them up again. And he was quite silent, not with a sullen but with a dignified silence.

This was too much for me, and after five minutes I said, chokily:

"Any man would be glad to call you son, Jack. I would, I know."

"Thank you *very* much," he said, with his sweet italics.

During the next minute I prayed like any devout woman. Then I said:

"Man to man . . . Why did you do it, Jack?"

I saw him shudder again. He took his chin in his hand, then said, steadily,

"I . . . liked the color, Mr. Lockhart."

"Jack!" I cried, "*Jack!*" and I'm afraid I shook the arm that I grasped. "You know that I understand it all. Can't you trust me? I give you my word of honor that it will be forever just between you and me. But . . . my God! boy, it isn't right . . . it isn't safe for you to keep such a thing all to yourself. You don't know what you're up against, trying to live day and night with such a thing alone. It was just a wretched mistake. You took it too seriously. . . . It wasn't what you thought. . . ."

I had lost my head completely.

The boy shook and shook, but, freeing himself from my hand, got to his feet.

"It's . . . very late," he said. "I'm afraid . . . they might wake and . . . he worried about me. And . . . it . . . wasn't a mistake. I meant to . . . take it. I . . . I took it because I wanted to, Mr. Lockhart . . . because I wanted to."

His voice had grown fierce, and his eyes looked at me as black as his mother's from their dilated pupils.

It was no use. I saw that. He was the stronger of the two.

"All right, Jack," I said. "You had some good reason, I know, but that's your own secret. I won't say another word. But I leave at six in the morning. Shake hands now, for I mayn't see you again."

He looked away a moment, then up at me.

"You . . . I don't think you ought to shake my hand," he said, under his breath this time.

"That's ridiculous," I said, roughly, for I was suffering in a way as much as the boy. "Give me your hand, please, or I'll think you mean to insult me."

He let me take it. It felt like a little drowned hand.

Twice I began to speak, then I managed to say,

"You told me that you were only twelve years old last week . . . but you're a man all the same."

He quivered, then said in his cordial, sweet voice, somewhat faintly,

"Thank you *very* much."

I turned abruptly and left him.

I have been heartily glad ever since of the tears that I tried to choke back as I went, and could not.

The Winds of Dawn

BY HENRY A. BEERS

WHITHER do ye blow?
 For now the moon is low.
 Whence is it that ye come,
 And where is it ye go?
 All night the air was still,
 The crickets' song was shrill;
 But now there runs a hum
 And rustling through the trees.
 A breath of coolness wakes,
 As on Canadian lakes,
 And on Atlantic seas,
 And each high Alpine lawn
 Begin the winds of dawn.

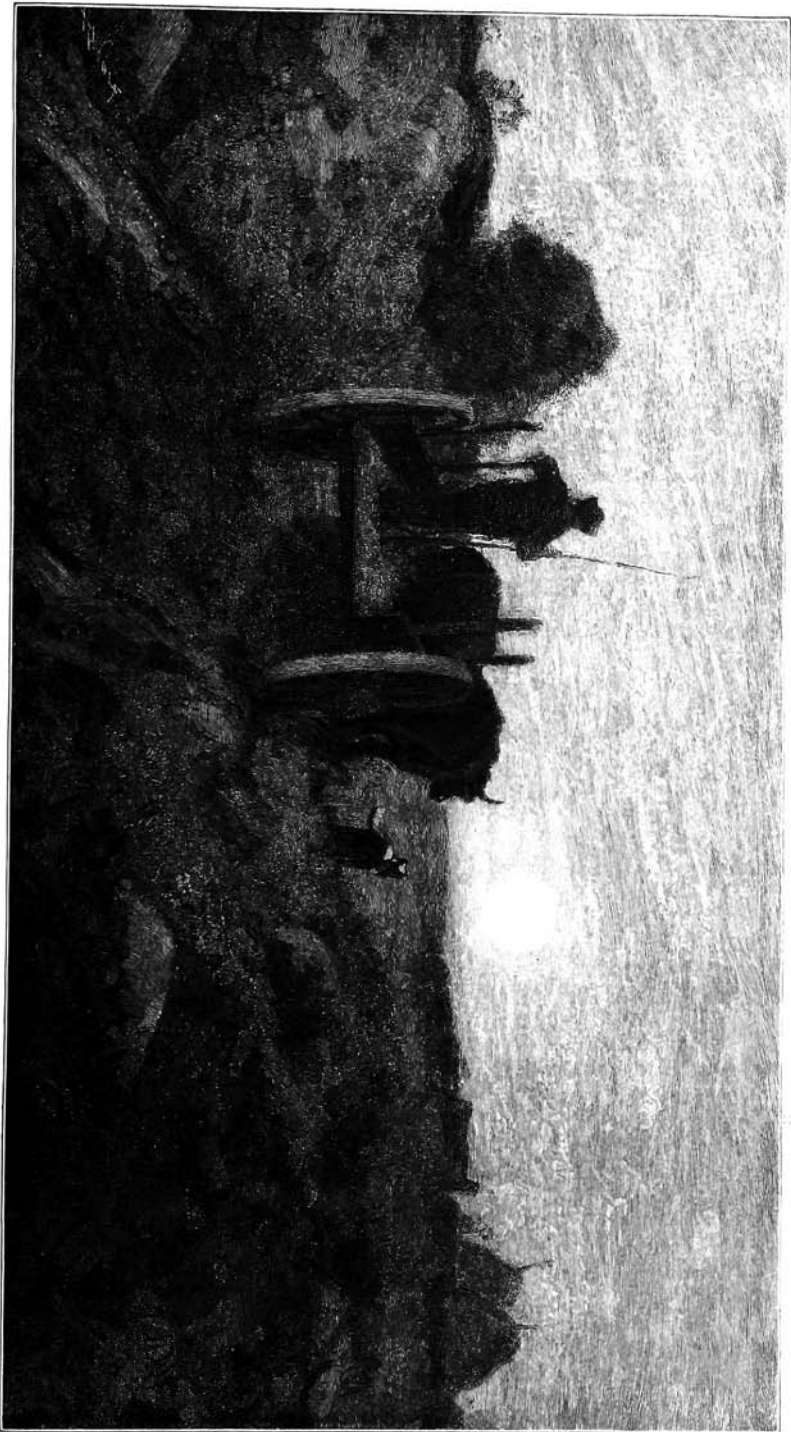
“Homeward,” by Louis Paul Dessar

LANDSCAPE art as we know it to-day is wholly a modern product. The work of the earlier painters, like Poussin or Claude and their followers, shows more artifice than nature. They regarded Nature as a slatternly thing who needed her toilet made, so they pictured rocky heights crowned with little paper temples, overlooking pretty valleys populated by dancing nymphs; compositions they termed them, which were wholly lacking in vitality and in suggestion of the artist's personality. Only nature well combed and brushed interested them, until the French painter, Michel, came groping on the scene to show the way to better things. Even then the advance was slow, and not till Constable, Corot, and Rousseau revealed the poetry of simple field and wood did the pompous classical landscape fall into oblivion and modern landscape art arise.

More keenly sensitive than their predecessors, artists no longer strive to present the actual aspect of a scene, but rather to awaken the impression it creates in their own minds, with the resulting emotion. Less descriptive, their method is far more suggestive. They tell us more by their summary methods because they feel more. Besides, the modern imagination no longer demands a complete statement, but responds to a hint. In passing from the actual to the higher truth of suggestion they reveal the enchantment which nature offers for our reverent contemplation.

“Homeward,” which is owned by Mr. Louis A. Lehmaier, is a representative modern work. For its expression the artist finds the simplest theme sufficient. By avoiding a complex scene of multitudinous detail he advances the mood of his subject. Furthermore, preference is given those hours when the facts of nature blend in a subdued light, because of their greater power of suggestion. This is the art of implication which appeals to the imagination. In the illusive light and by the suppression of detail the mind is led into a new world of dreams and meditation.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"HOMEWARD." BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Passing of the Dunce

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT

MAN rarely wanders far from conventional opinions, because if he begins to roam he is immediately stricken with intellectual nostalgia. And so, without being too insistent, one may roughly divide schoolmasters into two classes. The one thinks that the school studies should be adapted to the pupil, and the other is quite as positive that children were created for the beautiful exemplification of the curriculum. To be sure, those who belong to the latter class would not put it in just this way, but if you ask about the ability of one of their pupils they will invariably estimate him according to his standing in his school work. This is the reason why Richard Sheridan's language-teacher at Harrow, Doctor Parr, found nothing worth mentioning in the boyhood of the English dramatist. He did not excel in the studies of the school. Education has been much discussed lately, and the qualifications of a good teacher are beginning to receive some attention. Mastery of the subjects to be taught, together with clearness in patient exposition and a good moral character, are the usual requirements; yet Linnaeus's teacher, who would have received a high mark on all of these points, asserted that the maker of the science of botany was too dull for a learned profession, and advised that he be apprenticed to a shoe-cobbler. And again, Oliver Goldsmith, William H. Seward, Joseph Banks, the English naturalist, and Pestalozzi would probably have been sent to the school for backward children, had such institutions existed in those days, because their teachers thought them intolerably stupid.

The inability of the average schoolmaster to understand boys and girls is one of the curious contradictions in the discernment popularly supposed to emerge with human reason. The lower animals have the advantage here. They are not worried with educational paradoxes, for

nature has given them only one pedagogical principle—survival—and to this end all of their training is directed. Man, on the other hand, is so oppressed with traditional views of mental training that he has lost the meaning and purpose of education. Success in certain subjects of study he thinks essential to intellectual growth. The significant thing in it all is that so many eminent men and women were ranked as deficient by the standards of the schoolroom. One would think this sufficient to awaken doubt and stimulate investigation. But in the midst of the most distressing uncertainty serene assurance prevails. To the schoolmaster whose mind has lost its elasticity through the unceasing compression of schoolroom duties the conventional elementary and secondary curricula are the test of intelligence.

Crystallization of thought, always disastrous for the individual, becomes a national calamity when it hardens into a method of education to which all children must conform. Those who do not meet the demands of this plan are classed as backward or dull. Now this is exactly nature's way. Environment, with heredity, has produced within the species a fairly definite course of education, and offspring which are too dull to profit by the training die. Man has improved upon nature's plan by establishing special schools for backwards, where each child is individually drilled for a greater length of time than is possible in large classes. So far as I am aware the lower animals have never organized such institutions, but they attain the same result by making each parent a special drillmaster. Among higher animals the classes contain half a dozen or less, as in our own special schools. I do not know whether animal geniuses suffer from this stereotyped, instinctive method of instruction, since they do not achieve fame and have their biographies written. At all events,

animal geniuses are not popular because they vary too greatly to suit nature, who is naturally conservative. And right here we see the difference between the environment of the lower animals and that of man. The one forces a static, unindividual existence, while the other, when rightly interpreted, offers opportunity for change and individualization. Yet, curiously, the schoolmaster has failed to comprehend this fundamental educational distinction which signified so much for the finer nuance of mind in man. And so we find Heine's teacher, unable to understand his personal mental traits, calling him a barbarian from the German woods, with no soul for poetry, because he hated French metres and could not write their verse.

The more highly developed an organism is, the more intelligence is required in rearing the offspring, on account of the greater number of deviations from the common type. Among the highest of the lower animals, as we have seen, the extent of variation is limited by the demands of the environment for the stability of the species, but with man the range is widely extended by reason of his partial control over nature. The protection afforded by this control has not only made the career of geniuses possible, but has favored their appearance. Now geniuses, by their very nature, are exceptional and erratic, and their treatment during boyhood shows how lamentably unintelligent has been our interpretation of the significance of human variation. Balzac was compelled to write so many Latin lines, for punishment, that he had hardly six holidays during the five years spent in the school of his boyhood. "Sometimes, for idleness, inattention, or impertinence, he was for months shut up every day in a niche six feet square with a wooden door pierced by holes to let in air." Michael Angelo was punished for drawing pictures instead of studying, and for idling about the ateliers of the masters. Perhaps, if he had attended to his school work, he would have attained the advantages which Goldsmith says usually come to "a lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors, and not his inclinations, have chalked out," but he might also have

been like "liquors that never ferment, and consequently continue always muddy."

In earlier times, when men tried to find some strange power in what we to-day know as distinctive individuality, reducing a child to normal mediocrity was limited to the somewhat naïve device of driving out the devil. To-day we are apprehensive of the future of a boy who has not enough grit to rebel at times against the monotonous treadmill of the schoolroom. If children did faithfully all the tasks put upon them, superintendents would soon cease to lament the overcrowding of their schools. The statement that good children die young is not mere humor. Fortunately, nature anticipated the kindly malevolence of the strenuous teacher by implanting in the race a saving indolence which rescues many from benevolent assimilation with the shades of the virtuous. It is well that some of James's "Energies of Men" are reserved for rare occasions. Perhaps, after all, it were better that Gerhart Hauptmann and Edgar Allan Poe were "lazy" in school, and Washington Irving dull and "more alive to the drudgery than the advantages of a course of academic training." Their gain in the schoolmaster's grammar might have cost them their originality and versatility. It was one of these worthy pedagogues who, when Charles Lamb admitted that his essays were unmethodical, kindly offered to instruct him in the method by which "young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes."

The varieties of mental and moral types, which a study of biographies discloses, put a new demand upon teachers. They must understand children. Perhaps Chatterton, wayward almost from infancy, and, in his school days, looked upon as deficient in intellect, expressed in part the feeling that arose from his own misinterpreted boyhood when he wrote:

"Pulvis, whose Knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees;
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catecote admires him for a fossil face.
When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,

And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise;
 But little had she read in nature's book
 That fools assume a philosophic look.
 Oh Education, ever in the wrong,
 To thee the curses of mankind belong;
 Thou first great author of our future state,
 Chief source of our religion, passions, fate,
 On every atom of the Doctor's frame,
 Nature has stamp the pedant with his name;
 But thou hast made him—ever wast thou blind—
 A licensed butcher of the human kind."

Happily the schools have been freed from the mercenary cruelty practised in the days of Chatterton and of Dickens, but one reform only clears the way for another, and the need to-day is for teachers who know how to help children to actualize whatever ability or talent they may have, and for a school programme so flexible that the development of individual children may not be sacrificed upon the altar of order and system. Teaching the three R's was schooling, but it was not education, and the situation is not greatly improved in spite of the numerous frills with which some, in more recent years, have thought to ornament the curriculum. The finer individual qualities are often late in revealing themselves. It is the older, racial tendencies that rule in childhood. Irritation at restraint, irresponsibility and primitive indolence, are to be expected. Some mature slowly and are called stupid. George Eliot learned to read with difficulty. Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, spent three years in one class in the village school; Bürger, the poet of German ballads, required several years to learn the Latin forms; and Alfieri, the Italian poet, was dismissed by his teachers, so backward was he. Were it necessary, the list might be indefinitely extended by adding Newton, Byron, Ibsen, Walter Pater, Pierre Curie, and others. Sometimes seeming stupidity is due to interest in subjects outside the little circle round which the tethered children are allowed to graze. Fulton, Watt, and Sir Humphry Davy, in early childhood, were already busy with the experiments which were to be told to children after the teachers who called them stupid were forgotten.

One obstacle to making education commensurate with differing trends of children has been the desire to find a percentage value for their progress. Children must be mentally disembowelled at stated intervals that their development may be observed and put down in figures. But mental growth is not answerable to mathematics. There are times when the minds of children refuse to disclose their progress, and attempts to expose the content to view may disturb the process of assimilation. The examination test has seriously obstructed the rejuvenation of the educational ideal. A heritage from the Middle Ages, when knowledge of certain definite and limited subjects was worshipped with frantic fervor, this fetish now serves as a bastion behind which teachers who are unable to inspire children with anything more vital than fear of failure may defend their weakness. How pathetic the tragedy enacted by this arbiter is seen in the verdict rendered against boys and young men whose subsequent careers have contributed to the world's store of knowledge and ideals. Tolstoy, Goethe, and Dean Swift were refused their degrees because they failed in their university examinations, and, for the same reason, Ferdinand Brunetière was denied admission to the Ecole Normale Supérieure. At Cambridge, also, Sir William Thomson was not a senior wrangler, though one of the examiners admitted that "the successful competitor was not fit to cut pencils for Thomson." When asked why he had delayed so long on one of the problems which he himself had discovered, Thomson replied that, having forgotten that it was one of his own inventions, he had worked it as a wholly new problem. Later it was learned that the winner of the prize wrote the solution from memory.

Thomson's failure to win the Cambridge honor because of the unusual memory of one of his competitors illustrates an important class of cases in which the examination system completely collapses. Justus von Liebig, whose father was compelled to remove him from the gymnasium because of his wretched work, attributed his failure in the school to his utter lack of auditory memory. He could remember little that he heard. Yet his teachers never discovered this, and, but for the

favor of chance, his life would have been sacrificed to their blunder.

Each child presents new problems. Man is never quite happy until he has catalogued his actions, and the schoolmaster, partly because he is a man, and still more because he is a pedagogue, is very fond of applying a rule. Now, the one thing most repugnant to children is to follow a rule. They have an organic preference for their own individuality. But teachers disapprove of variations because the unusual boy does not easily fit into their system. So they try to cut their pupils according to the measure of what they think they ought to be. This is the reason why so many eminent men were thought dull in boyhood. They rebelled against the intellectual tailoring necessary to fit them to the school pattern. It is usually those of modest mental endowment, incapable of intense emotional moods or wide range of thought and action, who acquiesce without resistance to a plan of development not their own. Ability always tends to break away from the common type.

Opportunity for the fullest individualization is, then, the demand which modern life makes upon education. The school should be an experiment station replete with alluring incentives to intellectual growth. Here, aided by the helpful sympathy of teachers who have discovered the difference between schooling and education, children could try their powers, and moments of enthusiasm be utilized for mental growth in various lines. Mental tendencies, like animal instincts, must be coaxed out by stimulating situations, and the present school environment is too barren to offer the needed excitation. Boys are continually trying to understand themselves, to find the occupation that their nature vaguely craves, but the pedagogical rope always pulls them back to the curriculum. Then their enthusiasm cools, while the teachers go on trying to strike an intellectual spark with the mental temperature at zero. This is not only an extravagant waste of educational forces, but, what is far more serious, it awakens hatred for study in those whose mental organization does not suit the school plan.

There are those, of course, who say that children must learn to do disagree-

able things, but the biographies of many eminent men show that they did not learn this lesson from the school, and that they gained their real training for their future achievements against the handicap of persistent resistance from their teachers, who tried in vain to hold them to studies which they hated. After all, the important thing is not that children study certain subjects, but that they work intensely at something. Our common schools have made the mistake of assuming that they are for common children, though no one would be so bold as to forecast the future of any boy. The restraint of a system suited to the average child inhibits the powers of unusual children and awakens resentment. Uniformity in treatment and instruction suppresses the tendency to vary and creates dullards. The men from whose boyhood we have quoted rejected the stale intellectual pabulum of the school and satisfied their hunger by secret reading and experimentation. Surely there are others, less determined in their resistance to conventional demands, whose abilities never ripen because of the chill atmosphere of the schoolroom. Mental growth requires a stimulating environment. This is especially true of children, because their powers have not yet become active forces in their lives.

Here, then, is the problem of the school—to furnish an environment that will arouse thought in different types of mind. Failure to do this was the cause of the apparent dullness of those to whom we have referred. They were mentally alert, but their thoughts were not formulated on the plan of schoolroom lessons, and the world's thought has been enriched by their blind refusal to compromise. Mass education, on a universal plan, creates a democracy, but it is a democracy of stupidity, and one of the purposes of education should be to conserve genius. When teachers learn to help children to come into possession of their own, when they make each nascent mental impulse, at its emergence, the starting-point of a new intellectual growth, instead of sacrificing enthusiasm for knowledge to the gods of the curriculum, dunces will cease to exist except as pathological cases requiring a physician's care.



The Buccaneers

by

DON C. SEITZ

INVITATION

COME to the wide gray sea,
Ye who are brave and free!
Come to the Rover's aid,
Ye who are unafraid!

This is the life to live,
Ye who have lives to give;
Here where the reckless bold
Garner the coward's gold!

Ne'er such a harvest field—
Nowhere so great a yield—
Here on the wide gray sea.
Come, ye bullies, follow me!

WHEN HENRY MORGAN SAILS

Ho! Henry Morgan sails to-day!
The trumpet summons the volunteers.
Hear it blare across the bay
Sounding a call to the Buccaneers!

Reeling they come down the Kingston street,
Villains of deepest sort—
Babble o' tongues and curses meet
At the gateway of the port.

Ruck and riff of every land
From Hull to the Barbary coast,
Pistol in belt, dagger in hand,
Ready for any man's boast.

Rallied for risk and red rapine,
 Fleeing from gibbet and cell,
 Ragged, scarred, haggard and lean,
 Hot on their road to hell!

RONCADOR REEF

Roncador Reef lies low in the surf
 That curls on its coral edge.
 It lures the ships to its black embrace
 And they break their bones on the ledge.

'Tis a pitiless port for missing barques
 Half hid in the seething tide,
 Littered with plank of shattered craft
 And the skulls of men who have died!

It reckons its wrecks by the double score,
 This isle of the lost maroon,
 Barren of green save for seaweed drift
 Aglow in the tropic noon.

So sail to the south of Roncador
 On the tack to Campeche Bay!
 Widen the course beyond the reef—
 Keep your keel off the cay!

DEODAND

When a wolf dies the pack divides
 His carcass among the band,
 So it is with a Buccaneer
 When his goods are deodand.

Empty his chest upon the deck!
 Let's see what the fool's been saving:
 A pack of cards, an extra shirt,
 And a kit of tools for shaving!

Here's something more in secret store:
 A ringlet of dusky hair—
 A portrait, too, of a little girl—
 The knave had a heart somewhere!



The Story of Abe

BY ALICE BROWN

"THERE is something that all dogs know and a few men. It is what gives the dog that look in the eyes, of unconquerable love, of hope even against the fact of abuse."

This was what the lean gray-headed man with the army button said to the rest of us smoking with him on the hotel veranda. Then he took out his big worn wallet and selected from it a yellowed paper, put on his eye-glasses, and scanned it frowningly. "Yes," said he, "I've got that right. I wrote it down here some years ago. I've tried to get a little further with it, but I never did."

One of the men had just given a dog—his own dog—a cuff, as he thought righteously. Mac was a sober collie, a one-man dog, with no eye for any but his master, and he had, apparently without provocation, assaulted a nervous fox-terrier and sent him away yapping, with a salutary memory of rough-shod teeth. And then his master had roared out and cuffed him, and he had taken his dose with a faultless bearing and lain down in a pretence at the *dégagé* "flump" of a dog with nothing to do of a shiny afternoon but snap at flies and dream of battles won. He seemed not to recognize in the least that his dignity had been assailed, but he did give his master, in the one moment of accepting the cuff, a look, half remonstrance and half a divine reproach. Even then there was no resentment in it. We who had seen the foregoing provocation—his master had been back to it—rushed in to say that Mac hadn't been the offender. Foxy had nagged him and taken unwarrantable liberties such as no high-bred person could suffer. Therefore Mac had done justly in his brief reproof. The master upon that went down and gave Mac-Gregor's forehead an apologetic smooth, and Mac looked up with that same clear faith in the mirror of his eyes—forgetfulness, too: yet he had more brain, we

knew, than half of us, with cells in it for memory. Then it was that the lean old man who always looked an-hungred and not able to tell of it, as if all his heart's dearest had gone to Kingdom Come and he was too busy deferring the desire of them to have any present wants, made that remark I have remembered.

"What is it?" asked Mac's master, quickly. "What is it dogs know and we don't?"

He was an artist with slim brown hands and a sensitive face. I think he was nettled at having shown himself impulsive and not having kept the code with Mac, and he wanted to find out as much as possible about dogs, as soon as possible.

"Did I ever tell you," said the old gentleman, "about Colonel Annerly's dog?"

He never had. We lit up again, those of us who had let our pipes cool, and thought commiseratingly of the expectation the ladies cherished, flitting white-skirted down to the summer-house, of seeing us presently at afternoon tea. There was a decided anticipation of something to come; for the nice old gentleman with the patient face hadn't talked much up to now, and we shared the feeling that he wouldn't take the trouble to embark if it wasn't worth while. He looked like the sort of person who would ticket his recollections and keep only the ones that had some assured value. His mind was, I am convinced, so constantly on the certainty of active life's being over that he wouldn't be apt to clutter up his pigeonholes with extraneous truck. His will, perhaps, and a few, a very few, inevitable and sacred memories, were all he would be likely to concern himself with now.

"Colonel Annerly," said he, in the grave manner of one bringing out something exceedingly precious, and letting us see that it would have to be seriously regarded, "went all through the war."

He said it as they do who made a part of the Rebellion, as if there were but one war known to history.

"We saw a good deal of each other. I was a private when he was a lieutenant. But we had friends in common. He was a Virginian: good blood, very good blood. By the way, Annerly wasn't his name. I shouldn't take the liberty—Annerly's my name."

"After the war was over," he went on, "I didn't see him again for maybe twenty years; and then one summer I went up with my—people"—he made a little pause here, a reverent pause, and it was evident that his people were dead—"to a little town in Vermont—near Mansfield. Nice little town it was, a good hotel. Burned since. And Mansfield is a very beautiful mountain. The sunrises there—ah, well!"

He lost himself a moment, patently in memory, and then Mac got up, snapped at a fly, and threw himself down on his unsummed side. That recalled him.

"Ah!" he brightened. "What was I saying? That summer in Vermont. Well, Colonel Annerly was there. The first sight I had of him was one morning when I was setting out for a little walk. It was market day; country folks brought in calves and pigs, and there was a prodigious roaring and squalling and cackling all the forenoon long, and about three they set off home again without the calves and pigs, with plugs of tobacco, and tea and sugar, and flat bottles, and the misses had their ribbons, I suppose. Well, this day nobody seemed to be buying anything for a minute, but they all stood knotted in a crowd and everybody was laughing. And I looked up where they were looking, up in a balcony of a little tavern there—not my hotel; that was bigger—but a very little tavern indeed—and there was Colonel Annerly making a speech, and he was drunk, gentleman, drunk as a lord. I stopped. I couldn't believe my eyes. 'Who's that?' I says to a man—he looked like an ostler—with a rope in his hand. He was going from stable to pump, and stopped to listen and grin. 'That's Colonel Annerly,' says he. 'What's he doing here?' says I. 'He lives here,' says he. 'No, he doesn't,' says I. I was pretty stupid over it all, but I never imagined

the Colonel outside his State. 'He's a Virginian.' I guess I'd thought of him in 'marble halls' and all that sort of thing. I'm only a plain New-Englander myself. 'Oh,' says the man 'his mother was a Vermont girl, and after the war the Colonel and Miss Sally—that's his sister—they come up here. I guess they were burnt out o' house and home, and 'twas all they *could* do.' He went along to the pump, and I stared at the Colonel and listened to him, and while I listened I got pretty hot."

He looked it then. His blue eyes were sharp as the flash on steel. His nervous hand, with the little gnarls at the joints, began beating on the veranda rail.

"He was making a speech about the war. It was a good speech. It would have been if he'd been sober, but he was drunk, and every tomfool among 'em laughed; not because he said anything to laugh at, but because he was drunk. And while I looked at him I realized he'd changed, the Colonel had. 'Twas more than middle age. He was a handsome man, a very personable man. But his face had got a little bloated, and his hair had whitened and he'd let it grow—well, it made me sick. You see, I'd seen him on a horse."

His mouth flickered into a spasm of the pain it had all given him, but he went quickly on like a man who has undertaken a dolorous task that must, he being methodical and stout-willed, be finished.

"Then he stopped. The Colonel stopped. He'd looked up the street, and there walking along, from the post-office, I knew—I went there myself every day—was an old lady, about as old as he was, and thin and white-haired and dressed in black silk, and I guessed who it was—Miss Sally. The Colonel took off his hat—he wore a big gray felt—and just at that minute out tumbles a dog, a kind of a nice, good-sized yellowish mongrel, part collie, too—the kind you respect—from the window behind him and began to bark like all possessed. The Colonel yelled at him and the tomfools began to clap—it seemed to be a terrible funny joke that the dog was making a speech, too—and when the Colonel couldn't stop the creature by yelling, he struck at him with his hat, and then, I believe, he

kicked him"—this he offered delicately, as if it were ticklish business to remember with an unjustly disgraced person like Mac at hand—"and finally the Colonel sat down in a chair on the balcony and fanned himself with his hat, and the dog lay down beside him at once, gentlemen, and dropped his head for a snooze, as if there hadn't the least thing in the world happened. And the old lady kept her head up in the air and walked by as if it was nothing in the world to her. But I knew it was Miss Sally. Well, I didn't let many hours slip before I went round to see the Colonel. Not that day. I gave him time—" Here he paused, rather at a loss, and a younger man of the company, too young to remember other years and manners when there were simpler if cruder names for things, supplied a flippant modernism for getting over a jag—and the old gentleman instantly frowned at him. We frowned too, all of us, partly in sympathy and partly because we were afraid, if the serene current of his intent were broken, he might not go on with the story at all. But it was still a task undertaken and, like everything in his dutiful life, to be completed.

"He was glad to see me. We had a good deal to talk about. All through that call we lived over old times. It wasn't for several other visits that we got round to the present and the tavern and the dog. For my story's about the dog, gentlemen, really about the dog."

"What was his name?" the young man pelted in.

Annerly answered him with perhaps a wilfully contrasting dignity.

"Abe. He'd named him for the President. It may have been disrespectful; if he'd done it in his sober minutes maybe he'd have felt it so, but the Colonel wasn't very often sober, and he called the dog by that name. You know, gentlemen, as soon as you begin to think about a person or a particular thing, everything else seems to bring you news of 'em. It's just as if your mind was out inquiring about 'em all day long. Well, I didn't ask any questions about the Colonel—of course I didn't—but it wasn't a week before I had a lot of data about him. He was an interesting figure,

and folks talked. It seemed, though he'd fought for our side, Miss Sally was red-hot Secesh. But that hadn't made any material difference between 'em. They'd put their little money together—and they had little less than nothing when all's said and done—and come up North, as the ostler had told me, to live in the old house. But I suppose they lived pretty nigh the wind—I'm country-bred, gentlemen; the old sayings cling to me—and the Colonel felt he had to take a little nip now and then—I told you he'd been pretty seriously wounded, didn't I? Well, besides that he had a troublesome heart; and there was no proper society in the place for a man of his calibre. So you see he took to drinking very naturally, very naturally indeed, and that just about broke Miss Sally's heart and her pride. Nobody ever told me these reasons for their tiff. They just told me the Colonel went to the tavern and got noisy drunk and then blind drunk. But I was very much attached to him, very much indeed, and I gave a good deal of time to thinking about it. And it didn't take me long to see it was very natural, could hardly have been helped, you might say, with things as they were. Miss Sally wasn't a gentle person, as some women are. She didn't suffer and say nothing. She was high as ninety, I've understood; and one day the Colonel just packed up his trunk and came over to the tavern and took a room, and they hadn't spoken since. He brought the dog with him. The dog had come to them. He'd walked into town one day with a drunken tramp, and the tramp had got full, if he wasn't before, and that night broke through the railing down at the horse-pond, and the dog had run back to town for help as rationally as a man would have done, and when the tramp was fished out dead the dog sat down on his haunches and looked round, they said—the Colonel said; he was there—as if he was asking: 'Well, what next? What's my next incarnation going to be?' the Colonel said he seemed to be asking—the Colonel had quite a clever habit of words—and when the crowd dispersed and the body was carried off, the dog just got up and trotted after the Colonel. He'd picked him out, and he trotted home with him. That tickled the Col-

onel, flattered him maybe. It would flatter any of us—but it seemed to him a kind of human thing to do. So he told Miss Sally that the dog was going to live with them and he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him. And when he and Miss Sally had their flare-up and he left, there was no question but the dog must go with him. Well, sirs, that dog was a queer dog. Everybody saw it. I believe the other dogs saw it, too, for they never seemed to cock an ear at him even, when he went by. I don't believe they were afraid of him. He was as good-natured a creature as ever lived; but he always seemed to be on business of his own—trot, trot, head up, nose alive, eyes bright and a little anxious. Yes, he had business, and it wasn't long before I found out what it was. I'm particularly fond of dogs, but I never 've had one of late years, never been stationary enough, and I should be sorry to leave a dog—" the other look came into his eyes, the one that must have meant long journeyings to those he called his folks at the end. He recalled himself, but not until he had bent and given Mac a little touch on the ear. The dog knew what it was—not a fly, but a friend, though it was so soft, and he lifted his head a moment to see who knew him so well, and then dropped it with a bump.

"Yes," said Annerly, "he'd built up a business, and he had to give his whole time to it and his whole mind. It was taking care of the Colonel."

"When he was slewed?" the young man of no diffidences inquired.

Annerly did not hear him. He had sent his mind back to scrutinize that map of the long past, perhaps not altogether refreshing his memory, but because he himself may not have understood it as well as he could wish.

"The amount of it was," said he, "the dog was on the watch. When the Colonel was himself, the dog took his naps, kept himself to himself, and actually seemed to be saving up for the next bout. And the Colonel wasn't a finger-deep in whiskey before the dog was on to it, ears up, nose quivering, tail going whenever the Colonel looked at him, as if he was beseeching him to remember they were up against it again, and for the Lord's sake to see if they couldn't look sharp

and come out of it this time with a whole skin."

He was talking more easily as he got warmed up to it. Evidently the matter meant a good deal to him, the more, perhaps, as time gave him perspective.

"You see," he continued, rather feeling his way now, as if this chapter of it hardly concerned us, and could only be opened with the utmost delicacy of manipulation, "when the Colonel had had a drop too much, he was possessed to talk. And there's no doubt talking to the kind of people he did—ready to laugh and slap their legs—he made himself ridiculous. That was the thing that had been wormwood to Miss Sally—stump oratory, you know, kind of old-fashioned American-eagle business. I'm told there's something of the sort in Biglow Papers. I never read them myself. I like my English spelled right, and pronounced right, when it comes to that. Well, the dog seemed to hate it as much as Miss Sally did, and the queer part of it was, he knew what was coming. The Colonel would get up, sometimes in the balcony off his room, and sometimes on the old tree stump in the square, sometimes on the band stand—anywhere he happened to be—and strike out and rain down the long words and saw the air, and the dog wouldn't let him get in more than two sentences deep before he'd break up the meeting. It's curious to me now to remember the ways he took to do it. Sometimes he'd run at the Colonel's legs and snap—and a better-behaved dog there never was, common days. Sometimes he'd pitch on another dog, hammer and tongs, and they'd roll over and yell, and you couldn't see 'em for the dust. I got to think the other dog understood the scheme himself, for when they'd distracted the Colonel and he'd fallen on 'em with whatever came handy, the two dogs would leap apart, and the second one would go about his business and leave the Colonel's to the thrashing he was sure to get. Yes, he got it every time. 'That dog of mine,' the Colonel would say, 'he's getting quarrelsome; he's getting unmanageable. I'll break him of it, or I'll break every bone in his body.' And you'd have thought the dog's bones might have been pretty well broken, he was so cut and kicked. But

he took it all like—well, as I've understood the English schoolboy takes his lickings. I won't say our schoolboys, because I understand they're not allowed to be licked. Great mistake! I was mellowed well in my time, and I was the better for it. But the dog never ki-yi-ed. He never yelped a syllable. He'd stand there and be hammered like a moth-eaten old yellow rock carved out like a dog, and he'd look absent-minded a little, as if he really didn't exactly know what was going on and certainly didn't want anybody else to. And when it was over, he'd give himself a kind of a shake and a frisk as if he meant to say: 'Splendid, Colonel. That was just splendid. Think you could do it again?'

"Well, what's your theory of it?" the prompt young man inserted here. "Why was he so mighty fond of being biffed?"

"I don't say that he was fond of it," the old gentleman resumed, with dignity. "I say he intentionally appeared to be fond of it."

"Oh, come now," said the other. "You mean he was putting up a bluff. Why, man alive, you're talkin' about a four-footed beast! You're talking about a dog. You might as well say this dog here—" with his half-smoked cigarette he indicated Mac, twitching in a dream of sheep-herding.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, solemnly and stiffly, "you might say this dog here. Only it didn't happen to be this dog. It was another one."

"But you don't mean to say you imagine dogs are trotting round treeing psychologic moments—" he was rather a clever young man with his tongue and his trick of remembered phrases. We'd all thought so until now he interrupted the story. "Well," he persisted, "how do you account for it?"

"How do you account for it?" inquired the old gentleman, and his "it" seemed to embrace a large conception of the uncharted world dogs live in, from which they emerge mysteriously for their adventures and their benevolences in the equally obscure domain of man.

"Read us that paragraph you had," said the young man. He was frowning over an effort to capture an illusory possibility.

Annerly did it.

"Where 'd you get it?" asked the ruthless one. "Did you say you wrote it?"

"I did," said Annerly. "It was the beginning of the account I meant to write of this dog and what he had to do and what he taught me."

"Ever write it?"

"No. I couldn't make it clear enough. I never 've spoken of it to any one until to-day. I suppose I shouldn't now, but he"—here, by a gesture, he seemed to include Mac in the circle—"he brought it up, and—well, I felt rather more like it."

"But we haven't had all the story," said a timid-spoken man whose flamboyant wife, from a green beyond, was waving him to tea.

"It's very short," said Annerly, as if he'd rather get it over. "It's soon told. One day in the beginning of September I took a walk up the mountain road, and when I was coming back into town I met a lot of children, a whole Pied Piper crowd of 'em, and though I'm not specially given to noticing children I did notice these, they looked so pretty. Their hats were over their eyes or falling down their backs, and their hair was anyhow, and their faces red as if they'd run a race, and you could see well enough why. It was what they carried. They were weighted down, every one of 'em, with corn, sweet corn, big armfuls of it, and two little girls between 'em tugged a kettle, three-quarters full of water that slopped every step. When I saw the kettle, I called a halt and asked 'em to let me carry it. But they wouldn't stop more than a minute. They distrusted me, off on some child's spree as they were, like a dog's sheep-killing, and they were afraid I'd cut in and spoil it somehow. So 'twas, 'No, sir,' and, 'Thank you, sir,' and on they went. In a minute or two I overtook the Colonel and the dog, and knew he'd met 'em too; but he was too far along to take much account of them, or any other pretty, innocent sight. I knew where he'd been. There was a one-armed man along the road, and he kept a choice brand of whiskey for the men that didn't like to drink as much at the hotel as they liked. The Colonel was in one of his grand moods. First thing he said was to inform me he was on his way to

deliver a short account of the battle of Gettysburg, deliver it in the square. Then I knew what was coming. I knew the dog would try to quash it, and the Colonel would cut into the dog, and if I'd had a cask or something, I'd have turned it over the dog and kept him in it, breathing through the bung-hole, and saved his hide that time.

"When we got into the square I was a little easier. There was nobody there but a tin-peddler, and he'd opened a bag of hay for his horses and sat up in his cart and leaned back, having a pipe. But for all the Colonel knew, he was as good as twenty, and the Colonel got up on the band stand and opened fire on him. I guess the tin-peddler thought he was crazed. He took his pipe out of his mouth, and left his mouth open and stared a spell, and then he seemed to think it wouldn't strike that time, and leaned himself back again and went to sleep, mouth still open. I can see that picture to this day. Well, the Colonel kept on spouting, and the dog sat still, grave as a judge; seemed to think it didn't make any particular difference, long as there wasn't anybody there but a tin-peddler and me. It was a pretty hot day, and I sat down on the steps of the stand and took off my hat and hoped the Colonel thought I was listening. Far as I was concerned he might as well work off his load that way as any other, long as there was nobody to be mortified but me, and Miss Sally was indoors. It was a day full of haze, over the mountain everywhere, and I smelt smoke and liked it. Seemed as if every man was burning up the rubbish in his own dooryard, and as if the world was going to be the cleaner for it. In another minute I might have been as fast asleep as the tin-peddler, but the dog lifted his head and gave a howl, an awful howl. If you'd heard it at night on a lonesome road you'd have put fer cover. It was so awful somehow it even stopped the Colonel. And then the dog started to run, and stopped and howled again, and looked back at the Colonel, and gave that howl over and over and over, and at last we judged, both at the same time, that something had hurt him and he was in pain. The Colonel got down over the steps as quick as his legs would let him, and made for the dog,

and I followed on. Not very fast. I'm lame, gentlemen, maybe you've observed. 'Something stung him?' the Colonel called back to me. 'It's more than a sting,' I said, and I knew he knew so, too. Of course the one stupid commonplace about a dog beside himself with a trouble you can't understand is that he's mad. I did think that, too, but only from a kind of reflex, caught from our dull habits of thought. Every time I saw the dog's face when he'd look round to find out if the Colonel was following, I knew it was just earnestness there. He'd got something to do and he was taking the Colonel on to help do it. And suddenly, in a second, both of us together, we knew. We smelled smoke, more and more we smelt it, and when we rounded the curve of the road we could see French's old barn, chiefly beams and rafters and a roof with shingles curled up like lichens, they were so old—just a storage-place for a good many years—and 'twas afire. I don't know what there was in it: anything the wet would hurt and French couldn't bring himself to throw away—old sleighs, paint-pots, rolls of matting. I went over it once when I felt lazy, for it was all open to the light. I used to like to understand folks then. 'Twas in the days before I learned you can't understand 'em. I knew French had the reputation of being close, and I wanted to see what road it took. As a young man I'd had a good deal of ambition to become a writer. Well, well!" He dropped into blank musing for a moment here and then caught himself up.

"There was one upper window left in the place, and what do you think was framed in it, the smoke behind her? A little girl, gentlemen, and she was stretching out her hands to us and screaming, piercing, needle screams. I never heard anything like those screams. The Colonel started to run. He'd forgotten the dog, as well he might, for the minute the dog saw he'd got us far enough so we knew what we'd come for, he stopped howling and loped on ahead. The Colonel was a good second. You wouldn't know he'd a glass of liquor to carry. He ran like a boy. And we got nearer, and the heat of the fire struck us in the face, and the smoke came to meet us and choke our running. 'There's an old stairway,'

I called to the Colonel. He was getting there first. I knew he'd have to. 'I've seen it,' and he didn't answer me, but he pelted on, and when I got to the runway and saw nothing but smoke and fire inside, he'd disappeared. I thought the dog had too, but, by George! he hadn't. He flew back at me out of the smoke and bit at my trousers and worried 'em a second; and you may call me crazy if you like, but I knew why. He saw there was a big deed doing in there, and he meant the Colonel to be the one to do it."

"Oh, come now—" the young man pushed in, but we couldn't stop to hear him. The quiet man brought a hand down on his shoulder, and he stopped.

"Then," said Annerly, "the dog left me as quick as he had come, as if he hoped he'd given me a good broad hint but hadn't time to stop to see, other things were so pressing, and he, too, scurried into the smoke where the Colonel had gone. I was just setting my foot on the runway to go in, when I heard a voice above. It was the Colonel's. There'd been noise enough before, with the crackling of the fire and the crying of children, but the children seemed to have stopped. The Colonel had done that. He'd got up there among 'em, and they were sobbing a little, I suppose, somehow, as you do when help comes and you know, tough as things look, they can't be quite so bad now. But he was yelling at me, ordering me to look up, and I never hesitated any more than I should if I'd been in the ranks. I ran round to the side, and there he was at the one window, and the fire was behind him and beside him, and the smoke was thick and gray, bright-colored, too, here and there from the paint. But it blew away from him, so I could see everything for ten feet or so back. I don't know how to tell it, gentlemen. I haven't the words. I used to try to think how I'd write it if I was on a paper and had got to, but I couldn't think, and I can't think now. You see, the side of the barn was mostly gone. There was just the flooring of the mow, and up there was the old stove the children had tried to light. And besides the window there were a dozen vertical gaps to right and left of it, where boards were gone, and through them I could see what went on.

"'Here,' said the Colonel. 'Here!' He lifted up a little girl by her shoulders and swung her out of the window. 'Catch!' said he, and I screamed out as the children were screaming, as a woman might. 'I can't,' I said. 'My God, I can't.' But in a second I knew he wasn't drunk any longer, and it was sober sense working in him, and that was the only way. And as I said I couldn't, I held up my arms, and he gave her another swing and let her go, and she dropped, screaming. But I got her, and got her safe and right side up, and the minute I had my hands on her tight little body I smelt my courage and I knew I could do it again. And I set her on the ground, and I had time to see, before I looked up for another, that she wasn't crying any more, and, if you will believe me, she'd put up her hands and was braiding her little yellow pigtail. Yes, I looked up, but the Colonel wasn't ready for me. He was in trouble up there. The children had got into panic when they saw one thrown out; they were more afraid of being thrown than they were of the fire, and same time they'd got a sudden idea of the safety outside, and they were crowding forward to the cracks, and I knew they meant to jump. The Colonel was roaring at 'em as if they were a company in the thick of battle; but they couldn't mind, they couldn't even hear. That's where the dog came in. Suddenly, as sudden as the thought must have sprung up in his mind, he leaped at 'em and began to herd 'em as if they were sheep. The Colonel saw what he was at, and yelled at him and told him to go ahead and blessed him and swore like a pirate, and the children got more scared of the dog than they'd been of the leap, and he ran back and forth before 'em, and if one made a dash he was too quick for her and sprung at her clothes and tore at 'em, and she was mighty glad to slink away. So there they were corralled, the dog in front and the fire behind—and the fire wasn't idle, mind you—and the Colonel snatched another and I caught her, and another; and I'm blest if he didn't get the whole thirteen down safe, all but little Annie Dill, and she only broke her ankle, and she's a spry, sound woman to-day, and walks as well as any

of you. And when the last one was crying in mother's apron—for by now the whole village was turning out—there was the Colonel, straight and tall like a Bible prophet, and the fire was behind him, and he'd no place to go unless he jumped the same way. I saw two men running with a long ladder, and an old woman that was grandmother to one of the children kept screaming: 'Why don't you get a feather bed? Why don't you get a feather bed, so's that dear man can jump?' And there was a little puff toward us, and the wind had changed, and the ladder hadn't come, and the Colonel was in the midst of the fire and smoke. And so he leaped—for there was no other way—and the dog leaped after him. He fell straight forward on his face, the Colonel did, but we had him up in a second, and there he stood, pretty dazed, pretty well scorched; and the first thing he said was, 'All there?' He meant the children. 'All there, sir,' said I, but I don't know as he heard me, for Miss Sally came walking through the crowd—I suppose she was too dignified for anything but a walk, but she came so fast she might as well have run—and she put her two hands on the Colonel's shoulders, and she said as well as she could for crying, 'Brother, I'm proud of you.' The Colonel was a very courtly man. He took one of her hands down from his shoulder and kissed it and said to her, 'Why, Sally, old girl, that's nothing.' But as he said it he clapped his hand and hers in it to his side, and we caught him and laid him down, and every one of us knew he never 'd get up again. And he never did. He never even opened his eyes. And we carried him to Miss Sally's house, and the mothers and fathers and children followed after. But the dog trotted along by Miss Sally, head down, tail dropped, and if we could have known what he was thinking we should be wiser men to-day."

"Now I gather," said the omnivorous young man, "that you not only believe the dog scented out the danger the children were in, but you think he led the Colonel to save 'em—" Then he hesitated a moment, as if he knew the pregnant fact was farther yet behind.

"Yes, sir," Annerly said, with almost

a snap of his decisive jaws, as if he'd have no questioning of such matters, "I do."

"I understand, too, I gather," said the young man, frowning over the travail of his own cleverness, "you think the dog wanted the Colonel to—to retrieve his shortcomings, as it were, by that kind of a deed."

"I think so, sir," said Annerly, as if defying him to challenge it. "I think I may say, after all the years I have given to reasoning it out, that I know so. That's why, as I told you, the dog didn't propose I should have part nor lot in it. He meant it to be the Colonel's stunt, as it was. That dog had as clear an idea as I had of old Virginia and her pride. He meant to set her flags waving, and he did."

"What became of the dog?" hesitated the quiet man, rising. His wife had gone to the length of sending him a pencilled line by a boy.

"He lived with Miss Sally. They grew old together. And when Miss Sally died, he lived with me, and I buried him with my own hands."

Annerly rose now, and the rest of us, as if by an instinctive deference, got up with him. The young man did not find his intellectual curiosity sated.

"But what do you mean," he prosed, going back to the beginning, "by saying there's something dogs know and men don't? What is it they know?"

Annerly stood for a moment looking down, and, it was apparent, thinking. It was not easy to see whether he considered this an incommunicable secret, or whether he was wondering if it could even be approached in words. His face grew more and more gentle. Suddenly it flushed over in a lovely smile and he looked up.

"It's this, gentlemen," said he, "I think it's this. In some unexplained way dogs know that cruelty rendered unto them will be paid by suffering rendered unto man. When you hurt them they rush upon you with their divine forgiveness—at once, pellmell, because they don't want the God of all—the One that holds punishment in His hand—they don't want Him to know they're hurt. They want to save us who have hurt them. That's the way I reason it."

John Fairmeadow's Foundling

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

LONG after noon, now, indeed, in the far, big, white Northwest. Day on the wing. Christmas Eve splendidly impending—thank God for unspoiled childish faith and joys of children everywhere! Christmas Eve fairly within view and welcoming hail at last in the thickening eastern shadows. Long day at its close. Day in a perturbation of blessed unselfishness. Day with its tasks of love not half accomplished. And day near done! Bedtime coming round the world on the jump. Nine o'clock leaping from longitude to longitude. Night, impatient and determined, chasing all the children of the world in drowsy expectation to sleep—making a clean sweep of 'em, every one, with her soft, wide broom of dusk. "Nine o'clock? Shoo! Off you go! To-morrow's on the way. Soon—oh, soon! To-morrow's here when you fall asleep. Said 'em already, have you? Not another word from either of you. Not a whisper, ye grinning rascals! Cuddle down, little people of Christ's heart and leading. Snuggle close—closer yet, my children—that your arms may grow used to this loving. Another kiss from mother? Blessed ones! A billion more, for nights and mornings, for all day long of all the years, waiting here on mother's lips. And now to sleep. Christmas is to-morrow. Hush! To-morrow. Yes; to-morrow. Go t' sleep! Go t' sleep!" And upon the flying heels of night—but still far overseas from the blustering white Northwest where Pattie Batch was waiting in the woods—the new day, with jolly countenance, broad, rosy, and delighted, was somewhere approaching in a gale of childish laughter, blithely calling in its western sweep to all Christian children to awaken to their peculiar and eternal joy.

It was Christmas weather in the big Minnesota woods: a Christmas temperature like frozen steel—thirty below in the

clearing—and a rollicking wind, careering over the pines, and the swirling dust of snow in the metallic air. A cold, crisp crackling world! A Christmas land, too: a vast expanse of Christmas color from the Canadian line to the Big River—great, grave, green pines, white earth, and a blood-red sunset! The low log cabins of the lumber-camps were smothered in snow; they were fringed with pendent ice at the eaves and banked high with drifts and all window-frosted. The trails were thigh-deep and drifting. The pines—their great fall imminent now—flaunted long black arms in the gale; they creaked, they swished, they droned, they crackled with frost. It was coming on dusk. The deeper reaches of the forest were already dark. Horses and teamsters, sawyers, road-monkeys, axemen, swampers, punk-hunters and all, floundered from the bush, white with dry snow, icicled and frosted like a Christmas cake, to the roaring bunk-house fires, to a voracious employment at the cooks' long tables, and to an expanding festival jollity. Town? Sure! Swamp's End for Christmas—the lights and companionship of the bedraggled shanty lumber-town in the clearing of Swamp's End! Swamp's End for Gingerbread Jenkins! Swamp's End for Plain Tom Hitch! Swamp's End for Billy the Beast! Swamp's End—and the roaring hilarity thereof—for man and boy, straw-boss and cookee, of the lumber-jacks! Presently the dim trails from the Cant-hook cutting, from the Bottle River camps, from Snook's Landing, and the Yellow Tail Works, poured the boys into town—a lusty, hilarious crew, like loosed schoolboys on a lark, given over now to the only distractions, it seemed—and John Fairmeadow maintained it—which the great world provided in the forests.

Pattie Batch might have been aware of this—the log shack was on the edge of town—had not the window-panes been coated thick with Christmas frost. She

might have heard rough laughter passing by—the Bottle River trail ran right past the door—had not the big Christmas wind snored in the stove, and fearsomely rattled the door, and shaken the cabin, and swept howling on. But she never in the world would have attended. Not in that emergency! She would not for anything have peeped out of the windows, in perfectly proper curiosity, to watch the Bottle River jacks flounder into town. Not she! Pattie Batch was busy. Pattie Batch was so desperately employed that her swift little fingers demanded all the attention that the most alert, the brightest, the very most bewitching dark eyes in the whole wide world could bestow upon anything whatsoever. Christmas Eve impending, you see; day near done. Something of soft fawn-skin engaged her, it seemed, with white patches matched and arranged with marvellous exactitude: something made for warmth in the wind—something of small fashion, but long and indubitably capacious—something with a hood. A little cloak possibly: I don't know. But I am sure that it could enfold, that it could boil or roast, that it could fairly smother—a baby. It was lined with golden-brown, crackling silk, which Pattie Batch's mother had left in her trunk upon her last departure, poor woman! from the sordid world of Swamp's End to regions which were now become in Pattie Batch's loving vision Places of Light. And it was upon this treasured cloth that Pattie Batch's flashing needle was working like mad in the lamplight. A Christmas sacrifice: labor of love and the gift of treasure.

Pattie Batch of Swamp's End? Patience Batch, of course: the daughter of Gray Billy Batch of the Bottle River camps, who was lost in the Rattle Water rapids in the spring of the year when the logs were driving down to the far-off mills of the Big Water. And she was lovely! In respect to her bewitching endearments there's no mincing matters at all. It would shame a man to hem and haw and qualify. She was adorable. Beauty of youth and heart of tenderness: a quaint little womanly child of sixteen—gowned now in a black dress, long-skirted, to be sure! of her mother's old-fashioned wearing. Gray eyes, wide, dark-lashed, sun-sparkling, and shadowy;

and wilful dark hair, a sweetly tilted little nose, a boyish, masterful way, coquetish twinkles, dimples in most perilous places, rosy cheeks, a tender little figure, an aristocratic toss to her head: why, indeed—the catalogue of her charms has no end to it! Courage to boot, too—as though youth and loveliness were not sufficient endowment for any flower o' the woods—and uncompromising honesty with herself and all the world. She took in washing from the camps: there was nothing else to do, with Gray Billy Batch lost in Rattle Water and now decently stowed away by the Rev. John Fairmeadow. It was lonely in Gray Billy Batch's cabin now, of course; it was sometimes almost intolerably so—and ghostly, too, with echoes of long-past footsteps and memories of soft motherly words. Pattie Batch, however, a practical little person, knew in her own mind, you must be informed, exactly how to still the haunting echoes and transform the memories into blessed companions of her busy, gentle solitude; but she had not as yet managed the solution.

Pattie Batch wanted a baby. Companionship, of course, would be a mere by-product of a baby's presence in the cabin; the real wealth and advantage would be a glowing satisfaction in the baby. At any rate, Pattie Batch wanted one: she always had—and she couldn't help it. Babies, however, were not numerous at Swamp's End. In point of fact, there was only one—a perfectly adorable infant, it must be understood, a suitable child, and worthy in every respect of being heartily desired by any woman—which unhappily belonged to Pale Peter of the Red Elephant saloon. No use asking for *that* baby! Not outright. It could be borrowed, however. Pattie Batch *had* borrowed it. She had borrowed it frequently of late, and had mysteriously measured it with a calculating eye, and had estimated, and scowled in doubt, and scratched her head, and pursed her sweet red lips, and had secretly spanned the baby, from chin to toe and across the back, with an industriously inquiring thumb and little finger. But a borrowed baby, it seems, is of no use whatsoever; the satisfaction is said to be temporary—nothing more—and to leave a sense of vacant arms and a stinging

aggravation of envy. So what Pattie Batch wanted was a baby to *keep*—a baby she could call her own and cherish against meddling—a baby that should be so rosy and fat and curly, so neat and white, so scrubbed and highly polished from crown to toe nails, that every mother in the land, beholding, would promptly expire on the spot of incredulity, amazement, and sheer jealousy.

There were babies at Elegant Corners—a frowsy, listless mud-hole of the woods near by. They were all possessed by one mother, too. The last comer had appeared in the fall of the year; and Pattie Batch—when the great news came down to Swamp's End—had instantly taken the trail for Elegant Corners.

"Got another, eh?" says she, flatly, to the wretched Mrs. Limp.

"Uh-huh." Mrs. Limp sighed and rolled her eyes as though, God save us! the ultimate misfortune had fallen upon her. "Number eight," she groaned.

"Don't you *like* it?" Pattie demanded, hopefully.

Mrs. Limp was so deeply submerged in tears that she failed to commit herself.

"You *don't* like it, eh?" Pattie pursued, hope immediately abounding.

Mrs. Limp sniffed.

"Well," said Pattie, her little heart all in a flutter—she was afflicted, too, with an adorable lisp in excitement—"I th'pothe I *ought* t' be *thorry*."

Mrs. Limp seemed dolefully to agree.

Pattie Batch came then straight to the point. "I been thavin' up," said she. "I been hard at it for more'n theven month."

Mrs. Limp lifted her blue eyelids.

"Yep," said Pattie, briskly; "an' I got thirty-four twenty-three right here in my thkirt. Where'th that baby?"

The baby was fetched and deposited in her arms.

"Boy or girl?" Pattie inquired, with business-like precision.

"Boy," Mrs. Limp sighed, "thank God!"

Pattie Batch was vastly disappointed. She had fancied a girl. It was a shock indeed to her ardor. It was so much of a shocking disappointment that Pattie Batch might easily have wept. A boy—a *boy!* Oh, shoot! But still, she reflected, considering the scarcity, a boy—

this boy, in fact, cleaned up—Pattie Batch was all the time running the mottled infant over with sharply appraising eyes—yes, the child had possibilities, unquestionably so, which soap and water might astonishingly improve—and, in fine, this little boy might—

"Mithuth Limp," said Pattie, looking that lady straight in the eye, "I'll give you twenty-five dollarth for thith here baby. By George, I will!"

The astonished mother jumped out of her chair and her lassitude at the same instant.

"Not another thent!" Pattie craftily declared. "Here—take your baby."

Mrs. Limp did not quite *take* the baby. That would be but a pale indication of the speed, directness, and outraged determination with which she acted. She snatched the baby away with the precision of a brisk woodpecker after an escaping worm; and she hugged it until it howled for mercy—and she hushed it—and she crooned endearment—and she kissed the baby with such fervor and persistency that she saved its puckered face a washing. And then she turned—in a rage of indignation—in a storm of scorn—in a whirlwind of execration—upon poor little Pattie Batch. But Pattie Batch was gone. Discreet little Pattie Batch didn't need to be *told!* Her little feet were already pattering over the trail to Swamp's End; and she was crying as she ran.

Well, well! there was only one baby at Swamp's End; and that baby Pattie Batch had adopted. In her mind, of course: *quite* on the sly. Nobody could adopt Pale Peter's baby in any other way. And here was Christmas come again! Day gone beyond the last waving pines in a cold flush of red and gold: Christmas Eve here at last. Pattie Batch's soft arms were still longing. There was a thousand kisses waiting on her tender lips for giving. Her voice was all attuned to crooning sweetest lullabies, but her heart was empty—save for a child of mist and wishes. It was dark now; but though the wind was still rollicking down, there was no snow blowing, and the shy stars were winking wide-eyed upon the busy world and all the myriad mysteries it exhibited out-of-doors. The gift of silk and fawn-skin was finished. A perfect

gift: fashioned and accomplished with all the dexterity Pattie Batch could employ. "Just as if," she had determined, "it was for my *own* baby." And Pattie Batch, after an agitated glance at the clock, quickly shoed and cloaked and hooded her sweet and blooming little self; and she listened to the lusty wind, and she put a most adorable little nose out-of-doors to sense the frosty weather, and she fluttered about the warm room in search of her mittens; and then she turned down the lamp, chucked a log in the stove, put on the dampers like a prudent householder, and, having made quite sure that the door was latched, scampered off to town in vast and twittering delight with the nipping frost, with the roistering wind, the fluffy snow, the stars, the whole of God's clean world, and with herself, too, and with the blessed Night of the year.

She was exceedingly cautious, and she was not observed—not for the smallest flash. The thing was accomplished in mystery. Before she was aware of it—before her heart had eased its agitation—she was safely out again; and there, in plain view, on the table, in Pale Peter's living-room behind the saloon, lay the gift of silk and fawn-skin for Pale Peter's baby—a Christmas mystery for them all to solve as best they could.

Pattie Batch peeked in at the window.

"I wonder," she mused, "if they'll *ever*—if they'll *ever in the world*—find out I done it!"

Presently Pale Peter came in. Pattie Batch rose on her cold little toes the better to observe. The frost exploded like pistol-shots under her feet. She started. Really the little mite began to feel—and rather exquisitely—like a thief in the night. There was another explosion of frost as she crept nearer her peek-hole in the glowing window. Whew! How deliciously mysterious it was! Nothing much, however, happened in Pale Peter's living-room to continue the thrill. Pale Peter, in haste, chanced to brush the fawn-skin cloak off the table. He paused impatiently to pick it up and to fling it back in a heap: whereupon he pressed on to the bar. *That* wasn't very thrilling, you may be sure; but Pale Peter, after all, was only a father, and Pattie Batch, her courage not at all diminished, still

waited in the frosty shadow, quite absorbed in expectation. Entered then Mrs. Pale Peter—a blond, bored, novel-reading little lady in splendid array. First of all, as Pattie Batch observed, she yawned; secondly, she yawned again. And she was about to attempt the extraordinary feat of yawning a third time—and doubtless would have achieved it—when her washed blue eyes chanced to fall on the fawn-skin coat, with its lining of golden-brown silk shimmering in the lamplight. She picked it up, of course, in a bored sort of way; and she was positively on the very verge of being interested in it, when—would you believe it?—she attacked the third yawn—or the third yawn attacked her—and however it was, the yawn was accomplished with such dexterity, such certainty, and with such satisfaction to the lady that she quite forgot to look at the fawn-skin cloak again.

"By George, she's tired!" Pattie Batch exclaimed to herself.

Pattie Batch sighed: she sighed twice, in point of fact—the second sigh, a great long one, discovering itself somewhere very deep within—and then she went home disconsolate.

Soon after dark the Rev. John Fairmeadow, the Board's missionary to the Woods, with a pack on his broad back, swung from the Jumping Jimmy trail into the clearing of Swamp's End, ceasing only then his high, vibrant song, and came striding down the huddled street, a big man in rare humor with life, labor, and the night. A shadow—not John Fairmeadow's shadow—was in cautious pursuit; but of this dark, secret follower John Fairmeadow was not aware. Near the Café of Egyptian Delights he stumbled. The pursuing shadow gasped; and John Fairmeadow was so mightily exercised for his pack that he ejaculated in a fashion most unministerial, but recovered his footing with a jerk, and doubtless near turned pale with apprehension. But the pack was safe—the delicate contents, whatever they were, quite undisturbed. John Fairmeadow gently adjusted the pack, stamped the snow from his soles as a precautionary measure, wiped the frost from his brows and eyelids in the same cautious wisdom,

and, still followed by the shadow, strode on, but with infinitely more care. At the Red Elephant—Pale Peter's glowing saloon—he turned in. The bar, as always, gave the young apostle to those unrighteous parts a roaring welcome. It was the fashion: big, bubbling, rosy John Fairmeadow, with the square jaw, the frank, admonitory tongue, the tender and persuasive heart, the competent, not unwilling fists, was welcome everywhere, from the Bottle River camps and the Cant-hook cutting to the bunk-houses of the Yellow Tail, from beyond the divide to the lower waters of the Big River, in every saloon, bunk-house, superintendent's office, and cook's quarters of his wide, green parish—welcome to preach and to pray, to bury, marry, gossip, and scold, and, upon goodly provocation, to fight, all to the same righteous end. A clean man: a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, long-legged body with a soul to match it—a glowing heart and a purpose lifted high. There was no mistaking the man by men.

John Fairmeadow, clad like a lumber-jack, upright now in the full stature of a man, body and soul, grinned like a delighted schoolboy. His fine head was thrown back in the pride of clean, sure strength; his broad face was in a rosy glow; his great chest still heaved with the labor of a stormy trail; his gray eyes flashed and twinkled in the soft light of Pale Peter's many lamps. Twinkled—and with merriment, in that long, stifling, roaring, smoky, fume-laden room? For a moment; then closed, a bit worn, and melancholy, too; but presently, with reviving faith to urge them, opened wide and heartily and began to twinkle again. The bar was in festive array: Christmas greens, red berries, ribbons, tissue-paper, and gleaming tin-foil—flash of mirrors, bright color, branches of pine, cedar, and spruce from the big balsamic woods. It was crowded with lumber-jacks—great fellows from the forest, big of body and passion, here gathered in celebration of the festival. John Fairmeadow, getting all at once and vigorously under way, shouted, "Merry Christmas, boys!" and, "Hello, Jimmie!" to the bartender; and he shook hands with Pale Peter, slapped Billy the Beast on the back, roared a greeting to Gingerbread Jenkins, ex-

claimed, "Merry Christmas!" with the speed and detonating of a Gatling gun, sent his love to Tom Hitch's little Jinny, inquired after Butcher Long's brood of kids in the East, and cried, "Hello, old man!" and, "What's the good word from Yellow Tail?" and, "How d'ye do?" and, "Glad t' see you!" and everywhere shook hands and clapped backs—carefully preserving, however, his own back from being slapped—and devoutly ejaculated: "God bless you, men! A merry Christmas to you all and every one!" and eventually disappeared in the direction of Pale Peter's living-quarters, leaving an uproar of genial delight behind him.

John Fairmeadow's shadow, however, unable to enter the bar of the Red Elephant, waited in seclusion across the windy street.

Mrs. Pale Peter was still yawning as the Rev. John Fairmeadow entered upon her ennui; but when the big minister, exercising the softest sort of caution, slipped off his gigantic pack and deposited it, with exquisitely delicate care and a face of deep concern, on the table, she opened her faded eyes with interested curiosity. And as for the contents of the pack, there's no more concealing them! The article must now be declared and produced. It was a baby. Of course it was a baby! The thing has been obvious all along. John Fairmeadow's foundling: left in a basket at the threshold of his lodging-room at Big Rapids that very morning—first to John Fairmeadow's consternation and then to his gleeful delight. As for the baby itself—it was presently unswathed—it is quite beyond me to describe its excellencies of appearance and conduct. John Fairmeadow himself couldn't make the attempt and escape annihilation. It was a real and regular baby, however. One might suggest, in inadequate description, that it was a plump baby; one might add that it was a lusty baby. It had hair; it had a pucker of amazement; its eyes, two of them, were properly disposed in its head; its hands were of a rose-leaf daintiness; it had, apparently, a fixed habit of squirming; it had no teeth. Evidently a healthy baby—a baby that any mother might be proud of—doubtless a marvel of infantile perfection in every respect. I should not venture to dispute



Drawn by George Hardng

"MAKE OF THIS CHILD, A MAN"

such an assertion; nor would John Fairmeadow—nor any other bold gentleman of Swamp's End and Elegant Corners—*not in these later days!*

Mrs. Pale Peter, of course, lifted her languid white hands in uttermost astonishment.

"There!" John Fairmeadow exploded, looking round like a showman. "What d'ye think o' *that*? Eh?"

"But, Mr. Fairmeadow," the poor lady stammered, "what have you brought it *here* for?"

"Why not?" John Fairmeadow demanded. "Why not, indeed? It's perfectly polite."

"What am I to *do* with it?"

"It isn't intoxicated, my good woman," John Fairmeadow ran on in great wrath; "and it's never been in jail."

"But, my *dear* Mr. Fairmeadow, do be sensible. What am I to *do* with it?"

"Why, ah—I should think," John Fairmeadow ventured—the baby was still sleeping like a brick—"that you might first of all—ah—resuscitate it. Would a—a slight poke in the ribs—provoke animation?"

But the baby didn't need a poke in the ribs. It didn't need any other sort of resuscitation. Not *that* baby! The self-dependent, courageous, perfectly competent, and winning little rascal resuscitated itself. Instantly, too—and positively—and apparently without the least effort in the world. Moreover—and with remarkable directness—it demanded what it wanted—and got it. And having been nourished to its satisfaction from Master Pale Peter's silver-mounted bottle (which John Fairmeadow then secretly slipped into his pocket)—and having yawned in a fashion so tremendous that Mrs. Peter herself could never hope to equal that infinite expression of boredom—and having smiled, and having wriggled, and having giggled and cooed and attempted—actually attempted—to get its great toe in its mouth without extraneous assistance of any sort whatsoever—even without the slightest suggestion that such a thing would be an amazingly engaging trick in a baby of its age and degree—it burst into a gurgle of glee so wondrously genuine and infectious that poor, bored Mrs. Peter herself was quite unable to resist it, and promptly, and publicly, and

finally committed herself to the assertion that the baby was a dear, wherever it came from.

John Fairmeadow snatched it from the table and was about to make off with it, when Mrs. Peter interposed.

"My *dear* Mr. Fairmeadow," said she, "that child will catch its death of cold."

There was something handy, however—something of silk and fawn-skin—and with this enveloping the baby, John Fairmeadow swung in a roar with it to the bar—and held it aloft in all that seething wickedness—pure symbol of the blessed Christmas festival. And there was a sensation, of course—a sensation beginning in vociferous ejaculations, but presently falling to a buzz of conjecture. There were questions to follow: to which John Fairmeadow answered that he had found the baby—that the baby was nobody's baby—that the baby was his baby by right of finders keepers—that the baby was everybody's baby—and that the baby would presently be somebody's much-loved baby, *that* he'd vouch for! The baby, now resting content in John Fairmeadow's arms, was diffidently approached and examined. Gingerbread Jenkins poked a finger at it and said in a voice of the most inimical description, "Get out!" without disturbing the baby's serene equanimity in the slightest. Young Billy Lush, charging his soft, boyish voice with all the horrifying intent he could muster, threatened to "catch" the baby, as though bent upon devouring it on the spot; but the baby only chuckled with delight. Billy the Beast incautiously approached a finger near the baby's stout abdomen; and the baby, with a perfectly fearless glance into the very depths of the Beast's frowzy beard, clutched the finger and smiled like an angel. Long Butcher Long attempted to tweak the baby's nose; but the effort was a ridiculous failure, practised so clumsily on an object so small, and the only effect was to cause the baby to achieve a tremendous wriggle and a loud scream of laughter. These experiments were variously repeated, but all with the same cherubic result; the baby conducted itself with admirable self-possession and courage, as though, indeed, it had been used every hour of its life to the company of riotous lumber-jacks in town.

The inevitable happened, of course: Billy the Beast, whose pocket was smoking with his wages, proposed the baby's health and there was an uproarious rush for the bar.

"Just a minute, boys!" John Fairmeadow drawled.

It was an awkward moment: but the jacks were used to being bidden by this man who was a man, and the rush was forthwith halted.

"Just a minute, boys," John Fairmeadow repeated, "for your minister."

The baby was then held aloft in John Fairmeadow's big, kind, sensitive hands, and from this safe perch softly smiled upon the crowd of flushed and bearded faces all roundabout.

"Boys," John Fairmeadow drawled, significantly, "this is the only sort of church we have in these woods."

There was a laughing stir and shuffling: but presently a tolerant silence fell in obedience to the custom John Fairmeadow had long ago established; and caps came off and pipes were smothered.

"A little away from the bar, please," the big preacher suggested.

Pale Peter nodded to the bartender; and the clink of glasses ceased—and the bottles were left in peace—and the hands of the bartender rested.

"Now, boys," said John Fairmeadow, letting the foundling fall softly into his arms, "I'm not going to preach to you to-night, though God knows you need it. I'm just going to pray for the baby. Dear Father of us wilful children of the vale," he began at once, lifting a placid, believing face above the smiling child in his arms, "we ask Thy guardianship of this child. In us is no perfect counsel for him nor any help whatsoever that he may surely apprehend. In Thine acceptable wisdom Thou settest Thy little ones in a world where presently only Thou canst teach them: teach Thou then this little one. Thou alone knowest the right path for a little boy's inquiring feet: lead then this little boy. Thou alone art saving helper to an adventuring lad: help then this lad. Thou alone art all-perceiving and persuasive, alone art truth-teller to a bewildered youth and good example in his wondering sight: be Thou then good example and teller of truth to this youth. Thou alone art in the

fashioning ways of Thine own world a maker of men: make then of this little child a man. We ask no easy path for him—no unmanly way—no indulgent tempering of the winds. We pray for no riches—for no great deeds of his doing—for no ease at all nor any satisfaction.

We ask of Thee in his behalf good manhood. Lead him where true men must go: lead him where they learn the all of life; lead him where they raise and build again; lead him where in righteous strength his hands may lift the fallen; lead him where in anger he may strike; lead him where his tears may fall; lead him where his heart may find a pure desire. O Almighty God, lover of children, Father of us all alike, make of this child, in the measure of his service and in the stature of his soul, a man. Amen."

Amen!

As for poor little Pattie Batch all this while, she sat alone, a doleful heart, in the shack at the edge of the big black woods, quite unaware of the momentous advent of a Christmas baby to Swamp's End. The Christmas wind was still high, still shaking the cabin, still rattling the door, still howling like a wild beast in the night, still roaring in the red stove; and snow was falling again—a dry dust of snow which veiled the wondering stars. It was no longer a jolly, rollicking Christmas wind. The gale now, it seemed, was become inimical to the lonely child: wild, vaunting, merciless, terrible with cold. Pattie Batch, disconsolate, sighed more often than a tender heart could bear to sanction in a child, and found swift visions in the glowing coals, though no enlivening tableaux; but—dear, brave, and human little one!—she presently ejaculated, "Shoot it, anyhow!" and began at once to cheer up. And she was comfortably toasting her shins in a placid delusion of stormy, mile-wide privacy, her mother's old-fashioned long black skirt drawn up from her dainty toes (of which, of course, the imminent John Fairmeadow was never permitted to be aware), when all at once, and clamoring above the old wind's howling, there was a tremendous knocking at the door—a knocking so loud and commanding and prolonged that Pattie Batch jumped like a fawn in alarm and stood for a moment

with palpitating heart and a mighty inclination to fly to the bedroom and lock herself in. Presently, however, she mustered courage to call, "Come in!" in a sufficient tone: whereupon the door was immediately flung wide and big John Fairmeadow, with a wild, dusty blast of the gale, strode in with a gigantic basket and slammed the door behind him, leaving the shivering, tenacious shadow, which had secretly followed from Swamp's End, to keep cold vigil outside.

"Hello, there, Pattie Batch!" John Fairmeadow roared. "Merry Christmas!"

Pattie Batch stared.

"Hello, I say!" John Fairmeadow cried again. "Merry Christmas, ye rascal!"

Pattie Batch, gulping her delight and quite incapable of uttering a word because of it, flew to the kitchen instead of to the bedroom, and returned with a broom, with which, while the shadow peeked in at the window, she brushed and scraped and slapped John Fairmeadow so vigorously that John Fairmeadow scampered into a corner and stood at bay.

"Look out there, Polly Pry!" he shouted in a rage. "Don't you *dare* look at my basket!"

Pattie Batch had been doing nothing of the sort.

"Don't you so much as *squint* at my basket!" John Fairmeadow growled.

Pattie Batch instantly *did*, of course—and with her eyes wide and sparkling, too. It was really something more than a squint.

"Keep your eyes off that basket, Miss Pry!" John Fairmeadow commanded again. "Huh!" he complained, emerging from his refuge and throwing his mackinaw and cap on the floor. "Anybody 'd think there was something in that basket for *you*!"

"There ith," Pattie Batch gasped in ecstasy.

"Is!" John Fairmeadow scornfully mocked. "Huh!"

Pattie Batch caught John Fairmeadow by the two lapels of his coat—and she stood on tiptoe—and she wouldn't let John Fairmeadow turn his head away (as if John Fairmeadow cared to evade those round, glowing eyes!)—and she looked into his gray eyes with a bewitch-

ing conglomeration of hope, amusement, curiosity, and adoring childish affection. "There ith, too," she chuckled. "Yeth, there ith. I know *you*, Mither Fairmeadow."

John Fairmeadow ridiculously failed to smother a chuckle in a growl.

"Doth it bite?" Pattie Batch inquired, maliciously feigning a withering fright.

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow declared. "It hasn't a tooth in its head." He added, with one eye closed and palms lifted, "But—aha!—just you wait and *see*."

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, "I th'pose it'th a turkey. It'th thertainly *thomethin' t' eat*," she declared.

"Good *enough* to eat, I bet you!" John Fairmeadow agreed, with the air of having concealed in that veritable big basket the sweetest morsel in all the world.

"Ith it a chicken?"

"Nonsense!" said John Fairmeadow. "It's fa-a-a-ar more delicious than chicken. Hi, there, Polly Pry!" he roared, and just in time. "Keep your hands off!"

"Ith it anything for the houthe?"

"No, indeed; the house is for *it*."

Pattie Batch scowled in perplexity.

"The back yard, too," John Fairmeadow added.

"I'm thure," poor Pattie Batch mused, scratching her curls in bewilderment, "I can't gueth what it *could* be."

Both were now staring at the basket; and at that very moment the blanket covering—*stirred!*

"It'th a dog!" Pattie Batch exclaimed.

"Dog!" the outraged John Fairmeadow roared. "Nothing of the sort! No, *ma'am*."

Thereupon—while the shadow, by whom John Fairmeadow had been dogged that night, now peered with acute attention through a break in the frost on the window-pane—thereupon, without any warning save a second slight movement of the blanket, a sound—and not by any means a growl—proceeded from the depths of the basket.

Pattie Batch jumped away.

"Well, well!" cried John Fairmeadow. "What's the row?"

Row, indeed! Pattie Batch was gone white; and she swayed a little and shivered, too, and clenched her little hands to restrain her amazing hope. "Oh," she



Drawn by George Harding

"ANYBODY 'D THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT BASKET FOR YOU!"

moaned at last, far short of breath enough, "tell me quick: ith it—ith it a—a—"

John Fairmeadow threw back the blanket in a most dramatic fashion; and there, wrapped in the neglected fawn-skin cloak, all dimpled and smiling, lay—

The baby!

"By George!" screamed Pattie Batch; "it *ith* a baby!"

"Your baby," John Fairmeadow whispered. "God's Christmas gift—to you."

Pattie Batch—adorable young mother!—reverently approached and, bending with parted lips, eyes shining, and hands laid upon her trembling heart, for the first time gazed content upon the little face. She lifted then—and with what awe and tenderness!—the tiny mortal from the warm basket and pressed it with knowing arms against her warmer, softer young breast. "My baby!" she crooned, her lips close to its ear. "My little baby—my own little baby!"

The shadow vanished from the window.

Well, well, well! That wasn't all, you may be sure. It wasn't anything like all the interesting happenings of that Christmas Eve in the log shack on the edge of Swamp's End. Pattie Batch, for example, talked so much and so fast that her tongue stumbled and her breath positively refused to indulge her with another word without a rest. Girl! (says she). How in the world could she *ever* have *dreamed* that a girl would even *do*? Well—and to think that she had actually *wanted* a girl when—

sakes alive! a girl baby was *nothing* to a boy baby once you *knew* about such things. And as for the lumber-jacks in town, who had—and just like them, too, by George!—who had stuffed John Fairmeadow's mackinaw pocket with a perfect *fortune* for the baby—they were really *dears*, every one of them. And as for John Fairmeadow himself—well—never mind: Pattie Batch didn't say a single adequate word; but in the mad extravagance of her joy, and in a violent effort to express her gratitude, she *did* something that John Fairmeadow heartily approved, but never would have permitted, of course, had he not been taken unawares. The big gale laughed now and frolicked past the cabin and tapped softly at the door, as if bound through sheer importunity to enter in and share the happiness. The roar was gone out of it: it was savage no longer. It hadn't a growl to its name: it hadn't even a ghostly groan to scare a child with. Who was afraid of the wind now—of the cold—of the wild, black night? Not Pattie Batch. Pattie Batch's baby had tamed *that* gale!

By and by Pattie Batch resolutely returned the baby—now sound asleep—to the basket.

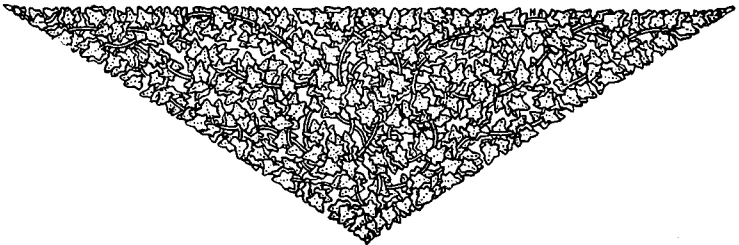
"I th'pose," says she, "I better get at Gingerbread Jenkinth' wathing."

"Washing?" cries John Fairmeadow.

"Yeth, yeth, yeth!" Pattie Batch declared, impatiently. "I got t' look out for the educathion o' my baby, don't I?"

As John Fairmeadow says,

You ought to see that baby now!



Editor's Easy Chair

THE ex-consul for Torcello who proved so inexorable, in the Christmas number, to the appeals of the Easy Chair for something seasonably mystical in his reminiscences of sea-going, continued remorselessly practical in a discussion invited for the cheerfulest needs of the New-Year's number. In view of another first of January, with its perspective of successive celebrations on the natal days of Washington, Lincoln, and Columbus, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, and again Christmas, it appeared to the Easy Chair that there was almost as much occasion for leisure in the American year as in those years of Catholic countries which the saints and martyrs had died to hallow with so many anniversaries for innocent or at least pious disoccupation. The Easy Chair, in its kindly sentimentalism, would have paused to touch regretfully upon the changes which have come upon these anniversaries in Italy, where a number of compulsory industrial holidays have been substituted for the feasts of the Church, and no man may toil and no master employ on them under legal penalties. It would have lamented the hard conditions as subversive of all the poetry of the past; but it found the ex-consul indifferent to its finer mood, and it suddenly wheeled off at a tangent to the living issue of aviation, with the wonder which of our large sellers would be the first to write an aeroplane romance. That type of fiction was surely coming; the type of character in the bird-men and bird-women of the day, as intimated in the photographs of their tense if not very intelligent faces, was already here, and nothing remained to be done but to render it in vivid impression. The Chair, for convenience' sake, ruled out dirigible balloons, and it trifled with the theme, after its custom, in the inquiry whether a monoplane story or a biplane story would be more to the public taste. When it had begun to play with

the fancy, it suggested that *The Birdman's Bride* would not be a bad title for the romance, or perhaps *Alone Among the Stars Together* would be more attractive on the intimation of a certain bold realism. Which of the magazines would be earliest to catch at the notion: *McClure's* with a tendency tale full of the prophetic instinct for abuses springing from the oppressions of the Aviation Trust; or *Scribner's*, with an ex-President writing a sport-story of *Big Game at the Zenith*; or *Harper's*, in a biplane fiction of English high life, with travestied historic personalities involving impassioned events of grave political importance between the Premier, Mr. Swathling, and Lady Patricia Lyonnese, and their descent into matrimony after a week of aerostation, followed by the resignation of the Cabinet and the issuance of writs for a new election?

But the ex-consul would have none of it all except as it served to bring the talk back to sea-travel as compared with air-travel. He said he hoped that when passenger aeroplanes began to be built there would be an entire departure from some barbarous conditions of actual sea-travel perpetuated from the earliest times.

"As for a passage to Europe on the *City of Palmyra* in 1861, and a passage to America in 1910 on the *George the Fifth*, in essentials it is the same thing—"

But here the Easy Chair interposed with all the harshness possible to its make. "How can you say that? With your sole saloon against our dining-room, music-room, smoking-room, lounge, and library? With your absence of all girlish charm against our multiplicity of girls in hobble-skirts, turning their beautiful backs on the nobility of the Old World, and triumphing home to marry good Americans? With your one long table, and the first officer carving turkey at the head, and the passengers passing their plates down the line, against our clustering small separate tables, with fleet stew-

ards bringing hotel meals from the shining pantry? With your gloomy silence and our accomplished band banging away noon and night and keeping people awake far toward morning? With—"

"Hold on!" the ex-consul cried. "These are non-essentials. The *City of Palmyra* and the *George the Fifth* are of the same barbaric epoch in their great and chief essential. The last is like the first in perpetuating the early seagoing indecency of cooping two strangers together in the same cabin, and abandoning them there to the agonies of seasickness and reciprocal loathing. Until your modern marine palaces are provided with separate cabins for all but families, separate tables avail nothing. They are still early nineteenth-century, medieval, diluvian. Think of a first-class hotel, or any hotel on shore, offering to put you in a room with a stranger, or even a friend! But the largest and finest hotels at sea impudently propose it and enforce the rule upon your necessity. A few ships have a few single rooms, but by far the most have none. Till they *all* have them for single travelers such a ship as the *George the Fifth* in 1910 is not essentially moderner than the *City of Palmyra* in 1861. Who cares to be sumptuous at sea? All you care for is to be ashore as soon as possible. What you want on the way is the simplest comforts, the merest decencies, and these you have no more now than then. You have too much table and too little berth. You have all these waste drawing-room spaces, in curly maple or carven oak, and a shelf two feet wide to sleep on. You have separate tables, but double cabins, and luxury instead of decency. After you engaged your passage in London didn't you tremble, till you met him, with fear of whom your roommate would be?"

The Easy Chair smiled securely upon its other self. "We knew we should have you. But we little thought you would talk this folly. Aren't you aware that it would be impossibly expensive to build steamers with separate rooms for each single passenger?"

"Not nearly so impossibly expensive as to build them with all this panelled and upholstered spread of social attraction—this lounge and music-room and

library and smoking-room. No, we are still in the dark ages, or the mists of antiquity when we go down to the sea in ships. Six days across the ocean in a double cabin is longer than ten in a single one. Frescos and hard woods in those absurd ships' parlors are an insult from which painted pine would save us if the cost were put into single staterooms."

The Easy Chair attempted to change the conversation, or at least, if it must still be of seafaring, to give it a little different term. "Have you ever read the novelist Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*?"

The ex-consul grudged the admission: "Not yet. It's a book that I've always almost read; though I don't care much for his novels. Do you mean that you're familiar with it?"

"No; we've been waiting a century and more for it to get into those pretty seven-penny editions which now offer so much good literature to the stingy traveller in England. We found it in that form just after engaging our passage home and read it on the steamer."

"And I suppose you bring it up now to prove that your ship was an immeasurable improvement upon his. Well, what does he say of his accommodations? Did he have a single cabin?"

"He didn't want one; Mrs. Fielding was with him. But he says little or nothing about his accommodations. He speaks casually of their cabin, by which he seems to have meant the ship's cabin, or lounge, music-room, library, and smoking-room rolled very tightly into one; for when he once referred to it as his cabin before the captain: 'Your cabin,' repeated the latter, many times, 'no, d—n me, 'tis my cabin. I suppose you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will . . . show the world that I am the commander and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds?' It seems that this was the price of Fielding's passage—"

"Not much more than they would pay now on a steamer from London to Lisbon," the ex-consul interrupted.

"Yes, but the Fieldings provisioned themselves. To be sure they were much longer going than they would be now;

it was about six weeks before they got out of English waters, though they made the rest of the run in seven days. All that time they had been waiting upon English winds, including the bad breath of their captain. You are given to understand that the captain was rather a favorable specimen of his sort, though Fielding qualifies his scanty praise with the conclusion that 'all human flesh is not one flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen and another of seamen.' If this is so, the flesh of seamen must have been bad indeed, for the landmen who hooted this author from the shore when he took ship could not have been less cruel than the seamen who saw him embark. It seems to have struck the flesh of both that nothing could be merrier than the sight of a sick man going a voyage who was so grotesquely swollen with dropsy that he had to be lifted on board, a helpless and hideous bulk. The flesh of inn-keeping women was scarcely humaner; the hostess of the tavern where the Fieldings took refuge from the delays of their ship, preyed pitilessly upon them, always lamenting that she did not know properly how to overcharge gentle folks; poor Fielding was a gentleman, you know, and a cousin to coronets, as well as a sick man. All that part of *A Voyage to Lisbon* is a tale of social squalor scarcely to be matched, and when the ship is fairly at sea, pitching and tossing in the Bay of Biscay, O, one draws a deep, full breath, as one does in getting beyond the range of a thick stench. It's a mighty suggestive story regarding England, if not very instructive regarding Portugal. The most the author has to say after reaching Lisbon is that 'it is said to be built on the same number of hills as old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising one above another, and that in so steep and perpendicular a manner that they all seem to have but one foundation. As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once!'

"It isn't exactly the notion of Lisbon

that photography gives you," the ex-consul remarked. "That shows you 'every kind of ornament' to burn. Isn't the Portuguese architecture now considered very beautiful?"

"Oh, we believe so. But Fielding was probably trying to share Mr. Addison's polite abhorrence of 'the Gothick,' and he would naturally have classed all forms of the Saracenic with that. One can imagine what short work he would have made of the new republic which has come in over the ruins of the old monarchy 'on rubbers,' as the actors say of a play that fails to make the town aware of it. He would have disposed of it in a paragraph, poor, dear little republic!"

"We don't seem to have made very much of it ourselves."

"No, we haven't. Have we become cold to all commonwealths because we have grown conscious of a want of reality in our own professions of republican simplicity?"

"Perhaps," the ex-consul assented, with a sigh that marked him of the period of the fine old political insurgencies of the eighteen forties and sixties. "The worst thing about a monarchy like England for a republic like ours is that it has been able to do so much more for democracy of late than we. Of course a monarchy is ridiculous; it is, like slavery, such a very bad thing for the master; but within its forms there is play for ever so much personal liberty; if the lords were gone, once, there might be play for personal equality, and who knows but finally for fraternity. By the way, it is interesting that the Portuguese monarchy, which was always great friends with the English, made a point of closing its ports against us when these States were colonies revolting from their mother country. But that's no reason why we should ignore the Portuguese republic. The time was when we were very eager and very early to recognize republics; it was the time before we had begun to have a bad conscience."

"Have we a bad conscience?" the ex-consul questioned.

"We ought to have, seeing how far we have fallen from the ideal in our faith as well as our life. But it is a pity Fielding says so little about Portugal after he gets there. His im-

pressions of it would be invaluable, now. How few really good travels there are! They are almost as rare as good novels."

"Rarer, I should say," the ex-consul over-assented. "But how does he fill up his book, if he despatches his voyage to Lisbon in ten or fifteen pages, and says nothing about Lisbon after he gets there."

"With delightful excursions and disquisitions of all kinds. He was a prime observer, but he loses so much time in observing the English before he starts that he has none for observing the Portuguese after he arrives. Few phases of the local life escape him as he lies in his cabin, waiting to be tapped for his drosy, or varies his misery by going ashore from time to time in those weeks of weary waiting, to be plundered and poisoned by that vicious landlady, who was not worse woman than cook. The English character is immensely ameliorated since that time; what one gets chiefly a sense of in Fielding's book is the brutality which was then general and is now exceptional in the manners. The English of our day, as the traveller sees them, are gentle people, of a politeness that renders our native rudeness, when we get home, shocking if not bruising; even our kindness is rude. A pleasant relief to the prevailing savagery was the hospitality of the lady who had bought the splendid mansion of a ruined smuggler in the neighborhood, and who befriended the hapless voyagers with gifts of game and fruits and flowers. She asked them to her place and made them free of her garden and orchard, going away herself that they might be the freer. One longs to know who she was, but Fielding never says; for the matter of that, he does not say who his cruel tavern-wife was. One would like to know more of the smuggler who had so prospered by smuggling—he was first a blacksmith—that he was able to build that splendid mansion, and to order 'a bookseller in London to pack him up five hundred pounds' worth of

his handsomest books' to furnish the library. He came to grief through the vigilance of the customs, quite as if he had been arriving home in New York with an erroneous declaration, and ended in the Fleet Street Prison. One fancies what Fielding would have made of him in a novel; he heard 'incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride, which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity.' The novelist would not have spared him; he too, when it came to fiction, was of that brutal old England now grown older and wiser. It is in real life his personal civilization appears, and not the least interesting part of this odd voyage, which is so almost entirely a sojourn, is the introduction. In that the author tells how he completed the ruin of his failing health by staying in London, as a Bow Street magistrate, to extirpate certain 'gangs of murderous street robbers,' when he ought to have gone to drink the waters at Bath. It is all a very curious little book, and we advise you, when you are next disposed to grumble at a superabundance of drawing-rooms and a paucity of single cabins in modern steamers, to read the story of land-going adventure in England which masquerades as *A Voyage to Lisbon*."


"I don't see that you make out your case. Do you mean that you would like being put into a sleeping-closet with another man if you could help it?"

"Certainly not."

"Would you rather do that and have the money which would provide single cabins spent on libraries, lounges, and music-rooms?"

The Easy Chair answered evasively and uncandidly enough: "We hope that an ultimate type of aeroplane will provide both. But without saying which alternative we should now choose in five-day boats, we hold that it is unreasonable to expect the steamship companies to provide both."





Editor's Study

WE think of the past as radically in the present. But we cannot really turn backward in our course, we must pass on, and our future—that which we are constantly becoming—is the only significant illumination of the past. Things to come are not explained by what has been, but contrariwise, if indeed there is explanation either way.

Really, creative life is inexplicable by precedent or consequent. There is no philosophy of history, none that is convincing even to the understanding, which De Quincey rightly called the meanest of all our faculties. The mere statistics are for the most part irrecoverable, and, if they were entirely at our command, they would not induce comprehension, leading only, through expert sophistication, to utter confusion. The knowledge of all the related facts would not disclose the secret springs of human action.

But, we say, the past is all we have of this incessant passing, and the future is the only blank. If we cannot go back, we can look back. We can study the past. We cling to the record, as we do to our individual memories. We have no capacity for taking in to-morrow as memory embraces yesterday. Hope, like fear, dwells not anywhere—its continent is vacuity. This seems to be the only way in which we can realize to ourselves the continuity of life—that is, by our historic sense. It is difficult for us to see that, in spite of memory and of the historic record, we have no more foothold in the past than in the future—that the past is actually passed by, left behind us; for how, if this is so, we insistently ask, can we have what we call our experience? How is it that the past can be the object of knowledge, even of patient and prolonged study? How is reflection possible?

The puzzle is just as baffling if we contemplate the present moment, since we must regard it as having two parts—one part that has passed and the other that is to come, so that there is no present.

There is no resolution of such difficulties except in the intuition of time and space as only forms of our thinking, having no objective existence. They are divisible only in our thought.

Unless there is motion, something going on, the idea of time or of space never occurs to us. The motion, the change, the ever-fresh becoming, alone are real, real in our sense of them, apart from any operation of our understanding. Our sense holds them in integrity, seeing persistence and flux as complementary, though inevitably the mental lens separates these terms and presents them to us as divergent or even as contradictory.

The content of our historic sense—the sense of persistence, of continuity—is real, however limited and inadequate the service of individual memory or of the record which registers, and may falsely register, memory. But the unregistered things to come, the content of Promethean vision, are these less real? We are not bound within the net of circumstance, accounting for our substance by heredity alone or limiting our expectation to a precalculated consequence. The unseen dominant in our human harmony does not lie in the score behind us, but beyond, drawing us on to the new key, which is no afterthought. This is the burden of the poet's song, as Tennyson thought:

“For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.”

Too much of the study of the past has been mere study, unhelped by prophetic impulse. Thus we bind ourselves to the body of death in the vain attempt to steer our really uncharted course by precedent. The maxims we thus formulate are applicable only to an unchanging, traditional, dead world and not to that seen through the archway of living experience,

“That untravell'd world, whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever as [we] move.”

It is impossible for us to lay too much stress upon the values of a living experience, individual or social, for these are living values. In what are called practical affairs—where we consider everything with reference to antecedence and consequence, thus acquiring a mechanical view of causation—we regard experience as static. The Pragmatist, it is true, accepts and even espouses the implication of a creative life, with Bergsonian enthusiasm; he makes a transvaluation of all mechanical judgments; yet, in his ready use of terms and phrases applicable to static and quantitative relations, as when he insists upon “cash values,” he is apt to blur the whole perspective for others if not for himself. In creative life—where we are freed from the fixed nexus of sequence, where we live intensively, and do not ask with reference to any quality “why?” or “what for?”—experience is wholly dynamic.

Here we touch the pulse of vibrant life. Now we can see what time really is, in our sense of intension and persistence, what sensibility itself is, being a response, in a rhythmic living organism, to rhythmic vibrations, and that there is no reality outside of the pulsing life, but only what is abstract and notional. Here we can arrive at true transvaluations—from the static to the dynamic. The stability we have counted upon in outward structure and form as the result of convention and tradition, bolstered up by us against the onrushing tide of life's currents, we see to be a vain thing, except as relatively necessary for the preservation of order, and that these currents themselves must determine their own bounds and establish, by uncalculated but sure inhibitions, the only real stability—a dynamic rhythmic *stasis*, authoritative and incontrovertible, which in buoyant exaltation becomes *ecstasis*, and which has creative continuity, not in static permanence but in resurgence, *anastasis*.

Then we see what memory really is—that it is not a storage, but one form of this resurgence whereby the dynamic rhythm is continued, not only as impulse but as reflection. Memory is the pulse of sensibility, as vitalized habit is the pulse of will. The strength of the will-to-be and to-do, of the forward-looking purpose and desire, of hope, in the youth of the

world naturally expressed in the lyric, with like spontaneity wrote itself in the past tense as an epic; and in all ages the intensity of expectation is the measure of the historic sense. When hope decays, memory fades, and the record loses lustre. There would have been no Iliad but for the aspiration of Ionic and Æolic Greeks—who had been driven from the mainland by the Dorian invasion—to create a new Greece on the old Troad and in the islands of the Ægean Sea.

In an idle or decadent period, when entertainment is sought wholly for its own sake and, therefore, along the lines of least resistance, with no concern for the humanities, current levities suffice for the desired amusement; or, if the past is drawn upon, it is a comparatively near rather than a remote past. In such a period the study of the past is concerned with trivialities, such as occupy scholastic, and is not prompted by any vivid human interest. On the other hand, periods of illumination, of mighty aspiration, of prophetic impulse, are those in which the Humanities are cultivated, and in which the desire for new knowledge is closely linked with deep curiosity concerning the human past, and the most earnest modernist is the most ardent archæologist and interpreter of history. Thus the sense of persistence is intensified. *Was*, in the earliest English, was a separate verb, meaning *still is*.

The culture of the Humanities is not concerned with human statics, but only with life as creative. Its field is that of the Imagination, using that term in its largest sense, as the organically shaping power in life and art and as organized sensibility, æsthetic and psychical, in every plane of it—even, by implication, in the physiological. In this sense the Imagination is the organ of human evolution as distinguished from material and mechanical progress, yet dominating that progress at every step, giving it its higher uses and meanings, which transcend merely relative values, as measured by degrees of practical efficiency. In progress we see continuity as extension and succession, in evolution as intension and renascence. Scientific conceptions conveyed in such phrases as “the persistence of matter” and “the conservation of energy” relate to a static world. In a

living universe it is the fresh pulse of life that intensifies the idea of continuity, without reference to quantitative relations. The new evolutionary variation is qualitatively surprising, has not teleology, is not *from* anything pre-existent or *for* anything to come, but everything is coherent *with* it in a vibrant harmony. Whatever reasonableness or fitness it may have, and whatever mathematics may be intimated in connection with it—as, for example, in the Mendelian law of heredity—these are but implications of that harmony without which there is no becoming at all; and they are genetic, not mechanical.

It is because of the coherence of the past with the present, independently of any record, that the record itself, such as we have, or perfected as it may be by intelligent revision through new discoveries, is of any vital interest to us—not as a matter of information, but for that illumination which comes through imaginative co-ordination. As creative interpreters we are better served by the imaginative creations in art and literature than by extant annals, which are chiefly interesting because they come to us along with the extant poetry, sculpture, and architecture, and for the intimations given in these of imagination as creative faith in its embodiments of heroic legend and religious belief.

We cannot conceive of our spiritual poverty and vacuity if the past were absent from our present; and yet, of all this treasure we possess or that is open to us, no portion is of the least vital interest save as it is really participant in the immediate attitude and interest of men living the creative life, both as doers and as interpreters. In the service of that life, prompted by the enthusiasm of its dominant motive and tendency, there is no limit to our willingness to delve, as excavators and even as grammarians, or to our gratitude to others who save us this labor; but a merely idle tradition has no claim to our tribute. An idle tradition is something handed down from generation to generation unchanged, like children's toys and games—something, from first to last, trivial, insignificant, and unreal, conveniently and conventionally assumed, or something which, having at first a partial and rela-

tive meaning but becoming a habit, and worn loosely, lets even that slip. In creative life and art, while the outward form and image may be handed down, these always being closely associated with the ideal excellence and beauty they embody, the imagination which informed them gives them a new shaping and investment in every new age, and this is not tradition, but a resurrection.

The preservation of the past embodiments of human genius—monuments, temples, statues, and texts—counts for nothing in itself. Time may as well have done its destructive work with them, Pompeii have remained unsealed, and all libraries have suffered the fate of the Alexandrian, if the impulse which created these embodiments is not itself endlessly renewed and is not felt as dynamically coherent in new pulses of creative art and culture—felt thus all the more because art and culture themselves are forever being reborn and, with every fresh ascension, are more deeply rooted in the old soil of humanity, with a finer sense of their progeniture.

While we are grateful for memorials which seem still animate with the breath of creative inspiration, and make diligent quest for more of them, our need of them, which is a present need, is sufficiently served by what remain, since Time (being itself but the form of pulsing life) has, in its eliminations, selectively served this need. What was most living, and therefore most fugitive, has been most surely remembered in the mutations of our human evolution, all else being left to chance, which favors mere durability—even that of idols, yet thereby also justifying the artist's jealous selection of material. If all the marbles and bronzes had been destroyed—how much were missing!—yet would poets, like Homer, Theocritus, and Dante, have supplied what was most essential in the content of statue and frieze, and a whole world of life and meaning too evanescent for representation by any plastic art.

No generation stands for itself alone; and even if the whole material record were blotted out, including the written word, the racial life would itself, with each new pulse, register, in trait and speech and in spiritual mood and temper,

its selective remembrance. Every mutation would be a surprise with the implication of familiarity. As it is, European written speech is a palimpsest, with Sanscrit speech beneath. Thus the West remembers the East; and it does so not less in the spoken than in the written word. How thin and baseless and unsubstantial the ever-shifting curtain of our human scene if it were only unfolding, with no infolding to veil and keep for us those old familiars!

Nations, like individuals, have died that, having divested themselves of the body of death, they might live on—all that is deathless of them—in the pulsing life of the race or, it may be, of blended races and cultures. Thus Rome lives in the Barbarians who conquered her, as Greece had lived in imperious, overmastering Rome. Our Christendom of to-day is made up of distinct nationalities which, whatever their economic rivalries, show no signs of a disposition to establish dynastic sovereignty, one over another, but have developed rather the international sense. Generations come and go, but nations defy the law of mortality so signally illustrated in ancient and medieval times. This stability is dynamic, a persistence through mutations which are not geographic, but mainly evolutionary and intensive. Ours is not a lotus-eating period, in which we lie upon our oars and sing, from mere weariness, "Let what is broken so remain!" On the contrary, we are too much in earnest, in united forward-looking purpose, to waste time in futile attempts to mend past brokenness. Yet there has never been an age in which the living past has been so deeply involved in the creative realization of its ideals. This is so because our present civilization is more intensively dynamic than that of any previous age, therefore more crescent, more vitally assimilative, more quickly eliminative—rejecting the non-living and the unreal. In our use of the subtle and imponderable physical forces our mechanism simulates the processes of life. The electric dynamo is, in its responses and inhibitions, almost physiological. We have not so much to say about the inevitable "vice of system" as we had

twenty years ago, because our vibrant life has entered into our systems, giving them heart and nerve and sensibility. In the field of imagination the pulse of a creative human life dominates the creations of art and literature, discarding the notional and artificial and the dimensionally impressive, and emphasizing the intensive quality. The realism of our advanced fiction is not static, but creative, seeing reality only in what is living. The best fiction courts contacts with the world, but only with a living world; and as the world lives more and more it becomes with larger hospitality the natural habitation of creative genius. The outworn symbol and convention disappear, but the outward investment is renewed, quickly responsive to every fresh impulse of the human spirit. Twentieth-century philosophy, too, recognizes as real no human or natural procedure which is not genetic.

The concern of a culture which so readily lends itself to the living current, and which is so swiftly preterite, is wholly open to the living past. It is so, even independently of our discernment; but it is an immense advantage and satisfaction that we are aware of this openness, and that it is a conscious attitude. It is man's distinction above every other creature that he may contemplate and reflect. Else culture would be impossible. In his creative art he dwells, commemoratively, in epic and ode and drama, in the storied frieze of monument and temple, and in the temple itself. The wings of Imagination have poise even in free and forward flight. In the art of to-day we too dwell, but we do not halt. We too magnify our human heritage, making much of the past, finding a human reality in it outlasting its fleeting forms; but we do not so definitely detach it from the living present, as something wholly past, as was done in the older order of art; our tendency is to regard only what is renescent for us in our own life, to cherish the continuity.

So, as interpreters, we do not seek to chart the past or to find in it a logical plan; we divine it rather by an intuition as swift as our forward regard, as if it were the shadow of our dream.

Editor's Drawer

An Aztec Romance

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

(A STORY TO BE READ ALOUD)

TETLEPANQUETZALTZIN — although he was the uncle of the meritorious Aztec monarch of the same name, and although he was High Priest of the temple of Huitzilopochtli in the town of Atzacapotzalco—was a villain. Had his relationship with the good king been reversed, it is possible that the admirable example set him by his royal nephew—who, under those changed conditions, would have been his royal uncle—might have made him a respectable member of society. Speculation of this nature, however, is academic. To bring about that good result, at least two changes at birth would have been necessary; perhaps—in the way of ancestral rearrangement—even more. The mere contemplation of such a family mix-up puts a painful strain upon the most lively imagination; and a quite unnecessary strain—since the occasion for it did not arise. Remaining, then, the uncle of a king whose exemplary virtues developed too late to work backward effectively for the improvement of a relative belonging to a preceding generation, Tetlepanquetzaltzin was, as has been stated, a villain—and a black villain at that.

But in Atzacapotzalco Tetlepanquetzaltzin—because of his relationship to the king, and because he was High Priest of the temple of Huitzilopochtli—had so strong a social and hierarchic position that his villainies went all unsus-

pected save by those who immediately were associated with him in their perpetration; and as he employed agents whom, at the least suggestion of a leak, he could, and did, promptly sacrifice in his own temple to Huitzilopochtli—thereby, incidentally, acquiring increased respect for his energetic piety—he had things pretty much his own way. Indeed, had he not taken it into his head to propose himself for marriage with the charming eighteen-year-old Ixtlilochitl—by way of celebrating his seventy-first



HAD HE NOT TAKEN IT INTO HIS HEAD TO PROPOSE HIMSELF FOR MARRIAGE WITH THE CHARMING EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD IXTILOCHITL

birthday, as he genially put it—he probably would have ended his days in the odor of sanctity and would have been retired with pomp to a superiorly elegant tomb.

Naturally flattered by the offer of so brilliant an alliance, Ixtlilochitl's mother, Xohualalorac, heartily favored Tetelepanquetzaltzin's suit; and even her father, Ixtlilcuahuac—although perceiving, being a man of a good deal of plain common sense, that such a combination of ages was not likely to turn out well—was rather carried away by the notion of being the father-in-law of the High Priest of Huitzilopochtli and of acquiring a connectionship-by-marriage with his own king. He sat up several nights trying to figure out just what the connectionship of a father-in-law with the nephew of his son-in-law could be called. As near as he could come to it, he thought that he could style himself the king's great-uncle-in-law. But he could not feel sure that that was right; and the more he worried over it the dizzier the whole thing grew.

On the practical side of the matter, however, he made no mistakes. By occupation Ixtlilcuahuac was a contracting builder; and his keen common sense told him what effect such a marriage—that would give him some sort of a pull on the king, no matter just what the connectionship turned out to be, and the strongest sort of a pull on the High Priest of Huitzilopochtli—would have on his business interests when contracts for new palaces and new temples were being handed round.

Perceiving the direction that Ixtlilcuahuac's thoughts had taken, Xohualalorac shrewdly played upon her husband's avaricious nature by talking about the new wing of the palace that was known to be in contemplation; and, going farther, actually obtained from Tetelepanquetzaltzin—who was all on edge with an old man's infatuation—a signed agreement that Ixtlilcuahuac should have the contract for a superb teocalli, to enshrine the Goddess of Totoltepec, on the very day that he, Tetelepanquetzaltzin, became the possessor of the beautiful Ixtlilochitl's hand. As the Goddess of Totoltepec already was in possession of a magnificent teocalli on the hill of Otocapulco, only a few miles westward of Atzacapotzalco, the building of this new shrine for her obviously was an out-and-out job; and, moreover, the ethics of such matters were traversed by setting up a temple to so powerful a deity in territory on which an equally powerful deity, Huitzilopochtli, held a prior lien. But to Ixtlilcuahuac the very irregularity of the whole proceeding filled it with glowing promise. If Tetelepanquetzaltzin, while only a father-in-law in the bud, could give him a rake-off like that—and Xohualalorac said positively that the contract was drawn up, all ready to be signed on the day of the wedding—what might not be expected of him later, when he became a father-in-law in full bloom.

The prospect was so dazzling that Ixtlilcuahuac required nothing more in the way of

persuasion. He gave in at once—and that very afternoon he and Xohualalorac called on Tetelepanquetzaltzin, at his official residence in the temple of Huitzilopochtli, to tell him formally that the hand of their daughter Ixtlilochitl was quite at his disposition; and to this formal declaration Ixtlilcuahuac added heartily: "Make it as soon as you please, my dear sir. We old folks have no desire to stand in your way." So entirely pleased was everybody by the arrangement thus concerted that the unintentional irony in Ixtlilcuahuac's cordial words—he and Xohualalorac were young enough to be Tetelepanquetzaltzin's children—passed quite unobserved.

Tetelepanquetzaltzin shook hands with both of them and made a handsome speech of thanks—yet with touches in it to show that he was not asleep as to what good change he was giving—and added that, if his plan for the birthday celebration was to go through, the wedding would have to be that day week. As any mother would have done in her place, Xohualalorac objected to the shortness of the time that this would give to get Ixtlilochitl ready in; but as both Tetelepanquetzaltzin and Ixtlilcuahuac were against her—the one because of his elderly haste, the other because of his keenness to get going with the most promising contract that ever he had had the fingering of—her objections speedily were overruled. And so was concluded the atrocious bargain by which glowing youth was surrendered to withered age!

The atrocity of it was even greater than as yet has appeared. As those unnatural parents—the one allured by pride, the other by greed—rose to leave, Ixtlilcuahuac said with a show of offhand ease: "Oh, by the way, I ought to tell you there's some sort of a boy-and-girl affair between Ixtlilochitl and young Chalchintlantzin—one of your people in the temple of Huitzilopochtli, you know. Of course it don't really amount to anything. But it would be just as well, I think, if you were to send Chalchintlantzin off somewhere till after the wedding. He has the reputation of being a fiery young fellow; and as Ixtlilochitl's rather emotional they might make a scene. Yes, you'd certainly better get him out of the way."

"Do not fear," Tetelepanquetzaltzin replied, in a coldly caustic tone distinctly threatening. "I'll attend to getting Chalchintlantzin out of the way!"

Two is the recognized minimum of parties required to make a bargain. Frequently it takes a good many more—and this bargain was of that sort. When Ixtlilcuahuac and Xohualalorac publicly announced the engagement of their daughter Ixtlilochitl to Tetelepanquetzaltzin—and, as the wedding was only a week off, they had to be sharp about it—three breasts in Atzacapotzalco were filled with a boilingly indignant rage. Two of the boiling breasts, of course, respectively belonged to Ixtlilochitl and Chalchintlantzin. The third, in which the boiling merely was

sympathetic, belonged to Chalchintlantzin's confidant and friend Netzahualcoyotl: a young man of good birth—a relative of the Texcocan ruler of the same name—whose devotion to Chalchintlantzin was such that he could be counted upon in loyal service to go to any length for him.

As was to be expected, these three young people got their heads together in a hurry to see what could be done. Chalchintlantzin was for killing Tetzpanquetzaltzin offhand—naturally, he felt that way about it. But Netzahualcoyotl—who could be as prudent as, on occasion, he could be rashly brave—counselled going a little slow: pointing out that for a junior priest to kill the High Priest led straight to the sacrificial stone—on the other side of which there certainly could not be a wedding. Beyond a doubt, he urged, Tetzpanquetzaltzin had up his sleeve murderous intentions of his own. By keeping their eyes wide open for those intentions to materialize, and by countering with their own when they did, they certainly ought to be able to get clear, he argued, on the plea of justifiable homicide. "And there will be no mistake about whose head gets scratched off," added that sagacious young man grimly, the while fingering the obsidian teeth of his trusty macuahuitl, "when the account is squared!" Most fortunately, the temperate advice given by Netzahualcoyotl was followed—and within less than twenty-four hours the wisdom of it appeared.

On the ensuing morning, when the rites in the temple of Huitzilopochtli were ended—an uninteresting sacrifice of a remnant half-dozen of Tenochtitlan captives—Tetzpanquetzaltzin, in oily tones of friendliness, asked Chalchintlantzin in a casual sort of a way to come out with him for a walk to the Grove of the Ahuehetes: "Where," he said, wilyly, "we can cool off after our hot work with those Tenochtitlans in the gratefully refreshing shade."

At the mention of the Grove of the Ahuehetes the ears of Chalchintlantzin were pricked up in a hurry. As everybody knew, in the midst of the circle formed by those



ASKED CHALCHINTLANTZIN IN A CASUAL SORT OF A WAY TO COME OUT WITH HIM FOR A WALK

five great trees was a spring of seemingly pure water—but water, in reality, of such deep enchantment that whosoever swallowed but a single drop of it, provided it was swallowed within the circle of the Ahuehetes, instantly and forever disappeared! (The limitation as to the place of drinking was fortunate. Had the water got in its work anywhere—since nobody ever lived that somebody did not want to put out of the way more or less permanently—it would have been handed around in Atzacapotzalco at such a rate that the place would have been depopulated inside of a week.)

To the keen-witted Chalchintlantzin the evil purpose of Tetzpanquetzaltzin—to lure him to the Grove of the Ahuehetes, and there to cozen him into drinking the enchanted water, and so do for him—instantly was apparent. It struck him that the plan was not much of a compliment to his intelligence. But that was a detail. His dominant thought was that here was the chance for countering that the wide-awake Netzahualcoyotl had foreseen; and his own fertile intellect in a flash suggested to him how the thing could be done.

With a suitable blending of gratitude and humility, becoming to a junior priest thus



CHALCHINTLANTZIN PRECIPITATED HIMSELF UPON TETLEPANQUETZALTZIN

complimented by his superior, he accepted Tetlepanquetzaltzin's invitation; but begged to be excused for a few minutes—explaining, as was obvious, that the Tenochtitlan captives had splattered a good deal—while he put on clean clothes. It was a lightning change that he made; and in the moments gained by shifting so rapidly he dashed off a note to Netzahualcoyotl that embodied in appropriate pictures these pregnant words: "Trouble ahead. Come on the double-quick to the Grove of the Ahuehetes. Never mind about your maccuahitl. Bring a tumbler and a funnel. Hoot when you get there." Having despatched this missive by a temple messenger, with orders to go at a full run, Chalchintlantzin rejoined Tetlepanquetzaltzin; and together, in seeming amity, they walked toward the enchanted spring.

Being arrived within the Grove of the Ahuehetes, Tetlepanquetzaltzin lost no time in making manifest his malevolent purpose. Scarcely were they seated on the grass beside the bubbling pool ere he exclaimed, subtly simulating a simplicity that well might have misled one not alertly on his guard: "My, but I am thirsty! I must have a drink right off!" And with a sinister cunning still more insidious added: "You'd better have one too."

Looking Tetlepanquetzaltzin straight in the eyes, Chalchintlantzin replied coldly:

"I have no desire to disappear at present, thank you; and, believe me, I'm not half as big a fool as I look!"

Tetlepanquetzaltzin's evil eyes shifted uneasily under that calm stern gaze; but he answered, craftily affecting a tone of careless good nature: "Oh, it's all rubbish about this water. I've drunk it lots of times, and nothing's happened. As to your not being so much of a fool as you look, I have nothing to say about it. But you'll certainly be a good deal of a fool if you do not avail yourself—as I am about to do—of the convenient opportunity that now presents itself for slaking our thirst." With these words, he plunged his mouth into the waters of the pool.

Presently, raising himself from his stooping posture and wiping his dripping chin with a corner of

his mantle, he said with a deeply sly show of candor: "Well, here I still am, you see! This water can't do anything to me, nor to you neither. Go ahead, silly, and get a comfortable drink!"

As he uttered these artfully alluring words, the hoot of a tecolote was heard among the ahuehetes—giving to Chalchintlantzin the glad assurance that the faithful Netzahualcoyotl had arrived and was ready to take a hand. To Tetlepanquetzaltzin, whose bad conscience made him fidgety, that cry of ill omen—owls and Aztecs never have got along well together—was distinctly alarming. On hearing it he gave a jump, and exclaimed nervously: "What's that?"

"That, Tetlepanquetzaltzin," Chalchintlantzin answered—with a dramatic intensity gained at the cost of verbal accuracy—"is your death knell! As you well know, not one drop of the enchanted water has passed your lips; and I observed that you were exceedingly careful not to get any even up your nose. The fallacy of your vain boast that it can't do anything to you is about to be demonstrated. I don't know where you are going, nor what will happen to you when you get there; but I do know that, within the ensuing five minutes, enough of that water will be inside of you to make you instantly and forever disappear!"

As he spoke these strong words strongly, Chalchintlantzin precipitated himself upon Tetelepanquetzaltzin—on whose wicked face had come an ashen pallor—and bore him, struggling vainly, to the ground. In the same moment, eager to help, Netzahualcoyotl stood beside their wriggling bodies; and in another moment, when a good chance came, he had seated himself on Tetelepanquetzaltzin's upturned stomach: a disposition of his person—he was a tall and a heavily built young man—that had an immediately quieting effect.

Chalchintlantzin, puffing hard, stood aside. "Where's the tumbler and funnel, old man?" he asked in a short-breathed way.

"In my right-hand and left-hand coat pockets. What on earth do you want 'em for?"

"You shall see, and Tetelepanquetzaltzin shall know!" Chalchintlantzin replied in doleful tones—as he extracted the utensils from Netzahualcoyotl's pockets, and then carefully filled the tumbler with water from the pool. Coming again beside the recumbent Tetelepanquetzaltzin, anchored fast under Netzahualcoyotl, he continued: "Now, old chap, get a good grip on his ears and jam his head to the ground with his mouth up. Yes, that's right, thank you. Be sure you don't let him wobble!"

As he thus spoke, Chalchintlantzin pressed the small end of the funnel sharply against Tetelepanquetzaltzin's lips—an operation sufficiently painful to make him open his mouth to say "Ouch!" That momentary opening, on which he had counted, was enough for Chalchintlantzin's purposes. In went the funnel, fairly between Tetelepanquetzaltzin's teeth; and into the funnel, an instant later, went the whole of the tumblersful of water from the enchanted spring!

It was in the ensuing instant that the sporting interest of the occasion centred. The sound of strangling gasps ceased

abruptly. Netzahualcoyotl plumped down with a joggle, and found himself seated on the earth just below where Tetelepanquetzaltzin's stomach had been. Simultaneously his hands—while retaining the position of hands clasping two ears firmly—clasped nothing whatever. Above that nothingness Chalchintlantzin held the still dripping inverted tumbler. The funnel, after wavering in the air for a second or so, fell with a tin clatter to the ground. In a word, the simple but ingenious plan so astutely devised by Chalchintlantzin effectually had accomplished its purpose. Forced by its operation to drink of the water of the Ahuehetes, Tetelepanquetzaltzin instantly and forever had disappeared!

Being the most popular man about the temple, Chalchintlantzin immediately was elected by the Chapter to be High Priest of Huitzilopochtli—vice Tetelepanquetzaltzin, disappeared. As a matter of course he took over the promise given by his vanished predecessor to Ixtlilcuahuaac about the new teocalli; and thereby made himself so solid with Ixtlilochitl's father—that sagacious contractor being quite indifferent as to who did the grafting so long as he got the graft—that he virtually took over Ixtlilochitl at the same time. Xohualalorac rather felt it that the connectionship with the king did not come off; but to Ixtlilcuahuaac—whose head went round every time he thought about it—it was a real relief that it didn't.

While the Grove of the Ahuehetes remains, the enchanted spring is gone—most properly having been Christianly exorcised out of existence nearly four hundred years ago. But its memory is kept green by the saying, cited to this day in Atzacapotzalco when anybody disappears mysteriously and suddenly: "*Esto bebió del agua de los ahuehetes*"

At the Convention

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
The speech she had prepared would take
From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her hands,—
And pins in her hat were seven.

Her robe, designed by Madame Rose,
Hand-wrought flowers did adorn;
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.

"Have I not on the finest gown

That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"

She plumed and rustled and then spoke,—
Less sad of speech than wild.
She shouted gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite acidulous
The Antis she reviled.

I saw her smile—but soon her smile
Was turned to haughty sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes,—
Then wept. (I heard her tears!)



The New Waist Line

Predicament

TWO men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans, "so dey haf brinted der funeral notice of a man who is not dead already! Vell, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he vas one of dose people vot believes everything dey sees in der bapers?"

An Overdose

MOTHER. "What are you doing, Harry?"

HARRY. "I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

MOTHER. "Yes, so I did."

HARRY. "Well, I've counted two hundred and thirty-seven, and I'm madder'n when I started."

A Landsman's Idea

IN the port of Galveston one day a ducky from the interior of Alabama was looking at the shipping in the harbor. A roustabout was explaining the whole thing to him. Finally the roustabout said:

"It's low water now."

At that the negro, shaking his head sagaciously and pointing to a heavily laden tramp steamer that was passing, said:

"Den it's a good thing for dat ship dat's going past. De water's near de edge of her now."

Something In Reserve

AT a Highland gathering one Donald McLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was a quarter-mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter-mile. Of eight runners he was last.

"Donald, Donald," cried a partisan, "why did ye no run faster?"

Donald sneered.

"Run faster?" he said, contemptuously. "And me reservin' myself for the bagpipe competition."

"Without"

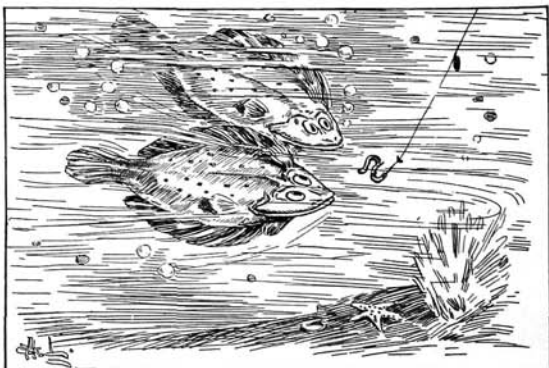
THE German boy who presided over the soda-fountain in the only drug-store in an Ohio town was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds, and his habit of thought was difficult to change.

"Plain soda," said a stout woman, entering one day, in great haste.

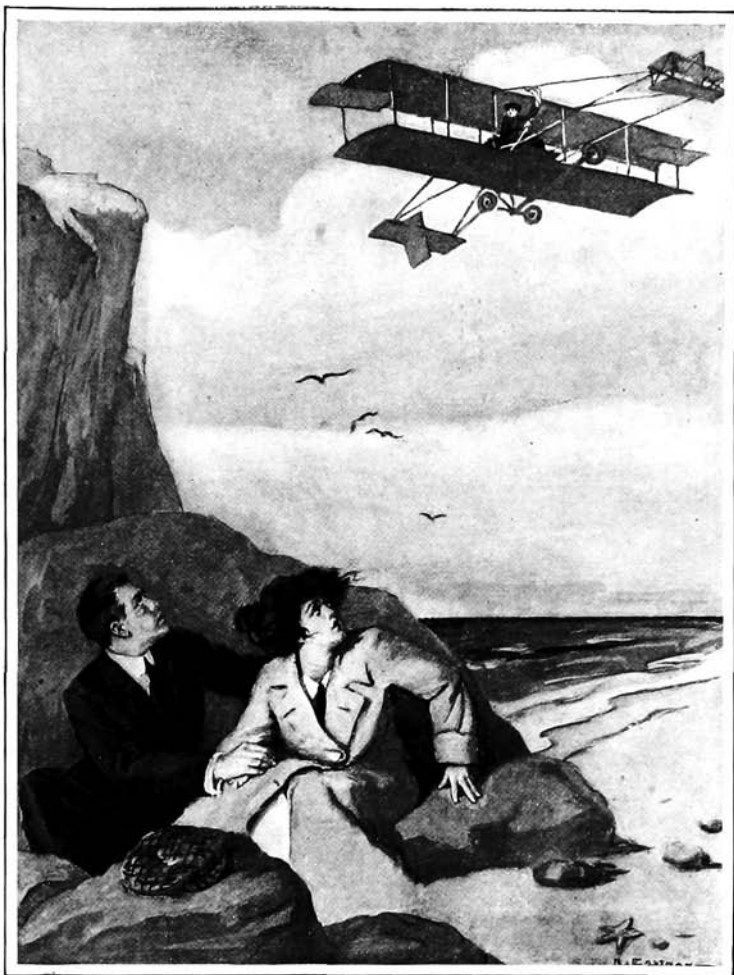
"You haf vanilla, or you haf lemon?" calmly inquired the Teutonic lad.

"Plain soda—without syrup! Didn't you understand me?" demanded the stout woman, testily.

"Yas, I understand," came from the boy, whose placid German countenance did not change in expression, "but vot kind of syrup you vant him mitout? Mitout vanilla, or mitout lemon?"



Two Soles with but a Single Thought



Safe no Longer

The Limit

THE most popular feature of the menu for dinner had been soup, of which the little girl had partaken heartily.

"Dear me," she sighed as she went on with other things, "I've eaten so much soup that every time I swallow a piece of bread I can hear it splash."

A Circus Within

LITTLE Freddie had just made his first acquaintance with animal crackers. After eating quite an assortment of them Freddie became very thoughtful.

"What makes you so pensive, dear?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I was just thinking what a circus was going on inside of me."

A Natural Feeling

LITTLE Marjorie's father was helping her to say her prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," began her father. Marjorie repeated it.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Marjorie followed, obediently.

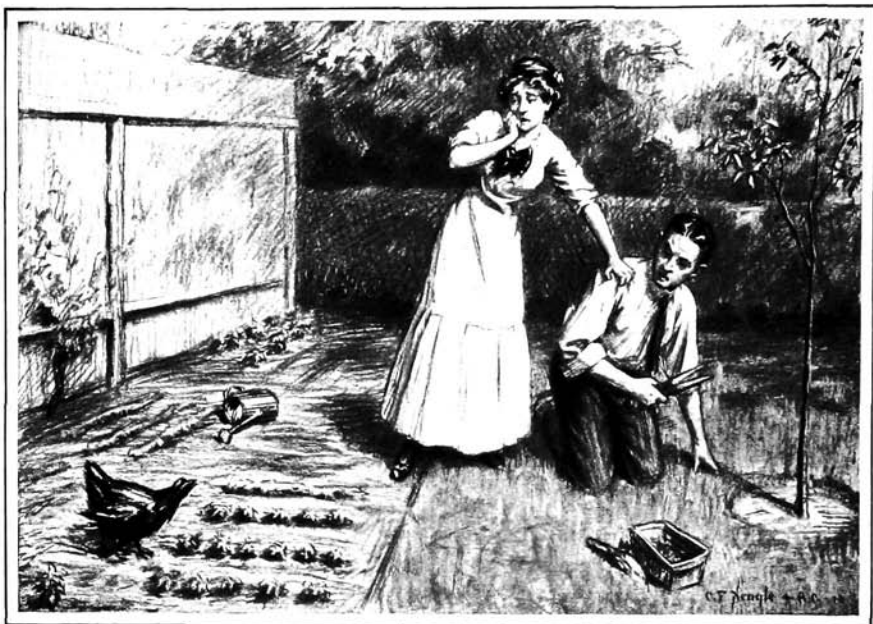
"If I should die," the father continued.

"It would break my heart," interrupted Marjorie.

Why Patrick Henry Said It

A SCHOOLBOY'S composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem:

"Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"



The City Bride in the Country

"Oh, James, help! that horrid creature has just jumped the fence, and it's pawing up the ground and growling in the most threatening manner."

Bill

BY IDA CROSS DAVIS

WHEN we get off the C. and A. that goes through Jerseyville, The first thing that I always do is look around for Bill. For he's my grandma's hired man, an' you should see him grin An' hold the horse's bridle tight while I'm a-gettin' in.

An' when I've shook my grandma's hand an' kissed her an' all that, I climb up on the seat by Bill, so we can have a chat. An' he says, "My, but you have grown; good gracious' sakes alive, I'd swear in any county court that you were over five."

An' on my door, when mornin' comes, he raps, an' whispers how It's almost time a fellow's up who's goin' to milk a cow. An' so I hurry on an' dress while everything is still, An' if I had a million dimes I'd give 'em all to Bill.

It's great to be a hired man. He feeds the chickens, too, An' fixes things around the yard; there's nothin' he can't do. An' Grandma said he killed a snake the day before I came. (Or if he didn't kill it dead he surely made it lame.)

An' when we leave, Bill always shouts, "Good-by, old sport, good-by." He knows that when we have to go it almost makes me cry. Because I think of Crosspatch Fred, who's waiting home for me An' how he acted that one time just 'cause I asked if he

Would walk me over to the park, which wasn't very far. He said, "Oh, cut it, I'm no nurse, I'm paid to drive the car." An' mother quite agreed with me when I remarked to her, "I wisht we had a hired man instead of a chauffeur."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE (ENGLAND)

THIRD ANNOUNCEMENT

in regard to the NEW
11th EDITION of the

Encyclopædia Britannica

¶ As is generally known, the Encyclopædia Britannica was first published when this country was a British colony—that is, in 1768–71.

¶ The novel and convenient plan upon which it was built—the whole body of human knowledge being arranged under alphabetical headings—appealed immediately to the public, and the work has since occupied a position of supremacy among books of reference from which it has never been displaced. The Encyclopædia Britannica has, indeed, been the pattern and the basis upon which all other encyclopædias—in German and French as well as in English—have been edited.

¶ The last edition which was completely new was the Ninth, published by A.&C.Black (Edinburgh and London) between 1875 and 1889.



From an actual photograph)
India paper edition of the new Encyclopædia
Britannica in the portable oak trough
—width of books 28 inches.

¶ The University of Cambridge is now about to bring out the New (Eleventh) Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica in 28 volumes and Index, being an absolutely new and authoritative survey of universal knowledge as it stands in 1910.

¶ The entire work has been edited as a complete whole and not volume by volume as in the past, and part of the first impression, which is now in the press, is being printed on India paper (very light and opaque), greatly reducing the bulk and weight of the books, making them easy to handle and, therefore, easier to read than in the case of any previous edition.

¶ The sum of £230,000 (\$1,150,000) has been expended on the New (Eleventh) Edition, this being the sum paid to editors and contributors, as well as for plates, illustrations, maps, type-setting, corrections, etc., before a copy was offered for sale. For the Ninth Edition less than half of this sum was similarly expended.

(See next three pages.)

The ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA (11th Edition)

¶ Of the Ninth Edition there were sold in Great Britain and the British colonies 82,000 sets in its genuine or authorized form, and in this country 50,000 sets, besides over 300,000 sets of a mutilated and incomplete American reprint. All of these are now out of date and will be superseded by the New (Eleventh) Edition.

¶ In view of the fact that no completely new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has been issued for more than 20 years, it is anticipated that the demand for the New (Eleventh) Edition will far exceed that for the Ninth, and also that the demand will be immediate.

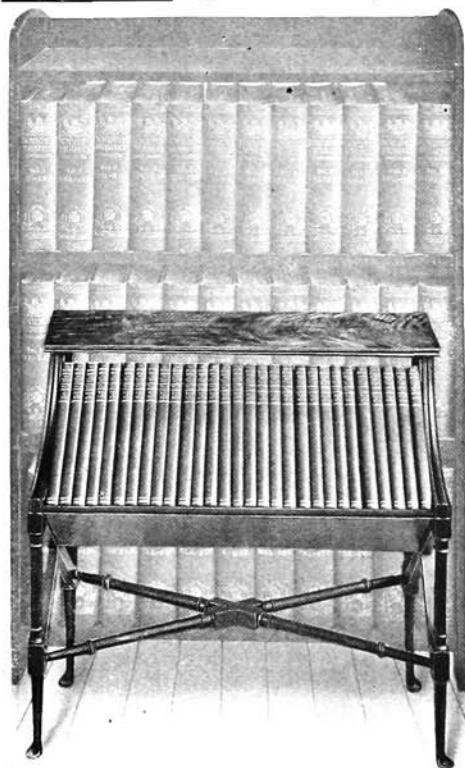
¶ The printing and binding of so large a work (29 volumes, 27,000 pages, 40,000,000 words) at one time will be without precedent in publishing, and the publishers are at the moment unable to tell to what extent the public will prefer the volumes printed on India paper, as it involves a complete revolution in the usual format of large works of reference.

¶ It was, therefore, decided that at first it would be inadvisable to print more than a small number of copies (these being now almost completed) and that before concluding manufacturing contracts for a large edition a preliminary offer of the work at a low price should be made before publication and without any payments by subscribers, in order to ascertain in which form the public

will prefer to subscribe—whether for the India paper impression (each volume to be less than an inch in thickness) or for the ordinary paper impression (the volumes to be 2¾ inches in thickness), and for which of the six styles of bindings.

¶ It is necessary to obtain this information in order to place manufacturing orders for printing, paper, and binding materials on a large scale, with a view to saving at least 20 per cent. of the cost of production.

¶ The decision to print a small first edition was based on essentially practical grounds. Any business man who considers the matter will readily understand how important it is that it should be known in advance whether the majority of subscribers will order the volumes on India or on ordinary paper.* The employment of this kind of paper for a work of 28 volumes and Index is a radical departure in publishing. The offer of the New (Eleventh) Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is world-wide and 500,000 book buyers



Reduced photograph to show the comparative size of the volumes of the Old Edition and of the New (11th) Edition on India paper, in the single-tier mahogany bookstand.

* Out of the first 1000 orders received in England, where the advance offer was made somewhat earlier than in the United States, 925 were for the India paper edition.

AN ENORMOUS BOOK IN A HANDY FORMAT

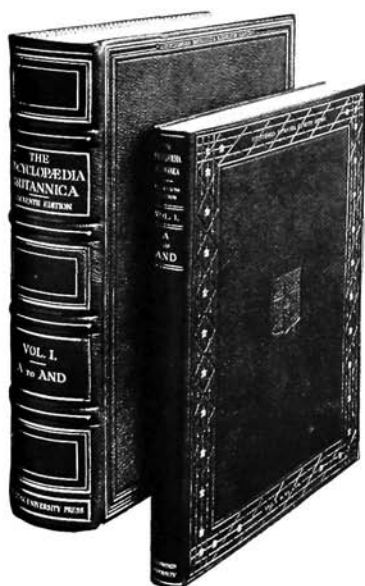
have been notified. Should only 100,000 sets be printed on India paper there would be required over six million pounds of this paper. If this estimate of the demand were too high by 10 per cent. it would mean that 600,000 pounds of paper would be wasted. The supply of India paper is limited; it costs in the London market a shilling, or 25 cents, a pound. It will be apparent that all possibility of selling the Encyclopædia Britannica Eleventh Edition at a profit would be swept away unless the preliminary estimates were correct. The manufacturing problem is more difficult in the case of the binding, because the purchase of leather runs into even more money.

¶ If the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is to be sold at a reasonable price, it must be manufactured at low cost—that is, in large editions. If it is to be manufactured at low cost, it must be known approximately in what proportions the public will call for each kind of paper and each style of binding. These percentages can only be ascertained by an offer in advance of publication, and this is the purpose of the present announcement.

¶ *A comparatively few sets for the United States and an equal number for Great Britain are now being printed, most of which are on India paper. When this announcement went to the printer the response of the public had already begun, and the indications were that the advance subscriptions would account for all the sets now being printed and many more.*

¶ Whenever, in the opinion of the Cambridge University Press, the percentages are definitely enough ascertained to determine the demand for the work in its two forms and six styles of bindings, the prices will be advanced—*without notice if necessary*. It will be necessary, very soon, to place applicants on a waiting list, delivery of the volumes to be made as soon as the paper can be produced and the volumes printed and bound, but each subscriber's name will be registered and each set delivered according to the date of application as indicated by the postmark. From this rule there will be no departure.

¶ *The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Eleventh Edition, is now offered direct to the public and not through book-agents or canvassers.*



The Old Format (2½ inches thick) and the New (less than an inch thick) on India paper.



The use of India paper makes a light, slender, flexible volume, which may be doubled back, held in one hand, and read with ease and comfort, as this photograph shows.

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Those who prefer the India paper impression are particularly urged not to delay their applications, as the preparation of the sets in this form is a slow process.

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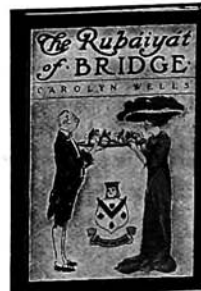
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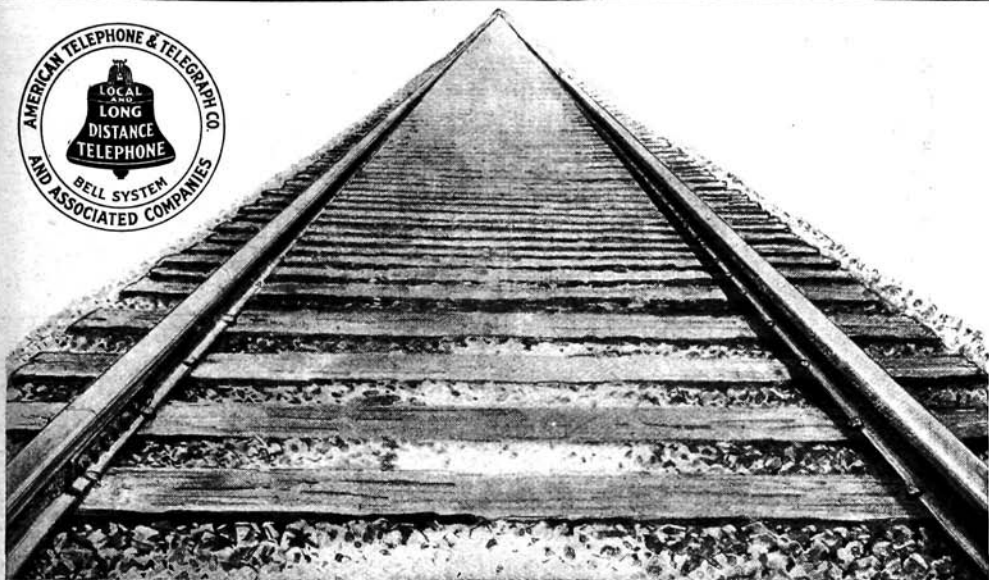
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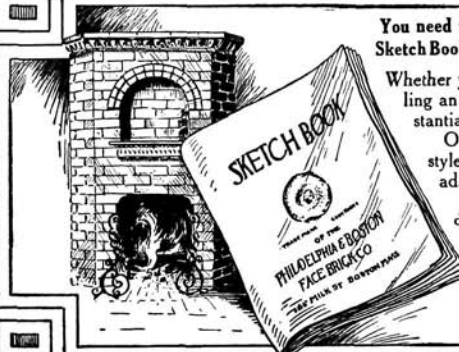
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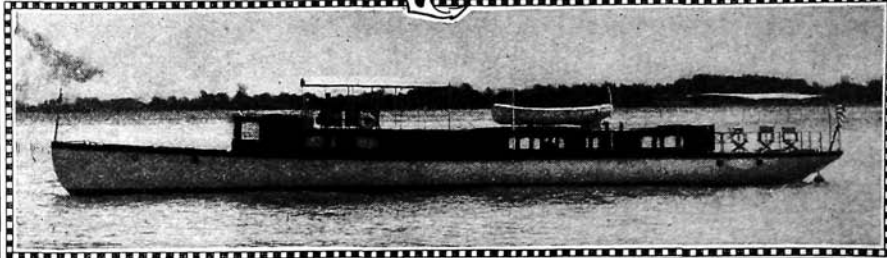
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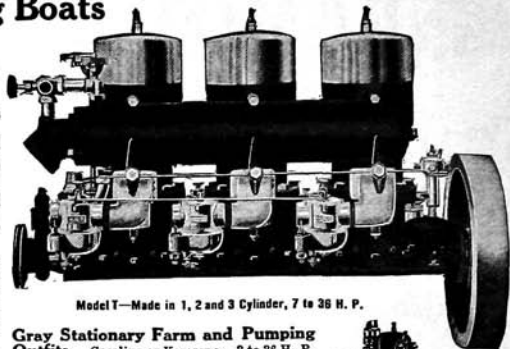
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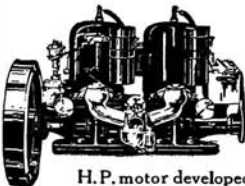
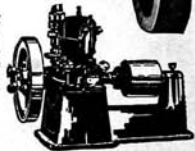
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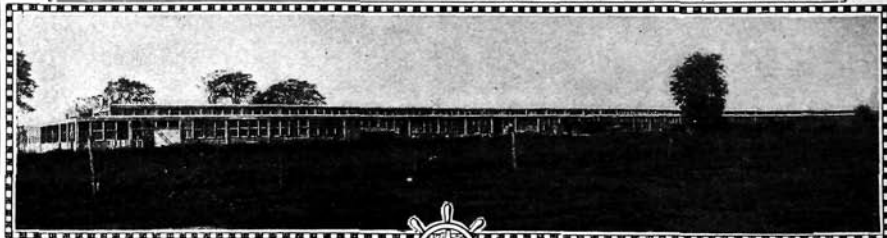
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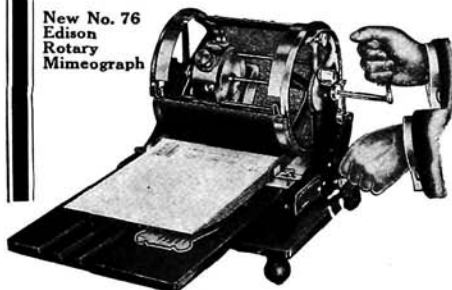


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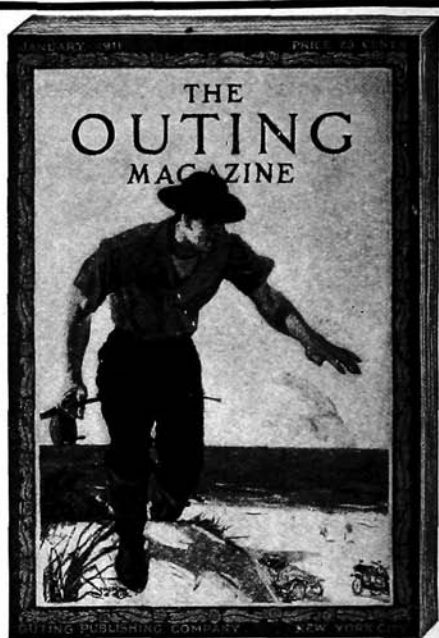
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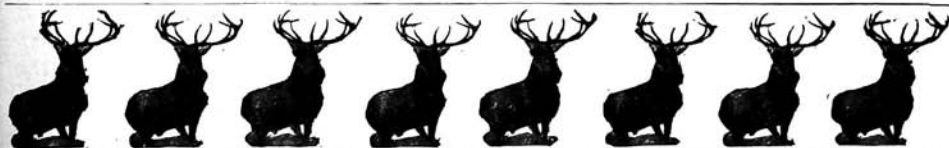
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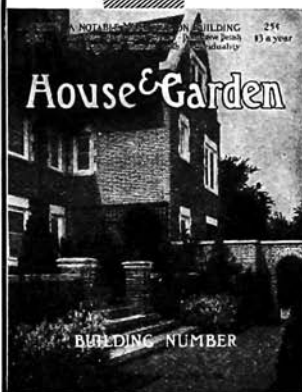
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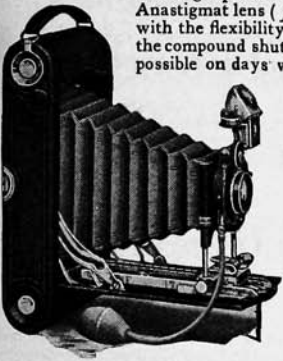
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"The Mahin Advertising Company have served us now for several years and we have found them to be splendidly equipped for this service. They accomplish for their customers results very similar to those we accomplish for ours, i. e., means for securing the ends in a business where cut and dried methods would not prove satisfactory. In other words, service for customers' particular and peculiar needs."



The Doctor and the Dead Level

There are hundreds of thousands of doctors.

All good in their way—all reliable, conscientious, sincere and earnest.

But beyond that nothing—they have never done a thing that brings them above the dead level of mediocrity.

A few—a very few have done things and the world resounds with acclaims for a Lister—a Janesco—a Koch.

Medicine and advertising are closely analogous.

Because there are hundreds of advertising agents.

—All good in their way—all reliable, conscientious, sincere and earnest.

But beyond that they have never done a thing that brings them above the dead level of mediocrity.

Only a few have done things out of the ordinary—then the business and advertising world sit up and take notice.

We'll leave you to judge from the letters alongside and from the opposite page if we have done things out of the ordinary—if we are above the dead level of mediocrity.

And if you wish to confirm your present judgment—if you would like to find out if we could make your proposition stand out profitably above the dead level of most advertising mediocrity—as we have been able to do for our customers, write us for more complete information and the proof.

It won't obligate you in the least.

The Mahin Advertising Company

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, FARM PAPERS
TRADE PAPERS, STREET CAR and
OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

802-852 American Trust Bldg., 125 Monroe St., Chicago

The Salesman and the Earmarks

From your experience you can tell the earmarks of a good salesman in your first interview.

You can assure yourself of his selling ability, his aggressiveness, his pertinacity, and his personality before you employ him and send him on the road.

Now can you tell an advertisement—a written salesman—before you hire it or obligate yourself for its payment?

If you can, you've had more than ordinary experience.

If you can't, don't feel lonesome, for there are thousands like yourself—

Who sometimes "go it blind" and pay a whole lot of money in trying out.

Now we've been planning and writing advertisements—written salesmen for a good many years.

We pretty nearly know—as nearly as human intelligence plus experience *can know* what constitutes an able-to-sell advertisement—

We know the fundamentals—

And John Lee Mahin has written an article on "How to Judge an Advertisement" which tells *you* how *you* can apply ten tests to each advertisement submitted *you* so that *you* can pretty nearly tell a selling advertisement before you must pay for it, as well as we can.

These ten tests rewritten and revised are one of the many splendid features of the 1911 Mahin Advertising Data Book. There are other features as well, each worth the price of the Data Book.

We send these Ten Tests Free

If you would like to look them over in order to judge the worth of the Data Book.

Just drop us a note on your business stationery and we'll send you these ten tests in booklet form free of charge.

The Mahin Advertising Company

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, FARM PAPERS
TRADE PAPERS, STREET CAR and
OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

802-852 American Trust Bldg., 125 Monroe St., Chicago

HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.



Mr. S. C. Dobbs, Sales Manager of the Coca-Cola Co., writes us: I could not properly run the advertising end of this business without your Data Book.



Mr. G. H. E. Hawkins, Advertising Manager of The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, Ill., makers of "Gold Dust" and "Fairy Soap," writes; this is one of the most useful books, size considered, ever issued; and it is certainly a handy thing to have about the place."



Mr. E. A. Stuart, President, Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, Seattle, Washington, makers of Carnation Milk, writes: "The Mahin Advertising Data Book contains a vast amount of reliable information in condensed form.

In planning and executing our advertising campaigns, we refer to it almost daily."



Good Things In Small Packages

Glen Ullin, N. D.

"The Mahin Advertising Book, consigned to me on ten days trial, reached me this morning. Thanks.

My first impression was disappointing on seeing such a small book and such a big price. But the relative value of diamonds and cotton is not to be decided by a standard of bulk. Fifteen minutes trip thro' the book convinces that there are more real facts and information than some 8 vols. of 300 pages contain"

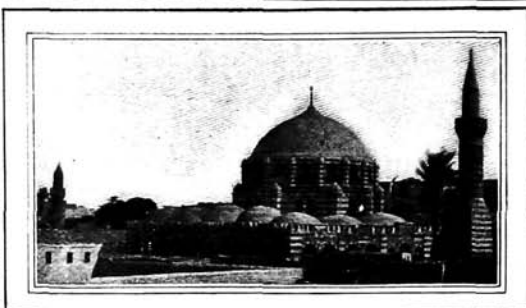
Yours truly,

The Good Will Company



If the Data Book proves helpful to advertising men like these it surely will prove helpful to you.





TRAVEL



*For Winter Tours
in Summer Climes
Consult*

Cuba A WINTER PARADISE

a profusely illustrated 80-page booklet with six complete maps, also 72 views illustrative of this wonderful Island. Sent post-paid on receipt of 4c in stamps.

FRANK ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent
UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA
52 Broadway, Room 210 C, - - New York

THE ORIENT

Cook's Tours de Luxe

to Egypt, the Holy Land, the Levant, etc., 44th Annual Series, leave during Jan., Feb., and March. Leisurely travel in small, select parties.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS

sail from Cairo every few days during the season for First and Second Cataracts, Khartoum, etc. Elegant private steamers and dahabeahs for families and private parties.

SOUTH AMERICA A COMPREHENSIVE TOUR
LEAVES JANUARY 28
SOMETHING NEW IN TOURIST TRAVEL

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK, 245 Broadway - 264 Fifth Avenue
BOSTON, 332 Washington St. PHILADELPHIA, 137 South Broad St.
CHICAGO, 234 So. Clark St. SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
MONTREAL, TORONTO, ETC.

140 OFFICES ABROAD Established 1841
Cook's Traveller's Cheques Are Good All Over the World



UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

THE ORIENT EGYPT, PALESTINE, GREECE
Sail January 25, February 22, March 18.

YACHT ATHENA Cruises in the Mediterranean
Two weeks or more in May, June, July.

SUMMER TOURS Italy, Germany, England, Norway
Sail March 29, April 29, May 20, June 10.

Expert leaders, special lectures, leisurely itineraries. Send for illustrated announcements. Tell us when you can sail; where you would go.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL,
81 TRINITY PLACE BOSTON, MASS.

EUROPE & THE ORIENT—1911

Annual Oriental Tour sails in February. First-Class throughout. Membership limited.
30th Successful Year. Write for programs.
DR. & MRS. H. S. PAINE, GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Many parties to THE ORIENT and ALL PARTS OF EUROPE in 1911. Superior arrangements and conductorship.

DE POTTER TOURS Illustrated Programs free. 32d year. Strictly first class. 82 Broadway NEW YORK

Europe **\$260**
Select 9000-mile summer tours. Personal escort; wide choice of routes; eleven years' experience; highest testimonials. Apply at once.

THE TEMPLE TOURS, 8 Beacon St., BOSTON, MASS.

Magnificent S.S. "Arabic" leaves Feb. 4, rates \$400 up, including shore excursions; 71 enchanting days. Stop-over privileges. Round World Tour, Jan. 25, nearly six mos., \$2100—Other Tours.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

INDEPENDENT AROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPS \$618.00
TICKETS GOOD FOR 2 YEARS

AROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPS \$618.00
TICKETS GOOD FOR 2 YEARS

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Twin-Screw Steamers. Unusual facilities combining every comfort and luxury. Cabins are roomy, airy and light. Every invention contributing to the safety of passengers. Unusually low rates to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania via Europe and Suez Canal.

Travelers checks good all over the world. Write for "Around the World Double" F. OELRICHS & CO. Gen. Agts. 5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE ORIENT



A Myriad of Attractions and Allurements for the Tourist

From San Francisco via palatial (27000 tons) steamships of Pacific Mail S.S. Co. Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Touching at Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Manila, Hongkong

For the Transcontinental trip use

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

New Orleans to San Francisco Superior Service All the Way

L. H. NUTTING, G. E. P. A., 366 and 1158 or 1 B'dway, N. Y.



ALTHOUSE'S Select Foreign Tours
High Grade and Inclusive Tours to the Mediterranean, including the Orient. Also Tours to Northern Europe with British Isles and Scandinavia. "Around the World." Strictly First Class. Comprehensive Itineraries. Exclusive Features. 716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

PATENTS HAND BOOK
—FREE—
Sixty years' experience—acknowledged standing. Send sketch for opinion on patentability. All patents procured by us published FREE in

Branch Office: **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**
625 F Street, **MUNN & CO., Attorneys**
WASHINGTON, D. C. 361 Broadway, New York

Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys
By **JOSEPH H. ADAMS**

A practical book with clear directions how to make all kinds of outdoor things like windmills, aeroplanes, ice-boats, tree-huts, etc., and detailed descriptions of boating, fishing, and camp life. Illustrated. \$1.75.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

LYON & HEALY

HARP is the undisputed Standard of the World. Prices exceedingly reasonable. Catalogue of Lyon & Healy Harps free to anyone interested. Also bargains in Used Harps. Monthly payments may be arranged.
LYON & HEALY, Manager H. B. F., Chicago
(93) **Plano and Harp Builders**



TRAVELERS' CHEQUES



When Traveling Carry "A. B. A." Cheques
and thus avoid all travel-fund annoyances. They are safe, self-identifying and good everywhere—Abroad and At Home.

Take a book of assorted denominations (\$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100) on your next trip.

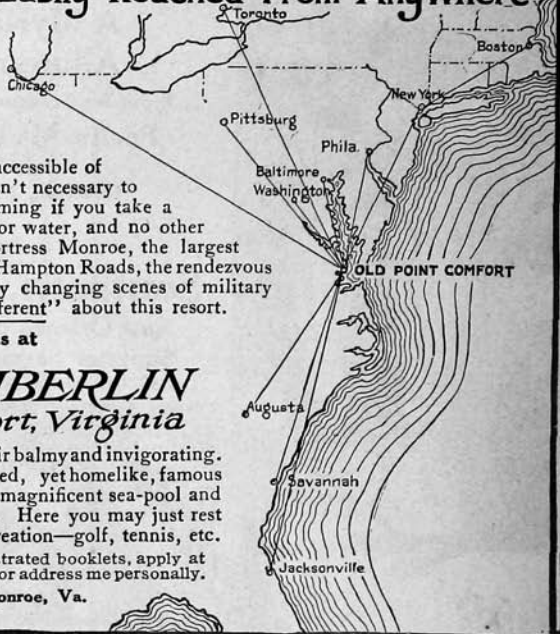
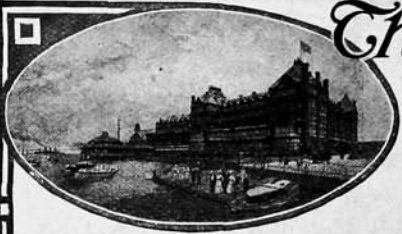
Descriptive Booklet Free on Request

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.

The Year-Round Resort

Easily Reached From Anywhere



LOOK at the map. Here is the most accessible of all the Atlantic coast resorts. It isn't necessary to spend half your time going and coming if you take a vacation here. Quickest to reach by rail or water, and no other resort is so uniquely situated; right at Fortress Monroe, the largest military post on the Atlantic Coast, and at Hampton Roads, the rendezvous of the nation's warships. The constantly changing scenes of military and naval life furnish the "something different" about this resort.

Spend Your Vacations at

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN

At Old Point Comfort, Virginia

It's warm there now, the skies are clear, the air balmy and invigorating. The Chamberlin is most luxuriously appointed, yet homelike, famous for its cuisine—real Southern cooking—its magnificent sea-pool and its completely appointed medicinal baths. Here you may just rest and recuperate or enjoy your favorite recreation—golf, tennis, etc.

For further information and interesting illustrated booklets, apply at all tourist bureaus or transportation offices, or address me personally.

GEORGE F. ADAMS, Manager, Fortress Monroe, Va.
New York Office, 1122 Broadway



When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.



**TWO
YACHTING
CRUISES.**

**WEST INDIES
SOUTH
AMERICA
& THE
PANAMA CANAL**
by the
American Line's
**Splendid Twin Screw
S. S. NEW YORK**
10,800 TONS

When the Snow Flies, the Sunny Isles
of the Caribbean Smile a Welcome.

**Leaving New York
January 28 and March 4
1911**

**31 DAYS EACH
\$150 AND UP**

The S. S. "New York" is equipped
with every modern convenience, including
Wireless, Submarine Signals, Swimming
Pool, Electric Fans in every room, Dark
Room, Launches, Orchestra, etc.

Optional Shore Excursions, including
across the Isthmus, along the Canal Route,
across Cuba, etc.

Send for Further Particulars to
PLEASURE CRUISE DEPT.
9 Broadway, New York

Or Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Montreal, New
Orleans, Philadelphia, Seattle, St. Louis, San Fran-
cisco, Toronto, Washington, Winnipeg.



**THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO.**



**THE
AMERICAN
RIVIERA**

FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE



West Indies

**PANAMA CANAL
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA**

3 Cruises de Luxe
By the Magnificent New
SS. "AVON"

**Twin-Screw
11,073 Tons**
The largest, finest,
and fastest steamer
specially con-
structed for ser-
vice in the Tropics,
cruising to the
West Indies this
winter.

Sailing from
New York

JAN. 21 (27 Days) \$140 and up
FEB. 18 (32 Days) \$150 and up
MAR. 25 (19 Days) \$85 and up

BERMUDA
11-Day, All-Expense Tours, \$55 and up.
Available to Dec. 31, including 7 days' hotel, shore
excursions, etc.

CUBA
Weekly Service to Antilla (Nipe Bay). Tours
\$90 and up, visiting Bermuda, Santiago and Camaguey,
returning via Havana or Jamaica.

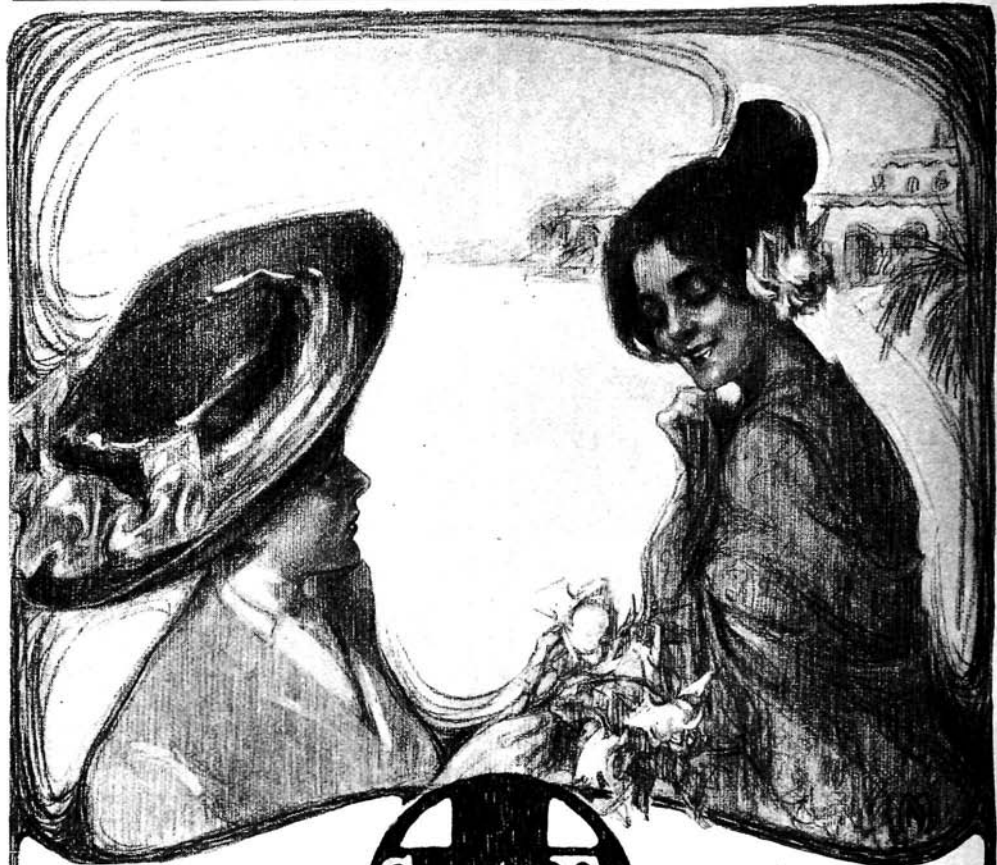
Jamaica, Panama, Trinidad, Barbados, &c.
Tours by Company's regular mail steamers, 6,000 tons;
excellent cuisine, orchestra.

SANDERSON & SON, 21-24 State St., New York
149 La Salle Street, Chicago.
W. H. EAVES, N. E. P. A., 200 Washington St., BOSTON



BARBADOS

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.



Miss Way Down
East



visits Señorita California
in Old-Mission-Land, where
January is like June

You can go there, too, by way of Grand Canyon of Arizona
on the train of luxury

The California Limited

For art booklets of the train and trip address W.J. Black, 1059 Railway Exchange, Chicago

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.



Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

The Center of Winter Out-of-Door Life in the Middle South

FREE FROM CLIMATIC EXTREMES
AND WHOLESOME IN EVERY RESPECT

FOUR EXCELLENT HOTELS
FIFTY COTTAGES

HOLLY INN—Now Open CAROLINA—Opens January 7th
BERKSHIRE—Opens January 14th HARVARD

The only resort having *Three 18-hole Golf Courses*, all in pink of condition, Country Club, 40,000 Acre Private Shooting Preserve, Good Guides and Trained Dogs, Fine Livery of Saddle Horses, Model Dairy, Tennis Courts, Trap Shooting, etc.

NO CONSUMPTIVES RECEIVED AT PINEHURST

Through Pullman Service from New York to Pinehurst via Seaboard Air Line. Only one night out from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Don't fail to send to nearest railroad offices for literature, illustrating the out-of-door features of PINEHURST and giving full details of attractions.

Send for Illustrated Literature and List of Golf, Tennis and Shooting Tournaments.

PINEHURST GENERAL OFFICE: PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA
or LEONARD TUFTS, Owner, Boston, Mass.

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.



Building Confidence

The advertisers in the Surface Cars of New York City are doing far more than selling their goods through advertising. Any form of ordinary publicity can accomplish that, to a certain degree.

They are building up steadily and surely a structure of public confidence in themselves and their goods which is to be the permanent foundation of their future success.

Selling merchandise plus the molding of the most powerful asset in business—Public Confidence—that's the secret of the success of Surface Car Advertising in New York City.

We have the exclusive control and sale of all advertising space in the

New York City Surface Cars And 5th Avenue Auto Busses

Study the Cards—We Have a Standard

Ask for rates and information.

New York City Car Advertising Company

225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.

UNDERFEED

HEATING SYSTEMS

Decrease Cost of Living

9 Tons Hard Coal = \$57.60

7" Buckwheat Coal 23.80

Saving - \$33.80



**Write for FREE Books on
CLEAN Heat at LEAST Cost**

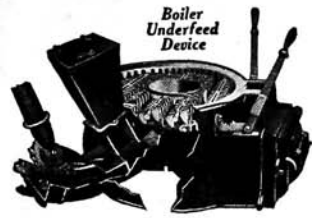
WHILE the cost of food and clothes has materially increased, the Underfeed coal-burning way has in far greater measure decreased the cost of heating. You can easily take advantage of this economic certainty yourself. Thousands who have thoroly tested Underfeed heating systems are willing and able to prove that they have saved one-half to two-thirds of their coal bills by using

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

**HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER
FURNACES - BOILERS**

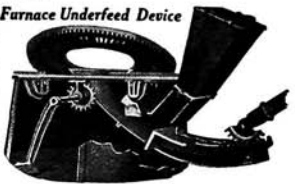
There is nothing mysterious in this. The UNDERFEED burns coal in the logical way. Coal is fed from below. All fire is on top. Smoke and gases wasted in other heating plants must pass through the flames, are consumed and make more heat. Pea sizes of hard and soft coal or cheapest slack, which would

put out fire in ordinary furnaces and boilers, yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as highest-priced coal. This means you save the big difference in coal cost. The few ashes are easily removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.



G. M. Stanton, of 127 Pennsylvania Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., is a good witness for Underfeed Saving qualities. He writes:

"I have heated ten rooms, keeping the temperature at 70 degrees. I have used 7 tons of Buckwheat coal at a cost of \$23.80 and have heretofore used 9 tons of Chestnut coal at a cost of \$57.60, making a saving of \$33.80. I have saved one-half the work of caring for the furnace. I would not let the Underfeed go out of my cellar for \$1,000 if I could not purchase another like it."



Let us send you an Underfeed Furnace Booklet and fac-similes of other cheerful testimonials like this, or our Special Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers—both FREE. Heating plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 339 West Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO
Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers are Invited to Write TODAY for new Selling Plan.

*Send Coupon Today
and Learn how to*

SAVE

1/2 to 2/3

of your

Coal Bill.

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 339 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66%. Send me—FREE—

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet.....
Boiler Booklet.....

(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name..... Street.....

Postoffice..... State.....

.....Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

When writing to advertisers kindly mention Harper's Magazine.



"I was explaining to a neighbor, who had commented on the glossiness of my palms and ferns, that I kept them clean with Ivory Soap, when she laughed and said: 'Don't talk to me about air-ships. I believe that Ivory Soap is the real wonder of the age. You know what a time I have had with Raymond about his bath? You ought to see him now! He was yelling at the top of his voice, and I had given up in despair, when I was seized with a brilliant idea. I picked up a nice new cake of Ivory Soap and stuck a small flag in each end. In a very few moments I had enticed him into the bath, and I have never had any more trouble, except in getting him out.'"

(Extract from a Letter)

For the bath and for every other purpose that involves the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled. It is mild. It is gentle. It is pure. It does what soap is intended to do—it cleans but it does not injure.

Ivory Soap It Floats.

Swift's Premium Calendar

for

1911

"The Courtships of American Poetry"

Four large, beautiful pictures 10x15 inches, in 13 colors, that everyone will prize—

Hiawatha and Minnehaha
Maud Muller and the Judge

Priscilla and John Alden
Evangeline and Gabriel

This charming calendar depicts the courtships of the four most famous romances of American Poetry—dear to every American as typical of the sweethearts of long ago. The scenes are historically correct, with all the quaint surroundings and costumes of the period. These fine pictures are taken from celebrated paintings and below each is a suitable quotation from the poem. There is no advertising on them to prevent framing. Sent prepaid for

**10 cents, coin or stamps,
or—one cap from a jar of Swift's Beef Extract,
or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers.**

(In Canada 10 cents additional is required on account of duty)

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

have passed another year of favor with the housewife because of their high quality and mild, delicious flavor. When you order be sure to say "Swift's Premium" and you will get the best the market affords. At all dealers.

For Calendars, address

Swift & Company

4107 Packers' Ave.

**Chicago,
U. S. A.**



ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

*The only baking powder
made from Royal Grape
Cream of Tartar*

No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



Has a most
delicious
flavor.
Is pure
and
healthful.
An ideal
food
beverage.

GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Leave off
Worry—
and Coffee

Drink well-made

POSTUM

and note how "things come
your way."

It's worth the trial!

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

There is satisfaction in using
a pen which needs no inkstand;
has not to be given a prelimi-
nary shake to set it to work; is
always ready just when you
want it and will give its best
work at once.

Try a Waterman's Ideal
against any other writing im-
plement and see for yourself.

Know the full meaning of
Waterman's Ideal Quality and
Guarantee.

From Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Co.
173 B'way, New York
Boston - San Francisco
Chicago - Montreal

