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SMITH'S

MAGAZINE

MAY 1909 — 15 CENTS

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Vol. IX

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 2

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

MAY 1909

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Entered as Second-class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 9 MAY, 1909 NUMBER 2

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES

Miss Frances Starr ~ in "THE EASIEST WAY"

MISS FRANCES STARR
In "The Easiest Way"

Photo by White, N. Y.

MISS FRANCES STARR
In "The Easiest Way"

Photo by White, N. Y.

GRACE GEORGE
In "A Woman's Way"

Photo by Moffett, Chicago

MISS MARY MOON
In "A Stubborn Cinderella"

Photo by Sykes, Chicago

SUZANNE ADAMS
Primadonna in Vaudeville

MISS MILDRED MANNING
In "Little Nemo"

Photo by White, N. Y.

MISS KATHERINE EMMETT
Authoress and Actress

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MALVINA V. LONGFELLOW
In "Ganton & Co."

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ALICE DOVEY
In "A Stubborn Cinderella"

Photo by Sykes, Chicago

AMELIA BINGHAM
On the Wm. Morris Vaudeville
Circuit

Photo by Matzine, Chicago

MISS IRENE MOORE
In "Blue Grass"

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In Vaudeville

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In "A Girl from Rector's"

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MISS EDYTHE GILBERT
In "A Stubborn Cinderella"

Photo by Sykes, Chicago

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN
In "The Great Divide"

Photo by Moffett, Chicago

The LARGER LIFE

By Virginia Middleton

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

CHAPTER I.

THERE had been two envelopes lying upon Emily's desk that gusty autumn morning when she entered the *Conservator* office. Instinctively she had quailed before them. Remote as she was from the main current of gossip in the "shop," she had not failed to be aware of the passion for economy which had recently inspired the management. Waters, one of the few men of the staff with whom she had more than a bowing acquaintance, had ruefully shown her his own dismissal a little while before. When the impersonal manila envelopes had met her gaze that day, she had known at once that one of them "regretted" the necessity of dispensing with her services.

As it happened, it had been the other which she opened first—a colorless scrawl below a clipping pasted upon a piece of copy paper, requesting her to "cover" the meeting of the local Daughters of the Revolution in Jersey City that afternoon. That was the city editor's contribution to her mail. It was the managing editor who conveyed to her his deep sorrow at being obliged, because of an imperative order from the proprietor to reduce expenses, to say that after two weeks he would be compelled to rely upon the "flimsy" for the feminine news items which she had handled so gracefully for the *Conservator;* and who begged her, if there were any way in which he could serve her, to let him know, not only on her own account but on account of his old friend Twombley, to whose friendly offices in introducing her the *Conservator* was truly obliged. Perhaps hereafter when the urgency for thrift was less strong—and the letter ended with vague hopefulness.

Ah, well! Mr. Reed had done it as well as possible, recalling the introduction to himself which the head of her

old academy had given her two years before, and thereby making it perfectly clear that no reference to her sponsor would be of any avail. She read the note over carefully two or three times, with the dull, unseeing carefulness which spars for time. Then she had turned the key in the top drawer of her battered, flat, little desk, had snapped out the light in the green-shaded electric globe, and had departed for Jersey City and the detested "Daughters," quite regardless of the fact that it wanted three hours to their time of meeting.

In the leisure which she thus guaranteed herself she tried to force her mind to consider her exact situation, but the blow, expected though it had been, had stunned her a little, and she could not vitalize to herself the meaning of the dismissal. By and by, the stunned dulness gave place to a whimpering self-pity, and she wanted to go somewhere and have that prime feminine mind-clearer, a good cry. But though she wandered through the streets looking absently for an open, empty church, or some other asylum, she did not find one.

Finally she attended the long-winded meeting she had come to report, and on the ferry-boat recrossing to the city she wrote the perfunctory paragraph with which the *Conservator* would notice the event. The city editor ran his eye through the three pages, and grunted "Stick and a half? All right," and she was free to go home through the early twilight.

She said good night to Mrs. Poindexter, the editor of the Sunday Women's Page and the only other woman on the *Conservator's* old-fashioned force, with a longing to have that lady break her impersonal, reserved custom, and ask her something concerning herself. But Mrs. Poindexter hated all infringements of habit, and if she observed that Emily dallied longer than usual at her desk, or that she made abortive little attempts at prolonging the conversation, found in these symptoms of unrest only a ground of annoyance.

Mrs. Poindexter had never been friendly, as Emily told herself on the way up-town; in spite of her own invulnerable position as editor of a department by right of early acquaintance with the proprietor's wife, she had held the younger woman at polite arm's length during two long years, almost as if she feared being supplanted by her. Emily remembered bitterly how Mrs. Poindexter had rejected every little contribution she had tried to make the department—the feminine anecdotes, the verses, light or sentimental, even the eminently practical and really good rule of Catherine's for geranium and crab-apple jelly!

"She would buy all sorts of twaddle from every one else," said the girl, "but not even good things from me. I wonder why. I think, now that I'm leaving, I'll ask her. I think I'll tell Mr. Reed just what I think of the awful plaids he always wears, too. I think I'll tell every one I hate just what my feelings are and why I have them! It would be fun—it would almost pay for being discharged to be able to tell them all just how they really seem to the quiet mouse of a person they've overlooked for two years!"

She let herself into Mrs. Babcock's stuffy hall and contemplated the long climb to her hall-room on the top floor with keen disfavor. She felt weary and old—and she was only twenty-four and had the country-bred girl's strength of back and muscle. She marveled at her lassitude, not having yet learned that discouragement is more wearing than labor, and that dull care bows more shoulders than all the work the world has to do.

When she had crawled to her tiny refuge, cutting her way, it seemed to her offended olfactory nerves, through an atmosphere of fried cakes and boiled cabbage, she closed her door with the determination to sit down and face the thing out then and there. It was only six o'clock. Even the first relay of boarders—the widow with the white Shetland wool shawl and the retired Indian missionary, who were always waiting to fall into the dining-room—would not be admitted to the banquet

until six-forty-five; as for the stragglers, of whom she was always one, they would not be all present and accounted for until a half-hour later. She had plenty of leisure to survey the facts dispassionately.

She unfolded the steamer-chair that stood against the wall and insinuated it into the space between her writing-table and her bureau—a real feat in maneuvering. Then she stretched herself in it, and fixed her eyes upon the twinkling lights of the square opposite. It had been the only luxury she had permitted herself for two years, that shadowy park, now luminously purple with twilight and golden electric bulbs; she would have to give that up now, she supposed, and take a room in the back of the house. She sighed deeply.

Emily was never quite sure whether her propensity for sleep was the mark of a sluggish temperament or of a highly strung one. Sometimes the suspicion crossed her mind that it was the former; again she told herself that she felt all things so keenly that she was physically exhausted with feeling and obliged therefore to sleep for recuperation. This evening her face-to-face contemplation of the situation in which she found herself soon passed into the slumber of weariness. And asleep she dreamed a tender dream of the place which, waking, she told herself, she hated more than all the places on earth, and of the life which she said with determined exultation she had left forever. She dreamed of New Lebanon, lying on its hillside; of the farm where she had been born and where she had lived most of her life, its tiny panes twinkling through the autumn evening, its homely radiance glimmering through its bare orchards and through the leafless elms and maples that stood ranged before it.

She dreamed that she was home once more, and that it was evening. The low-ceiled living-room was dark with twilight and with its old, somber furniture, but brightened by the flashes from the great wood-fire on the hearth. She herself was at the old, thin-toned piano, playing idly, and watching the night marshal its shadowy forces through the window in the corner. In a minute Catherine would come in, bustling, with lights and conversation—Catherine, the banisher of twilight reverie; only in her dream Emily felt a gentle, tolerant, half-humorous, wholly affectionate patience with Catherine the practical instead of the irritation she always had felt. Over her shoulder she called a lazy greeting to her sister, and Catherine—world of wonder!—Catherine actually asked her, in a wistful voice, to keep on playing.

"Mis' Brewster! Mis' Brewster! Laws sakes, but you're sleepin' hard!" The colored chambermaid's voice broke into the dream, and Emily started broad awake, frightened to have been in New Lebanon even in her little dream, thankful, palpitantly glad to be out of it at once.

"What is it, Cassy?" she asked sleepily.

"Thuh lahndry, Mis' Brewster. An' thuh girl's a-waitin'."

Emily stumbled over to her writing-table and searched for a match. She lit the flaring, unshaded gas-jet that revealed the shabby, crowded ugliness of her abode. She searched for her purse, and her breath fluttered in a sigh as she asked Cassy for the amount demanded by the washerwoman's emissary.

"Two dollahs an' seventeen cent, she say, Miss Brewster."

Emily counted everything her pocket-book contained—silver, nickel, and copper; even an unused transfer was hopefully turned over.

"I've only got a dollar and eighty-two in change," she said at last, realizing how insincere the implication of the "in change" must sound even to Cassy's undiscriminating ear. "Tell her I'll give the rest next week. And the bag is there, Cassy, behind the door."

As Cassy flounced off with the bag and the contents of Emily's purse, a tall young man came striding through the hall. He smiled pleasantly as he beheld Emily standing in her doorway watching the departure of her belongings.

"Good evening, Miss Brewster. Fine day, isn't it?"

"Good evening," answered Emily, as he paused with his hand upon his own door-knob. He could afford a large room, a large room with a fireplace! She had looked into it once when the door was open and she had seen such possibilities of comfort in it. "Has it been a fine day? I haven't noticed."

"As busy as that? You make a clientless lawyer feel envious." The young man seemed in no hurry to enjoy the comforts of his room.

"Not busy. Merely—absent-minded, I suppose."

"That's the way with you literary geniuses, I dare say." He laughed. "I suppose you were off in some golden Arcady or other in quest of rhymes or plots, and never even knew that it was crisp and blowy and sunny here in New York."

Emily sighed as she laughed.

"My golden Arcady was Jersey City. And I was not looking for rhymes but for a place to cry."

"A place to cry? You're not serious." He dropped his door-knob and approached her corner. The convenances were strictly observed at Mrs. Babcock's. Not for worlds would Jaffray Greene have crossed the threshold of Miss Brewster's room. It might be very uncomfortable standing against the hall wall, but better discomfort than the impropriety of a chair within Miss Brewster's sanctum.

"But I am quite serious," declared Emily, with the deep desire to talk about herself which Mrs. Poindexter's resolute avoidance of her story had only intensified.

"Will you tell me why?" His voice was earnest and kind, his manner concerned. Emily felt both like a balm on her sensitively sore spirit.

"Oh, I've been fired, and it has hurt my feelings," she said, with an attempt at airiness.

"You? From the *Conservator?*" Of course every one in Mrs. Babcock's establishment knew every one else's employment. As many of the boarders as had achieved acquaintance with Emily had flattered her with little allusions to her presumptive talents and her position on the daily paper. Jaffray Greene had never done that, she remembered. Once or twice he had irritated her by seeming to condole with her over the necessity of work or over the triviality of what she was doing. But now there was a kind gravity in his air to which her hurt and lonely mood responded.

"I'll tell you all about the tragedy after dinner," she said, trying to carry the matter off jauntily, "if all the rest do not fill up the parlor."

"I have a better plan than that," he answered. "Why don't you come with me to the theater? You won't mind middle-class seats, will you? And coming and going and between the acts you can tell me all about it; and during them you can forget all about it. What do you say—will you?"

"I'd love to!" cried Emily, with sparkling eyes. She had been two years in New York and she had gone to the theater only ten or twelve times, and then always to the top gallery with some drab and uninteresting lady, some unattached fellow boarder at Mrs. Babcock's. Jaffray's invitation sounded brilliantly alluring.

"And how kind of him," she told herself when she had gone back into her room and had begun to fumble among her waists and collars for something with which to honor the occasion, "to do it to-night when he knows I'm blue. How very kind of him."

Catherine, had she known, would object, of course. Catherine always objected to everything on principle, that was Emily's opinion. "What do you know about him, my dear?" quoth Emily to herself, mimicking her sister's voice. "Did his grandfather know yours? Did his grandmother spend afternoons with yours? No? Then how can you possibly know that he's a respectable person?" "Well, my dear sister, I'm going out with him—thankfully, too, if you come to that! And what's more, I'm going to wear my pink silk waist! Oh, Catherine, not for worlds—not for worlds and worlds would I live your little, narrow, shut-in, unadventurous life!"

If the apostrophized Catherine had

invisibly accompanied her sister and Mr. Greene upon the evening's mild pleasure jaunt, any such misgivings as Emily's soliloquy had ascribed to her must have melted away. The young man was all that was deferential, attentive, interested. But after he had won from Emily a disjointed little tale of her dismissal from the *Conservator* staff, he turned toward the girl with honest friendliness in his eyes, and said:

"Why don't you go home, Miss Brewster, for a rest?"

It was between the acts. The play was a sufficiently entertaining comedy, but it did not dominate the intermissions with its feeling; the two had been able to converse in regard to Emily's affairs without being overweighted by the spirit of the drama. Now she turned and flashed at him a look of reproach.

"Go home!" she echoed.

"Yes. For a rest. Unless"—he hesitated—"unless your home, like that of so many of us, is broken up. If that is so, please forgive me for saying anything about it."

"Oh, my home is there, if by a home you mean so much lumber and so many nails to keep it together," said Emily bitterly.

"No, I don't mean that by a home. Of course, if all one's family is gone, and all one's friends—but that is seldom so. In my own case, the homestead has passed to strangers, and all my own people are in the old churchyard; but I go back as often as I can scrape together the money—it's a longish trip to Kentucky—because of all the old friends, all the old associations."

"You're sentimental," said Emily, with a curling lip.

"And aren't you?" He asked it quietly, ignoring the contemptuous accent she had given the word. "I think you are. I think you must be. Why, sentiment is what sweetens life, Miss Brewster. Don't be skimpy with your definitions, and give sentiment and sentimentality the same meaning. One is oozy sugar-and-water; the other—— Oh, the other's milk and honey, and all that!"

"Well," retorted Emily, "don't you be narrow-minded, either, in your definitions; don't force the milk and honey mixture in the same proportions down all our throats."

"So you don't want to go home?"

"Go home?" she echoed again. "If you knew how I had to fight to get away from home, what bitterness my insisting upon it caused, you wouldn't suggest that. Indeed, I have no home."

"Some time, perhaps, when we are better friends, you will tell me about it?"

"We don't need to wait for that," answered Emily, with an exaggerated air of indifference. "Any village lounger in New Lebanon would tell you all about it between trains at the station if you showed any interest. We don't need to wait to be friends—ah, there's the curtain!"

During the next act Jaffray found himself watching the profile turned toward him more than he watched the stage. The girl had always interested him since he had first met her at Mrs. Babcock's, a year or more before. There was aspiration in her look, courage in the poise of the slender neck. A spirit quick yet shy looked out of her hazel eyes. The ladies of Mrs. Babcock's house had sometimes confided to him that Miss Brewster seemed "awfully reserved—they couldn't tell whether it was timidity or pride that made her so." Jaffray had been sure that he recognized a youthful, intolerant pride as the foundation of that reserve which puzzled the ebulliently friendly among them. He and she had drifted, by virtue of this understanding of her, into a much more friendly intercourse than she had with any of the others among her fellow boarders; but to-night was the first night when they had touched upon intimacies.

Studying the eager, alight face, watching the swift changes of expression with which she recorded her impressions of the mimic show before her, he found himself marveling more than ever at the ladies who had found her "rather sweet, maybe, but not what you'd call pretty." Pretty—no! But sweet—never; at any rate never in the

"Twenty?" Walters determinedly struck in. "That's indecent, Johnny."

saccharine sense in which Mrs. Babcock's boarding-house used the word. He was older than she by some five years, and he had seen a good deal of the world and of women in his drifting life. But never had he seen a woman, he told himself, with more possibilities of fire, of feeling, of delicate appreciations, gaieties, raptures—and of all their contradictions. Unappeased, the hunger, the ambition, the yearning—whatever it was that gave her face its individual charm and appeal—unappeased, that quality might have the power to make her so unhappy, so dead or so rebellious. He waited impatiently for the end of the act—he wanted her to talk, to give him the key to her temperament.

But when the play was over she was full of it. She had forgotten, apparently, her dismissal from the *Conservator* office, her bitterness against her home—everything but her enthusiasm for the graceful young star and her acting. Jaffray courteously seconded her for a while. Then he broke in upon the eulogies.

"You know you were going to tell me something which any of the village loungers would tell me between trains at New Lebanon," he reminded her. "You said that so that I would not presume upon your confidences to think that we were great friends. But tell me about it."

At her desire they had walked through the cross-street on which the theater stood to Madison Avenue, and were now going down that quiet thoroughfare, with the lighted tower of the Garden shining at its end. The crisp autumn air tingled the blood in their cheeks, their feet were springy on the pavements. She laughed at his interpretation of her remarks.

"I love this walk at night," she said irrelevantly. "I often take it. I love the quiet, with the roar of the city breaking just beyond it; I love the carriages that roll so decorously along it—they are so different from the ones in Fifth Avenue, don't you think? And the dignified houses, and the lighted Garden—don't you ever come out to breathe it all in?"

"No, but I certainly shall if that is what you do and if I know when you are coming. You don't mean that you come out on these tours of appreciation alone at night?"

"Surely. Why not?" she answered indifferently.

"Why not?" It was his turn to be an echo. "It's dangerous. Suppose that some one should speak to you—follow you—annoy you."

"I don't choose Broadway for my evening strolls—often," she said gaily. "And any place in New York is safe for a woman intent upon her own affairs. I've learned that much in my reporting. You know that although the *Conservator* is the least sensational—the least progressive—of papers, still, it doesn't provide chaperons with its woman reporter. And though I've chiefly done the Dames and the Daughters and the bazaars in aid of the orthopedic hospitals, and the like, now and then I have stumbled on a real piece of work and have had to learn my way about the city."

"The *Conservator*—and so you're leaving it. And you won't go home for even a visit. And you are going to tell me about it," he recalled to her.

"I spent years in the struggle to get away from home—why should I go back? Oh, how I beat my wings against the bars while I was there! I can't tell you how I wanted the larger life, the stirring life, the chance of adventure! You wouldn't believe, would you, that even this walk down this quiet avenue seems an adventure to me? At home—I should have been in bed and asleep these two hours now. There would have been no play, no lovely Ethel Barrymore, no theater filling with gay people in sumptuous clothes, no anything—only my sister Catherine with her patience and her forbearance and all her Christian virtues to drive me to crime!"

"Your sister lives at home?"

"Yes. You know—of course you don't, though—my father was a New Yorker who had a romantic love of nature. Poor dear! He admired sunsets and pointed cedar-trees, and all that, and he had pleasant sensations when he saw them. And so, when he met my mother—she was a country judge's daughter, but she had a long line of good farming ancestry back of her—I suppose it was natural for him to think that they were foreordained to lead a sweetly pastoral life together on a farm in her neighborhood. I fancy father saw himself in the rôle of the gentleman farmer, and that he thought being a gentleman farmer consisted in reading Herrick under his own trees and watching the hired man work. Of course, you know that the hired man never works? And that poor father had little time for Herrick, but absolutely no aptitude for hoeing? And that mother, with three times his practical ability and not a third of his feeling about it all, was the one who kept the place from utter ruin? And that she died when we—Cathie and I—were little, long-legged things, and that the three of us should all have been forlorn together but for Cathie, who somehow slipped into mother's place and was wonderful and fine and sensible, and all that?"

She paused in her narrative. He looked down at her as they passed in the glare of a street lamp. There was a mutinous, mocking, half-sad compression of her lips.

"Yes—I see. Your sister was Martha, busied about many things. Well—Mary—go on."

She looked up and laughed, her reverie broken.

"You do understand," she said gratefully. "Well, I wanted all that my father had foregone—the big life, the life of the world, contact with people, the chance to express myself. I had—I thought I had—a poor little gift of ex-

pression. My chief teacher, Mr. Twombley, in the village academy—New Lebanon, you must understand, has a famous old girls' school—he thought so, too. Well, and Cathie always wanted me to strain the grape-juice or to doctor the chicks when I wanted to write a thrilling poem. Oh, how we did not understand each other—Cathie and I! Or how she didn't understand! I knew her well enough, and I didn't mind her doing what she pleased, provided only that she would give me the same liberty. I never harried her into reading Rossetti because I liked to—but she always tried to harry me into doing things which I didn't like. I used to hide to escape her with her eternal list of things to be done. And she used to complain to poor father, and he—he was helpless. You see, he really sympathized with me, but he felt that he ought to uphold the older sister, the head of the household, the wonderful manager who kept us all together. And then, two years ago——" Again she paused, her shadowy face tender in the darkness. "Then my father died," she said simply, but with the sincere note of grief in her voice.

"And you came to New York at last?"

She nodded. "It made the final breach between us, between my sister and me," she said. "The farm was run down and badly mortgaged—of course. Did any one ever have a farm that wasn't mortgaged? Catherine was bent upon working herself and me to skin and bone to save what was left—she loves the place with the stupidest, most unreasoning love. And I—I had a right to my own life, hadn't I?"

She defied him to deny her claims, and waited for his answer. He looked down at her with a smile in his eyes, but no ready acquiescence on his lips.

"You think I didn't have a right to my life?" She demanded it fiercely.

"Go on. I'm reserving judgment."

"Ah, you're taking sides with Cathie, like all of New Lebanon. Well, I didn't care for them, and I—don't—care—for—you! I insisted upon my chance. I didn't make her sell the whole farm to give me my share—but I did make her sell some unencumbered fields which we had, and I took that money—oh, it was little, a very little!—as three-quarters of my inheritance, and I got Mr. Twombley to give me an introduction to Mr. Reed, of the *Conservator*. And I came——"

"And saw and conquered?" He asked the question musingly. She darted a glance of suspicion and anger toward him.

"Not yet," she answered tersely. "But I shall, in spite of the purblind *Conservator*. They'll be sorry some day—sorry as Oxford has been for firing out Shelley, sorry as—oh, as anything!"

"Do you hear often from your sister?"

"I have never heard from her since I came away. You don't understand, after all. She hated me. You see, she loved the place—I dare say it was as though I had made her sacrifice a child to my selfish ends. But she—she wanted me to sacrifice my life, my desires, my little talents, my everything, to her wretched fetish. No—we've never written. But you see, don't you, Mr. Greene, that a visit home would be the last thing I should ever plan, unless I were going back in a blaze of glory—*Emilia triumphans?* Do you think me a vain, selfish beast and a horrid egoist? I can't help it. This is the first time I've had a real chance to talk about myself since I came to New York."

"I rather inferred that some of our fellow boarders had given you the chance to unburden your soul."

"Oh, those! The old busybodies! As though one would have anything to say to them except 'good morning' and 'good night'!"

"But your friends on the *Conservator*—surely they know all about your history and have applauded your resolution to—live your own life—isn't that the expression?"

"You're jeering at me," said Emily. "But it's no matter. As for the *Conservator*—I sat decorously in a little pen for the women when I was in the office, and I don't know—really know—two

souls on it. There was only one other woman there, and she didn't like me. So you see—you're my very first confidant. I hope I didn't bore you."

"You didn't," Jaffray assured her, as they climbed the steps to the front door. "But I wish I knew what you were going to do now."

"So do I. But I feel assured that it will be all right, now that I've had a pleasant evening. When I came in I was in the depths. It's you that have pulled me out."

"I'd be glad to think that. If it's true, you must let me try it again. Of course, you understand that I don't approve of it at all—of you and your work and your independence. I'm a moss-back. I'm a troglodyte. My ideas have never advanced beyond our grandmothers, and I believe in a girl eating her heart out in her father's house until some one comes along to marry her and to give her something beside her aspirations to think of. That's the sort of impressive male being I am, Miss Brewster." He laughed at his own description of himself.

Emily smiled, too.

"It would be a triumph to convert you," she said.

"I hope you'll try it. Thank you for coming out to-night with me. I think I'll take a turn with a cigar before I come in. Good night."

"Good night—and thank you!"

She closed the heavy street door and ran up the stairs. It amused her to hear a rustle on the landing above the entrance-hall. The Shetland-shawl widow was keeping a wary eye open for the homecomers—she had seen them go out together. The larger life as lived at Mrs. Babcock's included a great deal of petty gossip!

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Emily, after the fashion of impulsive young women, regretted that she had told Jaffray Greene anything of her present plight or of her past existence. Unjustly enough, she began by thinking of him as a person who had wormed his way into her confidence; but with all her faults, she was essentially an honest person, and by the time she had rolled her masses of chestnut hair about her head she had come to a more impartial estimation of him. He had been the basin into which her too-long pent-up emotions and recollections had poured themselves. It had been no skill in cross-examination on his part that had won the story from her; it had been not even any expressed sympathy with her. It had merely been her own overweening desire to talk—to talk and talk and talk—after the enforced silence of her two years in the big, lonely, uninterested city. She would, therefore, forgive him for knowing more about her affairs past and present than she had meant any one to know; but he must be careful not to presume upon his knowledge. She went down to breakfast prepared to rebuff any indication of intimacy, and was somewhat annoyed to find that Mr. Greene had already breakfasted and departed.

His draft of sympathy, she soon found, had been fatal to her reserves. After a dreary day, in which she attempted to do her trivial work on the *Conservator* and to put out feelers for a new position, she hurried home actually hoping that he would be there, and that he would make an opportunity for her to tell him the troubles of the day.

"I've really got it in me to be a clinging vine," she said to herself, as she made her simple dinner toilet—making it with more care than usual, however. "If I were married, I suppose I'd meet my husband at the front door with the tragic tale of the cook's reckless use of butter and the chambermaid's utter unreliability in dusting. Ugh! Horrid thought! I wonder if I ever would allow marriage to degenerate into such a sordid thing as that. Of course, Catherine wouldn't—but, then, her cook wouldn't be extravagant with butter or her maid careless. Well, if Mr. Greene does talk to me this evening, I'll put a curb upon my lips. I shall not be one of those teary creatures who is always telling her troubles."

But Mr. Greene was not at home that evening. Emily felt defrauded. She was more annoyed the next morning when his place at the table was again vacant. Not until Mrs. Babcock, funereal and imposing in black silk, mentioned that Mr. Greene's firm had a case which had sent him to Cleveland in search of missing witnesses was Emily appeased. Then she was disappointed. She realized for the first time what the little bit of human sympathy, human friendliness, had meant to her. It was dreadful to have it snatched away as soon as it had been proffered to her.

As the days went on and the prospect of another position to supply her with the means of living did not seem bright, she longed more and more for the only person who had shown any interest in her since she had come to the great town. Long ago she had lost the golden vision with which she had come to New York—the vision of suppliant editors, of thin little volumes of charming verses and delicious essays, of modest renown, of a pleasant, feminine lionship. Those things she still devoutly believed that the future held. But the crowded box upon her writing-table held too many cold rebuffs of her talent, in the shape of printed rejection slips, for her to have any wild hope of being able to support herself without a steady position. She had saved nothing—who could save anything in New York from the emoluments of a "space" job on the *Conservator?* She had spent all that she had brought from home. It was intensely necessary that she should find a new position, and that at once. The alternative of a slinking return to New Lebanon!

She went from office to office, avoiding only the sensational papers. For those she had imbibed the *Conservator's* spirit of contempt, though without the *Conservator's* excellent reason of financial envy. Besides, she had been well trained in literature at the old academy on the New Hampshire hill, and her nice discrimination revolted at the lurid sheets.

One day, discouraged, almost despairing, she came out of the *Daily Ægis* office, where she had been compelled to make her communication to the managing editor *via* the head office-boy, and had, through the same undignified avenue, received the brief reply: "Sorry; nothing doing at present." Each effort to see an editor required a tremendous screwing up of her courage. She hated, with the passion of proud, undisciplined souls, to be in the position of a seeker after favors. She was shy, with a sort of arrogant shyness, and her breath came unevenly and her blood coursed hot and cold when she had to beg interviews with these potentates.

As she went down the *Ægis* steps, half blind with hot tears behind her eyelids, some one stopped her. It was the genial Waters.

"Hello, Miss Brewster! Don't cut old friends like this!"

"Oh—how—how do you do?" faltered Emily.

"I'm sorry to hear that you've had the grand bounce, too," pursued Waters.

Emily glanced guiltily about her; she hoped that the passers-by did not hear.

"Who told you?"

"Old Lady Poindexter."

"I didn't know she knew," said Emily bitterly. "She has never said anything to me about it."

"I met her on the subway last night and she mentioned it. She's a queer duck—a little afraid of you, I guess—young blood and all that."

"She needn't have been."

"What are you going to do?" asked Waters with friendly directness.

"Go home and raise chickens, I suppose. No one seems to want me here."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't you let any of them get you to seeing things in that cerulean color. Have you tried the——"

"I've tried every one—except, of course, *Pink Publicity* and the *Blast.*"

"That's where you are making a mistake. It's those two papers which employ the most women. On all the dead 'uns they don't want anything of a woman reporter except that pink-tea-in-the-blue-ballroom-of-Terry's rot. Whereas the *Pink* and the *Blast* want women's

impression of crime, of street parades, of economic conditions, of engine-driving—of everything! Do you know any one on the *Blast?*"

Emily shook her head.

"Come on with me and I'll introduce you to Johnny Norton, and tell him to give you a job." Emily winced. She hated this bluff, coarse patronage. "He can't take me on—the Old Man won't have me because I once made him the laughing-stock of the whole city"—thus Waters, boastfully—"when he was trying to break into society. But Johnny Norton came from my town out in God's country, and he'll do anything I say. Come along. I'll tell him how you can sling English, if you have the chance."

Half unwillingly, Emily submitted to the rough, good-natured guidance of the friendly Waters. In a few minutes she found herself in the crowded city room of the *Blast.* The *Blast,* unlike the *Conservator,* which issued only one edition a day, sent one hot from the presses about every half-hour, and the "shop" was marvelously bustling and active. Waters, scorning reception-room, cards, and guardians of the outer portals, had elbowed aside the small office-boy who protected the immediate entrance to the city room, and Emily perforce followed her guide unannounced into the big, shabby office, with its green drop-lights over its desks, its shirt-sleeved men, its smoke, its litter of torn editions and of copy-paper on the floor, its line of telephone-booths, all of them apparently occupied.

She scarcely heard what Waters said as he presented her to the big, loose-jowled, sallow, frowning, lip-pursing man at the news-desk. She was conscious of a keen survey, of her own blushes, of her faltering replies to incisive questions.

"Umph-umph!" said the big man at last, rolling his lips and biting at them. "Well, I might as well try you. One of our young women has just thrown us down on the Dennison case—been following that?"

"Not—not very closely, I'm afraid," Emily confessed. The *Conservator* had given not four inches of space to the story of the attractive swindler which was covering first and second pages of the successive editions of the *Blast.*

"That's bad. However—go over to the Criminal Court building—General Sessions, Part—umph—Part II—and get us a story of the woman. A study of her—you can't sketch, can you?"

"No."

"Too bad. Well, we haven't any woman on that story and it will test you out. Glad to oblige any friend of Waters, you know. He and I are old pals."

"So Mr. Waters was telling me," Emily forced herself to say. "But do I understand that you want me to begin at once?"

"That's what I do. Our Miss Martin has gone home to be married—most untimely! You're not under any obligation to stay for any definite time on the *Conservator?*"

"No—er—but——"

"This is so sudden, Johnny!" interrupted Waters. "And, besides, you forgot to mention the trifling matter of compensation."

"Sure enough. How would twenty strike you for a beginning, Miss Brewster?"

"Twenty?" Waters determinedly struck in. "That's indecent, Johnny. How's Miss Brewster going to live on twenty a week? It wouldn't keep her in—what's the feminine of cigars?"

Emily smiled. Twenty a week had seemed ample to her; she had not averaged fifteen by the *Conservator's* space-rates, but she thought she would let Waters do what he could for her.

"Well, then, five more for your caramels, Miss Brewster—and no injured feelings if the thing doesn't pan out?"

"That will be very good," said Emily sedately. Twenty-five a week! What would Catherine, painfully counting her egg-money, say to that if she knew it?

"When you bring your story in this evening, come to me and I'll introduce you to the head of the copy-desk and the other necessary evils of the estab-

lishment. Make it as human as you can—that's the way to look at crime—it's a matter of human interest! I'll find a desk for you by the time you get back."

"Good afternoon," said Emily awkwardly, feeling herself dismissed. "And thank you, Mr. Waters, very, very much."

"It's Johnny Norton and his noisy *Blast* should thank me, not you, Miss Brewster," said Waters kindly. "It'll be a great change for them to have some one on the staff who knows how to write. Good day. See you soon again. Good luck!"

And she made her way out of the dirty, noisy office, almost dazed with the suddenness with which she found herself a member of the *Blast's* force.

At the *Conservator* office she told her tale with a mixture of shame and boastfulness. Mr. Reed raised his eyebrows.

"The *Blast?* I should scarcely have thought you would care for it. However, I wish you all success. And, of course, it's experience. It will be valuable when you come to do your own writing instead of the newspaper's. You'll see more of life there than here. Don't run away with the thought, though, that life's all battle, murder, and sudden death! Correct that impression by remembering our old friend, the gentle, scholarly Twombley. Let me hear how you get on."

"The *Blast?*" Mrs. Poindexter surveyed Emily with a wall-eyed stare of disapproval as that young woman, removing her personal possessions from her desk, could not forbear from imparting her news. "Really, my dear Miss Brewster, I am sorry it had to come to that. I wish—I wish there might have been a little corner in my own department. But you know how it has been—old contributors, family connections—really, I've had no freedom. I'm sure you understand. But I do hope that something congenial will soon relieve you from the necessity of working on the *Blast.*"

With which benedictions Emily took her leave of the *Conservator* office, and made her unaccustomed way to the Criminal Court building. Her heart beat unevenly with excitement and nervous dread. A court was an awful place to her. She had read a few copies of the *Blast* with the preliminary "stories" concerning Mrs. Dennison in them, and she was a little breathless at the prospect of so near a view of an adventuress—or a victim of circumstances.

Shamefacedly she told the big policeman at the door of the court-room who she was, when he tried to block her way. He admitted her then—she found that the *Blast* was a name to conjure by in the circles in which she now was. He escorted her to a long table outside the bar. The judge and jury had not yet come in from the noon recess, and the reporters' table was almost empty. One grizzled man lounged back and read a paper, and a youth drew pictures on a sheet of copy-paper as he sprawled on the table. Neither of them seemed interested in her presence, and by and by her breathing grew normal. Then came a straggling group of lawyers and witnesses; then the inevitable "benchers" who haunt all the proceedings in the criminal courts, as a superior sort of free theatrical performance. The jury filed into its box—Emily pitied the mental status of the accused person whose "peers" they were!

Then the crier loudly and unintelligibly proclaimed that the judge was approaching, the court-room shambled to its feet until a tall, handsome, rather sleepy-looking man in a black robe came in and seated himself behind the desk, and before a large picture of Justice in beautifully painted garments.

And then the officers brought in the prisoner, a slight woman, beautifully coiffed, beautifully dressed, carrying herself with grace and erectness. The *Blast's* former reporter had seen her "beautiful," "mysterious," and all the marvelous things which the yellow journals invariably find a woman who is in a position requiring explanation. Emily found her amazingly self-possessed, but with an air of quiet, astonished good breeding rather than of

They picnicked in the green woods, and he proved himself a master builder of camp-fires.

bravado, as though she were childishly amazed that any one could believe anything against her; pretty, surely—and surely, surely, too doll-like a little creature ever to have planned the extensive swindles of which she was accused—the wholesale cheating of retail merchants out of thousands and thousands of dollars in fabrics, furniture, and jewels.

Eloise Dennison was the name by which the lady was known. Her own account of herself was a compound of simplicity and complexity. That is, she herself seemed perfectly satisfied with its clarity, but an outsider's brain, like Emily's, for instance, could not see this luminosity. She was a widow from a middle Western city; a widow with

one child; a woman accustomed from infancy to every luxury—a rich man's daughter, a rich man's wife. Of course, she had opened accounts at the big stores in New York—had not her references been satisfactory to them? And when her bills had grown large—aggregating thousands in a few months—she had paid with drafts against her own money, held in trust for her.

If her trustee in Chicago had protested the drafts and disappeared, why didn't her creditors go after him? He was to blame—not she. And if the jewelers and furriers couldn't find their goods to reclaim—what did they expect? Much of it had been purchased for gifts. If she had not been subjected to this outrage of arrest and imprisonment, she could have looked up her missing trustee, and by this time everything would have been settled.

This, Emily inferred, was Mrs. Dennison's story. Looking at the ingenuous, babyish face, the new reporter of the *Blast* concluded that the prisoner might indeed be innocent.

"She's the sort that has no head for business," quoth the superior, sapient Emily to herself, "and that would get herself into just such a muddle as this."

The which theory she set down in her report of the afternoon's proceedings, which had been chiefly taking the testimony of store managers and credit men.

The next day Mrs. Dennison's lawyer, an oily gentleman with a large-domed head, approached Emily to tell her how much his client had appreciated the *Blast's* story that morning.

"Mrs. Dennison asked me to tell you," he rumbled forth unctuously, "that as soon as she saw you, she felt that her case was brighter. A woman—a good woman—understands another good woman. Even the best of us men are blunderers and bunglers. When you see her with her little boy—an angel child, my dear madam, an angel!—in court to-day—ah! there will be a scene worthy your pen!"

Emily felt a thrill of gratification combined with a little instinctive repugnance.

But the *Blast* office had already good-naturedly congratulated her upon her "story." It was a friendly "shop," very different from the *Conservator's*. Already two other girls had introduced themselves to her—and a half a dozen men as well. She was to lunch that day with Beulah Horton, the clever caricaturist. And Lola Farrand had asked her to come to see her—Lola Farrand did the beauty hints and the love-lorn column and any odd jobs that came up. Oh, they were very friendly and amusing—exactly what Emily had always thought true artists would be in their reception of a stranger and a sister.

That evening, when she trod the familiar stone steps to Mrs. Babcock's door, she was more contented than she had ever been since she came to New York. She was seeing Life. She was meeting People Who Did Things. She was out of the convention-ridden circle of the country; she was free; she was in the glad air of achievement, of inspiration! Some day she would go home a benefactress; she would buy back the fields whose sale had made the unhealed breach between her and Catherine. She would be broad and kind and forgiving—it would be easy to be forgiving if one were only successful. Virtue would be easy then.

Beaming, she opened the door to find Jaffray Greene in the hall, parleying with an expressman. He looked his pleasure at seeing her; she was surprised to find how nearly she had forgotten him in two days—when she had missed him so for two weeks.

CHAPTER III.

It required a frame of mind like Emily's to appreciate the beauty of Henriquez' restaurant at night. That dingy resort of down-town gourmands does the great volume of its business at noon, when men from the offices all around fill its three floors. In the evening only a few diners are to be found there—generally newspaper men and women who, having grown callous to soiled walls, are able to view humorous-

ly the occasional approach of a cockroach, provided only that their dishes be well flavored.

Since her engagement upon the *Blast's* staff, Emily had been dining here a great deal. Beulah Horton was her usual dinner companion, and often Lola Farrand joined them. There was no doubt that even to the uneducated palate the food was more appealing than that served at Mrs. Babcock's. There was no doubt, either, that the conversation of Miss Beulah Horton was infinitely more amusing than that of the Shetland-shawl widow, and that the remarks of the occasional acquaintances who joined them had a color and freedom quite lacking in the boarding-house. Sometimes it frightened Emily a little to see how many of the twenty-five dollars, that a fortnight ago had seemed riches to her, were finding their way into Mr. Henriquez' pocket.

"I've got to stop this dining downtown every night," she confided to Beulah this evening. "Mrs. Babcock, my funereal landlady, does not allow me any rebate, and—well, I've got to stop it, that's all."

Beulah was scanning the bill of fare with a thoughtful line between her bold black eyebrows. She had a swarthy, triangular, little face, with something indescribably gaminish about it. People always looked at her twice, although she was small enough to have been lost in a crowd, had not she taken pains to accentuate all her peculiarities in such fashion as to provoke the second glance. For a minute she did not reply to Emily's observation; she was too deeply engaged with the problem before her. One of the proudest boasts of Beulah's career was that she could order a dinner as well as any man, and she was engaged now in proving her title to this championship.

"What do you say to French artichokes?" she asked. "And then some toasted crackers and Camembert—the Camembert is just ripe now."

"I say anything you please this time, for it's my last appearance in Henriquez' for some weeks to come. I'm not a purse-proud caricaturist like you, and I can't afford this sort of thing every day in the week."

"You needn't have paid all these times, if you hadn't been such a queer, little, obstinate thing," said Beulah indifferently, and quite ignoring the fact that she was much the smaller of the two. "Any of the men would have paid our check any night, if you had let them."

A bright flush dyed Emily's face at this remark. That was one aspect of the Larger Life, of the life of glorious individual freedom, as she was living it in the *Blast* office, which did not appeal to her. Blinded as she was by the glamour of her new surroundings, she was nevertheless at bottom a rather clear-sighted girl, and it had not escaped her that her two intimates in the office calmly reckoned as part of their perquisites the meals which, as Beulah said, they had "off" their masculine associates.

"Don't get so hot," remarked Beulah lightly. "You've spent your precious coin and preserved your precious self-respect, all right, haven't you? But you look at the thing in the wrong light, my dear. Just think—half the men don't get home to dinner more than one night in the week; it's a positive godsend to them to find any women whom they know with whom they can eat their evening meal. Besides, if they weren't paying for our meals, they'd be matching pennies to see who should pay for a whole bunch of their own. And besides, yet again, there isn't one of them that doesn't make more than we do."

The reasoning rang hollow to Emily, and worse than hollow—sordid and vulgar. For all her new friend's air of familiarity with life, for all her bizarre wit and slangy piquancy, there were times when Emily, had she been using her old critical vocabulary, would have called her merely common, merely coarse.

But whatever answer trembled on her lips to-night was lost, for before she could make it, there was a figure standing beside their table in the long, half-empty dining-room. A light of genuine

pleasure ran over Beulah's little face as she glanced up, and indeed the man was good-looking enough to provoke pleasure in any beholder. Tall, clean-limbed, clean-shaven, with the easy air of the great world about him, browned as though by outdoor life, keen-eyed, smiling like one who takes the world at a pleasant valuation, he seemed even to Emily's stranger eyes a very goodly apparition.

"Why, Mr. Cortelyou!" cried Beulah. "How very nice to see you! When did you get back? This is a surprise. I didn't know that you were expected yet."

"Oh, I had a sudden attack of homesickness for Park Row one night in Paris. There was a steamer sailing the next day from Cherbourg, and—here I am."

He turned his attention toward Emily. She liked his deep voice. She liked the impulsiveness that his unexpected return disclosed. Beulah's salutation had given the later member of the *Blast* office the clue to the newcomer's identity. He was one of a somewhat numerous host of managing editors, and he was, plainly enough, the admiration and despair of even those who did not like him—and they were not a few. He had been taking a belated holiday when Emily had first appeared upon the horizon. There was a kindly and winning cordiality in the smile he bent upon her.

"And this is Miss Brewster," he said, "with whose praises the office is ringing. Aren't you going to introduce me in proper form, Miss Horton?"

Beulah performed the office of introducer with some jest at the expense of each of them.

"May I join you two young ladies?"

Often as she had heard others of her associates say these same words, it seemed to Emily that the way Cortelyou uttered them made them a mark of almost royal condescension. She blushed and fluttered a little—she had not lost the little reserves and timidities which had been characteristic of her.

"Do," said Beulah cordially. "And tell us all about Paris and all about your trip, and what you mean to do with us all, now that you've come back."

"*I* mean to do? You know that I am the most idle and inconsequential person in the world, Miss Horton. Why try to make me out a bugaboo of a doer-of-things to Miss Brewster?"

"You know, Emily"—it had already come to first names between the girls—"Mr. Cortelyou is one of those amazing human beings who always seems absolutely idle, absolutely leisurely, absolutely pleasure-seeking——"

"'Seems, madam? Nay, it is—I know not seems,'" quoted Mr. Cortelyou, with a laugh.

"And yet it is he who has really made the *Blast,* it is he who thinks of all our wonderful features, who brings down the gray hairs of all other editors with sorrow to their grave."

"It is I who failed to achieve Miss Brewster for our staff," interrupted Cortelyou, still looking at Emily with the friendly smile about his well-cut mouth, the humorous, half-admiring gleam in his gray eyes. "And from what they tell me and from what I read, that is going to be one of the great feathers of Johnny Norton's cap—that he discovered a new star in the reportorial firmament while I was off gallivanting."

It was very open flattery, yet it was delivered with such an air of easy half-raillery that Emily did not know how to take it. The air and the smiling eyes and the smiling lips—perhaps even, who knows? the well-cut clothes, the well-tied cravat, the well-kept hands—made her palpitate a little with embarrassment and pleasure. Gray Mr. Reed on the *Conservator;* stooping, unworldly Mr. Twombley in the old academy; her gentle, dreaming father; young, untried, unfinished Jaffray Greene—all these, the finest gentlemen whom she had known, were as unlike this man as were the half-baked, noisy, exaggeratedly Bohemian or exaggeratedly well-groomed young reporters of her more recent acquaintance.

"I am afraid that you are making fun of me," she said at last. "I"—

she raised her eyes to his honestly and a little pathetically for all their smiling —"I am a very serious person, and it isn't fair to make game of me."

"I know you're an earnest person," he answered. "And—you'll let me be personal?—a sensitive one. I should have known you a poet even if Johnny Norton hadn't been boasting from the Battery to the Bronx that the *Blast* had as good a poet now as the *Evening Chronicle,* as soon as she'd begin to write. But I see humor as well as sensitiveness at the bottom of those wells." He looked directly into her eyes.

"You're embarrassing her frightfully, Mr. Cortelyou," declared Beulah, tired of being left so long out of the conversation. "If you expect us to stay with you while you eat your dinner, you must order now. We're nearly through."

"Ever practical!"

He turned his laughing regard now toward Beulah. In a minute he had given his order, and when it arrived, small as it was, it seemed to Emily that Beulah's claim to fame was wrested from her. Surely here was an artist in matters of the palate. She had a great wave of scorn for the simple abundance of the New Lebanon table, for the unattractive food of the boarding-house. In a minute or two a waiter followed with a cooler.

"You are going to drink to my return," Mr. Cortelyou informed them, as he glanced at the label on the champagne-bottle. Beulah stole a swift glance toward Emily—so far that young New Englander had declined wine with her meals, but to-night apparently she was going to make no protest.

She made none and she drank her share of the golden bubbles. This newcomer overbore all her old scruples with his air of worldly omniscience. She felt that it would have been horribly provincial for her to have refused to drink to his return. And somehow in the general clearance of checks, hers and Beulah's were gathered up with his, and that which had seemed to her so cheap and sordid an hour before seemed now merely natural.

CHAPTER IV.

The new office-boy at the *Conservator* office was sorting mail with the aid of a companion.

"Miss Emily Brewster—say, where's Miss Brewster's desk?"

"Miss Brewster—she's been fired," said the other boy. "Here, give it to me an' I'll direct it to where she lives. Where does it come from? 'Tain't got a furrin stamp on it, has it? Naw—just plain old Georgie Washington with his long neck. New Lebanon, N. H.—ain't it funny where people come from?"

Thus he meditated aloud, while he scrawled on the unoccupied part of the envelope the street and number of Mrs. Babcock's establishment.

The letter arrived at Mrs. Babcock's that evening. Jaffray Greene, turning over the mail on the hall-table before he went down to dinner, saw the letter, and it cut his heart. He and Emily had ended their brief friendship with mutual recrimination. She had told him that he was an unwarrantably impertinent person, and he had replied that he would bear all the hard things she chose to say of him provided only she would let him influence her not to stay on the *Blast.* That was after he had watched in silence for a month her utter absorption in her new work.

"Good Lord!" he had been strong in his language when finally he did speak. "The foolish little paragraphs you were doing for the *Conservator* were bad enough for a grown woman—but this, this is positively indecent!" He held a copy, more or less variegated in hue, adorned with large splashes of pictures, screaming with enormous type, toward her as he spoke. "I tell you, this is a sewer. What business have you to aid in defiling the public mind with such stuff as this?"

"Mr. Greene," Emily had retorted, white with fury, "have I ever given you any license to address me in this fashion? Are you my brother or my father or my guardian in any way, that you should presume—that you should dare —to talk to me like this?"

It was but the work of an instant for her to gather these together and to leave the room.

"Oh, you may take that tone if you please," answered the young man doggedly, "but I shall not apologize or back down one step. If I saw a man jumping off the ferry-boat I wouldn't wait to be introduced to him to hold onto his coat-tails or to sit upon his head, for that matter, if I got the chance. And when I see a woman—a refined, delicate-minded, decent woman—committing a sort of intellectual suicide, I'm blessed if I'm going to stand on my p's and q's before telling her what I think. It's disgraceful—the better you do it the worse it is. To prostitute talent to such uses as these—murder, intrigue, divorce——"

"Mr. Greene!" Emily's voice was furious.

"You can't bear me to mention the things, and yet you wallow in them all day long; you wallow in all their sickening details in order that others may wallow in their turn. Is this what you call your self-expression? God help you if it is!"

"You're insufferable," cried the girl, scarcely able to articulate for anger. "Please consider that our acquaintance ends here and now."

He looked at her a little dazedly, as though the full force of her meaning had hardly penetrated through his indignation and disgust.

"What's that you say?"

"I said that our acquaintance was to end here and now," answered Emily in a more natural voice.

This time he seemed to understand her. Her words had the effect of a chilling douche upon his wrath. He stood before her, stiff and boyish.

"That, of course, is for you to decide," he answered a little woodenly. "I am sorry to have overstepped the bounds of politeness. Some time I hope you will be able to understand that it was my sincere interest in you, my respect for you, that made me do it."

"Respect!" Emily had echoed in a half-strangled voice. And then she had fled from the stuffed glories of the parlor upholstery, in the midst of which the conversation had taken place, to her own room. Opposition and criticism always made her angry even to tearfulness. She wanted admiration, sympathy—"understanding," she called it.

By chance, the next day Beulah Horton had proposed that they join forces and keep house together in a little flat. "So much freer," Beulah had said. "And think of the jolly little Sunday-night suppers we can have!"

Ordinarily such a proposition would have found Emily cold. Much as she valued her new friend's society, she instinctively shrank from any greater intimacy with her. Besides, the cost of such a project would probably have seemed to her prohibitive. But all considerations were swallowed up in her sense of outrage against Jaffray Greene. She jumped at the chance to leave Mrs. Babcock's.

Beulah, it immediately developed, had exactly the right apartment in her mind's eye. To be sure, it was not upon a park, and only one of the rooms opened to the outer air. "But, pshaw, we'll be asleep most of the time that we're home," thus Beulah lightly dismissed the objection of sunlessness. It was delightfully near the theaters and the shops, and though it cost a little more than either of the girls could afford, Beulah was happily convinced that their economy in the matter of meals would rapidly equalize their outlay to the income. So that two days after her quarrel with Jaffray Greene, Emily found herself the part-proprietor of four rooms, a kitchenette and bath, some instalment-plan beds and bureaus, some India cotton prints, a tea-kettle and a chafing-dish.

"I am so glad to hear from Miss Horton that you and she are setting up your own household gods," said Mr. Cortelyou, meeting her in the hall that afternoon. "She has already been good enough to ask me to come and see you some time. You see, I was a very foxy person and made sure of an invitation from her, because I was afraid you might never give me one."

"I am sure we shall both be very glad to see you," said Emily primly, and hated herself for the unsophisticated, precise sound of her words. Why did all lightness of touch, all playfulness, all whimsy, all wit, desert her when Mr. Cortelyou spoke to her—Mr. Cortelyou who, more than any one else, aroused in her the desire to be her most brilliant? She had demanded Jaffray Greene's unquestioning approval and had been outraged when it was denied her. But she was willing to remold herself to Leighton Cortelyou's standard, if she could.

And that was the day that the office-boy at the *Conservator* sent a letter from New Lebanon, N. H., to Miss Brewster in care of Mrs. Babcock. Mrs. Babcock, righteously annoyed at any desertions from her ranks, had coldly informed the postman the next morning that Miss Brewster no longer lived at her house, and that he had better take the letter away again. This the postman did, and by nightfall Mrs. Babcock received from her departed boarder a forwarding address.

"M'm," commented the lady. "I don't think much of that neighborhood. She'll be going in for lobster suppers the next thing you know. It's a pity she hadn't left her address before that letter was sent off this morning."

Then the letter from Lebanon, N. H., lay a few days in the New York post-office, but no one came to claim it. Emily had few correspondents, and there was no other mail redirected from Mrs. Babcock's house. By and by it drifted down to the dead-letter office, and there, presumably, was in due time "destroyed or otherwise disposed of, as required by law."

What the letter had said was this:

SUNSET RIDGE, NEW LEBANON, N. H.,
January 3, 190—.

MY DEAR SISTER EMILY: All day long I have been thinking about you with the old tenderness that I used to have when you were a little girl and I your managing big sister. That doesn't mean that I have not often had waves of that tenderness sweep over me since you and I parted, so bitterly, so wrongly, two years ago. But heretofore I have always fought it—we are both Gilmans on our mother's side, and you know what they are for obstinacy! To-day I have yielded entirely to the old feeling, and I am writing to tell you so. I am writing, dear, dear Emily, to say that I was wilful and unkind to you when you went away from home.

You used to call the farm my fetish—well, I suppose it has been; and like all people who have fetishes, I have made sacri-

fices to it and have required sacrifices of others to it, which were unreasonable and wrong. Slowly there has grown upon me the knowledge that I had no right to hinder and hamper you in your life; but, truly, Emily, it was not merely because I hated to sell the old wood-lot and those fields, but because I hated to have you go. It was because I had always thought of you as an impulsive, gifted little girl—a child—and it seemed dreadful to me to think of your being off alone in the big city.

It wasn't all selfish, my fighting you in the way that I did. But I think now that it was all unwise and that it was so mixed up with selfishness that more wisdom than I have is required to sift the good feeling from the bad. Won't you forgive me for all the harsh things I said, and won't you believe that I have wiped out of my recollection every cruel thing you said to me at that time?

The old house looks very cheerful. I had it painted last spring and it is the most glistening object on the Ridge. If you were here with your good taste to make some suggestions, I think I should do over the living-room. But I'm afraid of my own ideas on household decoration. Won't you come home and tell me what sort of wall-paper and what sort of curtains we ought to have in the old room? You see I say "home," Emily. That is what I mean. You are always to think of this place as your home. That foolish quarrel of ours shall be as though it never had been, and this place shall be just as much yours as mine. I know you won't charge me a heavy rent because I am occupying it all alone.

Write to me, Emily, and tell me that it is all past, our folly and our fury. I can't tell you how eagerly I shall watch for your letter, and then how eagerly for you to come. You must need a long holiday, and the hills are wonderful and beautiful now in their white covering. You'd be inspired to the very best poetry you ever wrote in your life, and though I'm a better judge of preserves than of poetry, I believe that you can write good verse, and I want to do my little part in helping you achieve your desire.

Your loving sister,

CATHERINE.

That was the letter which went to the dead-letter office, the letter for an answer to which Catherine Brewster waited eagerly, hopefully, discouragedly, despairingly, day by day. It was March before she said to herself: "She will not forgive me. She doesn't want to be sisters again."

CHAPTER V.

"You know," said Mrs. Dennison, clasping Emily's hand in both of her soft, jeweled ones, "I really regard you as my deliverer. You and the *Blast* stood by me so nobly during all that wretched time." She closed her eyes to indicate exhaustion and horror, and lifted a little vinaigrette to her nostrils. "You understood at once. Your article the very first day showed that. You knew that I was a lady, that it was quite impossible for me to have done those dreadful things. And you said so—in such a lovely style, too, dear—and of course it impressed the public and it helped to impress the jury. I had no real fear—I was conscious of my own innocence, and of course Colonel Dwyer is a very able lawyer; I've known him ever since I was a tiny girl. You may pretend—I mean the public, or the law, or whatever it is—may pretend that jurors don't read the papers. I know they do. And when they read what you had to say in the *Blast* it helped to acquit me."

"Oh, Mrs. Dennison"—Emily managed to release her hand from the clinging hold of the other woman—"you overestimate what I did. The outcome would have been the same anyway. I simply told the readers of the *Blast* exactly how you seemed to an observing, unprejudiced woman."

Mrs. Dennison shot a very swift glance out of her staring, pretty eyes toward the young woman. The sharpness of it was veiled immediately behind her delicately veined lids.

"You're a darling—and such a clever darling!" she murmured. "Now, I—I don't pretend to know anything. I'm a baby in the ways of the world—that, I suppose, is how I got into this horrid muddle, anyway. But, you see, while my dear husband was alive, and before that when my dear father and mother were with me, I never had to think for myself at all. So I've had no chance to be clever. Really, it's a dreadfully wrong way to bring up girls. If my darling little boy had been a little daughter, I declare I should not have brought her up the way I was. Servants to do my every bidding—companions, tutors, maids, couriers—really, it was absurd, it made a perfect baby of me. But I didn't come down here—

how awfully interesting this office is, by the way!—to talk about myself. I came to thank you for your belief in me. It meant everything to me when I was in that dreadful dock to feel that some one, a woman, a lady like myself, knew that those dreadful charges against me were false. And I want you—don't be offended, now—I want you to let me give you some little memento of my trial and its glorious outcome."

Emily's face went through its usual uncomfortable trick of flaming.

"Really, I couldn't think of such a thing," she said awkwardly. "What I wrote—it was as I have explained. You embarrass me dreadfully. It was nothing. I am amply compensated for my work by the paper——" she winced a little, remembering how that twenty-five dollars a week was always spent before she had it in hand—"and as for the rest, I am only too glad to have given you any feeling of support during your ordeal."

"At least, you'll come and see me?"

The late prisoner's voice and manner were very pleading. Emily started, stiffened a little. Another swift glance out of the doll-like eyes surprised her expression.

"Miss Brewster, if you don't come to see me, I shall think—I shall think"—a quaver threatened the voice—"that you do not altogether believe in my innocence."

"My dear Mrs. Dennison," protested Emily, aware, guiltily, that the vapid, pretty little woman had penetrated to the very heart of her lurking suspicion, "how can you say such a thing?"

"Then you will come?" pleaded the lady.

Emily laughed, yielding the debate.

"If you're good enough to want me."

Mrs. Dennison's face broke into dimpling smiles.

"I should like to dine the entire office," she cried gaily. "I love every member of it. But I don't know any of them but you and that clever young man who made those dreadful pictures of me—weren't they libelous? Would he come, too, do you think, Mr.—Peters is his name?"

"Why don't you write him a note and leave it for him?" suggested Emily, rather glad that some one else was likely to be included in the invitation.

"How clever of you to think of that! You're a wonderful person, so practical, so gifted! I should never have thought of that in a thousand years. Oh, it's dreadful the way we rich girls are brought up to be perfect fools. May I write the note here? And will you see that he gets it?"

"The office-boy will attend to that," smiled Emily, pushing writing-materials toward her visitor in the little reception-room of the *Blast* office.

Beulah Horton poked an inquisitive head in at the door. Emily nodded to her, and Mrs. Dennison interrupted her epistolary efforts to cry:

"Oh, is that another of you dear newspaper girls? Please, mayn't I know her, too? You wonderful people who do things are so interesting to me!"

Half annoyed at the silly chatter of the recently released prisoner, Emily beckoned her friend to enter the room. Beulah came, nothing loath. A Napoleonic hat set well back upon her head accentuated the piquant triangularity of her face. She accepted the introduction with the best grace in the world—after her vanity concerning her skill as an orderer of dinners, Beulah's chief conceit was that she was "game for anything; it wouldn't feaze her to meet any one from the Pope of Rome down." That this was very much down in the scale she admitted when she and Emily were again alone. But what difference did it make?

"Suppose she is a swindler?" hazarded Beulah nonchalantly. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she were, but what of it? She's a type, isn't she? And she's the product, like the rest of us, of her ancestry and her environment. Suppose she did get credit under false pretenses, and did pay her bills with bogus drafts, and did make the furniture men and the cab-stands and all the rest of them look like a parcel of geese—what's that to us? Suppose she was, as the prosecution claimed, the

clever tool of a gang of cleverer rascals with that oily lawyer of hers at their head—what of it? Are we our sister's keeper?"

"Look here, Beulah," interrupted Emily determinedly, "if you really think that that woman is anything worse than a bunglesome little goose, you oughtn't to go to her house to dinner. I wouldn't for the world be the means of introducing you to any one who was really off color."

"You're a funny little thing," answered Beulah, surveying her affectionately. "When do you think you'll start your course in teaching your grandmother to suck eggs? I don't care whether the woman is good, bad, or indifferent, so long as she amuses me. That's my philosophy, and the sooner you borrow and adapt it, the more comfortable you'll be, missy."

She went out of the room whistling, and Emily went back to her own desk. Her success in handling the Dennison affair, the sincere touch which she managed to infuse into the emotional "stuff" that she wrote, had made her a great favorite. Men who had known her on the *Conservator* said sneeringly now that she was the leader of the *Blast's* "tear brigade." Certainly she was indefatigable in her attendance at trials, in her interviews with would-be suicides, with ladies who had no objection to bearing the title of "affinity," with bomb-throwers, temporarily deprived of their liberty by a cruel civilization, and with all the host whose doings and sayings made up the gist of the news furnished by the *Daily Blast*.

She had lost all perspective in the matter of her work. She hurried from one assignment to the other, from the writing of one piece of bathos to the next, in a sort of intoxication. The praise of her fellows was an aroma in her nostrils, a wine in her veins. The praise of Cortelyou, more delicately and discriminatingly administered than that of the others, she found almost dizzying. The thought of him was with her constantly as she went about upon her unseemly missions.

Occasionally a recollection of Jaffray Greene and their last interview flashed across her. How different the broad man-of-the-world tolerance of Mr. Cortelyou was from the rabid narrowness of the young lawyer! How little people who really knew life made of details! How delicately appreciative of her "real" work—her poems, her essays, shyly shown him—her new friend was! And he was a man who knew!

She was crossing City Hall Park toward the elevated station on her way to visit the nearest approach to a heroine which that afternoon's news had afforded, when she met the man of whom she thought so much. He turned and walked back with her toward her station—it was one of the deferential little ways he had. Her pulses fluttered and her heart beat high.

She was painfully conscious how ill her own appearance matched his. Emily had not the art of dressing sumptuously upon next to nothing a week. Cortelyou had, to a degree that made him the ruin of his imitative juniors, the art of dressing. And he had, too, what so seldom accompanies that art—the air of forgetting all about his own appearance and the air of thinking the woman to whom he talked perfect in every detail.

She had outgrown her early shyness with him and had achieved the power she had so longed for—of being able to talk to him with sprightly ease. That her vivacity was always a little nervous and excited probably did not escape the notice of the well-seasoned man. But if he observed it, he succeeded in ignoring it—in not seeming flattered by it. To-day she told him, with a little exaggerated humor which his presence provoked, of her interview with Mrs. Dennison and of Mrs. Dennison's social intentions. He laughed, and yet there was a question pondering in the glance he turned toward her.

"You're going?" he asked.

"Surely—both of us. Beulah is delighted. And I think Mr. Peters is fairly enraptured at the thought."

"Ah, well, I dare say you are right, all of you, to take each person as he comes for what he is worth to you.

I'm not altogether sure"—he spoke with fastidiousness—"that I like the thought of our poet dining with a lady of doubtful honesty. Still, our poet, like all the rest of the poets, is beyond the rule of convention. Go ahead and enjoy yourself—only don't become too intimate with the lady."

"Small danger of that," she answered. "I'm too busy and I think that she is soon going away. I—I—I won't go at all if you—if you——" She broke off in sudden scarlet confusion.

"Emily," he answered her swiftly, with a new note in his voice. He bent toward her as though to make her hear under the deafening roar of a passing train. "Emily, you sweet child! Do you really mean that what I think makes any difference to you?" But before the avowal that trembled upon her lips was spoken, he went hastily on: "Oh, I understand. You're thinking of me as one of the managerial ogres and yourself as one of the staff. Well, as managerial ogre, and as your very good friend, too, I give you permission to go. Only you must have a funny story to tell me when you come back from that dinner."

He stood with his head uncovered while she mounted the elevated stairs. Turning at the top of the first flight, she saw him still standing there looking up at her. Her heart beat like an imprisoned bird in her bosom, and her blood coursed joyously through her veins. When, having found a seat, she finally raised her eyes from their happy inward dream to meet the gaze of a man opposite, it was like an icy shock to her warm mood to discover that he was her old friend of Mrs. Babcock's, Jaffray Greene. Vaguely she bowed—she had half forgotten, for the moment, their parting. But the very absentmindedness of her salutation was a reminder to him of the terms on which they stood. He bowed almost curtly and left the car at the next station.

CHAPTER VI.

Beulah was addicted to cabs. To her it was nothing that the butcher requested, via the dumbwaiter-shaft, a "little something on account," or that the newsboy was persistently forgetting to deliver the papers, or that an emissary from the laundry seemed to be always waiting for them when they came home. Cabs, she said, were a necessity; chops and clean collars were luxuries. Those who could afford them might have them. She was so much the more dominant of the two girls that Emily, although not blessed with her cheerful power of ignoring debt, constantly ran into it at her dictation. On the night when they were due at Mrs. Dennison's, Beulah flatly refused to set foot outside the house except a cab were forthcoming.

"How often must I tell you that a cab is a real economy?" she demanded of the demurring Emily. "By the time the skirt of your dinner-dress is torn off you by the people in the street-car, or your white petticoat is made perfectly black in the slush, how many cab-fares do you think your trip will have cost you? No, my dear Emily, learn to be a reasoning human being. Don't be penny-wise and pound-foolish, and do like an angel call up Casey's stables while I do my hair, and tell them we want their proudest equipage to-night because we're going to see a successful swindler."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said Emily gloomily. "I don't believe she's a swindler. If I did—if I did——" She broke off, thinking of Cortelyou's words that day. Did he really care who her associates were? Was it really more to him that she should not soil her skirts, imperil her dignity, than it was that Beulah Horton should not?

"If you did, I suppose you'd throw her soup-plates on the floor, and, hissing 'Woman, I renounce you and your ill-gotten gains,' would sweep haughtily from her apartment. Don't be a goosie. How much of the food that you eat at other people's expense do you suppose is 'honest come by'? Do go call that cab."

Emily obediently departed to the telephone and succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Casey. Meantime Beulah whistled through her

dressing operations and finally emerged in the middle of the tiny living-room a flamelike vision in burnt-orange. Emily, her one dinner-dress of pink crape utterly obscured by this gorgeousness, looked at her admiringly.

"How do you manage to do it, Beulah?" she asked, with humorous despair. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of you, and yet I know your resources. That's new and it's French. How do you manage it?"

"I manage like any sensible newspaper woman," answered Beulah, pulling long black gloves over her arms. "I manage like everybody else who has a grain of sense. I'm a grafter, my pious village maiden—a grafter pure and simple. You don't suppose that I do fashion illustrations for Wilfrid White's Sunday supplement because I'm stuck on drawing dresses, do you? No, ma'am; but because the work gives me the entrée to all the swell establishments—and I do the rest. Sometimes they cost me a penny or two, my gowns and hats and wraps, but not often. Madame Celeste or Victorine makes very sweeping reductions when she knows that you're drawing for the Sunday *Blast*. I've marveled at you. I don't suppose you've ever made a thing except your salary out of your work, have you?"

Emily shook her head. "Not unless you count this dinner to-night," she said, with a rueful little laugh.

"The more fool you! There's the ring—it's Casey's man. Come on."

Mrs. Dennison lived in an elegance that far surpassed anything Emily had seen in New York. Her apartment overlooked the Park and was reached by commodious elevators instead of tiring stairs. A series of rooms, all of them large and beautifully decorated, overlooked the Park. Their hostess, gowned, like Beulah, from Paris, only more exquisitely, welcomed them with effusion. Young Peters was already present, his deep-sunk eyes displaying a joyful recognition of the peculiarities of the situation. In the background, standing beside a big, pink-flowering azalea in a way that made Emily think of Beauty and the Beast, was Colonel Dwyer, the unctuous lawyer. He greeted the girls with excessive cordiality. Emily felt chilled at his presence—she could not help connecting it with the rumor from the district attorney's office to the effect that he was one of the backers in Mrs. Dennison's swindling operations. Leighton Cortelyou was right in what he had implied—this was no place for her, Emily Brewster!

The last guest arrived after a few minutes—a wizened little man whom Mrs. Dennison introduced as her broker, who was going to make lots of money for her, and for all her friends, if her friends wanted it. Colonel Dwyer took Emily in to dinner, breathing fulsome praise of her *Blast* work down her neck. Harry Peters almost winked at her—he was quite convinced of the truth of all the allegations against their hostess, and he was delighted with the novelty of the affair. Dining with a thief—there was something for you, now!

Altogether Emily was thoroughly uncomfortable, nor was her discomfort lessened when she found that the dinner favors were in jewel-boxes and that hers was distinctly the most valuable among them. Mrs. Dennison was determined to repay her for her "support" then—but how horrid, how vulgar, to persist in doing it in a way so obnoxious to Emily's pride! She could scarcely frame a civilly enthusiastic speech over her pendant of silver and tiny rubies and rose diamonds.

"Confess, now, you thought it real!" cried Mrs. Dennison, clapping her hands when Emily had laggingly followed the others in delighted thanks for the trinkets.

"And isn't it?" she exclaimed, in quick and obvious relief.

"You darling! No, of course not! But don't they do wonderful things with paste nowadays? It's as pretty as a real thing, I think. Of course, it wouldn't be so valuable if it ever came to pawning."

Pawning? Emily's eyebrows had hard work to stay down. What did this sheltered child of fortune, this rich man's daughter, rich man's widow,

Then one broke into a glad cry: "Emily! Emily!"

know of the pitiful necessities of the poor? She tried to banish the suspicions that crowded upon her.

"Of course, it's too late for a glimpse of your little boy," she said—one of her best "stories" had been of the meeting between mother and son.

"My little boy?" said Mrs. Dennison, inquiringly and absently. "Oh, Wallie! He's—he's at school."

"So late?" said Beulah.

"Mrs. Dennison means at boarding-school," boomed Colonel Dwyer. "He's at the Armory in—Connecticut."

Emily recalled distinctly that she had written a touching paragraph to the effect that mother and son had never been separated a day in the boy's life until Mrs. Dennison was snatched from him and locked in the Tombs. It was

all very horrid, and she wished and wished that she had not come.

The dinner, of course, was excellent and was perfectly served. Beulah ate her way through it with the satisfaction of the epicurean which she so sedulously claimed to be. Mrs. Dennison alternated between babyish excitements and babyish forgetfulnesses. Emily watched her—was she drinking too much of her admirable wine? No—she scarcely touched her glass. But that she was not quite normal was evident. When the three women retired to the big library and drew up before the open fire, leaving the men to their cigars, she leaned back against the primrose satin cushions of her davenport and sighed.

"You know," she said appealingly, "I was horribly used up by that experience—any one would be, naturally. I am under the doctor's charge all the time. He gives me some peculiar medicine——."

She closed her eyes. Emily's mind reproached her for her harsh suspicions of the woman; of course she was ill, run down, used up—anything—by her ordeal.

When Mrs. Dennison opened her eyes again she found Emily looking at her with a more friendly expression than she had worn before.

"I've told Miss Horton about your lovely little boy; haven't you a miniature of him you can show her?" asked Emily.

Mrs. Dennison broke into sudden laughter, harsh and high.

"Isn't it too ridiculous," she gasped, "that I haven't a single photograph of the darling here? Of course, at home—our home in Grand Rapids—I have a lovely portrait of him. But—no, I'm sure I haven't even a photograph here."

"Umph!" commented the astute Miss Horton, as the girls drove home. "So it was a property kid, was it? Clever gang!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Emily.

"Why, wasn't all that about her angel Wallie a dead give-away? She didn't know what you were talking about at first; then he was at boarding-school—then she didn't have a picture of him nearer than Grand Rapids. He was a property child, my innocent—hired for a day in court, probably. And the lady takes some sort of dope—that was what ailed her! O Emily of New Hampshire, I have to thank you for a wonderful evening with really high-class swindlers. We'll hear more of that lady—your friend—you see if we don't! Why, honey," she added, with sudden tenderness, when Emily broke into a sob, "why, honey, don't you care! I didn't know you'd mind."

The carriage drew up before their apartment. They stepped out. A light snow had begun to fall. Emily looked around and spoke with a yearning homesickness:

"If you could only see how my hills look on a night like this, Beulah—how clean and white and clear!"

Beulah drew her into the hall.

"I bet they look pretty nice," she said soothingly.

"And—if you could see my sister, Beulah—and then could see me in that cheap, swindling woman's house! If you could see Catherine—and then watch me breaking bread with a creature like that——" A shudder shook her.

"Put it all down to experience, honey, dear," advised the other girl, with a half-dreary kindness. "We've all got our white hills and our Catherines somewhere in the world—or we had them once. Even she—even our queer little adventuress hostess—I dare say has one somewhere, or had."

"To have the better and to seek the worse," said Emily in a low voice. They had climbed to their apartment. "That's the dreadful thing in this life."

"Yes, but don't let's talk about it," cried Beulah impatiently. "Don't let's get ourselves into the doleful dumps over an episode—that's all it is, anyway."

"Mr. Cortelyou was right," pursued Emily, unclasping the slender chain that fastened her pendant and putting it far from her on the table. "He was right. It was no place for us to go."

"My dear, it was as dull as the most

respectable dinner-party you ever attended, you'll admit that. You couldn't have been worse bored at the most decorous house in New York. But what do you mean about Cortelyou? What did he know about it?" She flashed a sharp look at Emily.

"Oh, I met him crossing the square the other afternoon, and told him we'd been invited there."

There was a little silence. Then Emily went on, folding her laces with a great air of absorption as she spoke: "It's strange, isn't it, that a man so—so attractive—should not have married?"

Beulah wheeled upon her.

"Not married? What do you mean? He was married twelve years ago."

Emily's fingers stiffened on the laces. Her eyes were safely lowered to her lap. She wished that she could speak, but her voice seemed endlessly far away. By and by she heard it, still at a long distance, remarking:

"Oh, was he? I thought he said something once about being a homeless wanderer. And—why does he come here to visit?"

"My dear Acadian Evangeline, he is homeless, I suppose. They have been separated for six years at least—not divorced. She doesn't believe in divorce, I believe; and I fancy he finds it quite convenient to have the freedom of the bachelor coupled with the impossibility of being held to accountability for his flirtations. And he comes here because he likes us, I suppose, and finds us entertaining; and because a gentleman whose wife doesn't live with him is not thereby debarred by our social customs from all human intercourse."

"Of course not," said Emily woodenly.

She arose and went into her own room, arranging her gloves and scarfs with great neatness in her bureau drawer. She reminded herself dully that the furniture-instalment collector was about due. She went to her window—it opened on a wide court; the snow was falling thickly now.

"What are you doing, Emily?" called Beulah, after a few minutes. The silence oppressed her—she knew that the girl was sore and hurt; she was half sorry for her, half impatient with her. Why did she try to play the game if she was going to mourn so over the forfeits?

"I'm looking out of the window, watching the snow," answered Emily quietly. "I'm thinking how it looks at home."

That Larger Life of her imagining, how pitiful and tawdry it seemed to her to-night! How more than that as she crept into bed at last, and bit at the blankets that no sob might force its way through her lips to Beulah's listening ears on the other side of the India print curtain.

CHAPTER VII.

"And how was the party?" Mr. Cortelyou had paused by Emily's desk. She looked up from her busy transcribing of an interview with a girl bereaved of her lover by an explosion in the engine-room of one of the cruisers—the *Blast* had been able to send Emily to break the news to the bereaved one and to take red-hot notes of her emotional manifestations.

"Oh, very well, thank you. Miss Horton says that it was quite as dull as if it had been respectable. It was certainly dull."

"You never gave me a chance to hear about it?"

"There was nothing to tell, as you see—and if there had been——" She broke off.

"And if there had been?"

She bent her head toward her work again. Last week it had filled her with a satisfaction of vanity and fluttering pride when, in his progress through the city room, he had singled her out for the few minutes' talk. To-day it was different.

"And if there had been anything to tell, you would not have told me? What have I done? Why am I in disfavor?"

There was an air of authority about the man at all times, even when he

stooped to sue; perhaps it was more evident then than at any other time—the contrast between the momentary mood and the permanent disposition accentuating both. She felt his power as she raised her shamed eyes to his. They reproached him mutely; they begged him to leave her alone; and they were, though Emily was indifferent to that fact, counting any of her other qualities above her appearance, very beautiful eyes, golden-hazel, defined and outlined in silky black brows and lashes. In all her emotional moods they seemed to swim in a wonderful light. When he looked down into them, Leighton Cortelyou drew a sharp breath.

"You are very beautiful," he whispered, with what seemed to her, smarting under her new knowledge of him, not only an irrelevance, but an impertinence. The golden haze in which her clouded vision swam cleared with her sense of offense. She was suddenly conscious that some of the men were looking at them—it seemed to her quizzically. Johnny Norton, big gray spider spinning webs in his corner, had his heavy-browed gaze upon her. Did all these people think that she was one of Mr. Leighton Cortelyou's pastimes? Her head reared itself proudly on her neck.

"Thank you for your compliment," she said icily. "Was that what you stopped to say to me?"

He looked at her a second with a puzzled expression. Then he threw back his handsome head and laughed—laughed ringingly, joyously.

"Her ladyship is offended!" he cried softly when his mirth had passed. "She recalls my senses—which her own looks sent scurrying, mind you! This is no time, no place, she reminds me, for personalities. She is right. Miss Brewster, are you going to be at home for an hour or two to-night?"

"I am very sorry," said Emily, with the air of a polite liar, "but I have work which will keep me down-town this evening."

"You aren't really going to keep up this little fiction about being angry with me, are you?" he demanded. "If you're going to be down-town to-night, you will come out and dine with me at Henriquez'."

"I am sorry, but I have an engagement," she answered.

Now he looked down upon her with a gentle reproach, a gentle forgiveness, in his manner.

"Very well," he said finally. "Doubtless you are right. I wasn't worth your wasting much time upon."

Then he bowed and moved away, just before the quick words of repentance, of protest, crowded to her generous lips.

That day her work took her far afield. A mother in the purlieus of Brooklyn wanted the *Blast's* ever-ready aid in finding a wilful daughter who had left home; it was Emily's task to deck the sordid little tale of folly and wrong, of poverty and temptation, in sentimental colors. But as she took the long trip across the Bridge and out through the interminable miles of trolley-strung streets, she thought not of her assignment, not of her work in any sense, but of the man who had turned her right into wrong, who had made her withdrawal seem to her merely "missish," who had stabbed her generosity with the reproach of unkindness.

She was in that state common enough to girls falling in love, where every impulse of their affection is laboriously interpreted by them to mean a striving of the spirit of virtue within them. Thus, she read the yearning she had had to rise and follow Cortelyou across the crowded city room and to tell him how infinitely "worth" he was to her, as an impartial woman's natural desire not to be unjust to a kind friend, a grateful woman's civil wish not to seem unthankful for benefits received.

She counted off those benefits—ignoring those which the practical Beulah might have put first, the dinners and suppers, the flowers, the theater once or twice, the books, the tickets; what she accounted valuable, or thought she did, was the inspiration of his mind, his so quick appreciation, his stimulating, broadening quality. He had read her verses—at his own solicita-

tion and insistence, for Emily was reticent with those children of her fancy—and had shown such just, kind judgment of their value, such friendly sincerity in pointing out their weaknesses.

He had told her where to send them—mentioning places which she, even in her youthful arrogance, had never dared to try. One or two of them had been accepted by a big magazine, and she lived from month to month in the hope of seeing them in print. He had made her compile a volume—a thin little one, to be sure—and had been so "splendid" about what he made her omit as well as kind about what he made her include. He had carried the little bundle of manuscript off with him, declaring that he was going to set up a literary agency. He had sent her old poets of whom she had barely heard, and new poets whose fame was, like her own, all in the future.

By the time she had reached the swarming tenement which was the home from which the wilful daughter had fled, and had interviewed the slovenly mother who beerily and tearily related her woes, chief of which seemed to be that heretofore her daughter had brought home six dollars "ivery Satiddy night" and now did so no more, she was almost prepared to go back and apologize to Cortelyou. What was his marriage or his bachelorhood to her? Their relation to each other, she told herself, was on a very different plane, a very much higher plane, than those relations born of mere emotion, chained by mere law, could ever be.

No delusive argument with which young ardor seeks to convince itself of its reasonableness, its calm righteousness, was lacking by the time she returned to the city. Only the fact that Cortelyou had gone for the day—how she regretted the spurned dinner invitation!—prevented her from telling him then and there how wrong, how ungenerous, how provincial, she had been.

The next morning, before he had appeared at the office, she had been sent to the scene of a coal-mine disaster in West Virginia. She left a hurried scrawl on the desk in his room.

I am sorry to go without the chance to tell you that I am not the ungrateful little beast I must have seemed yesterday. E. B.

The disaster developed into a testing of strength between labor and capital in the mines to which she had been sent. She lodged, with the other newspaper reporters, the engineering experts, the doctors, and the rest of the forces whom the calamity had brought together, in the shambling hotel at the edge of the town. When a strike followed and labor leaders and representatives of the coal-carrying railroads followed the first delegation of outsiders, there she was still. Her heart ached and bled for the victims of the disaster, for the poor, ignorant victims of the system; her "stories were great stuff," so the delighted office telegraphed her.

But even in the excitement and absorption of her work, she was thrillingly conscious of Cortelyou; if she wrote with fervor and vividness, her heart beat proudly to know that he would read what she had written, that he would read more than she had written—not only the tragic story that she told, but the pitiful woman, the word-artist as well.

She was at Allegahena a month—Beulah sending her weekly relays of clothing and long gossipy letters illustrated with caricatures of the office. That Cortelyou's name was never mentioned was one of Emily's greatest hardships.

It was a day or two before she left. Spring had clothed the mountainsides with tender verdure. She had driven out of the dreadful, staring, little mining-town for a breath of air and a change of scene. She came back into the hotel, her arms filled with wild honeysuckle, pink and fresh and fragrant. She stepped toward the desk to ask for mail and telegrams, and a man standing before it turned at her approach. It was Jaffray Greene.

"You! Here!" she cried. She had lived so much and so keenly since their quarrel that she had half forgotten it. He took her hand and a smile of pleasure lighted his thin, boyish face—yet it seemed to her to have aged.

"I myself—and here," he said.

"Is it permitted to ask why?"

"Oh, I've been taken on as junior partner in Knowles, Crumbacher, O'Brien—and now Greene," he answered; "and the firm is counsel for President Henry of the Allegheny. That's why I'm here."

"To find some way of evading justice, I suppose," she said. "You should have come when I first came, and should have seen what I first saw—you'd never be counsel for a capitalist after that."

"That's almost too harsh, isn't it? Though it must have been terrible. I read some of your articles."

"You? In the *Blast?*"

"They were very well done though they were in the *Blast,*" he assured her. Then he added, with the old frankness she had liked: "Come, Miss Brewster, be generous. I'll admit that I was very rude, if you'll—I'll admit that I was very wrong even without any proviso. Will you try to overlook it and to forgive me?"

"I had already forgotten all about it," she told him, smiling sweetly.

The information did not seem to cheer him.

"It meant so little to you—our friendship and our quarrel? Well—I'm sorry."

"My work is very absorbing," she explained loftily.

He made a gesture of distaste.

"Oh, well, never mind!" she laughed, perceiving it. "We won't talk about disagreeable things. Will you be here long?"

"Two or three days. And you?"

"I am hoping for a recall every day now. I've been here a month—and when you've eaten the food of the Allegahena House for a month, you'll yearn for the flesh-pots of Egypt, too."

After a few more words she left him and went to her room. He seemed so much more mature, so much more sure of himself, than in the days at Mrs. Babcock's, she told herself. He had really always been a very nice boy—except for that outbreak. How childish of her to have taken it seriously! She ought to have laughed at it, to have let it go.

Very fully had she imbibed the prevalent doctrine among her new friends that there was nothing worth bothering about, nothing worth disputing. Everything was a matter of opinion—and, of course, one's own was always the superior opinion; why, then, argue and inflame oneself with words? If she had only known that doctrine six or eight months earlier, she need not have lost the friendship of that agreeable—that more than agreeable—young man. Involuntarily she began to compare him in her thoughts with her new acquaintances; not one of them, with the shining exception of Cortelyou, approached him in interest, in breeding, in charm. It was too bad that she had let him go.

After dinner that evening, he asked her to take a drive out of the town and up one of the near mountains in the moonlight. He could do nothing before morning in regard to the business on which he had come—probably very little then. It was likely to prove a somewhat protracted affair. And would she make the first of it, at least, as pleasant as possible? She could and she would.

The hillsides, alternating light and shadow, fragrant with the wild honeysuckle, were beautiful and sweet. She had the sense of gladness, of happiness, as she had not had it for a long time before. He watched her profile in the moonlight, saw the faint smile that curved her lips, saw the gentle rise and fall of her bosom with the deep inhalations of the delicious air.

"This is what you really love, you know," he told her. "This is your native element. I wish you weren't trying to teach yourself to swim around in a murky pool you don't belong in."

"Let us not quarrel to-night," she begged. "It's so much too lovely. Let us lie back and forget everything disagreeable and be just happy."

"That will be easier for me than for you, I'm afraid. You see, I have you here beside me, but you have only me."

"It sounds like a puzzle," she an-

swered lazily. "But I'm not going to try to solve it."

"It wasn't a puzzle. It was a barefaced piece of fishing. But I apologize and I won't do it again."

He was as good as his word. They talked very little, but the silver night wrapped them in a close communion with each other and with nature. When she was again at the hotel, Emily found to her surprise that the gift, long dormant now, the gift of fancy, the sense of rhythm, the imagination that had been wont to people the world for her before she left New Lebanon—was once more awake. Calmed, lifted out of herself, she sat down before the rickety little table beside her window, and began to write. The lines flowed as smoothly, as effortlessly, as the silver beams from the moon traversed the air. Never had her skill in rhyme and rhythm been so completely the slave of her imagination. After two or three hours she arose, exhausted, but deeply content with what she had written.

The next morning her first waking thought, instead of being of Cortelyou, was of the poem she had written the night before. She approached it with some misgivings; if it were bad, if it were commonplace, if it were absurd—well, it would not be the first time that the glowing conviction of night had been dispelled by morning's reading. But to her surprise, to her intense joy, the lines read more beautifully to her morning sense than they had to her midnight ardor.

"That's good, that's really good," she said to herself, and read them again.

It seemed strange to her, when she began to think about it, that that little muse of hers, so long silent in spite of the constant stimulation which she was sure it was receiving, should have sung again on so slight a provocation as a quiet moonlight night upon a mountainside and a reconciliation with a friend whose existence had almost ceased to matter to her. And yet, she asked herself, what things in life were more poetic than these unmarred nature and night and spring, and the renewal of friendships.

The office did not recall her at once, although the pitiful dearth of new sensations at Allegahena curtailed her work to a great extent. Apparently, Johnny Norton was living in hope that some of the miners would perpetrate some outrage which he could "play up for all it was worth." But the miners seemed to have relapsed into phlegmatic patience. The wiser of the union leaders among them were holding them with heavy hand from any violence.

News was thus lamentably scarce according to the standards of the *Blast*. It was to this fact that she owed the leisure which gave her opportunity for much renewed intercourse with Jaffray Greene. His business was of the long-drawn-out sort that required rather many days to complete it than many hours a day, and his free time he joyfully placed at Emily's disposal. She had never guessed, even when she liked him best at Mrs. Babcock's, how altogether delightful a companion he could be. They picnicked in the green woods, and he proved himself a master builder of camp-fires; he had the gift of camp-cookery, too, and two or three times they escaped the awful ordeal of meals at the Allegahena House. He had in his pocket a slim little volume of Charles Lamb's "Letters," and he read aloud to her scraps from that most whimsical and heart-warming of writers.

There was not much of personality in his talk with her, and there was no love-making in his looks or his words. He was not a past master of the art of seeming to mean much while saying nothing in particular, and of seeming to mean nothing while declaring everything; that was perhaps the chief of Cortelyou's gifts. But unexciting as Jaffray's conversation with her was, she found that it both rested and stimulated her in a more wholesome way than the other man's verbal pyrotechnics.

One day they went in from a picnic-luncheon on the top of one of the neighboring hills, and there, in the office, Emily found the yellow slip for which she had been so eager a few days be-

"Shall we let ourselves be cheated of even a part of life because we cannot have the whole?"

fore, but which she now saw with a little resentment—the telegram summoning her back to New York. Jaffray watched her anxiously as she read it. She looked up with a little rueful smile.

"My holiday is over," she said. "They've given up all hope of the Pinkertons shooting the strikers or the strikers dynamiting anybody, and they want me to come on home. At once, of course. That's a characteristic of the office—it wants everything done 'at once.' Well, that means three o'clock. I have just time to pack."

"I've been dreading this day," said Jaffray frankly. "I don't know what I'm going to do down here without you. Those foreign claimants of damages are extremely difficult for a man who doesn't number the Slav language among his accomplishments to deal with. Well, I sha'n't grumble—I've had more than I ever should have dared to hope. But I want you to promise me something."

"I'll promise anything except to stop writing for—what was it you called the *Blast* when I first went on it?" She looked at him with sparkling eyes.

"Whatever I called it," he answered, with a squaring of his jaws, "I still call it. I don't take back one word that I said on the subject except this, that it was any of my business. But now for your promise."

"Ready," she answered.

"Promise me that you will not drop me from your recollection as soon as

you go back to New York. Promise that you'll let me come to see you. Will you?"

A picture of Beulah, slangy, impertinent, underbred, and of their little flat, dusty, dim, and cheerless by day, and a trifle garish by night, flashed before her. She shrank from letting him see her in those surroundings. Then she hated herself for caring. What was he, with his conventional notions of what was proper and fitting for women, to her, that she should blush for her milieu or her friends?

"Of course I promise," she answered gaily. "I should be very much offended if you didn't come to see me. And I'll convert you yet to believing in the importance of the *Blast's* mission."

He took her to the train that afternoon and gave her a little bunch of wood-flowers to pin against her gray cloth coat. It was a coat which she had obtained by following the methods recommended by Beulah, and it was much better in every respect than any which she had ever worn before. Nevertheless she felt no particular pride in its cut and fit, as she pinned the modest bunch of blue and white violets upon it. She suspected that that sort of graft would seem disreputable to Jaffray Greene.

The journey back to New York was filled with good resolutions. She was going to stop the foolish frittering away of her time with Beulah and with Lola Farrand. She was not going to have any intimacy with Leighton Cortelyou. She was going to work—at her own work. That poem the other night showed her that she still had it in her power to write artistically. She would not imperil that gift by too long a service on the *Blast,* for she admitted to herself that all the gain in experience which it gave her was balanced, or worse than that, by the sloppy theatrical style it demanded.

No, she was going to be a good, hard-working woman. She was going to pay her debts, and she was even going to save money out of the twenty-five dollars a week. She was going to justify the sacrifice she had exacted of Catherine. She was not going to do anything of doubtful propriety. Propriety, after that week of intercourse with Jaffray, no longer seemed a drab, dry, and dusty dame, but a fresh, sweet, precise young maiden—a flower in a garden, not a thorn on last year's bush.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alas for her good resolutions! The uproarious greeting which she received from her intimates, the dinner to which they bore her off in a body, the quips and quirks, the atmosphere of wholehearted welcome, were very inspiriting. After all, had she not been something of a prig and Pharisee when she had thought harshly of these witty, easy-going persons?

And had she not been extremely conceited when she had imagined that there was in Cortelyou's interest anything dangerous to her heart or to his? He seemed—perhaps it was by contrast with Jaffray's youth—older than she had remembered him, a little abstracted, weighted with his important cares. Somehow she had almost forgotten that much of the burden of this great business enterprise rested upon his shoulders. To-night she thought of it, and consequently thought of herself more humbly.

After all, what was she—little twenty-five-dollar-a-week scrub—to be anything but grateful for the interest and kindness of a busy man of affairs like this? His attitude, absent-minded although friendly, confirmed her in this mood. It almost seemed to her that only her own vanity had supplied deep meaning to his words and looks before.

At home in the little flat that night, Beulah indulged in a long gossip.

"Corty seems changed," she announced, sending a sharp, squirrellike glance toward Emily, seated by the window in a big armchair.

"How?" asked Emily idly.

"Oh, I should say he'd gotten religion or was suffering an attack of conscience or of indigestion or something sobering of that sort," replied

Beulah. "Let's see—how long have you been away? Six weeks? Well, according to the usual standard, he ought to have had at least one new little playmate in that time, but I don't think there's been any. If there has been one, she's not a member of the *Blast's* staff. Sometimes I've thought"—she looked again at Emily before she hazarded the impertinence—"that it might be your ennobling influence."

Emily grew a little rigid in her chair. The fact that she had been thinking the same thing made it a little difficult for her to bear Beulah's jibe with equanimity. But she controlled her temper and replied lightly enough.

"I dare say he has something else to think of. You seem to forget that, after all, he's rather a busy man. He can't run a paper without devoting some little attention to it. I imagine those playmate episodes of which you speak have been a little exaggerated."

"I'm properly snubbed," answered Beulah. "Only you see, my dear, I happen to have known the sun-god for many years. He's one of those delightful persons who never allow business to interfere with pleasure."

"Perhaps his idea of pleasure has been somewhat misjudged," opined Emily loftily.

Beulah laughed in a soft, excessive mirth. And at that instant the telephone in the little dark hallway rang. Beulah, always alert for any interruptions of work or conversation, hurried to answer it. She came back in a minute.

"Mr. Cortelyou would like to speak to Miss Brewster," she announced, with the colorless intonation of a servant.

It was with the old palpitation of the heart that Emily went toward the instrument. Already the influence of the calm, sane days in the country was weakened.

He had something, so he said, to show her which would interest her. It was very late, of course—eleven, he perceived by the office clock. But would she be unconventional enough to let him come? Ah, she was hesitating. And yet he was sure that she would never forgive herself if she delayed even overnight to see what he had to show her. She wavered, faltered, and then——

"Well, for a very few minutes," she decided.

"Shall I play propriety or shall I be discreet and retire into the kitchenette?" demanded Beulah. "That's the farthest removed from our sumptuous reception-room. What do you want me to do?"

"Why—why, I don't know," faltered Emily. "Of course, we have no secrets, I mean I have no secrets from you. But—perhaps he wants to say something—I think, Beulah, dear, that you'd better let me see him alone at first. Whatever he has to say will only take a second or two, and then, of course, you'll come in."

"No, thank you," replied Beulah, giving a very successful imitation of a lady yawning herself to death. "I retire into my own little room and to my own virtuous slumbers the instant we hear the door-bell ring. It's two removes from the sitting-room and your chatter will not disturb me, nor will you have any fear that I am overhearing his tender confidences."

"Beulah!" cried Emily in a tempestuous storm of outraged feeling.

"Oh, that's all right, my dear. 'Gather ye the rosebuds while ye may.' I, too, have been in Arcady."

"You're outrageous," declared Emily, with vigor. "Haven't you yourself told me that the man's married?"

"Yes, but I've never observed that that had very much to do with what a man felt, have you? Or did it up in pastoral New Lebanon?"

"You're merely vulgar," retorted Emily.

And then the door-bell in the little kitchenette rang, and Beulah, with a mocking good night, was off to press the button which released the street door and admitted the late comer.

When he came into the little sitting-room Emily was more than ever impressed with his air of slight weariness and abstraction. But the living glow came back to his gray eyes as he bent them upon her.

"That was good work you did for the paper down there," he commended her. "I've told you so before, with the mob around, and I'm telling you so now privately. It was good work—and do you know what your reward is to be?"

He drew from his pocket a bundle of proofs. "Look," he said, and presented her with the title-page. Half-dazed, she read: "The Mountain Dryad, and Other Poems, by Emily Brewster." At the bottom of the page was the name of a publisher unfamiliar to her.

"How—how ever did you manage it?" she gasped.

"Manage it? They jumped at the chance. Had you never thought of sending them to this house? It makes a specialty of modern American poetry. And, now, do you realize how much I've been thinking about you all the time you've been away? I've been living with your poems—you have the true gift, child—and I've been wishing for your presence, and I've been wondering what I could do to make you glad when you came back. Tell me—have I succeeded?"

She could not speak for joy and agitation. She raised her brimming eyes to his, her lips quivered. He smiled down upon her as though from some superior height of wisdom and experience.

"There, there, don't be so upset by it. You'll have whole rows of books yet in crushed levant and I shall have nothing to do with them. But meantime you'll never be able to see your first little gray volume—it's going to be covered in gray linen with a little pine-tree and a little boulder etched upon it; do you like that?—without thinking of me. Have I been very selfish to make a place in your recollection?"

"Selfish! You! With all the real work you had to do—to take so much trouble—to be so kind—oh, how am I ever going to thank you?"

"Just by letting me have a little share in the development of that fine mind and that fine gift," he answered. "Just by being brave and honest and taking me for a friend, never minding the silly stories that they circulate about me. Oh, I know, I know. They've told you that—that Mrs. Cortelyou couldn't stand me, haven't they? They've told you I'm a sadly inconsequential person, that I've taken my fun where I've found it, like Kipling's hero, haven't they? Well, I want you to believe of me just what you yourself know of me. I sha'n't ask you to take my word for anything. But don't take that of my detractors either. Can you do that much?"

She nodded solemnly and gladly, while tears brimmed over her long black lashes.

"Now run and wake up your fellow houseowner," he said, "and fish out some crackers and cheese—there is always crackers and cheese in the pantry, isn't there?—and let us celebrate your book. I've brought the only proper liquor for the occasion. Beer wouldn't do, even if you have it on the ice-chest. Run along and tell Beulah to hurry and play propriety."

She hastened off to do his bidding, and Beulah, of course, in spite of her declarations of twenty minutes before, was nothing loath for the merrymaking. They assembled around the tiny dining-room table and toasted the new book in champagne and ate their wafers and cream-cheese. They prophesied glorious things for Emily, and Beulah was for crowning her with a wreath of leaves from the faded fern in the center of the table—Beulah never took care of the fern when Emily was away.

The next day when the two girls went down to the office, Beulah made her unaccustomed way to that portion of the establishment known as the library and obituary department, and sought conversation with the librarian.

"Tell me," she said, perching upon a table and surveying the annoyed elderly gentleman with much insouciance, "tell me, who are these publishers in Meriden, Connecticut? Pidgeon & Company? I've only recently heard of them. Are they any good?"

"Any good!" snorted the interrupted gentleman. "They're good to themselves. They bring out books for any one vain and gullible enough to pay

them, and they advertise those books just as long as the proud author puts up the spondulix for advertising. That's how good they are. Their chief prey is the young poet. Of course, the young poet finds it pretty difficult to induce any of the old houses to bring out his verses, so Pidgeon & Company reap a pretty fair harvest. Why? Are they after you for the privilege of issuing a volume of your incomparable caricatures?"

"No," said Beulah, sliding off the edge of the table and shaking her plumage. "They're not after me, but they're bringing out the book of a friend of mine."

"I hope your friend has money," remarked the misanthrope, diving into his clippings.

Beulah walked out of the room, her lips pursed ready to whistle. But no sound came. She only nodded her wise little head two or three times, and sighed once or twice.

CHAPTER IX.

It was eight months later, and Emily awakened one morning with the familiar feeling of discontent and discouragement. Her life since she had come back from Allegahena had revolted her delicate instincts, although she was forever hotly assuring herself that it was a perfectly decorous one. Immediately upon her return she had drifted into the old way of doing things. The dinners at restaurants, the free-and-easy intercourse with all sorts of men and women for whom she had a half contempt, the petty grafting for frocks and gloves, for theater tickets, books, and knickknacks, had grown upon her.

Since the night in Allegahena when she had written her poem—which, by the way, the oldest magazine in the country had just published with a splendid setting of illustration—she had not written a line except those required of her by her daily work. And her daily work was become as monotonous as the old routine upon the *Conservator* had been. After all, battle, murder, and sudden death for a daily mental diet became as wearisome as the elections at women's clubs.

She was profoundly dissatisfied with her way of living, but she did not know how to change it. Sometimes it was more hideous to her than the old commonplace days at Mrs. Babcock's. Just now, the approach of Christmas was accentuating all her distaste for her friends and their ways. In the shops she saw things which she inconsistently yearned to give Catherine, although she would not write to Catherine for the world. There was no one else, excepting always Cortelyou, to whom she had the slightest desire to send a Christmas present.

Her intercourse with him had continued—grown—ever since the night when he had shown her the proofs of her little book. It had been published and advertised a little, Beulah shrugging her knowing shoulders whenever she saw a line informing the public of the price at which this new American poet might be bought. She had never told Emily of her discovery. She herself did not know whether she was reserving the fact to slay the girl's pride some day when it should become too hard to bear, or whether she was keeping it back out of mere kindness. At any rate, she had not mentioned the terms on which Mr. Pidgeon brought out poetry.

Jaffray Greene, who had come once or twice to see Emily after his return from Allegahena, had not been able to keep his wise resolution of silence in the face of her new way of life. He had not repeated his mistake of a violent outburst; but one night, when he had called to find a group from the office lolling about too intimately, discussing all sorts of topics too freely, bandying first names too familiarly, he had made up his mind that he could not continue to see the girl on such terms.

The dreariness and narrowness of Mrs. Babcock's boarding-house seemed to him infinitely preferable to the alleged gaiety and breadth of Emily's new establishment. So that night he beat an early retreat, asking her to take a

walk with him the next day, which happened to be Sunday, in the Park. And in the Park he had told her, quite calmly and dispassionately, his mental situation in regard to her.

"I'm not going to come to see you any more," he said.

Emily felt a curious mixture of relief and despondency at the announcement. She had hated to have him come—he was like a passive rebuke to everything that she did. But at the same time she liked him, she could not bear to think that he classified her entirely among her new associates or that she should not see him again.

"That's scarcely courteous, is it?" she asked.

"It's honest, anyway. The truth is, Emily"—he half hated to use the first name, although she had given him permission to, since he knew how many others shared the privilege—"I am, as I told you, an old-fashioned man. I believe heartily, and more and more every day, in that 'sheltered life' which you and your friends deride. And I believe in it more than ever when I see what the 'open life' is doing for you. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not jealous of those other fellows." He spoke with superb scorn. "I'm not in love with you, you see," he spoke, with ignorant arrogance. "But I have a high regard for you. I like you. I feel toward you as I might toward a sister. And I can't bear to see you frittering away your talents on ignoble things, and your time on a lot of half-bred men and women. Don't interrupt me"—for she looked as though she were about to speak—"I know I have no right to talk in this fashion. But it's because I can't see you and keep from talking this way that I'm not going to see you any more. If ever you need me or want me you know you have only to say the word. I'd come—I think I'd come from the end of the earth if you told me you needed me, Emily," finished the young man, who was not in love with her.

There was more feeling in the one sentence than in all the words Leighton Cortelyou had ever said to her, but she did not realize it. They were such plain, simple words, with no subtle meanings, no provocations of mystery.

"I think you are right," she had answered. "We aren't congenial, you and I, or at any rate my other friends and you; and you and I will remain all the better friends for not subjecting each other to mutual irritation as we do now. I feel your criticism—it's really a very narrow criticism, Friend Jaffray—and I resent it. Perhaps when we're older and you've grown a little more tolerant——" She drifted off into a superior silence.

"Well, if you need me before I have reached that happy state where I have cast every rudder overboard—that seems to be your definition of tolerance—will you promise to send for me?"

"It's a safe promise," she had answered lightly.

And that had been the end. In the feverish delight of her intimacy with Cortelyou she had not always had time to miss Jaffray. But there were long lapses in the intercourse with Cortelyou. He had been abroad, as usual, in the late summer and early autumn. He was frequently absent for a week at a time, attending some convention, planning some campaign with the "progressive" politicians whom the *Blast* represented, and at those times she missed Jaffray with a poignancy she would not admit to herself. She was missing him just now, as Christmas approached, more than ever.

There was a hurried call from the office for her. Johnny Norton wanted her to hasten to the Regina. A woman—a lady, a rich lady—had died there last night under mysterious circumstances. She was beautiful—of course! It was a mystery—of course! Would she go at once and discover the true story and write it for the paper? Mrs. Lamont was the name. It might have been suicide, it might have been an overdose of chloral accidentally taken—all that was hers to discover.

"Sling yourself on it," commanded Johnny tersely.

Sick with disgust she made her way

to the Regina. The coroner was awaited, and the police were already in charge of the situation. The clerk gave out information grudgingly. The manager, who knew Emily professionally, was more generous with items. Yes, Mrs. Lamont, who had registered with them some four months previously, had most unfortunately died during the night. Who were her friends in the city? The Regina management really could not undertake to say—she had had many callers, had entertained many guests at dinner. Oh, yes, she had had a private dining-room in her suite. Of late, perhaps, they admitted in response to Emily's skilful probing; of late, perhaps, Mrs. Lamont had not been quite regular in the payment of her accounts, and perhaps she had been somewhat pestered by duns. But she had given the Regina to understand that her embarrassment was merely temporary, and as she had certainly had large sums of money to spend, even to squander, when she first arrived, the Regina had been very easy in its dealings with her. Oh, yes, Miss Brewster might go up to the apartment—it was really scarcely hotel property at the moment; the law had taken charge.

Nerving herself to the task, which did not grow easier with familiarity—that of looking upon death—Emily was whirled up to the apartments of the mysteriously deceased lady. She went by the policeman at the door with a word of explanation. She followed another across the soft pile of the Persian carpet through one brocade-hung room into a little bijou of a bedroom. And there, lying upon the bed, her doll-like face rigid with an awful dignity, lay the woman she had known as Mrs. Dennison.

Emily was sure—almost sure—of her identification. Of course, the icy mask that had settled upon the features had changed them somewhat, but she was sufficiently convinced of her opinion to call up Mrs. Dennison's lawyer, Colonel Dwyer.

Colonel Dwyer, so his office informed her very curtly, was out of town; he would be gone until after Christmas. Then, after making sure that her own paper had the first hint of the truth, she told her suspicion and bade the reporters send for those of their fellows who had attended Mrs. Dennison's trial. In an hour or so the identification was practically established.

Emily, absorbed in the work of getting her sensation ready for the *Blast* before it should appear in any other paper, sat in the next room to the one in which the woman lay, and wrote her story. In the hallway a boy from the office lounged about, in cynical familiarity with tragedy in all its guises, waiting to carry her copy to the presses.

She finished the last sheet of her preliminary story, the one declaring the woman's identity. The boy departed, and she was alone in the room. Through the open door on her right she beheld the blue-coated policeman; through the hangings of the door on her left she heard the movement of the undertaker's men—the coroner had gone. It was awful, it was horrible beyond all expression; and the most horrible thing about it was that she must write yet more. She glanced at the table; all her paper was gone.

Instinctively she jerked at the drawer of the stand. It opened, and she beheld a jumble of notes written in what she recognized as Mrs. Dennison's handwriting. She had become so quick and unscrupulous a newspaper woman that it was the work of an instant for her to gather these together and to leave the room with them as though they were notes of her own. She was going to give the *Blast* a great "beat" that day.

Evidently the unfortunate woman had intended to weave the story of her career into a romance, for the fragments of paper contained all sorts of disjointed paragraphs, some evidently plain autobiography, some again as evidently fiction based upon her experiences.

Emily sorted the mass and went home, having telephoned the office that there would be a big story for the morning paper. She was trembling with excitement and a sort of terror. It

And then, that summer, the destroyer had come.

had seemed almost sacrilegious to carry those documents away from that room, and yet it was so intensely interesting. If she had not carried them away, eventually they would have fallen to all the reporters—well, she had merely "scooped the town," and the one dreadful thing was that she had done it about a woman whom she had known, whose bread she had once eaten.

The chief feature of the mass of documents was bills. There were bills for everything, bills, and then duplicate bills, and then double duplicates, and following those dunning letters, notices from collection-agencies, threats from lawyers. It was a frightful sum, to Emily's way of thinking, that the woman owed. She shuddered, remembering her own petty debts. All these she put on one side, meaning to demand the help of the office a little later in tracing them and finding out what she could of Mrs. Lamont or Mrs. Dennison.

Then she began on Mrs. Dennison's own notes. The vain little woman had evidently tried, in her small, ignorant way, to be a Rousseau or a Marie Bashkirtseff, setting down with utter fidelity the events of her life. And the story was all one—vanity, extravagance, weakness; and then the inevitable results of these—worry, fear, heartache, and finally discouragement, despair.

Those for whom I worked, those who used me to make money—I have always been a beauty and could always get an entrée anywhere in stores or church or society—those men who have used me for their own ends, have all dropped me now since the swindle trial. D. says that it will be years before I can operate in New York again, if ever. I shall show him!

So, then, Emily's mind leaped swiftly to the conclusion that the story was true about Mrs. Dennison's being the tool of an organized gang and about Colonel Dwyer's being its real brain.

But what the poor creature had shown herself was that without the support of those craftier and more masterful minds all her own efforts were futile. Apparently she had returned as Mrs. Lamont, and New York, with its amazing faculty for forgetting its *causes célèbres,* had forgotten all about her. Somewhere during her absence she had acquired more money; perhaps she had merely realized upon those valuables for obtaining which under false pretenses she had been tried, and so promptly acquitted. But she was madly extravagant, she was not sustained this time by more brilliant allies—and there in the pink-brocaded room lay the end of it all.

Emily pieced the story out with tears and travail of spirit. This—this was where the primrose path had led one woman! This was where the zest for the moment's pleasure, the taking of enjoyment not rightly earned, had led one woman! She knotted her hands together in an agony of pity, and of fear. Yes—fear. For whither was she herself tending? She longed for the stern austerity of her early home, for the harsh, unindulgent principles of it, for the healing of the gaunt hills.

When she went back to the hotel after having finally turned in the story to the office, she was white and spent with the rigors of her self-searching.

The courteous manager gave her a new clue now. He said that some inquiries had come from a little town in western New York concerning Mrs. Dennison-Lamont over the long-distance telephone, but he was not able to say who had called up or why. Emily put the information in some pigeonhole in her mind for future reference.

As she turned to leave the office, she ran into a woman just entering it—a woman tall and supple, with brilliant, healthy coloring and wide, kind hazel eyes that held a little wistfulness in their depths. The two glanced at each other as they met, and then one broke into a glad cry: "Emily, Emily!" While Emily, every vestige of color leaving her face, tottered against a desk and whispered: "Catherine."

"It's funny," said the manager of the Regina after a minute, "that many dealings as I've had with both you ladies in your two professions, I never dreamed that you were connections. I might have, too, for you certainly look alike when one sees you together. Miss Brewster from New Hampshire looks a little mite larger and stronger than Miss Brewster from the *Blast,* but otherwise the resemblance is striking. Will you excuse me for a few minutes? I have an errand outside." And the good man was gone.

"Emily, Emily, why didn't you answer my letter? Haven't you forgiven me yet?" It was Catherine who spoke, her hands upon her sister's arm as though she would never let her go again.

"Letter? I never had one," said Emily, dazed. "But—what—what are you doing here in Mr. Guild's office?"

"My dear," laughed the older girl, "don't you know? I'm the fresh-egg woman for the Regina! Every day I ship—oh, endless dozens! It's only eight hours down, you know, now, by the Montreal flyer, and, though the freight is dear, I clear enough to make it pay me gloriously."

"A chicken-farm—Cathie, you always wanted a real one!"

"I know I did—but don't worry. The hen-houses aren't just outside your window. They're built along the south lot—you remember? Oh, Emily, when are you coming home to see it all?"

"Home?" Emily looked at her sister with sad, wavering eyes.

"Always, always home! Why, don't you remember what I said—oh, you didn't get the letter. Well, anyway, it's always home to you; it's half yours. That's what I told Walter."

"Walter?"

Catherine nodded, her pink cheeks pinker than ever. "Yes, don't you remember Walter Woodruff, the old deacon's son who went away from home—oh, ten, fifteen years ago? No? Well, he came home after his father died—old Deacon Woodruff died in September. I tried to get Walter to sell me back those lots—you don't mind, do you?—and he was willing—he's the kindest thing; but—he's going to give them back with the rest of his place. We're going to be married in April. You'll have to come home then, Emily."

Emily studied her with a lingering affection—her happy face, her shining eyes, her splendid, ruddy color.

"Walter Woodruff's a lucky man," she said slowly, with a half-jealous intonation. "Tell him so for me."

"What are you doing here, dearest?" demanded Catherine in another minute.

Emily's face darkened. "I can't tell you," she said. "It's sinful to spoil your happiness with such terrible tales."

"Oh, yes, I read something about that dreadful case as I came down," said Catherine, shuddering. "And are you reporting it for the *Conservator?*"

"The *Blast,*" said Emily, in a low tone.

Her sister looked at her in shocked surprise. Emily rallied her forces.

"Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it to-night. Where are you staying? Why, how funny? At Mrs. Babcock's?"

"They said at the *Conservator* that you lived there—I wrote for your address—and so I have always gone there hoping that somehow we should meet."

"It's queer Jaffray Greene never told you where I lived?"

"Jaffray Greene? He doesn't live at Mrs. Babcock's. Who is he, Emily? A beau of yours?"

"Dear," said Emily, with asperity, "because you're engaged yourself don't take to imagining that every one else is about to be. I have no beaus."

"Don't be so disdainful of them—they're very nice," laughed Catherine.

"I have so much to do—Cathie, I'll—no, I can't come to see you to-night; I'll meet you for dinner—at—where would you like to dine?"

"Wherever you're in the habit of dining, dear. I'd like to see your haunts before I take you away from them."

Emily smiled rather wanly.

"I'll telephone you," she said. "I've simply got to go now."

She dragged her way back to the office with a new weariness. The contrast between the garishness, the luridness of her daily existence, and the healthful interests of Catherine's, hurt her. She didn't want to raise chickens and eggs—Heaven forfend! But she wanted back that spirit of hope, that buoyant outlook, that gladness of endeavor. She wanted to look, like Catherine, healthy and happy and hopeful.

She gave Mr. Norton the name of the town in the western part of the State from which the call had come regarding Mrs. Lamont. He would look into the matter, he said; it sounded like a good feature for Wilfrid White's Sunday supplement; let's see—to-day's Wednesday—interest in the lady can be kept alive until then, surely; and there'd be time, too, to go after the story. And now—she looked tired. Hadn't she better go over to White's office and arrange the details with him? She would have to telegraph the story in by the next evening—there was no time to lose!

Wilfrid White was, of course, delighted with her "tip."

"I was afraid the city would get all the meat out of that story," he said genially. "But this is fine—this is a

juicy, fresh morsel! You'd better go up to-night, hadn't you? Yes, of course—I'll want the copy by to-morrow evening at the latest. Here, you, Robbie!" He called a boy dawdling over a crop of afternoon editions. "Get a Bullinger and find out when Miss Brewster can get a train to—Syracuse is the nearest place of any size, I guess. Well, look up Green's Corners—and be quick about it."

Then he leaned back and eyed Emily with a shrewd, jovial, indifferent scrutiny.

"You look fagged," he announced pleasantly. "Is the city working you too hard, or are you playing a little more than is good for you?"

"Oh, neither—it's been an unpleasant day—rather racking," Emily answered.

Somehow White's careless, half-impudent regard made her mindful that the men often grinned broadly at her nowadays. She knew what it meant—they were smiling over her intimacy with Cortelyou.

White's insolent yet not wholly unkind stare meant: "Well, is the little game still being played? Tut, tut, my dear! Beware! He's a dangerous charmer, is our Leighton."

She hated White at the moment—she hated them all, with their smirks and their surmises and their utter inability to see the simple truth! They could not comprehend decency—beasts that they were! They could not understand her—or him! And at that instant he opened the door of the Sunday room and came toward White's desk. Her heart performed its customary somersault in her bosom; she was conscious, with rage, that her color came in a great flood, that her tired, discouraged eyes took on an unquenchable light, plain for any gibing fool to see.

After the briefest of greetings to her, Cortelyou disposed of the business on which he had come to the Sunday editor's office. He was turning again to Emily when Robbie, the tow-headed office-boy, ambled up with the copy of the time-table to Green's Corners.

"Here you are," said White, scanning it. "You can get a night train—eleven-twenty. Lands you there at an ungodly hour, but it can't be helped."

"Oh, I'm interrupting business, not a mere afternoon talk-fest," said Cortelyou. "I beg your pardons. Miss Brewster, will you please stop in my office for a moment on your way to the city room when Mr. White is through plotting with you a feature to increase the circulation of his nefarious Sunday sheet?"

"Huh!" grunted White. "Nefarious! That's good! We're the only department that earns its salt!"

Cortelyou laughed and was gone. Emily, the list of trains in her hand, received a few last words of instruction from White, and then followed him.

He was alone in his private office, barricaded behind the big roll-top desk. He arose and pulled a chair out for her, and when she had seated herself he looked at her with affectionate interest.

"You wanted to see me?" She went through the form of reportorial speech.

"I always want to see you—every instant." His smile was brilliant and tender. He seemed to play and yet to tell her that his play was earnest. She called up a faint smile in response. "But you're tired out!" he added. "What have you been doing to-day? You weren't at your desk at eleven or two or three—oh, you've been following up that case!" He frowned a little. "It isn't the right work for my dear poet," he finished, suddenly taking her hand and kissing it. "But we must try to change that. Meantime, what are you going to do for the Sunday that will take you out of town—I didn't want to ask you before White; the fellow's so jealous of his department that I'm afraid to take even a human interest in it, lest he should suspect me of designs upon him and it."

A frown of repugnance crossed Emily's face.

"Oh, it's just some more of the same story—that poor creature's, with her vanity and her lies and her bills. But I am so sick of it all—I'd rather not talk about it!"

"You shall talk about nothing but

what pleases you, provided you will go to dinner with me. Will you?"

That would be better than dining with Catherine. There would be the warmth of his admiration, the charm of his talk—it would be a little feast, and she would be the queen of it. It was always so when she dined with him. At dinner with Catherine, what would there be but the contrast between the nightmare of her own work and prospects and the pleasant, sunny peace of her sister's?

"If I do——" she wavered.

"If you do! But you will. You must. Emily, I'm submerged in petty cares and troubles. I want to come up into the clear air to breathe. You'll come to dinner?"

"Well—but I must telephone to my sister."

"To your sister? But I thought——"

"I know. But it isn't so. We met accidentally this morning. She is fine—splendid. She had written and all that. Really—really—she made me proud and ashamed—she's so lovely and good and busy! And so happy," she added in a low tone.

"So happy?" He had caught the little phrase.

Emily nodded.

"She is in love."

"And is that what makes her happy, Emily?"

"She is going to be married to the man she loves."

Her voice fell away to a whisper. She could have wept scalding tears of self-pity because she, too, might not marry where she loved, might not know the peace and protection as well as the longing of love. But Cortelyou was quick to change her mood.

"And does my soaring poet, who has all the starry circles of space for her own, envy her good little sister's kitchen garden and dooryard? Come, missie, you telephone your happy sister, and tell her that you are going to take a harassed old gentleman out to dinner and that you will make him happier in one hour across the table from him than she can make her worthy clodhopper in years and years. Because you and I know how to feel, Emmy!"

"I think myself," said Emily, with a little wan return of her humor, "that it is because you and I know how to dine and how to forget all other things while we give ourselves up to that art. But I'll go telephone Catherine."

"And you'll be at Henriquez' at seven? I'll be there earlier."

She nodded and went out of the inner office, to find a scowling dramatic critic, an irate cartoonist, and a profane star reporter all waiting a chance for audience with the "chief." An expression of great enlightenment passed over their countenances as Emily emerged from the sanctum, and William, the guardian of the portal, said amiably: "Now you gentlemen can have your-all turns."

Catherine's "Oh, Emily!" sounded so heart-broken that Emily was rejoiced to have something in the nature of a legitimate excuse to offer.

"I am horribly sorry, Cathie," she said, "but that's what newspaper work means; I've got to fly around to get the train to Green's Corners, and I'm not sure that I'll be back before Friday or Saturday."

"It breaks my heart," grieved Catherine. "I've been counting so on it ever since we met. Couldn't I meet you at the train, anyway, and see you for another minute?"

"It's out of the question, Catherine," replied Emily decidedly. "Everything is one mad scramble for me from now until I start. What's that? Oh, all right. Yes. I promise—I solemnly promise. A week off at once—yes. Yes, I do promise it! Good-by."

She hung up the receiver quickly and impatiently, and hurried to her appointment with Cortelyou.

All the little dinners they had had together had seemed wonderful to Emily, but this was the most marvelous of them all. They talked, this time, of him, rather than of her, and the change of topic warmed her heart with the thought that she was, truly, a comfort—a near, close, intimate source of inspiration and delight to him. He told

her little bits of office worriment, and she felt herself his real comrade. He spoke of his wife, and his words were those of a chivalrous man uncomplainingly bearing a heavy burden. Emily felt that she had been selfish, thoughtless, almost grasping and calculating, to have longed so ardently for his freedom that he might give her that which made Catherine so radiant—the sense of complete companionship, of final security in love.

When the feast was over, they drove to the flat, deserted that night by its other occupant, and he waited while she flung her traveling necessities into a bag. When she came from her room to the little sitting-room, he took her suddenly by both hands.

"Emily, you know that I love you?" He spoke gravely. Her swimming eyes answered him. "Ah, you do know it! Never before, though they tell many lying tales of me, have I known anything like this feeling for you. You believe it? You satisfy and stimulate; you uplift—and yet you never chill. Ah, my dear little girl—if we had only met in time!"

Emily fluttered forth some syllable of consolation; she felt that here was her opportunity to show the selfless, high quality of her love.

"Well," he went on, "shall we let ourselves be cheated of even a part of life because we cannot have the whole? Don't shrink—don't misunderstand me. I shall never want you to do one single wrong thing—it would make you too miserable. But, even as good, even as puritanical as you are, there is so much we might blamelessly give each other, if you cared as little for the tongue of slander—knowing your own impeccability—as I do!"

Emily heard herself disclaiming any narrow conventions of conduct; her own knowledge of right and wrong was her sure guide, she said.

And then she was driven to the station in a palpitating dream of a wonderful and beautiful trip abroad, planned so that not even the evil tongue of malice should have a chance to wag. And if it did, Emily asked herself, as the train pounded on through the darkness, what difference did it make to her? Would not a sense of her own intrinsic rectitude uphold her? And what or whom had she so dear as the man who had left her on the train? For whom should she conserve that trivial thing, a reputation? She fell asleep with the hand he had kissed in parting close beneath her cheek, and his words: "Remember, dear, this is real and it is forever; it is no little game for two skilled players; it is the everlasting verity of my heart," ringing in her ears.

CHAPTER X.

Green's Corners was enjoying itself as it had not done since the Civil War time, when the departure of a score of volunteers for enlistment in the nearest town had been a source of civic pride and rejoicing. But to-day excitement was less wholesome than it had been on the former occasion. "Mart Kehoe's girl," "Andy Simpson's wife," was coming home—coming home to be buried in the hillside cemetery with the long weeping-willows and the maples and the myrtle. Andy Simpson was going to do that for her—danged if he wasn't! Not all of Green's Corners would have shown any such leniency toward such a wife as she had been to him—Marty Kehoe's daughter to Andy Simpson!

Emily found every one ready enough to talk to her, with the perhaps not unnatural exception of Andy Simpson. And he, poor, patient, wistful, plodding creature, only said: "You'll have to excuse me, miss."

But the other villagers piloted her to the place where Marty Kehoe's Kitty was born—the only girl in a swarming family of brothers. It was a poor place—it must have been a poor place even thirty or thirty-five years ago. But Marty had owned it then. He had been a prospering man until the shame came upon him. Then he took to drink and drank himself to death, but, unfortunately, not until he had drunk himself to hopeless debt. It was a sad thing all around. One of the big brothers, who

had adored the dimpled Kitty when she was a baby, was serving out a life term —he had killed a man for twitting him about her after the disgrace.

Finally Emily, by dint of much questioning, pieced together the tale. Kitty had been as pretty as a picture and as quick as a bird and as soft and lazy as a pussy-cat. She read endless paper-covered novels as soon as she could read anything—while her mother did the work. And she had aped the airs and graces of the heroines of those novels; she had piled her hair this way and that, and dressed her neck high and dressed it low, and had been coy or daring, a tomboy or a pale princess, according to the last heroine. And she had flouted a good many beaus, and a good many of the boys had fought shy of her, she was so idle and notional and extravagant.

But Andy Simpson had patiently adored her from the time she was a baby, and by and by, after the conquering manner of slow, quiet, persistent men, he had won her and married her and taken her to his cottage. And there for a year or more Kitty was a changed girl. The novelty of having a house of her own pleased her. She tried experiments with it, as she still did with herself. She had it deep in vines and flowers when spring came, and she had put pink frills on her plain old beds, and she had lace window-curtains as well as white muslin frocks. And she wore gloves to bed at night, to whiten her little hands, and hired a piano. And Andy worked and worked to pay for her pretty whims. Little enough she cared about payments!

And then, that summer, the destroyer had come; he was a young man convalescing from some illness; the air of Green's Farms was notably salubrious —Emily had heard of it, had she not? And walking about one day, idling after the manner of convalescents, he had espied the vine-embowered cottage and a pink-clad vision fluttering behind the greenery on the little porch. He had begged a glass of water—the woman next door had heard and had remembered, when the time came. And she had heard the fooling and the flirting that followed over the glass of water, and the young man's proposition that he should come there to board. She could have warned Andy Simpson. Indeed, she had warned him and had received a black look for her pains.

That had been the beginning. It was only a matter of ten or twelve years ago—every one remembered it. There had been reading on the porch, and playing of the hired piano, and walks up the hills when any decent woman ought to have been baking bread or ironing her husband's shirts. And Kitty Kehoe's silly head had been quite turned. When the fellow—what was his name, now? Oh, yes, when the Cortelyou fellow——

"Stop!" whispered Emily. "Stop! What did you say his name was?"

The woman who was piloting her about looked at her in surprise.

"Cortelyou—and some fancy sort of first name, not Jim or Harry or Dick. Wait a minute an' I'll think—Lehigh—no, 'twarn't Lehigh, but sort of like that. Say! Sally Emden, there! What was the front name of that feller Kitty Kehoe ran off after?"

"Leighton!" screamed Sally Emden, wiping the suds from her bare arms and coming over to join them.

But Emily could hear no more. Her overwrought nerves had given way for the moment. She was lying, limp and white, against the lintel of Marty Kehoe's old home, whispering that she would like a drink of water, please.

When she had drunk it, she hurried to Andy Simpson.

"You must tell me," she insisted. "I have—oh, truly, truly, I have a right to know—was the man she went away with Leighton Cortelyou?"

He looked at her out of deep-sunk, tired eyes.

"She followed him," he answered simply. "I dunno as he wanted much to have her—*then*."

"And—and—in the city?"

"I don't know. I never heard about the first of it there. I always had a feelin' she'd come back, some time. She was in trouble once or twice—maybe

you knew? She got in with a bad set," he explained laboriously. "That was how I got track of her late years—the papers. But I don't know about the first part of the time. I always thought she'd come back—and now she's comin'."

Emily walked slowly to the telegraph-office. She sent a message to the Sunday editor:

I shall not do the story.

She sent another to the managing editor—she did not use his name in that little town—and to him she said:

Regina suicide Kitty Simpson, of Green's Corners. Accept my resignation.

Then she went back to the little country hotel and locked herself into her room. And there, one long night that scarred her soul with tortures, she wrestled with agonizing knowledge. Through all the struggle she clung with instinctive strength to one memory—the memory of the clean-eyed man who had declared himself her friend. Then the morning came, and, exhausted, she slept. In the afternoon, she awoke and made her way to the station.

There was no one to take much interest in her departure. All the village was out in the hillside cemetery, forming a cordon of curiosity around the little group that stood near while Kitty Simpson was lowered to her grave. Emily averted her eyes that brimmed with scalding tears of pity—but whether most for herself or the dead woman or Leighton Cortelyou, she did not know.

She could never see him again, that was certain. It was no resolution, this time, upon which she relied; it was the final knowledge of herself. She had wandered far from the straight, fine ways and beliefs of her youth, but she had not yet come to accept this. Strangely enough she did not altogether blame Cortelyou; some understanding of him, of the temptations of his temperament, of the weakness of his principles, of his love of pleasurable novelty, was born in her. If not he, then perhaps another would have sown the seeds of that tragic harvest in the woman's shallow soul.

But—what might have been and what was were two utterly different things. It was he who had done it! He had turned the feet of that slight creature into the path whose end was death—had done this and yet walked the earth in happy ignorance, smiling, well-fed, warm, full of comforts and enjoyments. And the woman whom he had started toward that dishonored little grave in that dull town—that woman had sat in the very office where he worked and had not known it, had passed near him, perhaps, a hundred times on the street, and had not thought of him. And they, too, also had once talked of eternities. Oh, it was terrible—it was unbelievable!

Yet where should she turn? What should she do? The hideous turmoil in which she had been living was no longer possible to her. She could never bear to look on Leighton Cortelyou again. But home—New Lebanon—had other lives in its full current. She would be at best but a loved outsider there. She would go for a while, of course; she would be healed and rested—but then?

In her memory certain kind, deep words reverberated.

"I think I would come back from the ends of the earth if you told me you needed me, Emily!"

And he did not love her with this wretched passionate love that was so unhappy! He had said he did not love her! Yet his strength and his kindness were hers when she needed them.

She pulled her veil down to hide a rain of tears that half blinded her. But in their gushing forth she had a great relief. It seemed that all her perplexities were washed away, that some of her awful recollections were purged from her mind, when she thought of that kind friend who had promised to come at her need; upon whom she had promised to call at need.

Modern French Opera

By Rupert Hughes,

Author of "The Invention of Opera," "The Operas of Italy," "The Founders of French Opera," etc.

PFIFFIG! It sounds like an awful epithet for one great composer to hurl at another, especially when he emphasizes it into *verflucht pfiffig*. But that is what Wagner called Berlioz. It sounds worse than it is, for it really means "damn clever."

Wagner disliked much of Hector Berlioz's works, but some of it he called "touching, masterly, heavenly," and he published this confession: "I made a minute study of Berlioz' instrumentation as early as 1840, in Paris, and have often taken up his scores since. I profited greatly both as regards what to do and what to leave undone."

It was this fact that led to a famous remark made by Mrs. Berlioz. She and her husband went to a concert given in Paris in 1860 by Wagner. It was made up of selections from his operas, and the Berlioz couple found so many resemblances to Hector Berlioz' work that Mrs. Berlioz, as she swept out, turned to exclaim to a friend:

"Oh, what a great day for Hector!"

A curious interlacing of destinies joined Wagner and Berlioz in an eternal complication of similarity and dissimilarity. Berlioz, undoubtedly the greatest of French composers, was undoubtedly the greatest of all virtuosos in orchestration, in which realm his past mastery has been likened to Paganini's diabolic cunning with the violin. Some critics think that he resembles Paganini also in giving more light than heat and more flash than glow. Oddly enough, too, Paganini, who was spendthrift neither of coin nor of praise, acknowledged the kinship by one of the most extraordinary compliments one composer ever paid another.

When the greatest of fiddlers heard Berlioz conduct his "Fantastic Symphony" he sought him out, fell on his knees to him, and kissed his hand. More astounding still, next day he sent the composer his check for twenty thousand francs.

It is not in the opera chorus that one looks for genius—at least not for male genius. Yet when Wagner was starving in Paris with his wife and their dog, he tried in vain to get a job in an opera chorus. Berlioz had better luck in the same town, for, when his father refused to abet his musical career, Berlioz sang in the chorus of an obscure troupe for a beggarly pittance—which was doubtless as much as he earned.

Both men were journalists, too, and when Wagner wrote a novel that ran in one paper Berlioz gave it a puff in another.

The London Philharmonic Society, in need of a conductor, found Berlioz engaged by a rival society, and imported Wagner. Later, both men were in Paris again trying to get their operas produced. Berlioz had almost succeeded, but was pushed aside for Wagner, whose "Tannhäuser" was taken off after three riotous performances, though it had cost one hundred and sixty-four rehearsals and forty thousand dollars in preparation.

Wagner waited long enough for success as an opera composer, heaven knows, but Berlioz waited longer. He waited all his life—and then some. His first opera, written at the age of thirty-five, had the distinction of failing both in London and Paris. It was a serious work, called "Benvenuto Cellini." His next production waited twenty-four years; a comic opera based on the fertile works of Shakespeare—"Béatrice et Bénédict"—produced in 1862 at Baden-Baden without success.

Eventually his opera, "The Trojans," which had been shunted aside for Wagner's work, came to the light. It was very long, and was divided into two operas. The second half, "Les Troyens à Carthage," was given in 1863, with no success. The poor composer never heard the first part. It was not until 1897, nearly thirty years after his death, that the whole work was given, and then on two successive evenings—"with immense success," according to Reyer. In France and Italy the first part, called "The Fall of Troy," has also been received with enthusiasm, but long after Berlioz' passionate heart had ceased to ache for his silent children.

He has reached the operatic stage, also, in a way he could hardly have expected, through the adaptation of his immensely successful oratorio, "The Damnation of Faust." Out of envy, perhaps, for the enormous vogue of Gounod's opera on the same story, Berlioz' legend, written for concert-hall use, has been wrenched and twisted and padded to suit the lyric stage. All that I can say, after seeing it at the Manhattan Opera House, is that it still belongs in oratorio, and while some of the choruses are more picturesque perhaps in costume, the action is heavy and has little merit except that of having furnished the great barytone Renaud with an opporunity for creating a marvelous *Mephisto.*

The final touch of irony in Berlioz' fate is that he should be loved especially in France for his exquisitely religious music to "The Childhood of Christ," for he was a rabid atheist, and as his funeral approached the Church of the Trinity the very hearse-horses reared and balked.

And so his Pegasus reared and balked when he would have entered the realm of opera. Unquestionably the greatest of French composers, he has even less place in opera than the far greater Beethoven, who managed to land only one opera, and that after making three versions of it.

There are many French composers whom we know in America far less than we know Berlioz, whose place in French national opera is large and glorious; men like Méhul, a pupil of Gluck, who sought to carry forward his master's reforms; Grétry, called the Molière of music; Boieldieu, whose "La Dame Blanche" once swept Europe; and Hérold, whose "Zampa" made him world-famous.

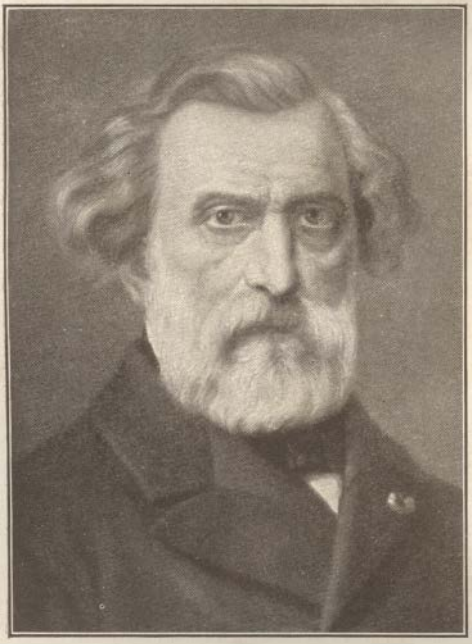
But Daniel Auber's comic operas "Fra Diavolo" and "The Crown Diamonds" have been heard nearly everywhere by nearly everybody. Francis Hueffer calls Auber "the last great representative of *opéra comique,* a phase of dramatic music in which more than any other the peculiarities of the French character have found full expression."

A quaint figure is Auber. At the age of eleven he composed songs that had great vogue; and his exquisitely gracious tunes were always going the rounds, but he himself was so timid that he never dared even to see his own operas performed. Yet this shy, light tunester once tossed off a grand opera that won the homage of Richard Wagner for its power and originality, and gives such fierce expression to mob-fury and popular love of liberty that when it was performed in Brussels in 1830 it roused the populace to such frenzy that the people rose and drove the Dutch from Belguim.

This opera, known in English as "Masaniello" and in French as "La Muette de Portici," has been ranked with Rossini's "William Tell" and Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" as one of the very foundation-stones of French grand opera. The heroine is a dumb girl, *Fenella,* who has been betrayed and deserted by the son of the *Duke*

of Naples. Her brother is a fisherman, *Masaniello,* who is so wrought upon by the story of his sister's wrongs that he rouses the populace to insurrection, overthrows the oppressor, and is made king by the people. In the last act *Masaniello* goes mad, and the popular cause is lost. He is slain and his sister leaps into the lava of Vesuvius.

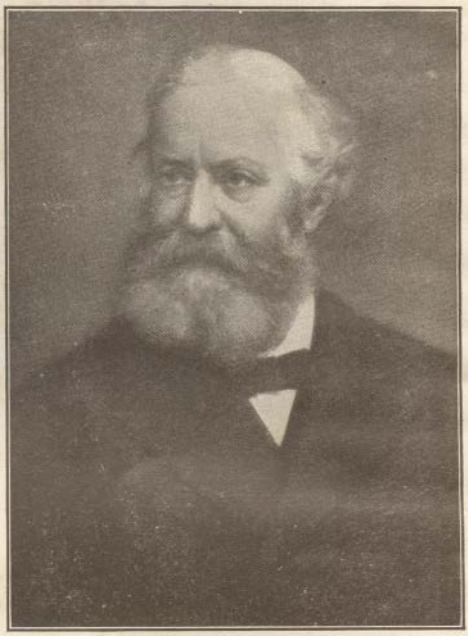
Though based upon the historical Masaniello, the fisherman who ruled Naples for a while in the seventeenth century, the opera takes full license



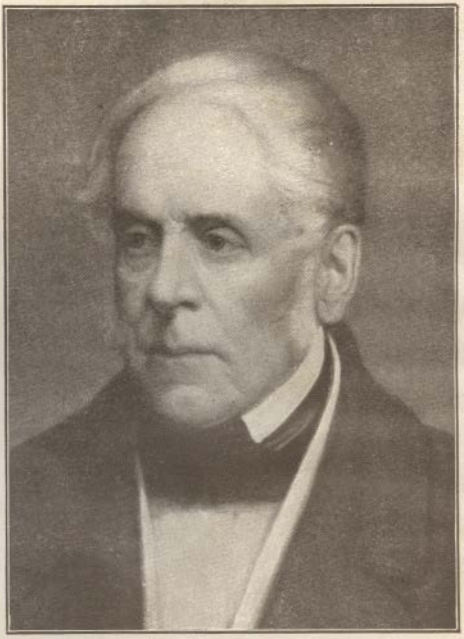
AMBROISE THOMAS,
Whose "Mignon" has been one of the world's favorite operas.

with the chronicle. The combination of folk-song, of brother-love, and of patriotic frenzy, however, have given the work the incandescence of the holy fire. I heard it in New York only last winter by an Italian troupe.

A lofty niche is given by the French to their composer, Halévy, whose "La Juive" has been sung in many countries, including our own. He is more notable to us, perhaps, as the teacher of the far more successful composers, Gounod and Bizet.



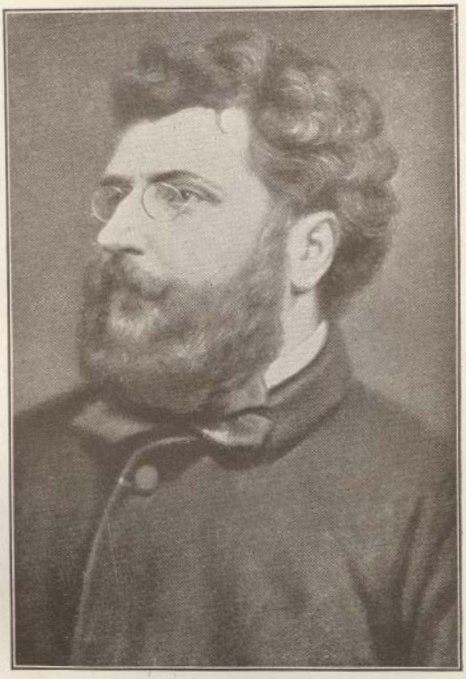
GOUNOD,
Whose most successful operas have been "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet."



DANIEL AUBER,
Called "the last great representative of *opéra comique.*"

Bizet, who married Halévy's daughter, as Robert Schumann married his teacher's daughter, occupies in the popular mind a place with Keats, for he is similarly credited with dying broken-hearted with no dream of his posthumous triumph. His "Carmen," produced at the Opéra Comique, March 3d, 1875, has been one of the most popular operas ever written, its great rival, "Faust," being written by his fellow pupil, Gounod. But Gounod lived for thirty-four years after his first operatic success; poor Bizet died three months after his, and never knew what glory was to crown his name. The thirty-seven years of his life were filled with bad luck. Edward Zeigler speaks of it as "a sequence of failures followed by an early death," and comments:

He was bitterly accused of being a follower of Wagner. Paris, knowing so lamentably little of Wagner's music then, condemned that of Bizet's which it did not like or could not understand, by labeling it "Wagnerian," and thus put it hopelessly beyond the possibility of discussion. As a matter of fact there is no trace of Wagner to be found in Bizet's music, and the only resemblance between the two is that both were innovators who presented their theories about dramatic art in practical forms, proving them by their operas.



GEORGES BIZET,

Whose "Carmen," produced in 1875, has been one of the most popular operas ever written.

Copyright Photograph by Dupont, N. Y.

Madame Calvé as *Carmen*.

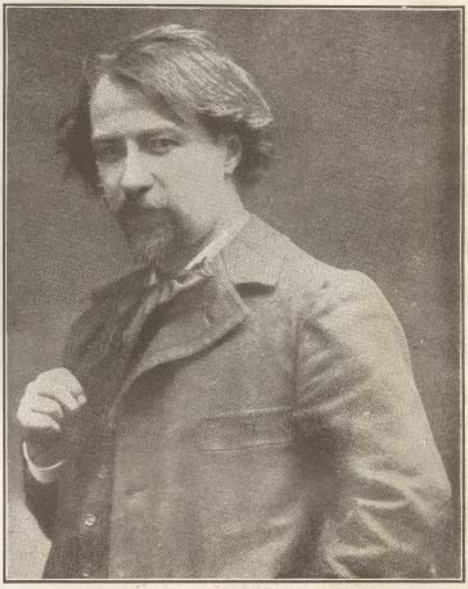
Of Bizet's early operatic failures, a few beautiful airs still remain in the memory. Almost all of "Carmen" is familiar, but it seems never to grow stale. It is strange, now, to see "Grove's Dictionary of Music" in its edition of 1879 dismissing Bizet with exactly twenty-three lines as "a musician of superior abilities, though his vocal style is deficient in ease," while Clement, whose "Histoire de la Musique" was published about the same time, declined even to include "Carmen" among the works worthy to remain in the répertoire, "because, even if the music had been as interesting as it is unequal and of hybrid breed, it could not atone for the shame of such subject as for two centuries had never

dishonored a stage destined for delicate pleasures and the divertisement of good company."

To Americans for whom the great Calvé has made the adventures of the cigarette-girl a household topic, it looks odd to find a Frenchman objecting to them as disgusting.

Gounod's life surrounds Bizet's as Haydn's did Mozart's, for Gounod was born twenty years before Bizet and died nearly twenty years later. But Gounod was a long while getting under way. In one thing he resembled Liszt; an equal conflict between spirit and flesh always divided his soul. He succeeded equally in his appeal to the most pious and the most voluptuous sentiments. He studied theology for two years and wrote masses and hymns and acted as a church organist.

He was thirty-three when his first opera, "Sapho," was performed; it failed then, and thirty years later it failed again in revised form. At the age of thirty-six he produced a grand opera that proved not to be very grand, and four years later a comic opera that proved not to be very comic. By this time he had passed the age at which Bizet died. Then, in 1859, at the age of forty-one, he produced "Faust," and scored an immediate success of immeasurable proportions, as all the world knows.



GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER,
Composer of "Louise."

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Madame Melba as *Marguerite* in "Faust."

This story is told of a German speaking of "Faust" to a Frenchman: The Frenchman hearing the author spoken of several times as Goethe, finally said: "How it is droll that you others of the Germany pronounce his name so curiously as Goethe; in France we pronounce it Gounod."

What is one to say of "Faust" that everybody does not know already? Nothing, I suppose; though perhaps one might breathe a warning that familiarity should not breed contempt, and that we should not overlook the musical perfection of the work, its individuality, its Gounodity, and the vivid musical characterization of people and scenes. It has the Mozartian gift of truth to the situation without loss of melodic fascination.

A year after "Faust" Gounod attained mild success with the pleasant [illegible]era "Philémon and Baucis." His

Copyright Photograph by Dupont, N. Y.

Miss Bessie Abott as *Filina* in "Mignon."

"Queen of Sheba," however, had small effect, as did "Mireille" and "La Colombe." Then "Romeo and Juliet," produced in 1867, gave him again a taste of large success. It takes the usual liberties with Shakespeare, but does no sacrilege, and is full of beautiful airs, the brilliant waltz-song for *Juliet* vying with the jewel-song in "Faust" in popularity among florid sopranos. Vernon Blackburn credits two of the love-songs with "heavenly sweetness."

It is a joyous thing to hear a Melba flute the waltz-song forth. The last act is full of pathos. It has tragic memories for this same Melba, I imagine, for on one occasion, as she lay stretched out on the bier waiting for *Romeo* to enter and sing his solos and slay himself, she realized that some stage-hand had left a door open somewhere, and she must lie, lightly clad, in an icy draft. She resisted the acute temptation to sit up and shriek "Shut that door," and lay still accumulating influenza and dreading a sneeze. The cold she caught cost her several performances and several thousands of dollars. It was one of the unsung heroisms of the operatic life.

Gounod's last three operas failed in one-two-three order. In fact, he fared operatically little better than Bizet, though one must not forget his immensely popular religious music in various forms. He is a strange figure in musical history on this account. Gustave Chouquet finds that all his compositions, sacred or dramatic, "seem the work of one hovering between mysticism and voluptuousness;" and Vernon Blackburn, in an essay contributed to *The Musical Guide*, sums him up brilliantly.

> Gounod's music belongs entirely to a world of its own. He made that world, and then he set his music in it. You would not say that it was first-rate surely, and you would not have the heart to say that it was second-rate. He is the idol of gold with the feet of clay. He had one note, one separate characteristic in his music which does certainly divide him from every other musician in the world—the peculiar note of eroticism which is absolutely sexual. He was not really dramatic; but he was charming in just not the great way.

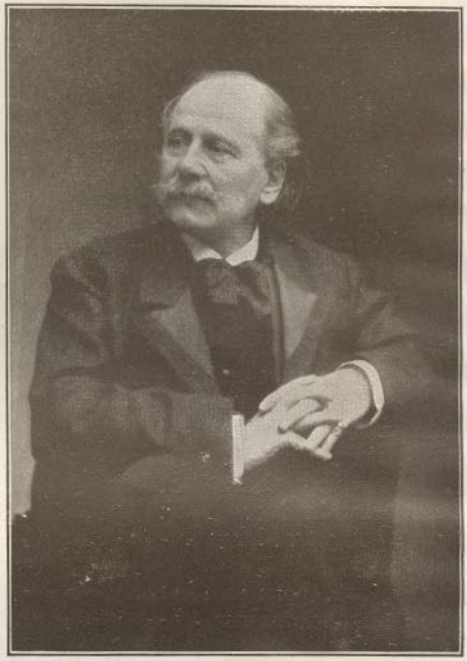
Bizet lived thirty-seven years, Gounod lived seventy-five; there was a rival

Pol Plançon as *Mephistopheles in* "Faust."

in popularity who was born seven years before Gounod, and died three years after him. This eighty-five-year-oldster was Ambroise Thomas, whose "Hamlet" still has great vogue in France, and whose "Mignon" has been one of the world's favorite operas.

"Hamlet" is rather shocking to any but the French. The philosophy of the melancholy Dane has evaporated, leaving the rather crude melodrama which is the backbone of the master of masterpieces. The soliloquy becomes a few phrases only, beginning *"être ou ne pas être." Hamlet* sings a drinking-song with a chorus—this is shocking! But *Ophelia's* mad-song, though guilty of rivalry with the florid mad-song of "Lucia," has thrillingly beautiful moments.

"Mignon" is based on Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." The heroine, stolen as a child from her noble parents in Italy, is now a barefoot, wild-haired waif. Her father is roaming Europe searching for her; he is disguised as an old harper, *Lotario.* In protecting the worn-out little dancer from gipsy brutality he does not know that he has safeguarded his own child. Both are about to be maltreated by the gipsy, when they are rescued by the wandering student, *Wilhelm Meister,* who makes *Mignon* his page. She falls in love with him, only to find him in love with a fickle actress, *Filina. Mignon* pours out her jealous grief to the old harper, and he, half-insane with his long search, sets fire to the castle, not knowing that *Mignon* is within. *Wilhelm Meister* saves her. In the last act *Mignon* is restored to her palatial home, recognized by her father, and sought in marriage by her beloved, who has become her lover.



MASSENET,
Composer of "Thaïs," "The Juggler of Nôtre Dame," "Manon Lescaut," and other successful operas.

Copyright by Dupont, N. Y.
Miss Mary Garden in "The Juggler of Nôtre Dame"

The composer has included, and made a beautiful setting of, Goethe's poem "Know'st thou the land where the citrons bloom?" The pathos of *Mignon's* jealousy is contrasted with *Filina's* frisky airs, and a delightful number represents *Mignon* before the mirror awkwardly trying to make herself up as a grand lady. The rôle has been a favorite with sopranos from Galli-Marié, Pauline Lucca, and Nilsson, down to Geraldine Farrar.

There is no space here to discuss a number of men like Leo Délibes, whose graceful "Lakmé" has waned in popularity, at least in America; Alfred Bruneau, who set

some of Zola's novels to music, using the prose texts; Reyer, whose successes have not reached this country; and Isidore de Lara, whose "Messaline" was terrifically slated in New York, though I found it very impressive when I heard it in London. Even Saint-Säens need hardly detain us, though his "Samson and Delilah" is sung either as opera or as oratorio. Offenbach belongs to the French school, though his operas are a trifle too light for place here, unless we should take up his delicious "Les Contes d'Hoffman," which has been revived these last two years in New York to the delight of large audiences.

Massenet, born in 1842 and still a dominant figure in Paris, has gained many striking victories in America, though none of them have probably impressed his name or his personality on the general public. He forestalled Strauss' "Salome" by his "Herodiade" as early as 1884. In this work, according to the horrified Clement, he bid the gospels "an audacious defiance, and with an insupportable insolence represented the austere Saint John the Baptist as a lover—and a lover of whom? Of the dancer, Salome! And put to death by Herod as a revenge upon a rival!"

His opéra comique, based on the story of "Manon Lescaut," had a great success in Paris, and some success here, as did his "Werther." "La Navarraise" I consider one of the most impressive short tragic operas I have ever seen, but even Calvé's superb impersonation did not avail to give it popularity in this country.

The present vogue of Miss Mary Garden has brought large audiences to Massenet's immensely picturesque "Juggler of Nôtre Dame" and his "Thaïs," in which the heroine is a powerful courtesan of Alexandria. A monk, who comes out of the wilderness to denounce her, is infatuated with her beauty and forgets his vows, only to find that she is led to renounce her infamy and became a nun. The opera is a striking combination of fleshly spectacle and of religious exaltation.

Copyright Photograph by Mishkin, N Y

Miss Mary Garden as *Thaïs* in Massenet's opera of that name.

My remaining space might more profitably be devoted, however, with no prejudice to Massenet's superb career, to two operas which represent French dramatic music in a more revolutionary phase; Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussy's "Pelleas and Mélisande." Two more widely contrasted librettos and scores could hardly be imagined. The contrast is complete in form and spirit; the one is as daringly realistic as the other is delicately decorative.

Charpentier is a pupil of Massenet's. He was born in 1860, but his opera was not produced till he was forty. He wrote both book and music, the former perhaps a little the greater of the two. It is in a sense a morality play based upon the baleful lure of Paris. The curtain rises on a tenement with the heroine, *Louise,* and the hero, an artist named *Julien,* flirting from two windows divided by a narrow court. The mother overhears the daughter, and, dragging her away, slams the window on the artist.

The father comes home from his work and learns the story. He pleads anxiously with his daughter to beware of the young libertine and Bohemian.

The family sit down to their meager supper, and the father asks *Louise* to read aloud from the evening paper. She breaks down at the magic word "Paris."

The second act begins with a wonderful orchestral and scenic picture of "Paris Awakening," a strange mixture of allegory and realism, with a tangle of street-cries and street-types. *Julien* and a crowd of fellow Bohemians plan the abduction of *Louise,* who eventually appears among other work-girls.

Julien pleads with her to run away with him, but she has the courage to refuse. The second scene shows a dressmaking-shop, with a throng of seamstresses gabbling about their flirtations. *Julien* sings a serenade outside, and *Louise,* unable to resist longer, feigns illness, and steals out to him. The sewing-women shriek with laughter as they see her walk away with the lover.

Copyright Photograph by Dupont, N. Y.

Miss Geraldine Farrar in "Mignon."

The next act shows the garden of the little house on Montmartre where *Julien* and *Louise* are living together. In the background all Paris is spread before them in magnificent panorama. During the scene, the sun sets and the city puts on the myriad jewels of night. A mob of Bohemians arrive. Their mad revel is interrupted by the tragic, shabby figure of *Louise's* mother, who finally persuades the girl to come home.

The last act shows the tenement again, the father sick and crushed with his daughter's shame; the mother pottering noisily in the kitchen; the daughter yearning for Paris, which calls to her to come back. The father rocks her on his knees and heart-brokenly croons an old lullaby, but she cries for happiness and pardon, and the father furiously turns her out of the house. Immediately he implores her to return, but too late. He shakes his fist at the great spider city whose web has meshed his child, and the opera ends with his despairing cry, "O Paris!"

It is a splendid fabric, full of deep significance, of pathos underneath hilarity, and of poetry ennobling minute realism.

The work of Debussy is as different as possible, as unrealistic as possible, and as unlike any other opera ever written as the work of a man could well be. The libretto is Maurice Maeterlinck's fantasy "Pelleas and Mélisande."

It opens in the deeps of a forest, where the elderly *Prince Golaud,* lost while on the hunt, stumbles upon the eerie and mysterious *Mélisande,* who will tell him nothing of herself except that she has run away and has lost a crown in a pool. He marries her and takes her home, where eventually his young stepbrother, *Pelleas,* falls madly in love with her. At the Fountain of the Blind her hair falls down and is wet, and she loses her wedding-ring in the fountain. The lovers meet again on a staircase under the tower, and her hair falls about *Pelleas,* inundating and maddening him. *Golaud,* treating them at first as children, grows fiercely jealous, and questions his little son, *Yniold,* whose innocent answers inflame his wrath. Finding the lovers together, he slays *Pelleas* and pursues *Mélisande* with his sword. The last scene represents her death and the husband's remorse.

A frailer theme could hardly be imagined, but it is exploited with all the witchery of Maeterlinck's genius. Debussy's music is equally frail and equally bewitching. The orchestra carries what lyricism there is, but it rather fumes a vapor of harmony than any real melody. Musically, it is the most unusual thing in opera since Wagner.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT'S NEW THEATER IN WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, N. Y.

Maxine Elliott

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE ON AN ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

By Adolph Klauber

SOME years ago I read a biography of Maxine Elliott in which a great point was made of her New England conscience, which, according to the writer, as I remember his text, was chiefly responsible for all or most of her earlier shortcomings as an actress. The New England conscience and the puritanical inclinations, he asked you to believe, helped to narrow her achievement. It isn't easy to do acrobatics in a strait-jacket, and the hampering effects of the narrower point of view made it practically impossible [illegible] actress to develop much pliancy in her art. She had not allowed herself to yield very much to the ordinary emotions of life, and, in consequence, she was not particularly successful when she came to express them on the stage. Such was the drift of the argument he made.

It is a popular fallacy about acting that in order to express the great emotions you must first have actually experienced them. I remember they used to say that Mary Anderson could not be a really, truly great actress until she

knew a great love and a great sorrow. Mary Anderson married and left the stage, so there has been no opportunity to discover whether her critics were right or wrong, but whether Miss Elliott has ever experienced the greatest passion she alone is capable of saying. And I fancy it is a question that would be hesitatingly put even by the most forward and presumptuous interviewer. Certainly I shall never ask it.

However, I do know, as a matter of common information, that she had been married, and presumably unhappily, since there was a divorce, before she began her stage career, and she has been married since, and again divorced. So, despite the New England conscience and the narrowing influences of her early Puritan environment, she has evidently had experience and known what it is to suffer. Still, with the advantage of all that experience, she is not a great actress. She is, however, a better actress than some people will admit.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT,
From a recent photograph.

Moreover, the fact of her hardy New England origin, though it has probably not been so narrowing as that early biographer contended—I am rather inclined to think that her shortcomings then were due somewhat to inexperience and somewhat to the inappropriateness of her rôles—has not been without effect on her subsequent career.

To begin with, the New England conscience generally begets a power of will. Instinctively, or with malice prepense, your New Englander decides what is right for him to do and proceeds to do it without much wavering and without the waste of much energy along experimental lines. Consequently, when he sets his mind on attaining some particular object, he is pretty sure to "get there."

Maxine Elliott to-day owns her own theater in New York, and it is enough different from most of the other theaters in town, and enough suggestive of her own individuality, to indicate that it is her own even to the ideas it expresses in architecture, design, and decoration. It is, in short, such a theater as you would expect a woman of Miss Elliott's tastes to build. It is not in the least the sort of theater that bears a name complimentary to a managerial favorite, and carries all over it the signs of the contracting builder. On the day before the theater was opened to the public there was a private view for the benefit of a few invited guests, and Miss Elliott was on hand directing the finishing touches, as she had directed the drawing of the plans and superin-

Miss Maxine Elliott as *Mary Hamilton* in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

tended the various details of construction.

"She knew exactly what she was doing, why she was doing it, and how she wanted it done," said a reporter friend of mine, who happened in to see what the house was like, "and I hadn't talked to her five minutes before I made up my mind that for once the press-agent hadn't been telling yarns. If there is anything in that house that has escaped her, from the cost of tenpenny nails to the best methods of ventilating, and the most economical expenditure of space and money to get the greatest amount of comfort, I wasn't able to discover it in a pretty searching conversation."

Now, all this is more convincing, of course, as a study of material success than as an indication of artistic powers; will-power, let it be understood, may build theaters, but it never has made an actress. I know a well-known leading woman of the American stage who has probably as strong a will, as much grit and determination as any actress who ever lived. As a student of her profession she could probably put nine out of ten of our leading stars, male and female, to the blush. But as an actress she is to me, and to many other people I know, almost unendurable. Her will-power and her push get her good engagements. They cannot make her act.

Miss Elliott, however, is in another class. She is a remarkably good actress in a limited range. All the will and all the work in the world would never make her a good actress outside that range. For in acting the personality and the God-given something, the first of which may be cultivated to an extent, and the second of which cannot be self-created, determine at the outset the limits of achievement. A Mr. Belasco may transform a Mrs. Carter from an ugly duckling into a tremendously impressive emotional swan, and an Augustin Daly might develop every resource in a Rehan's artistic make-up, but you may be sure that the power and the personality were latent at the outset.

But though native qualities of cer-

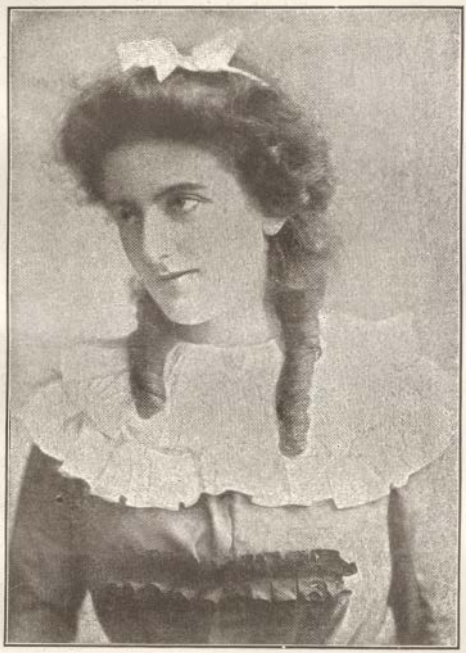
tain kinds count for much in ultimate achievement, there are others which sometimes operate to retard and restrain progress and recognition. Maxine Elliott has not been the first actress to be a victim to her own physical attractiveness. She is a beautiful woman, the constant reminder of which during the nineteen years of her professional experience has probably grown a little tedious to her, especially as it is extremely difficult for most people, including critics, to admit that surpassing beauty may be merely an accompaniment of other surpassing gifts.

At the outset, however, it was undoubtedly an advantage to Maxine Elliott to be beautiful beyond the ordinary lot. A fine figure, a pair of glorious eyes, an impressive carriage, are things to be taken along as almost inestimable assets in bearding the managerial lion in his den, and even when the lion is one artistically inclined, with a proper sense of the dignity of his profession, these assets will be useful in securing some credit in his outer office.

It is reasonably certain that when the then young and beautiful Maxine Elliott flashed in upon the late Mr. A. M. Palmer in his office some nineteen years ago, he was not insensible to her beauty in his prompt response to her demand for an engagement. It is practically certain that had she not been unusually beautiful Miss Elliott would have been stopped at the outer gates; however, in she went to the sanctum, and when she came forth again it was with the consciousness of an object definitely achieved. She was to be a member of Mr. E. S. Willard's company, and she was to have a small part in "The Middleman," with which the English actor was to open his engagement November 10, 1890.

Miss Elliott in a scene from her new play, "The Chaperon."

What was to happen subsequently remained to be determined not by the manager but by the novice herself. Needless to add, her beauty was chiefly depended upon to carry her through her first performances, a zealous stage-manager doing all he could in the meantime to drill her in the few lines and the scant business of her opening part. She remained with Mr. Willard long enough to acquire the rudiments of acting, and in two years had made enough of an impression to be sought for an important production, from the manager's point of view, at the American Theater, then in its beginnings as a legitimate producing house. Her appearance here in "The Voyage of Suzette" was brief, however, as the public and the reviewers failed to share the manager's optimistic opinion of his production, and the play was quickly withdrawn.



Maxine Elliott as *Alice Adams* in "Nathan Hale."

Her first part of any importance came in "Sister Mary," an African war-play, produced in 1894. In January of the following year, after a varied experience as a member of Rose Coghlan's company, she joined Augustin Daly's organization, not to play small parts, as might have been expected, but as the creator of a leading rôle in what was then a conspicuous novelty, a Japanese one-act play. "The Heart of Ruby," though it was not particularly successful, served the purpose of giving the actress prestige which until then she had lacked. Besides having parts in Mr. Daly's productions of "Nancy and Company," "The Orient Express," "The Transit of Leo," and "Escutcheons," she had now her first opportunities in Shakespearian rôles, appearing as *Sylvia* in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In the two last-named parts, and as *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night," she made her first London appearances (1895) at Daly's house in Leicester Square. She has subsequently appeared on various occasions in the English metropolis, where, like her sister Gertrude, the wife of Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, she has enjoyed both artistic and social success. And though it is delightfully ingenuous and displays a beautiful and truly British unfamiliarity with American geography, this tribute, printed in the London *Bystander*, July 17, 1907, will probably be interesting to the feminine contingent of readers:

Actresses and the Queen.

Maxine Elliott, the American actress, lunched with Queen Alexandra one day recently at Buckingham Palace, and surely such lunching marks a new era! Though there never was an actress, English or American, who has made so genuine a success as Maxine Elliott—not even Ethel Barrymore, the adored of so many—yet she is the first actress to lunch *en petit comité* with her majesty. Shadowy-haired, dark-eyed, and pomegranate-cheeked, Maxine Elliott comes from those Southern States of America where all women are queens. She possesses in full measure that easy charm and regal air which distinguishes the daughters of the South. At Mentmore, when Lord Rosebery has a party, Miss Elliott is often a welcome guest. The first time she met him she quoted straight off about ten yards of a speech he had made two years before. Naturally, he was charmed! Even Lord Rosebery is only human. She is a marvelous business woman, made her own money, and

is now rich, and has a lovely house in London and much property in America.

As second woman in the Daly company, Miss Elliott was fairly well established in the profession. She had had time to forget the drudgery of the schoolroom, and, presumably, the disappointments of an unfortunate matrimonial experience. When she returned to New York offers poured in upon her, and she made what was practically her first appearance as a leading woman in a play by Sydney Rosenfeld. "A House of Cards," as it was called, was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, and justified its title. A week or two later Miss Elliott was looking for something else to do. She found it a long way from Broadway in Daniel Frawley's stock company, in San Francisco, the same organization in which Blanche Bates, also a Daly second woman, subsequently played many parts.

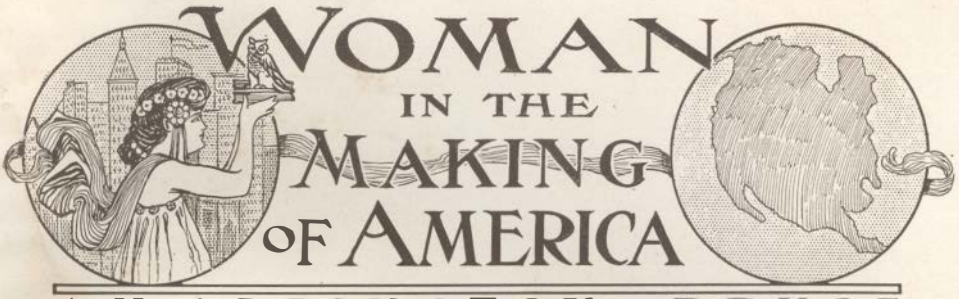
About this time Nat Goodwin, on his way to Australia, happened in to see the stock company play, and within twenty-four hours, so the story goes, Frawley had accepted the producing rights to Goodwin's play, "A Gold Mine," in exchange for the services of his leading lady. In time she became Mrs. Goodwin, and the period of their association was marked by the production of a number of successful plays, including "Nathan Hale," "The Cowboy and the Lady," and "When We Were Twenty-one."

In each of these plays Miss Elliott's specific attractiveness resided in a certain exquisite feminine delicacy and charm. These qualities she sends over the footlights, and these qualities are undoubtedly strongly marked characteristics of her natural organism. Moreover, in the theater as out of it, she conveys the sense of resourcefulness and feminine far-sightedness.

Her separation from Mr. Goodwin came in due time, and it was then that Miss Elliott became a star on her own account. She has been notably successful in Clyde Fitch's plays: "Her Own Way" first, then in a more patently artificial rôle in "Her Great Match," in which, however, her own individual grace was not lacking. In "The Chaperon," the piece by Marion Fairfax, with which her new theater was opened, she is again cast for an American social type, and a type to which her beauty and arch-charm are especially suited.

She is essentially a comedienne, without much depth of feeling for seriousness or passion, but in the lighter, quicker phases of society give-and-take, smart repartee, and superficial sentiment she is always eminently pleasing. And in these phases she is so natural at all times that there has been an inclination to disregard her as an actress and look upon her merely as an article of vertu, a particularly beautiful adornment of the center of the stage.

That she does provide an attractive resting-place for the eye looking for personal beauty cannot be denied. But it is altogether probable that with less beauty, the same qualities of ambition, determination, and grit would have eventually earned her the success that was first a natural reward of her exceptional attractiveness.



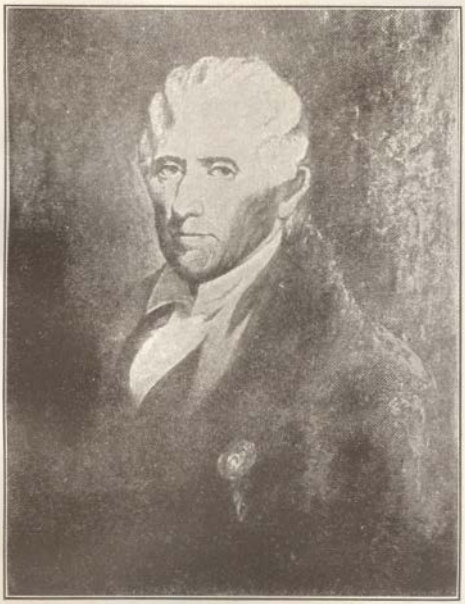
BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IV.—IN THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT

IT is a most impressive coincidence that the year which witnessed the beginning of the War for Independence also saw the conquest of the mountain barrier that had so long confined the American people to the country bordering on the sea. In 1775—the year of Lexington, Ticonderoga, and Bunker Hill—Daniel Boone and his daring little company of trail-makers blazed the famous Wilderness Road leading from the rock-ribbed region of the lower Appalachians to the rich lands of the Mississippi Valley. It was as though destiny, in nerving the Americans to strike for freedom, had been careful to prepare the way for their future growth as a nation.

Certainly, the opening of the Wilderness Road was the signal for the commencement of a mighty migratory movement. It began the year the Road was cleared, and it exercised a distinct influence on the outcome of the Revolution; since, thanks to those over-the-mountain settlers who took up arms under the leadership of such men as George Rogers Clark and John Sevier, the British and their Indian allies were prevented from dealing deadly rear attacks against the insurgent colonies.

After the Revolution the westward movement increased so rapidly in volume that the traveler, Morris Birkbeck, watching a long line of caravans passing through the Pennsylvania forests, could wittily declare that "Old America seems to be breaking up and moving Westward." The significant fact was that the passage of the mountains was not a retreat but an advance, an unconscious serving of notice that the nation had outgrown its earlier limits and had begun its forward march to the waters of the Pacific.



DANIEL BOONE IN OLD AGE

From an oil painting by Chester Harding, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.
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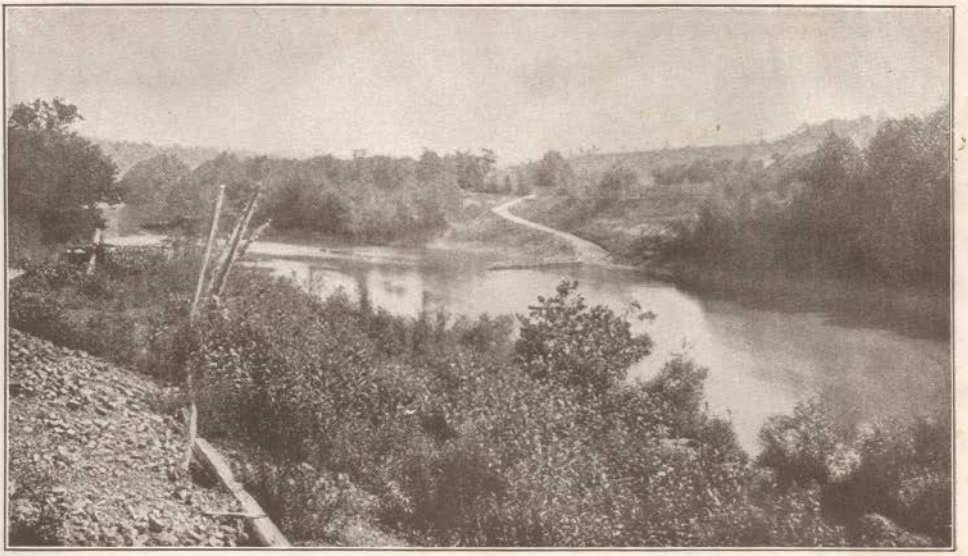
Nor, especially in the first years of the movement, could anything testify so forcibly to the courage, hardihood, and virility of the men and women of America. If the people

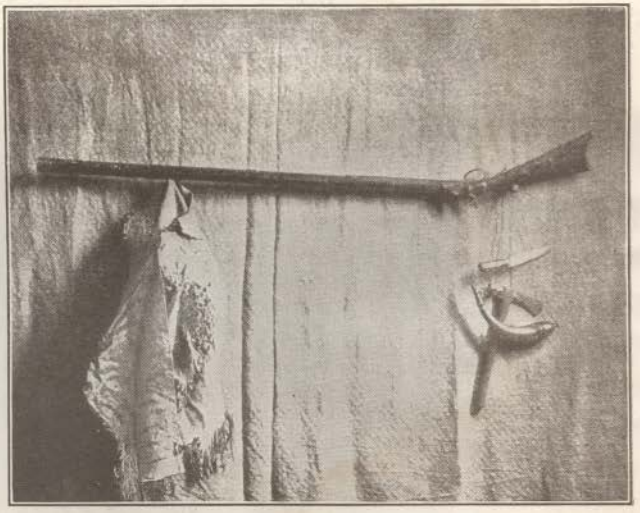


BOONESBOROUGH FERRY, ESTABLISHED IN 1779.

Showing the Kentucky River where Jemima Boone and the Callaway girls were captured by the Indians.

of the coast and of the foot-hills were menaced by the British redcoat and the Hessian hireling, those who turned their faces toward the West and plunged into the ocean of forest and mountain were confronted by far more formidable dangers. Death in an agonizing form at the hands of the savage Indian, at the fangs of some wild beast, from exhaustion or from starvation, was a constant peril.

And this no matter what road they took, whether the long, tortuous Wilderness Road from the Watauga settlements of North Carolina to the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville stands to-day, or the easier but more dangerous Ohio River route from Fort Pitt in western Pennsylvania. When their journey's end was reached, danger still overshadowed them. They had to be ceaselessly on guard against the cruel, copper-colored foe; had to build forts, blockhouses, houses of refuge; had, often, to trust to the bounty of nature to supply them with food, cut off as they were from the well-developed East by hundreds of miles of wilderness. Yet in they came—at first by little companies, but soon by hundreds and thousands.



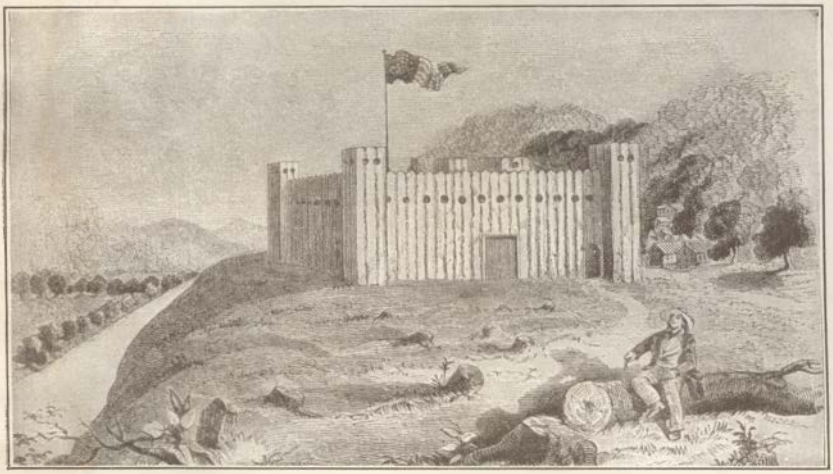
RELICS OF DANIEL BOONE.

Rifle, hunting-shirt, powder-horn, tomahawk, and hunting-knife, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.

History, in fact, was repeating itself in this great movement across the mountains, with the single but important difference that the new generation of emigrants, unlike those who had flocked from Europe to America in the time of the founding, were not fugitives from oppression. Like their predecessors, however, they were essentially home-seekers, a circumstance which more than any other has had a determining influence on the history of the United States. They were in quest not of gold or of adventure, but of land which they might call their own, untilled wastes which they could convert into profitable pastures and grain-fields. This was their ideal—to make a home and to own it. And, as they well knew, it was an ideal that could not be fully realized without the loving assistance of their wives, who gladly volunteered to face the perils of the unknown wilds by the side of those they loved, and were indeed women worthy of remembrance as makers and winners of the West.

Many pressed forward even after they had learned by some tragic experience the immensity and danger of their undertaking. It was thus, for example, with the Boones, perhaps the most celebrated of all pioneer families. Daniel Boone, the head of the family, was a native of Pennsylvania, but emigrated at an early age to the fertile Yadkin Valley in northwestern North Carolina. There he met, woed, and married Rebecca Bryan, a bonnie, black-eyed Scotch-Irish lassie of seventeen.

For some years they lived quietly on the Yadkin, but in 1769, fired by the tales of a wandering fur-trader, Boone organized an exploring expedition to visit Kentucky, at that time a no-man's land, without a single white inhabitant and used by the Indians merely as a hunting-grounds. What he saw so delighted him that he resolved to make Kentucky his home, and on returning East induced a number of his neighbors to remove thither with him. September 25, 1773, the start was made, the emigrants forming a picturesque cavalcade as, mounted on horses and driving a herd of cattle before them, they waved a last farewell to their Yadkin Valley friends and wound their way up a steep mountain trail.



FORT HENRY, AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.
Scene of Elizabeth Zane's heroic exploit. (From an old print.)

Travel by wagon was impossible, for the route lay mainly by Indian paths and buffalo traces through a mountainous and heavily wooded country. Nor, for the same reason, could they take with them anything except the barest

necessaries—simple household goods, farm implements, and the like. All of these were transported on the backs of packhorses, where the children too small to sit a saddle but too big to be carried in their mothers' arms, were also stowed away, securely strapped among bedding, pots, and pans. At night the entire company slept around a camp-fire under the open sky. It was primitive traveling, by a primitive but great people.

The first feeling of depression at leaving their old homes soon wore away, and by the time Powell's Valley was reached, and they approached Cumberland Gap, the broad gateway to the West, all were in the highest spirits, eagerly anticipating their arrival in Kentucky, which Boone had pictured as an earthly paradise.

But it chanced that, all unknown to them, an Indian war-party was passing through Powell's Valley, fresh from a raid against the villages of some hostile tribe. Sighting the emigrants, and seeing in them not peaceful travelers but their hereditary foes, the inevitable happened. Boone's oldest son, a bright, sturdy youth of seventeen, fell at the first fire, and several other men were killed. Here was a speedy and fatal intimation of the many similar tragedies to be enacted in later times along the blood-won road to Kentucky. Boone himself, notwithstanding the death of his son, wished to proceed, and his faithful wife, drying her tears like the mothers of ancient Sparta, announced her readiness to accompany him. But in spite of entreaties the others turned back, leaving the Boones, who took up their residence in a deserted cabin to await another opportunity of recruiting volunteers for the opening up of the Western lands.

More than a year passed before the chance came. Then Boone was engaged to serve as pilot and road-maker for a company of wealthy Carolinians who had undertaken to colonize Kentucky. Setting out at the head of a carefully chosen party of thirty expert backwoodsmen, he traveled for nearly a month, painfully hewing out the historic Wilderness Road over which so many thousands of sturdy pioneers were to adventure within the next few years.

Onward Boone's men marched and chopped and fought—for the Indians were eager to shut up the path—until, on April 1, 1775, they reached the Kentucky River. There, in the heart of the Blue Grass region, they built a settlement which they fittingly named Boonesborough; and thither, so soon as he had cleared a patch of land, sown some corn, and built a cabin, Boone brought his wife and their seven boys and girls.

"My wife and daughters," as he was proud to recall in his old age, "were the first white women to set foot on the banks of the Kentucky."

But he had brought them to a hard and perilous life. The killing of their son had been a warning of what might be expected in Kentucky; the narrow escape of fourteen-year-old Jemima Boone from Indian captivity, showed still more plainly the vital need for constant watchfulness. Indeed, it was the first notification received by the settlers of Boonesborough, which had grown rapidly, that they were threatened by a disastrous Indian war.

One summer afternoon in 1776, Jemima Boone and two sisters named Callaway, while boating on the Kentucky, allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly out into the water, seized the canoe, and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants.

Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self-possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them, and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio, they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stifled their sobs, and calmly accompanied their captors

without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers.

This was but the beginning of unnumbered woes for the people of Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and the other hamlets and forts which by this time dotted central Kentucky. Indian skirmishes, raids, battles, and sieges became part of the daily routine of life, and great were the losses inflicted by the red men, roused to fury by the invasion of their ancestral hunting-grounds and, at all events during the Revolution, incited against the settlers by the British authorities at Detroit.

But the storm of their hostility did not blot out the pioneers and their habitations. Meeting the foe unflinchingly, both men and women rose at times to sublime heights of heroism and devotion. There was many a woman who, like Rebecca Boone, learned to do and dare all that, and sometimes more than, a man would in the face of dire need and impending catastrophe. For these mothers of the frontier were not easily daunted. Rather, the harder pressed they were, the more conspicuously they rose to the occasion.

This was demonstrated time and again in the seven years of almost perpetual warfare waged between the Western settlers and the Indians during the Revolution. One of its most striking instances was the heroism shown by Elizabeth Zane at the time of the second siege of Wheeling, to-day the chief city of West Virginia.

The Zanes were among its founders, Ebenezer Zane, Elizabeth's brother, having been the first pioneer to build a cabin at the spot where Wheeling Creek empties its waters into the Ohio. Five years later, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, some twenty-five families were living there protected by Fort Henry, a stockaded structure located on a hill overlooking the settlers' cabins and corn-fields. It had no armament other than a single cannon, a relic of the French and Indian War, but with its stout palisades, its overhanging blockhouses, and its many port-holes manned by unerring marksmen, it was quite strong enough to withstand Indian raiders, and it proved its worth in 1777, when four hundred redskins laid siege to it in vain.

Thereafter the people of Wheeling, unlike the people of the Kentucky settlements farther south, were comparatively free from Indian alarms until near the close of the Revolution. But early in September, 1782, a mixed force of Shawnees, Delawares, and soldiers from the British post at Detroit, nearly three hundred men in all, under the command of a Captain Andrew Pratt, made a sudden descent upon the fort. Luckily for the settlers, half an hour earlier scouts had brought word of the enemy's approach, and this gave time for all to seek shelter behind the stockade.

For some reason Ebenezer Zane and his family did not accompany the rest. The tradition is that Zane's house had been burned by the Indians at the siege of 1777, and that this so exasperated the impetuous woodsman that he vowed he would never again abandon his dwelling-place to the torch. It was a thick-walled, substantial building, a miniature citadel in itself, and was moreover well within range of the fort's cannon, a circumstance which aided greatly in its defense.

But it had a pitifully small garrison, including only Ebenezer Zane, his brother Silas, two borderers named Green, and a negro slave, together with three women, Mrs. Ebenezer Zane, Elizabeth Zane, and a Molly Scott. All, men and women alike, prepared for a desperate struggle. Before making any attack, however, the invaders marched through the corn-fields about the deserted cabins, and into an open space at the foot of the fort hill.

A halt was ordered and the commanding officer demanded the surrender of the fort, promising, rather ambiguously, "the best protection King George could afford."

The sinister hint of possible inability to restrain his savage followers from an indiscriminate massacre, even if the settlers should surrender, was not lost on them; and in any event they had no intention of yielding. With mocking cries and jeers they bade Pratt do his worst, emphasizing their remarks by an occasional rifle-shot. A second summons to surrender met with a similar response, and just before sundown an attack in force was ordered.

The Indians had not failed to note the solitary cannon mounted on a platform which overtopped the stockade, but they imagined it was simply a "Quaker cannon"—that is to say, a log fashioned and painted in the likeness of a cannon. So, without giving it a moment's thought, they advanced in a compact body. Finger on trigger, the garrison patiently waited until certain that every shot would count. Then, from the line of port-holes, tongues of fire burst forth, while at the same instant the dull boom of the cannon resounded overhead, venting a ball that plowed through the crowded ranks.

"Stand back!" cried Captain Pratt. "Stand back! There's no wood about that!"

To quicken the retreat came an angry buzzing from Ebenezer Zane's house, a hornetlike singing of bullets, every one of which found its billet in some red man's breast.

Baffled, but not beaten, the attacking army fled to cover, whence, in small parties, they presently emerged to renew, not once but many times, the attempt to storm the fort. Always they were driven off, with heavy loss. Nor did they fare better when they tried to silence the incessant rifle-fire from the Zane house, where the women with tireless dexterity loaded the rifles almost as fast as the men could discharge them. Thus the night passed, without rest to besieged or besiegers, and not until noon of the next day did the enemy cease firing for the purpose of taking a brief sleep.

It was then that Elizabeth Zane performed the feat which won for her imperishable renown in the annals of the border. So continuous had been the battle that the supply of ammunition in her brother's house had become almost exhausted. The only source of a fresh supply was the magazine in the fort, and there was not an inch of sheltered ground between the Zane house and the hill on which the fort stood. It seemed madness to attempt the journey, but one of the Greens promptly volunteered. Then Elizabeth Zane spoke up.

"No," said she, "none of you men shall go. I will. I am only a woman, and should I be killed, I can better be spared than any of you."

Her brother and the rest sought vainly to dissuade her. Every cabin, as they pointed out, was now filled with Indians, who would almost certainly kill or capture her. But her mind was made up. Throwing open the door she ran at utmost speed to the stockade-gate while the Indians, as though stupefied by her audacity, stood watching her in silent wonder.

Friendly hands grasped her, drew her into the fort-yard, and shut fast the gate.

"Powder," she whispered, to the amazed men and women who crowded about her, "give me powder, all I can carry in my apron."

Ten minutes more and the brave young woman was again in the open, darting toward the house. Now the bullets began to fly after her, while the men at the port-holes blazed angrily back, seeking to cover her return. Nearer she came, steadily nearer, and still unharmed. A moment more and she would be safe. Ebenezer Zane, working his rifle, desperately shouted words of loving encouragement.

Again the bullets sang past her head. Not once faltering, Elizabeth Zane fled on, reached the house, and fell forward, breathless but unhurt, into her brother's arms. It is good to be able to add that the powder secured at such hazard enabled the Zanes to hold out until re-

lieved of all danger by the hasty retreat of the enemy at news that a powerful expedition was advancing against them.

But it was in Kentucky—and particularly against the cluster of settlements in the Blue Grass region, connected with the farthermost settlements of the East only by the thin, two-hundred-mile thread of the Wilderness Road—that the Indians delivered their deadliest blows. Even after the Revolution it was years before Kentucky—veritably a dark and bloody ground—became entirely free from the danger of Indian raids. Every little fort and station had its history of battle and siege, its death-roll of slaughtered victims. Nevertheless, the settlers manfully held their ground, led by such famous Indian fighters as Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, Benjamin Logan, and Simon Kenton.

There were Indian fighters, too, among the women, though comparatively few of their exploits have come down to us. A raid on Innis' settlement, three or four miles from Frankfort, was rendered memorable by the bravery of the wives of Jesse and Hosea Cook, two brothers who had imprudently built their cabin homes at an isolated spot. Surprised by Indians while shearing sheep, Jesse Cook was shot dead, and Hosea mortally wounded. But he managed to stagger to the cabin where his wife and sister-in-law then were with their infant children, and with his last breath called to them to secure the door.

Ordinary women thus bereft would have been incapable of action, but the Cooks were extraordinary women. While Mrs. Hosea Cook vainly sought to revive her husband, who had fallen just inside the entrance, Mrs. Jesse barred the door, which fortunately was unusually strong. Outside, the Indians hammered upon it, insistently demanding admittance.

Picking up a rifle, Mrs. Jesse Cook loaded it, peered through a chink in the wall, and sighting an Indian seated on a near-by log took careful aim and fired. The Indian leaped into the air with a horrible yell and fell dead, while his companions, threatening a fearful vengeance, climbed nimbly upon the cabin roof and set fire to it. Calling to her sister-in-law to hand her a bucket of water, Mrs. Jesse rushed up the ladder leading to the cabin attic, and put out the flames. Again the Indians kindled a blaze, and again she extinguished it. And so for a third time.

More than once the Indians sent bullets through the cabin walls, but without doing any injury. Finally, afraid that if they lingered longer they might be surrounded by a strong force of settlers, they descended from the roof and vanished into the forest, leaving the heroic women to bury their dead husbands.

Mrs. John Merrill, of Nelson County, was another Kentucky woman who met and overcame the Indian foe, by her unaided strength and quick wit defeating no fewer than six red men, if tradition speak the truth. One night, when she and her husband were alone in their cabin, they were awakened by a loud barking of their dog, and upon opening the door Mr. Merrill received the fire of half a dozen Indians who were in hiding outside. Badly, though not fatally wounded, he fell to the floor, while his wife sprang out of bed and closed the door just in time to shut out the whooping savages.

She knew that it would take them only a few minutes to cut an entrance, and seizing an ax she made ready for a defense to the death. As the first Indian forced his way in through the narrow opening made by their tomahawks, she swung her ax with Amazonian strength, and down the Indian tumbled, dead at the instant. Two others she similarly killed. The rest then tried to enter by way of the chimney, but Mrs. Merrill proved herself no less resourceful than courageous. Ripping open a feather bed she set fire to the feathers, making a furious blaze and dense smoke which brought down two Indians gasping for breath.

With a couple of powerful blows she despatched them, and turned in time to meet the single surviving Indian, who

had crept in unnoticed through the break in the door. Leaping at him with the fury of a wildcat, she swung her ax once more, laid open his cheek to the bone, and sent him out into the night shrieking dismally. Some months afterward a returned prisoner from the Shawnee towns on the Ohio, brought word that the wounded Indian had spread far and wide marvelous tales of the prowess and ferocity of John Merrill's "long-knife squaw."

Even little girls became imbued with phenomenal bravery and strength in those grim years of warfare. One morning a Lincoln County pioneer named Woods, who had settled on a lonely heath, paid a visit to the nearest station, leaving at home a family consisting of his wife, his daughter, scarcely in her teens, and a crippled negro servant.

No Indian "signs" had been seen for some time, and Mr. Woods felt that all would be well during his absence. But toward noon his wife, while working in an outbuilding, saw several Indians running toward the house. Screaming loudly to give the alarm she sought to reach the house before them, but could not run fast enough to enter and close the door before the arrival of the nearest Indian.

As soon as he came in, the crippled negro heroically grappled with him, and together they rolled about the floor, the negro holding the Indian so tightly that he could do no damage. But neither could the negro free a hand to kill him. Mrs. Woods, meanwhile, was exerting all her strength to keep the door closed against the other Indians. Seeing that she could not possibly come to his aid, the negro called to her young daughter:

"Get that sharp ax under the bed and chop this man's head off."

Trembling with nervousness, but pure grit in every ounce of her little body, the girl picked up the ax, while the Indian, in a panic, strove madly to shake off his black antagonist. The first blow of the ax missed him completely, but the little girl struck again, and this time inflicted so severe a wound that the negro was able to rise and make an end of the Indian. At the same moment the sound of firing was heard outdoors. A party of white hunters had heard the tumult and had galloped to the rescue.

Of course, such exhibitions of nerve and intrepidity presupposed natural characteristics of great forcefulness, and it cannot be too clearly understood that the pioneer women of the early West brought with them from the East qualities of the utmost importance to the welfare of the prosperous, progressive commonwealths which they assisted to upbuild.

For the most part the early West—by which is meant West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—was settled from the frontiers of Virginia and the two Carolinas, and by people of the so-called Scotch-Irish race. The women of this stock were a strong-limbed, clear-eyed folk. Their predominant trait was a stubborn, unflinching courageousness, manifest alike in times of great crisis, such as were produced by the Indian wars, and in the ordinary vicissitudes of life.

When Mrs. Joseph Davies of Virginia, to give an illustration, broke her arm at the crossing of the Cumberland River, but continued on the road to Kentucky, riding her horse and carrying her baby as though no injury had befallen her, she but typified the innate pluck and determination common to the women who settled the West. There were no weaklings among them—weaklings could never have crossed the well-nigh trackless mountains, to say nothing of withstanding the ordeals of the wilderness existence.

They were, too, wonderfully self-reliant women, and women in whom the spirit of initiative was strongly developed, as we already know from our study of the border women of the "forgotten half-century." Many were instrumental in inducing their husbands and sons to seek new homes in the West.

It was thus that William Whitley, the noted Indian fighter, was led to settle in Kentucky. Reports of the remark-

able fertility of the Blue Grass country had reached the Virginia settlement where he had always lived, and one night, after a hard day's work on the farm, Whitley wearily remarked to his wife that if Kentucky were all it was painted it would pay them to remove to it. "Well, Billy," said she, without a moment's hesitation, "if I was you, I would go and find out." In two days he was Westward-bound, with rifle and ax and plow.

Similarly, Rebecca Boone gave a signal display of the self-reliant, enterprising spirit of the Western women, when her husband was captured by Indians in 1778 and taken to Detroit to be put on exhibition as one of the most redoubtable of border warriors. Believing him dead, she decided to return with her children to the North Carolina home of her kinsfolk, packed her belongings, loaded them on horses, and actually traversed without assistance the difficult and dangerous Wilderness Road and the equally arduous trails from Cumberland Gap to the Yadkin Valley. It was there that Boone found her after his escape from captivity, and thence, willingly as ever, she again accompanied him to Kentucky, even while the Indian wars were still raging.

The mother of Sam Houston was another woman who, for the sake of her children, hazarded the dangers of the Wilderness journey without the protection of a man's strong arm. She must have justified to the full the eulogistic description penned of her by Houston's friend and biographer, C. Edwards Lester, who portrayed her as "an extraordinary woman, distinguished by an impressive and dignified countenance, and gifted with intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above most of her sex."

The death of her husband left Mrs. Houston in rather poor circumstances and with a growing family of six sons and three daughters. Knowing that many of her neighbors who had gone West had prospered exceedingly, she determined to follow their example in order that her children might get a good start in life, sold her Virginia farm, and journeyed to Tennessee, ending her migration only when within eight miles of the boundary between the settlements of the whites and the wigwams of the Cherokees.

There she erected a rude cabin, with the help of her oldest boys, and there she labored diligently to bring up her children to be useful men and women. It was for them that she toiled and prayed and denied herself, personifying in her devotion another trait of the mothers of the early West.

However poor they might be, they were women of lofty ambitions and high ideals. Their huge sunbonnets and shabby linsey-woolsey gowns reflected only the exterior poverty of their lives; in their motherly love, their capacity to sympathize with the sick and suffering, their profound religious faith and noble moral principles, they were truly rich.

And this is why, despite all the hardships and privation that attended the Westward movement, the children of the pioneers were born to a goodly inheritance, if not of the things of this earth, assuredly of the greater blessings of a strong physique, a sane healthy outlook on life, and a real greatness of soul.

No Claim

HE hath no claim to Peace
Who'll make no show of might for it;
Who'll not give up his ease
To hie him forth to fight for it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE TRIMMING OF OLD OSSIAN.

BY
HOLMAN F. DAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

THERE is a gong on the outside door of the county buildings of Cuxabexis, and High Sheriff Aaron Sproul was waked in the still watches of the night by the insistent clamor of the alarm.

It clanged steadily while the cap'n was making his hasty toilet, it kept on clanging while he fumbled at the bolts and lock, and even after he yanked the door open the person outside clung to the gong-handle and kept pumping away.

"What do you think that is, a music-box?" demanded Cap'n Sproul. "'Vast heavin' on the serenade! What do you want?"

"They've trimmed old Ossian," gasped the midnight visitor. "I've been tellin' him they'd do it—been tellin' him for more'n twenty years. Now they've done it, and done it good. They've got the whole of it—every sliver of it! We never found it out till to'ard noon to-day. We——"

The light over the door revealed a wizened little man with a horn of chin-whisker that vibrated excitedly as he talked.

"Get on your hat, Mr. High Sheriff," he squealed. "Crime has been done, and we want you on the ground. Sound the alarm and let 'em know that justice is after 'em!" He grabbed the gong-handle and awoke the echoes again.

The cap'n reached out masterfully and pulled him away, action seeming better than remonstrance in the case of this frantic arrival.

"If there's any doubt about my bein' waked up I'll show you I ain't asleep," stated the sheriff, his ready temper stirred. He yanked the little man inside, shut the door, and propelled him into the jail office.

"Now, who be ye?" he demanded.

"Epyrus Chute, deputy sheriff of Canton." The little man had been jarred down into a calmer condition.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Old Ossian Blaisdell has been robbed—had it tied to the table-leg. And they've got the whole of it. There was more'n twenty thousand dollars in that old chist. And I've been tellin' him——"

"I don't care what you've been tellin' him. This is when you're tellin' me something. Who done it?"

"I ain't had time to hunt for clues—there's been too much excitement," stammered Mr. Chute. "We're waitin' for you to get out there. I ain't allowed a thing to be touched till you get there. I know the law about such things. It's all there waitin' for you to start right in on the case."

"When was this caper cut up?"

"Night afore this one—but we didn't find it out till noon. There ain't no-

body goes to old Ossian's if they can help it—the darned old stingy whelp! There ain't any one in our town that's sorry he's lost it, but crime has been done, and you've got to get after 'em. They're waitin' for you to start in."

"Seems to be a neighborly and helpful sort of a community out your way," remarked the cap'n in disgust. "What have you been doin', wastin' all this time? Holdin' a jubilation town meetin' because a feller citizen has got robbed?"

"If you knowed the old harker as well's we do you wouldn't be makin' cuttin' remarks," retorted Deputy Chute, offended. "I've done my duty. I've reported to headquarters. A crime has been——"

"Say, you're worse on that line of harpin' than you was on that gong!" broke in the cap'n. He had decided that he didn't like Mr. Chute's method of discourse or manner of arrival. "You needn't worry about headquarters. You came in a team, didn't you?"

Mr. Chute had, and so stated.

"Well, you go back in it and I'll follow."

The knowledge that Hiram Look was at the village hotel that night comforted Cap'n Sproul as he made his plans. That resourceful and worldly-wise gentleman had on many occasions proved a handy man in an emergency.

The high sheriff posted down-street toward the tavern, gruffly refusing a lift in the deputy's wagon.

The old showman's alacrity in a moment of need was just as refreshing as ever. At a double knock on his door he was awake, and at a word over the transom he was dressing. Ten minutes later he and the cap'n were pounding up the village stable-keeper, Deputy Chute sitting at a respectful distance dimly bulked in his wagon. He led the way out of the village when they were ready.

"I've heard of this old Ossian," vouchsafed the omniscient Hiram, after he had lighted a cigar, using his plug-hat for a windbreak. "Near's I can find out he took the first dollar he ever made and pasted it in the bottom of a trunk like a bee startin' a comb—and he's been at that kind of honeymakin' ever since. It's a wonder some one hasn't busted into the hive before this."

"That grasshopper ridin' ahead there tried to tell me something about the money bein' in a trunk and tied to a table-leg," the cap'n stated.

"It's what I've heard. The man that has never come to a realizing sense that there's any good to be got out of money by spending it has to get his satisfaction by havin' it around where he can look at it. That's old Ossian! Yes, I've heard all about him. Money was all scrip. And he'd set up till all hours of night to read the printin' on dollar bills with all the relish a sixteen-year-old girl takes in a lallygag novel. There ain't any particular plot to the story printed on a dollar bill, but it is the kind of readin' that will keep old Ossian out of bed, all right."

"Grasshopper said he had more'n twenty thousand dollars. Where'd an old mussel like him ever suck in twenty thousand dollars in a place like Canton?"

"Well," explained Hiram, "considerin' that he's the kind of a feller that, every time he drove to the village to peddle produce, he brought along a baitin' of grain for his hoss and a hen in a bag to pick up the grain that the hoss dropped out of the nose-bag—and is goin' on eighty years, and has always lived that kind of a life, it ain't surprisin' to me."

"The grasshopper" piloted them doggedly. Shortly after sunrise signboards told them they were in Canton, and a grass-grown branch road led them to an old house on a hill, an unkempt old shack, dirty-gray with age and propped by a beam at its end as a cane might support a doddering old man. There were many teams in the yard, and groups of men crowded around the new arrivals.

"Have you obeyed orders here as the law provides?" demanded Deputy Chute, as he urged his horse in at the gate, elbows akimbo. "Have you left everything just as it was, till arrival of proper authority?"

The man who replied was apologetic. "We broke over orders in one thing, Pyrus, but I reckon if we hadn't the old woman would have died."

"Blast it, ye hadn't any right to touch a thing!" exploded Mr. Chute, his tones shrill with rage. "When a crime has been done ye ain't got any right to disturb evidence. You're li'ble to arrest yourself. I arrest ye!"

"I didn't do nothin' but take the gag out of her mouth," pleaded the man. "Took out the gag and give her some gruel. She'd have died if we hadn't. But we left her tied. Ossian has been takin' on like Sancho—leastways, we judge that's what his sounds mean, near's we are able to judge 'em. But we've obeyed orders about him. Ain't touched him."

During this colloquy the high sheriff stared from Deputy Chute to the lieutenant who had been left in charge. A suspicion of the state of affairs was struggling through the cap'n's perception.

"I'm blasted glad you've got along at last," confessed the lieutenant soulfully to the cap'n. "It's been tough enough for old Ossian to have his money all robbed away from him, but this bein' kept intack as evidence is a thunderin' sight worse, as I reckon it."

The cap'n and Hiram exchanged one pregnant stare. The lips of both moved, but words to fit the occasion did not spring handily. Cap'n Sproul whirled and stamped into the house, Hiram at his heels.

In the kitchen they came upon an old woman fettered securely in a rocking-chair by a clothes-line that was wound around and around the back and bottom of the chair. Several women were attending her sympathetically. One woman was spooning gruel into the captive's mouth. Between every gulp the captive begged to be set free, lamenting because she had lost all feeling in her limbs.

"They hadn't ought to have taken out her gag," stated the efficient Deputy Chute, at the cap'n's elbow. "It's destroyin' evidence. But I can have the gag put back and show you how she was left."

Cap'n Sproul whipped out his jackknife and cut the cord, with a grunt of indignation for every strand he severed.

"Lay her down on that l'unge and rub her till you start up the circulation," he commanded the women.

The mumble of voices of men conversing directed his attention to an adjoining room. Mingled with the mumble was a sound like the grunting of some kind of animal. The cap'n marched that way. It was a bedroom. The principal article of furniture was an old-fashioned four-poster. An old man was trussed up to one of the posts, secured also by clothes-line. He was gagged by a bale that had been wrenched out of a wooden bucket, the handle in his mouth, the wires fastened at the back of his neck.

"Here's the high sheriff," announced Deputy Chute. "I'm glad to see, gents, that you've kept all evidence intack."

The cap'n, his open knife in his hand, got busy with the second captive, before making comment. The old man fell limply on the floor, and the cap'n and Hiram lifted him up and put him on the bed.

"Why ain't ye ketched 'em?" he moaned. "Why ain't ye ketched 'em and got my money back?"

"Seems to me if I was just recoverin' the use of my speech and knew any language cal'lated to raise a blister, I'd plaster it onto assembled friends and neighbors of Canton, including local deputy sheriffs," observed Hiram.

"Now, you dried-up, squeak-voiced cricket," barked the cap'n, facing the amazed Deputy Chute, and feeling that he had time for a moment's converse with that officer, "it's you, is it, that has given off orders to have these poor old critters left here in this house tied up tighter'n main to'gal'an's'ls in a gale, for goin' on forty-eight hours?"

"What's the law about evidence bein' left intack?" demanded Mr. Chute, with heat, being thus taken to task in the presence of his friends.

"Do you think this is a coroner's case,

He passed them a dozen times a day, and each time he scowled and snorted his disdain.

remains of deceased to be left as found?"

"What I want is my money back," interposed the old man on the bed. "That's all a man gets out of this cussed law-and-officer business. You two standin' and jawin' round while they're runnin' away with my good money!"

"I call on all of you to take witness that I've done my duty about keeping evidence intack," persisted the deputy. "And when I've done my duty I don't propose to have the word go out that any superior officer has any reason to find fault with——"

The high sheriff picked Mr. Chute up by the scruff of his coat and set him out into the kitchen, returned, and shut the door.

"There! That's something like!" commended Hiram. "Now that that squeaky axle has been attended to, perhaps this band-wagon will move along better."

"Of course we ain't sheriffs and we don't know the law," said one of the men; "but it hasn't seemed right to us to keep the old sir gagged and tied up just as they left him, intack evidence or no intack evidence. He's complained dretfully—that is, we that's been settin' here with him took his gruntin's to be complainin'."

"I've been tryin' to tell 'em to go git my money for me," stated old Ossian, his parchment face wrinkling with grief. "If they had only cut me loose and let me after 'em I'd have caught up with 'em and got holt of it before this. But they wouldn't let me go—they wouldn't let me go!"

"Better get some of them spoon-vittles into him as soon as you can," suggested Cap'n Sproul gruffly. "A man that ain't et for as long as he has—I'm a good mind to catch that grasshopper and tie *him* up for forty-eight hours!"

One of the men squinted shrewdly into the indignant eyes of the high sheriff. A bit of a grin flickered on the man's lips and he leaned forward and whispered: "Lack of eatin' hasn't bothered old Ossian any. He got so that he could go without grub about thirty years ago. Anything that costs money old Ossian can get along without."

The miser, partly dressed, as the robbers had had him out of bed, had been chafing his stiffened limbs. As he got some feeling into them, his mind seemed to revive to sense the bitter loss he had suffered. He began to wail and blubber like a child. He rolled off the bed and

crawled on his hands and knees to an old table in the corner. The table was spiked to the wall. About the table's legs were ropes that had been severed and rusty chains that had been broken. He pawed at them, blubbering.

"It was here, that's where I kept it. All my good money in it. Money that I worked for and saved, while others was loafin' and spendin'. How did they get in here without my hearin' 'em? I've always laid awake nights and watched for robbers. I had something that I was saving for robbers."

He got up and staggered to the wall. There were three guns there on racks, in easy reach of the bed. One was an old-fashioned fusee with a long barrel. Before any one could stop him he had pulled down the ancient weapon and shrieked: "Oh, if they were only there now where I saw them cuttin' away my trunk with my good money—and me tied up!"

He discharged the fusee straight into the dark corner under the table, as though by this belated vengeance he could express some of the fury that was raging in him. In that little room the effect of the explosion was tremendous. The old man was knocked backward upon the bed by the recoil, and lay stunned. The concussion sent Hiram stumbling against the cap'n, and they went down together in a heap. In getting out of range the other men in the room piled into a corner.

"I'll tell you what it's done to him," stated one of the men, after the smoke had eddied up and drifted out through a broken window. "It's broke his shoulder surer'n hell's down-hill." He waggled the limp arm, and old Ossian revived with a yell of pain.

"What did you have in that fusee, you infernal old fool?" demanded the neighbor. "Must have been cal'latin' a rhinoceros was comin' here to rob your trunk, judgin' from the charge you got ready."

"Nothin' in it but slugs, double B shot, bird-shot, and molded bullets," moaned old Ossian; "only ha'f a horn full o' powder. It must have been rusted in."

"I'll go after Doctor Dickerson," volunteered a man. "It's a wonder that tunk hadn't shook him apart like bustin' a bag of dominoes—all dried up the way he is, and with no meat on him."

"All I want is my good money," groaned the miser. "I don't want Doctor Dickerson. He has been doctorin' me free, but now if he sets bones he'll be wantin' to be paid in money. It'll get well itself, give it time, and give me back my money!" But the man hurried out and away.

Cap'n Sproul kicked the old fusee under the bed, and with Hiram's assistance bolstered the old man up as best he could. And then the two of them, by dint of much questioning and by shutting him off when he fell to lamenting his money, extracted from him a fragmentary story of how he was robbed.

It appeared that he and his housekeeper—the old woman they had seen in the kitchen was his housekeeper—had gone to bed at their usual hour; at dark, for old Ossian, so he explained, did not believe in wasting money on lights. The old woman slept behind the stove in the kitchen.

When old Ossian woke he was in the clutch of two men. What he could not understand was how they ever got in and secured him without his hearing them. He explained over and over to the cap'n that he slept always like a cat, ready to pop up at the slightest alarm.

"It might have been the medicine that Doctor Dickerson gave me," he said. "I've been havin' a gnawin' and a gnawin' in my innerds, and he give me something to dull it, and it didn't cost nothin', and so I took it."

"He'd ruther take free medicine and dull it than pay money for grub. Wasn't anything the trouble with him but bein' hungry," muttered one of the attentive neighbors.

The old man moaned a little while from the pain of his shoulder, and went on to say that the men who grabbed him were strangers, and were wicked-looking chaps. He saw them plainly, for as soon as they had him

trussed up and the old woman fastened in her chair, they opened their lantern and proceeded to unchain the chest without any particular hurry. Then they went away, and he had stayed there grinding his shoulders against the bed-post and champing on that bale-handle until a neighbor happened to come that way the next day, at noon. And, after that, until the arrival of the sheriff, the peculiar notions of Deputy Sheriff Chute had prevailed to keep him in statu quo.

"If the old critter's shoulder wasn't busted I'd be in favor of lettin' him take those two other guns," observed the cap'n, "and practise on that Chute for a target. I suppose if he'd found the old dollar-wallop hangin' head down he'd have left him there just the same."

He glanced out of the window and saw Deputy Chute sitting in his wagon and holding sullen converse with men who stood with feet on the wheel-hubs. He marched out and accosted Mr. Chute.

"If you can spare a minute off'n your study of intack evidence," suggested the high sheriff, with biting sarcasm, "I'd like to inquire what you've done about gettin' a posse out on this case, huntin' through the woods around here, inquirin' about suspicious characters, and in general gettin' together a little evidence that ain't tied down and intack. What have you done, hey?"

"I don't know how much in thunder you expect one man to do!" retorted Deputy Chute, deeply aggrieved. "We had to have a conference, didn't we, when old Ossian and the woman was found? And after me and citizens had conferred, I went and fetched you. I've done my duty. Crime has been done and——"

"You rat-whiskered, squeak-voiced son of a fife," roared the cap'n, "you hum that ditty over to me again and I'll break your music-box. Now you put the braid onto that hoss of yours and get busy through this town asking what strangers have been seen. First, you come in here."

The deputy, cowed by his superior—for when Cap'n Aaron Sproul spoke in his master-mariner tone of voice he made subalterns sit up and take notice—followed the high sheriff into the presence of old Ossian.

"You said you got a good look at the critters that done you," said the cap'n. "Now, what did they look like?"

"One had a white wall-eye," stated the old man, "and t'other's neck was wattled and red, just like a turkey's. And they——"

"Hold on!" shouted the cap'n. "I don't want any more poured into this saucer-brain, here. It will get canted and all run out. A white eye and turkey-wattles! You don't need any more description, Chute. Hang onto that and get to goin'!"

"I don't believe I'm called on to stand sarcasm and abuse," stated Mr. Chute, backing to the door.

"You'll stand on your head in about four seconds if you don't do what I tell you to," threatened the high sheriff, and he made a movement so truculent that the deputy hurried out, hopped into his wagon, and clattered away down the road.

The cap'n addressed the squad of loafing neighbors through the broken window.

"I summon all of you as a posse. Scatter through these woods round here. You ain't expectin' the gang is comin' to hunt *you* up, be ye?"

"We believe in waitin' for orders," said one of the men.

"So does a hoss most always," the cap'n retorted, "but seein' you standin' up on two legs I reckoned you had sprawl enough to do a little thinkin' for yourselves."

The men slouched out of the yard, muttering among themselves.

"You've summonsed an enterprisin' posse," remarked Hiram, gazing after them. "Your Deputy Chute couldn't detect a hornet on the back of his own neck, and them fellers couldn't catch the measles even if the measles laid down and waited for 'em. Let's you and me get out and really accomplish something. Them two fellers ain't got more'n a thousand miles with that trunk

o' money, even if they *have* had a day's start."

"We might just as well take a cob in each hand and go out and run around that hitchin'-post in the yard, there, tryin' to make a foot-race record," objected the cap'n. "There ain't ever been no detective-stories written about me yet, and mebbe there never will be, but I'm proposin' to use brains on this case before I use my legs."

"Why ain't you out gettin' my money back?" whined old Ossian. "All you've done so far is set here and gab and let me bust my bones with that fusee. If you had any enterprise you'd 'a' had my money back before this. Oh, my Gawd! What will I do? There was twenty thousand two hundred and forty-seven dollars and ninety-seven cents, and they've took the whole of it! Banks ain't honest these days. There ain't nobody honest. Every man that holds an office is bought up. Them robbers have probably bought you up, and you're settin' here and ain't doin' anything."

"We may look tough, but we ain't as tough as we look."

"Take this case, by and large, and reckon in what I've been up against," observed the cap'n balefully to Hiram, "and it ain't helpful to them sweetly solemn thoughts that the poet talks about."

"If I don't get my money back I'll sue you for lettin' 'em get away with it," bleated the old miser.

"So do," advised the cap'n ironically; "and if the jury don't give it to you on that ground tell 'em that I was the one that stole it. Say, what I want

to know is, what are you goin' to do with the money if you ever do get it back? Got relatives?"

"I ain't got relatives, and I wouldn't give it to 'em if I had," snarled old Ossian. "All that relatives do is set round with their tongues out waitin' for money that a man's worked for and saved up."

"Goin' to leave it to charity, hey?"

"There ain't no beggars goin' to get my money. Oh, my Gawd! To think that the robbers have got it—all them bills that I've ironed flat and laid away! And they'll handle it and crumple it, and spend it! Oh, dear!"

"If you ever get that money back," said the cap'n dryly, "I'd advise you to get it into specie if you're goin' to take it where it seems you're goin' to take it. Then if you carry along a pair of tongs you'll be able to set 'side of the fire down there and count it."

Old Ossian was too much perturbed to notice the sarcasm. He had turned his weak eyes on Hiram, and was scowling at the old showman's head-gear.

"I never knowed a man that wore a plug-hat but what was a shyster," he stated, with deep conviction. "I bought a prize-package off'm a plug-hatter once and there was supposed to be five dollars in it, and he took my ten cents, and there wa'n't anything in the package. You're all in this scheme, the whole of ye! I'll bet you're a skin-game man."

"I'll tell you what we'd better do with this old human wallet," declared Hiram, righteously offended, "daub molasses onto his fingers, give him a dollar bill, and let him set and pick it back and forth from one hand to the other. It will do him just as much good as to have the twenty thousand. You devilish old nickel-in-the-slot machine, I'm glad they've got it away from you! It's in circulation, and I'm glad, I say!"

"I know you are!" shrieked the miser. "It's prob'ly all *your* puttin' up. Give me back my money!" He tried to get off the bed, but his right arm twisted gruesomely, and he sank back on the bed with a groan of misery.

"I'm beginnin' to get feelin's myself that don't fit the frame of mind a high sheriff huntin' crime ought to encourage," stated the cap'n. "I reckon we'd better go outdoors. I want to do a little meditatin' on this thing."

"Got anything to eat in this place?" asked Hiram, as they passed into the kitchen. He had begun to feel the need of some breakfast.

The old housekeeper had been rubbed back into activity by her Samaritan neighbors, and she produced from a cupboard part of a dry salt codfish and a few wizened biscuit. Hiram took all in sight and started for the dooryard. There he and the cap'n devoured the poor rations to the last crumb and sliver. As they were finishing, the old woman came out to them.

"Mr. Blaisdell sent me," she said. "He says he'll have to tax you twenty-five cents apiece for what you've et."

Hiram cast a glance at the window through which the old man was peering, and paid. "I've changed my mind about givin' him a dollar bill," he remarked. "Just molasses and a feather!"

Cap'n Sproul's expression showed that he agreed with the sentiment, but he did not agree to Hiram's profane proposition that they go back home and let old Ossian's money go to blazes ahead of him.

The arrival of a ponderous hulk of a man, whose width occupied the entire narrow seat of a buggy and whose girth strained at the buttons of his linen duster, broke in upon the cap'n's meditations. The big man clambered down with much grunting, dug up a dusty black case from under the seat, and stood combing his fingers through a luxuriant beard and gazing at the cap'n.

"High Sheriff Sproul, eh?" suggested the new arrival. "I'm Doctor H. Waddell Dickerson. From what has been told to me this seems to be sad business for our old friend, Blaisdell. I suppose you expect to apprehend the malefactors promptly."

The sheriff did not relish the doctor's pompous tone, and he seemed to detect a sneer.

"You'd better not bother with me,"

he advised. "Patient's inside. He's pretty dry and brittle. If you tack him together with shingle-nails better handle him easy. He's apt to come all to pieces."

After the physician had disappeared in the house they heard old Ossian engaged in plaintive argument regarding the probable cost of repairing him. Doctor Dickerson chivalrously announced that it wouldn't cost a cent, and set to work. Cap'n Sproul strolled in and viewed the operation, observing old Ossian's contortions with a blandness that was not at all complimentary to his sympathies.

"Seein' that you do most of your doctorin' for nothing, you must have another way of gettin' your livin'," suggested the cap'n. The remark was wholly without ulterior motive. The cap'n was merely trying to be jocose at the expense of the miser.

He was astonished, therefore, when the doctor whirled on him, his cheeks suffused with purple tints above his whiskers, his eyes glittering with sudden anger, his voice hoarse with passion.

"Say, you stick your old plug nose into my business and you'll get it cut off," he roared.

Cap'n Sproul stared at him in frank amazement.

"I don't need any advice, and I don't stand for any slurs," the angry doctor went on.

"Look here!" protested Hiram, noting that his friend was too astonished to reply. "Old Ossian here told us you'd been givin' him medicine free to dope him into——"

"Say, I'll sue the two of you for slander," shouted the doctor, advancing on them. "I see what you're trying to do."

"You've got good eyesight, I swear," ejaculated the cap'n. "You can see a long ways further'n I can, and I ain't no slouch at seein', either. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

But the doctor, as though a little ashamed of his vehemence, went on bandaging up the old man. When he had finished he scowled and departed, and the cap'n and Hiram sat down and gazed at each other.

"Well, this is certainly an amiable and agreeable sort of a town," commented Hiram; "after the old woman here gets in her dig at us, as she probably will before we leave, we'll have been sassed by every one we've run across since your man Chute pitched the key."

"You was listenin' pretty sharp. What did I say to him to start him off that way? I've been hossed up more or less to-day, and I may be sayin' things when I don't know it. But if I ain't said 'em then I don't propose to allow any old human window-brush to come waggin' under my nose."

"It was when you said something about his gettin' money without doctorin' for it that he hopped up and spurred at you," advised Hiram.

The cap'n meditated again, and for a considerable period.

"Hiram," he said at last, "this ain't a comfortable or a consolin' kind of a town to be throwed into, but there's something sort of interestin' about it, the more I ponder on the case, and I reckon you and me better hunt up some place handy here where we can get a bed and three square meals and gun this thing a little while."

That afternoon, having established themselves at a farmhouse near-by, they organized a band of robber-hunters and beat the bush in the surrounding country. But they found no strangers with white eyes or turkey-wattles on their necks, nor did their researches, by means of the farmers' telephone-line, reveal anything in the way of clues.

The next day they prosecuted search in similar fashion, without result. They kept away from old Ossian's place.

"I'm afraid if I should have another talk with him," confessed the high sheriff, "I'd issue a proclamation tellin' robbers they was welcome to the money."

Doctor H. Waddell Dickerson appeared to be an ubiquitous sort of a person. They came across him on all the roads they traversed; he passed

With Hiram's aid he broke the lock, and the miser's hoard was before him.

them a dozen times a day, and each time he scowled and snorted his disdain.

"Can you figger him out?" the cap'n would ask Hiram on each of these occasions, and Hiram owned up that he couldn't.

On the second evening, leg-weary and wholly discouraged, Hiram and the cap'n went out after supper and sat on the stone wall and smoked.

The dusk hid two figures that came across the field from a belt of woodland. The figures were two men. They came trudging doggedly until they stood in the road face to face with the sheriff and Hiram.

"Gents!" The taller man accosted them. He had a white eye. "Him"—he jabbed his thumb at the man who stood beside him—"is 'Turkey-neck' Skanks."

"And *him*," announced the other, with similar jab of the thumb, "is 'White-eye' Dumphy. We're the ones that trimmed old Uncle Longgreen, and if you want to know whys and hows you keep your settin' on that wall and we will proceed to scratch your curiositiness where it itches worst. We know you're the sheriff of this county because we've seen you wo-hawin' the human Herefords through the woods huntin' for us. You've walked under the tree where we've been settin'—how many times, White-eye?"

"Three times first day, five times today. I've spit down on your hat four times, and you didn't notice it."

"All goin' to show," continued the spokesman, "that we're here because we're here and because we want to be here, and if you're the square man you look to be you'll take it all into account and treat us like gents, seein' that we're treatin' you the same way."

Neither the cap'n or Hiram seemed to have words at command just at that moment.

"This could be made a long story if there was soft music to go along with it—but it ain't goin' to be a long story. You look us over. We may look tough, but we ain't so tough as we look. We don't pretend to be fit to run Sunday-school excursions and we wouldn't inspire confidence passin' a hat in meetin'. But we ain't hypocrites, and we don't claim to be anything we ain't."

Obeying a sudden impulse, Hiram offered a cigar to each of the strangers. They accepted gratefully, and lighted up.

"We have done some mouchin' in our time," the man with the wattled neck went on; "we've regularly ridden the blind baggage and skun the cat on the truss-rods of a Wagner freight, and have flagged more grub at back doors than we have bought at front ones. But the world is made up of the merry crickets as well as the busy ants. You are lookin' at a couple of crickets, gents, that I don't want you to misunderstand. We ain't robbers. It ain't our natural instink to be robbers. It's dangerous, and it's too hard work. I could give you other reasons, but them's the only ones you'll believe. Now, how this came about, this here"—he waved his cigar in the general direction of the Blaisdell house—"is this way: In a joint up to the big town where we gets a glass of beer once in a while when the bartender's vittles is settin' right and we've helped him to fill the big refrigerator, in come one evenin' a human bag-puddin' with a lib'ral handful of hair mattress hung on it. It looked as though it had something on its mind and it set and strained beer through the whiskers and looked at us till we got nervous. Then it asked us over to have a drink. This is goin' to be a short story! There was two hours' conversation that, condensed, figgered this way: Puddin' was from up-country where he squinted at tongues and peddled pills for a livin'. He had come across a case that seemed to call for surgery—but he wasn't sure of his hand or nerve. The job was amputatin' a trunk full of money, ready baled, off'm an old gent that was bein' killed slow but sure by havin' it hung to him. Money don't do some folks any good. Doc said he thought the operation would be a great success if he could call a couple of amputators from the city into consultation."

"And I said to him," remarked the cap'n, whirling on Hiram, "something about gettin' money without doctorin'. You heard me! I had him detected right then and there."

"I'd wait a spell before I give three cheers and put it in the paper," advised Hiram dryly. "It was skilful—but"—he pointed his cigar at the strangers—"you seem to be havin' considerable help."

"So he framed it that he'd get the patient ready—dope him in a dose of bitters, point out the place, help us get away and do what he could to cover trails. Him to have half, we to divvy other half. Thirds all round seemed fairer to us; but he put it to us that without him we wouldn't even know about the place or the pot, and without him to do the slick trick of the dope we'd meet a busy old gent at the door with a gun in each hand and one in his teeth. We ain't naturally robbers, I say again. But that didn't seem to be like robbin'. It looked like gettin' a legacy. And we got it!"

Then each man put his finger on his Adam's apple, and the two of them declared in chorus: "Yes, we got it—here!"

"I've made 'the milk-and-honey route' four times from Ogden to the sea, decked a fast express on every trunk-line in this country, and thought I'd be able to break even with an old tufted Houdan who told us he hadn't been out of sight of stone walls and dried apple-sauce since he left medical college," stated White-eye gloomily. "But perhaps it was the whiskers that fooled me. You sort of look for the simple life to be nestin' in whiskers. Like innocent children, we run to do his biddin'. He hauled up down in the piece of woods and set there in his wagon, and we scampered joyfully up and got the trunk and run gaily back again. 'Toss it in behind, boys,' says he, and we tossed."

He turned to his mate. "You tell the rest, Turkey-neck," he suggested. "If I tell it I shall put so many lambrequins onto my language that I shall be delayin' the game."

"We tossed," said Mr. Skanks. "We was to toss, that was the plan, and get in and ride to a handy place to catch a train, and then slice the swag accordin' to agreement. Then a merry good-by, and away to let loose some money that hadn't had fresh air for a long time. We tossed! And he laid the lash along that hoss and the night swallered him, as the poet says. We was done! We was done thirty miles from a railroad-station—and we're hoboes, we ain't tramps. We was due to walk through thirty miles of uproused farmers that was lookin' for two men like us; and we reckoned the alarm wouldn't be long in gettin' out. We stayed down in them woods, gents. We ain't had anything to eat except checkerberry plums and air for two days. If we was real robbers we'd go hunt up that old hair-trellis and get the money he stole from us. But he's lookin' for us, ain't he? He's got pistols all over him and a gun in the house, ain't he? He's just hopin' them desperate villuns will show up round his house so he can lay 'em out and get a vote of thanks. And then who'd believe us if we did turn round and peach on him, after he'd caught us tryin' to do him? Me and my friend has talked it all over. We've had lots of time down in them woods. Here we be! That's our story! If by bein' gents to you in this matter, and showin' up the cuss that's done us and done old Money-musk, we've got to be put into jail, we'll have to go, that's all! But the knowin' that the man that done us is there, too, will square the bill for us. We've talked it all over, and that's what we've come to. Now it's up to you!"

For five minutes the sheriff stared at the two without breaking silence.

"There's only one thing you can do," said Hiram. "You'll have to take 'em up and then let 'em turn State's evidence. You ain't got any option."

"I ain't, hey?" flared the cap'n promptly. "I arrest these two men and shut 'em up, and when the case comes up there won't a blasted farmer on the jury believe their story! And that doctor will have twenty thousand dollars

tucked away to hire lawyers and witnesses with. That would be the *legal* way of perceedin'! Legal because the lawyers make the laws, and always figger to get a thing into court and draggin' on, so they can make money out of it."

"Since you got to be sheriff I was hopin' you'd be gettin' over your grudge against lawyers," grumbled Hiram.

"I ain't. I can't stand 'em! I don't know just yet what I'm goin' to do about this thing, but I ain't goin' to run to a lawyer first crack. You go up and tell the farmer to hitch a hoss into a double wagon, Hiram, and you drive along and pick us up down the road a piece. And, remember, you ain't makin' any talk," he warned the old showman. "I ain't got it all thought out yet, but I've thought far enough so that I can see that any kind of talk is goin' to hamper us later if we make talk now."

A wagon with four men in it attracted no especial attention in the unlighted main street of Canton village.

The cap'n posted his three companions out of sight, and then vigorously yanked a knob under the printed words: "H. Waddell Dickerson, M. D."

He promptly discovered that the doctor was vigilant and wary.

"I'm not receiving patients to-night," announced a voice from an up-stairs window, after the cap'n had jerked the bell-knob long enough to indicate that he proposed to stay on the job.

"Why?" inquired the cap'n.

"I'm sick."

"You'll be sicker in about thirty seconds if you don't come down and open this door. I'm the high sheriff of this county."

"Have you got a warrant to enter my house?" demanded the doctor indignantly.

Cap'n Sproul hollowed his hands at his mouth and spoke upward in a hoarse whisper: "I haven't applied for one, for I reckoned that you wouldn't want me to advertise just why I'm makin' you a visit. But if you won't let me in without any other kind of an admission ticket, then I'll go rout out a justice."

"I'll be down," stated Doctor Dickerson, after a pause.

There is no doubt that he was prepared in his mind to meet any situation that the sheriff's domiciliary visit might develop. But to behold the high sheriff of the county walk in sociably with White-eye Dumphy and Turkey-neck Skanks was a spectacle so astonishing that his countenance betrayed him. His face turned sickly yellow with sudden fear.

"Doc," began the cap'n promptly, and with an assurance of prospective success that completed the physician's discomfiture, "you ain't any better fitted to be a robber and keep a stiff upper lip than these two critters that I've brought with me. You're all three in the chicken-thief class. You did manage to get twenty thousand dollars, but that was because all you had to do was to stoop over and pick it up."

The doctor had come down without coat or waistcoat. Cap'n Sproul stepped up and took him by his suspenders, one in each hand, not rudely, but in patronizing, conciliatory fashion.

"Doc," he declared, "I've been round the world some and I'm a pretty liberal fellow in my ideas. Instead of your being sent to jail for puttin' up the job on old Ossian, *he* ought to be put there for plantin' temptation in the path of a man that otherwise would be around 'tendin' to his own business. Under ordinary circumstances and to state just how I honestly feel after seein' and talkin' with the old slat-ribbed dollar-presser, I'd like to see that twenty thousand dollars get into the hands of an honest man and be spent to the good of some one. But you ain't honest, doc! You ain't stood the test. You've stolen from your pals." He indicated the reproachful vagrants, to the doctor's pained disgust. "You got 'em into the scheme, they delivered goods accordin' to agreement, and then you done 'em up. So you've got to give that money up! Yes, doc, you

have! You can do it right now, all easy and quiet, and dependin' on my word that there won't be anything said about it—or you can have the holler made, just as you like! I ain't goin' to dictate. I'd personally prefer to have the holler and get some glory out of my detective work. But considerin' what kind of a critter old Ossian is, I'd hate to see any one go to jail on his account. I ain't goin' to argue. You're man-grown, and can take your pick. But if you ain't leadin' the way to that trunk inside of five minutes the holler will be on! Hiram, you hold the watch!"

It was so calm, cold, and conclusive that the doctor did not hesitate.

"Do you mean the thing hushes right here between us?" he asked, scrubbing his streaming face with his forearm.

"I mean it does—fully realizin', too, that it ain't goin' to suit the judge and the jury and the lawyers to have it hushed," stated the cap'n firmly. "But I'm figgerin' that this is a case that judges and lawyers don't need to be bothered with, for they wouldn't understand it."

Doctor Dickerson took his lamp and led the way to his cellar. Within ten minutes the trunk had been unearthed from under a bin of potatoes and was up-stairs.

"I haven't even opened it yet," declared the doctor, with fervor of asseveration that was conclusive. "You can see that the locks aren't busted."

"I'll open it," said the sheriff. "Old Ossian has offered a reward of two hundred dollars for return of this property." He noted the look of amazement on the doctor's face. "He don't know it yet that he's offered it, but he has. And I'm goin' to pay it over." With Hiram's aid he broke the lock, and the miser's hoard was before them. "I wish you was an honest man, doc," stated the cap'n, licking his finger and preparing to count from a packet of bills. "I'd like to see this money doin' good. But as it is—there's a hundred for *you*." He gave White-eye some bills, and then counted off some more. "And there's your hundred, Turkey-neck. Now I'm goin' to get a team for you and have you set down over at the railroad."

"We ain't goin' to kick," stated Mr. Skanks, stuffing his money in the top of his sock.

"Well, you better not," retorted the cap'n crisply. "There probably ain't another high sheriff in the whole United States that would use common sense in this thing the way I'm doin'. You ought to be thankful you struck a man like me."

"We are," admitted Mr. Dumphy. "We said when we first saw you that you looked like a square gent."

Cap'n Sproul relentlessly closed the trunk and corded it again.

"I'm sorry, doc, I say again, but I can't let you in on this. All I can say is, you can be sure that nothing will be said. No one here *can* say anything. This money is goin' into the bank and I'm goin' to apply to be old Ossian's guardeen. And all I can say, doc, is that as he's gettin' old and needs constant medical attendance I'll stand for a pretty stiff bill when it's presented to the estate. So it's for your interest to keep him alive just as long as you can. And now, Hiram, if you'll lend a hand with the other end of that trunk we'll be gettin' along. Boys," he added, addressing Messrs. Skanks and Dumphy, "you haven't got any lingerin' idea, have you, of soft-footin' after us and tryin' to do us up for this trunkful? I just thought I'd warn you that me and Hiram here are two pretty tough turtles in a scrap."

"No, sir! We ain't no robbers," declared Mr. Dumphy stoutly. "We ain't fitted for crime, anyway. The jays can do us!" He scowled at the flushed doctor, and went away into the night.

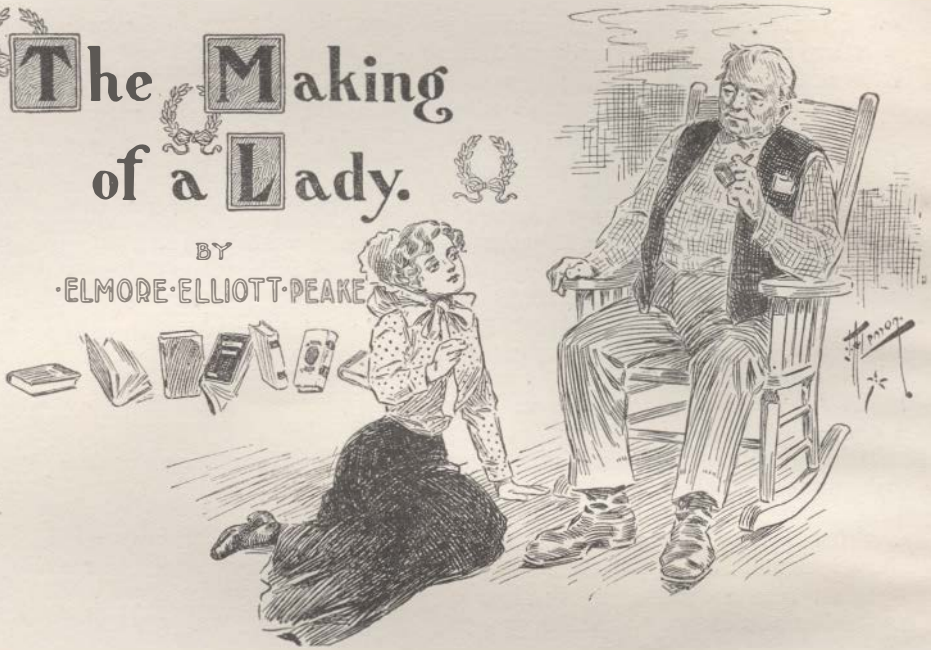
"Hiram," remarked the cap'n, as they were driving along under the stars, breaking a long silence, "this detective business takes headwork and grit and quick judgment, but, I swear, I kind of relish the darned study, after all—takin' a slim clue the way we've done and followin' it down."

"It *is* sort of fascinating," assented his friend.

The Making of a Lady.

BY

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE



ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. LEMON

TUESDAY'S stage, which usually reached the store in Cloven Hoof Pass about noon, brought "Johnny's" first letter to her father; and he, postmaster as well as storekeeper, opened it with shaky fingers and read it through twice before he backstamped a single letter from the lean little pouch that contained the mountaineers' semiweekly mail. None of the waiting group complained, however. Few of them expected any mail; their time was not valuable, and they hoped, moreover, that by holding their peace Blueford Haynes might conclude to read Johnny's letter aloud. It was not until that night, however, when perhaps a dozen men had "dropped in" from two, three, or four miles away and formed a circle about the stove, that Blueford satisfied their curiosity. Then carefully lowering his elephantine bulk into the huge rocker which had been made to order for him, he emitted a sigh of general satisfaction, drew the letter from his pocket, and handed it to Sugar Jeems Holden.

The latter was more than a little vain of his accomplishments as a reader, and never subjected his reputation to hazard. He knew that while Johnny, like her father, was almost as slovenly in her speech as a native-born mountaineer, she was also, like her father, very fond of books, and commanded no mean vocabularly when she had time to employ it, as in letter-writing. Hence he skimmed through the letter first, to himself, to make sure that he could pronounce all the words. Then, clearing his throat, he began to read in his loud, lifeless voice.

He had scarcely reached the bottom of the first page of big, girlish handwriting when the door opened and a shy, slender man, with narrow, stooping shoulders, stepped hesitatingly inside. Sugar Jeems paused with a frown, blinking disapproval from the owllike eyes behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. Nevertheless, he took advantage of the interruption to draw a lump of brown sugar from his coat-pocket and pop it into his mouth. Blueford, meanwhile, called out cheerily:

"Just help yourself to anything you want, Jimmy, and leave the change on the counter. Then come over here and

set down. Sugar Jeems is readin' us a letter from Johnny, and you'd like to hear it, I know."

But the shrinking figure retained its place at the threshold. "Mr. Haynes, I jest wanted to git a little licker to-night. I——"

"Sorry, Jimmy, but you know my rule. 'Tain't been a week yet since your last drunk."

For a moment, dead silence, the circle around the stove studying their boot-toes. The man at the door wet his lips nervously.

"My wife is sick, Mr. Haynes, and she——"

"No, Jimmy, that won't go. Your wife would take sick and die a dozen times over, I reckon, before she'd send *you* fur whisky. Come over here and set down and furget the stuff."

"And take a devil of a big chaw of terbacker at the same time," suggested Newt Hurd, tendering his plug.

Sugar Jeems began again in his unpunctuated monotone:

DEAR DADDY: Here I am at last, after all our talk! Oh, such a beautiful place! That picture Mrs. Daggett showed us don't do it half justice. So many big trees—elms and maples—and such lovely buildings, with towers and battlements, like an old castle, and all covered with ivy. There are nearly two hundred girls here, mostly from Kentucky, but some from other States. There's one from Texas, and her father is a millionaire, they say. But you'd never guess it from her dresses, they're so plain, and she's so sweet and kind.

My room is very comfortable. It's in one of the towers, but I'd sooner have it than one lower down. It's quieter, and I can see farther from it. Oh, daddy, just think—on a clear day I can see Nigger Head, and it's nearly a hundred miles in a bee-line! You ain't twelve miles from the spot I can see. It makes you seem so much nearer, dear old dad! I have an iron bedstead. I never saw one before. Did you?

I am so glad now that you sent me here, though I didn't want to go at first. I'm a little homesick yet, but I feel that being here is going to do me so much good. To associate with these girls, when I get acquainted, will be a privilege, and I see and hear so many inspiring things. Every morning we have prayers and singing, with a girl's orchestra. It makes me feel as if I were in heaven. Oh, how I wish you could hear it, too, daddy! Maybe some day you will. They have a great many parties and balls here, the girls say. They're considered a part of the training. Usually it's only the students, but sometimes the young people from the town and elsewhere are invited.

I'm studying Latin, geography, history, grammar, and composition. I like them all, and my marks, so far, have been good. Most of the girls in my class are a little younger than me, but that's only because I never attended a regular school and got promotion-cards, Miss Ellison says. She says she'll promote me right along as fast as I advance. Good night, daddy. Oh, how I should love to see you to-night, and sit on your lap, and watch you blow smoke through your nose! But you mustn't be unhappy without me. Because I'm not. I am happy to think what my schooling will mean to me some day, though it comes hard now to be away from you.

Your loving daughter,

JOHNNY.

Sugar Jeems ceased. Blueford blew his nose vigorously and said, with suspicious huskiness: "Turn over to the back of the sheet. There's a postscript there."

It read:

Please address my letters to *Patricia* Haynes. Miss Ellison says Johnny is a boy's name, and wouldn't believe I was christened that way. So, just for cod, I finally pretended to confess that my real name was Patricia.

Sugar Jeems refolded the letter with his dirty lean fingers, and fished in his pocket for another lump of his favorite sweet. No one spoke at once. With the exception of Blueford Haynes himself, no man in that circle had ever been as far from home as Marysville. That it was a beautiful place they had no doubt, but they had no desire to see it. Its level, paved streets would have made their mountain legs ache within an hour, and its compact blocks of store buildings would have oppressed their lungs and cramped their sense of freedom.

"You'll miss her, Blue," observed Jap Brouthers finally. "I've give a daughter up myself."

"Not to go away to school," objected a saturnine individual, with teeth that were glitteringly false.

"No, not exactly," admitted Jap. "She got married. Her husbunt tuck her over into Hardin County, clost to

the fur line. She had twins the first yur."

"What's that got to do with it?" persisted he of the sardonic eye.

"Nothin' in pertickler," again admitted Jap, and subsided.

"Gentlemen," spoke up Blueford Haynes, in the leonine, melodious voice which he reserved for special occasions, and which instantly shut up all quibbling and squabbling; "gentlemen, I want to say that sendin' that little girl away to school was the painfullest thing I ever done. Yet I'm a-goin' to keep her there till she graduates, if it takes every dollar I got—as I reckon it will—and I have to live on cawnpone the rest of my life. I am goin' to make a *lady* of that girl," he announced emphatically, bringing his great hand down with a resounding thwack on the arm of his chair. "She comes of a family of ladies. Her mother was a lady; *my* mother was a lady. What *I* am don't count. *I* was ordered back from the world's firin'-line a long time ago. Don't start, gentlemen. It's time you knowed the truth about me. I skinned out; I deserted from the army of civilization just because I didn't have a soldier's nerve. My grandfather was once the governor of Virginia. My father was an honored jurist of the same grand old State. I, his son, gentlemen, am runnin' an eight-by-ten store here in Cloven Hoof Pass. Let it soak in, boys.

"But, remember, what I done don't condemn Johnny. My buryin' myself here in the mountains is no reason for *her* bein' buried here. *She's* no coward. She'll stand where you post her. When I kissed her good-by at the station, and told her not to git discouraged and come back home, she set her little teeth and said: 'Dad. I'll stay if I die.' You know she will. You remember the time she was lost in the snow-storm on Nigger Head. Not one of you could have kept a stiffer upper lip, and that was all that saved her life. I thought of that when I was helpin' her into the car; and, boys, it was almost like layin' her in her little grave. I knew she'd never be just the same to me again. I knew that after her four years at the academy was up she'd never be contented here again. Boys, I'm pretty fat, and I reckon my heart's a little shaky, and I thought sure I'd die that night.

"But sufferin' does a man good. 'Tain't no secret now about Johnny lovin' Bud Turner, and their plannin' to elope, and her turnin' him down at the last minute, the night before she left fur school. You all know I was a-layin' for him. Well, that mawnin', after the train had gone around the curve, and it seemed I couldn't see nothin' but that little white face pressed close to the glass, I heerd a sound; and, turnin' around, I saw Bud Turner risin' up from behind a pile of ties. I knowed, in an instant, just what he'd done. He'd walked fifteen miles that mawnin' to ketch a last glimpse of Johnny's face; and it flashed over me, suddenly, that somebody else *could* love Johnny besides myself.

"Well, he started to run, afeered I'd shoot him. I called him back, and when he come up, pretty cautiouslike, I offered him a ride home. 'Bud,' says I. 'I reckon the boys won't loaf around the store so much now since *she's* gone.' And he says to me, in a kind of chokin' voice: '*I* will, Mr. Haynes, if you'll let me. I'd just like to set there in the store and look at that little willer rockin'-cheer what you give her fur Christmas last year.' There's the cheer, boys. There ain't a man used it since she left, and I reckon if it set there till doomsday no man in the mountain would use it. It's—it's kind of sacred to you, boys, just like it is to me. It's—it's——"

His lips quivered, his voice broke, and he drew out his yellow silk handkerchief to stanch his full eyes. His audience sat dumb. Never, in all the years which he had spent in their midst, had they heard him speak a word of his past; and never had one of them dared to ask about his past. Hence their position was embarrassing in the extreme.

But finally old Jap Brouthers arose solemnly, extended his hand, and said

Johnny's letter.

"Good night, Brother Blue!" The others followed suit.

The last to go was Jimmy Bloom, and when it came his turn he said: "Mr. Haynes, I feel better for what I've heerd. If you kin do so much fur Johnny, seems like I ought to do somethin' fur *my* chillern. And the most I could do would be to quit drinkin'."

The poor weakling burst into tears and slipped noiselessly out into the night.

It was nine o'clock and Blueford's bedtime. But his quarters at the rear of the store had now become a desperately still, lonesome place at night. No snatches of song came any more from the little room opposite; no cheery "Dad, you need any extry kivers tonight? Be cold by mawnin'."

So he sat studying the little willow rocker through a mist of tears until the fire had burned low and the chill of the mountain night began to creep over the room. Then, with a sigh, he arose heavily, shut the stove door, blew out the kerosene-lamps, and slowly, wearily felt his way back in the darkness by means of the counter's edge.

A letter from Johnny came regularly, after this, on Tuesday's stage; and regularly, Tuesday nights, there was a gathering of from eight to a dozen men to hear the letter read. It soon became apparent that Johnny was not only ranking high as a scholar, but that she was also proving a social success in Polofox Academy for Girls. Her letters were explicit on this point. She gave the details of each party or dance or literary entertainment, and all with an éclat which fairly made the eyes around the stove stick out and look glassy.

But it was not until April—Johnny had not come home at Christmas on account of the expense—that the most astounding of her social conquests was chronicled. A great celebration had been held, she wrote, on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Polofox Academy, at which the guest of honor was the governor of Kentucky. A ball had been given that night—a most beautiful, most dazzling ball—and his excellency had actually asked Johnny's hand in a dance!

Blueford's eyes swam as he read the letter to himself. The great-granddaughter of a governor of Virginia dancing with a governor of Kentucky! Verily, Blueford's blowing at a tiny spark on the altar of Blood and Family had resulted in a great flame! And great was the commotion in the store that night when the bomb was exploded. Jap Brouthers left at once so as to be the first to tell the story along the road home. By noon the next day the news, flying along the mountain's invisible lines of communication, had spread from Wildcat to Bone Gap.

The person most affected by it, with the possible exception of Blueford himself, was the one person never missing, no matter what the weather, from the Tuesday-night circle—namely, Bud Turner. He always sat in the background, and he never opened his mouth—except to renew his quid; but never a word of Johnny's letters escaped him, and at times there were a shine in his eyes and an expression about his daredevil mouth which, had they been visible, would have given Blueford Haynes a twinge of uneasiness. For, of all the Turners—four hoidenish girls and eight rowdy boys—Bud was reputed to be the worst; and a scar across his forehead, a missing finger, and a notched ear were all records of past recklessness or pugnacity.

Yet the most daring deed of his life, in his own estimation, was the one which this last news from Johnny Haynes spurred him to perform. He sold his winter's collection of pelts, and then, unknown to any one in Cloven Hoof, including his own family, he boarded the train for Marysville. His object was not clear to himself. Johnny was certainly far out of his reach now matrimonially, and it was doubtful if she would so much as give him an audience. Yet this very fact had a kind of moth-and-flame attraction for him, and probably was the secret of his going.

He stepped off the train late in the afternoon, a little dazed, but with his best black trousers tucked bravely into

a pair of freshly greased boots, and the brim of his slouch hat pinned up in front in approved mountain style. Most people would have at once asked the whereabouts of Polofox Academy. Not so Bud. With inborn secretiveness he scouted over the little town—north, east, south, west—until he found himself in front of two stone gate-posts bearing the name he sought.

At this juncture, most people, again, would have passed up the graveled walk to the imposing front door, rung, and asked for Miss Haynes. But to Bud this would have been the rankest folly, a surrendering of himself into his enemy's hands; for to the mountaineer of Bud's type every stranger is, potentially, an enemy. Therefore, waiting until the dusk had deepened, he made a tour of inspection about the spacious grounds. Two of the buildings were dark and dead, but the third blazed with light from scores of windows, up-stairs and down, and upon this building Bud fixed his attention.

After noiselessly scaling the rear fence and dropping with a muffled thud into what proved to be a bed of young onions, he cautiously approached. At the last point of concealment, a lilac-bush in bloom, he paused. Two rods distant was the kitchen, evidently, where a huge negress presided over the biggest stove that Bud had ever seen—a many-holed stove that steamed and sputtered like a young locomotive. This was not especially interesting; but to the left was a long row of lace-curtained windows—some of them open—from which proceeded an incessant clink and clatter of dishes.

Bud shifted nearer, kneeling behind a rose-bush. He could now see a great many square tables, covered with a white cloth and glistening with silver. At each of the tables sat eight girls, clothed in white; while a number of other girls, in black dresses, with white aprons, moved swiftly about under trays piled high with dishes.

One of these girls in black and white was Johnny Haynes. There could be no manner of doubt about it, for she set her tray down not twenty feet from the prowler's bulging eyes. She came and went, came and went, between her tray and the table near-by, with her hands full of dishes. The girls whom she served chattered and laughed. But none of them seemed to see Johnny, though she was under their very noses, and Johnny seemed not to see them. Indeed, her face was hard and set. Then she left the room, returned in a few minutes with another big tray, and served another table.

When supper was over and the students had all left the room, Johnny and the other waitresses, who were big, foreign-looking girls, sat down and ate at a table in a corner. After they had finished, which was soon, they all set to work carrying out the soiled dishes, changing table-cloths, and mopping up the floor. Then the electric lights were snapped off.

Bud skulked back to the fence, shinned it, walked down-town, and bought himself a dime's worth of cheese and crackers. After eating half of this on a dry-goods box and stowing the rest away, he strolled about the streets for an hour uneasily, like a cock in a strange barn-yard.

Then, in spite of the fact that he had fifteen dollars in his pocket, he hunted up a haystack on the edge of the village, excavated a burrow, and crawled in. Not until this moment had he allowed himself even an exclamation over the amazing thing he had seen; but now he let out a long, fierce, resounding oath that might almost have betrayed his lodging to the owner of the stack.

A night of dreamless sleep failed to wipe entirely from his eyes the puzzlement of the night before. He rose at dawn, shook off the clinging straw by way of making a toilet, and breakfasted on the remains of his cheese and crackers, supplemented by a copious draft at the town pump. He then resumed his post in the rear of the academy.

Three hours passed without anything of interest turning up, although he heard breakfast being served, and regretted that daylight prevented his ta-

king another peep at Johnny, just by way of verification.

Finally two girls came out with a basket between them, and began hanging up clothes. Soon two more girls appeared with another basket, and began on a line which ended within six feet of Bud's head. One of this second pair of girls was Johnny, the spy discovered, in spite of her sunbonnet; and, as she worked closer and closer to him, he noted that her hands were red and that her forearm was thinner than it used to be. Now this same Bud had seen his own sister at the tail of a plow, on a piece of ground that tilted like a cellar-door; and he had seen it without a ripple of emotion. But at the sight before him, he softly cursed aloud.

The next trip, Johnny came out alone, with a smaller basket. This time she worked along the line until a clump of young magnolias screened her from the house. This was what Bud had been waiting for; he skinned over the fence like a squirrel, and dropped into view before her astonished eyes.

"Bud! Is it you, Bud Turner?" she asked fearfully, as if he might be a ghost.

When he laughed and stretched out his arms, she leaped into them with a little wail of joy. But almost as quickly she pushed herself free from his embrace, and fixed a startled eye upon him.

"What brought you away down here, Bud?" she demanded. "Is daddy sick? Oh, is daddy sick or dead? Tell me!"

"He ain't neither sick nor dead," answered the youth, slowly and somewhat resentfully. "I kim down of my own accord. I kim down here to ketch a peek of you dancin' with gov'nors and sich, and I find you waitin' on table, and scrubbin', and doin' washin' instead."

"Is it you, Bud Turner?"

Johnny turned white. In her joy over the sight of a face from home she had forgotten her basket, her clothes, her red hands, and all the insignia of meniality. But the next instant, with a rush of blood to her cheeks, she flung herself again upon Bud's breast and fastened her arms about his neck with the grip of despair.

"Oh, Bud, for the love of God, don't tell daddy! Don't, Buddy, don't!" she panted. "It would kill him—it would break his heart. If you love me, if you ever loved me, spare me that. I could

stand the humiliation for myself. I could go back home, even after those letters I wrote, and face down every sneer. But I couldn't bear daddy's shame and disappointment, when he thought he was doin' so much for me. The money he thought would be plenty to keep me in school wasn't near enough. At first I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go back home after daddy had set his heart on my comin' here, and I could see that Miss Ellison didn't want me to stay. She didn't even ask me to stay that night. So I went to a hotel. But I come back the next day and told her I *had* to go to school; that I'd pay what I could and work out the rest; that I'd wait on the table, or scrub, or wash, or do anything she said, and that I'd keep up in my class if I had to study all night. At first she still said no—that I wasn't far enough advanced to enter here. But finally she give in. And I *am* learnin', Bud. I *am* seein' what ladies are, and maybe some day, after all, just as daddy hopes, I shall be one myself. But you won't tell him what you've seen, Buddy, will you? You won't be cruel enough to put that shame on him and me, will you?"

"Then you lied about goin' to all them parties and balls?" asked the merciless youth.

"I—I set in a chair by the door and watched," she answered, with a shiver. "But you won't tell, will you?"

"An' you lied about dancin' with the gov'nor?"

"Yes—God forgive me!" She fell to sobbing. "It wasn't because I wanted to show off. It was because I wanted to please dad, and because I was so afraid that he'd think I was unhappy here. I never, never lied to him before. Oh, Buddy, don't tell him!"

He did not answer at once. A thought, a great thought, was rolling around in his ill-furnished brain-box.

"If I don't tell, Johnny, will you marry me?"

She gasped, as if douched with icy water.

"No!" Her chin quivered with scorn.

"Then I'll tell him."

She stood rigid for a moment. All appeal, all womanly supplication faded from her face; and instead there crept into her eyes a stealthy, tigerish look, awaiting its chance to strike. Then she stepped forward slowly, as lithely as any feline of the mountains.

"No, Bud Turner, you will not tell him. You—will—not—tell—him." Her voice sank to a velvety whisper, and her lips wreathed themselves in a wry smile—a smile that blanched the youth's face. "For if you do, I'll tell him you tried to force me into marriage. *He'll kill you, Bud Turner!*"

She backed away from him with animal caution, picked up her basket, and turned toward the house.

"Johnny! Johnny! Come back! I was jist a-foolin'. I ain't a-goin' to tell."

But Johnny came not back.

It was the second Tuesday following Bud's adventure in the lowland that Blueford Haynes searched in vain through the mail-pouch for Johnny's familiar blue envelope. In his absorption and disappointment, he twice passed over another envelope addressed to himself. It was of a shape and texture hitherto unknown in the Cloven Hoof post-office—long, slim, aristocratic, and embossed with tiny red letters, which Blueford's spectacles resolved into "Polofox Academy for Girls." A chill ran down his spine; for a moment he weakly studied the delicate superscription; then, inserting his big thumb under the unsealed end of the flap, he laid the enclosure open about as neatly as a polar bear could have done.

DEAR MR. HAYNES: This will inform you that your daughter is seriously, but *not* dangerously, ill. We feel, however, that your presence would be a source of comfort to her, and you are urged to come immediately. Last night one of our buildings was destroyed by fire, and Patricia, after heroically saving a number of lives, was badly burned herself.

Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH C. ELLISON.

"Boys," bellowed out Blueford, in a voice that fairly rattled the dishes on

the shelves, "Johnny was burned bad last night in a fire after savin' a number of lives, and I got to go to her at once." Whereupon he dashed his old hat down on the counter and started for his room on a gait between a limp and a cow-pace.

"Hold on!" yelled Jap Brouthers. "There ain't no train out of Eagle's before seven o'clock to-morrer mawnin'."

"I ain't goin' by Eagle's. I'm a-goin' to drive to Rapids City and ketch a train there."

As Rapids City was fifty miles away, and no one in the Pass knew anything about the railroad's schedule, Blueford was finally persuaded to wait till morning, and go by way of Eagle's, which would necessitate a drive of only fifteen miles. However, he insisted on repairing to his room. Twenty minutes later he reappeared, carpet-bag in hand, new hat just out of stock on his head, and wearing a long-tailed black coat creased like elephant hide and lacking four inches of buttoning across his rotund chest.

"Good Lord, Blue! What'd you dress so soon fur?" demanded Jap Brouthers.

"Jap, I know a thing or two about travelin', which I reckon you don't," answered Blue rather testily. "I wanted to have everything handy in the mawnin', and the best way to do that was to pack and dress now."

He looked at his watch. It was just fourteen hours before he would leave the Pass for Eagle's, seventeen before he would leave Eagle's, and twenty-three before he could reach Marysville. He tramped the store the rest of the day like a caged beast, but night finally fell.

At eight o'clock, Lucius Brant, who had volunteered to remain at the store and drive Blueford over to the station in the morning, turned in. Blueford himself did not go to bed at all. He merely dozed in his chair by the fire without removing so much as his hat, and looked at his watch every thirty minutes.

At length the crawling hand reached figure four on the dial; he called Lucius; and two hours later found himself in the cold, fireless little waiting-room at Eagle's—the same room in which he and Johnny had waited, some eight months before. It yet lacked an hour till train-time; and in his pacings to and fro, hands behind his back, his eye was finally attracted by a picture in a newspaper on the floor. He picked the sheet up, and almost the first word he caught was "Polofox." He put on his glasses, began to read, and forgot everything else.

The correspondent reached the climax of his hysterical account when he portrayed Miss Patricia Haynes carrying one fainting girl after another down the steep valley of the roof, saving herself from a fatally swift descent by a trick requiring the skill and strength of an athlete, and turning her human freight over to a fireman at the top of a ladder. He told how, finally, she had gone back for the eighth and last girl in the attic; how, owing to the progress of the fire by this time, she had lost her way in the smoke and flames, had fallen, arisen, fallen again, arisen again and staggered on, until finally, amid the huzzas of the crowd below, she emerged from the trap in the roof with the precious object of her search in her arms.

The father's eyes glistened as he read. There was nothing hysterical about the account to him, for his emotions outran the writer's. Then came the anticlimax:

> Who was this nineteenth-century heroine, this modern Joan of Arc? A girl from the mountains, a daughter of one of our despised mountaineers—illiterate, but eager to learn; a sort of a charity pupil at the academy, half paying, half working her way through school by waiting on table, washing, scrubbing, doing anything that came to her hand, and conning her lessons in the small hours of the night. She had taken no part in the festivities; she was merely a spectator in an obscure corner, clad in a simple frock, and possibly dreaming of some day threading the mazes of the waltz to the witchery of music. But wait till the dread cry of "Fire!" is sounded. The pampered children of wealth shriek and faint; even the teachers lose their heads. But this girl arises without fear, calmly assumes the leadership of the panic-stricken crowd, and proves that be-

neath her plain clothes the heart of a heroine beats.

There was still more. But Blueford Haynes had read enough, more than enough. His proud heart was sick within him. He tore the paper to tiny bits, and through the six hours' journey he sat as one in a dream, staring with unseeing eyes at the flying landscape. Just once he spoke, in a burning whisper: "Charity!" He clenched

The eighth and last girl.

his fists and ground his teeth like a horse and wept like a woman.

The day before he had rehearsed several little speeches with which to greet the principal of Polofox Academy, in order that he might in no way mar the good impression which his daughter had made. But to-day, with all such trivialities fallen from him, and his shyness as well, he stalked up to the front door of the academy like a grenadier, half yanked the bell-pull out by the roots, and announced, in no low voice, to the elegant Miss Ellison:

"Madam, my name is Blueford Haynes. Take me to my child!"

And Miss Ellison, who had questioned the propriety of admitting a mountainer by the front door, especially should his boots prove muddy, answered "Yes, sir," as meekly as one of the little black dish-washers in the kitchen.

In her plain little room, and on her little single bed—that iron bed of which she had boasted, without telling that most of the white enamel was gone—lay Johnny. Both hands and both forearms were swathed in bandages. A broad bandage passed under her chin, up one cheek, across her dark hair, and down the other cheek to the chin again. A third bandage crossed her forehead, giving her, with her closed eyes and marble face, a sainted, nunlike look. Blueford, steeled against any undue emotion, drove his nails into his palms. Then he stooped, and gently, very gently, kissed her.

She opened her eyes, and, after a momentary vacancy of gaze, gave a faint cry of joy. "Oh, daddy, I dreamt that you would come!"

Blueford waited until the thing inside of him had swelled to its maximum and begun to subside. "Yes, I've come to take you home, baby—just as soon as you kin be moved."

"Home! Home, daddy?"

"Yes, home."

Her eyes filled, and she crossed her poor swaddled hands over her heart.

It was the middle of July. The summer apple-tree on the slope back of the store was beginning to stoop under its luscious burden. A yellow warbler, across the road, flung out his thin, wiry song from the tip of a young sassafras. Johnny and her father sat on the front porch—he in his rocker, smoking; she on the edge of the floor, with a fish-pole lying in the grass at her feet. No reminder of her fiery ordeal at Polofox was left save a scar across her left temple, which, so far from marring her beauty, gave it a touch of piquancy.

"Johnny," began Blueford slowly,

after a long silence, "I reckon we might as well face the music. Do you want to go back to Marysville in the fall?"

"If you want me to, dad."

"You still feel as if it was makin' a better woman out of you?"

"Yes, sir." Her reluctance was evident to as unobservant a man as her father.

"Baby," he continued fondly, "sometimes I think you're as much of a lady right now as was ever born. Sometimes I wonder if I ain't been tryin' to boost you higher than you could stick. On the other hand, when I think of your future, if you stay here; of the kind of a man you'll have to marry, if you marry at all, I flop over to the other side. Then, again, when I think how poor I am, how little you have to git along on at school, I flop back again. So I keep a-floppin'. But two days ago a letter come that has kind of changed the face of things. I didn't tell you about it, because there was something I wanted to study out."

"What?" asked Johnny.

"I'll tell you after I read the letter," said he, drawing it from his pocket. "It's from Miss Ellison, and here's what she says:

"It is my great pleasure to inform you that the board of trustees of Polofox Academy have, in recognition of your daughter's heroism last April, and as a partial compensation therefor, voted her a free scholarship in this institution, the same to include board, the choicest room in the dormitory, and every privilege that the school affords. With hearty congratulations for you and Miss Patricia, I am——"

He refolded the letter and returned it to his pocket.

Johnny's face glowed during the reading. It was a tribute which would have stirred an anchorite's pride. Then her face again became neutral.

"Now tell me what you was studyin' about."

"First, whether or not that was charity. I decided it wasn't. Second, whether I could afford to sell out here, and open up a store in Marysville."

"And what did you decide?" she demanded, with bated breath.

"That I could punch out a livin' for us, somehow, even if I was a back number."

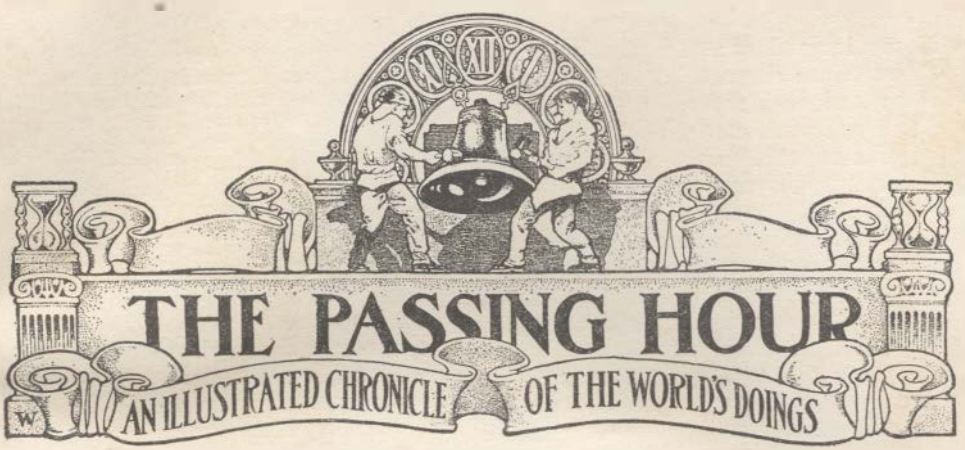
Johnny leaped into his lap at a single bound and sent his pipe clattering to the floor.

"Dad, you're the sweetest man on earth!"

Attainment

WHO prays for wisdom ere his prayer is done
Hath got it answered, and his wish is won;
For naught in wisdom can much higher rise
Than the ambition to be truly wise.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



The Sheridan Statue.

A foreigner, ignorant of the facts, might be led to believe from the sight of the public monuments at the capital that this nation has produced no great men, aside from its soldiers. Washington is fairly crowded with military statuary, nine-tenths of it representing generals who took part in the Civil War. The city is said to contain more equestrian statues than the aggregate number to be found in all the cities of Europe. But, apart from numerical superiority, they do not afford much ground for pride. As works of art the majority of them are trite and commonplace. A notable exception, however, is the heroic statue of Sheridan, by Gutzon Borglum, which was recently unveiled with much ceremony. There is no finer piece of statuary in the capital. It is replete with spirited action. The sculptor has depicted the general at the dramatic moment when, after the dashing ride which has been described in song and story, he came upon the disorganized troops at Winchester and checked the rout. The famous charger, Rienzi, is reined in with a strong hand across the roadway, while Sheridan, half turned in the saddle, faces the leaders of the flight.

The unveiling was rendered especially interesting by the presence of the celebrated cavalry leader's son and a number of veterans who had belonged to his command. As the sheet was withdrawn, revealing the statue, one of the latter cried excitedly: "That's him! That's 'Little Phil' to a dot!"

A Society Leader.

The death of Mrs. Astor deprives New York society of a leader who was acknowledged by foreigners as well as Americans to be without a peer in her sphere of usefulness. Such an office as that until lately filled by the domestic chief of the house of Astor is in reality a necessity, and especially so in the society of this country which does not include hereditary rank. Mrs. Astor's undisputed tenure of the position and the marked success with which she performed its difficult duties were due not to her great wealth so much as to her personal qualities. She was a lady of the most kindly disposition and infinite tact; qualities which, by the way, are the natural complements of each other. It was her special pleasure to make smooth and easy the pathway of young girls entering society, and many an awkward and bashful débutante has been saved a world of trouble by the motherly guidance and encouragement of the genial head of New York's "four hundred." Mrs. Astor was always ready to expedite "the course of true love," but she was not a matchmaker or a busybody. Her tastes were simple and her disposition charitable, and she had democratic characteristics which her son inherited and has retained.

John Jacob Astor—or Jack Astor, as he is called by his acquaintances—has

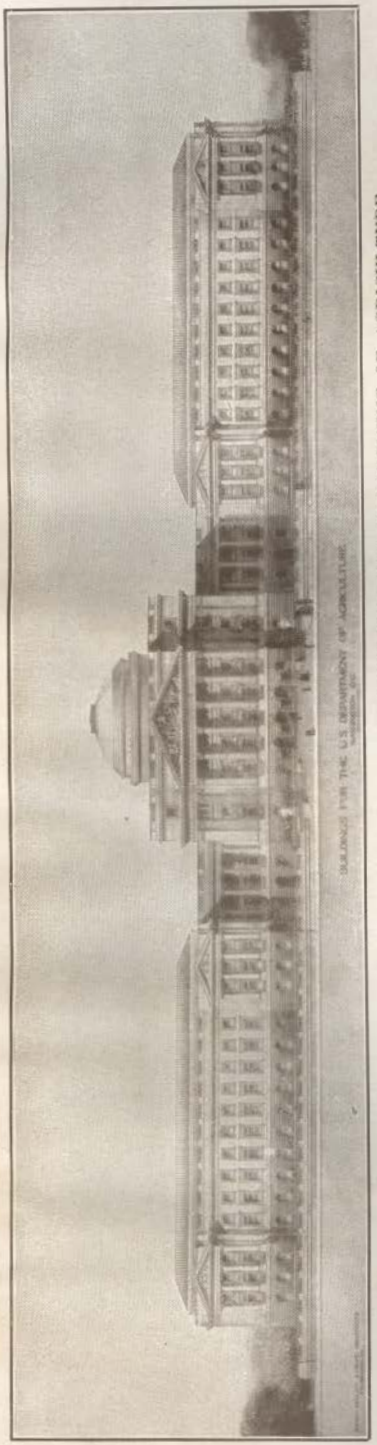
THE FORMER BUILDING OF THE BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE, IN WASHINGTON—A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE NEW BUILDING RECENTLY ERECTED.

charge of the family estates and does a fair share of work. He lives sanely and after the manner of a gentleman, spending but a small fraction of his income upon his personal needs and pleasures. Colonel Astor—to give him his military title—presented the government with a fully equipped mountain-battery for service in the war against Spain. He took part in the campaign in Cuba, doing duty on the staff of General Shafter. Colonel Astor has given evidence of some literary ability and of not a little mechanical genius. He is the inventor of several practical appliances and of some machines in extensive use, including a pneumatic road-improver and a turbine engine.

Uncle Sam, Builder.

One after another the various departments of our government are outgrowing their quarters. Even the more recent buildings are found to be inadequate to the expansion of Uncle Sam's business. In late years Congress has shown an inclination to disregard the interests of private property owners in Washington, who have grown rich by charging exorbitant rents for accommodating government bureaus

KIL-SO-QUAH,
Indian Princess, granddaughter of the famous chieftain, Little Turtle.



THE MAGNIFICENT NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

with offices. That species of graft is passing, with most others, out of the conduct of Federal affairs. The irreparable loss which ensued from the recent fire in the Geological Survey, one of a number of bureaus that have been housed in rented buildings lacking safety vaults, has accentuated the need for the government owning suitable structures. The last Congress has appropriated large sums for this purpose, and the plans embrace the accommodation of all the branches of the administrative machinery. Two annexes—ugly but commodious—have been added to the Capitol, the district offices have been placed in a fine building on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Agricultural Department has been moved into a magnificent edifice on the mall.

The last-named is the most handsome building in the possession of the government, and Secretary Wilson's force moved into it from the most modest public building in Washington. The contrast between these two structures is strikingly illustrative of the great growth of our country and its affairs in the past half century. The homely offices which have just been vacated were constructed in 1867 at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, a sum at that time considered a liberal expenditure for the purpose. The design, which gave the appearance of a family mansion, appealed strongly to the Congressmen of the period on that account. General Horace Capron, an appointee of President Johnson, was then commissioner of agriculture. The department was not raised to the first rank until 1889, although its work had attracted the attention of the world long before that date. But Congressmen regarded it mainly as an agency for conferring small favors on their constituents by the distribution of seeds. It is hardly necessary to state that now our Department of Agriculture exceeds that of any other country in volume of business and in the quality of its work.

A Royal Subject of Uncle Sam.

It is believed that the only Indian in whose veins flows pure royal blood is

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph taken in the sixties.

Kil-so-quah, granddaughter of the famous chieftain, Little Turtle. He was the head of the great Miami tribe which in the eighteenth century occupied the country lying about the lower ends of the Great Lakes. Contrary to general belief, the Indians of that time almost invariably proved themselves superior to the whites in the guerrilla warfare that was constantly carried on in the border country. Little Turtle was victorious in all of the many fights in which he led his braves until he met "Mad Anthony" at the great battle of Fallen Timbers, near the present site of Fort Wayne, and suffered a severe defeat.

In the Miamis our pioneer settlers found the chief opposition to their possession of Kentucky. Boone was captured by a band of the tribe and regularly adopted under the name of Sheltowee, or Big Turtle. Kil-so-quah was twelve years of age at the time of Boone's death in 1820, and in her childhood often heard tales of the wonderful prowess of the daring frontiersman for whom her people entertained greater respect than for any other white man. The old Indian woman of royal descent is a hospitable and homely dame, on the

MRS. GERTRUDE WIMAN,

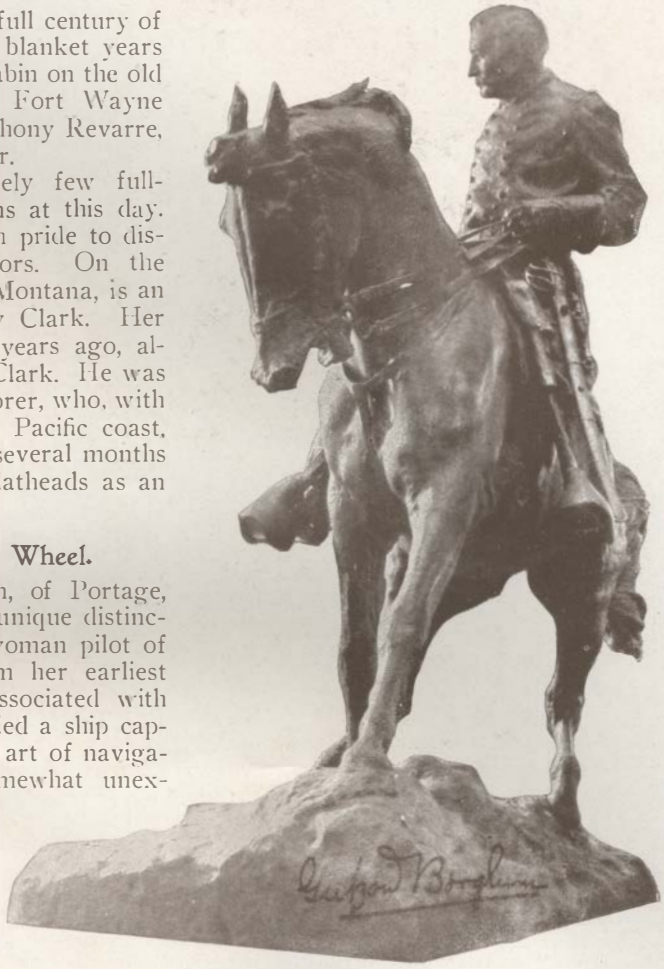
The only woman pilot of the Pacific coast.

verge of rounding out a full century of life. She discarded the blanket years ago and lives in a little cabin on the old Indian reservation near Fort Wayne with her farmer son, Anthony Revarre, who is in his sixtieth year.

There are comparatively few full-bloods among the Indians at this day. Many of them point with pride to distinguished white ancestors. On the Flathead reservation, in Montana, is an old woman named Mary Clark. Her father, who died a few years ago, always called himself Me-Clark. He was a son of the famous explorer, who, with Lewis, penetrated to the Pacific coast, and on his return spent several months in the country of the Flatheads as an honored guest.

A Woman at the Wheel.

Mrs. Gertrude Wiman, of Portage, Washington, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman pilot of the Pacific coast. From her earliest years she has been associated with steamboat life, and married a ship captain, who taught her the art of navigation. This had the somewhat unexpected effect of creating a desire to put her knowledge to practical account. She presented herself, among many male applicants, to the United States inspectors for examination, and passed with flying colors, receiving her pilot's papers. Indeed, save in the respect of physical strength, she qualified as well as any of the candidates, one of the examining board testifying that "she knows the sound as well as any man."



HEROIC STATUE OF SHERIDAN, BY GUTZON BORGLUM, RECENTLY UNVEILED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the pilot-house, dressed in her natty reefer jacket and yachting-cap, Mrs. Wiman presents a picture that would inspire an artist. She is a handsome blonde, with large brown eyes, clear-cut features, and wavy golden hair. But there is nothing feminine about the way in which she performs her difficult duties. At the wheel she is as businesslike as the sternest old salt. At home the womanly side of her character is given full sway, and no one would suspect the masculine calling of the mistress of "Laurelwood," with her pronounced domestic tastes. Mrs. Wiman finds her time ashore fully occupied with attention to her little son, entertaining her many friends, cultivating her flower garden, and looking after her chickens.

The Greatest Piano Teacher In the World

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF LESCHETIZKY

By Allan W. Gernert

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS LOANED BY MRS. AGNES OSBORNE, NEW YORK

THEODOR LESCHETIZKY.

IF there be any living name in the world of art that will "start a spirit," it is that of Theodor Leschetizky, the celebrated teacher of the piano, of Vienna. Like Chopin, and many others who have achieved world-wide fame in one form or another of the pianist's art, Leschetizky was born in Poland, the date of his birth being June 22, 1830. He is therefore now in his seventy-ninth year, and, although less occupied than formerly with the work of his famous school, relying largely upon trained assistants, he still gives several hours each day to a few of the more promising students. And this work he pursues with boyish enthusiasm and love. He is almost never ill, and is apparently as robust to-day as at any time during his remarkable career.

While he has composed to some extent for the piano, and appeared as a performer with success in Vienna and other Continental cities, Leschetizky's principal claim to distinction rests upon the results of his work as an instructor. In this particular field he holds a unique position, being regarded in Europe, in America, in Australia—in fact, wherever the piano is cultivated—as the supreme master under whom only the highest development and perfection are attained, and to whom, therefore, all aspiring talent must eventually go. Hardly a great pianist visits our shores to-day who has not at some time or another in his career studied under this great teacher. Paderewski, Rosenthal, De Pachmann, Gabrilowitsch, Mark Hambourg, Katharine Goodson, and Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler were all pupils of Leschetizky, whose genius and long years of experience alone could have developed and modeled such a marvelous array of virtuosi.

Seldom do artists begin life under circumstances more favorable to building the foundations for a great career than we find in the case of Leschetizky, whose father, a Bohemian, was himself an accomplished musician, and who, at the time of the birth of his more famous son, had charge of the music at Lancut Castle, where lived the royal Polish family of Potocka. Here, at the age of five, Leschetizky began the study of the piano, and under the rigid discipline of his father was compelled to practise two hours daily. In four years, having made phenomenal progress, he was ready to appear in public. He won an immediate and brilliant success, and was soon everywhere heralded and received as a "child wonder."

In 1840 the Leschetizkys moved to Vienna, where Theodor was put under

Czerny, whose school was then the most celebrated in Europe. Among its pupils were Liszt, Thalberg, Hiller, and many others who became great pianists. It is of interest to note that Czerny, a virtuoso himself, had been a pupil of Clementi, the most famous teacher of the previous generation, and the first to compose especially for the piano, so that Leschetizky took into his blood the best traditions of these two great schools, and has improved and builded upon them until today the principles of the "Leschetizky Method," as it is called, are everywhere taught and recognized.

LESCHETIZKY WITH SEVERAL OF HIS PUPILS. AT HIS RIGHT IS KATHERINE GOODSON, THE NOTED ENGLISH PIANIST.

It was during this period, in 1842, that Leschetizky met the Rubinsteins, who had come to Vienna, and his acquaintance with Anton soon developed into a warm friendship. Although this intimacy was opposed by Theodor's mother, who could see no good in it because of Anton's rough language and disposition to borrow money, the relationship was to be fully justified by subsequent events. Rubinstein, only thirteen years of age at the time, was already the possessor of a masterful technique, and his playing in other respects was altogether inspiring and helpful to the ambitious young student of the piano. Leschetizky has always been fond of recalling his relations with this great artist, who had "a magic all his own—an art learned from no man," ranking the association, justly, no doubt, as among the most valued of his entire career.

He began early to compose, his first critic being Donizetti, who, at this time, was also in Vienna, directing a troupe of Italian opera-singers.

"He was kind enough," says Leschetizky, "to be judge of my immature efforts at composition, and his criticism and encouragement were of the greatest value to me. The slightest praise from him made me exuberantly happy and ambitious to deserve more."

While his two principal works along this line of artistic endeavor—the operas "Die Brüder von San Marco" and "Die Erste Falte" have not won permanent favor with operatic impresarios, they were, nevertheless, produced with success in several Continental cities, the last named finally in Vienna under the baton of the great Richter. He has, however, secured an honorable and lasting place as a composer of pianoforte studies, which, when well played, are full of piquant charm and bring out all the refinements and graces of the pianist's art.

Schulhoff, the piano virtuoso, who had already won much praise in Paris, visited Vienna during this period, and his playing proved a revelation to Leschetizky, and formed, in fact, an epoch in his career. It was at an evening salon, given by Dessauer, the composer, in honor of the visiting artist. Referring to the occasion, which was attended by a brilliant company of musicians, actors, critics, diplomats, financiers, and men of letters, Leschetisky says:

"After trying the piano and preluding a little, Schulhoff began a com-

position of his own, 'Le Chant du Berger.' Under his hands the piano seemed like another instrument. My heart overflowed as I listened. Not a note escaped me. Such *cantabile* playing I had not dreamed possible on the piano, a human voice rising above the sustaining harmonies. I could hear the shepherd sing, and see him. He had finished and had awakened no response. They were all so accustomed to brilliant technical display that the pure beauty of the composition and the interpretation were not appreciated. Dessauer, coming toward me, a slight sneer on his face, asked me what I thought of it. Still very much moved, I answered: 'It is the playing of the future.' Then they asked me to play, and my brilliant execution resulted in a real triumph, but I felt a great poverty of soul in myself and detested my own success. Overwhelmed with a sense of inadequacy and unable to contain myself, I fled to the farthest room and burst into tears. From that day I tried to find

that touch. I thought of it constantly and tried to find the method of its production. I practised incessantly, sometimes even on the table-top, striving to attain firm finger-tips and a light wrist. I kept that beautiful sound well in my mind, and it made the dryest work interesting. I played only exercises, abandoning all kinds of pieces, and when my mother advised me to go back to them I only answered: '*It* is not ready. I shall not have *it* for three months.' In the meantime Schulhoff had conquered Vienna. Heard in a larger hall, his playing produced the proper effect. At the end of three months I went back to my work feeling less discouraged. I had attained the desired result."

And so, with indefatigable energy, Leschetizky always works, accomplishing any task however difficult upon which he once sets his heart.

After a few years of teaching in Vienna, which he began at the age of fourteen, he went, in 1852, to St. Petersburg, where he appeared before Nicholas I. Already famous, this honor gave him great additional prestige, and, later, when Anton Rubinstein desired a temporary substitute for his place as concert master to the court of the Grand Duchess Helen, sister of the Emperor Nicholas, he called upon Leschetizky, whom he had known as a boy in Vienna. This led, in 1862, to a connection with the newly founded St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, of which Rubinstein was director. Two years later he visited England, appearing with tremendous success with the late Joachim, the world-famous violinist, who died recently.

MADAME LESCHETIZKY.

In 1878, after twenty-six years of absence, Leschetizky's heart again yearned for the warm, musical atmosphere of Vienna, where Mozart and Schubert and Beethoven had lived and created their immortal works, and where were now living Brahms, Brückner, Goldmark, Johann Strauss, and many other great artists and composers whose names were famous throughout Europe. All the great virtuosi had appeared in Vienna at some time or another—Schumann, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Liszt, and Chopin—so that her musical traditions were, as they still remain, of the most inspiring nature.

It was in such an atmosphere, and amid such associations, that Leschetizky's genius was to find its fullest opportunity for development, and how, with his tremendous capacity for work and high mental equipment, he has advanced the cause of art now all the world knows. Directly and indirectly probably no living man has accomplished more; for in art

no less than in the busy marts of trade it is results which tell.

Leschetizky is famous as a raconteur, and the stories he tells, in his inimitable style, of the artists and musicians whom he has met from time to time, are extremely witty and interesting. Among his friends during his residence in St. Petersburg was one Engel, a pianist, who had many pupils belonging to the bourgeois classes. One of Engel's experiences Leschetiszy is particularly fond of relating on occasion. A Russian Jew called upon Engel with his daughter to arrange for lessons, and upon inquiring the price was informed they would cost five rubles. "Five rubles!" exclaimed the portly merchant, greatly chagrined. "Five is a great deal. I will tell you what can be done. My daughter will never be an artist—teach her for three. She need not learn to play on the black keys." Whereupon Engel went to the piano and played the Chopin study in G flat, known as the "Black Key" study. The thrifty, bargaining merchant listened with intense interest. At the close he cried: "The devil take the two rubles! She also shall learn to play on the black keys."

Some amusing stories, too, are told of Leschetizky, whose comic spirit is one of the predominating features of his character. It is well known that he is a man of strong likes and dislikes. When Gebhard, the Boston pianist, a dozen or so years ago, went to Vienna to study with him he wore his hair long, a habit much affected at that time by the aspiring young artist. So greatly did his general appearance annoy the professor that at the end of the first lesson Gebhard received instructions to go and have his hair cut short. Although loath to part with his locks, the young pianist, nevertheless, obeyed, and turned up at the next lesson with his hair cut in the conventional way. Still Leschetizky was not satisfied. "There is something about you that I *don't like!*" cried the professor. "Your ears are too long. Have them cut off and let your hair grow again!" While it is not on record that Gebhard complied with the professor's last injunction, the episode was not to be without beneficial results. Gebhard's mania for long hair, with that of many another young pupil in the school, was cured forever.

Another amusing story, showing Leschetizky's aversion to reticence and lack of enthusiasm, is told about a young lady who came to him for instruction from the "backwoods of America." Most pupils, when meeting the professor for the first time, are full of excitement and enthusiasm, which they show plainly by their manner and speech. On this occasion, however, the pupil said not a word, but rather waited for the professor to begin the conversation. But he, too, remained silent, and so for some little time they gaped at one another in utter amazement. Finally Leschetizky placed a sheet of music on the piano, and, by a gesture, indicated that he would like to see what she could do. When the poor, frightened young American had finished the great master looked at her sadly and said:

"What language do you speak? English not. German not. Music not. *What language do you speak?*"

It would not be possible within the limits of a magazine article to give any satisfactory exposition of the principles which go to make up the "Leschetizky Method," so called, for Leschetizky himself, according to his biographer and pupil, Annette Hullah, objects to the term. The best that can be done is merely to outline a few of its more essential features. He is quoted as saying:

"I have no technical method. There are certain ways of producing certain effects, and I have found those which succeed best; but I have no iron rules. How is it possible one should have them? One pupil needs this, another that; the hand of each differs; the brain of each differs. There can be no rule. I am a doctor to whom my pupils come as patients, and the remedy must vary in each case."

Leschetizky cannot abide the poseur. "Sit at the piano," he says, "unconstrained and erect, like a good horse-

man on his horse, and yield to the movements of the arms as far as necessary, as the rider yields to the movements of his horse."

He will not countenance in his pupils star-gazing or a rhythmic swaying back and forth while playing. The true artist will always be able to express himself fully through his fingers, and will captivate his audience, not because of these inane movements, but in spite of them. A natural inborn conception of poetic form in music and a highly trained technique, gained only by years of hard work, are essentials in the equipment of a virtuoso, and in displaying these rare possessions superfluous movements serve only to weaken the effect rather than otherwise. Virility in performance would seem to be, then, one of the important principles of his method, as without it no really strong appeal can be made.

The qualities which have brought Leschetizky into unrivaled fame as a teacher are not far to seek. They are found in his intense love for his art and the wonderful enthusiasm which he imparts to all his work in connection with it. He is at his best when instructing pupils who are themselves of this mold, and for these there is nothing he will not do. The others he drops like a hot brick, feeling, no doubt, that his vast experience and knowledge should only be expended upon talent which promises unusual things for the future.

All of Leschetizky's teaching seems to revolve upon the one great principle of concentration. In this connection he says:

"Decide exactly what it is you want to do in the first place; then how you will do it; then play it. Stop and think if you have played it the way you meant to do. Without concentration, remember, you can do nothing. The brain must guide the fingers, not the fingers the brain."

The following rules, attributed to Leschetizky, will be of interest to the student reader as showing how the mind of the great master works:

To make an effective *accelerando* you must glide into rapidity as steadily as a train increases its speed when steaming out of a station.

Teach yourself to make a *rallentando* evenly by watching the drops of water cease as you turn off a tap.

Your fingers are like capering horses, spirited and willing, but ignorant of where to go without a guide. Put on your bridle and curb them in till they learn to obey you, or they will not serve you well.

If you are going to play a scale, place your hand in readiness on the keyboard in the same position you would if you were going to write a letter—or take a pinch of snuff.

If you want to develop strength and sensitiveness in the tips of your fingers, use them in every-day life. For instance, when you go out for a walk hold your umbrella with the tips of your fingers instead of in the palm of your hand.

Practise your technical exercises upon a cushion or upon a table. You do not always need a piano to strengthen your muscles.

Practise at the piano should not be an unreflective rattling-off of exercises by the hour or by the number of repetitions. To bear fruit it must be the simultaneous training of head and hand.

While at the piano think of nothing but what you are playing. Thought is like reins for the fingers, to keep them in the right road.

Leschetizky's interests, apart from music, are broad and wholesome. Not only in Vienna, but during his extensive travels in Europe, he has enjoyed all his life long the associations of many of the leading men of his time. He is a connoisseur of painting, sculpture, and poetry, and, in fact, takes keen delight in all the higher arts of life. Nor are his mental activities and attainments confined alone to artistic lines. He is equally well versed in religion, in history, in politics, in zoology, being a great lover of animals; and, to an extent surprising in one whose time is so occupied with the duties of his profession, in all the vital topics of the day. And thus, by his tremendous energy and power of assimilation, together with the remarkably well-developed natural gift he has of drawing in a practical way when occasion requires upon his vast storehouse of knowledge, he has gradually achieved in life a place of the highest intellectual order and authority.

Although highly sensitive himself, and possessed of a nature essentially sympathetic, Leschetizky never accords a word of praise that is not justly deserved. His pupils understand this, and it impels them to the best efforts of which they are capable; and when the word of approval does come, if it comes at all, it is pregnant in the highest degree with sincerity and inspiration.

Many stories are told of his severity as a master. He probably feels, as *Hamlet* did toward his queen-mother, that he "must be cruel only to be kind"; for in his big heart he loves his pupils and they worship him in return.

Not long ago a young American pianist appeared at one of the fortnightly musicales dressed in a light summer suit. He had prepared for the occasion a concerto, to be performed with Leschetizky. The professor was so incensed at his dress that he played fast and out of time, and did everything he could to cause the offender to break down. Suddenly he stopped playing altogether, rose to his feet, and denounced the young pianist in scathing terms before the assembled company. His pupils must understand once and for all, he said vehemently, that they are not to appear in the presence of his guests in such attire. When, however, he learned that his pupil was poor, with scarcely enough money to pursue his art, he was sorry for what he had done, and shortly afterward the young artist was the recipient of a package containing a fine suit of evening clothes. No card was enclosed, but everybody knew they had been sent by Leschetizky.

And frequently, in some such way, the generosity of his character has come to the surface.

Madame Katharine Goodson, the noted English pianist, had an experience with Leschetizky that is worth recording. She had played the Tchaikovsky concerto at one of Leschetizky's receptions, and when she had concluded the lesson of the following day she placed the fee for her instruction on the piano, in compliance with the usual custom with European teachers. Instead of taking the envelope containing the fee, the great teacher surprised Madame Goodson by tendering it to her with the remark: "No, my child, I cannot take any more from you; your playing of the Tchaikovsky concerto yesterday quite astounded me. Come to me whenever you like; I am quite at your service."

He has even been known to extend financial aid to other than his own pupils, and, in some instances, to those engaged in fields of artistic labor entirely foreign to the one in which he is the paramount force. It is a sin, according to Leschetizky's creed, to allow budding genius, giving promise of something really great in the world of art, to wither up and die.

And in order fully to realize and appreciate the value to the world of living up to such a creed, we have only to recall that the genius of Wagner was first recognized by King Ludwig II., of Bavaria, who supplied the financial aid by means of which alone this great composer was enabled to pursue his art with results so well known to all the world; and an eminent German critic, recently writing on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wagner's death, in the Berlin *Tagblatt,* asserts him to have been "the greatest cultural force Germany has had since Goethe."

The writer recently had the rare pleasure of being present at one of the "fortnightlies" held regularly at the home of Leschetizky during the school year. These musicales are always full of interest and are attended principally by the pupils of the Leschetizky school and their friends, making up a company of upward of two hundred people. Of course, now and then a tourist will "butt in," particularly if he be an American seeking change and diversion from the busy life. The way to do it is to go to the Café de l'Europe, just opposite old St. Stephens, about five in the afternoon, and when you have been served with a copy of the *Herald*—the waiter without instructions is sure to annoy you with the financial section, seeing by your boots that you hail from the "States"—a cig-

arette and a cup of that delicious coffee, which is to be had only in Vienna, ask the first long-haired individual who drops down at your table if he knows Leschetizky.

"Why, of course," he is sure to reply, "everybody knows Leschetizky. Would you like to see him?"

"Certainement," you will answer, speaking French *un peu,* "why not? This idea of roaming around Europe only to see her great dead as portrayed in oil or stone or bronze is a highly bizarre notion. We know something about Leschetizky and we want to see him as he walks and talks and breathes the circumambient air. One cup of inspiration drawn from the living fount is worth two from the bronze. We are sure it will be more satisfactory to Leschetizky to have us see him now than to wait a few years hence until the city puts him up in monumental form perhaps down in the Graben, where we saw Mozart only this morning."

A little line of enthusiasm something like this will make a Viennese warm to you at once.

"Sehr gut! Take this card and call around at my chambers to-morrow morning, and I shall be most happy to give you a note of entrée to the Leschetizky 'fortnightly,' which, fortunately for you, occurs to-morrow evening. He is fond of having Americans attend these recitals, and I am sure you will have a good time and a cordial welcome."

It was so. Madame Leschetizky proved a most gracious and charming hostess, introducing us around, and finally to the great professor himself, who, upon being informed that we had traveled all the way from New York to see him, made a low and joyful bow.

At those recitals only the best and most advanced pupils are put on the program. While the professor himself does not play, he takes an active part in the entertainment, his opening as well as his introductory remarks always being fraught with genial and clever witticisms which never fail to interest and enliven the spirits of the assembly. His piano is ranged alongside that of the pupil. He has the music before him, and while the pupil is playing, he sits at his piano, straight as a stick, listening intently to every note. Only once or twice during the entire program of ten numbers, including the most difficult compositions from the works of Chopin, Liszt, and Tchaikovsky, did a pupil forget, but when the emergency arose the professor's hand went to the keyboard like a flash, a single bar sufficing to enable the performer to take up the thread and continue with scarcely a perceptible hesitation.

Now and then, for the purpose of future criticism, he would make a pencil notation on the music to indicate faults in expression, pedaling, phrasing, or otherwise. During the performance by a young Englishman of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" he was kept particularly busy chalking up faults, reminding us a good deal of *Beckmesser,* the critical old musician who chalks up the mistakes in "The Meistersinger." At the labored conclusion Leschetizky quickly, but in the best good humor, turned upon the youth and gave him the most comical, sarcastic, and expressive laugh imaginable, as if to say: "Well, you murdered that, didn't you?"

Uncontrollably it seemed would the professor's own feelings be reflected by his manner, his countenance at one time remaining perfectly immobile, at another lighting up with infectious joy. And once, so ravished and completely satisfied were his artistic sensibilities that he seized the pupil, a Russian boy, and, drawing him to his side, kissed him fondly on the forehead.

Leschetizky's home, in Carl Ludwig Strasse, where the fortnightlies are given, is by no means pretentious. It is built of stone, and is conspicuous from the fact that it has a large, square tower. The interior decorations are simple and severe, like the man, with only here and there a rare bit of tapestry, a painting, or a bust of some great composer, including one of the professor himself, the gift of an admiring sculptor.

AN IDYLL of ST. ROCH'S

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

NOW this," said Dalmartin to himself, "must be St. Roch's." He stopped before the open gate of the high-walled enclosure and looked in with an appreciative conjecture. Against the brilliant blue of a young April sky the little chapel showed an almost lucent clearness of outline. Green trees, green with the sharp, bright coloring of a Southern spring, feathered behind the tawny walls, and green new grass spread vivid spaces of life and youth between the graves. About the foot of the crucifix, that reared its symbolic agony midway of the central path, a riot of daffodils grew, their gold cups tossing at the mercy of a little wayward April wind.

Dalmartin settled his eye-glasses with the long, nervous fingers of a capable hand, and squinted approval.

"Nice color," he murmured, raking the scene with a glance, "delightful paradox—daffodils and graves—sunshine and crucifix—think I'll go in."

Having come a somewhat lengthy and toilsome way from the heart of the city with that sole object in view, it was not extraordinary that he should, and presently he did, casting experienced glances about him for the custodian of the little chapel and the customary itching palm. However, no one appeared. A flock of sparrows squabbled vivaciously upon the path, and before a new tomb, a woman, all in black, knelt, fastening a corpulent cabbage of a nosegay firmly into a fat white vase. The flowers were red and purple, roses and violets, and Dalmartin watched her a moment interestedly, murmuring to himself with a quizzical twist of his ugly, pleasant mouth:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled."

But the woman turned her head as if conscious of an alien gaze, and Dalmartin went on down the path, swinging his stick idly, his eyes on the chapel walls cut sharp and golden against the jewel-blue of the sky.

The chapel was very quiet. It was one small, open room, fronting the graves, with an altar in its dim perspective, and before the chancel hard wooden benches, upon which the supplicants knelt, and were, perhaps, therefore the warmer in their supplications.

Dalmartin dropped into a seat in the nearest, darkest corner, removing his hat, and thereby displaying the thinning glory of a thatch of ruddy bronze. He had thought at first sight that the place was empty, but now, beside him in the peaceful dusk, he realized a small feminine figure, vaguely sheathed

in black, and was conscious of a delicate odor of fresh violets. He drew himself a little farther back toward the end of the bench, as a concession to community ownership of that ascetic piece of furniture, and inspected the altar gravely.

It was the usual blur of red and white and gold, with paper flowers in gilt vases, and a general effect of immovable piety; but to one side arose the pitiful edifice of St. Roch's miracles—little cards bearing the legend *"Dieu merci,"* or simply *"Merci"*—little plaster images of arms and legs and feet and hands; little plaster babies, even, and a pathetic heap of discarded crutches.

Dalmartin smiled slowly as he looked, but the smile was the unwilling wistfulness which Faith arouses in Unfaith. A candle sputtered across the room with a little gasping, fragile sound, and his eyes followed its flame. In a wide, square receptacle of some dark metal, not one, but many candles flickered out their little spans. They stood upright, held by the woven wire beneath them, and like frail, tenuous prayers, their flames ascended, wavering; a thin haze of smoke twisted occasionally across their pallid brightness, and the white, waxy drippings congealed stolidly at their feet.

"Prayers," thought Dalmartin grimly, "all flame and drippings. The flame goes out, and the drippings are a mess to be cleaned hereafter."

He stood up with an impatient sense of futility, and walked out into the sunlight again. Overhead the sky opened vast, wind-swept, glowing spaces, and the sparrows were still squabbling along the paths. Their chirping chatter came quaintly among the huddled graves like bits of tinsel on a funeral wreath.

Dalmartin drew geometric figures with his stick and stared at the tomb beside him.

"Ici Repose," it said in glaring black letters on a white ground, *"Rose-Marie Despard."* And added, beyond the fact of her age, some seventeen pitiful years, that God only knows.

"Doubtless," remarked Dalmartin, wondering idly if Rose-Marie, aged seventeen, had been fond of daffodils and April weather, and if she might not find asphodels wearying as a substitute. "Doubtless, but, then, who's to tell, you know?"

"Pardon?" said some one beside him with an inquiring inflection, and an accent exquisitely French.

It was the girl of the little chapel. She, too, had come out into the sunshine, and the brim of her wide black hat shadowed eyes deep as a child's, but redeemed from somberness by lashes upcurling and plentiful.

Dalmartin observed before he answered, lifting his hat and bowing with courtesy sufficiently impersonal, that her black gown was fitted exquisitely to her young slenderness, and that the flowers thrust carelessly into her belt were Parma violets, of a softened and delicate mauve.

"Pardon me," he said slowly, "I was thinking aloud."

She moved a little away at that, smiling with a gracious understanding, and Dalmartin went on, rather more hurriedly: "But if you will be so good as to tell me, I should like very much to know." He hesitated a necessary interval for inspiration.

"Yes?" she encouraged him, lingering.

"About this chapel," Dalmartin decided largely. He waved his stick in a vague, embracing gesture. "It interests me, y'know. I'm a stranger here."

He had already found that in New Orleans the declaration is good for any number of patiently answered questions.

"O-oh!" said the girl, with an indescribable cooing note of condolence. She came back to the grave of Rose-Marie, and stood a moment considering, her arched, dark eyebrows bent into a little appealing frown. At last:

"Me, I am not sure that I know," she observed regretfully. "It is St. Roch's—the chapel of St. Roch's. You knew?"

"Just that," Dalmartin admitted, "and nothing more." He bit back a

"Regardez!" she commanded triumphantly. "Voilà! I am very lucky."

smile at the fleeting suggestion of a certain famous but sinister fowl.

"Eh bien," she offered, "it has history, I suppose. It is very old."

She spoke rapidly, yet with a certain effect of precision, the French suggestion rather in accent and tone than in the words themselves.

"There are many miracles here—you saw the crutches, the little plaster legs?"

"Really miracles?" Dalmartin questioned. He felt the unaccustomed symptoms of a blush before the instant astonishment in her clear, childlike eyes.

"But you saw the little cards! *'Dieu merci!'*"

He nodded, somewhat at a loss to retrieve his position, but, while he hung fire, she went on with a sudden startling sunflash of a smile across her little pointed face.

"There is another thing. St. Roch's is famous. They come here, the girls who wish to pray for husbands. That is why I am here myself—I have been praying."

She regarded him straightly, no seeming subtlety in the soft young curves of her red mouth.

"Upon my word," said Dalmartin quite inadequately. He settled his eyeglasses, and gave back her look with interest. She smiled, entirely unruffled.

"They say it never fails. Me, I will wait and see. At least it cannot hurt to pray."

"So I have always understood." Dalmartin repressed sternly the amusement he felt rising within him. "And this thing of a husband—it is important, I suppose?"

She was amazed at his unsophistication. Her lifted eyebrows showed it, and her disdainful mouth.

"Cré misère! There is no amusement in being an old maid. It is what you call a cold deal."

"Ah!" said Dalmartin humbly. "A cold deal, eh?"

"But yes," she insisted quite sagely. "Would you like it yourself?"

"I like being an old maid? Not at all," he admitted gravely.

He waited for the piquant smile, and met it with his own.

"You make fun," she reproved, "but not to marry——" She hesitated, the heavy lashes suddenly called into requisition as shades to the windows of her soul. "Perhaps you *are* married already?"

"Not so," said Dalmartin cheerfully. "I am my own man, and St. Roch's is my destiny. I came to scoff, but I remain to pray."

His flippancy went wide and harmless.

"I dare say," his informant submitted, "you are not very, *very* young—still——"

Manifestly, she considered him without personal bias.

"No," said Dalmartin regretfully, "I am not very, *very* young. Still—I am young enough." He bestowed a serene regard upon the sparrows and the grave of Rose-Marie. "A man, you know, is as young as he feels."

She shrugged prettily. *"Eh bien,* my grandmother says no man is younger than he feels before breakfast. There is another thing about St. Roch's, if you wish to know."

Dalmartin's eyes behind their glasses blinked recognition of her deftness.

"If you will be so good as to tell me," he agreed.

"Viens 'ci," said the girl. "Come with me."

"My French is inadequate, I admit," Dalmartin objected, in a pained voice, "but you need not have translated that."

He followed her, with a sense of delighted adventure, around the little chapel to where a long line of closed tombs, built wall-fashion, rose up from the grass, and the higher street wall showed the limit of St. Roch's.

Here she fell upon her knees, parting the grass with both hands, and searching absorbedly for something. Her gloves hindered her, and she stripped them off, showing two hands of an absurd littleness and whiteness, naked of rings.

"You need not look," she vouchsafed, without lifting her head, "you would never find it."

"I think that very likely," Dalmartin agreed pleasantly, and waited in an obedient silence.

Presently she gave a little cry of delight, and got to her feet lithely as a kitten, holding up a bit of green between her slender fingers.

"Regardez!" she commanded triumphantly. *"Voilà!* I am very lucky."

Dalmartin took the trophy with interest, and awaited an explanation. It was a small green clover-leaf splotched curiously in the center with a dull and rusty red.

"Looks diseased," he volunteered politely.

"Diseased!" she echoed, not without scorn, and added an uncomplimentary murmur about *vous autres Américains.*

"Eh? Looks splotched, y'know," said

Dalmartin. "This thing in the middle —what's the matter with it?"

"Blood!" she said mysteriously, and as deeply as her soft treble tones would allow. She pointed with a menacing pink-tipped forefinger, and said it again in almost a whisper: "Blood!"

"Eh? You don't say so?" was Dalmartin's less tragic rejoinder. He looked down in the grass at their feet, as if to find a widening pool of the ghastly fluid, then back with a near-sighted inquiry at the clover-leaf in his hand.

"Blood?" he echoed, with courteous astonishment. "Upon my word!"

She broke into a ripple of laughter that seemed to have been made for use in just such April weather.

"*Quel dommage!*" she cried soothingly. "How do you say? Is it not awful, Mabel? But listen—there is a story."

"Ah!" breathed Dalmartin, relieved.

"There was a girl," she began prettily, "who had a lover—she was fiancée —you understand? But she went on a journey, somewhere away off, and, while she was gone, the lover died. It is sad, you see——"

"But not incredible," agreed Dalmartin.

"She did not know until she had come to her home again that her lover was dead—then——"

"She killed herself," he interrupted, in some excitement. "'Oh, Romeo—Romeo!'"

"You guessed," she reproved him.

"Not I, but another poor playwright," Dalmartin objected. "Then she did kill herself?"

"Here," said the girl tragically, "on his grave—and the clovers were blood-stained. They have been blood-stained ever since. It is like that with love, you see—one has to suffer."

She stopped musingly, drawing on the little black gloves and staring at the grass. Dalmartin followed his advantage, and lifted keen eyes from the blood-stained clover to her mobile face. Her soft lips twitched after a moment, and the smile came back again.

"So love is like that," he repeated, still watching her, "one has to suffer—and the game isn't worth the candle?"

"*Cré misère!*" she defended abstractedly. "One need not say that." She fastened her gloves, and grew prim and aloof on the instant. "I am afraid it is late. If there is anything else you wish to know, the man at the gate——"

"You have been so very good," said Dalmartin. "I do not know how to thank you. I expected to find St. Roch's an interesting old place, but it has been——"

"But yes," she murmured, forestalling him, "it *is* interesting, is it not?" She bit her lip while he waited for an inspiration, and flared out at him suddenly. "You need not think because I have talked to you that I am accustomed—in the habit, that is—to converse with strangers. My grandmother would be *desolée*. She worships *les bienséances*. But you looked amusing, and I—how do you say?—I took a chance."

She smiled up at him with just a hint of *diablerie*.

"You had just been praying for a husband," said Dalmartin reflectively. "How could you tell——"

She poised for flight, but lingered, reassured by the instinctive deference underneath his words. Obviously, he was of her own kind, this stranger with the kindly, near-sighted eyes, the ugly, pleasant mouth, and the straight bronze hair.

"I had never before spoken to a man I did not know," she explained defiantly. "At the convent I have heard girls say it was amusing."

"And have you found it amusing?"

"Oh, *comme ci, comme ça*——" She shrugged inimitably. "I have been more amused—and less."

"I also," said Dalmartin whimsically. "However, I am deeply grateful for what you have told me—of St. Roch's."

She interrupted him, breathless with a sudden thought.

"You should have a St. Joseph," she cried, in inexplicable anxiety. "Have you a St. Joseph? No?"

Dalmartin confessed that he had not;

whereupon she led the way around the little chapel, down the middle path, past the daffodils and the crucifix, and he followed obediently.

"Voilà!" she cried, coming to a stop before the little house at the gate. "We get them here."

A small, dark man appeared from the shadows within, and the girl made voluble demands of him in French so that he fetched a handful of little metal boxes, capsule shape, but rattling ominously, and displayed them on a gnarled and dirty palm.

She selected one with some care, and handed it to Dalmartin. "It is of no use," she explained seriously, "except some one gives it to you. I will give it to you."

She pressed a dime into the outstretched palm, and Dalmartin at once laid a second dime beside it, and took a second St. Joseph.

"Then I will give *you* one," he suggested, equally grave, "with your permission."

She accepted it without demur, and they stood a moment in the open gateway looking back at the graves in the sunshine.

"Now, what is this gentleman supposed to do for me?" reminded Dalmartin. He held the little case open, and its contents, a diminutive metal saint, in his hand.

"He will bring you luck," explained the girl softly, "and a wife. If you become impatient, if he is too slow, *voyez!* You stand him on his little head, in the case."

"I see," Dalmartin accepted; "and yours?"

"The same—and I must go now. Good-by."

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he offered. "Or would that shatter the *biensćances* too badly?"

She hesitated, then pulled off her glove again with a frankly winning gesture, and gave him the soft, warm little hand to hold for a moment.

"Good-by."

"Good-by," said Dalmartin. "You see, I am behaving admirably. I am not asking to know your name, though I can't think at the present moment of anything I'd rather know, and I'm not asking if I shall ever see you again."

He released her hand in answer to a barely perceptible tug. "I'm going to find out your name for myself. I'm going to be introduced to you properly, and I'm going to convince your grandmother that I am a very good person for you to know. After all, there is supposed to be miraculous power in St. Roch's, isn't there, and prayers are sometimes answered?"

She retreated a step or two, smiling inscrutably in the shadow of her black hat,

"Am I in time?" was his first sharp, breathless question.

and her voice was delightfully conventional.

"There is a superstition—I forgot to tell you," she averred calmly, "that a man and a girl who find the blood-stained clover together, and a man and a girl who give to each other a little Saint Joseph—*Eh bien,* who knows?"

She drew off yet a step farther, and looked back at him over her shoulder.

"Good-by," she said. She knew quite well he would not follow her. "Good-by—but I do not think you will find me. *Quel dommage!*"

Also, she knew quite well that her last remark was fuel on the flames.

Dalmartin watched her down the wide, sun-spangled street and out of sight. When he could no longer distinguish the graceful outline of her big black hat, he turned the little St. Joseph firmly upside down, and bestowed him in a left breast pocket, warm and dark and already closely tenanted by a well-filled pocketbook, several letters, a half-finished poem, and a laundry-list.

"Now," said Dalmartin sternly to the saint so reversed, "get busy!"

Having thus left an order with fate, he caught a car, in leisurely disavowal of hurry, and returned to the crowded pavements of the city heart.

Three hours later, by the earliest possible train, he was on his way to the North, his heart thudding with a sudden, ghastly fear; the girl and the chapel, the daffodils and the crucifix, forgotten like the shadow of a dream. In his pocket, just over the St. Joseph, leaned an ugly yellow envelope, and a telegram within read brutally:

> Your mother desperately ill. Come at once.

To Dalmartin, the noise of the train, the untiring rattle of the wheels clicked over and over that brief cruel message. All too slowly the country sped beneath his feet, and the cypress swamps of the South retreated behind him.

He sat out two restless, heavy-eyed nights on the back of the train because he could not sleep, and the close berth tortured his nerves; then at the end of his journey he came at last to a closed door, a sickening smell of drugs, and the barren comfort of a hired smile.

"Am I in time?" was his first sharp, breathless question. "She is not——"

"Sh-h!" motioned the sympathetic nurse, with a finger at her lips. "She asks for you continually. The doctor thinks there is a bare chance."

After all, it was that chance that held, and through long, tedious weeks of convalescence, the little tired old lady, with the soft white hair and kindly eyes—eyes like Dalmartin's own, with a gleam of humor in their gray depths—came slowly back to health.

Dalmartin, smitten with an undeserved contrition that he had left her even one week in alien hands, cared for her like a lover. His last play had brought him an almost incredible sum in royalties, and he laid it all, metaphorically, in his mother's lap.

With the first close day of summer he dropped his work, and went with her to the sea, where she grew delicately tanned and strong, and Dalmartin himself acquired a bronze to suit his hair. It was almost the end of October before he would hear of the city again, and then, unaccountably to his mother, he held out for a fortnight more of holiday.

"Let's not go home just yet," he insisted boyishly. "Let's run down to New Orleans for a bit. I want you to see the place. It's wonderful—it's fascinating! There's a little old chapel there they call St. Roch's." He slipped a hand into his left breast pocket and fingered something thoughtfully. "You never saw such atmosphere."

"Ah!" said his mother softly. "St. Roch's? I saw a picture of it once. Isn't there some quaint superstition about the place? The little Creole girls go there to pray for husbands, don't they?"

Suddenly, and to his own intense disgust, Dalmartin blushed. He went over to the window, and looked sternly at an unconscious goat across the way until his face had cooled.

"Shall I get the berths for Mon-

She did not turn, but the old woman regarded him distrustfully out of bleared, beady eyes.

day?" he inquired, with an admirable imitation of indifference.

It rather startled him to find that his memory of a certain April morning was so potent. By a whimsical freak of fancy he had kept the little St. Joseph, changing it from one pocket to another as he changed his coats; but anxiety for his mother had, in the most part, displaced all lighter considerations. It occurred to him now, with a sense of pleasurable anticipation, that the world was small, and a little maid with alluring eyes might not be hard to rediscover.

It was the last night of October when Dalmartin walked out Canal Street again, and the eve of All Saints, so he explained to his mother; for the first of November, hallowed to the dead, is to the Creole heart a most sacred festival.

All of next day the cars were filled with people thronging to the cemeteries, and sweet with the pungent, woodsy fragrance of chrysanthemums. Dalmartin, revolving in his mind successive schemes for the tracing of some one, not even whose name he knew, grew restless with the persistent fear of futility, and chafed at inaction like a schoolboy.

"Wouldn't this be a good time to see St. Roch's?" suggested his mother, with tactful innocence. She was unprepared for the eager enthusiasm with which her son met her half-way. She did not know that with an absurdly quickening fancy he had leaped at the possibility of history's repeating itself. There was magic in the very thought of that still, walled, sunny space; and was there not also magic in his left breast pocket? St. Joseph standing on his head made bold to smile.

After all, though, there was a difference. November is not April, and the trees behind the chapel lifted thinned, yellowing branches against an ashen sky.

"It's not the same," said Dalmartin half to himself.

They had passed the crucifix, and not so far beyond them stood the grave of the Rose-Marie, aged seventeen. In an instant the disappointment died. Dalmartin's hand went to his glasses in the familiar gesture. He left his mother, without a thought for that gentle lady, and strode over to where before the bleak white stone a small, black-gowned figure stood hesitant, her hands full of roses, lifted from the basket an old colored woman held out to her.

She did not turn when he came up to her, although the old woman re-

garded him distrustfully out of bleared, beady eyes, and Dalmartin stood a second in silence, his hat in his hand.

"Pardon," he said at last gently. She turned at that, long lashes sweeping upward. "You see, St. Joseph has brought me back."

He feared for a moment that she was going to deny him recognition, but only for a moment. She smiled suddenly, clasping her flowers with one hand, and stretching out to him sweetly the other.

"You!" she said softly. *"Mon Dieu! Quelle surprise!"*

Dalmartin did not know that his long and steady look approached a stare. He was seeing sharply that the big, dark eyes were shadowed, and the fresh mouth curved wistfully in older lines.

"Mais enfin," she murmured at last, "you find me strange? Why do you look so?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dalmartin humbly, "I didn't mean to stare, but, you see——" He steadied his explanation with an effort. "It has been such a long time," he finished frankly.

She nodded, unsmiling.

"You were so sure you would find me—I almost thought it myself. But it has been a long time, yes."

"I left New Orleans that day. I was called home," explained Dalmartin eagerly. "But now that St. Joseph has brought us together again—you believe in fate, don't you? You will let me know your name, and you will let me meet your grandmother——"

"Don't!" she cried suddenly, the little frightened cry of a hurt child. "You do not know!"

Her beautiful eyes brimmed with tears, and she lifted the flowers to her face to hide them.

"They are for *gran'mère*, these flowers," she said simply. "She died in June, and you may see my name there, on the stone."

Dalmartin bent his head in silence. He would have liked to take her in his arms like a child, and comfort her tears. Something of what he felt showed luminous in his look, for she forced a wintry little smile for him above the flowers.

"You see," she said, "there is really no one now but me. I have no people. So I can decide for myself if I wish to know you."

"I will abide by your decision," said Dalmartin gravely.

She smiled, the youth of her creeping back into soft, sweet mouth and clear, wide eyes. "I am Rose-Marie Despard. No! No! No!" She followed his startled glance to the name on the tomb, above that other name, newer cut and grim. "She was my aunt—I did not tell you. Now, *you?*"

"I am Richard Dalmartin," he said, as straightly as she, "and I believe in St. Joseph and St. Roch's!"

The words had all the effect of a fervent creed.

"Eh bien," she shrugged, and smiled shyly, "it is *certainement*—how do you say?—remarkable co-in-ci-dence."

"I wonder," said Dalmartin, with apparent irrelevance, "if you would care to meet my mother. She is just over yonder; may I bring her here?"

"No!" cried Rose-Marie Despard.

Dalmartin, watching the curl of her rose-leaf mouth, made a mental reservation of great intensity.

"Wait one moment—see!" She stooped, and laid her armful of pale, chill roses loosely before her grandmother's unseeing rest. "Now—if you will present me to your mother, I shall be very pleased. *Les bienséances*—it is not right that she should come to me. I am younger, Mister Doll-mar-tan."

When they had taken two steps, she looked up at him with something of the old demure deviltry in her eyes.

"The little St. Joseph?" she asked. "You kept him?"

"He is at this moment," Dalmartin assured her gravely, "standing on his head, just over my heart. He shall stay there until he has made good, when I may restore him to his feet again. Do you think he will be long about it?"

She looked away from him, flushing and dimpling wistfully.

"Eh bien," she murmured cautiously, "who knows?"

The Horrors of War

By F. Berkeley Smith,

Author of "The Real Latin Quarter," "Parisians Out-of-Doors," "A Village of Vagabonds," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

AT the very beginning of the straggling fishing village of Pont du Sable and close by the Taurny marsh stands the little stone house of the mayor. The house, like Monsieur le Maire himself, is short and sturdy. Its modest façade is half hidden under a coverlet of yellow roses that have spread at random over the tiled roof as high as the chimney. In front, edging the road, is a tidy strip of garden with more roses, a wood-pile, and an ancient well whose stone roof shelters a worn windlass that groans in protest whenever its chain and bucket are disturbed.

I heard the windlass complaining this sunny morning as I passed on my way through the village and caught sight of the ruddy mayor in his blue blouse lowering the bucket. The chain snapped taut, the bucket gulped its fill, and Monsieur le Maire caught sight of me.

"Eh ben!" he exclaimed as he left the bucket where it hung and came forward with both hands outstretched in welcome, a smile wrinkling his genial face, clean-shaven to the edges of his short, cropped gray side-whiskers, reaching well beneath his chin. "Come in, come in," he insisted, laying a persuasive hand on my shoulder as he unlatched his gate.

It is almost impossible for a friend to pass the mayor's without being stopped by just such a welcome. The twinkle in his gray eyes and the hearty genuineness of his greeting are irresistible. The next moment you have crossed his threshold and entered a

square low-ceiled room that for over forty years has served Monsieur le Maire as living-room, kitchen, and executive chamber.

He had left me for a moment, as he always does when he welcomes a friend. I could hear from the pantry cupboard beyond the shivery tinkle of glasses as they settled on a tray. He had again insisted, as he always does, upon my occupying the armchair in the small parlor adjoining, with its wax-flowers and the steel engraving of Napoleon at Waterloo; but I had protested as I always do, for I prefer the kitchen.

I like its cavernous fireplace with its crane and spit, and the low ceiling upheld by great beams of rough-hewn oak, and the hanging copper saucepans, kettles and ladles, kept as bright as polished gold. Here, too, is a generous Norman armoire with carved oaken doors swung on bar-hinges of shining steel, and a center-table provided with a small bottle of violet ink, a scratchy pen and an iron seal worked by a lever —a seal that has grown dull from long service in the stamping of certain documents relative to plain justice, marriage, the official recognition of the recently departed and the newly born. Above the fireplace hangs a faded photograph of a prize bull, for you must know that Monsieur le Maire has been for half a generation a dealer in Norman cattle.

Presently he returned with the tray, placing it upon the table within reach of our chairs while I stood admiring the bull.

He stopped as he half drew the cork from a fat brown jug, and looked at me curiously, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"You never were a dealer in beef?" he ventured timidly.

I shook my head sadly.

"*Hélas! Hélas!* Never mind," said he. "One cannot be everything. There's my brother-in-law, Pequin, he does not know a yearling from a three-year-old. It is he that keeps the little store at Saint Philippe."

The cork squeaked out. He filled the thimble glasses with rare old applejack so skilfully that another drop would have flushed over their gilt rims. What a gracious old gentleman he is! If it be a question of clipping a rose from the tidy garden and presenting it to a lady, he does it with such a gentle courtliness that the rose smells the sweeter for it—almost a lost art nowadays.

"I saw the curé this morning," he remarked, and we settled ourselves for a chat. "He could not stop, but he waved me an au revoir, for he was in a hurry to catch his train. He had been all night in his duck-blind—I doubt if he had much luck, for the wind is from the south. There is a fellow for you who loves to shoot," chuckled the mayor.

"Some news for him of game?" I inquired.

The gray eyes of the mayor twinkled knowingly. "*Entre nous,*" he confided, "he has gone to Bonvilette to spray the sick roses of a friend with sulphate of iron—he borrowed my squirt-gun yesterday."

"And how far is it to Bonvilette?"

"*Eh ben!* One must go by the little train to Nivelle," explained Monsieur le Maire, "and from Nivelle to Bonvilette there lies a good twenty kilometers for a horse. Let us say he will be back in three days."

"And the mass meanwhile?" I ventured.

"*Mon Dieu!* What will you have? The roses of his old friend are sick. It is the duty of a curé to tend the sick. Besides——" Here Monsieur le Maire leaned forward within reach of my ear, and I caught in whispers something relative to a château and one of the best cellars of Bordeaux in France.

"Naturally," I replied, with a wink, and again my eyes reverted to the prize bull. It is not wise to raise one's voice in so small a village as Pont du Sable.

"A pretty beast!" affirmed the mayor, noticing my continued interest in live stock. "And let me tell you that I took him in England in eighty-two. *Ah, mais oui! Hélas! Hélas!* What a trip!" he sighed. "Monsieur Toupinet

—he that has the big farm at Saint Philippe—and I sailed together the third of October, 1882, with forty steers. Our ship was called *The Souvenir,* and I want to tell you, my friend, it wasn't gay that voyage. *Ah, mais non!* Toupinet was sick—I was sick—the steers were sick—all except that beautiful brute up there, and he roared all the way from Calais to London. *Eh ben!* And would you believe it?" At the approaching statement Monsieur le Maire's countenance assumed a look of righteous indignation. He raised his fist and brought it down savagely on the table as he declared: "Would you believe it? We were *thirty-four hours* without eating and *twenty-nine hours, Mon Dieu!* without drinking!"

I looked up in pained astonishment.

"And that wasn't all," continued the mayor. "A hurricane struck us three hours out, and we rolled all night in a dog's sea. The steers were up to their bellies in water. Aye, but she did blow, and *The Souvenir* had all she could do to keep afloat. The captain was lashed to the bridge all night and most of the next day. Neither Toupinet nor myself ever expected to see land again, and there we were like calves in a pen on the floor of the cabin full of tobacco-smoke and English, and not a word of English could we speak except 'yes,' and 'good morning.'" Here Monsieur le Maire stopped and choked. Finally he dried his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse, for he was wheezing with laughter, took a sip from his glass, and resumed:

"Well, the saints did not desert us. *Ah, mais non!* For about four o'clock in the afternoon the captain sighted Su-Tum-Tum."

"Sighted what?" I exclaimed.

"*Eh ben!* Su-Tum-Tum," he replied.

"Where had you drifted? To the Corean coast?"

"*Mais non,*" he retorted, annoyed at my dulness to comprehend. "We were saved—*comprenez-vous?*—for there, to starboard, lay Su-Tum-Tum as plain as a sheep's nose."

"England? Impossible!" I returned.

"*Mais parfaitement!*" he declared, with a hopeless gesture. "*Su-Tum-Tum,*" he reiterated slowly for my benefit.

"Never heard of it," I replied.

The next instant he was out of his chair, and fumbling in a drawer of the table extracted a warped atlas, seated himself and began to turn the pages.

"*Eh, voilà!*" he cried as his forefinger stopped under a word along the English coast. "That's Su-Tum-Tum plain enough, isn't it?"

"Ah! Southampton!" I exclaimed. "Of course—plain as day."

"Ah!" ejaculated the mayor, leaning back in his chair with a broad smile of satisfaction. "You see I was right,

Su-Tum-Tum. *Eh ben!* Do you know," he said gently as I left him, "when you first came to Pont du Sable there were times then, my poor friend, when I could not understand a word you said in French."

Then as if a sudden thought had struck him, he called me back as he closed the gate.

"Are those gipsies still camped outside your walk?" he inquired, suddenly assuming the dignity of his office. *"Bon Dieu!* They are a bad lot, those vagabonds! If I don't tell them to be off you won't have a duck or a chicken left."

"Let them stay," I pleaded, "they do no harm. Besides, I like to see the light of their camp-fire at night scurrying over my wall."

"How many are there?" inquired his excellency.

"Seven or eight, not counting the dogs chained under the wagons," I confessed reluctantly, fearing the hand of the law, for I have a fondness for gipsies. "But you need not worry about them. They won't steal from me. Their wagons are clean inside and out."

"Oh, mais!" sighed the mayor. "It's just like you. You spoil your cat, you spoil your dog, and now you're spoiling these rascals by giving them a snug berth. Have they their papers of identity?"

"Yes," I called back, "the chief showed them to me when he asked permission to camp."

"Of course," laughed the mayor. "You'll never catch them without them —signed by officials we never can trace."

He waved me a cheery au revoir, and returned to the well of the groaning windlass while I continued on my way through the village.

Outside of the squat stone houses, nets were drying in the sun. Save for the occasional rattle of a passing cart, the village was silent, for these fisherfolk go barefooted. Presently I reached the public square where nothing ever happens, and turning an iron handle, entered Pont du Sable's only store. A box of a place, smelling of dried herring, kerosene, and cheese; and stocked with the plain necessities—almost everything, from lard, tea, and big nails to soap, tarpaulins, and gin. The night's catch of mackerel had been good, and the small room with its zinc bar was noisy with fisherfolk—wiry fishermen with legs and chests as hard as iron; slim brown fisher-girls as hardy as the men, capricious, independent and saucy; a race of blonds for the most part, with the temperament of brunettes. Old women grown gray and leathery from fighting the sea, and old men too feeble to go—one of these hanged himself last winter because of this.

It was here, too, I found Mère Marianne, dripping wet, her bronze legs encased in a pair of her man's trousers, cut off at the knees.

"What luck?" I asked her as I helped myself to a package of cigarettes from a pigeonhole and laid the payment thereof on the counter.

"Eh ben!" she laughed. "We can't complain. If the good God would send us such fishing every night we should eat well enough."

She strode through the group to the counter to thrust out an empty bottle.

"Eight sous of the best," she demanded briskly of the mild-eyed grocer. "My man's as wet as a rat—he needs some fire in him and he'll feel as fit as a marquis."

A good catch is a tonic to Pont du Sable. Instantly a spirit of good humor and camaraderie spreads through the village—even old scores are forgotten. A good haul of mackerel means a let-up in the daily struggle for existence, which in winter becomes terrible. The sea knows not charity. It massacres when it can and adds you to the line of dead things along its edge where you are only remembered by the ebb and flow of the tide. On blue calm mornings, being part of the jetsam, you may glisten in the sun beside a water-logged spar; at night you become a nonentity, of no more consequence along the wavering line of drift than a dead crab. But if, like Marianne, you have fought skilfully, you

"You never were a dealer in beef?" he ventured.

may again enter Pont du Sable with a quicker eye, a harder body, and a deeper knowledge of the southwest gale.

Within the last week Pont du Sable has undergone a transformation. The dead village is alive with soldiers, for it is the time of the maneuvers. Houses, barns and cow-sheds are filled by night with the red-trousered infantry of the French République. By day, the windows shine under the distant flash and roar of artillery. The air vibrates with the rip and rattle of musketry—savage volleys, filling the heavens with shrill vicious waves of whistling bullets that kill at a miraculous distance. It is well that all this murderous fire occurs beyond the desert of dunes skirting the open sea, for they say the re-

sult upon the iron targets on the marsh is something frightful. The general in command is in a good humor over the record.

Despatch-bearers gallop at all hours of the day and night through Pont du Sable's single street. The band plays daily in the public square. Sunburned soldiers lug sacks of provisions and bundles of straw out to five hundred more men bivouacked on the dunes. Whole regiments return to the little fishing village at twilight singing gay songs, followed by the fishing girls.

Ah! Mesdames—voilà du bon fromage!
Celui qui l'a fait il est de son village!
Voilà du bon fromage au lait!
Il est du pays de celui qui l'a fait.

Three young officers are stopping at Monsieur le Curé's, who has returned from the sick roses of his friend; and that good fellow Tanrade, the composer, has a colonel and two lieutenants beneath his roof. As for myself and the House Abandoned by the marsh, we are very much occupied with a blustering old general and his aide-de-camp, and two common soldiers; but I tremble lest the general should discover them; for you see, they knocked at my door for a lodging before the general arrived, and I could not refuse them. Both of them put together would hardly make a full-sized warrior, and both play the slide trombone in the band. Naturally their artistic temperament revolted at the idea of sleeping in the only available place left in the village—a cow-shed with cows. They explained this to me with so many polite gestures mingled with an occasional salute at their assured gratefulness should I acquiesce, that I turned them over for safe-keeping to that good little maid of all work, Suzette, who has given them her room and sleeps in the garret. Suzette is overjoyed. Dream of dreams! For Suzette to have one real live soldier in the house—but to have two! Both of these red-eared, red-trousered dispensers of harmony are perfect in deportment, and as quiet as mice. They slip out of my back gate at daylight, bound for the seat of war, and slip in again at sundown like obedient children, talk in kitchen whispers to Suzette over hot cakes and cider, and go punctually to bed at nine—the very hour when the roaring old general and his aide-de-camp are toasting their gold spurs before my fire.

The general is tall and broad-shouldered, and as agile as a boy. There is a certain compact firmness about him as if he had been cast in bronze. His alert eyes are either flashing in authority or beaming in gentleness. The same play between dominant roughness and tenderness is true, too, of his voice and manner.

"Madame," he said, last night, after dinner, as he bent and graciously kissed the hand of Alice de Bréville. "Forgive an old savage who pays you homage and the assurance of his profound respect." The next moment my courtyard without rocked with his reprimand to a bungling lieutenant.

To-night the general is in an uproar of good humor after a storm, for did not some vagabonds steal the danger-posts intended to warn the public of the location of the firing-line, so that new ones had to be sent for? When the news of the theft reached him his rage was something to behold. I could almost hear the little slide-trombonists shake as far back as Suzette's kitchen. Fortunately, the cyclone was of short duration—to-night he is pleased over the good work of his men during the days of mock warfare and at the riddled, twisted targets, all of which is child's play to this veteran who has weathered so many real battles.

To-night he has dined well, and his big hand is stroking my cat, that essence of selfishness, who purrs against his medaled chest under a caress as gentle as a woman's. He sings his favorite airs from "Faust" and "Aïda" with gusto, and roars over the gallant stories of his aide-de-camp, who, being from the south of "La Belle France," is never at a loss for a tale. Tales that make the general's medals twinkle merrily in the firelight. It is my first joyful experience as host to the military,

but I cannot help being nervous over Suzette and the trombonists.

"Bah! Those *sacré* musicians!" exclaimed the general to-night as he puffed at his cigarette. "If there's a laggard in my camp you may be sure it is one of those little devils with a horn or a whistle. *Mon Dieu!* Once during the maneuvers outside of Périgord I had three of them who refused to sleep on the ground—stole off and begged a lodging in a château, *parbleu!*"

"Ah—indeed?" I stammered meekly.

"Yes, they did," he bellowed, "but I cured 'em." I saw the muscles in his neck flush crimson, and tried to change the subject, but in vain.

"If they do that in time of peace they'll do the same in war," he thundered.

"Naturally," I murmured, my heart in my throat. The aide-de-camp grunted his approval while the general ran his hand over the gray bristles on his scarred head.

"Favors!" roared the general. "Favors, eh? When my men sleep on the ground in rough weather, I sleep with them. What sort of discipline do you suppose I'd have if I did not share their hardships time and time again? Winter campaigns, forced marches—twenty-four hours of it sometimes in mountain snow. Bah! That is nothing! They need that training to go through worse, and yet those good fellows of mine, heavily loaded, never complain. I've seen it so hot that it would melt a man's boots. It is always one of those imbeciles, then, with nothing heavier to carry than a clarinet, that slips off to a comfortable farm."

"*Bien entendu, mon général!*" exclaimed his aide-de-camp tersely as he leaned forward and kindled a fresh cigarette over the candle-shade.

Happily, I noticed at that moment that the cigarette-box needed replenishing. It was an excuse at least to leave the room. A moment later, I had tiptoed to the closed kitchen door and stood listening. Suzette was laughing noisily. The trombonists were evidently very much at ease. They, too, were laughing. Little pleasantries filtered through the crack in the heavy door that made me hold my breath. Then I heard the gurgle of cider poured into a glass, followed swiftly by what I took to be unmistakably a kiss.

It was all as plain now as Su-Tum-Tum. I dared not break in upon them. Had I opened the door, the general might have recognized their voices. Meanwhile, silly nothings were demoralizing the heart of my good Suzette. She would fall desperately in love with either one or the other of those *sacré* virtuosos. Then another thought struck me! One of them might be Suzette's sweetheart hailing from her own village, the maneuvers at Pont du Sable a lucky meeting for them. A few sentences that I now hurriedly caught convinced me of my own denseness in not having my suspicions aroused when they singled out my domain and begged my hospitality.

The situation was becoming critical. By the light of the crack I scribbled the following and slipped it under the door:

Get those two imbeciles of yours hidden in the hay-loft quick. The general wants to see the kitchen.

There was an abrupt silence—the sound of Suzette's slippered feet—and the scrap of paper disappeared. Then heavy excited breathing within.

I dashed up-stairs and was down again with the cigarettes before the general had remarked my tardiness to his aide. At midnight I lighted their candles and saw them safely up to bed. Then I went to my room fronting the marsh and breathed easier.

"Her sweetheart from her own village," I said to myself as I blew out my candle. "The other"—I sighed drowsily—"was evidently his cousin. The mayor was right. I have a bad habit of spoiling people and pets."

Then again my mind reverted to the general. What if he discovered them? My only consolation now was that today had seen the end of the maneuvers, and that the soldiers would depart by a daylight train in the morning. I recalled, too, the awkward little speech of thanks the trombonists had made to

Suzette.

me at an opportune moment before dinner. Finally I fell into a troubled sleep.

Suzette brought me my coffee at seven.

"Luckily the general did not discover them!" I exclaimed when Suzette had closed the double door of my bedroom.

"*Mon Dieu!* What danger we have run!" whispered the little maid. "I could not sleep, monsieur, thinking of it."

"You got them safely to the hay-mow?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh! *Mais oui,* monsieur. But then they slept over the cider-press back of the big casks. Monsieur advised the hay-loft, but they said the roof leaked. And had it rained, monsieur——"

"See here," I interrupted, eying her trim self from head to foot savagely. "You've known that little devil with the red ears before."

I saw Suzette pale.

"Confess!" I exclaimed hoarsely, with a gesture of impatience. "He comes from your village. Is it not so, my child?"

Suzette was silent, her plump hands twisting nervously at her apron pocket.

"I am right, am I not? I might have guessed as much when they came."

"Oh, monsieur!" Suzette faltered, the tears welling up from the depths of her clear trustful eyes.

"Is it not so?" I insisted.

"Oh! Oh! *Mon Dieu, oui,*" she confessed half inaudibly. "He—he is the son of our neighbor, Monsieur Jacot."

"At Saint Philippe?"

"At Saint Philippe, monsieur. We were children together, Gaston and I. I—I—was glad to see him again, monsieur," sobbed the little maid. "He is very nice, Gaston."

"When are you to be married?" I ventured after a moment's pause.

"*Ben—eh ben!* If monsieur permits—in October—very late so monsieur shall not be left without a cook during the duck-hunting. I was afraid to tell monsieur. It is in October, monsieur, that Gaston finishes his military service. He—he—has a good trade."

"Soloist?" I asked grimly.

"No, monsieur—tailor. We shall live in Paris," she added, and for an instant her eyes sparkled; then again their gaze reverted to the now sadly twisted apron pocket, for I was silent.

"No more Suzette!" I said to myself. No more merry willing little maid-of-all-work! No more hot mussels steaming in a savory sauce! Her purée of peas, her tomato farcies, the stuffed artichokes, and her coffee the like of which never before existed, would vanish with the rest. But true love cannot be argued. There was nothing to do but to hold out my hand in forgive-

ness. As I did so the general rang for his coffee.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Suzette. "He rings." And flew down to her kitchen.

An hour later the general was sauntering leisurely up the road through the village over his morning cigar. The daylight train followed rapidly by four extra sections had cleared Pont du Sable of all but two of the red-trousered infantry. My trombonists! They had arrived an hour and twenty minutes late, winded and demoralized. They sat together outside the locked station unable to speak, pale and panic-stricken.

The first object that caught the general's eye as he slowly turned into the square by the little station was their four red-trousered legs—then he saw the glint of the two brass trombones. The next instant heads appeared at the windows. It was as if a bomb had suddenly exploded in the square.

The two trombonists were now on their feet, shaking from head to foot while they saluted their general whose ever-approaching stride struck fresh agony to their hearts. He was roaring. "*Canailles! Imbéciles!* A month of prison!" and "*Sacré bon Dieu!*" were all jumbled together. "Overslept! Overslept, did you?" he bellowed. "In a château, I'll wager. *Parbleu!* Where then? Out with it!"

"Pardon, *mon général,*" chattered Gaston. "It was in the stone house of the American gentleman by the marsh."

We lunched together in my garden at noon. He had grown calm again under the spell of the Burgundy, but Suzette I feared would be ill.

"Come, be merciful," I pleaded.

"He is the fiancé of my good Suzette; besides, you must not forget that you were all my guests."

The general shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "They were lucky to have gotten off with a month!" he snapped. "You saw that those little devils were handcuffed?" he asked of his aide.

"Yes, my general, the gendarme attended to them."

"You were my guests," I insisted. "Hold me responsible if you wish."

"Hold *you* responsible!" he exclaimed. "But you are a foreigner—it would be a little awkward."

"It is my good Suzette," I continued, "that I am thinking of."

He leaned back in his chair, and for a moment again ran his hands thoughtfully over the bristles of his scarred head. He had a daughter of his own.

"The coffee," I said gently to my unhappy Suzette as she passed.

"*Oui! Oui, monsieur,*" she sighed, then suddenly mustering up her courage, she gasped: "Oh, *mon général!* Is it true then that Gaston must go to jail? Ah! *Mon Dieu!*"

"*Eh bien,* my girl! It will not kill him, *parbleu! Sapristi!* He will be a better soldier for it."

"Be merciful," I pleaded.

"*Eh bien! Eh bien!*" he retorted. "*Eh bien!*" And cleared his throat.

"Forgive them," I insisted. "They overslept. I don't want Suzette to marry a jailbird."

Again he scratched his head and frowned. Suzette was in tears.

"Um! Difficult!" he grumbled. "Order for arrest once given——" Then he shot a glance at me. I caught a twinkle in his eye.

"*Eh bien!*" he roared. "There—I forgive them! Ah, those *sacré* musicians!"

Suzette stood there trembling, unable even to thank him, the color coming and going in her peasant cheeks.

"Are they free, general?" I asked.

"Yes," he retorted, "both of them."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed.

"Understand that I have done it for the little girl—and *you.* Is that plain?"

"Perfectly," I replied. "As plain as Su-Tum-Tum!" I added under my breath as I filled his empty glass in gratefulness to the brim.

"Halt!" shouted the general as the happiest of Suzettes turned toward her kitchen.

"Eh—um!" he mumbled awkwardly in a voice that had suddenly grown thick. Then he sprang to his feet and raised his glass.

"A health to the bride!" he cried.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S DIARY

BY

MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIGURD SCHOU

VI.

ZERMATT, August 3rd.

WE got here this afternoon. I hate getting to places in the afternoon; there's nothing to do, and altogether I'm feeling awfully blue. We had our letters forwarded here, and I expected of course to hear from Hal. Not a line.

I didn't care much for the drive over the Simplon. It's awfully impressive; the road leads out of the warm, smiling valley of Domo d'Ossola up, up, up, into the high snow mountains. Our carriage was stopped on its way for about an hour because there had been a fearful avalanche. The snow and ice had crashed down from the mountain-side, swallowing up a little village in their course and literally filling up the valley. The workmen had dug out a passage, and when we gave them some gold, as persuasion, they fixed up a sort of board bridge for us to cross the ice on. There's nothing like gold to get things into action in Europe, I've observed.

The Hospice, a sort of inn for wandering mountaineers at the top of the pass, is interesting. It was built by Napoleon, and he put a series of little stone huts all the way over the Simplon as refuge for those who might be overtaken by the terrible hurricanes of snow in winter-time. But all the romance, if not the picturesqueness, has been taken out of this splendid road by the passing of the railroad in the tunnel they have made through the mountain itself.

And it's just the same for the trip from Brieg to Zermatt. Only a few people used to come here because you could only get to Zermatt on muleback. Now there is a railroad, and dozens of tourists pile into the place three times a day.

ZERMATT, August 4th.

The view is beautiful from my window. I can see the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa and lots of other snowy peaks that lift themselves up three miles in the air.

I wonder why Hal hasn't written to me.

This morning the Queen of Italy, who has been staying here, started back to Italy on horseback with a whole cortège of attendants. She looked awfully smart, I must say, with a short skirt and loose jacket of brown tweed, a big sombrero with a huge eagle's feather on one side. When she was on

Weavers in Zermatt.

her horse they fastened a blanket across her knees to make a sort of riding-skirt, and then she went off bowing and smiling. I wonder if she is happy. She looks so human, and not a bit like a queen, and I guess to be human means to suffer, judging by my own mortal experience.

Not a line from Hal.

The count is fearfully sentimental. He talks about love from morning until night. Somehow or other it never seems as though he were sincere. He's sincere perhaps in wanting to kiss my hand and put his arm around me, but, after all, what especial credit is that to him? I'm young, and not so ugly to look at. De Ravier, in fact, said I was "awfully pretty." It's no great stunt kissing a pretty girl, even if you are

an Italian count. So I can't say I'm much stuck on Bernardini's sincerity. I'm beginning to positively dislike foreigners.

August 4th, Later.

The mail came in after dinner to-day; we have dinner at one o'clock, country style. There was a letter from Hal. It was only a line, but better than nothing. Oh, so much better!

August 7th, Hotel Meurice.
Paris.

Mama got as bored as I did at Zermatt, so after we had "done" the Riffelberg, the Gornergratt—almost ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—and gazed at every sight in the way of snow and ice, we flew for Paris as fast as the express could carry us, and we're off to-morrow for Normandy.

Hotel Poulard,
Mont Saint Michel,
August 10th.

Here we are, actually in Mont Saint Michel, and it is just as wonderful as a dream.

We hired an automobile and left Paris on the morning of the eighth, traveling comfortably in a day to Alençon, where the lace comes from. We spent the night there. It seems that, three hundred years ago, the King of France discovered a lady who knew how to make lace like the Venetian, only more beautiful, so he gave her thirty thousand dollars and asked her to teach the young girls of Alençon what she knew, and she knew a lot, for the Alençon lace is perfectly exquisite, even now.

Mont Saint Michel itself is very romantic. It's nothing but a huge rock with a cathedral on top of it. When the tide is out it seems to be surrounded by sand, but very suddenly the tide begins to rise, and the sea comes rolling in faster than a horse can gallop, and then the island rock is all encircled by water. Lots of people have been swallowed up by the quicksands of the fast-rising tide, and somehow this idea of death seems to correspond to the atmosphere that loiters around Mont Saint Michel where the monks of long ago took refuge wishing to offer their lives in the eternal sacrifice of renunciation and of prayer.

I would like to stay a long while here. The tragic sentiment which invades the place seems to find in my heart an echo.

The count is always with us. Mama seems to be more crazy about him than ever. Fortunately—I was going to say something awful; well, here goes! Fortunately mama and I don't care about the same people!

There's no reason really why I should care about the count.

Last night mama was feeling wretchedly. So Bernardini and I set out after dinner to make the tour of the ramparts. The whole monastery, or town in fact, of Mont Saint Michel is surrounded by ramparts, walled in, as it were.

I felt walled in, too. I was in one of those frigid moods that make anything a man can do perfectly useless. The count didn't understand. He's not chain lightning for reading a woman's thoughts, anyway. And this time he was 'way off. He thought those ramparts and that moon and that view would be the last shot to bring down his coveted game. But not at all. He got beautifully and fearfully left.

He tried his little comedy of kissing my wrist and arm again, but it just didn't work at all. We were standing at the foot of the steps that lead up to the hotel. He bent over me and began. I shook myself free with a vengeance. Then he tried to kiss my hand, at *least my hand!* But I lifted that fairy member and dealt him a blow that he won't forget. Then I ran like a deer up the long stairs of the rampart to my room in the hotel.

I'm getting tired of this false position, and the count, and mama's attitude about him, and the whole thing.

Hotel des Roches Noires,
Trouville, August 14th.

We had a heavenly trip up to Trouville. They call Brittany the "brunette" and Normandy the "blonde." Mont

Saint Michel, which is just on the border between the two, is dark and somber, but as soon as we got to Caen in real Normandy, things seemed gay and lively. We did a lot of sightseeing there, churches and such, for I believe nowhere can one study so well the Norman architecture; and then we came on in the motor to Dives, the inn of William the Conqueror. Never have I seen anything so fascinating. Everything in the place, including the proprietor, is at least a hundred years old. Such stained glass in the windows! Such carved oak furniture! Such silver! Such marvelous brass and copper!

Milk wagon in Mont Saint Michel.

The kitchen itself is a dream of beauty. Every single utensil is a work of art, and antique. The inn is built around a courtyard, and the bedrooms all open on a balcony which is covered with rose vines. I can't imagine anything more romantic. But we could stay only overnight, as mama was anxious to get to Trouville for the races.

HOTEL DES ROCHES NOIRES,
TROUVILLE, August 15th.

We've made some awfully nice friends here, the secretary of the Argentine Republic at Paris and his wife. They are perfectly charming. They live in Paris in the winter, of course. She is so pretty. She speaks English with an accent, but she has so much to say it makes no difference how she says it. She seems to think the only thing for an American girl with money—evidently she knows that we're not destitute—is to marry a foreigner with a title. Oh, dear, she's going to influence mama! I can see that. But the queer thing about mama is that she doesn't seem in a hurry a bit, to get me married off to the count. So long as I'm not called upon to don at once the wedding-veil and orange-blossoms, all is well.

TROUVILLE, August 16th.

This is the most expensive hotel I've ever imagined. Just to have a table reserved for us in the restaurant we have to give the head waiter twenty dollars every night. Of course it's race-week and the most fashionable moment in all France. But, just the same, twenty dollars for the mere privilege of sitting down to eat!

The season literally lasts only two weeks here, and so they have to charge big prices, and the prices are so big that people stay only a day or two, and the fact that they stay only a day or two makes the proprietors ask all the more. So there's really no limit to the charge.

This afternoon we went to the races and had the satisfaction of seeing Seasick win. I say satisfaction, for Seasick has an American master, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who won the Grand Prix in Paris, and the Derby at Chantilly, and the President's prize at Maisons Lafitte, and still another prize at Saint Cloud, all this year, so, it seemed to me, we were only justly proud of our sporting compatriot.

I never saw anything like the clothes the women are wearing here; dreams of beauty and diaphanous materials that seems to be woven by magic spiders, and lace such as the ladies of Alençon would have been proud to create.

Mama feels horribly uncomfortable in her clothes. She says they've been packed so long in an innovation that they give her an innovation-trunk fig-

I never saw anything like the clothes the women are wearing here; dreams of beauty and diaphanous materials.

ure. She's getting restless for the Rue de la Paix, I can see that. She wants to be smarter than the smartest of these ladies at the Trouville-Deauville races. But that's rather a large order!

TROUVILLE, August 17th.

Mama left yesterday for Paris. She simply couldn't stand it another day without more clothes.

I'm staying here until she returns under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Tamponi-Corelli, the Argentine secretary and his wife. They're so kind and nice.

Bernardini stayed on here, of course. Mama will be back in a few days.

TROUVILLE, August 17th, Midnight.

All day long I've been in a sort of a dream. I didn't want Mrs. Tamponi-Corelli to notice anything, so I was as smiling and cordial as a basket of chips, even to Bernardini. But now that the

day has passed I must let forth to my diary.

Whew! So much has happened!

In the first place I received this morning from Hal Fulton a letter. It was an awfully long epistle, and I scanned it from beginning to end in the hope of finding a single personal allusion to Hal's feelings for me. But everything in the letter had to bear on one subject, and that subject was not sentiment, nor was it Stella Dennison.

It was the Count Bernardini.

Hal told me that he had been on the count's track ever since he had left Lake Forest. From the very beginning, he said, he had suspected him, but it was very hard to get any definite proofs. Little by little, however, the mystery regarding the count and Hal's suspicions, above all, began to clear.

And this is what Hal told me.

Giuseppi Bernardini, so-called count, is no more a count than I am, and his name is not Bernardini at all. He is not even an Italian, but an Oriental who came to Rome to prepare for the priesthood and who, once his studies were finished, decided that other things were more profitable for a clever man than the church, and among these profitable things there was forging. Bernardini, with a real instinct for art, began to deal in antiquities. First he forged the Raphael, rendering it by a series of combinations seemingly authentic. This was the secret which only Mr. Lawrenson knew.

Then, getting bolder, he forged a receipt from a multimillionaire American. This American, it seems, pays his bills in London once a year, for all the art treasures he purchases in the twelvemonth. Bernardini, by some machiavellian trick, forced the bankers into paying ahead of time a goodly sum on a note which was purely and simply forged. Unfortunately for him his dishonesty was discovered. But like a true rogue he got wind of his pursuit. He declared to his "intimates" that he was leaving London instanter, and that they would never see him alive again. Then he proceeded to take passage on a boat, traveling from London to Ostend. And during the voyage he bribed the mechanician to sell him his clothes.

Then Bernardini, the so-called, left a letter of farewell in which he declared he would be found after he had jumped overboard, committing suicide. He left his clothes, his papers, etc., etc., in his cabin. But he did not jump overboard at all, of course. He simply went ashore as a mechanician. Every one thought, seeing the letter and the clothes and the papers and everything, and the empty cabin, that he had committed suicide. At Ostend he took a new name and new clothes.

This was the explanation of what I had seen on the *Provence*. This escapade made clear why the mechanician on that ocean-liner was possessed of the papers and the photograph of the now Bernardini. And Hal's letter made clear why the mechanician exclaimed when I questioned him: "I know *much* about this gentleman, but I will not tell." Bernardini had given him an important sum of money to keep silent.

Then the next thing the count had done, being a simple "mister," was to take a title and travel to America, where he began giving lessons in architecture, like an innocent and honest man. How were we to know?

And how would we ever have known if it had not been for Hal?

Now the question is, what am I to do?

Mama is in Paris. Hal is in London. And the count is here, omnipresent, unsuspecting.

What am I to do?

TROUVILLE, August 18th.

I stayed awake nearly all night thinking, thinking what I ought to do.

This morning a letter came from mama saying she would remain in Paris another week on account of clothes.

Eight days!

There's got to be a solution of some sort. I can't go on seeing the count this way for eight days, and besides, the real moment for me to break with him is *now* while mama is away.

Like a flash it all came across my mind. It was he who had sent the telegram.

HOTEL DES ROCHES NOIRES,
TROUVILLE, August 19th.

Well, it's done. *Ca y est,* as the French people say. I've told the count everything that I know, all about him. Of course he denied the whole story and got in a terrible rage.

But to begin at the beginning.

When the bathing-hour came yesterday the count asked me if I would go and sit with him on the beach. They put up big striped umbrellas in the sand, and you can stay out in the sun without getting too scorched. I didn't care, however, for such a conspicuous place, as I knew there was to be an outburst on my part; so I simply indicated my desire to remain on the hotel piazza in a quiet corner. The count unwittingly accepted with joy the idea of a quiet corner. He's great on tête-à-têtes.

Well, as soon as we got settled I let straight out from the shoulder. I told

him every single one of the things that Hal had related in his letter, without of course saying how I had found them out. And then I explained how all of these accusations coincided with the queerness of the things I had myself noticed.

The count was speechless.

I said to him:

"You can understand that, given the sort of person I now know you to be, my marriage with you is naturally and entirely out of the question."

He got most frightfully excited when I said this, and protested with a volubility worthy only of an imitation Italian, but I was calm. I said:

"You can arrange things as you like with mama. But as for me I say good-by to you *now,* once and for all. I regret the day you ever crossed my path, and I hope I may never, never, have the ill luck to lay eyes on you again!"

Then I swept down the piazza to the hotel entrance, and since then I've not been visible.

SAINT JOUIN, August 23rd.

Oh, dear! I hardly know where to date this part of my diary or how to begin it. So much has happened in two days. In the first place, the very morning after my adventure with the count I got a telegram from mama in Paris. She said:

Join me at the inn at Saint Jouin, the Belle Ernestine's. Will arrive by night-train from Paris.

We had planned to go over to this inn, which is awfully picturesque and kept by an elderly woman who is still known as the "Beautiful Ernestine" because a celebrated French painter, Besnard, fell in love with her beauty years ago.

Well, as soon as mama's telegram came, I got together some things in a valise as fast as I could, and set out, only too glad to get away from Trouville where the count was. It was late in the evening when I reached the little inn at Saint Jouin, and I thought it awfully queer that mama wasn't there, and that there was not a word from her to engage rooms or anything. Fortunately the "Beautiful Ernestine" was very motherly. I felt awfully lonely. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and I thought the best thing was to stop worrying and just go to bed and sleep.

So, I'd just let down my hair and put on my dressing-gown when I heard a little rap-a-tap at the door. Of course I thought it was mama, so I threw the door wide open, and whom did I see?

Whom, but Count Bernardini!

Instantly he flung himself into my room, slamming the door and turning the key in the lock. Like a flash it all came across my mind. It was he who had sent the telegram. It was he who had forged that message so that I would come alone, unsuspecting, thinking that I was to join mama.

But I determined in that instant that he should not get the better of me.

"Coward!" I cried. "Coward!"

He made a lunge forward to grab me, but I struck at him muttering: "Coward! Coward!"

My window opened out onto the balcony only a step from the ground. I sprang out, and let myself down over the rail, repeating words of hatred to the villainous Bernardini who stood in a semi-stupor, while I ran for the kitchen of the inn where I could see a light burning, on the opposite side of the garden. There I found the "Beautiful Ernestine" leaning over her book of accounts.

"Madame," I whispered hoarsely, afraid to speak out loud lest the count should have followed on my heels. "Madame! There's a burglar in my room. A *voleur!* A man to steal, you understand? Thief! *Voleur!*"

I made frantic gesticulations and she must have seen something in my eyes, for she sprang up and dashed for the bell ringing up the whole house and yelling: *"Voleur! Voleur!"* With frightful precautions they proceeded to invade my domain.

Of course the count had escaped. He had gone back to wherever it was he came from, some place in the neighborhood where he had put up just to play this dastardly game on me, of trying to

compromise me, so that I would have to give in to him. Vile, low creature!

It's needless to say I did not close my eyes all night. As soon as it was light I got up and got dressed and walked over to the village, and the instant the telegraph-office was open I sent a telegram. Not to mama. It somehow seemed as though mama and the count were in league, and as though mama would take the count's part against me.

No!

I telegraphed to Hal Fulton.

I told him to come, to come as quickly as he could, from London. That I was in trouble, in awful trouble, and that he could save me. Now I've got to wait hours before I can have an answer.

SAINT JOUIN,
August 24th.

Oh, dear, it's too awful, this suspense.

I've waited all last night and all to-day, and not a word of answer from Hal. They think in the inn that I am crazy because I declared there was a burglar in my room and no one was found when they came to look.

I will not write to mama a word, as I feel she's in sympathy with the count whatever he does.

Oh, I hear a voice in the garden! It sounds like Hal's voice. Yes! Wait a minute! Yes! It is, it is! Oh, I'm saved at last, saved! Hal!

LONDON, August 26th.

So much has happened I haven't had an instant even to think of my diary.

I almost threw myself into his arms, I was so glad to see him.

As soon as I heard Hal's voice I rushed down into the garden, and there he was, sure enough. I almost threw myself into his arms, I was so glad to see him. He was awfully intense, and I didn't have to explain much to him. He just knew it was some dastardly trick of the count's that had distressed me so.

Hal had kept his carriage waiting at the door, and so I flung my things into my valise and paid my bill, and told the "Belle Ernestine" that my brother had come for me and that I was going away with him.

So Hal and I went away together just like a bride and groom. We aren't that yet, but we're going to be. I haven't told mama. I'd rather wait till it's all over. But I don't mind owning up to my diary. Hal's making all the arrangements. He's staying at the Cecil, and I at the Savoy, and in a day or two we're to be married and then we can both stay at the Ritz!

Oh, dear, I'm so excited I don't know what to do! I simply adore Hal. He's been the most wonderful comfort all through this ghastly performance. It's ghastly, and at the same time very romantic. We drove all the way in Hal's little hired carriage from the "Belle Ernestine's" to Havre, about fifteen miles, and then we had dinner together at Frascati's. I was awfully happy, really happy for the first time in my life. Hal looked so handsome. But he was worried. I said to him:

"But, Hal, darling, now that we're

really together at last, what difference does the rest of the world make?"

"Stella," he answered, "we're not married yet, little girl. It's a big responsibility I'm taking, to lead you off this way without your mother even knowing about it."

But I gave Hal a look that sort of cheered him up. And then we went down to the little Havre-Southampton boat, and Hal settled me in a steamer-chair on the deck, and there I slept, happy and tired, until the next morning at six o'clock.

And now, in two days, we shall be married! And mama hasn't the vaguest idea where I am, nor has the count.

LONDON, August 31st.

I've been married three whole days to my darling Hal. And I'm so blissfully happy I just can't write up my diary any more. Happiness, they say, has no history, and I never knew how true that was until I tried it for myself.

But I must begin at the beginning with the story of our marriage, for it was all too extraordinary. It came near being a *double wedding!*

When we got down to the little chapel where Hal had arranged everything, the minister came out a minute to the sacristy, to say we would have to wait, that there was another couple who were to be married before us. It was a bore to wait, and I suppose we looked annoyed, for the nice English minister said that if we wanted to, we could come and sit in the church while the other wedding was going on. We didn't care to do that, so we stayed in the sacristy and after a little while we just took a peek in, to see, when it came to the part where the minister was pronouncing them "man and wife." And who should the man and wife be but——

Oh, I can hardly write it in my diary!

But—but—mama and the Count Bernardini!

Yes, if you please!

While Hal and I were reproaching ourselves for not letting them into our secret, they were quietly and neatly "tieing up," without saying a word to any one!

The count had gone straight back from Saint Jouin that night to Paris, and had just played the game with her for all it was worth. Mama looked perfectly radiant, I must admit.

Hal wouldn't let me speak to her then, for he wanted to make sure of me. But when the wedding was over, *our* wedding, the next day he went around to the minister and found out mama's address, and then I called on her and we had a scene of explanation. There wasn't much to say. I couldn't tell her the things I know about the count. It would break her heart to find out that she's not a *real* countess. And she was embarrassed at the whole situation. They're going to Italy to live forever, and Hal and I are going back to the good old U. S. A., to have a home of our own where we'll settle down and "live in peace forever after."

Hal is too wonderful. I adore him more every minute. It seems as though we would never have time enough to talk over everything, especially as we have frequent interruptions. Just when I'm in the middle of a sentence Hal can't wait to embrace me, so at this rate a diary wouldn't have much interest for any one. Love-letters that interest the public, it seems, are not real love-letters, and a real, true love-affair, like Hal's and mine, couldn't possibly interest any one but just Hal and me.

We sail to-morrow, and in eight days there won't be a happier woman than yours truly Stella Dennison Fulton, in the whole splendid land of the U. S. A.

The Women Who Work For Us
What We Can Do For Them

III Sales Women and Factory Workers

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. VON S. LUCAS

MRS. WASHBURN, in town for a day's shopping with a list as long as her arm, ventured to interrupt a group of young ladies in the cloak department. She broke in upon the "he" and "I" and the "to-morrow night sure" chatter with a request to be shown pongee dust-coats.

"For yourself?" inquired one long, lithe, goddesslike damsel, rising from her settee and surveying Mrs. Washburn's ample, matronly figure with the calm disdain of one whose own proportions are nearer the standard of true beauty. "I don't think we have anything in your size under forty dollars."

"Kindly show me those," said Mrs. Washburn tersely. She had no intention of paying forty dollars for a pongee duster, but she was equally determined not to be snubbed as to her looks and her financial standing by an eight-dollar-a-week young person who was obviously much laced.

The goddess fluffed her hair, gave a last word to her friends of the group on the likelihood of a pleasant evening at the coming dance of the Mutual Protective Association and Pleasure Coterie, and then drifted toward the cases of cloaks. She exchanged a word about the approaching festivity with one of her colleagues on the way, and then, after a hasty look into the recesses of the case, announced that there was nothing to fit Mrs. Washburn there. That energetic lady had meantime discovered exactly what she wanted at twenty-two-fifty lying in a heap of cloaks across a chair.

"Now, my good girl," she said, using the most unpleasant form of address in her vocabulary, after she had shown the saleswoman this cloak, "you see, I have found what I want without half looking for it. Let me give you a little advice. Do the work you are paid to do. I shall not report you this time, although I really think that I ought to. Take an interest in your stock and in your customers; forget, if you possibly can during business hours, about 'him' and what he said last night, and what you will say to-morrow night. Don't set up to be a judge of the financial standing of a customer on the strength of your knowledge of this year's styles in sleeves; and remember that even the most modest of us is probably able to buy and sell you! Now take my name and address and send me this, charged."

The astonished young woman gasped out an inarticulate reply—the eye of the floor-manager was upon her, evidently marking the lengthy colloquy with distrust, and she did not dare to "let herself go" in answer. But when Mrs. Washburn had retreated a short distance, the lithe and goddesslike one, still red with surprise and mortification, gasped out to her smiling confrères: "Well, of all the nerve! Did you hear the old cat?" Whereupon the aisle man, overhearing that, promptly rebuked her, threatened her with fines and

The goddess fluffed her hair, gave a last word to her friends, then drifted toward the cases of cloaks.

reportings, and left her generally in a state of mind where the prospects of the dance were temporarily obscured.

Mrs. Washburn took great credit to herself when she told us, her neighbors, of the encounter.

"It did her good," she said virtuously. "I am so tired of their utter indifference and insolence. Do they think that that is the way to do business? If John conducted his affairs in that fashion, if I ran my house in such a slipshod way, where would we be? It's high time that some one told those girls a few home truths—and I flatter myself that I did it this morning."

"Did you ever do anything else for them?" inquired Mrs. Avery, her gentle voice and indifferent eyes robbing the question of impertinence.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Washburn, astonished. "What

can I do for shop-girls except try to infuse a little wholesome fear into their hearts?"

"There's a good deal we can all do," said Mrs. Avery, changing the accusatory "you" into the conciliatory "we." "Where were you buying this morning? Oh, at Bluster and Bargan's? Well, you can refuse to trade there—it's a notoriously 'skin' place; it doesn't pay its girls enough to insure having a good sort or to justify any real interest in their job on their part. You could buy somewhere else."

"And cut down Bluster and Bargan's profits so that they would discharge the girl? That would be helpful, wouldn't it!" scoffed Mrs. Washburn.

"Yes. For you would increase the business of the better shop at which you traded, and it in time would have to enlarge its selling force; then your girl would have a chance to work at a rate which might give her some sane excuse for being interested in her work, and under conditions which would not render her physically unable to maintain any real vigor for anything."

"You needn't tell me," replied Mrs. Washburn firmly, "that I have any duties toward the young women that Bluster and Bargan or Byam and Cellem or any other firms employ. I don't make their scale of wages. I don't pay them or refuse to pay them. I don't dock them and fine them and decline to let them sit down when they aren't busy. I don't curtail their luncheon-hour or keep them working at night. If all these things happen to them, I am very sorry, I'm sure. I'm sorry, too, that so many people in Russia have an unpleasant time, and that mining is a dangerous pursuit. But I can't help the Russians, and I can't regulate the work in mines. I have all that I can do to attend to my own affairs; to run my home, to see that my husband and children are well fed and decently clothed and comfortably housed and trained up—that is, the children—in the way they should go. If I were a spinster"—Mrs. Washburn looked disdainfully upon the representatives of that class present on the piazza—"I should probably be glad to interfere in other people's business, having none of my own. But, as it is, I am fully occupied in attending to my own duties, and I can't help the Russians without neglecting the mending; or do anything for the miners without giving up my baking and taking to store bread, which I never will! And, similarly, I cannot bother about the shop-girls without letting something at home slide—the dusting or the dessert-making, or something. Besides which, if I let everything go, if I let the house run itself and the dust pile up to the ceilings and the children's toes poke through all their undarned stockings, if I drove John to drink with poor cookery and made myself a Mrs. Jellaby of a housekeeper, while I tore around to meetings and delivered speeches and wrote letters, why, the shop-girls and the Russians and the miners would be just as well off when I had finished as they are now!"

With this triumphant declaration of impotence, Mrs. Washburn leaned back and looked at those of us whom she suspected of meddlesome philanthropic inclinations.

"You can do absolutely anything you please so far as the shop-girls are concerned," declared Mrs. Avery, with vigor. "You are the most important factor in the whole affair—you and all the women like you and us. We are the people who buy what Bluster and Bargan offer for sale. Cease to buy, and the firm will go into a receiver's hands. You—we—are the end for which every such shop exists. It fears our dissatisfaction more than anything else in the world."

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Washburn vehemently. "Not one of us buys a thousand dollars' worth a year from any one department store. We aren't rich women. Now they, I grant you——"

"They are not nearly so important as we are. There isn't a shop of the sort of which we are talking that caters nearly as much to the very rich as to the moderately well-to-do. How many pairs of embroidered lace stockings at ten dollars a pair do you suppose any

ordinary department store sells in comparison with lisle and cotton at three pairs the dollar? I'm willing to wager that for every ten-dollar pair sold there are a thousand of the others. And it is so with everything else. Rich women buy their things everywhere—on the Rue de la Paix and Bond Street quite as often as on Fifth Avenue, and oftener on Fifth Avenue than on Twenty-third Street or Sixth Avenue. No, it is we—the great common people, as we should call ourselves if we were in politics—who support the department stores. Therefore, we could ruin them if we wanted to. If we organized and declared that we would trade nowhere where the shades weren't purple or where free tea was not on tap, or where any other unreasonable and absurd requirement was not met—that requirement would be met!"

"How silly you are!" cried the literal Mrs. Washburn. "I don't want my tea given me by a department store, and I don't care anything about the color of their shades. All I want is a place where I can find reliable goods at a moderate price, and where I can have prompt and polite service."

"Exactly! And therefore every department store in New York tries by every means in its power to persuade you that in its aisles you find the promptest, politest service, and on its counters the most reliable, moderate-priced goods. Suppose that they all knew you required in addition to these things that they should treat their employees well, pay them decent wages, give them as comfortable surroundings as possible, look out for the conditions of their health and morals—wouldn't every one of them be trying to persuade you that in these respects also it was a star store? Of course it would!"

"You know perfectly well, Margaret," declared Mrs. Washburn heatedly, "that I have no time to go poking into lunch-rooms and dressing-rooms, and asking clerks what their wages are and what they do with the money. And even if I had the time and the inclination, I'd simply be asked to leave the store for my pains."

"Yes—if you alone did it. But if you, with three or four million women shoppers back of you, sent accredited investigators to the shops, they wouldn't be asked to leave the store for their pains. On the contrary, the utmost endeavor would be used to persuade them that the store was run on positively Utopian principles of regard for the employees. Even as it is—although there are no three or four million of us banded together—we do not need to make every expedition after a spool of thread or a pair of gloves an investigating jaunt. We have only to join the Consumers' League, and it will do our investigating for us, through people who are more trained in the art than we are. It will furnish us with the results of its investigations, and will give us a list of shops at which we may deal in the comfortable consciousness that we are not helping on the cause of greed and cruelty."

Mrs. Washburn muttered something about "fads," but later in the day, when the tumult and the shouting had died down somewhat, she made private inquiries as to the cost of membership in the Consumers' League and the address of the local branch.

"I am not hard-hearted," she explained. "But I am busy, and I don't want to spend my leisure and my energy on things that won't count an iota in the long run. But anything I can do, I'm glad enough to do—and no one ought to know that better than Margaret Avery!" she added, with a final burst of resentment.

She is representative of a large class; probably the majority of women shoppers are agreed with her in their requirements of the stores at which they trade—reliable goods, moderate prices, courteous service, or, at least, "near-courteous" service. They are like her, too, in being busy about their own affairs, and having little time to spend in personal investigation; and most of them have a wholesome dread of mere "fads." Yet here is something which all women can do; they can join this organization, becoming subscribers for one dollar a year, members for two,

"It is high time that some one told those girls a few home truths."

associate members for five, and life members for one hundred, and can thereby help make the movement for the amelioration of the conditions under which women and children work an effective one. They can study the "white list" furnished by the association, and learn from it which shops maintain the standards of the League. This standard is mild enough, in all conscience, in its demands upon the department stores. Here is the New York City branch's "Standard of a Fair House."

Wages: A Fair House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex, and in which no saleswoman who is over eighteen years of age, or who has had one year's experience as saleswoman, receives less than six dollars per week.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which the minimum wages of cash children are three dollars and a half per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments.

Hours: A Fair House is one in which the number of working hours constituting a normal working day does not exceed nine.

At least three-quarters of an hour is given for luncheon.

A general half-holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

A vacation of not less than one week is given with pay during the summer season.

All overtime is compensated for.

Wages are paid and the premises closed for the seven principal legal holidays, viz.: Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and New-year's Day, Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and Labor Day.

Physical Conditions: A Fair House is one in which work, lunch, and retiring rooms are apart from each other and conform in all respects to the present sanitary laws.

In which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed, and the use of seats permitted.

Other Conditions: A Fair House is one in which humane and considerate behavior toward employees is the rule.

In which fidelity and length of service

meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

In which no child under sixteen years works for more than nine hours a day.

In which no such child works unless an employment certificate issued by the Board of Health has first been filed with the employer and the name, etc., of the child has been entered on a register kept by the employer.

In which the ordinances of the city and the laws of the State are obeyed in all particulars.

Certainly there is nothing of the impossibly idealistic in these requirements. Indeed, they are those which one would naturally expect to be the rule in all shops, if one were simply taking things for granted. Yet on the New York "white list"—the list of those establishments conforming to this mild standard of excellence—are only fifty-one names. These include department stores, shoe-stores, candy-stores, women's exchanges, Oriental stores, and linen-stores. Certain lines of trade have not yet been investigated by the League, and it is always to be remembered that shops in which less than three women are employed are not listed at all, as the League's efforts are directed toward the betterment of working conditions for women and children.

In another article* it has been told what it means to be a shop-girl in New York, what the labor is, what the temptations and the hardships are. That it is the duty of the consumers to cooperate in every way possible to bring the retail shop's conditions up to a decent standard—a standard that makes for health instead of physical disability, for mental interest instead of lethargy, for upright living and morality instead of almost enforced and enjoined vice—is something which scarcely needs to be pointed out. The majority of the women who buy are like our good neighbor, Mrs. Washburn, not so hard-hearted as uninformed, not so callous as ignorant. They need only to be instructed to realize their responsibilities.

*Miss Austin's, in the September issue.

But the Consumers' League has done a great deal of work in behalf of women and child workers other than those in the retail shops. The conditions under which work is done in the factories employing women and children and in the homes—if so fair a word may be used to describe the wretched tenement dwellers—in which "piece work" is permitted, have been the subject of investigation, report, and of legislative agitation and action.

In the consideration of this sort of work, the duty of all women toward these particular ones is but one side of a duty to themselves. The Mrs. Washburns, firmly entrenched in an individualistic conception of society, may declare themselves unable to see what they personally can do to better the conditions of women who do a work of which they—the Mrs. Washburns—know nothing; women whom they never see, whose lives, apparently, never cross theirs.

"I will give in to you philanthropists on the subject of my duty to the shop-girl," concedes Mrs. Washburn handsomely, "but I have to draw the line somewhere in this being my sister's keeper. I think I'll draw it right here, with the woman who makes the flowers on my hat—if there is such a woman—and the woman who weaves the muslin that makes the petticoat I buy at the 'white list' store, and the woman who makes that petticoat. I am a fairly vigorous person, but I can't look up all these women, and there's not a sufficiently extensive 'white list' of manufacturers handed out by the Consumers' League for me to buy enough clothing to keep myself and the family covered by only the truly righteous manufacturers. So I'll have to absolve my conscience in regard to the factory workers."

Then she goes to town, and seeing an old woman, or maybe a slim-shouldered little girl, plodding through a narrow street with a great bundle of cloth upon her head, she says something about its being a shame or a picturesque thing, as she happens at the moment to incline to the dramatic or

the ethical view of existence, and then she forgets all about it. But the old woman or the little girl is carrying home a bundle of coats to be "finished" in the tenement. If Mrs. Washburn will attend some of the congestion exhibits which are held under the auspices of charity organizations, she will see pictures, perhaps even models, of the "homes" to which those coats go. She will see the old woman at work, and the young mother at work, and all the children down to the tiny three-year-old, who is pulling out basting threads. She will see the table, with its unwashed dishes, pushed to one side. She will see the filth and squalor—when one is making less than a starvation wage as a finisher for the tailor, one has not time to keep a tidy house. She may see the next room in which the boarder, who works at night, is asleep. She may see a tuberculous son stretched out on a dirty mattress and a heap of dirty rags that constitute his couch; she may see the sign posted at the entrance of the tenement-house announcing the fact that there is scarlet fever somewhere on the premises. If she sees all this and takes the lesson to heart, it will not be on the score of duty to her neighbor, but of duty to herself and those of her own household that she will join in the movement against "home work"—one of the evils which the Consumers' League combats most strenuously in its campaign for proper conditions for working women.

The cheap, pretty coat—maybe it is a coat for the little boy of the family, and his mother takes great pride in his appearance as she buttons it around him. Maybe it is a gorgeous wrap for herself, satin-lined and frogged and tasseled. It has been, perhaps, before it found its way to that "special sale," in conditions which would make its buyer, its wearer, ill with fright if she realized them. Had she herself been for ten minutes in the surroundings in which that garment was "finished," she would go to her home, and all the hot water in the boiler and all the disinfectants in the house would not suffice to purify her of the sense of physical pollution and danger. Yet she buys the wrap, buttons it upon one dearer to her than her own life, or wears it herself, and, it may be, mourns the disease that attacks the child whom she guards so carefully, or the illness that wastes her strength when she particularly needs it.

Truly it is no mere sentiment of kindness toward the race of toilers, no mere regard for the life and the comfort of others, which ought to interest women in the conditions under which their ready-made clothes are produced, but the most primitive instinct of all, the most brutal, if you will—the instinct of self-preservation.

Work in factories, in all States, comes under some sort of law, no matter how inadequate. Home work—the sweat-shop industry—has no such safeguards upon it as are established in the factories. In factories so much light, so much space, such and such restrictions of work to so many hours a day, and to workers of such and such an age, are decreed. But the work that is "sweated out"—there is no one to control that. It is done in the homes; the merest baby who can hold a needle or pull a thread may be required to work until it falls asleep for weariness; no conditions of light, of air space, of cleanliness, are possible of enforcement.

To be sure, in New York, which is the very center of the sweat-shop industry and the source of many sweat-shop bargains that find their way to the counters of all the American cities, there is some effort made to regulate the class of tenement into which work may be taken. It is required that a tenement, in which "home work" is done, shall be licensed. The license is required to be displayed at the entrance of the houses, so that he who runs may read where his bargains come from. But even for the real factory inspection, the force of inspectors is notoriously inadequate, and for the espionage which home work requires, a very large force would be necessary. Its entire abolition, in demanding which the Consumers' League aims to educate public

The white label is given by the Consumers' League where the work has been found to be done under proper conditions.

opinion, is the only sufficient way in which the evil may be met and stamped out.

The Mrs. Washburns may contend that they can do but little to change these conditions which even selfishness assures them must be changed. Their connection with the manufacturing industries is, of course, less direct and immediate than with the selling trade. But there are certain very direct things which they can do. They can ask at the stores where they do their buying for goods which bears the Consumers' League "white label." This label is given to those manufacturing firms, investigated by agents of the Consumers' League, where the work has been found to be done under proper conditions. It must not be confounded with the white list itself. That is a list of retail shops in which the selling conditions meet the requirements of a "fair house," printed earlier in this article. The white label is issued to manufacturers, and certifies that the article manufactured was produced under "clean and healthful conditions," and that the label was authorized after investigation by the agents of the League. There are, in the last report of the League, the names of sixty-one manufacturing concerns, mainly makers of underwear, which are permitted the use of the label. In some places, notably Boston, the ladies' tailors have also been investigated by the local branch of the League, with the result that there are thirty-six tailors by whom a conscientious Boston woman may have her cloth suits and coats made, with the comfortable knowledge that she is neither courting disease herself nor helping in any work of oppression.

However, apart from the direct way in which the ordinary, average woman, busied about her home and her family,

may influence manufacture, there is the almost more important one of creating public opinion. When the more active members of the Consumers' League, the executives, the investigators, the legislative committees—for finally all improvements in manufacturing conditions must be matters of law—go forth as the accredited representatives of an army of women which embraces all the buyers in the country, they go with an invincible backing. With a backing pitiably, criminally less strong, they have accomplished wonders. With such a backing, there is practically no reform which might not be won.

Of all the actions which have recently affected the status of women as workers, the most important one has been in connection with an Oregon laundryman and the law of his State regulating the hours of women's work. Oregon, through the efforts of its Consumers' League, had passed a law restricting women's hours of labor in factories, laundries, and mechanical establishments to ten hours out of twenty-four. Curt Miller, a laundryman, contested the law, and his lawyers advanced the same arguments which had been successfully used in effecting the repeal of a similar law in Illinois—namely, woman's sacred right to contract for the disposal of her work as she and the buyer of it should see fit to agree. The Oregon laundryman lost his suit, the Supreme Court of Oregon holding it constitutional for a State to pass a law limiting woman's hours of work. Whereupon he and the other laundrymen of the Pacific coast appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court. They secured distinguished counsel to demand for woman the glorious privilege of working as many hours a day as she could stand, provided her employer required it. The National Consumers' League was represented by Mr. Louis Brandeis, of Boston, who contributed his services to the counsel for the State of Oregon. The result was a sweeping victory for the Oregon law, a defeat for the laundrymen and all others of similar views. And it has placed the United States Supreme Court, the highest tribunal of all, on record. Justice Brewer, who read the opinion of the court, said in part:

> Even though all restrictions on political, personal, and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with him (man), it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection: that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in view not merely her own health but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. The limitations which this statute places upon her contractual powers, upon her right to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all. Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long-continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for existence. This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her.

Here, then, is the legally authoritative statement of what all women knew long ago—namely, that women should have special protection in their work, in the conditions under which they perform it. And here—in the Consumers' League—is the avenue through which every ordinary woman, however unversed in legislative practises and in investigation, may make felt her influence, her desire to help her sisters of the working world. The millennium may not be ushered in immediately after every Mrs. Washburn of all the suburbs joins the association, but it will certainly be a little accelerated in its slow progress.

The OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

EASTER hats and gowns, and dainty accessories, too, were most attractively displayed in the big New York shops during the first week in April. Everything that a woman could possibly want was shown to the out-of-town girl in such an alluring manner that she found her allowance for a spring outfit mysteriously disappearing.

Jet Hats and Jet Trimmings.

First of all, she must select a new hat. An Easter hat is the one thing that is absolutely indispensable.

Charming turbans, quite moderate in size, were draped with jetted net and finished with broad bands of jet around the brims. For trimming there were jet wings and ornaments; indeed, jet was the fad of the moment.

For the woman who objected to the weight of an all jet hat, there were turbans of maline and net with jet brims and trimmings. These hats varied in price from $9.75 to $25.

Even the straw hats were to have jet trimmings, the out-of-town girl learned. Bands of jet for crown and brim decoration cost from $1.95 to $4.00 each. At some places they were sold by the yard, and other shops handled only the jet bands with finished net ends.

Cabochons of jet were simply huge—some measured 3, 4, and 5 inches in diameter, and cost $1.95 to $4.00 each.

A double cabochon ornament had pendants at the end from which hung small jetted balls. This was $2.75.

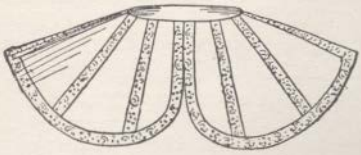
Quills and wings of jet were very attractive, and glistened beautifully in the sunshine.

A feathery jet quill with long jetted stem that cost $2.75 was light in weight and quite as effective as the heavily jetted wings.

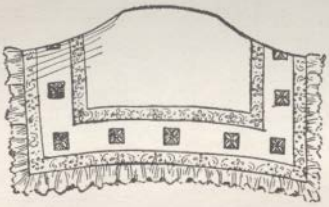
One of the New Jet Turbans.

The Latest in Silk Dresses.

It would seem as if everybody who had only a little money to spend could have a silk dress for Easter if they knew just where to look for it. The out-of-town girl saw some very attractive models at prices that varied from $12 to $20, according to the quality of silk and the trimmings.



One pretty dress of brown and white satin foulard was particularly modish as to design. The back and front of the bodice were exactly alike. The deep V-shaped yoke of tucked net was crossed by bands of Persian trimming, and the dress buttoned down the front in semiprincess style. The new waist-line was a conspicuous feature in this gown. The belt dropped slightly below the normal waist in front and was raised fully two inches at the back, giving the very latest Parisian effect. This dress was moderately priced at $12.50, and seemed to be of very good quality throughout.



Tailored and Lingerie collars.

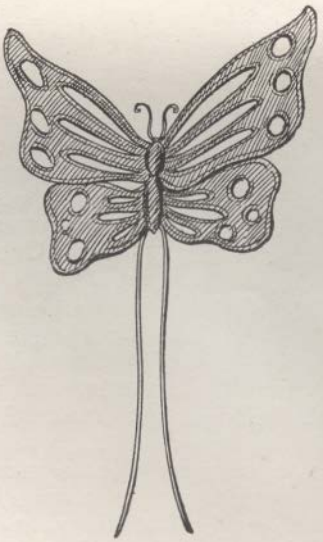
Instead of stiff, embroidered linen collars, the out-of-town girl saw new Irish lace collars mounted on linen foundations, which held them high and close to the neck. The lace was handmade, so $1.35 did not seem an exorbitant price for them.

It was quite evident to the out-of-town girl that dresses slightly low at the neck were to be fashionable during the spring and summer. The different kinds of Dutch collars were very much in evidence at the neckwear counters. There were wide linen collars with imitation Cluny lace insets for the tailor-made girl, and soft lingerie collars for the girl who likes dainty neck-fixings. One pretty Dutch collar of fine white lawn was trimmed with insets and narrow frills of Valenciennes lace. Near the edge of the collar were inch-squares embroidered in colored wash-silks—blue, pink, lavender, and green. These collars were 48 cents apiece.

"Ready to put on at a moment's notice, without any fussing or tying of bows." This was the recommendation that sold any number of prettily shaped linen collars handled by a very obliging young saleswoman. The

Neckwear Novelties.

No spring outfit is quite complete without a new neck trimming of some description. The latest ruffs and collars were somewhat extreme in style and height. The out-of-town girl found one, however, that just pleased her. It was of dark-blue satin ribbon, gathered to form a double ruffle. A button-trimmed fold of ribbon concealed the gathers. A ruching of plain white maline finished the upper ruffle and provided a soft, becoming line at the top. These ruffs cost $2.25.



Butterfly Hairpin of Carved Shell.

Semiprincess Gown of Satin Foulard.

linen was embroidered near the top in large dots and slashed at the lower edge. Through the slashes a colored satin tie was slipped and secured at each end with a few hurried stitches. Just two pins at the back, and both collar and tie would be secure. These collars cost 25 cents each.

Another "easy to adjust" neck-trimming consisted in a broad band of velvet ribbon with fine white ruching at the top. This cost 75 cents a yard, and came in all colors. When one considers that 1¼ yards make three collars, this does not seem expensive.

Leather Novelties.

For $1.50 the out-of-town girl bought one of the most comfortable purses she had ever owned. It was of black suède, divided into two sections; indeed, it seemed more like two small purses joined at the ends. The seam was concealed by a narrow strap which fastened with a gilt buckle. There was a clasp at each end of the purse. In one section small change could be kept, while the other part might be used for bills. This separating of the money was especially convenient for the out-of-town girl, who always dropped small coins when drawing bills from her purse.

A smart-looking hand-bag combined two kinds of leather in an attractive manner. Huge corners of plain leather contrasted nicely with the grained body of an alligator bag. These could be purchased in black, tan, and gray, and cost $5.95.

For Girls in Their Teens.

It is not an easy matter to find a dress that is suitable for a young girl who is too old for children's styles and not old enough for grown-up frocks. There is such a little while that a girl really wants this kind of a dress, few shops give much attention to designing them. One store, however, makes a specialty of just such costumes, and there the out-of-town girl found many charming models from which to select.

One dainty dress was of pale blue linen, with white mercerized braid and cotton-crochet buttons for trimming. Cut square at the neck with short, loose sleeves, it could be worn with or without a lingerie guimpe. The skirt had a high waist-line, which is becoming to slender, girlish figures, and the long,

straight gores in the skirt gave additional grace to the short-waisted girl. This frock cost $6.75.

An Old-time Custom Revived.

In the very same store where her grandmother bought most of her finery many years ago, the out-of-town girl found that they had returned to the old-time method of displaying summer fabrics. No more long counters that seem to shut you away from personal contact with the goods you really want to handle, and no more annoying experiences with saleswomen who are unable to pick out the one piece of material you want most.

In this particular store the counters were dispensed with entirely, and in their place large tables were used. Each table held a goodly supply of different designs in just one fabric. There was plenty of space to walk around those tables. Shelves, which divided the floor into aisles, were filled with hundreds of bolts of goods that could be examined at will. There was a very comfortable air about the entire department—indeed, it was more like a bazaar, and one woman said it was so homelike she almost expected to see tea served at one of the tables.

Some of the New Fabrics.

Silk-warp foulard was one of the new wash-fabrics, which so closely resembled the all-silk foulard that it would be an easy matter to confuse the two.

There were shadow-striped bengalines in all the new shades of blue and green. The cotton chevrons were striped so cleverly with zigzag design in silk that they looked exactly like cloth.

What surprised the out-of-town girl most was the number of lovely French sateens she saw. Not the stiff, heavy sateen of ten years ago, but a soft, delicate fabric with a brilliant luster. These were plain, striped, and figured, some showing borders from twelve to twenty inches deep. Persian colorings prevailed in these borders, and some looked as if they were made from the broché shawls fashionable so long ago.

A Short-waisted Jumper Dress of Linen for a Young Girl.

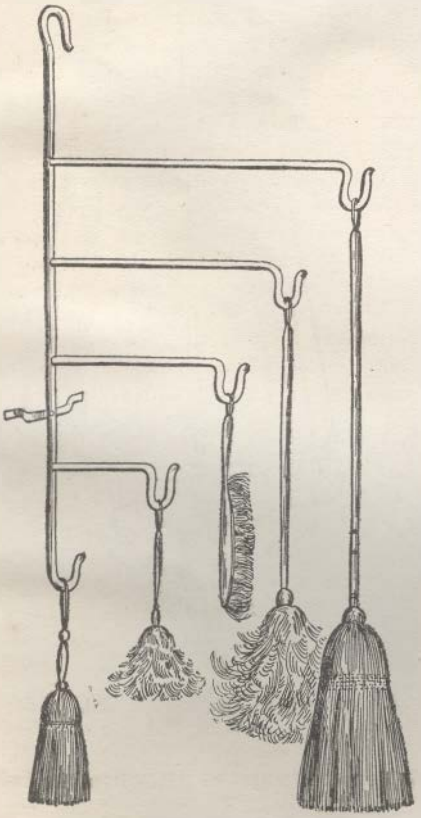
A Clothes-hanger as a Kitchen Necessity.

When a New York girl starts housekeeping in four little rooms, she has to

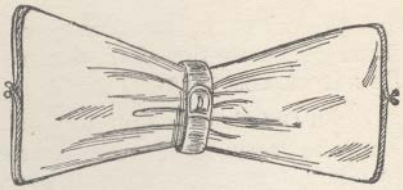
economize in space, and learns to utilize every inch of room in her home. The out-of-town girl was amazed at the clever way in which one of her friends had contrived to keep her brooms and brushes in one corner of her tiny kitchen. It required some thought, she admitted, to plan how to transfer one of her clothes-hangers to the kitchen for a brush-rack, but she did it at a cost of 24 cents. As a result, the brushes that usually take up a lot of space were all suspended from one hanger, and were out of the way, too.

Some Little New Fads.

Evidently suède shoes, especially black ones, are to remain in vogue for several months. Some of the shops are selling them for $3.85 a pair. They have the same sort of pearl buttons and daintily arched insteps as the more expensive ones, and will wear longer because the kid is not so fine. On



A Novel Use for a Clothes-hanger.



Double Purse of Black Suède.

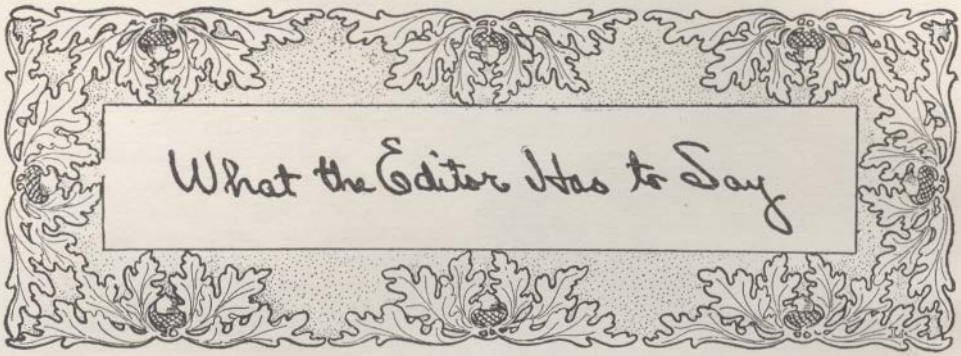
Fifth Avenue the out-of-town girl saw a woman wearing small bows of velvet ribbon at the upper edge of a very short-vamped suède shoe. There was a pearl button in the center of each bow. This idea she promptly adopted for her own use.

Stockings at $5 a pair were not to be thought of for a moment, but the out-of-town girl is a clever needlewoman, and decided to copy one particular pair in less expensive materials. These stockings of thread silk were elaborately embroidered in bow-knot design, and from the end of each bow hung tiny silk tassels. The bows were worked in self-color and outlined with tiny cut-steel beads. These stockings could be reproduced in lisle and mercerized cotton embroidery for less than $1.00.

Parasols of raffia would surely remain exclusive, because they cost so much and had to be ordered at least three weeks before delivery. The raffia was closely braided, and looked like very coarse hop-sacking. The plain parasols with hemmed edges were $7.50, but those finished with grasslike fringe cost $15.50.

A new style shell hairpin had long heavy points that held firmly in the hair. They were surmounted by the frailest sort of a shell butterfly with delicately cut body and wings. The colorings in the shell were particularly beautiful, and the pin made a most effective hair-ornament. It cost $1.35.

Long gloves to be worn with very short puff-sleeves will be of silk, of course; suède gloves are far too warm for summer. The newest black silk gloves were embroidered in pastel shades, while the designs in colored gloves were worked in monotone effects.



THE June number of SMITH'S will be the best magazine we have ever turned out. Commencing with the June number, we shall print more and better fiction than we have ever issued before, and we shall enlarge the section of portraits of stage favorites in the front of the magazine by the addition of eight pages. New presses and a big increase in our organization will enable us to make this a more attractive feature than ever. The theatrical art section in the present number of the magazine is as good as any published anywhere. That in the June and succeeding numbers will be better.

THE complete novel which opens the June number is longer than usual; it was written by W. B. M. Ferguson. The thousands who have read Mr. Ferguson's "Zollenstein" and "Garrison's Finish" know that they are sure of something well worth while in this new novel; but they do not know how absorbingly interesting it really is. "His Father's Son" is the name of the story. The scene is laid in New York at the present day, and the characters have all an individuality and vitality that stamp them as being actual men and women. The situations in the story are fresh and unhackneyed, and there is a vigorous dramatic quality in the whole narrative.

WE do not want to spoil your pleasure by telling you too much beforehand; but there are some things we can tell you of it that will interest you now and not spoil the reading of the story when you get it next month. The central figures in the story are a young man with a pronounced artistic gift, a father who has no understanding of art and is bitterly opposed to it as a career, and a girl who is in love with the young man and won't admit it even to herself.

The young man's father is a political power in New York, and the young man finally finds himself in a position where he can win fame, fortune, and the girl he loves by drawing caricatures of his own father—with whom he has quarreled; but whom, at heart, he still loves and respects. We won't tell you how the problem is solved or how the story ends.

ANOTHER new feature which will mark the June number of the magazine will be the first of a series of mystery stories by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. The authors of "My Friend, the Chauffeur" have never written anything so good as these stories. "The Cowboy Countess" is the name given to the series. The principal character is an American girl, born and bred in Texas, who becomes an English countess and a maid of honor to the queen. Each of the stories is complete

in itself; each contains a really fascinating mystery and lots of heart interest. There will be six of these stories, and we can promise you that they will be the best stories of mystery you have read in years.

BEGINNING with the July issue of SMITH'S, a serial will be one of the regular features of the magazine. There are many stories of a nature too broad and comprehensive for their treatment in a length that any magazine could print in one issue. Many of them are so good that you cannot afford to miss them—that *we* cannot afford to have you miss them. The serial which will start in the July number is one of those stories that you will remember for a long time. It is a mystery story by a new writer, and equal to the work of Anna Katherine Green at her best. We won't tell you the name of the writer or of the story, but it is positively as good a story of love and mystery as has been published in the last decade. We are sure that you will like it very much.

ALL the fiction in the June number —and there is more of it than usual—is exceptionally strong and good. There is Fannie Heaslip Lea's charming love-story, "The Youngest Bridesmaid." If you do not find in it atmosphere, pathos, and a delightful thrill, we are very much mistaken. "Little Pard," by Eleanor Porter, is a story equally good, of another sort, filled with genuine heart interest. "Salvation Nell" is a story made from the play in which Mrs. Fiske has just made so great a success on Broadway. It is told by Ruth Foster Dimmick. "Theology," by Marion Hill, is a funny story of schoolgirls, illustrating to the life a youthful point of view and cast of intellect which you will all recognize. You will startle yourself by remembering that years ago you once knew a girl like "Santa," and that you yourself were not so very different from the girl who tells the story. "Cousin Marcia's Planning" is one of the best short stories that Grace Ethelwyn Cody has ever written for us; and the Holman F. Day story, "Doctor Dynamo," is fully up to his usual standard of high-spirited humor and quaint interest.

THERE are other splendid things in the next number. H. Addington Bruce's account of woman's part in the struggle over slavery is a fact-story with enough interest to hold you until the last paragraph. Charles Battell Loomis' sermon, "On Traveling," is a good thing to read just now, when you yourself are, more likely than not, preparing to travel. F. Berkeley Smith's story of Normandy, "The Man With the Gun," is worth reading twice; and the jingle and fun of Wallace Irwin's humorous poem, "Alexander, a Whale," will haunt your mind for a good many days. Altogether, there's a big budget of good things packed between the covers of the June SMITH'S.

Ainslee's Magazine for May

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY

LEONARD MERRICK

Entitled *"A Family Tangle."* Mr. Merrick is the author of "Lynch's Daughter," one of the season's best sellers. His new novel, which will be a feature of the May AINSLEE'S, is an intensely interesting story of complications, which the heroine finds, for a time, deeply distressing.

There will also be a short story by **Joseph C. Lincoln,** called *"The Cure"* which will delight his thousands of friends. Other short stories will be contributed by **Quentin M. Drake, Owen Oliver, Henry G. Paine, Caroline Duer** and **Jane W. Guthrie.**

Reproduction of a painting to be used in AINSLEE'S for May.

William Armstrong will have another of his fascinating articles, *"In Musicland."*

Steel Williams appears again with one of his unique stories of the West—*"A Hand at Politics."*

Arthur Loring Bruce continues his articles on *Bridge Whist.*

HAROLD MacGRATH'S

serial, *"The Goose Girl,"* will reach its third instalment, and its interest continues to grow.

MARIE VAN VORST'S

story is one of the most successful stories ever published in a magazine. *"In Ambush"* has made a great big hit.

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NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

Out of the ordinary in dainty form, in delightful goodness, in dessert adaptability.

In Ten Cent Tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

The "NATIONAL" Spring and Summer Style Book Free on Request

To give you some idea of the popularity of the "NATIONAL" to-day, let us tell you that this edition of the "NATIONAL" Style Book will go to over Two Million American Women.

The "NATIONAL" for twenty-one years has been devoted to one idea—to supply all the women of America with really fashionable clothes at fair prices. Have we succeeded? Our success, of course, must be judged by the result. Well—To-day the "NATIONAL" sells more Ladies' Garments than any other establishment of any kind in the Whole World.

And we say that in no city in all America is there a line of Dresses or Waists or Skirts as complete and uniformly attractive as this Style Book shows.

Isn't this all filled with meaning for YOU? Isn't it even an OPPORTUNITY? We ask permission to send a copy of the "NATIONAL" Spring and Summer Style Book to you FREE. And we can find you Two Million American Women who will tell you that this Style Book is to them the most fascinating, the most practical and complete Book of Fashions ever published.

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure New York Styles **$7.50 to $35** **Expressage Prepaid**

Spring and Summer Style Book and Samples—FREE

First of all, the "NATIONAL" Style Book (sent free) contains Fashion Plates showing New York Suits and Skirts for Spring and Summer. And you can have any of these Suits Made to Your Measure in your own choice of over 400 New Materials.

And Twenty-One Years' experience in fitting and pleasing over half a million American women makes it certain that the suit we make you will fit you and please you perfectly. You take no risk—each "NATIONAL" suit is guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

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This complete "NATIONAL" Style Book also beautifully illustrates all the followrng Ready-Made Garments—

Millinery	Silk Dresses	Petticoats	Corsets
Waists	Lingerie Dresses	Jackets	Hosiery
Skirts	Muslin Underwear	Kimonos	Tub Suits
Knit Underwear	Rain Coats		Boys' Clothing

Misses', Girls' and Infants' Wear

Write for the FREE "NATIONAL" Style Book. If you wish samples, state the colors you prefer—samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

256 West 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

Mail Orders Only. **No Agents or Branch Stores**

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Simply "Guaranteed" Hosiery Not Sufficient

You don't want cumbersome, common hose. If you want your hose soft and attractive see that "Holeproof" is stamped on the toe

There are scores of poor imitations of "Holeproof," the original guaranteed hosiery. All the imitations are guaranteed, too, and most of their names sound like "Holeproof." If you want soft and light guaranteed hosiery you must look for the name "Holeproof" on the toe.

Take *any* brand of guaranteed hose and you may get cumbersome, heavy and coarse hose.

Insist on "Holeproof" and you will get the finest hose on the market. 31 years have been spent in perfecting it. No amateur maker with less experience can make hose half as good. We use no common cotton. Ours comes from Egypt. We pay no common price. Ours costs an average of 63c per pound.

We use 3-ply yarn throughout, with 6-ply in heel and toe.

We spend $30,000 a year for inspection.

Here is a hosiery so good that we now make 18,000 pairs a day.

You don't want hose simply made to compete with it. See that you get hose stamped "Holeproof."

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Now 25c a Pair

6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—$1.50

Up to $3.00

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. On request we will tell you the dealers' names. Or we will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. Tell your folks about them.

Are Your Hose Insured?

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.

321 Fourth Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like Silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, khaki and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3 00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Two Salary Increases
and Their Meaning

The man on the left has found a fifty-cent raise in his pay envelope—given to him, not because his work warrants it, but simply because he's been at the same old job since goodness knows when, and that he *means* well, despite his lack of training. The other fellow has found an extra Five Dollar bill in *his* envelope. Because he's worth it. Because he not only *means* well, but *does* well. Because he *leads* where the other chap *follows*. In other words, *because he's an expert.*

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton have brought substantial salary increases to thousands of poorly paid but ambitious men by fitting them for the work they like best. Distance was no obstacle. Age didn't hinder. Lack of schooling did not prevent. Long working hours did not deter. *The I.C.S. went to these men.* Trained them at home. In spare time. Without selling them a book.

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Mark the attached coupon and learn how you can win many substantial salary increases at the occupation you have a natural liking for. Besides merely ensuring you more money *now*, an I. C. S. training will bring you *lasting success.* On an average, 300 students every month *VOLUNTARILY* report salary increases and promotions received as the direct result of I. C. S. training. During February the number was 275.

Marking the coupon costs you nothing and places you under no obligation. Then, mark it *NOW.*

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Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architec'l Draughtsman
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Elec. Engineer	Banking
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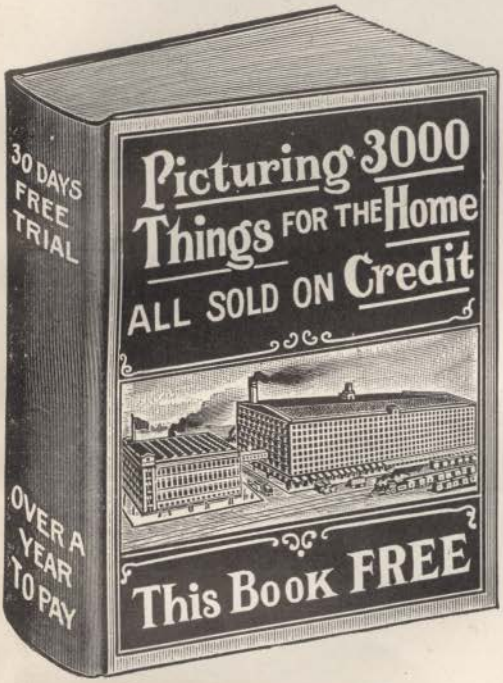
Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

THIS DOLLAR BOOK SENT FREE

Our 1909 Book—Newer Styles—Lower Prices



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We guarantee on every article a saving of 15 to 50%. We don't refer to your local store prices, for they are enormously high. We refer to catalog houses, selling for cash, and claiming to undersell us. Get our goods on trial. If you don't find that we undersell everyone else, simply send our goods back. Ask others to send goods on approval, as we do, and keep those which cost the least.

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This is the largest concern of its kind in existence. Our combined capital is $7,000,000. We have 450,000 customers. Our mail order buildings cover six acres of ground. In addition, we own 25 mammoth retail stores, in the heart of the largest cities, where we meet the fiercest competition in America. The only way in which we have grown to this size is by underselling all competition. Now we dominate the field. We control the output of scores of factories, and our enormous buying power enables us to practically fix our own costs. It would bankrupt any lesser concern to attempt to meet our prices.

You may pay cash if you want to, but we have no discount for cash. You may as well buy on credit, as half of the world is doing. You gain nothing by paying cash.

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Our General Catalog gives pictures, prices and descriptions of everything for the home—of 3,000 things like these: Furniture, Chinaware, Sewing Machines, Carpets, Rugs, Silverware, Washing Machines, Draperies, Lamps, Clocks, Baby Cabs, etc.

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Columbia Graphophones are shown in a separate catalog—all styles and all records. We will send you a machine with 12 records on 30 days' free trial.

SEND NO MONEY—NO STAMPS

Simply mail us the coupon printed below. Or write us a postal, if you prefer. We will then mail you this great book, now fresh from the presses, picturing more than 3,000 new-style things for the home. A part of the pictures are in actual colors. This book shows a greater variety of Furniture, Carpets and House furnishings than is shown in any retail store in Chicago. On each article it quotes a price lower than you ever saw. It shows the newest creations in furniture, draperies, etc. And it offers you credit on everything. Have whatever you want, at our lowest cash prices, and pay us a little each month.

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We sell goods on credit at lower prices than ever were quoted for cash. You can have these home comforts now and begin at once to enjoy them. No need to wait for the money. Simply pay as you can. We charge no interest and ask no security. Our dealings are all confidential. Any person who wants to make home more attractive is the right sort of person, and his credit is good with us.

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Pay a few cents down on each dollar. Then take the goods, use and enjoy them, and pay us a little each month. On the average we allow a year to pay. On pianos, two years. If misfortune comes, or loss of work, we do what we can to help out. Our whole effort, from the time you first deal with us, is to make you a permanent customer. And you will be. You will never buy housefurnishings elsewhere, and pay others' prices, after you once deal with us.

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Cash mail order houses will try to convince you that credit costs more than cash. See for yourself if it does. Get our catalog and compare the prices. See who sells the lowest. The fact is, we sell on credit exactly as low as for cash. Our cash customers get not a penny of discount. To all we sell at factory prices, plus our one small profit. No middlemen of any kind get profit on our goods. We defy any other mail order house to show one price as low as we offer on a similar piece.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

and mark which catalog you want.

Please do it now—before you forget it. Let us prove at once that credit costs you less than cash.

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Please mail me the catalogs marked.

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Postoffice _____

State _____ R.F.D. _____

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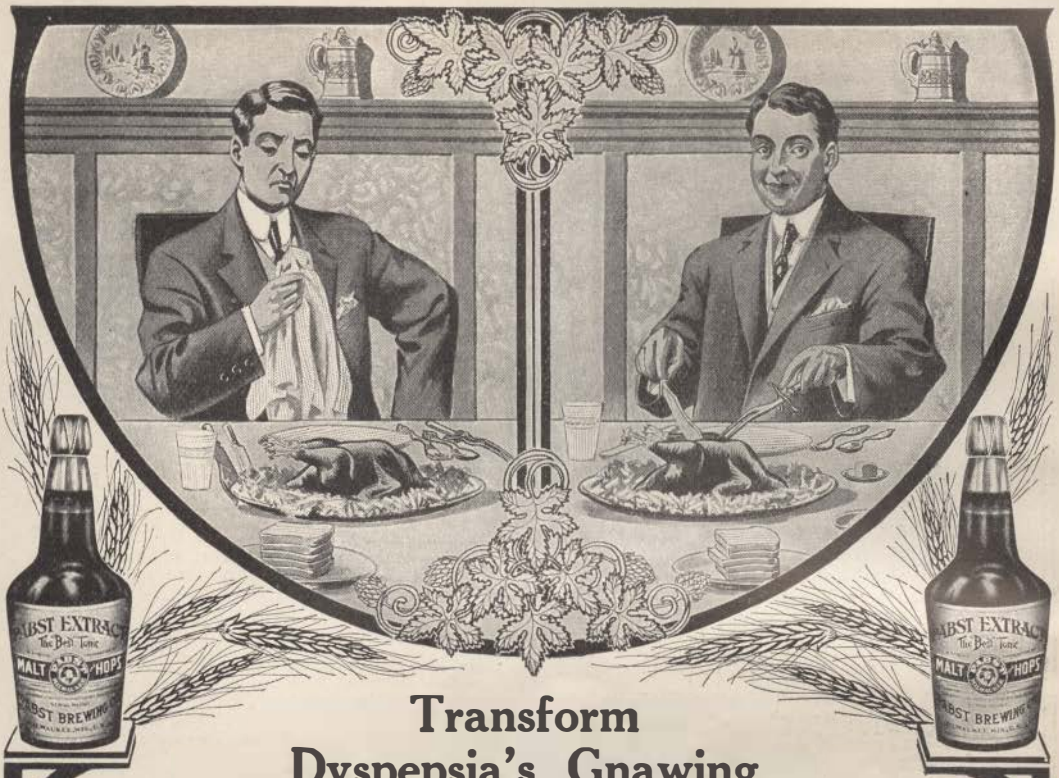

Transform Dyspepsia's Gnawing Cravings Into Honest, Healthy Hunger

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or, what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia. If you let them go unheeded, you sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease. Before you know it you will be fast in the aggravating grip of dyspepsia—irritable, peevish and lacking in ambition and energy. You can overcome these feelings by using

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

This essence of modern diet, combining the rich food elements of pure barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, is a boon to the dyspeptic. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, thus assuring a speedy return of health.

Physicians of repute everywhere are constantly vouching for the merits of Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, by recommending it to strengthen the weak and build up the overworked; to relieve insomnia and conquer dyspepsia; to help the anaemic and aid the nervous; to assist nursing mothers and invigorate old age.

Order a Dozen from Your Local Druggist Today—Insist Upon It Being Pabst
A Library Slip, good for Books and Magazines, inpacked with each bottle.

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

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Let Me Send You a Dollar's Worth of the Great Michigan External Remedy Which is Curing Thousands to Try Free. Just

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Let us cure your Rheumatism (**no matter where located, how severe, or whether it is chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout**) with our powerful, yet harmless **Magic Foot Drafts.** They have even curedcases of 30 and 40 years' standing where baths and doctors and medicine failed.

Just sign and mail the coupon below. Return mail will bring you prepaid a regular $1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for every kind of Rheumatism—chronic or acute—muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout—**To Try FREE.** Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You are the judge, and **we take your word.** We know what Magic Foot Drafts are doing, for we send them everywhere, and wait for our pay until the work is done. Let us send you a pair. Valuable illustrated booklet **free** with the Trial Drafts. Send no money — just the coupon. Do it today—now.

This $1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular $1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

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Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 536 F Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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USEFUL SUBJECTS 10c. EACH. Sheldon's Letter Writer; Shirley's Lover's Guide; Woman's Secrets; or, How to Be Beautiful; Guide to Etiquette; Physical Health Culture; Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development; National Dream Book; Zingara Fortune Teller; The Art of Boxing and Self-defense; The Key to Hypnotism; U. S. Army Physical Exercises (revised).

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CUTICURA COMFORT

FOR WOMEN

In our 32 page pamphlet wrapped about Cuticura Ointment is to be found most valuable suggestions for women, especially mothers, for the preservation and purification of the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for clearing the skin and scalp of torturing, disfiguring humours, rashes and inflammations; for sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces and destruction of microscopic life, and for bringing about, by suggestion and medication, a normal condition of health, strength and beauty.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Eat your favorite food without fear

FORMULA.
Each 22 Gr. Triangule contains

Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
Papain
Diastase
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Powd. Ginger
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Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all distress from an out-of-order stomach

Large 50c cases — any drug store

PAPE, THOMPSON & PAPE, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. and Windsor, Ont., Canada

ALCOHOLISM IS A DISEASE

and as a disease can be treated and CURED. What we want to impress upon you is that the

Oppenheimer Treatment

Not only is an **effective** means of dealing with this disease, but is the **only** means that is within the reach of everyone, no matter where located. Do yon know by this treatment the alcoholic patient can continue at his regular business, so long as he calls at HIS OWN DOCTOR'S office about once a day for three weeks? Do you realize that the treatment of Alcoholism has been brought by the Oppenheimer Institute out of the realm of doubt and danger and has been made available for

YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN

in whom you probably place more confidence than in any other living man! Details are impossible in a limited space, but if you will write to us we shall give you complete information under plain cover.

OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE, 317 W. 57th St., New York:

A.A. In writing for information give also the name of your family physician.

Name.....

Address.....

Doctor's Name.....

OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE
317 West 57th Street
New York City

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Greatest and Simplest of "Health Movements"

For all ages and conditions

Demonstrated by 14 years of wide test.

Rule 1. To feel well—keep well. Drink plenty of pure water between (not with) meals, and take an Orangeine powder when first suffering from chill, exposure, pain, "out of sorts" feeling, indigestion, fatigue of body or mind.

Rule 2. To quickly dispel Colds, Grip, Indigestion, Periodic Pain, Headache or Neuralgia, follow simple printed instructions found in every package of Orangeine, as condensed from long and varied experience.

Rule 3. (Half Hour Rest and Headache Cure). When overtired or in pain: Take an Orangeine powder—lie down thirty minutes—take another, and you will be ready for any engagement.

There is nothing secret about Orangeine. Its formula is published on every package, and shows a perfect balance of remedial agencies, skilfully selected, to *reach the cause* of pain and many ailments, *with no reactive or drug effect.*

Especially prompt and accurate for Colds, Grip, Headache, Neuralgia, "out of sorts" feeling.

25c Package Free for Honest Test

Orangeine is mailed anywhere on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders), 25c package (6 powders), 50c package (15 powders), $1.00 package (35 powders). We will mail free, one 25c package, on receipt of request, with assurance of honest test, under suggestion of our directions.

The Orangeine Chemical Co.
15 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Accidental Burns

Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Wounds and Abrasions

respond *instantly* to an application of

CARBOLATED VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY, PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

This Vaseline preparation is recognized by all physicians as a perfect *antiseptic* dressing. It possesses all the healing properties found in Pure Vaseline together with the cleansing and antiseptic properties of carbolic acid.

Hardly a day goes by that you will not find a use for Carbolated Vaseline. This is particularly true in households where there are children or where petty accidents are likely to occur.

Carbolated Vaseline is only one of the *twelve Vaseline preparations* that together make a complete and safe medicine chest. For each little ailment or accident prevalent in every household, there is a special kind of Vaseline preparation that is most effective and best to use.

OUR FREE VASELINE BOOK

tells you all about

Capsicum Vaseline	**Pomade Vaseline**
Pure Vaseline	**White Vaseline**
Carbolated Vaseline	**Camphorated Vaseline**
Mentholated Vaseline	**Borated Vaseline**
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc	**Perfumed White Vaseline**
Vaseline Cold Cream	**Vaseline Camphor Ice**

Each one is a necessity. Their practical utility will save you money in doctor's bills, not to mention pains and discomforts. Our Vaseline Book describes and tells the special merits of each Vaseline preparation and gives directions for its proper use.

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Proprietors of Every "VASELINE" Product
Chesebrough Bldg., New York
London Office:
42 Holborn Viaduct

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."


Fairy Soap
has no dyes to deceive—no high perfumes to delude the sense of smell—no sting to worry tender skins. It is just a white, pure, floating, oval cake of Soap goodness—made from edible products. Your skin will say "Thank you" for introducing it to FAIRY. It improves on close acquaintance.
Fairy costs but five cents.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
FAIRY
"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

New Ingersoll-Trenton $5

The Best Seven Jewel Watch $7 & $9

Everybody knows what great value the Dollar Watch has always been. The new *Ingersoll-Trenton* offers the same kind of value in a high-grade 7 jewel watch. It is the first fine watch ever produced and sold on an economical basis. The reason is plain.

The same underlying principles of *specialization*, which made the Dollar watch possible are now applied in another field, and in another factory, to the making of this high grade 7 jewel watch. The entire "I-T" factory concentrates upon one watch only, producing it in enormous quantities and at enormously reduced costs by systems known only to the Ingersoll organization. Other factories make many grades, styles and sizes, each in relatively small quantities and at correspondingly high costs. For the most part they make movements only which they ship out without performing on them the final and crucial operations of casing, testing and regulating. Hence they cannot guarantee the completed watches.

The "I-T" is *cased* at the factory, and is timed, adjusted and regulated with all the facilities that only a factory possesses. Here is the first high-grade watch sold with a *definite printed guarantee* covering the entire watch, movement, case and assembling.

Except in number of jewels the "I-T" is equal to the highest priced of other makes. Having but one watch to make, the "I-T" factory combines in this one all the workmanship and improved features which others reserve for their extravagantly jeweled, most profitable models. It is the only 7 jewel watch ever made in all other respects like a full jeweled model; it has the best materials obtainable, the same bridge model, micrometer adjustment, compensating balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair-spring of the very best watches and a special patented stem-wind superior to any other ever made. It has that full, strong regular motion of the balance, distinguishing the well made, accurate-running watch.

The "I-T" is sold only in the special "I-T" cases, which are made in 3 grades: Solid nickel, $5.00; 10-year gold filled, $7.00, and 20-year gold filled, $9.00. The "I-T" gold filled cases are honest value and unlike many of the fraudulently stamped cases they contain sufficient gold to give actual wear for the full guarantee period.

These watches are sold only through *responsible jewelers* who receive them direct from the factory, saving you wholesaler's profits. Sent by express prepaid by us on receipt of price if not locally obtainable.

Booklet—Send for our Booklet No. 31 giving detailed descriptions and watch information never before made public.

INGERSOLL WATCHES

The Dollar Watch is the every-day, every-purpose watch. Through 17 years of service it has proven to the American people that it is sufficient for all ordinary needs. It has established itself as a feature of American life and now commands a sale of over 12,000 watches a day. It is fully guaranteed for accuracy and durability. Ingersoll watches are also made in ladies' size, the "Midget," at $2.00, and the new thin-model, "Junior," $2.00.

The name INGERSOLL is always stamped on the dial of genuine Ingersoll watches—Look for it.

Sold by 60,000 dealers or postpaid by us. Booklet free.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 31 Frankel Building New York City

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

MILKWEED CREAM

We want every woman in America to send for a liberal free sample of Milkweed Cream and our booklet telling of the wonderful results that follow its daily use. Write to-day before you forget.

This is the one toilet cream that has proved its merit.

Milkweed Cream is not a new thing. Your grandmother used it and her matchless complexion testified to its worth.

It is nature's own aid to beauty—a skin tonic. A very little applied gently to the face, neck and hands, night and morning, cleans out the tiny pores, stimulates them to renewed activity, and feeds and nourishes the inner skin and surrounding tissues. The certain result of this is a complexion clear and brilliant in coloring—a skin soft and smooth without being shiny—plump, rounded cheeks from which all lines and wrinkles have been taken away.

JAR.

IN EVERY

BEAUTY

THERE IS

Milkweed Cream is good for all complexion faults. It has a distinct therapeutic action on the skin and its glands. Excessive rubbing or kneading is not only unnecessary, but is liable to stretch the skin and cause wrinkles. Milkweed Cream is absorbed by the skin like dry ground absorbs rain. Thus the pores are not clogged up, irritated or enlarged as they are by having stuff forced into them by rubbing. Milkweed Cream is dainty, fastidious and refined—a necessary toilet luxury for every woman who values her personal appearance.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and $1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Don't forget to write for the liberal free sample.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM & CO., 68 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

IMPROVES BAD COMPLEXIONS
PRESERVES GOOD COMPLEXIONS

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

WITH NEW BAR

Shave and Save

The price of the GEM Junior Safety Razor is small—*One Dollar* for the *complete outfit*, but there is *no* Safety Razor at *any* price which does *better work*, gives better *satisfaction*, or has so long a *working life*. It lasts. The blades last. They keep the *keen, smooth* edge for many shaves, and then can be *renewed by stropping*. And there's the new *BAR*—our *exclusive right* by patent—which alone would make the razor *perfection*. This device smoothens the skin *automatically* and raises the hairs vertically *just ahead of the blade*, and the natural result is, a clean, close, "*professional*" shave. There isn't a *part* of the outfit which could be improved. It is the result of our *30 years' experience*, and it is to-day the *most extensively used* and approved of *all* Safety Razors.

If *proof* of our faith in its *value* were needed, *here it is*. No matter *where* you buy the *GEM* Junior Safety Razor, whether of a *dealer*, anywhere, or direct from *us*, if you are dissatisfied *you get your money back*. You *can't* be dissatisfied with anything of *real* value which *does more than is claimed for it*.

SET COMPLETE $1.00

The Complete One Dollar GEM Junior Outfit includes a handsomely finished silver-nickel-plated frame, extension and stropping handles, 7 *selected blades of the finest steel*, and a substantial case.

EXTRA SET, 7 BLADES, 50c

See that you get a sealed package.

Dull Blades Exchanged, 25c for 7. See that you get a sealed package.

Don't take a substitute. If your dealer is not up to date, send us One Dollar and we will mail the complete GEM Junior outfit, postpaid, to your address.

Booklet "Shaveology" free on request.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY

34 Reade Street, New York

360 Fremont Street, San Francisco, Cal.
564 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

30 years in business
We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers.