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Volume V
No. 25

January
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The Golden Book Magazine

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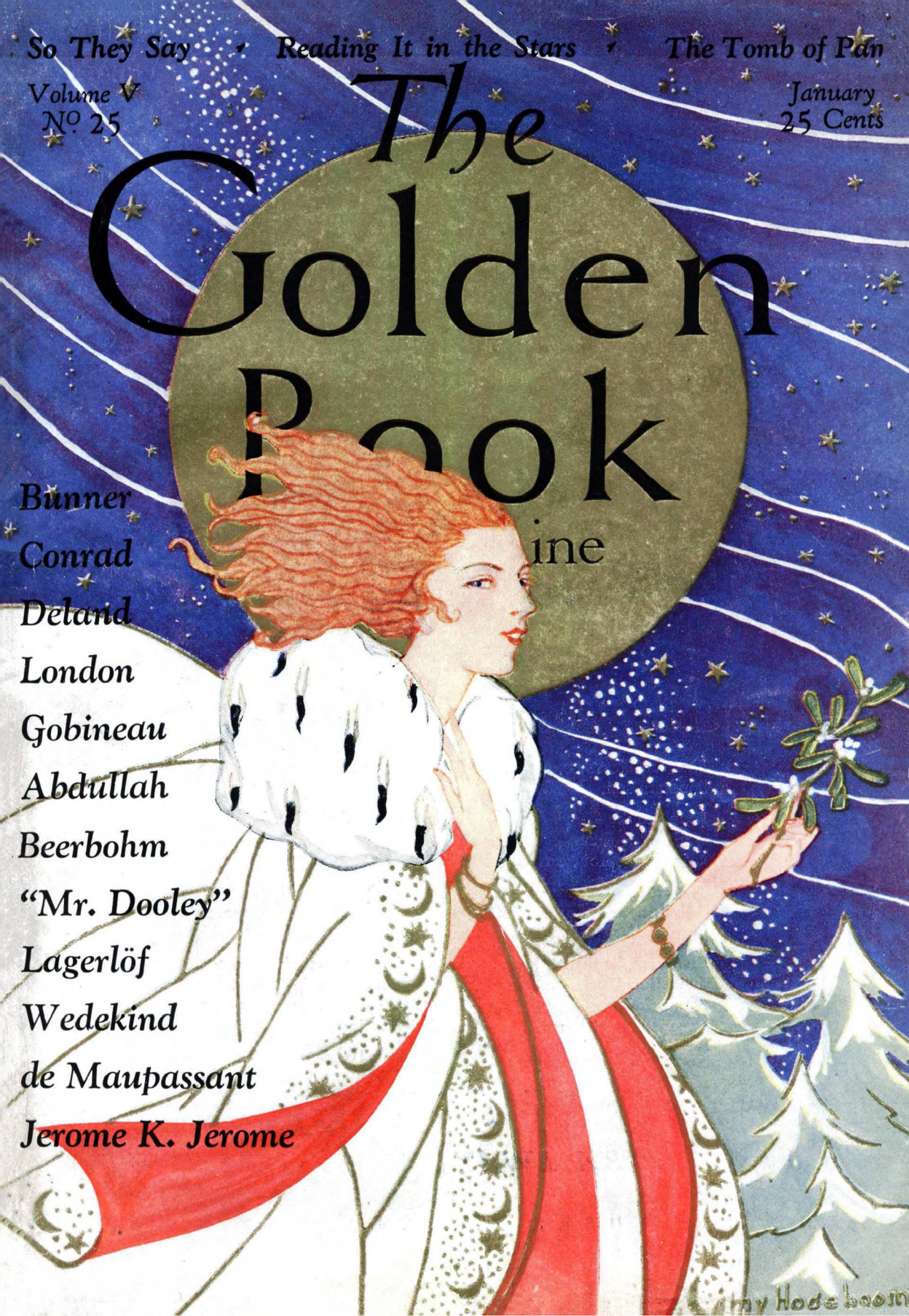

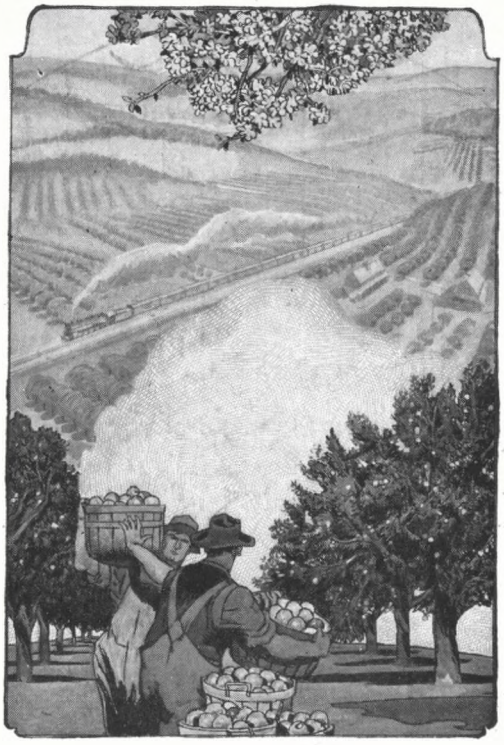

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THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1927
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Number 25

JANUARY
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

CONTENTS *for* JANUARY

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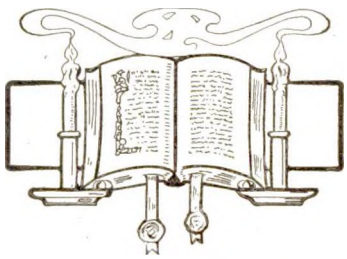
Some Persons of Importance



On a Second Birthday

TWO *years old this January of 1927! As witness this somewhat guttered pair of candles, with their naïve hint of midnight toil.*

It seems longer, looking back. There has been good company: one hour with a bore drags endless—yet in retrospect is nothing; a whole night with minds that flare up, with good story-tellers, is gone before you draw conscious breath—yet remains, a fair wide prospect, marked off into leagues of pleasant recollections.

A two-year-old: it sounds frisky. But won't some kindly older person tell me, what does *it mean in the life of a magazine? Really, is one "grown up" at two?*

I learn of such striking differences between things in that particular respect. For instance, Dr. Holland tells me the butterfly splits its case, waves its wings in the sunlight a little while—and simply soars off, ready to date up the first gay flower that takes its fancy. Also, my—valet—insists he has broken open snake's eggs in a potato field, and watched the little enemies of "homo destructivus" coil and hiss and strike at him before they were well out of the shell. No time wasted in maturing by either of those. Then, in these impatient United States, a thoroughbred horse is ready—unlike his forbears of the days of Eclipse—to enter a half-mile race as a two-year-old. Surely, that's equal to voting as a sign of attaining a majority. A man is officially matured at twenty-one (despite certain evidence thrust at us from the colleges). And My Lord the Elephant doesn't cut his last wisdom-teeth till he's fifty. A long line of variations in the life-rhythm.

Where do I come in, please? How can one know how to act, without knowing himself for infant, minor, or grown-up?

However, I fear the best I can promise is more of the same,—for from birth I've done what I really liked. (It's nice to come into the world with such touching confidence that lots of other people will take pleasure in the things which make oneself chuckle, or laugh aloud, or stop and actually think, in momentarily awed perception of some new convolution of nature or life or human nature.)

And enough new friends have already appeared on this basis to justify me—well, in demanding a lot more and better work from these leisured "editors" who have the face to pronounce me already a deuced bother to feed and dress.

To be sure, there have been some kicks to pass on, as well as ha'pence to pocket.

Let me see. There was the anonymous editor who declared that I—my editor, I mean—had committed the unforgivable sin in letting me repeat "The Great Arctic Handicap": Literature must be beautiful and true; she (?) fixed the margins within which genius must disport itself; the brutal and ugly must be ignored. There was the Principal of a Pennsylvania high school who canceled the school subscription to nearly a hundred copies because "such stories as Trilby have caused much criticism by parents of pupils, and hence makes the magazine unsuitable for classroom use!" Then the Master Plumbers were officially wounded because my

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 4)

charming friend, Charles Dudley Warner, related some pleasant incidents in appreciation of the infinite ease of the plumber who works by the hour: "that might have been true forty years ago. No more. No more. Not really funny, anyhow." And an earnest hyphenate thundered prophecies of misfortune springing from my depraved taste for Gallic cookery: a bubchen *fed on French sauces could come to no good end (in substantial advertising pages). And one mail brought simultaneously: (1) a statement from a highly esteemed elder of keen judgment that such a small proportion of American tales as I narrated in November absolutely killed my chance of interesting the big crowd of Americans; also (2) another from an English professor in a New England College, full of pleasant appreciation but suggesting I'd be more interesting if I'd forget all American stories since the War!*

The world is so full of a number of different folks! (Thank heaven, or Spontaneous Variation, or whoever so arranged it.)

At least there is one satisfaction, based on solid rock, springing logically from this slight celebration. It is the final answer to those many friends who said: "Nice baby, yes. But soon it eats up all the food. How will it then live?"

The dangerous second summer of infantile complaints is long past. There are more, and more absorbing, things in sight to pass on to you than when my Volume I, Number I, was taking form. This particular child, youth or adult will never die for lack of nourishment available.

Why, I read that a world-wide corps of savants has for nearly thirty years been collecting in Brussels a list of all the existing "books and literary pieces." They say there are probably fifty million of them. What chance has a bookworm to die of starvation in that Library? Nearly every great man for six thousand years has carefully and laboriously put down his best—just for me. That Gargantua boy whom Master Francis Rabelais knew,—that's what I ought to be.

I'm in anything but a complaining mood as the New Year opens. Yet I am still looking for a remaining portion of that "first million" who must be ready to take, month by month, some of the juicy bits that belong to them from the men and women who have looked on life and found it so interesting, so exciting, that they had to tell what they saw.

In the immortal phrase of Mr. Epstein, "a million is not much—if you say it quick."

Count Giacomo Leopardi was one of those luckless, gifted sensitive men who found life too much for them. One may blame the cruel stupidity of those in charge of youthful genius, like swine nuzzling a pearl into the mud, or decide (as the world generally does) that it is an essential obligation of a richly dowered nature to make its own adjustments. The human tragedy remains. And in few cases does it seem so bitter and so unnecessary as with this Italian poet-scholar.

His father, a decayed nobleman of the narrowest outlook, had given up the struggle against fate and retired pettishly to his library in the ancient home mountains above Ancona. The ambitious mother, having rescued the family from complete ruin, was devoting all her energies to an attempt to build up the fortunes of the house. The nervous, sickly boy grew up among books, with no slightest touch of intelligent sympathy at home or in the shut-in village of Recanati. Entirely by himself, he absorbed classical learning like a sponge; when he was seventeen, he knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French and English; had written a Latin treatise on the Roman rhetoricians, a history of astronomy, an account of ancient popular errors in which he cited four hundred authors—and a commentary on Plotinus of which Sainte-Beuve said that "one who had studied Plotinus his whole life could find something useful in this work of a boy."

His first poems presently deceived the first scholars of Italy into thinking them newly discovered works of Anacreon; and he was just twenty-one when he issued his ode to Italy and one to the Dante monument in Florence—which caused him to be universally recognized as a passionate patriot and a worthy successor in the line of great poetic tradition of Italy.

The very acclaim won by these performances was his undoing.

His bigoted father, outraged at the sentiments expressed, refused to give him money, recreation, change of scene—anything except a place in a house which had become like a prison. A failure of eyesight shut him off from the one escape he had had into the world of

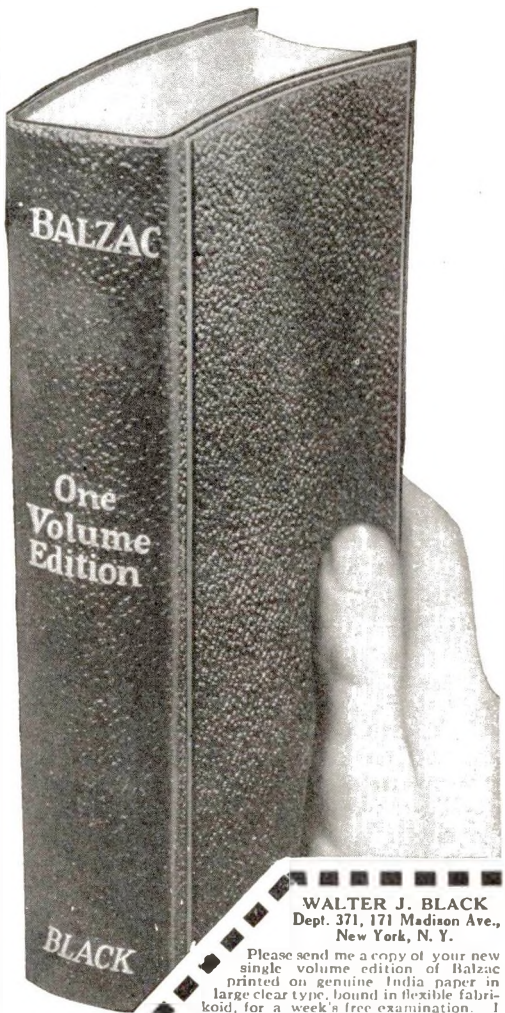
(Continued on page 8)

Let BALZAC Show You Paris!

HE KNEW every phase of its wicked night life, every glint and facet of its tinselled, tarnished wings.

The alleys, tunnels and secret-passage ways were as well-known to him as were the boulevards and the finest homes. No house was too infamous for him to enter in his avid search for the secrets of men's hearts,—the stories back of women's eyes. No palace or salon was too exclusive. Balzac followed his exacting mistress, the Muse of Literature, followed her *everywhere*. The result is a wealth of vivid tales so faithful to the life he saw about him that not even a camera could portray it with more accurate detail.

Every manner of person is in Balzac; the *boulevardier*, the pawn-broker, the *courtezan*, the soldier, the simple country girl, the murderer, the great lover. All sorts and conditions of men, living, loving, hating, killing. Hot blooded Latins, vindictive apaches, gauzy-winged moth-women singed by the flame of life. Balzac tells their stories without mercy or soft words;—tells them frankly and audaciously as only Balzac could.



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(*Continued from page 6*)

books; and by the time his father permitted him to go to Rome (1822), he was a permanently embittered pessimist. He found too, that, while great scholars like Bunsen and Niebuhr made much of his attainments, his beliefs rendered it impossible for him to get any official employment in the Papal States. He returned to the uncongenial home for some miserable years, broken by an editorial interlude at Bologna and the production of several poems now considered lyrical masterpieces. Even when he escaped to Florence, a disappointment in love tore up the roots he was beginning to put down; and it was only when he was thirty-five that he found a few years of comparative serenity with his friend Ranieri in Naples.

Increasing illness brought about his death in 1837. Forty-two poems; several volumes of translations; essays (some not published till 1879), dialogues, and a collection of absorbing letters represent the lifework of a man who had the equipment of a world poet and scholar—except, perhaps, physical stamina and a normal home.

He left a poignant record of himself in his imaginary portrait of "Filippo Ottonieri"—a philosopher "superior to his fellows in every quality of head and heart, and yet condemned to sterility and impotence because he has, as he imagines, gone a step too far on the road to truth, and illusions exist for him no more."

Selma Lagerlöf has had all the honours which her native land of Sweden could bestow on her. She was thirty-three years old, and a teacher in a girls' school at Landskrona, when her first romance, "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1891), delighted a public weary of the drab realism which had become a tradition in Scandinavian fiction of that period.

Then, in 1902, the National Teachers' Association of Sweden decided there was urgent need of a national text-book which should make live for children the history, folklore, geography, flowers, trees and creatures of their own country. Miss Lagerlöf was selected for the task; and the result was a children's classic, translated here as "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." These works and about ten other novels and collections of stories have brought her the great gold medal of the Swedish Academy, the degree of Doctor of Letters from Upsala University, the Nobel Prize for literature in 1909, and, in 1914, membership in the Swedish Academy—she being the only woman so far to receive the two latter distinctions.

Her tales are all marked with power, romantic feeling, and a keen searching mentality; and at times they are elevated into something truly epic by a great-hearted view of life and human beings.

"The Tale" is, of course, one of Joseph Conrad's later stories—perhaps, as Cunninghame Graham surmises, "heard from some sailor in the war, probably badly told in skeleton."

It is one more instance, in a long line, of the extraordinary fascination he found in exploring the human heart in its moral crises. A conflict of motives, or of duties, was to him as absorbing as the ocean conflicts he has made us all live through in their shattering intensity. Surely there have been few writers, of our own or any other time, who could so quietly build up an actual situation, where living human beings confront life at its starkest, to an instant of poignant decision—so momentous, so deeply moving that the insignificant individual expands to the stature of a Prometheus, becomes a symbol of all mankind, struggling in a daunting world to hold fast to something.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham concludes:

> There is a fountain in Marrakeesh with a palm tree near it, a gem of Moorish art, with tiles as iridescent as the scales upon a lizard's back.
>
> Written in Cufic characters, there is this legend, "Drink and admire."
>
> Read and admire; then return thanks to Allah who gives water to the thirsty and at long intervals sends us refreshment for the soul.

Although Max Beerbohm has not yet impinged upon the editorial consciousness of the "Britannica," he has for just thirty years been a source of peculiar joy to readers who love whimsy and subtle irony and deft caricature.

(*Continued on page 10*)

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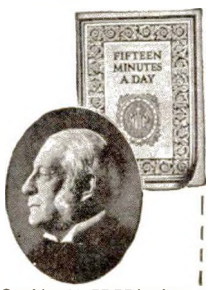

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(*Continued from page 8*)

He was one of the playful comets that first swam into our ken in the *Yellow Book;* and while his periodicity has been such that a new book by him has seemed almost a rare event, while he himself declared in 1900 that he was already out-moded, and five out of six of his volumes since that time have been devoted to caricatures or parodies—there has grown up a list of at least ten rather slim volumes which are a delight to the discerning.

And then that gorgeous burlesque of Zuleika Dobson, so solemnly carried out that one feels Max was himself a slave to his irresistible heroine before he finished! And when he barbs his jest, the result always passes that test of the "improper funny story"—that the final twist comes from the fun and not the impropriety.

Frank Wedekind was born at Hanover in 1864, his physician-father and actress-mother having met in California. His early literary ambitions were discouraged by his family, and he was required to study law; but his years in Munich and Zurich were chiefly notable for a gathering of Bohemian experiences, and friendships with Hauptmann, Hartleben and other notables of the drama.

Inheriting a competence, he proceeded to get rid of it in Munich, Paris and London; and having succeeded in shaking off most of this encumbrance, he settled down to his proper job of creating plays, while supporting himself through a place on the staff of *Simplicissimus*. "Der Erdgeist" was produced by Heine in 1895, "Der Kammersänger" and "Der Liebestrank" in 1899. Then an act of disrespect to the imperial majesty sent him flying to Paris—whence he returned to serve out his sentence in the Konigstein fortress.

An experiment of acting in his own plays in Berlin was not specially successful. By 1908 he was back in Munich, married to a talented actress, and,—saturated with the works of Shaw, Ibsen and Strindberg—endeavouring to work out his own rather bitterly satirical ideas. Some of his plays (collected into six volumes in 1913) are undoubtedly morbid; but there are many places where his deep cuts into human nature will bring comprehending smiles to any open-minded person. In view of his real success, it is striking that the 1922 edition of the German "Who's Who" does not recognize his existence.

It was back in 1889 that Jerome Klapka Jerome—clerk, schoolmaster, actor, journalist, and just married—then living at Chelsea Gardens, "up ninety-seven stairs," wrote a story of a trip up the Thames (which he called "Three Men in a Boat"), "throwing in some humourous relief." An astute publisher threw out all except the relief, and the little volume proceeded to make an international reputation for the writer by relieving the public feelings in laughter.

He had already issued the year before a volume called "On the Stage and Off," and I believe it was this same collection of pleasant essays which presently appeared as "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," dedicated to his oldest and strongest pipe, and prefaced with the suggestion that readers tired of the "hundred best books" might take this up for half an hour. "It will be a change."

In the next seventeen years more than a score of volumes—essays and stories—poured from his facile pen, without greatly increasing the impression of his first success. Then, in 1907, he brought out a volume of stories, titled from the opening tale "Passing of the Third Floor Back." John Murray, his publisher, suggested there was a play in that idea of the Christ-like stranger; and Jerome, seeing David Warfield in "The Music Master," decided he was the man to play the part. So he wrote it specifically for Warfield, got it before Belasco,—and the rest is theatrical history. It made a fortune for the author, and traveled pretty well over the civilized world.

In his recent entertaining "My Life and Times," Mr. Jerome says:

> Matheson Lang took it East. In China, a most respectable Mandarin came round to see him afterward and thanked him. "Had I been intending this night to do an evil deed," he said, "I could not have done it. I should have had to put it off till to-morrow."

Gobineau (Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau, 1816-1882) was philosopher, diplomatist, historian and finished man of the world, as well as writer of fiction. One period of his long

(*Continued on page 11*)

(*Continued from page 10*)

diplomatic career in 1816, was filled as Imperial Commissioner to the United States; but it was his six years in Persia, first as secretary to the embassy, then as Minister, which largely coloured his literary work, producing such erudite volumes as "Religions and Philosophies in Central Asia," "History of Persia," "Essay on the Inequalities of Human Races, "Treatise on the Cuneiform Writings," and so on.

Poems, and reminiscences, and two romances of social and political Europe. "Typhaines Abbey" and "The Pleiades," all show his masterly grasp of life and human nature. But it is his six "Asiatic Tales" to which most people nowadays will turn; and few Westerners have been so successful in penetrating the elusive heart of the East.

It's been pleasant to find how many readers (the older who remember it fondly, and the young who never read it) share my own feeling of a peculiar and enduring charm in du Maurier's work—of course, utterly absent from stage and screen versions.

In 1895 Robert H. Sherard interviewed the writer for *McClure's*. Said du Maurier:

> "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I came to write are curious.
>
> "I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the High Street in Bayswater. . . James said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots!' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots'; and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.'
>
> "'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said. 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much, you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself.
>
> "Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me; for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson.'
>
> "Some time later I was dining with Osgood, and he said, 'I hear, du Maurier, that you are writing stories,' and asked me to let him see something. So 'Peter Ibbetson' was sent over to America and was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' followed, and the 'boom' came, a 'boom' which surprised me immensely, for I never took myself *au sérieux* as a novelist."

I rather think that Providence was on the job that day, in arranging that the society cartoonist instead of the practiced novelist should tell the tale of poor Trilby. H. W. L.

The Index for Volume IV is now ready, and may be had, free of charge, upon application addressed to the Back Number Department.

Copyright Title Page

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

Mr. Wells Looks at Advertising, Socialism, Sex and Finance

Finance is not a malignant conspiracy; it is only a malignant stupidity, a stupidity we all show actively or passively.

For three-quarters of a century Socialism under the spell of Marxism has cherished the delusion that in the masses there is a huge reservoir of creative power. There is nothing in the masses as masses but an unreliable explosive force.

Clementine has a mind like one of those water insects that never get below the surface of anything. Water-boatmen they are called, and they flicker about sustained by surface tension. She just flickers about. She professes an affection for me that is altogether monstrous, and she knows no more about my substantial self than the water-boatman knows of the deeps of the pond. She knows as little about the world.

As time went on and his interests spread and his wealth and power increased, he was obliged almost in spite of himself to recognize the part that he and his like were playing in the rephrasing of human life. They were assisting at a synthesis that was replacing the scattered autonomous various individualisms of the past by a more and more intricate interdependent life. He began to think of advertising less and less as an adventure, and more and more as an integral social function, with obligations and standards of its own.

"The war's been a bloody mess, Billy, but at least it taught us to handle things in the big way," he said: "the advertising way. We learnt it by selling mustard and motor-cars, but these were only the things we learnt upon."

And again: "Advertising; what is it? Education, modern education, nothing more or less. The airs schoolmasters and collegians give themselves are extraordinary. They think they're the only people who teach. *We* teach ten times as much. Why! even the little chaps who write the attractions in the big weeklies and monthlies, Kipling, Jack London, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wodehouse, all that lot—teach more than the schoolmasters do. . . .

"The only use I've got for schools now is to fit people to read advertisements. After that, *we* take on." *The World of William Clissold.* H. G. Wells.

Lancelot and Guinevere—Plus Galahad

"See here, Guinevere, where do you and I stand? Are you back in that frame of mind where you regretted our love? Or do you agree with the priest, that from any point of view it was a sin?"

(*Continued on page 14*)

(*Continued from page 12*)

"I don't regret it, and it's not a sin for us, but for him it's going to be. I believe I have got him to a point where he will be unable to pardon us. I never dared hope I could accomplish so much. Oddly enough, it was hearing of you and Elaine that brought him on so fast."

"You want him to find out, do you? It's the craziest notion yet!"

"No, I don't want to lose him," she said, "but of course it would be a perfect end. Surely you see that."

"I'm absolutely blind to such perfection! If I could see it, I might have given you satisfaction long ago, but I never grasped the purpose of your ideals. Galahad evidently has a gift for it. He should have been your lover."

"He is my son, not my lover," said Guinevere. "We expect much more of a son."

Galahad. JOHN ERSKINE.

THE "MODERN NOVELTY" OF LOVING ONE'S WIFE

Whether a husband loves his wife, and in general, how she reciprocates, what relation of equality or subordination obtains between him and her are matters suggested to them and expected from them diversely from group to group.

Generally speaking, the fact is that the erotic sentiment has been thought of as independent of marriage, generally outside of it. Indeed, as Professor Sumner puts it, conjugal affection is characteristically a "modern novelty." It is unknown to uncivilized men and women, and is deemed wrong and dishonourable among ancient peoples. Thus, among the Arabs, parents are loath to give their daughter in marriage to one who is known to love her. Among the Beni-Amer of East Africa, it is considered disgraceful for a woman to show love for her husband. Among the Hindus, the *gandharva*, or "love marriage," is not honourable. The Kaffirs think that a Christian wife, married for love, is shameful. They compare her to a cat, the only animal which, among them, has no value, but is obtained as a gift. *Sex Freedom and Social Control.* CHARLES W. MARGOLD.

A REDISCOVERED "LOST TRIBE"

So it grew opp Hiawatta
Went itch day to keendergotten
Loined from all de boids a lengwidge
From de boids witt bists a lengwidge
All de critchures from de forest
He should be on spicking toims witt
Gave a hoot de howl "Goot Monnink"
Honked a honk de gooze "Hollo Keed"
Gave a scritch de higgle "Yoo Hoo"
Quecked a queck de dock "How guzzit?"
Gave a bozz de bizz "Hozz beezness?"
By de squoilles he made inquirriz
How'll gonna be de weenter
Gave de squoilles a henswer proutly.
"Hall de signs witt hindications
Pointing to a beezy sizzon,
Reech witt prosperous a hera,
Witt a houtlook hoptimeestic.
In de trizz we got dipositts
Wot it feegures opp a tuttle
Feefty-savan tousand hacorns
Ulso from seex tousand wallnots
Stends a Kepital witt Soiploss."

Hiawatta, Witt No Odder Poems. MILT GROSS.

HENRY ADAMS DECLARED POLITICS UNDERMINED FRIENDSHIP

In the depths of his forensic voice the other declaimed:

> "*They say the Lion and the Lizard keep*
> *The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.*"

"Who wrote that? Walt Mason?" asked Fosgate.

"Omar Khayyam. Ever heard of him?"

The little man's lucent eyes expressed puzzlement. "I thought Omar Khayyam was a race-horse."

(*Continued on page 16*)

(*Continued from page 14*)

Edith Westervelt lifted her glass. "Here is to bind the secret we are to keep," she said. "And to a man who did the best he could and died doing it."

"Let that be his epitaph," said Thorne. "It is good enough for any man."

They drank, standing.

Afterward they talked of that amazing career, which, with every element of failure, of frustration, of catastrophe inherent in it, had culminated in a tragic triumph. They sought reasons, assigned causes. It remained for Peter Thorne, wise, cynical, tolerant, to speak the final word out of the depth of his experience.

"Friendship in politics undermines more principles than fraud, and gratitude is a worse poison than graft." *Revelry.* SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

THE IRISH POET AND HIS DREADED "RANN"

My friend Bartley Mulstay is a poet: therefore in the opinion of the Irish countryside he is a man to be conciliated. Down here they have the old conception of a poet—they think of him as one who is a satirist primarily and whose effusions inspired by hatred and contempt can inflict practical injury. Here is a case that happened in connection with my friend Bartley. A man named Hamilton, who lived near the place, had the reputation of keeping a good glass of whisky for the carters who came to his place. Bartley called, and, in accordance with the ancient franchises of the poets, demanded refreshment. The servant, not knowing a poet in the man before him, handed Bartley a mug of buttermilk. He drank it and went down the road highly incensed. Hamilton was writing in his office, and when he saw the poet striding angrily past, he guessed the disaster. "What did you give that man?" said he. "Buttermilk," said the servant. "Oh, murder!" said Hamilton, "we're all destroyed." He took the bottle and glass in hand and ran after my friend Bartley. "I won't take it," said the unrelenting poet, "I'll take nothing from you until I've put out what is in my mouth." "Don't put it out," said Hamilton, knowing that what was in the poet's mouth was a "rann" or verse. "I must put out what is in my mouth to say," said the poet. "Put it out then," said the suppliant, "but don't let it be of much harm to me." Thereupon Bartley repeated the rann "before he put the garlic into it," as he said. He never told it to the people because he did not want it remembered; and until Hamilton died, he and Bartley were friends.

The Road Round Ireland. PADRAIC COLUM.

MAXINE TAKES UP LOVE IN A SERIOUS WAY

Maxine lay back with closed eyes, her thoughts racing with the speeding car. Through! Life without Teddy. No more kisses; no more love-making; no more long days together; no more Sundays motoring far out into the country together; no Teddy to take her everywhere; no Teddy to depend on when she had friction with her family; no more of Teddy's sympathy when her father attempted to control her impulsive actions; no Teddy to always find excuses for her, always to be ready to take the blame for escapades which she had planned, to conciliate her father with his pleasant assurance that he would take care of Maxine. No more noon telephone-calls from Teddy, a daily thrill of the past two years. No more moonlight drives over this familiar road. No more kisses. No more love-making. Every other anticipated loss was overwhelmed by that, no more of Teddy's love-making.

If he meant what he said, if he should leave her, would not her reasons for postponing their marriage seem paltry in comparison with her loss? Perhaps marriage might not be so deadly, after all. If only love were all that marriage meant! How could he say she did not love him? Why should love have to be proved by submitting to dullness, and monotony, and worry? What had those things to do with love? Marriage meant only a convention after all. She and her friend had often discussed it. Love was a thing much bigger than convention; marriage was a trap to catch you and hold you, and force you to work, and have babies, and get old, and dull, and uninteresting. Love wasn't intended to do that. Love was an emotion—not a job.

Young Folk, Old Folk. CONSTANCE TRAVERS SWEATMAN.

(*Continued on page 18*)

(Continued from page 16)

A Protestant Misconception

In the first place it ought to be said that the common Protestant assumption that the Roman Catholic Church has always been a huge semi-hypnotized mass of human beings accepting by rote without any exercise of intelligence, whatever is said or done by their superiors from priests to bishops, a common dead level of uniformity where everyone must agree with everyone else about everything, is not true and has never been true. Great controversies have agitated the Church; such as the controversy over conciliar supremacy, or the age long debate over the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. Terrible criticisms of her condition or administration have been boldly uttered by sons of the Church who never dreamed of leaving her. The orthodox Dante puts popes in hell.

Ignatius Loyola. Paul van Dyke.

How the Scotch Engineer Chose His Wife

"Yes," he said, continuing the conversation, "every man ought to get married. I was engaged fourteen times myself."

"How often?" I said in surprise.

"Fourteen times, "he repeated sturdily. "Got engaged mostly after every voyage when I got home; and found out something against them next time I got back. One girl I was particularly fond of was away at a race-meeting with a man I disliked when I arrived unexpectedly home. She cried like anything when I told her she would not do for a sailor's wife. An old sailor can't be happy at sea if he thinks his wife is gallivanting about with other men ashore. I took the ring off her finger. It's thirty years ago; and she's a widow now; but she still sends me a Christmas card every year. I remember as if it was yesterday taking that ring off her."

"What did you do with it?" said the Chief.

"Dropped it overboard—dropped them all overboard except one. Couldn't give another girl a second-hand ring—could I?"

"Certainly not. But what about the one?" I said.

"Oh! that was when I was mate of the *Cyclops*. Old Mac—you remember old Mac?" turning to the Chief. The Chief nodded.

"Well, old Mac was 'chief' of the *Cyclops* that voyage. I was just going to pitch the ring out of the port when he came into my cabin. 'What's that you've got?' he said. I was a bit sore at the time, and I said shortly, 'Engagement ring. Girl no good. I was just going to pitch it overboard when you came in.' 'How much did it cost?' said Mac cautiously. I told him. 'I'll give you four pounds for it,' he said. Well, I thought I might as well have the money; so I let him have it. When he'd got it he didn't know what to do with it. He was a careful old fellow, and did not like the idea of wasting it. So he married a woman it fitted; and, do you know, the marriage turned out splendidly. . ."

The Surgeon's Log. J. Johnston Abraham.

Science Confirms the Copy Book

Year by year we are becoming more efficient in the transmission of accumulated experience by oral and written tradition. In our social relations we are slowly learning that honesty is the best policy and that morality pays bigger dividends than anti-social practices. And, above all, we are gradually perfecting the technique of self-control as a means of character-building. *Brains of Rats and Men.* C. Judson Herrick.

If these tastes of newest books cause you to want any facts about them, a line to this Editorial Department will bring you information as to publisher, price, size, or anything else.

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Henry Seidel Canby

THE average person *fails to read* most of the outstanding books published. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive an outstanding new book published that month:—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

Dorothy Canfield

How is this "outstanding" book each month chosen? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

Heywood Broun

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Christopher Morley

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, instead of your choice among current books being limited, you can actually exercise a wider and more discriminating choice than you now do.

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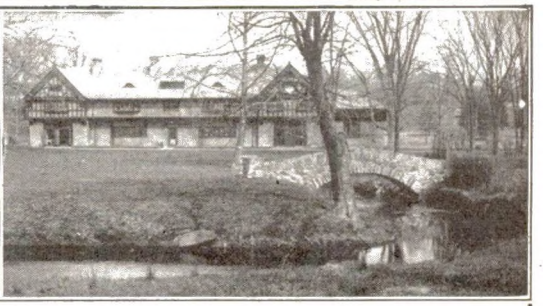

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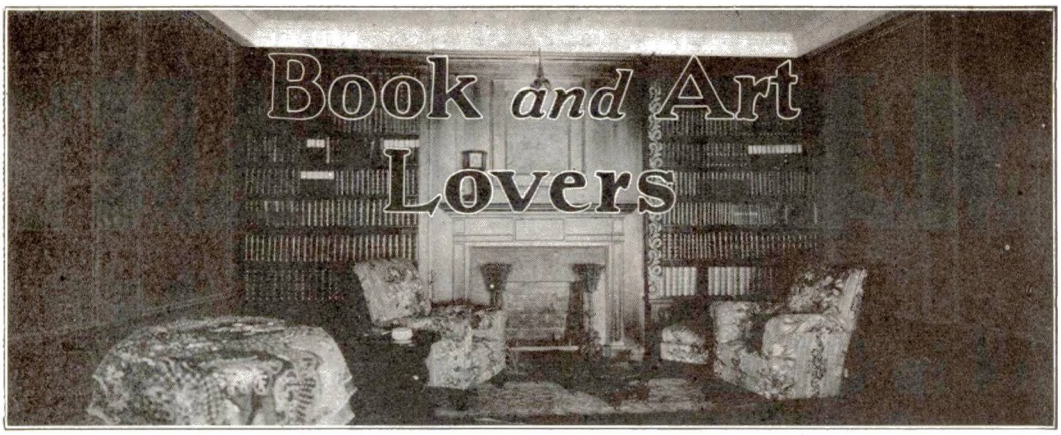

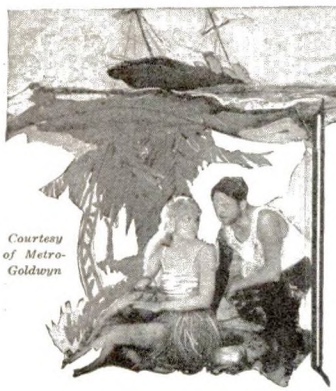

Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn

If you enjoyed "The Tale," by Joseph Conrad, on page 37 of this magazine you will surely want to know how to obtain Conrad's complete works at a saving of $140.75 over the famous Autographed Sun Dial Edition

THERE has been more discussion about the works of Joseph Conrad than of any writer for generations. As John Macy once said: "No writer has inspired among fellow-craftsmen such sincere and such widespread enthusiasm."

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The Romance of Conrad

Brought up in Poland, an inland country, he had an unquenchable longing for the sea. So, as a lad he shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel out of Marseilles, and for twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not speak a word of English until he was twenty. He did not write until he was almost forty.

Then, recalling the amazing experiences he had been through and the motley array of men and women he had met up and down the seven seas, he began to write, *in English*, his far-flung romances. He once modestly said of himself, "I am not a literary man." Yet, before his death he saw himself acclaimed universally as the foremost writer of his day.

How to Enjoy Conrad Most

Conrad knew personally the men and women he wrote about—often outcasts, thieves, and wanderers in out-of-the-way places over the earth. He had heard their stories, often from their own lips. Some of his tales, too—many of the finest—are largely autobiographical, bits of his astonishing career suffused, with the supremest skill, into the form of fiction.

So, to enjoy him the most, one should read the fascinating prefaces to each book, which he especially wrote for the Sun Dial Edition. In them he not only gives his own estimate of each work, but tells how he came to write it, and who were the prototypes of the strange characters who move through his pages. These prefaces are contained in the Kent Edition.

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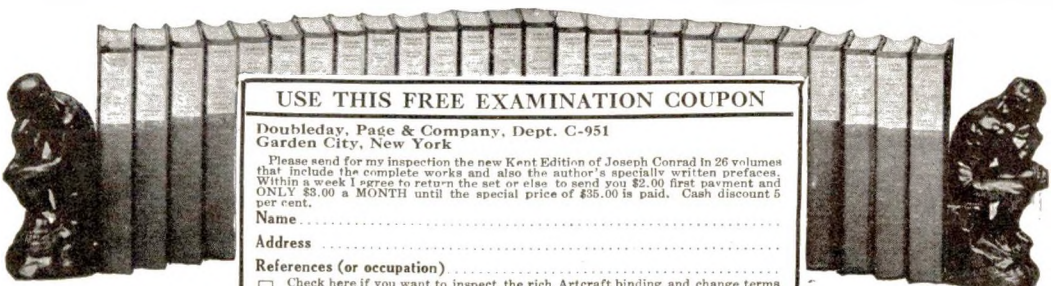

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"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?"

How Wives Keep Pace with Successful Husbands

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner, dear!" he said.

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(See page 42)

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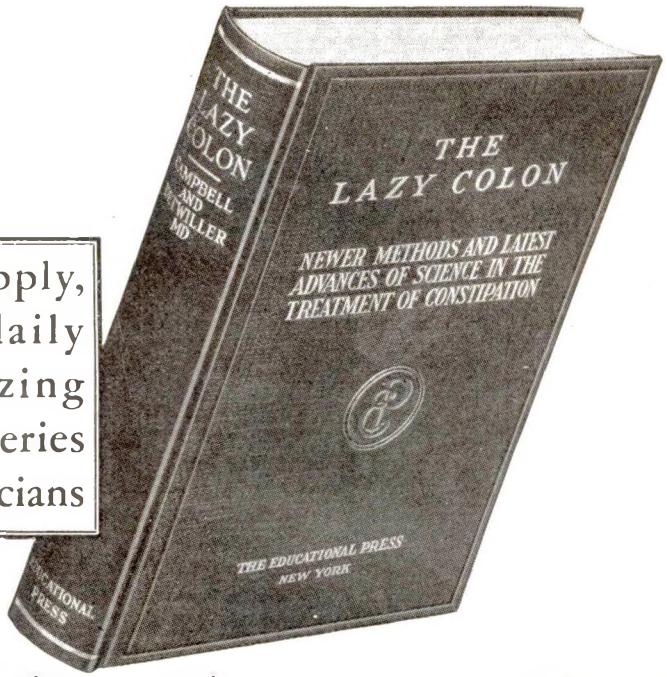

On how to stay young

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Intestinal poisoning (brought on by constipation) causes headaches, irritability, blurred visions, despondency, dizziness and sleeplessness; also skin troubles destructive to beauty; wrinkles, yellow skin, dry or falling hair, and sallow complexion. Many cases of over or under weight are attributable to this cause. Intestinal poisoning also gives rise to a great variety of disease—including kidney trouble, bad tonsils, hardening of the arteries, abscessed teeth, abdominal cancer, and some 30 other dangerous conditions (according to Sir Arbuthnot Lane, physician to King George V).

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College Humor shall have the right to buy the first American serial rights in any of the manuscripts submitted (except only the prize-winning manuscript), for a consideration to be mutually agreeable to College Humor and the contestants. All other rights in such manuscripts purchased by College Humor shall remain with the contestants.

The contest opens August 1st, 1926, and closes at midnight February 1st, 1927. Any writer, whether amateur or professional, is eligible (foreign citizenship being no bar), with the exception of employees of College Humor or of First National Pictures, Inc., and any writer may submit one or more novels or stories.

All manuscripts must be original. No translations or collaborations will be considered. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double-spaced, and on one side of the paper only. Any manuscripts which do not conform to the foregoing, or whose authors do not agree to the same, will not be considered.

The contest is not limited to novels, but includes any stories not less than 5,000 or more than 110,000 words in length.

To guard against any possibility that the judges might be influenced by previous knowledge of any of the contestants, all manuscripts must be signed with a pen name, with the author's real name and address in an attached, sealed envelope, bearing the pen name of the author. These envelopes will be held unopened in our vaults until the judges have made their decision. Manuscripts submitted without regard to this rule will not be entered.

Manuscripts will be examined as quickly as possible, and those found unsuitable will be returned. Due care will be taken in the handling of all manuscripts, but neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., will be responsible for their loss or damage in any manner or way whatsoever. Neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., shall be made a party to any libel action or suit for damages that might grow out of the contest in any connection.

Three competent judges, whose names will be announced later, will make the final decision, from which there can be no appeal. No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted.

First National Pictures, Inc., shall have the right to change or alter the title of the prize-winning story or novel in any manner whatsoever, provided the title as so changed or altered shall not violate the rights of the author or authors of any other literary material.

All manuscripts must be sent charges prepaid and accompanied with postage for their return, addressed to Contest Editor, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest the contestants thereby agree to all of the foregoing rules and conditions.

College Humor *In Connection With* First National Pictures

AT ALL NEWS-STANDS, THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

TUNING IN ON THE NEW YEAR

IN many thousands of homes the old year will be tuned out and the new one tuned in over the radio.

They can share in the dance music, the cathedral chimes, and the festivities from far and near; listen to the voices of gifted singers and entertainers and to messages of good cheer and inspiration.

But New Year's Eve is only one of the many occasions to which the radio lends itself today in more than five million homes.

It has come to fill a place all its own without displacing the phonograph, the piano, or anything else. Whatever its imperfections at the present time it has at least reached the stage where in countless homes it is considered indispensable.

The public realizes that the experimental days of radio are largely over and that the better receiving sets available today leave little to be desired.

The more conservative have delayed installing a radio in their homes until they were assured there would be no revolutionary changes. That time has now been reached—not that the radio is perfect, but that its fundamentals have been standardized and from now on it is likely that the only changes will be refinements.

The radio manufacturers whose announcements appear in this magazine are among those who have successfully passed through the many and costly troubles incident to the sudden expansion that all new and rapidly growing businesses fall heir to, and who are in the business to stay.

Wherever such announcements appear in this publication the prospective radio buyer is invited to give them special consideration. If you are interested in any particular make and no dealer is in your neighborhood to thoroughly demonstrate its qualities, drop a line to the makers or to this magazine and full particulars will be supplied promptly.

A special censorship which admits to their pages only announcements of dependable radio manufacturers is maintained by the following magazines: Atlantic Monthly, Golden Book, Harper's Magazine, Review of Reviews, Scribner's Magazine, and World's Work, in conjunction with Radio Broadcast Magazine Laboratories.

The wonderful tales of childhood throw their magic gleam over the *Wonderbox*.

These picture packages tell twelve different wonder stories holding the child with double charm, of appetite and imagination.

Striving to please every candy taste, Whitman's have not forgotten the most important of all—the children. So in the Wonderbox are the candies children love and parents approve—clear barley sugar shapes and sticks, and sweet chocolate molded into shapes of birds, animals and butterflies.

Whitman's Wonderbox

The child's own package of candy

Packed in cartons containing twelve boxes with different story subjects. A favorite gift at children's parties where each little guest may have a Wonderbox with a different story and design. Sold by Whitman agencies everywhere.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia
New York Chicago San Francisco

The Calendar-Seller

By GIACOMO LEOPARDI

Giacomo Leopardi

Translated by Leslie Cross

CALENDAR-SELLER—Calendars! New calendars! New almanacs! Do you want a calendar, sir?

PASSER-BY—Calendars for the new year?

CALENDAR-SELLER—Yes, sir.

PASSER-BY—Do you think this coming year will be a happy one?

CALENDAR-SELLER—Oh, of course. Surely, my lord.

PASSER-BY—As happy as this past year?

CALENDAR-SELLER—Far happier.

PASSER-BY—But as happy as what other single year? The coming year won't please you any more than any one of these past years, will it?

CALENDAR-SELLER—No, it won't satisfy me, sir.

PASSER-BY—How many new years have gone by since you've been selling calendars?

CALENDAR-SELLER—It will be twenty years, my lord.

PASSER-BY—Which of those twenty years should you want the coming year to be like?

CALENDAR-SELLER—I? I can't think of any.

PASSER-BY—Can't you remember any particular year that seemed happy?

CALENDAR-SELLER—To tell the truth, my lord, no.

PASSER-BY—And still, life is a beautiful thing. Isn't that true?

CALENDAR-SELLER—That's so, yes.

PASSER-BY—Wouldn't you turn back, and live those twenty years and all your past life, beginning from your birth, over again?

CALENDAR-SELLER—Oh, my dear sir, I wish to God I might!

PASSER-BY—Even if you had to live once more the life that you have lived, no more and no less, with all the pleasure and all the pain you've gone through?

CALENDAR-SELLER—I wouldn't like that.

PASSER-BY—Ah, what life would you care to live? the life I have lived? that of some prince? some one else's life? Don't you think that I and the prince and any one else would have answered the same way you have answered? Don't you see that, having again the self-same existence to drag out, no one would turn back?

CALENDAR-SELLER—I believe that, sir.

PASSER-BY—Would you turn back with conditions as they are, having no other order under which you might live.

CALENDAR-SELLER—No, sir. I'd really not turn back.

PASSER-BY—Indeed, should you want life at all?

CALENDAR-SELLER—I'd like this kind of a life: God alone ruling me, and no other laws or duties.

PASSER-BY—A life left to Fate, ignorance of things one might have,—like that of the new year?

CALENDAR-SELLER—Exactly, sir.

PASSER-BY—I'd want that, if I had to live my life over; indeed, so would all men. Yet this goes to show that Fate, to the end of this year, has been entirely evil. And one realizes that every one shares the notion that his condition is heavier with the burden of misfortune that has befallen him, than with that of good. If one had to live once more his old life, with all its good and ill, no one would be born again. A life built out of glamourous chance is not life as one knows it,—on the contrary, life as no man knows it: not past life, but future life. With the new year, Fate may begin to reward you and me and all others with fortune, and one may enter in upon a happy existence. Isn't that true?

CALENDAR-SELLER—I hope so.

PASSER-BY—Now show me the most beautiful calendar you have.

CALENDAR-SELLER—Here is one, my lord: this one is worth one and half-pence.

PASSER-BY—Here are the one and half-pence.

CALENDAR-SELLER—Just right. Thank you, my lord. Calendars! New calendars!

JANUARY

The Tomb of Pan

By LORD DUNSANY

"SEEING," they said, "that old-time Pan is dead, let us now make a tomb for him and a monument, that the dreadful worship of long ago may be remembered and avoided by all."

So said the people of the enlightened lands. And they built a white and mighty tomb of marble. Slowly it rose under the hands of the builders and longer every evening after sunset it gleamed with rays of the departed sun.

And many mourned for Pan while the builders built; many reviled him. Some called the builders to cease and to weep for Pan, and others called them to leave no memorial at all of so infamous a god. But the builders built on steadily.

And one day all was finished, and the tomb stood there like a steep sea-cliff. And Pan was carved thereon with humbled head, and the feet of angels pressed upon his neck. And when the tomb was finished the sun had already set, but the afterglow was rosy on the huge bulk of Pan.

And presently all the enlightened people came, and saw the tomb and remembered Pan who was dead, and all deplored him and his wicked age. But a few wept apart because of the death of Pan.

But at evening as he stole out of the forest, and slipped like a shadow softly along the hills, Pan saw the tomb and laughed.

1 We enjoin upon all our readers, young and old, feminine and masculine, married and single, by all means to make themselves as "happy" as is consistent with reason, this nigh-at-hand New Year's Day. WALT WHITMAN (*Editorial, 1847*).

2 I love Nature partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him. None of his institutions control or pervade her. . . . He makes me wish for another world; she makes me content with this. THOREAU.

3 A handsome hostess is the fairer commendation of an inn, above the fair sign, or fair lodgings. She is the loadstone that attracts men of iron, gallants and roarers, when they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. BISHOP JOHN EARLE.

4 Sun shall wax,
And star shall wane; what matter so star tell
The drowsy world to start awake, rub eyes,
And stand all ready for morn's joy a-blush?
BROWNING.

5 "That," quoth Death, "is the devil of money, who maintains that he himself alone is equivalent to the world, the flesh, and the devil, and that whenever he comes, there's no need of them." QUEVEDO.

6 If a new edition of the Church Catechism is ever required, I should like to introduce a few words insisting on the duty of seeking all reasonable pleasure and avoiding all pain that can be honourably avoided. SAMUEL BUTLER.

7 We were two green rushes by opposing banks,
And the small stream ran between.
Not till the water beat us down
Could we be brought together.
Not till the winter came
Could we be mingled in a frosty sleep,
Locked down and close.
J. WING (MATHERS).

8 The dog that trots about finds a bone. *Gipsy Saying* (BORROW).

9 I saw God write a gorgeous poem this very morning. With a fresh sunbeam for a pencil, on a broad sheet of level snow, the diamond letters were spelled out one by one, till the whole was aflame with poetry. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

10 They that stutter and are bold, will be soonest melancholy—by reason of the dryness of their brains. ROBERT BURTON.

11 I would leave the days as they are in their beautiful and endless variety, but the long, shut-in winter evenings—these I would multiply, taking them away from June to give to January, could I supply the fire and the boys and the books and the reader to go with them. DALLAS LORE SHARP.

12 Once and once only, in Port of Spain (Trinidad), we saw a Chinese woman, nursing her baby, burst into an audible laugh, and we looked at each other, as much astonished as if our horses had begun to talk. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

13 For seventy years Obosh, the sage,
sat on the mountain side
swallowing sunshine,
but he never became illuminated.
T. K. HEDRICK.

14 When snipes are silent in the frozen bogs,
And all the garden garth is whelmed in mire,
So, by the hearth, the laughter of the logs—
More fair than roses, lo, the flowers of fire!
STEVENSON.

15 The delicacy of this lady's ideas greatly exceed your own. Lord bless you, why, when she came to our house, there was an old portrait of some man or other, with two large, black staring eyes, hanging up in her bedroom: she positively refused to go to bed there, till it was taken down. DICKENS.

16 The life game is a hard game, for we may win ten thousand times, and if we fail but once, our gain is gone.

E. T. SETON.

17 For men who are fortunate all life is short, but for those who fall into misery one night is infinite time.

LUCIAN.

18 The man who always talks of his duty is the most soulless of all creatures.

COUNT KEYSERLING.

19 "You want to prepossess him in your favour? Then you must be embarrassed before him." NIETZSCHE.

20 Universal suffrage is not a dogma—it is an instrument; and according to the population in whose hands it is placed, the instrument is serviceable or deadly to the proprietor. AMIEL.

21 A debtor sued in Kerry acknowledged he had borrowed the money, but declared the lender knew at the time it was a "Kathleen Mavourneen loan . . . 'it may be for years and it may be forever.'" MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

22 I love to sail forbidden seas, and land on barbarous coasts. Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it — would they let me — since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place we lodge in.

MELVILLE.

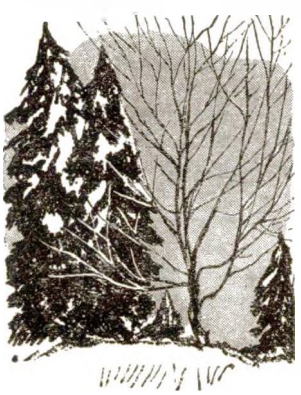
23 The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd.
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand. BURNS.

24 When one is loved he should have nothing else to do.

DAUDET.

25 Midon, O Phœbus, dedicates to thee his stakes and winged hare-staves, together with his fowling canes—a small gift from small earnings; but if thou give him something greater, he will repay thee with far richer gifts than these.

AGIS.



26 "Do you want a model of epistolary style? An authentic, indisputable model? It is the soldier's letter that people make so much fun of:

"'This is only to give you to know that I am well and wish you the same. If you can but send me a little money I shall be very glad of it.'"

ANATOLE FRANCE (BROUSSON).

27 I have no objection to freedom, but I wish more than freedom for you; you should not merely *be rid* of what you do not want, you should also *have* what you do want; you should not only be a "freeman," you should be an owner too.

MAX STIRNER.

28 Thence to the Theater where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled by it at all. PEPYS.

29 "Resurrection, in fact," said the phoenix to her, "is one of the most simple things in the world. There is nothing more in being born twice than once."

VOLTAIRE.

30 Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols, and said to him, "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog," the latter replied, "I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!" and was right.

HEINE.

31 Love is either a remnant of something degenerating, something which has been immense, or it is a particle of what will in the future develop into something immense; but in the present it is unsatisfying, it gives much less than one expects.

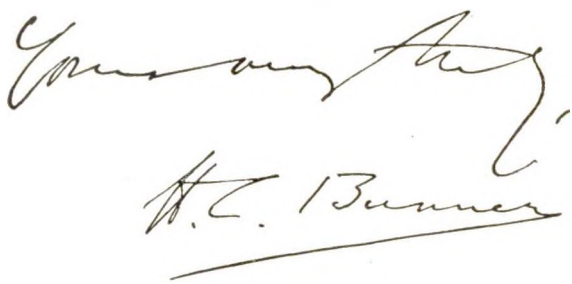
CHEKHOV.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V JANUARY, 1927 NUMBER 25

The Zadoc Pine Labour Union

By H. C. BUNNER



WHEN Zadoc Pine's father died, Zadoc found himself alone in the North Woods, three miles from Silsbee's Station, twenty-one years old, six foot one inch high in perfect health, with a good appetite. He had gone to school one summer; he could read and write fairly well, and could cipher very well. He had gone through the history of the United States, and he had a hazy idea of geography. When his father's estate was settled up, and all debts paid, Zadoc owned two silver dollars, the clothes he stood in, one extra flannel shirt, done up in a bandanna handkerchief in company with a razor, a comb, a toothbrush, and two collars. Besides these things he had a six-inch clasp-knife and an old-fashioned muzzle-loading percussion-cap rifle.

Old man Pine had been a good Adirondack guide in his time; but for the last six years he had been laid up, a helpless cripple, with inflammatory rheumatism. He and his son—old Pine's wife had died before the boy was ten years old—lived in their little house in the woods. The father had some small savings, and the son could earn a little as a sort of auxiliary guide. He got a job here and there where some party needed an extra man. Zadoc was an excellent shot; but he was no fisherman, and he had little knowledge of the streams and ponds further in the woods.

So, when the old father was gone, when

Zadoc had paid the last cent of his debt to the storekeeper at Silsbee's—the storekeeper taking the almost worthless shanty of the Pines in part payment—when he had settled with Silsbee's saw-mill for the boards out of which he himself had made his father's coffin, Zadoc Pine stood on the station platform and wondered what was going to become of him, or, rather, as he put it, "what he was a-going for to do with himself."

There was no employment for him at Silsbee's Station. He might, perhaps, get a job as guide; but it was doubtful, and he had seen too much of the life. It seemed to him a waste of energy. To live as his father had lived, a life of toil and exposure, a dreary existence of hard work and small profit, and to end at last penniless and in debt for food, was no part of Zadoc's plans. He knew from the maps in the old geography that the whole Adirondack region was only a tiny patch on the map of the United States. Somewhere outside there he was sure he would find a place for himself.

He knew that the little northern railroad at his feet connected with the greater roads to the south. But the great towns of the State were only so many names to him. His eyes were not turned toward New York. He had "guided" for parties of New York men, and he had learned enough to make himself sure that New York was too large for him. "I wouldn't be no more good down there," he said to himself, "then they be up here. 'Tain't my size."

Yet somewhere he must go. He had watched the young men who employed him, and he had made up his mind to two things: First, these young men had money; second, he could get it if they could. One had jokingly shown him a hundred-dollar bill, and had asked him to change it. There was some part of the world, then, where people could be free and easy with hundred-dollar bills. Why was not that the place for him? "They know a lot more'n I do," he said; "but they hed to l'arn it fust-off; an' I guess ef their brains was so everlastin' much better'n mine they wouldn't souse 'em with whiskey the way they do."

As Zadoc Pine stood on the platform, feeling of the two silver dollars in his pocket, he saw the wagon drive up from Silsbee's saw-mill with a load of timber, and old Mr. Silsbee on top of the load. There was a train of flat cars on the siding, where it had been lying for an hour, waiting for the up train. When the wagon arrived, Mr. Silsbee, the station-master, and the engineer of the train had a three-cornered colloquy of a noisy sort. The station-master after a while withdrew, shrugging his shoulders with the air of a man who declines to engage further in a profitless discussion.

"What's the matter?" asked Zadoc.

"That there lumber of Silsbee's," said the station-master, who was a New England man. "The durned old cantankerous cuss is kickin' because he can't ship it. Why, this here train's so short o' hands they can't hardly run it ez 'tis, let alone loadin' lumber."

"Where's it goin' to?" inquired Zadoc, "an' why's this train short o' hands?"

"Goin' to South Ridge, Noo Jersey," said the station-master, "or 'twould be ef 'twan't for this blame strike. Can't get nobody to load it."

"Where's South Ridge?" was Zadoc's next inquiry.

"'Bout ten or twenty miles from New York."

"Country?"

"Country 'nough, I guess. Ask Silsbee."

Zadoc walked after Mr. Silsbee, who was by this time marching back towards the saw-mill, red in the face and puffing hard. Zadoc got in front of him.

"Mornin', Mr. Silsbee," he said.

"Mornin'—er—who are ye? Oh, Enoch Pine's boy, hey? Mornin', young man—I hain't got no time——"

"How much is it wuth to you to get them sticks to where they're goin' to?" demanded Zadoc.

"Wuth? It's wuth hundreds of dollars to me, young man—it's wuth——"

"Is it wuth a five-dollar bill?" Zadoc interrupted.

"Whatyermean?"

"You know me, Squire Silsbee. If it's wuth a five-dollar bill to get them timbers down to South Ridge, New Jersey, an' you can get that engineer to take me on as an extra hand that far, I'll load 'em on, go down there with 'em, an' unload 'em. All I want's five dollars for my keep while I'm a-goin'."

"You don't want t' go to South Ridge?" gasped Mr. Silsbee.

"Yass, I do."

"Whut fer?"

"Fer my health," said Zadoc. The squire looked at the muscular, sunburnt animal before him, and he had to grin.

"Well," he said, "'tain't none o' *my* business. You come along, an' I'll see if that pig-headed fool will let you work your way down."

One hour later Zadoc was rolling southward on a flat car, and learning how to work brakes as he went. It was a wonderful pleasure-trip to him. The work was nothing; he was strong as a bull moose; and he was simply enchanted to see the great world stringing itself out along the line of the railroad track. He had never in his life seen a settlement larger than Silsbee's, and when the villages turned into towns and the towns into cities, he was so much interested that he lost his appetite. He asked the train hands all the questions he could think of, and acquired some information, although they did not care to talk about much except the great strike and the probable action of the unions.

. . . . . .

It was about six o'clock of a cloudy May evening when Zadoc Pine jumped off the car at South Ridge and helped to unload Mr. Silsbee's cargo of timber. The brakeman on his end of the train said, "So long!" Zadoc said "So long!" and the train whirled on to New York.

Zadoc stood by the track and gazed somewhat dismally after his traveling home. He was roused from something like a brown study when the station-master of South Ridge hailed him.

"Hi, country! where are you?"

"Is this New Jersey?" asked Zadoc.

"Yes. What did you think it was—Ohio?"

Zadoc had heard something of the national reputation of the State from his late companions.

"Well," he reflected, "I must be pretty mildewed when a Jerseyman hollers 'country' at me."

Zadoc made this reflection aloud. The station-master walked off with a growl, and two or three gentlemen who were talking on the platform laughed quietly. Zadoc walked up to one of them.

"I brung that lumber down here," he said; "I'd like to know who owns it. Maybe there's more job in it fer me?"

"I don't think so," one of the gentlemen said, in a rather cold and distant way. "That is for the new station, and the railway company has its own hands."

Zadoc looked all about him. There was no town to be seen. He was among the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains, and on all sides of him were undulating slopes, some open, some wooded. He saw old-fashioned farm-houses, and many more modern dwellings, of what seemed to him great size and beauty, although they were only ordinary suburban cottages of the better sort. But nowhere could he see shops or factories. There was a quarry high up on one of the slopes, but that was all. It looked like a poor place in which to seek for work.

"Well," he remarked, "maybe there's somewheres where I can put up fer to-night."

"What sort of place?" the gentleman asked.

"Well," said Zadoc, "some sort of inn, or tavern, or suthin', where I c'n get about ten cents' wuth o' style an' ninety cents' wuth o' sleep an' feed."

Two of the gentlemen laughed; but the one to whom Zadoc had spoken, who seemed a dignified and haughty person, answered in a chilly and discouraging way:

"Go down this street to the cross-roads, and ask for Bryan's. That is where the quarrymen board."

He turned away, and went in the other direction with his companions. Zadoc Pine shouldered his rifle, picked up the handkerchief which held his other belongings, and trudged down the road under the new foliage of the great chestnuts. He came in a little while to the cross-roads, where there were four huddled blocks of shabby square houses. There was a butcher's shop, a grocer's, a baker's, three or four drinking-places, and Bryan's. This was the forlornest house of all. There was a dirty attempt at an ice-cream saloon in the front, and in the rear was a large room with a long table, where the quarrymen took their meals. When Zadoc arrived, the quarrymen were sitting on the sidewalk in front of the house with their feet in the gutter. They were smoking pipes and talking in a dull way among themselves. By the time that Zadoc had bargained for a room, with supper and breakfast, for one dollar, supper was announced, and they all came in. Zadoc did not like either his companions or his supper.

He did not know enough of the distinguishing marks of various nationalities to guess at the nativity of these men, but he knew that they were not Americans. He tried to talk to the man nearest him, but the man did not want to talk. Zadoc asked him about the work and the wages at the quarry.

"It's a dollar-twinty-five a day," the quarryman said, sullenly; "an' it's a shame! The union ain't doin' nothin' fer us. An' there ain't no more quarrymen

wanted. There's Milliken, he owns the carrts; mebbe he'll take a driver. But if ye want a job, ye'll have to see McCuskey, the dilligate."

"What might a dilligate be?" inquired the young man from the North Woods.

"The mon what runs the union. Ye're a union mon, ain't ye?"

"Guess not," said Zadoc.

"Thin y'd best be out of this," the man said, rising rudely and lumbering off.

"Guess I won't wake McCuskey up in the mornin'," Zadoc thought; "dollar-'n-a-quarter's big money; but I don't want no sech work ez quarryin', ef it makes a dead log of a man like that."

He finished his meal and went into the street. Bryan was leaning against the door-jamb, conversing with a tall man on the sidewalk. It was the gentleman whom Zadoc had seen at the station.

"You can't get him this week, Mr. Thorndyke," said Bryan. "Bixby's ahead of you, and the Baxters. They been waitin' three weeks for him. Fact is, Andy don't want to do no more th'n two days' work in a week."

"Can't you think of any other man?" Mr. Thorndyke queried, irritably. "Here I have been waiting for this fellow a whole fortnight to dig a half-dozen beds in my garden, and I don't believe he intends to come. There ought to be somebody who wants the job. Can't some of these men here come after hours, or before, and do it? I pay well enough for the work."

There was no movement among the quarrymen, who were once more sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, with their feet in the gutter.

"I don't know of no one, Mr. Thorndyke," said Bryan, and Mr. Thorndyke turned back up the road.

"Diggin' garden-beds?" mused Zadoc. "I ain't never dug no garden-beds; but I hev dug fer bait, 'n' I guess the principle's the same—on'y you don't hev to sort out the wums." He walked rapidly after Mr. Thorndyke, and overtook him.

"Don't you want me to dig them beds fer you?" he inquired.

"*Can* you dig them?" Mr. Thorndyke looked surprised and suspicious.

"That's what I'm here fer."

"Do you know where my house is? The third on the hill?"

"Third she is," said Zodoc.

"Come up to-morrow morning."

Zadoc went back to Bryan's and went to bed in a narrow, close room, overlooking an ill-kept back yard. It was dirty, it was cheerless; worst of all, it was airless. Zadoc's mind was made up. "Ef this suits quarrymen, quarryin' don't suit me."

* * * * * * * * *

He had a bad night, and arose at five the next morning. At six he went to a breakfast that was worse than the supper had been. Zadoc had been used to poor and coarse fare all his life, but there was something about this flabby, flavourless, greasy, boarding-house food that went against him. He ate what he could, and then walked up the road toward Mr. Thorndyke's house. As he went higher up the hill he saw that the houses at the cross-roads were very much unlike their surroundings. To a man born and brought up in the skirts of the North Woods, this New Jersey village seemed a very paradise. The green lawns amazed him; the neat fences, the broad roads, the great trees, standing clear of underbrush, were all marvels in his eyes. And besides the comfortable farm-houses and the mansions of the rich and great, he saw many humbler dwellings of a neat and well-ordered sort. From one of these a pretty girl, standing in the doorway, with her right arm in a sling, looked at him with curiosity, and what Zadoc took to be kindly interest. It was really admiration. If Zadoc had ever thought to enquire, he would have learned that he was not only big, but good-looking.

He lingered a little as he passed this place, to admire it. The house had two stories, of which the lower was of rough stone, brightly whitewashed. In front was a bit of a garden, in which green things were sprouting. In the little woodshed, to one side, a neat old woman, with pretty, white hair, was cutting kindling-wood. The girl in the doorway was very pretty, if her arm *was* in a sling. Zadoc looked it all over with entire approval. "That's *my* size," he thought.

He found no one awake at Mr. Thorndyke's house, and he sat on the front steps until half-past seven o'clock, when Mr. Thorndyke himself came out to get the morning paper, which had been left on the front porch. Zadoc had read it through already.

"You are early," was Mr. Thorndyke's greeting.

"I was earlier when I come," returned Zadoc. "Been here more'n an hour. Awful waste o' God's sunlight, when there's work a-waitin'."

"Well," said Mr. Thorndyke coldly, as he led the way around the corner of the house, "here are the beds. The lines are pegged out. I suppose there is about a day's work on them, and I will pay you at the usual rate for gardeners' work, hereabouts—a dollar and a half."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, as he looked over the territory staked out, "I see. But if this job's wuth a dollar-'n'-a-half to you, I'd ruther take it *ez* a job, at them figgers. I *can* fool away a day on it, ef that'll please you better; but I'd rather git through with it when I git through, ef it's all the same to you."

"I don't care how you do it," Mr. Thorndyke said, "so long as it is done, and done properly, when I come home to-night at six."

"You needn't put off coming home for me," was Zadoc's cheerful assurance.

Then he proceeded to ask Mr. Thorndyke a number of questions about the manner in which the beds were to be dug. Mr. Thorndyke knit his brows.

"Haven't you ever dug beds before?"

"I never dug no beds fer *you*. When I do work fer a man I do it to suit him, an' not to suit some other feller."

"How do I know that you can do the work at all?"

"You don't," said Zadoc, frankly; "but ef 'tain't satisfactory you don't hev to pay. *Thet's* cheap fer a hole in the ground."

"Have you a spade?" Mr. Thorndyke demanded, and his manner was depressingly stern.

"No, I ain't," said Zadoc, "but I'll git one."

. . . . . .

Zadoc walked up to the next house on the hill, which was a large and imposing structure. It belonged to the richest man in South Ridge, and the richest man was sitting on his front porch.

"Got a spade to lend?" Zadoc asked.

"What do you want it for?" the richest man demanded.

"Fer a job down there to Squire Thorndyke's, next door," Zadoc informed him.

"Did Mr. Thorndyke send you?"

"No, I come myself."

The millionaire of South Ridge stared at Zadoc for a moment, and then arose, walked around the house, and presently reappeared with a spade. "When you bring this back," he said, "give it to the man in the stable."

"Much obliged!" said Zadoc.

The beds were all dug before three o'clock, and Mrs. Thorndyke came out and expressed her approval. Zadoc took off his hat and bowed, as his father had told him he should do when he met a lady.

"I see," he remarked, "you've got some mornin'-glories set out alongside o' the house. Ef you'll get me a ladder an' some string, an' nails an' a hammer, I'll train 'em up fer yer."

Mrs. Thorndyke looked doubtful.

"I don't know what arrangement my husband has made with you," she began: but Zadoc interrupted her.

"There ain't nothin' to pay fer that, ma'am. One pertater on top 'f the measure don't break no one, and it kinder holds trade."

The ladder and the other things were brought out, and Zadoc climbed up and fastened the strings as he had seen them arranged for the morning-glories that climbed up the walls of Squire Silsbee's house.

While he was on the ladder, the rich man next door, whose name, by the way, was Vredenburg, came down and leaned on the fence and talked to Mrs. Thorndyke.

"Getting the place in good trim, aren't you?"

"Trying to," said Mrs. Thorndyke. "There are ever so many things to do. I've sent to three men already, to cart my ash-heap away, and they won't come. There's a wandering gardener here who has just dug my beds; if it hadn't been for him, I should have gone without flowers all the summer."

Zadoc heard this and grinned; and then he began to think. He had been looking over toward the quarry during the day, and he had noticed that the horses stood idle a large part of the time. There was one tall gray hitched to a cart, whose business it was to remove the small stones and waste, and who did not make one trip an hour, resting for the greater part of the time under a huge tree.

"That horse ain't too tired," thought Zadoc, "to give a feller a lift after workin' hours."

By four o'clock the strings were up for the morning-glories. Mr. Thorndyke would not return before six. Zadoc strolled down to the quarry and found Milliken. He asked Milliken what would be a proper charge for the services of the big gray horse for two hours after six o'clock. Milliken thought fifty cents would pay him and the horse. Then Zadoc continued his stroll, and found out that the dumping-grounds

of South Ridge were near the river, among the tailings of an abandoned quarry.

After that he went back to Bryan's and got a couple of eggs cooked for his private supper. He had had his dinner at the noon hour, and it was worse than the breakfast. The eggs were, as he told Mr. Bryan, "kinder 'twixt grass and hay." He felt that he had had enough of Bryan's.

Going up the road to Mr. Thorndyke's, he came to the neat little house that he had noticed the night before; he looked at it for a minute, and then he went in and asked the white-haired old woman if she did not want to take him as a boarder. She said that she did not; she was a lone widow-woman, and she had all she could do to pay her way with doing washing, and she didn't want no quarrymen fooling around her house; she knew what quarrymen were.

Zadoc explained to her that he was not a quarryman. He told her all about himself, and about his dissatisfaction with Bryan's arrangements; but she only shook her head and said that she didn't want him. He was going out of the door, when the young girl who had smiled on him yesterday, and who had been listening in a corner, came forward and spoke earnestly to the old woman.

"He *looks* good, mother," Zadoc heard her say; "and it's to his credit that he don't like Bryan's. If he's a decent man, we oughtn't to send him back to a place like that. It's a shame for a young man to be left among those people."

The old woman wavered. "We might try him," she said.

Zadoc came back.

"You try me, and you'll keep me," said he. "An' ez fer you, young woman, ef you use ez much judgment when you pick out a husband ez you do when you choose a boarder, you'll do first-rate." The young woman blushed.

Then they talked about the proper price of Zadoc's board, and they all agreed that two dollars a week would be fair. Zadoc paid down the two dollars in advance, and was without a cent in the world, for Bryan had taken his other dollar for the two bad meals. But Zadoc did not mind that, and within fifteen minutes he had moved his possessions into a clean little whitewashed room in the second story of the widow Dadd's house. The widow was much troubled at the sight of his rifle; but she finally consented to let it hang on his white wall; and Zadoc ate his supper, although he had eaten one already, and made the meal as cheerful as he could to Mrs. Dadd and her daughter, which was not difficult to him, for it was a good supper. A little before six he marched off to Mr. Thorndyke's.

Mr. Thorndyke paid him his dollar and a half; and Zadoc broached a new project.

"There's that there ash-heap o' yourn," he said, "why can't I cart that off fer you?"

"But you haven't a cart," Mr. Thorndyke objected.

"I'll have one," Zadoc said. "What's the job wuth?"

"I've always paid a dollar."

Zadoc rubbed his chin and mused. "I'll call on ye for thet dollar when I've earned it," he said. "Evenin'!"

Zadoc had been at the back of the house during the day, and had sized up the ash-heap, as well as one or two other things. He walked down to the quarry and got the big gray and his cart, and drove up to the Thorndykes' back yard. There he shovelled the ash-heap (the shovel went with the horse and cart) into the vehicle. There was just one load. There had been a heavy rain during the night, and the ashes were packed close. The cart held a cubic yard, and it was not overloaded when Zadoc drove it down the road toward the old quarry.

As he drove he looked ahead, and he noticed that the sidewalks, or raised paths to right and left of the road, were made of ashes pounded down—not cinders from the railroad, but ordinary hard-coal ashes, beaten into a compact mass. Before he had driven half a mile he saw, some hundred feet in front of him, a broad break in the sidewalk to his right—a gully washed out by the rain. He stopped his horse behind a clump of trees, alighted, and walked forward to the gate in front of a comfortable house. The owner was pottering about, looking at the vines that were beginning to climb up the wires on his veranda. Zadoc accosted him.

"Evenin'! You've got a bad hole in that there path o' yourn."

"Are you a road-inspector?" asked the man of the house, in a disagreeable tone of voice.

"No," said Zadoc, "I'm a road-mender. You've got ter fill that hole up. S'pose I fill it up fer you fer fifty cents?"

"Yer ain't going to drive out here and mend that walk for half a dollar, are you?" the man asked, incredulously.

"I'm a-goin' to take it on my reggeler rowt," replied Zadoc. "Does she go?"

The man looked over the fence at the big hole. "She goes," he said.

It was just one hour later, when some light lingered in the sky, that the householder with the broken sidewalk paid Zadoc Pine his fifty cents. He paid it with a dazed look on his face; but Zadoc was as bright and airy as usual as he pocketed the money and drove back to the quarry-stables. His cubic yard of ashes had filled the gap and left a little over, with which he had patched a few smaller breaks.

When Zadoc arose on the morrow and stepped out of doors to breathe the morning air, he saw the white-haired widow chopping kindling wood in the shed.

"That ain't no work fer you," he said.

"Who's to do it?" the widow asked; "my darter, her arm's lame. She lamed it snatchin' a child off the railroad-track in front of the engyne. The engyne hit her. It was one o' them delegate's children, an' no thanks to nobody. Who's to chop kindlin' if I don't?"

"I be, I reckon," said Zadoc. He took the hatchet out of her hands and split up a week's supply. It was sharp work on an empty stomach; but he took it out of the breakfast, a little later.

After breakfast he walked down to Centre, the nearest large town, and spent an hour in a paint-shop there. He asked a great many questions, and the men in the shop had a good deal of fun with him. Zadoc knew it, but he did not care. "Amooses them, don't hurt me, an' keeps the derned fools talkin'," he said to himself.

He returned to South Ridge in time for dinner, and in the afternoon sallied out to look for a job. Remembering the Bixbys and the Baxters, and the fact that "Andy" did not care for more than two days' work in the week, Zadoc thought he would offer his services to the two families. "Thar' ain't no room in this world," he reflected, "for two-day men. The six-day men has first call on all jobs."

The Bixbys gave him the work, and paid him a dollar for the afternoon's work; but he could not come to terms with the Baxters. They wanted him to take fifty cents for half a day's work.

"But you'd 'a' had ter pay that there other feller a dollar," Zadoc objected.

"But that's different," said Mrs. Baxter; "you aren't a regular gardener, you know."

"The job ain't different," replied Zadoc; "and ef Andy c'n get a dollar fer it, I'm a-goin' to let him have it." And he shook his long legs down the road.

He loomed up, long and bony, before Mr. Thorndyke just after dinner.

"You've come to cart the ash-heap away, I suppose?" Mr. Thorndyke said.

"That ash-heap moved out of town last evenin'. Ef you've got time, though, I want yer to step around to the back o' the house. Got somethin' to show yer."

The "something" was Mr. Thorndyke's barn. He kept no horse; but the small building that goes with every well-regulated cottage in New Jersey he utilized as a playroom for his children and a gymnasium for himself.

"That there barn," Zadoc told him, "is jest a sight to look at. It stands to the north o' the house, an' takes all the weather there is. The paint's most off it. Look at these here big scales! I took one of those there fer a sample, and here's the colour the way it ought to be, on this here bit o' shingle." Zadoc pulled the sample out of his pocket. "Now you wanter let me *paint* that barn for yer. I've figgered thet it'll cost yer jest twenty-five dollars. Thet's a savin' for *you*, an' I c'n take my time about it, and put in a week on the job an' do some other work round the town at the same time."

"Have you other engagements?" Mr. Thorndyke asked.

"No," was Zadoc's answer; "but I'm goin' to hev 'em."

"But do you know how to paint?"

"Anythin' the matter with my gardenin'?"

"No."

"All right on ash-heaps, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, you jest try me on paint. Same old terms—no satisfaction, no pay. I can't make that there barn look wuss'n it does now; an' I'm goin' ter make it look a heap better."

The next afternoon Zadoc was painting the Thorndyke barn. He worked there only in the afternoons; in the mornings he hunted up odd jobs about the town, and the money he got for these he took to Centre and invested in paint and brushes. As he paid cash, he had to buy in small quantities; but when the barn was painted—and it was painted to Mr. Thorndyke's satisfaction—Zadoc found himself something more like a capitalist than he had ever been in his life.

But there was one unpleasant incident connected with this job. He was sitting one afternoon in the children's swing, which he had borrowed to use in painting those parts of the barn which he could not reach with a ladder: he tied the ends of the ropes around the cupola, twisted himself up to the ridge-pole, and untwisted himself as he

painted downward. He was slathering away on his second coat, whistling cheerily to himself, when a man in overalls and a painty jacket came up and made some remarks about the weather. Zadoc told him that the weather was a good thing to take as it came; and then the man inquired:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"What union?" asked Zadoc; "I ain't no Canuck, ef thet's what yer mean."

"The house-painters' union," said the man.

"Well, no," said Zadoc, still slathering away, with his head on one side. "Guess I'm union enough, all by myself. I'm perfec'ly united, I am—all harmonious and unanimous an' comfortable."

"What are you a-paintin' for, then?" demanded the stranger.

"Fer money," said Zadoc. "What are you a-foolin' around here for?"

"Have you ever served an apprenticeship to this business?" the man asked.

"Hev you ever served an apprenticeship ter rollin' off a log?" Zadoc asked, by way of answer.

The man muttered something and moved away. Zadoc communed with himself.

"Ap-prenticeship ter sloppin' paint! Well, I be derned! Why, fool-work like thet's born in a man, same's swimmin'."

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As Zadoc became known to the community he found that work came right to his hand. The labouring native of South Ridge was the sort of man who said, when a job was offered to him, "Well, I guess I'll take a day off some time week arter next and 'tend to it." This energetic person from the North Woods, who made engagements and kept them, was a revelation to the householders of the town. He mended fences and roads; he cut grass and sodded lawns; he put in panes of glass and whitewashed kitchens; he soldered leaky refrigerators and clothes-boilers; he made paths and dug beds; he beat carpets and pumped water into garret tanks—in short, he did everything that a man can do with muscle and intelligent application. He was not afraid to do a thing because he had never done it before.

Moreover, he made his services acceptable by doing, as a rule, more than his contract called for. He was not above treating his employers as so many fellow human beings. When the doctor prescribed wild-cherry cordial for Mrs. Thorndyke, Zadoc put in a whole afternoon in scouring the country for wild cherries, and brought back a large basketful. He would take no pay.

"Them's with my compliments," he said. "They growed wild, an' I guess they growed wild a-puppus. Knowed thar was sick folks a-needin' of 'em, mebbe."

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But it was not to be all plain sailing for Zadoc. One evening he went home to the widow Dadd's, and found the widow in tears and her daughter flushed and indignant. They told him that a "boycott" had been declared against him for doing union men's work, and against them for harbouring him. The butcher of the town, who was also the green-grocer, would sell Mrs. Dadd nothing more until she turned Zadoc out of doors. Centre was the nearest town from which she could get supplies, and Centre was three miles away.

Zadoc walked over to the butcher's shop. The butcher was a German.

"What's this here, Schmitzer?" he demanded. "Ain't my money good enough fer you?"

"I ken't help it, Mr. Pine," said Schmitzer, sullenly. "If I don' boygott you, dem fellis boygott me. I got noddin' against you, Mr. Pine, but I ken't sell you no mead, nor Mrs. Tatt neider."

"Runnin' me out of town, are ye?" Zadoc said. "Well, we run men out whar I come from. But we don't run 'em out unless they've *done* suthin', an' they don't let 'emselves be run out onless they've done suthin'. I ain't done nothin' but what I ought, an' I'm a-goin' ter stay here."

He went back to the widow Dadd's, and told her that he would take charge of the commissariat. That night he got a large packing-case, which Mr. Vredenburg was quite willing to give him, and a barrow-load of saw-dust from the waste-heap at the saw-mill. After an hour's work he had a fairly good ice-box, and by the next night he had that box filled with ice from Centre and with meat and vegetables from New York. Zadoc read the papers; he had seen the market reports, and now he was able to determine, by actual experiment, the difference between South Ridge prices and New York market prices. He discovered that the difference was very nearly forty per cent. The express company's charge for transportation was forty cents for an ordinary flour-barrel well packed.

Zadoc saw a new vista opening before him. He called on Mr. Thorndyke, and proposed to do that stately person's market-

ing, and to divide the forty per cent. profit evenly between them. Mr. Thorndyke was at first doubtful and suspicious. He cross-examined Zadoc, and found out what had started the young man on this new line. Then his manners changed. Mr. Thorndyke was not in the habit of carrying himself very graciously toward those whom he considered his social inferiors. But now he grasped Zadoc's hand and shook it heartily.

"I'm glad to know this, Pine," he said. "If you've got the pluck to fight those cowardly brutes and their boycott, I'll stand by you. You may try your hand at the marketing, and if you suit Mrs. Thorndyke, all right. If you don't, we'll find something else for you to do."

Zadoc went in town on the morrow with a list of Mrs. Thorndyke's domestic needs. He had, on his previous visit, sought out the venders who dealt in only one quality of goods, and that the best. To these, in his ignorance of the details of marketing, he thought it best to apply, although their higher prices diminished his profits. In this way he was able to send home a full week's supply of the best meat and vegetables in the market. They proved to be better than Schmitzer's best, and Mr. Thorndyke paid a bill smaller by one-fifth than he had ever received from Schmitzer. Zadoc was only forty-three cents to the good; but he had made his point. Within one month he was buying for ten families, and receiving the blessing of ten weary housewives, who found it easier to sit down of a Friday night, lay out a bill of fare for a week, and hand it to Zadoc Pine with a tranquil dismissal of all further care, than it had been to meet every recurring morning the old, old question, What shall we have for dinner to-day? And Zadoc found his profit therein.

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One warm evening in September, Zadoc Pine sat in the front yard of the widow Dadd's house, whittling a plug for the cider-barrel. He looked up from his whittling and saw a party of a dozen men come up the road and stop at the gate. He arose and went forward to meet them.

"Good-evenin', friends!" he said, driving his jack-knife into the top rail of the fence and leaning over the pickets: "Want to see me, I s'pose? What c'n I do fer ye?"

One man came forward and put himself at the head of the party. Zadoc knew him by sight. It was McCuskey, the "walking-delegate."

"You can get out of this town," said McCuskey, "as fast as you know how to. We'll give you ten hours."

"That's friendly-like," said Zadoc. "I ain't had a present o' ten hours' free time made me since I wuz a boy at school."

"Well," McCuskey broke in, annoyed at some suppressed laughter in his rear, "you can take them ten hours and use them to get out of South Ridge."

"Ken, eh?" said Zadoc. "Well, now, ef I've gotter go, I've gotter go. I ain't got no objection. But I jest wanter know *what* I've gotter go fer. Then maybe I'll see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labour; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers——"

"Sho!" Zadoc interrupted him, "don't talk no sech fool-talk ez that! I ain't taken no bread outer no man's mouth. I ain't got down to that yet. S'pose you tell me in plain English what I've done to be run outer town fer?"

There was more hushed laughter in the spokesman's rear, and he set his teeth angrily before he opened his lips again.

"You have no trade, and you have taken jobs away from men who have trades. You took away a painter's job when you painted that barn on the hill."

"I didn't take away no painter's job. It wasn't nobody's job—it wasn't no job at all until I made a job of it. Ef the painter wanted it, why didn't he go an' get it?"

"You've took away Andy Conner's gardening-work all around the town."

"Tha's so!" from Andy Conner, at the back of the crowd.

"Where was Andy Conner when I took his jobs away from him?" Zadoc asked, and answered himself: "Drunk, in Bryan's back yard. Andy Conner works two days in the week, an' I work six. I ain't got no time to be sortin' out Andy Conner's jobs from mine."

Then there came a husky howl from out the thickest of the crowd.

"Vell, you take avay my chob, anyhow! You take my bissness avay—you take my boocher bissness."

"Ah!" said Zadoc, "that's you, Schmitzer, is it? Yes, ye're right. I'm takin' yer job away—the best I know how. But I didn't take it away until you took the food outer my mouth—thet's what ye did, an' no fancy talk, neither—an' outer the mouths o' two helpless wimmin. An' under them circumstances, every time, I'd take

your job away, ef you was the President of the United States."

This was a solemn asseveration for Zadoc. He respected the office of the President of the United States. But it was lost on his hearers. No man in that crowd respected the President of the United States. There came a low, growling murmur from the group:

"Kill him! Hang the scab! Kill him!"

"Kill?"

Zadoc let out a voice that only the Adirondack hills had heard before. Then he checked himself, and talked quietly, yet so that every man on the street heard him.

"I came from the North Woods," he said. "They make *men* whar I came from. I ain't wronged no man in this town. I come here to make my livin', an' here I'll stay. Ef you wanter fight, I'll fight yer, one at a time, or the hull gang! Ye can kill me, but ye've gotter kill me *here*. An' ef it comes ter killin', I c'n hold my end up. I c'n kill a rabbit at forty rods, an' I own my rifle yit. But I know ye won't give me no fair fight; ye want to crawl up behind me. Well, I'm a man from the woods. I c'n hear ye half a mile off, an' I c'n *smell* ye at a hundred yards."

He made an end, and stood looking at them. He had picked up his big jack-knife, and was jabbing its blade deep into the top rail of the fence and picking it out again. A silence fell upon the crowd. Zadoc Pine was a large man and a strong man. He had a knife, and in the doorway behind him stood the widow Dadd's daughter with his rifle, held ready for him.

Zadoc broke the silence.

"Boys," he said, "I ain't no hog. I want you to understand thet I'm goin' to earn my own livin' my own way. I take what work I c'n get; an' ef other folks is shif'less enough ter leave their work fer me ter do, that's *their* business. I've took one man's job away from him fer cause. But I ain't got no spite ag'in him. He's on'y a fool-furriner. Thet's you, Schmitzer. An' ter show you that I ain't got no spite agin yer, I'm a-goin' ter make you an offer. I'll take yer inter partnership."

There was a derisory laugh at this from the whole delegation, but Zadoc checked it.

"Schmitzer," he said, "you come inside here and talk it over with me. I ain't goin' to hurt ye, an' yer friends here'll go down street ter Bryan's an' take a drink. They've been a-talkin', an' I guess they're thirsty."

After a moment of irresolute hesitation the delegation moved off. The men were puzzled. The exiling of Zadoc Pine seemed no longer a simple matter, and they felt the need of discussing a new situation. Zadoc and Schmitzer were left together in the little stone house.

"Schmitzer," said Zadoc, "I'm makin' most as much clean profit outer my ten families ez you're makin' out of yer whole business, an' I don't have no rent t' pay. Here's my figgers—look 'em over. Now, Schmitzer, thar's no end of business hereabouts thet you ain't worked up. These farmers all around about are livin' on salt pork, an' eatin' butchers' meat wunst a week. We've gotter get their trade and teach 'em Christian livin'. These here quarrymen ain't eatin' meat like they oughter. S'pose we show 'em what they c'n get for a dollar?"

Schmitzer looked carefully over Zadoc's figures. He knew the risks of carrying perishable stock. He saw that people bought more when the opportunities of the great markets were offered to them. Before he left the house he had agreed to work with Zadoc, and to follow his leader in the new scheme for supplying South Ridge with meat and vegetables.

"An' what'll yer friends down street say?" queried Zadoc.

"I don' care vot dey say," responded Schmitzer; "dose fellus ain't no good. I got better bissness now. If dey don' like it, dey go down to Cendre un' bring deir meat home demselfs."

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Zadoc retains his share in the Pine & Schmitzer Supply Company; but after he had drummed up the local trade on the new basis, and broken Schmitzer into the routine work, he branched off for himself in a new line.

He had found an amateur electrician among his customers, and with this gentleman's aid he organized the South Ridge Fire Department and Protective Association. Thirty-six householders paid him ten dollars for the plant and ten dollars for yearly service; and he connected their houses in an electric circuit, of which his own bedroom was the central station. In each house was a combined bell and alarm; and if a citizen awoke at night to find his chimney on fire or to hear a stranger within his chickenhouse, he rang a wild tocsin in thirty-five other houses, and then sounded a signal-letter by dot and dash to proclaim his identity. Then the whole town turned out, and Zadoc drove a small

chemical engine behind Schmitzer's horse. If the cause of the disturbance was a chicken thief, and the cause was caught, Zadoc played upon him.

"Can't bring out that engyne fer nothin'," he said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

Two years and a half have passed since Zadoc left the North Woods. He is an employer now, and an owner of real-estate, in a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her yards clean and her lawns trim—or his men do. Moreover, he is the husband of the girl whose smile first welcomed him to the Ridge.

"Man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow," he has said; "but some men sweat inside o' their heads an' some outside. I'm workin' my brain. I could 'a' done more with it ef I'd 'a' had edication. When that there boy o' mine gets a few years on top o' the six weeks he's got now, I'll give him all he wants, an' he c'n do the swaller-tail business ef he wants to. Thet goes with edication."

"You have done much for the town, Mr. Pine," the Dominie once said to him, "and I am glad to say that your success has been due to the application of sound principles—those principles on which true success has ever been founded."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, meditatively, "an' then—I'm an Amerikan, an' I guess thet goes fer suthin'."

The Death of the Old Year

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

On New Year's Resolutions

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

MR. HENNESSY looked out at the rain dripping down in Archey Road, and sighed, "A-ha, 'tis a bad spell iv weather we're havin'."

"Faith, it is," said Mr. Dooley, "or else we mind it more thin we did. I can't remimber wan day fr'm another. Whin I was young, I niver thought iv rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' heat stings an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an', if I go out in th' rain with less on me thin a ton iv rubber, I'll pay dear f'r it in achin' j'ints, so I will. That's what old age means; an' now another year has been put on to what we had befure, an' we're expected to be gay. 'Ring out th' old,' says a guy at th' Brothers' School. 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new,' he says. 'Ring out th' false, ring in th' thrue,' says he. It's a pretty sintimint, Hinnissy; but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Nawthin'd please me betther thin to turn me back on th' wicked an' ingloryous past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wurruld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divvle can I do it? As th' fellow says, 'Can th' leopard change his spots,' or can't he?

"You know Dorsey, iv coorse, th' cross-eyed May-o man that come to this counthry about wan day in advance iv a warrant f'r sheep-stealin'? Ye know what he done to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorin' wather into a bar'l? Well, last night, says I to mesilf, thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: 'I swear that henceforth I'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I'll not let anger or jealousy get th' betther iv me,' I says. 'I'll lave off all me old feuds; an' if I meet me inimy goin' down th' street, I'll go up an' shake him be th' hand, if I'm sure he hasn't a brick in th' other hand.' Oh, I was mighty compliminthry to mesilf. I set be th' stove dhrinkin' hot wans, an' ivry wan I dhrunk made me more iv a pote. 'Tis th' way with th' stuff. Whin I'm in dhrink, I have manny a fine thought; an', if I wasn't too comfortable to go an' look f'r th' ink-bottle, I cud write pomes that'd make Shakespeare an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-rkin' on a dredge. 'Why,' says I, 'carry into th' new year th' hathreds iv th' old?' I says. 'Let th' dead past bury its dead,' says I. 'Tur-rn ye'er lamps up to th' blue sky,' I says. (It was rainin' like th' divvle, an' th' hour was midnight; but I give no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot wans.) An' I wint to th' dure, an', whin Mike Duffy come by on number wan hundherd an' five, ringin' th' gong iv th' ca-ar, I hollered to him: 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new.' 'Go back into ye'er stall,' he says, 'an' wring ye'ersilf out,' he says. 'Ye'er wet through,' he says.

"Whin I woke up this mornin', th' pothry had all disappeared, an' I begun to think th' las' hot wan I took had somethin' wrong with it. Besides, th' lumbago was grippin' me till I cud hardly put wan foot befure th' other. But I remimbered me promises to mesilf, an' I wint out on th' sthreet, intindin' to wish ivry wan a 'Happy New Year,' an' hopin' in me hear-rt that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divvle, so I cud hit him in th' eye. I hadn't gone half a block befure I spied Dorsey acrost th' sthreet. I picked up a half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. Thin we wint up to each other. 'A Happy New Year,' says I. 'Th' same to you,' says he, 'an' manny iv thim,' he says. 'Ye have a brick in ye'er hand,' says I. 'I was thinkin' iv givin' ye a New Year's gift,' says he. 'Th' same to you, an' manny iv thim,' says I, fondlin' me own ammunition. ''Tis even all around,' says he. 'It is,' says I. 'I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me gredge again ye,' says he. 'I had th' same thought mesilf,' says I. 'But, since I seen ye'er face,' he says, 'I've con-cluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye f'r a frind,' says he. 'Ye're a man iv taste,' says I. An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can throw a stone like a rifleman; an', Hinnissy, I'm somethin' iv an amachoor shot with a half-brick mesilf.

"Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've argied it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimies. I can have all th' friends I need. Anny man can that keeps a liquor sthore. But a rale sthrong inimy, specially a May-o inimy,—wan that hates ye ha-ard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to,—is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbly down on me head; an', whin he passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' sthreet, an' crosses himsilf. I'll swear off on annything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Here's long life to him."

The Outlaws

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron

A PEASANT had killed a monk and fled to the woods. He became an outlaw, upon whose head a price was set. In the forest he met another fugitive, a young fisherman from one of the outermost islands, who had been accused of the theft of a herring net. The two became companions, cut themselves a home in a cave, laid their nets together, cooked their food, made their arrows, and held watch one for the other. The peasant could never leave the forest. But the fisherman, whose crime was less serious, would now and then take upon his back the game they had killed, and would creep down to the more isolated houses on the outskirts of the village. In return for milk, butter, arrow-heads, and clothing he would sell his game, the black mountain cock, the moor hen, with her shining feathers, the toothsome doe, and the long-eared hare.

The cave which was their home cut down deep into a mountain-side. The entrance was guarded by wide slabs of stone and ragged thorn-bushes. High up on the hillside there stood a giant pine, and the chimney of the fireplace nestled among its coiled roots. Thus the smoke could draw up through the heavy hanging branches and fade unseen into the air. To reach their cave the men had to wade through the stream that sprang out from the hill slope. No pursuer thought of seeking their trail in this merry brooklet. At first they were hunted as wild animals are. The peasants of the district gathered to pursue them as if for a baiting of wolf or bear. The bowmen surrounded the wood while the spear carriers entered and left no thicket or ravine unsearched. The two outlaws cowered in their gloomy cave, panting in terror and listening breathlessly as the hunt passed on with noise and shouting over the mountain ranges.

For one long day the young fisherman lay motionless, but the murderer could stand it no longer and went out into the open where he could see his enemy. They discovered him and set after him, but this was far more to his liking than lying quiet in impotent terror. He fled before his pursuers, leaped the streams, slid down the precipices, climbed up perpendicular walls of rock. All his remarkable strength and skill awoke to energy under the spur of danger. His body became as elastic as a steel spring, his foot held firm, his hand grasped sure, his eye and ear were doubly sharp. He knew the meaning of every murmur in the foliage; he could understand the warning in an upturned stone.

When he had clambered up the side of a precipice he would stop to look down on his pursuers, greeting them with loud songs of scorn. When their spears sang above him in the air, he would catch them and hurl them back. As he crashed his way through tangled underbrush something within him seemed to sing a wild song of rejoicing. A gaunt, bare hilltop stretched itself through the forest, and all alone upon its crest there stood a towering pine. The red brown trunk was bare; in the thick grown boughs at the top a hawk's nest rocked in the breeze. So daring had the fugitive grown that on another day he climbed to the nest while his pursuers sought him in the woody slopes below. He sat there and twisted the necks of the young hawks as the hunt raged far beneath him. The old birds flew screaming about him in anger. They swooped past his face, they struck at his eyes with their beaks, beat at him with their powerful wings, and clawed great scratches in his weather-hardened skin. He battled with

them laughing. He stood up in the rocking nest as he lunged at the birds with his knife, and he lost all thought of danger and pursuit in the joy of the battle. When recollection came again and he turned to look for his enemies, the hunt had gone off in another direction. Not one of the pursuers had thought of raising his eyes to the clouds to see the prey hanging there, doing schoolboy deeds of recklessness while his life hung in the balance. But the man trembled from head to foot when he saw that he was safe. He caught for a support with his shaking hands; he looked down giddily from the height to which he had climbed. Groaning in fear of a fall, afraid of the birds, afraid of the possibility of being seen, weakened through terror of everything and anything, he slid back down the tree trunk. He laid himself flat upon the earth and crawled over the loose stones until he reached the underbrush. There he hid among the tangled branches of the young pines, sinking down, weak and helpless, upon the soft moss. A single man might have captured him.

. . . . . .

Tord was the name of the fisherman. He was but sixteen years old, but was strong and brave. He had now lived for a whole year in the wood.

The peasant's name was Berg, and they had called him "The Giant." He was handsome and well-built, the tallest and strongest man in the entire county. He was broad-shouldered and yet slender. His hands were delicate in shape, as if they had never known hard work, his hair was brown, his face soft-coloured. When he had lived for some time in the forest his look of strength was awe-inspiring. His eyes grew piercing under bushy brows wrinkled by great muscles over the forehead. His lips were more firmly set than before, his face more haggard, with deepened hollows at the temples, and his strongly marked cheek-bones stood out plainly. All the softer curves of his body disappeared, but the muscles grew strong as steel. His hair turned gray rapidly.

Tord had never seen any one so magnificent and so mighty before. In his imagination, his companion towered high as the forest, strong as the raging surf. He served him humbly, as he would have served a master, he revered him as he would have revered a god. It seemed quite natural that Tord should carry the hunting spear, that he should drag the game home, draw the water, and build the fire. Berg, the Giant, accepted all these services, but scarce threw the boy a friendly word. He looked upon him with contempt, as a common thief.

The outlaws did not live by pillage, but supported themselves by hunting and fishing. Had not Berg killed a holy man, the peasants would soon have tired of the pursuit and left them to themselves in the mountains. But they feared disaster for the villages if he who had laid hands upon a servant of God should go unpunished. When Tord took his game down into the valley they would offer him money and a pardon for himself if he would lead them to the cave of the Giant, that they might catch the latter in his sleep. But the boy refused, and if they followed him he would lead them astray until they gave up the pursuit.

Once Berg asked him whether the peasants had ever tried to persuade him to betrayal. When he learned what reward they had promised, he said scornfully that Tord was a fool not to accept such offers. Tord looked at him with something in his eyes that Berg, the Giant, had never seen before. No beautiful woman whom he had loved in the days of his youth had ever looked at him like that; not even in the eyes of his own children, or of his wife, had he seen such affection. "You are my God, the ruler I have chosen of my own free will." This was what the eyes said. "You may scorn me, or beat me, if you will, but I shall still remain faithful."

From this on Berg gave more heed to the boy and saw that he was brave in action but shy in speech. Death seemed to have no terrors for him. He would deliberately choose for his path the fresh-formed ice on the mountain pools, the treacherous surface of the morass in springtime. He seemed to delight in danger. It gave him some compensation for the wild ocean storms he could no longer go out to meet. He would tremble in the night darkness of the wood, however, and even by day the gloom of a thicket or a deeper shadow could frighten him. When Berg asked him about this he was silent in embarrassment.

Tord did not sleep in the bed by the hearth at the back of the cave, but every night, when Berg was asleep the boy would creep to the entrance and lie there on one of the broad stones. Berg discovered this, and although he guessed the reason he asked the boy about it. Tord would not answer. To avoid further questions he slept in the bed for two nights, then returned to his post at the door.

One night, when a snow-storm raged in the tree-tops, piling up drifts even in the heart of the thickets, the flakes swirled into the cave of the outlaws. Tord, lying by the entrance, awoke in the morning to find himself wrapped in a blanket of melting snow. A day or two later he fell ill. Sharp pains pierced his lungs when he tried to draw breath. He endured the pain as long as his strength would stand it, but one evening, when he stooped to blow up the fire, he fell down and could not rise again. Berg came to his side and told him to lie in the warm bed. Tord groaned in agony, but could not move. Berg put his arm under the boy's body and carried him to the bed. He had a feeling while doing it as if he were touching a clammy snake; he had a taste in his mouth as if he had eaten unclean horseflesh, so repulsive was it to him to touch the person of this common thief. Berg covered the sick boy with his own warm bear-skin rug and gave him water. This was all he could do, but the illness was not dangerous, and Tord recovered quickly. But now that Berg had had to do his companion's work for a few days, and had had to care for him, they seemed to have come nearer to one another. Tord dared to speak to Berg sometimes, as they sat together by the fire cutting their arrows.

"You come of good people, Berg," Tord said one evening. "Your relatives are the richest peasants in the valley. The men of your name have served kings and fought in their castles."

"They have more often fought with the rebels and done damage to the king's property," answered Berg.

"Your forefathers held great banquets at Christmas time. And you held banquets, too, when you were at home in your house. Hundreds of men and women could find place on the benches in your great hall, the hall that was built in the days before St. Olaf came here to Viken for christening. Great silver urns were there, and mighty horns, filled with mead, went the rounds of your table."

Berg looked at the boy again. He sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands, pushing back the heavy tangled hair that hung over his eyes. His face had become pale and refined through his illness. His eyes still sparkled with fever. He smiled to himself at the pictures called up by his fancy—pictures of the great hall and of the silver urns, of the richly clad guests, and of Berg, the Giant, lording it in the place of honor. The peasant knew that even in the days of his glory no one had ever looked at him with eyes so shining in admiration, so glowing in reverence, as this boy did now, as he sat by the fire in his worn leather jacket. He was touched, and yet displeased. This common thief had no right to admire him.

"Were there no banquets in your home?" he asked.

Tord laughed: "Out there on the rocks where father and mother live? Father plunders the wrecks and mother is a witch. When the weather is stormy she rides out to meet the ships on a seal's back, and those who are washed overboard from the wrecks belong to her."

"What does she do with them?" asked Berg.

"Oh, a witch always needs corpses. She makes salves of them, or perhaps she eats them. On moonlit nights she sits out in the wildest surf and looks for the eyes and fingers of drowned children."

"That is horrible!" said Berg.

The boy answered with calm confidence: "It would be for others, but not for a witch. She can't help it."

This was an altogether new manner of looking at life for Berg. "Then thieves have to steal, as witches have to make magic?" he questioned sharply.

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "Every one has to do the thing he was born for." But a smile of sly cunning curled his lips, as he added: "There are thieves who have never stolen."

"What do you mean by that?" spoke Berg.

The boy still smiled his mysterious smile and seemed happy to have given his companion a riddle. "There are birds that do not fly; and there are thieves who have not stolen," he said.

Berg feigned stupidity, in order to trick the other's meaning: "How can any one be called a thief who has never stolen?" he said.

The boy's lips closed tight as if to hold back the words. "But if one has a father who steals—" he threw out after a short pause.

"A man may inherit house and money, but the name thief is given only to him who earns it."

Tord laughed gently. "But when one has a mother—and that mother comes and cries, and begs one to take upon one's self the father's crime—then one can laugh at the hangman and run away into the woods. A man may be outlawed for the sake of a fish net he has never seen."

Berg beat his fist upon the stone table, in great anger. Here this strong, beautiful boy had thrown away his whole life for another. Neither love, nor riches, nor the respect of his fellow men could ever be his again. The sordid care for food and clothing was all that remained to him in life. And this fool had let him, Berg, despise an innocent man. He scolded sternly, but Tord was not frightened any more than a sick child is frightened at the scolding of his anxious mother.

. . . . . .

High up on one of the broad wooded hills there lay a black swampy lake. It was square in shape, and its banks were as straight, and their corners as sharp as if it had been the work of human hands. On three sides steep walls of rock rose up, with hardy mountain pines clinging to the stones, their roots as thick as a man's arm. At the surface of the lake, where the few strips of grass had been washed away, these naked roots twisted and coiled, rising out of the water like myriad snakes that had tried to escape from the waves, but had been turned to stone in their struggle. Or was it more like a mass of blackened skeletons of long-drowned giants which the lake was trying to throw off? The arms and legs were twisted in wild contortions, the long fingers grasped deep into the rocks, the mighty ribs formed arches that upheld ancient trees. But now and again these iron-hard arms, these steel fingers with which the climbing pines supported themselves, would loosen their hold, and then the strong north wind would hurl the tree from the ridge far out into the swamp. There it would lie, its crown burrowing deep in the muddy water. The fishes found good hiding places amid its twigs, while the roots rose up over the water like the arms of some hideous monster, giving the little lake a repulsive appearance.

The mountains sloped down on the fourth side of the little lake. A tiny rivulet foamed out here; but before the stream could find its path it twisted and turned among boulders and mounds of earth, forming a whole colony of islands, some of which scarce offered foothold, while others carried as many as twenty trees on their back.

Here, where the rocks were not high enough to shut out the sun, the lighter foliaged trees could grow. Here were the timid, gray-green alders, and the willows with their smooth leaves. Birches were here, as they always are wherever there is a chance to shut out the evergreens, and there were mountain ash and elder bushes, giving charm and fragrance to the place.

At the entrance to the lake there was a forest of rushes as high as a man's head, through which the sunlight fell as green upon the water as it falls on the moss in the true forest. There were little clearings among the reeds, little round ponds where the water lilies slumbered. The tall rushes looked down with gentle gravity upon these sensitive beauties, who closed their white leaves and their yellow hearts so quickly in their leather outer dress as soon as the sun withdrew his rays.

One sunny day the outlaws came to one of these little ponds to fish. They waded through the reeds to two high stones, and sat there throwing out their bait for the big, green, gleaming pike that slumbered just below the surface of the water. These men, whose life was now passed entirely among the mountains and the woods, had come to be as completely under the control of the powers of nature as were the plants or the animals. When the sun shone they were open-hearted and merry, at evening they became silent, and the night, which seemed to them so all-powerful, robbed them of their strength. And now the green light that fell through the reeds and drew out from the water stripes of gold, brown, and black-green, soothed them into a sort of magic mood. They were completely shut out from the outer world. The reeds swayed gently in the soft wind, the rushes murmured, and the long, ribbon-like leaves struck them lightly in the face. They sat on the gray stones in their gray leather garments, and the shaded tones of the leather melted into the shades of the stones. Each saw his comrade sitting opposite him as quietly as a stone statue. And among the reeds they saw giant fish swimming, gleaming and glittering in all colours of the rainbow. When the men threw out their lines and watched the rings on the water widen amid the reeds, it seemed to them that the motion grew and grew until they saw it was not they themselves alone that had occasioned it. A Nixie, half human, half fish, lay sleeping deep down in the water. She lay on her back, and the waves clung so closely to her body that the men had not seen her before. It was her breath that stirred the surface. But it did not seem to the watchers that there was anything strange in the fact that she lay there. And when she had disappeared in the next moment they did not know whether her appearance had been an illusion or not.

The green light pierced through their eyes into their brains like a mild intoxication. They saw visions among the reeds, visions which they would not tell even to each other. There was not much fishing done. The day was given up to dreams and visions.

A sound of oars came from among the reeds, and they started up out of their dreaming. In a few moments a heavy boat, hewn out of a tree trunk, came into sight, set in motion by oars not much broader than walking sticks. The oars were in the hands of a young girl who had been gathering water-lilies. She had long, dark-brown braids of hair, and great dark eyes, but she was strangely pale, a pallour that was not gray, but softly pink tinted. Her cheeks were no deeper in colour than the rest of her face; her lips were scarce redder. She wore a bodice of white linen and a leather belt with a golden clasp. Her skirt was of blue with a broad red hem. She rowed past close by the outlaws without seeing them. They sat absolutely quiet, less from fear of discovery than from the desire to look at her undisturbed. When she had gone, the stone statues became men again and smiled:

"She was as white as the water-lilies," said one. "And her eyes were as dark as the water back there under the roots of the pines."

They were both so merry that they felt like laughing, like really laughing as they had never laughed in this swamp before, a laugh that would echo back from the wall of rock and loosen the roots of the pines.

"Did you think her beautiful?" asked the Giant.

"I do not know, she passed so quickly. Perhaps she was beautiful."

"You probably did not dare to look at her. Did you think she was the Nixie?"

And again they felt a strange desire to laugh.

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While a child, Tord had once seen a drowned man. He had found the corpse on the beach in broad daylight, and it had not frightened him, but at night his dreams were terrifying. He had seemed to be looking out over an ocean, every wave of which threw a dead body at his feet. He saw all the rocks and islands covered with corpses of the drowned, the drowned that were dead and belonged to the sea, but that could move, and speak, and threaten him with their white, stiffened fingers.

And so it was again. The girl whom he had seen in the reeds appeared to him in his dreams. He met her again down at the bottom of the swamp lake, where the light was greener even than in the reeds, and there he had time enough to see that she was beautiful. He dreamed that he sat on one of the great pine roots in the midst of the lake while the tree rocked up and down, now under, now over the surface of the water. Then he saw her on one of the smallest islands. She stood under the red mountain ash and laughed at him. In his very last dream it had gone so far that she had kissed him. But then it was morning, and he heard Berg rising, but he kept his eyes stubbornly closed that he might continue to dream. When he did awake he was dazed and giddy from what he had seen during the night. He thought much more about the girl than he had done the day before. Toward evening it occurred to him to ask Berg if he knew her name.

Berg looked at him sharply. "It is better for you to know it at once," he said. "It was Unn. We are related to each other."

And then Tord knew that it was this pale maiden who was the cause of Berg's wild hunted life in forest and mountain. He tried to search his memory for what he had heard about her.

Unn was the daughter of a free peasant. Her mother was dead, and she ruled in her father's household. This was to her taste, for she was independent by nature, and had no inclination to give herself to any husband. Unn and Berg were cousins, and the rumour had long gone about that Berg liked better to sit with Unn and her maids than to work at home in his own house. One Christmas, when the great banquet was to be given in Berg's hall, his wife had invited a monk from Draksmark, who, she hoped, would show Berg how wrong it was that he should neglect her for another. Berg and others besides him hated this monk because of his appearance. He was very stout and absolutely white. The ring of hair around his bald head, the brows above his moist eyes, the colour of his skin, of his hands, and of his garments, were all white. Many found him very repulsive to look at.

But the monk was fearless, and as he believed that his words would have greater weight if many heard them, he rose at the table before all the guests, and said: "Men call the cuckoo the vilest of birds because he brings up his young in the nest of others. But here sits a man who takes no care for his house and his children, and who seeks his pleasure with a strange woman. Him I

will call the vilest of men." Unn rose in her place. "Berg, this is said to you and me," she cried. "Never have I been so shamed, but my father is not here to protect me." She turned to go, but Berg hurried after her. "Stay where you are," she said. "I do not wish to see you again." He stopped her in the corridor, and asked her what he should do that she might stay with him. Her eyes glowed as she answered that he himself should know best what he must do. Then Berg went into the hall again and slew the monk.

Berg and Tord thought on awhile with the same thoughts, then Berg said: "You should have seen her when the white monk fell. My wife drew the children about her and cursed Unn. She turned the faces of the children toward her, that they might always remember the woman for whose sake their father had become a murderer. But Unn stood there so quiet and so beautiful that the men who saw her trembled. She thanked me for the deed, and prayed me to flee to the woods at once. She told me never to become a robber, and to use my knife only in some cause equally just."

"Your deed had ennobled her," said Tord.

And again Berg found himself astonished at the same thing that had before now surprized him in the boy. Tord was a heathen, or worse than a heathen; he never condemned that which was wrong. He seemed to know no sense of responsibility. What had to come, came. He knew of God, of Christ, and the Saints, but he knew them only by name, as one knows the names of the gods of other nations. The ghosts of the Scheeren Islands were his gods. His mother, learned in magic, had taught him to believe in the spirits of the dead. And then it was that Berg undertook a task which was as foolish as if he had woven a rope for his own neck. He opened the eyes of this ignorant boy to the power of God, the Lord of all Justice, the avenger of wrong who condemned sinners to the pangs of hell everlasting. And he taught him to love Christ and His Mother, and all the saintly men and women who sit before the throne of God praying that His anger may be turned away from sinners. He taught him all that mankind has learned to do to soften the wrath of God. He told him of the long trains of pilgrims journeying to the holy places; he told him of those who scourged themselves in their remorse; and he told him of the pious monks who flee the joys of this world.

The longer he spoke the paler grew the boy and the keener his attention as his eyes widened at the visions. Berg would have stopped, but the torrent of his own thoughts carried him away. Night sank down upon them, the black forest night, where the scream of the owl shrills ghostly through the stillness. God came so near to them that the brightness of His throne dimmed the stars, and the angels of vengeance descended upon the mountain heights. And below them the flames of the underworld fluttered up to the outer curve of the earth and licked greedily at this last refuge of a race crushed by sin and woe.

* * * * * * *

Autumn came, and with it came storm. Tord went out alone into the woods to tend the traps and snares, while Berg remained at home to mend his clothes. The boy's path led him up a wooded height along which the falling leaves danced in circles in the gust. Again and again the feeling came to him that some one was walking behind him. He turned several times, then went on again when he had seen that it was only the wind and the leaves. He threatened the rustling circles with his fist, and kept on his way. But he had not silenced the sounds of his vision. At first it was the little dancing feet of elfin children; then it was the hissing of a great snake moving up behind him. Beside the snake there came a wolf, a tall, gray creature, waiting for the moment when the adder should strike at his feet to spring upon his back. Tord hastened his steps, but the visions hastened with him. When they seemed but two steps behind him, ready for the spring, he turned. There was nothing there, as he had known all the time. He sat down upon a stone to rest. The dried leaves played about his feet. The leaves of all the forest trees were there: the little yellow birch leaves, the red-tinged mountain ash leaves, the dried, black-brown foliage of the elm, the bright red aspen leaves, and the yellow-green fringes of the willows. Faded and crumpled, broken, and scarred, they were but little like the soft, tender shoots of green that had unrolled from the buds a few months ago.

"Ye are sinners," said the boy. "All of us are sinners. Nothing is pure in the eyes of God. Ye have already been shriveled up in the flame of His wrath."

Then he went on again, while the forest beneath him waved like a sea in storm, although it was still and calm on the path around him. But he heard something he

had never heard before. The wood was full of voices. Now it was like a whispering, now a gentle plaint, now a loud threat, or a roaring curse. It laughed, and it moaned. It was as the voice of hundreds. This unknown something that threatened and excited, that whistled and hissed, a something that seemed to be, and yet was not, almost drove him mad. He shivered in deadly terror, as he had shivered before, the day that he lay on the floor of his cave, and heard his pursuers rage over him through the forest. He seemed to hear again the crashing of the branches, the heavy footsteps of the men, the clanking of their arms, and their wild, bloodthirsty shouts.

It was not alone the storm that roared about him. There was something else in it, something yet more terrible; there were voices he could not understand, sounds as of a strange speech. He had heard many a mightier storm than this roar through the rigging. But he had never heard the wind playing on a harp of so many strings. Every tree seemed to have its own voice, every ravine had another song, the loud echo from the rocky wall shouted back in its own voice. He knew all these tones, but there were other stranger noises with them. And it was these that awoke a storm of voices within his own brain.

He had always been afraid when alone in the darkness of the wood. He loved the open sea and the naked cliffs. Ghosts and spirits lurked here in the shadows of the trees.

Then suddenly he knew who was speaking to him in the storm. It was God, the Great Avenger, the Lord of all Justice. God pursued him because of his comrade. God demanded that he should give up the murderer of the monk to vengeance.

Tord began to speak aloud amid the storm. He told God what he wanted to do, but that he could not do it. He had wanted to speak to the Giant and to beg him make his peace with God. But he could not find the words; embarrassment tied his tongue. "When I learned that the world is ruled by a God of Justice," he cried, "I knew that he was a lost man. I have wept through the night for my friend. I know that God will find him, no matter where he may hide. But I could not speak to him; I could not find the words because of my love for him. Do not ask that I shall speak to him. Do not ask that the ocean shall rise to the height of the mountains."

He was silent again, and the deep voice of the storm, which he knew for God's voice, was silent also. There was a sudden pause in the wind, a burst of sunshine, a sound as of oars, and the gentle rustling of stiff reeds. These soft tones brought up the memory of Unn.

Then the storm began again, and he heard steps behind him, and a breathless panting. He did not dare to turn this time, for he knew that it was the white monk. He came from the banquet in Berg's great hall, covered with blood, and with an open ax cut in his forehead. And he whispered: "Betray him. Give him up, that you may save his soul."

Tord began to run. All this terror grew and grew in him, and he tried to flee from it. But as he ran he heard behind him the deep, mighty voice, which he knew was the voice of God. It was God himself pursuing him, demanding that he should give up the murderer. Berg's crime seemed more horrible to him than ever it had seemed before. A weaponless man had been murdered, a servant of God cut down by the steel. And the murderer still dared to live. He dared to enjoy the light of the sun and the fruits of the earth. Tord halted, clinched his fists, and shrieked a threat. Then, like a madman, he ran from the forest, the realm of terror, down into the valley.

* * * * * * * *

When Tord entered the cave the outlaw sat upon the bench of stone, sewing. The fire gave but a pale light, and the work did not seem to progress satisfactorily. The boy's heart swelled in pity. This superb Giant seemed all at once so poor and so unhappy.

"What is the matter?" asked Berg. "Are you ill? Have you been afraid?"

Then for the first time Tord spoke of his fear. "It was so strange in the forest. I heard the voices of spirits and I saw ghosts. I saw white monks."

"Boy!"

"They sang to me all the way up the slope to the hilltop. I ran from them, but they ran after me, singing. Can I not lay the spirits? What have I to do with them? There are others to whom their appearance is more necessary."

"Are you crazy to-night, Tord?"

Tord spoke without knowing what words he was using. His shyness had left him all at once, speech seemed to flow from his lips. "They were white monks, as pale as corpses. And their clothes are spotted with blood. They draw their hoods down over their

foreheads, but I can see the wound shining there. The great, yawning, red wound from the ax."

"Tord," said the giant, pale and deeply grave, "the Saints alone know why you see wounds of ax thrusts. I slew the monk with a knife."

Tord stood before Berg trembling and wringing his hands. "They demand you of me. They would compel me to betray you."

"Who? The monks?"

"Yes, yes, the monks. They show me visions. They show me Unn. They show me the open, sunny ocean. They show me the camps of the fishermen, where there is dancing and merriment. I close my eyes, and yet I can see it all. 'Leave me,' I say to them. 'My friend has committed a murder, but he is not bad. Leave me alone, and I will talk to him, that he may repent and atone. He will see the wrong he has done, and he will make a pilgrimage to the Holy Grave.'"

"And what do the monks answer?" asked Berg. "They do not want to pardon me. They want to torture me and to burn me at the stake."

"'Shall I betray my best friend?' I ask them. 'He is all that I have in the world. He saved me from the bear when its claws were already at my throat. We have suffered hunger and cold together. He covered me with his own garments while I was ill. I have brought him wood and water, I have watched over his sleep and led his enemies off the trail. Why should they think me a man who betrays his friend? My friend will go to the priest himself, and will confess to him, and then together we will seek absolution.'"

Berg listened gravely, his keen eyes searching in Tord's face. "Go to the priest yourself, and tell him the truth. You must go back again among mankind."

"What does it help if I go alone? The spirits of the dead follow me because of your sin. Do you not see how I tremble before you? You have lifted your hand against God himself. What crime is like unto yours? Why did you tell me about the just God? It is you yourself who compel me to betray you. Spare me this sin. Go to the priest yourself." He sank down on his knees before Berg.

The murderer laid his hand on his head and looked at him. He measured his sin by the terror of his comrade, and it grew and grew to monstrous size. He saw himself in conflict with the Will that rules the world. Remorse entered his heart.

"Woe unto me that I did what I did," he said. "And is not this miserable life, this life we lead here in terror, and in deprivation, is it not atonement enough? Have I not lost home and fortune? Have I not lost friends, and all the joys that make the life of a man? What more?"

As he heard him speak thus, Tord sprang up in wild terror. "You can repent!" he cried. "My words move your heart? Oh, come with me, come at once. Come, let us go while yet there is time."

Berg the Giant sprang up also. "You—did it——?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I have betrayed you. But come quickly. Come now, now that you can repent. We must escape. We will escape."

The murderer stooped to the ground where the battle-ax of his fathers lay at his feet. "Son of a thief," he hissed. "I trusted you—I loved you."

But when Tord saw him stoop for the ax, he knew that it was his own life that was in peril now. He tore his own ax from his girdle, and thrust at Berg before the latter could rise. The Giant fell headlong to the floor, the blood spurting out over the cave. Between the tangled masses of hair Tord saw the great, yawning, red wound of an ax thrust.

Then the peasants stormed into the cave. They praised his deed and told him that he should receive full pardon.

Tord looked down at his hands, as if he saw there the fetters that had drawn him on to kill the man he loved. Like the chains of the Fenrir wolf, they were woven out of empty air. They were woven out of the green light amid the reeds, out of the play of shadows in the woods, out of the song of the storm, out of the rustling of the leaves, out of the magic vision of dreams. And he said aloud: "God is great."

He crouched beside the body, spoke amid his tears to the dead, and begged him to awake. The villagers made a litter of their spears, on which to carry the body of the free peasant to his home. The dead man aroused awe in their souls, they softened their voices in his presence. When they raised him on to the bier, Tord stood up, shook the hair from his eyes, and spoke in a voice that trembled:

"Tell Unn, for whose sake Berg the Giant became a murderer, that Tord the fisherman whose father plunders wrecks, and whose mother is a witch—tell her that Tord slew Berg because Berg had taught him that justice is the cornerstone of the world."

Reprisal

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

He had kept his oath, Hadji Rahmet used to say, for wrong—or for right. He would give to the latter word the emphasis of a slightly lowered voice. For, clear beyond the depths of even subconscious sophistry, he knew that he had done right; and the hills knew it—and perhaps Dost Ali, the Red Chief.

The happening itself? What did it matter? Nothing mattered except the right and wrong of it. Besides, the last word was not yet said; perhaps never would be. It was bigger than his life; bigger than Dost Ali's life; bigger than the hills themselves.

"The hills!" he would repeat in a voice tinged and mellowed—by distance, as it were. They seemed to play a personal part in the telling; neither in the background nor in the foreground, but hovering enigmatical, fabulous—in a way, naïve. It had an odd effect—his speaking of them, here, in the tainted, brooding heat of India; as if, by speaking of them, he was being carried out of a perplexing present into the austere simplicity of the Himalayas; as if, by leaving them, he had lost some of his own crushing simplicity. Yet, leaving them, he had not been actuated by that complicated emotion called Fear—in spite of Dost Ali's threats, in spite of the leaky tongues of the Kabul market place.

The man did not understand fear. He had gone into the plains to find spiritual release from the memory of the thing. So he had visited the many shrines, true to the worship. Assiduously he had repeated the ninety-nine excellent attributes of Allah, and all his thought had been of forgetting, and of devotion to Him. He had wandered from the Khyber snows to the sour, sluggish swamps of Ceylon. He had talked with ascetics of many faiths in that land of many faiths. He had done bodily penance, gradually subduing his physical Self. But his memory had remained: an inky scrawl across his mind.

"For memory," said the hadji, "is of the soul, and not of the dirt-clouted body. . . ."

Also there were the tongues—the tongues which can crush though they have no bones, the tongues of Afghan traders who drift through the passes into Hind. They would babble of the thing, back yonder in the glitter of the hills. . . .

It started with the day on which Hadji Rahmet crossed the Red Chief's path for the first time. Perhaps even—though that is a question for ethnologists to decide—it had started many centuries earlier, when one of the hadji's ancestors traveled from Persia through Seistan into Kabul, there to trade with smooth silk and flowered Kisbah cloth, to plant the damask roses of Ispahan, to give a soft philosophical twist to the harsh lessons of the Koran, and to break his heart—here—in the stony north; while the Red Chief's ancestors, driven out of Tartary by squat, flat-nosed warriors who recognized no God, who fought on horseback, and who tore like mastiffs at lumps of raw flesh and quaffed down curdled milk poured from human skulls, crossed into Afghanistan from the north. There he sat himself on a sugarloaf-shaped hill, built a rough castle, and put his descendants, straight down to Dost Ali, on a pedestal to represent the power and arrogance of a race that will never grow old, that will never emerge from the sunlight of brazen freedom into the thrall and gloom of civilization.

Symbolic? In a way.

And that Hadji Rahmet should come into the Red Chief's life was also symbolic—and necessary: like the shadow in a light, to emphasize its harsh brightness.

Take the Red Chief up there in his stronghold, the *Mahattah Ghurab*, the Raven's Station, as the hill folk called it.

Above him the jagged, bitter rocks of

the higher mountains where scrub oak met pine and where pine—to use the chief's words—met the naked heart of Allah. Still higher up the hard-baked, shimmering snows of the Salt Range, hooded and grim like the gigantic eyebrow of some heathen Pukhtu god, a god mourning the clank and riot of the days before the Arabs pushed into Central Asia and whipped the land into the faith of Islam—alone there with his pride and his clan; clear away from the twitter and cackle of the city marts, from the turrets and bell-shaped domes of Kabul, from the strangling lash of the Ameer's decrees; sloughing his will and his passion as snakes cast their skin; brooking no master but himself and the black mountain thunder.

At his feet a cuplike valley devoured by sunshine; farther up the slopes the lean mountain pasture, smooth and polished with the faint snow haze, and slashing through, straight as a blade, the caravan road which leads to Kabul; the caravan road which, centuries ago, had echoed to the footsteps of Alexander's legions—the caravan road which is as old as strife and older than peace.

Dost Ali was a short, wide-shouldered man, with gray, ironic eyes, high cheek bones, his beard dyed red with henna juice. Like his ancestors, he had always greatly distinguished himself—that's just how he would have considered it—by the cheerful and methodical ferocity of his fighting. He was a man who paid his enemies with the crackle of steel and slaughtered cattle and the red flames licking over hut and byre; a man who had scarred the valley for a week's journey with torch and cord, and whose greatest trust—greater than the fierce desert Prophet by whose name he gave oath—was the Khyber sword, curved like the croup of a stallion.

"I judge by the word of the hand and not by the word of the mouth," he put it in his own epic manner; and so he sat there on his mountain top and watched his breed increase, though they were daughters all but one. For his youngest child was a boy, Akbar Khan, seven years old, short and broad, with a tinge of red in his thick, curly hair—and Dost Ali loved him.

"Thou art a flower in the turban of my soul," he would say, picking up the lad and pressing him to his massive, fur-clad breast, "and my heart is a tasseled floor-cloth for thy feet. Ho, thou, my hero!" And then father and son would run through the gray old rooms of the castle, playing like children, frightening the women over their cook pots, screaming and yelling and laughing.

Dost Ali was easily moved to laughter—laughter cold as the hill winds—and he laughed loud and long when early one day, with the valley still waist-high in the clammy morning mist, he saw Hadji Rahmet wander down the slopes, driving a herd of sheep with a crooked staff, and followed by his little son.

He had heard about the hadji a few days earlier.

The blind mullah who ministered to the scant spiritual wants of the Raven's Station had brought word of the stranger: the Kabuli merchant who, after his wife's death, had bidden farewell to the mosques and bazaars of the city and had come to live in the hills—"to forget," as he had told the sneering mullah, "to live mated to the clean simplicity of the hills, to bring up my little son away from the noisy toil of the market places, away from the smoke and strife of the city streets, here in the hills where there is nobody but God."

"God—*and* the Red Chief!" the mullah had croaked through his broken, blackened teeth; and then the hadji had spoken of the faith that was his.

He had spoken of Allah, the God of Peace.

"A new Allah—by Allah!" the mullah had laughed as he repeated it to the Red Chief.

Suddenly his laughter had keyed up to a high, senile scream. For he was a man of stout orthodoxy, to whom a freethinking Sufi was worse than Christian or Jew. "A new Allah! A soft Allah! A sickly Allah wrapped in sweating cotton! An Allah who prates of forgiveness and other leprous innovations. And he—that foul, swine-fed Kabuli—said that he wanted his blood to bear witness to his faith! And I"—again mirth gurgled through the mullah's fury—"I told him that all the faith in the world will not mend his bones when we stone him—as we should—for a blasphemer and a heretic!"

"God's curse on him!" Dost Ali had chimed in—and here he saw the man in the flesh, walking along easily enough for all his city-soft feet, his lean body swinging with the long, tireless pull of a mountain pony, chanting as he walked:

"Peace upon Thee, Apostle of Allah, and the Mercy and the Blessings! Peace upon Thee, O Seal of the Prophets!"—his voice rose and sank in turn, dying away in a thin, quavering tremolo, again bursting forth in

palpable fervor, massive, unashamed, sublimely unself-conscious amid the silence of the snows.

"By the Three, the Seven, the Forty-seven True Saints! By the horns of the Angel Israfil! Teach me to see after ignorance!"

The faith in his heart bubbled to his lips—a lonely prayer, but a prayer which was to him a trumpet call of God's eternal laws, a rally clear around the world, a force in his heart to grip the everlasting meannesses of life and strife and smash them against the unchanging portals of peace.

"Peace!" He bit on the word. His lips savoured it as a precious thing, then blew it free to lash the cool hill air with the sound of it. A light like a clear flame came into his eyes, illumining his face.

It was not altogether that of an ascetic, in spite of the downward furrows graven deep by long hours of meditation. For the nose beaked out bold and aquiline, with flaring, nervous nostrils, speaking of courage—unconscious, racial courage—scotched, it is true, by his Persian ancestry, by breeding and training and deliberate modes of thought, but always there, dark-smouldering ready to leap.

Even Dost Ali read the signs, though he had never had cause to learn the kind of mental stenography known as character reading and psychology, preferring to judge men by the work of their hands and the venom of their tongues. But he had known fighters—fighters of many races—and this——

"Peace, O Opener of the Locks of Grief!" droned the hadji's chant, with a trembling, throaty note of religious hysteria.

He had left the hard grist of world ambition behind him in Kabul, in the stench of bazaar and mart, in the burnished dome of the Chutter Mahal, the Audience Hall, where once he had sat at the right hand of the governor, giving of his stored wisdom to help rule the turbulent Afghan nation. Wealth and honour and fame he had flung behind him, like a limp, wornout turban cloth, to bring peace to this land of strife, from village to village.

Peace! With the thought he forgot the grim, jagged rocks frowning above his head. He forgot the bastioned castle which blotched the snow blur of the slopes. He forgot the lank, rime-ringed pines which silhouetted against the sky like sentinels of ill omen. He even forgot the waddling sheep which gave him his simple living.

They turned and stared at him out of their flat, stupid eyes, helpless without the point of the staff to marshall their feeding.

"Peace!" came the word again—a strange word here, and to Dost Ali it seemed an affront—an affront to the sweep of the hills, an affront to his own free breed, to the Raven's Station which had always garnered strife and fed on strife. Yes, an affront, and the Red Chief stepped square into the hadji's path and shot forth his hatred and contempt in a few sharp-ringing words: "Ho! Abuser of the Salt!"

The deadly insult slashed clear through the other's voice and thoughts. He looked up. Automatically—for there had been years of hot blood before the message of peace had come to him—his hand leaped to his side, fingering for the blade.

Dost Ali smiled at the gesture. Thank Allah, he thought, this babbling heretic was a man after all. He would not eat dirt. He would fight.

"Good!" he breathed the word, and his own sword flashed free. But the next moment the hadji's hand dropped—dropped like a wilted, useless thing; and the Red Chief smiled again—a different smile, slow, cruel—and again he spoke.

He chose his words carefully, each a killing insult, and he spoke in an even, passionless voice to let their venom trickle deep. Moreover, such is the Afghan code with its strange niceties of honour and prejudice, that unless he who is insulted respond immediately with the point of the dagger, the consciousness of moral rectitude rests with him who insults; and so Dost Ali was shocked, morally as well as ethically, when the hadji stood there and smiled; in spite of the fact that he had called him a beggar, a cut-off one, the son of a burnt father, a foreigner, and a Yahudi; though he had wished that his hands be withered and his fingers palsied; though he had compared him to the basest kinky-haired one that ever hammered tent peg, and to one cold of countenance; though he had assured him—"*ay wall'ahi!*" the Red Chief reenforced the statement, "by the teeth of God and mine own honour!"—that his head was as full of unclean thoughts as a Kabuli's coat is of lice, and that he himself, though an impatient man, would rather hunt for pimples on the back of a cockroach than for manliness and decency in the heart of such a one—"as thou, O son of a hornless and especially illegitimate cow!"

And still the hadji was silent, passive, his sword hand twisting the wooden beads of

his rosary, only the slow red which mantled his cheeks telling that he had heard.

Dost Ali looked at him, open-eyed, puzzled. It was beyond his comprehension. If the other had thrown himself at his feet, imploring protection and mercy, or if he had run away, he would have understood. He would even have understood a sort of caustic placidity—a silent, minatory contempt which would presently leap into flame.

But—why—this man stood his ground. He stood his ground without fighting, with no answering flow of abuse, and only a throaty "Peace! Peace!" uttered automatically, like the response in a litany, followed by an admonition to the mountaineer not to be impatient—"indeed thou seest through the whirling mists of passion, brother!"—and finally a few stammering, ragged words drawn across his helplessness when the Red Chief burst into another flood of invective.

Dost Ali was a simple man. He could not sift the hadji's heart. He did not see the waves of passion which were lapping beneath the other's smiling countenance and soft words. He did not understand how the hadji, slowly, painfully, had purged his heart of lust and hatred—how even now, with the terrible insults ringing in his consciousness, he was forcing his faith in God and Peace to buffet a road straight through the black wrath which was consuming him; how he was struggling with himself, finally doffing his worldly pride like a dirty garment.

A coward? Only in so far as he did not want realities to brush him too close. And here reality was bulking big—reality as expressed in the Red Chief's squat mightiness, in his screaming abuse, the half-drawn sword flickering like a cresset of all the evil passions which he loathed and which he had set out to combat.

"Peace, brother!" he said again. His voice was steady; and then, even in Dost Ali's slow-grinding mind, rose the conviction that this man—this man who suffered the most deadly insults without fight or flight—was not a coward. And his hatred grew apace. For he did not understand.

A man who fought—yes! Also, a man who feared and fled. He had met both sorts, had handled both sorts. But here was a man who neither feared nor fled. It was a new experience to the mountaineer's naïve brutality—a new experience to crush which he would have to devise new means. What means? He wondered. He jerked back his head as a racing stallion slugs above the bit.

He stood there, squat, wide-shouldered, his red beard flopping in the wind like a bat wing, looking with puckered, puzzled eyes toward the east where the farther fog banks were melting and rolling into nothingness and where a scarlet flush was shooting up in fantastic spikes—as if the east could give answer.

Should he kill—outright?

A sob of steel, a gurgle, blood caking on the ground—he knew the tale of it, oft repeated—and the fire of his hatred would be out; the heat thereof would be spent.

But to what profit?

Where was the satisfaction in killing a man who did not resist, who did not answer steel with the song of steel, flash for flash, and strength for strength? It would leave the mystery still unsolved, the riddle unread, the grape unpressed. The fact that the hadji had once lived and, living, had been as he had been, would remain—like dregs; as salt as pain. Also, Dost Ali was a superstitious man. He could imagine the hadji's ghost, after the death of the body, squatting on a mountain top like a lean, red-necked vulture, looking down at the Raven's Station with flat, gray, indifferent eyes—perhaps smiling, perhaps still croaking about Peace.

Should he rob him? And what was there to rob? A muslin shirt, a rough khilat, a sheepskin coat, a pair of grass sandals—not enough to satisfy the greed of the meanest dancing girl from the south.

"Ho! man of great feet and small head!" he began again, then was silent. For the other had dropped on his knees.

"May the Lamp of Peace clear my path from hearthstone to byre," he was praying, oblivious of man-made passion and man-made words; and the Red Chief trembled with rage. What—by the blood of God!—what was the use of a talker when there were no listeners; when nobody heard except the lank pines and the cursed, blinking, waddling sheep, and—*ahi!*—the hadji's little son?

There he stood, looking on with wondering eyes, munching a wheaten cake with the solemn satisfaction of childhood; strong, good-looking, with his father's hawklike profile and deep-set eyes.

The hadji was still droning his prayer of peace, and the Red Chief laughed. The answer? The answer to the riddle of his hatred? He had it. It lay in the strength of his arms, the clouting strength of his

will. It was the hills' way—his own way.

He would pour the black brewage of fear down this stranger's throat till it choked him and he squealed for mercy. He would drive him into the shadow of his love and cause him to whimper like a beaten dog—like a dog well beaten with thorn sticks.

This babbler of meekness had no fear of the Red Chief, no fear of the hills, but—

"Pray!" laughed Dost Ali, "pray to me, a man of strife, O thou fool of peace! Pray, or thou shalt moan like the Bird of the Tamarisk which moaneth like the childless mother!" And with a quick gesture of his great hands he picked up the hadji's little son by the waist shawl.

He held him high—the child was rigid with fear—he walked over to the edge of the precipice where, deep down, the lower mountains lay coiled and massive, offering their immense stillness to the fiery face of the sun. Still farther down the cataract of the Kabul River fluffed like some waxen, blatant tropical flower.

"Father!" screamed the child.

The hadji turned and at the moment of seeing he seemed to be struck blind. The second before, straight through the fervour of his prayers, he had vaguely realized the world about him—the peaks and the sunlight and the cold glitter of the snows.

Now, suddenly, a nothing—black.

All that was bright and light and good seemed to have leaped back. There was nothing—just a scream in the dark: "Father!" and the chief's harsh bellow as he swung the lad by the twisted waist shawl around his head, with that savage, hairy strength of his.

A moment later vision returned to the hadji's eyes. He saw everything. Absurdly, incongruously, the first thing he saw, the first impressions which his eyes graved on his brain, were the details, the petty, contemptible details of inanimate nature: the eastern sky, serenely cloudless, running from milky white into gold-flecked crimson with a purple-nicked edge near the horizon's rim; farther south the sun rays racing in a river of fire and melting into the snows with a sort of rainbow-coloured foam. He saw it. He understood it.

Often, in after years, he would speak of it. He would say that his first glimpse of his son, helpless in the mountaineer's grip, at the verge of death, had seemed but another detail; a strange detail; a sudden, evil jest which he could not grasp.

He used to say that even after he had begun to comprehend the reality of it his immediate thoughts had not been of his son's life, but of the waist shawl. He had remembered when he had bought it: in Kabul, in the Bazaar of the Silk Weavers. His son had liked the pattern and the bright blending of colours. So he had bought it, and——

Words had come to him. "Don't! Don't!"—just those words: weak, meaningless, foolish. But he spoke them solemnly, as if he had found a powerful formula, and then his little son gave a frantic, straining kick.

He jerked. His head shot down and his feet up, shifting the weight of the sturdy young body. The waist shawl snapped. Quite distinctly, for the fraction of a second, the hadji saw the broken silk strands. He saw their feathered ends ripping through the pattern, brushing up, then down in the wind which sucked from the precipice—and his son's body fell away from the Red Chief's grip.

It turned a somersault. It plunged into space. Came a dull thud, from far down. Silence.

Dost Ali stood motionless. By the Prophet, he had not willed this—this thing. He had only meant to sport after the manner of the hills; and he had taken a child's life—like a snake or a Hindu.

He must atone, somehow, according to the code of the hills.

But how? Blood money? Of course. But a life was a life, and a son was a son—and there was his own little son running and playing through the gray rooms of the Raven's Station.

The hadji had fallen on the ground, his hands stretched out, clutching the short-stemmed, tufted grass, his body jerking and twitching.

"Hadji!" said the Red Chief. "Hadji!"—and, as the other did not reply, did not hear, "by Allah, I did not will—this!"

He was silent. His lips twisted oddly, and had the hadji looked up he would have seen a tear in the mountaineer's beady, puckered eyes—a tear which, strangely, seemed to lift what was abominable into something not altogether unworthy; to overshadow, somehow, the drab, cruel, sinister fact of the broken body down there by the cataract of the Kabul River.

"Hadji!" the mountaineer called again. Then, as the other did not look up, did not reply, hardly seemed to breathe, he walked away, shrugging his broad shoulders. What was done was done, he thought, and he

would pay blood money as the Koran demands it. Also, he would give the hadji a wife from among his own people, and there would yet be another little boy, with hawk-like profile and deep-set eyes, to prate about Peace.

And he took the road to the Raven's Station, where he gave a sound beating to the blind mullah—who, according to the Red Chief's simple logic, had been the cause of the whole trouble—while the hadji was knitting his riven soul to hold the pain in his heart.

"Yes," the hadji would say years later as he was wandering through the sun-stained plains of India, from shrine to carved shrine, searching for release from the memory of the thing—"yes, the Red Chief had prophesied right. Indeed I crept into the shadow of my fallen love, and I whimpered like a dog that has been beaten with thorn sticks!" And, with a flat, tortured laugh, he would add that God seemed to have answered his prayer for peace—"I had asked for Peace, don't you see, and He sent me the final peace—the peace of death, the peace of a hawk's claw and a snake's fang and a hill-bred's heart."

An hour later, at the edge of the cataract, he found his son. Instinctively he folded his feet under his haunches, squatting by the side of the broken body, and his heart's remembrance followed the little crushed life—followed it, followed it back through the narrow span of years, back to the day when the old Yusufzai nurse had come from the couch of his wife and had laid a tiny bundle into his arms—"a son, my lord, may life be wide to him!"

He remembered the first cry of that tiny, white, warm bundle. It had been like the morning cry of a wild bird.

He remembered his son's last cry—strangled, frantic—"Father! Father!" drowned in the Red Chief's harsh bellow. He would never forget it.

And the hadji sat there until the sun died in a sickly haze of coppery brown—decayed, it seemed to him, like the sun on the Day of Judgment—and the moon came up, stabbed on the outer horns of the world, dispassionate, calm, indifferent to the heart of man.

He sat there silent and stony, while some friendly hillmen carried his son's body away, decently wrapped in a white fringed death shroud, a kindly old woman's blue turquoise beads forced between the rigid little fingers so that the hand of Allah, which had not protected his body during life, might protect his fluttering soul after death.

He sat there till the wind came driving the dusk toward the East; till the sky flushed with the green of the tropics, like a curved slab of thick, opaque jade; till the afternoon sun glared hot and golden; till once more the mists of evening rose and coiled. The mists of the hills—the mists in his soul! They echoed this day to the scream and toll of the death gongs, and from his heart there beat up a sob which all his faith could not still.

He sat the next night through and watched the hiving stars swarm and swirl past the horizon. He watched them die one by one. He watched the young sun shoot up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire, with shafts of purple light that put out the paling moon. He watched a long streamer of north-bound birds, wild parrots tumbled out of their southern home by the moist sweep of the Punjab monsoon; they flopped about the lank pines, screeching dismally, their motley finery of feather bedraggled with the snow chill of the Himalayas.

A scout bird detached itself, flew down, then up, flanking the packed crowd of its comrades in long, graceful evolutions, finally leading them toward the Raven's Station, which etched the sky line, peaked and hooded, jeering like a face, extending its somber, scarred walls like a grim jest hewn out of stone, evilly infinite, like the very stronghold of the night and the hills, like a sooty smudge on the crimson and gold blaze of day—and Hadji Rahmet's thoughts whirred on the parrot's wings: up to the Raven's Station.

Up there was the patter of little hard feet tapping the stone flags; a curly head, tinged with red; a sturdy little nut-brown body: Akbar Khan, the Red Chief's son, blood of his blood and bone of his bone.

Up there was childish laughter, as the old women whispered Persian fairy-tales—of the flea who tried to lighten the camel's load, of Obuun, the god of little babes, whose fingers and toes are made of sugar cane and whose heart is a monstrous ball of pink sweetmeat that was baked in far China.

A child's laughter!

The thought tore the hadji's heart, ragged paining, like a dull knife.

"O Lord!" the prayer came automatic and meaningless, "pardon and pity and pass over what Thou knowest, for Thou art the most dear and the most generous—"

He was silent. He bent his head as if listening. At his feet the cataract gurgled away to the darkness of the deep-cleft passes—*lap-lap lap*—mocking.

"And then," the hadji would say afterward, "the dagger of grief pricked the bubble of my faith." And a great turmoil surged in his heart, beyond control, beyond prayer even; running into something molten, finally emerging into the solid fact of his hatred, his desire for revenge.

It seemed to bring up from his heart and brain unexpected, rather forgotten qualities, as a storm-whipped wave brings up mud and gravel from the ground bed of the shore. . . .

That night Hadji Rahmet turned thief. He stole a tiny trotting bullock belonging to Ram Chander Dass, the Hindu who picked up a scant living by lending badly chipped silver rupees to the hillmen and, as the mullah said, by praying every night for the swag-bellied and bestial god of the Hindus, which same god is the guardian angel of Compound Interest.

He stole the bullock. For he had decided to kill the Red Chief's son, and he knew that, while sharp eyes would detect a stranger wandering up the slopes to the Raven's Station, none would bother about a bullock —in a land where bullocks mean money, and food and clothes—nor would sharp eyes looking from above, see a man clinging to the bullock's shaggy belly, his hands buried in the thick pelt of the wabbly hump.

His long, lean body tortured into a grotesque angle and now and then bumping against the sharp stones of the rouah path, the hadji hung on precariously while the bullock lashed out right and left, lowering its head, snorting, bellowing, stamping, whisking its tufted tail, dancing about as if stung by a bramra beetle in its efforts to shake off the strange burden that clung to its nether side; at last settling into a resigned, bovine trot and reaching the horses' paddock which stretched beyond the Red Chief's sheep corral just after daybreak.

Already, down in the valley, the night mists were twisting into baroque spirals, tearing into gauze-like arabesques that burned like the plumage of a gigantic peacock in every mysterious blend of green and purple and blue.

Once in the paddock, the hadji dropped to the ground while the bullock trotted away to join its mates that were dipping their ungainly noses into a stone bin half buried beneath the crimson, feathery foliage of a squat manna bush. There was nobody about the inner courtyards this time of early day. The watchmen were pacing above, on the crenelated, winglike battlements that flushed out sharp and challenging under the rays of the young sun, farther on, where the sun had not yet penetrated, melting into the great pine woods that poured down the steep slopes and running together into a single sheet of purplish black, stippled white here and there with a sudden glisten of snow.

The hadji stood still and listened. There was no sound except the occasional *click-clank-click* of a metal scabbard tip dragged along the stones of the battlements or the creaking of a grounded rifle butt.

The watchmen were looking across the valley. It was there that, a week earlier, the Red Chief had lifted the slate-blue, mottled Kabuli stallion belonging to Jehan Tugluk Khan, the great naib of the Uzbek Khel; it was thence that the Uzbek Lances might pour toward the Raven's Station to take toll. The sentinels had seen the bullock dance up the paddock, stamping and lashing and roaring. But what harm was there in a bullock, mad with spring fever?

Hadji Rahmet looked about him. To the left, separated from the paddock by a stone wall, was a garden, transplanted painfully tree for tree and shrub for shrub from the Persian lowlands, and challenging the eternal snows in an incongruous, stunted, scraggly maze of crotons and mangoes, teak and Mellingtonia, poinsettias and begonia creepers—all frozen, homesick, out of place. The Red Chief had slaughtered a hundred head of cattle and sold their hides to pay for the exotic plants on the day when his little son had first repeated after him the words of the *Pukhtunwali*, the ancient Afghan code of honour and conduct: "As to him who does me harm, may I be permitted a full measure of revenge. May I cause his hands to drop away, and his feet. May his life pass into the dark like a sheet of foam. . . ."

Beyond the garden, a little higher up, stretched the gray stone stables of the blooded horses. The hadji could hear the strangely human cry of a mare heavy with foal, a stallion's answering whinny.

He crossed the paddock toward the castle itself. It towered in massive outlines over a hundred feet high, built of rough granite and shiny quartz blocks set in concrete, swinging out in a great semicircle, its flanks resting upon the naked rock of the hills. Directly in front of him he saw a

door, doubtless stolen generations ago during a raid into India. For it was made of a single, solid, age-darkened, adz-hewn teak slab, with dowels that fitted into a fretted ivory frame. No Afghan hand—clumsy except with martingale and tempered steel—had carved this door. No Afghan hand had fashioned the bossed, jewel-crusted silver plaque set in the center. But it was Afghan carelessness which had let the door warp, which had caused the delicate bayonet lock to crack away from the wood, leaving room for a narrow, nervous hand to slip inside and finger the bolt.

The hadji sucked in his breath. His fingers moved noiselessly. Another short jerk and the bolt would slide from its groove—

He stood quite still, his heart beating like a hammer.

Faint, from the other side of the door, came a rustle of silken garments, the noise of bare feet pattering away. The zenana, the women's quarter, doubtless, he thought; and there would be an old nurse about, with sharp ears and shrill, lusty tongue.

He shut his teeth with a little dry click. His heart felt swollen, as if he had washed it in brackish water, and he asked God—it seemed a personal issue between him and God—if he should be cheated of his revenge because an old woman, thin of sleep, was rummaging about the zenana in search of charcoal and hubble-bubble and Latakia tobacco spiced with rose water and grains of musk.

And, steadily, as he waited, his finger immobile on the bolt of the door, undecided what to do, the sun was rising, striking the jagged cliffs with dusted gold, tumbling broken-rayed into the courtyard and drinking the newly thawed snow. Already the east was flushing with pink and orange as the mists drifted through the valley, shearing a glittering crimson slice from the morning sun. Already, looking nervously over his shoulder, he saw down the path one of the Red Chief's peasants carrying a rough, iron-tipped milking yoke across his shoulders. Still he stood, undecided, ears and eyes tense.

The thousand noises of the waking day were about him. Somewhere a tiny koel bird was gurgling and twittering. A little furry bat cheeped dismally. A peacock-blue butterfly flopped quick—quick as the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk. A mousing owl rustled in the byre thatch.

The stallions whinnied. There was a metallic buzzing of flies around a gnarled siris tree.

Then, through the drowsy canticle of waking day, straight through the cheeping and rustling and whinnying and buzzing, the hadji heard another sound—a cry—faint, then louder, decreasing, then stabbing out sharp and distinct: "Father!"

A human cry, calling for human help; rising to an intolerable note of appeal, half choked, accompanied by a rattling and crackling of steel, a crunching and stamping and snorting—curious, flat, dragging noise—and for a moment the hadji's heart was as still as freezing water. "Father!" came the cry again, and again: "Fa——" cut off in mid-air. Like his son's last cry, the cry of a dead soul trying to span the gulf of consciousness to the living heart!

Then once more the snorting and stamping, the steely jar, coming from the stables of the blooded horses.

The hadji gulped his fear and looked.

Beyond the stunted garden he saw a little curly, red-tinged bullethead peep above the wall, a small brown leg stretching up, the heel, helpless, foolish, trying to find hold on the smooth stone coping. Once more the cry, agonized—the little head jerking, the little heel slipping—a soft thud . . . and the hadji, the hair on his neck bristling as though Death had whispered in his ear, ran across courtyard and garden. He cleared the stone wall at a jump.

Inside, at the open door of the stables, he saw the Red Chief's son, a small, huddled bundle, the neck strangely twisted, the hands grasped clawlike about the left front fetlock of a slate-blue, mottled stallion. It was clear to the hadji what had happened.

The boy had sneaked out, very early, to take a look at the Kabuli stallion which his father had lifted from Jehan Tugluk Khan. He had tried to undo the steel chain by which the horse was fastened. The animal had become frightened, had reared and plunged and kicked; the boy had become entangled in the steel halter, had tried to jerk himself free; the stallion had become more frightened than ever.

"Patience, little Moslem. Patience, little brother!" said the hadji. He approached the stallion sidewise, hand held high and open to show that he carried neither bit nor martingale, soothing with soft voice, then with cunning palm, rubbing the high, peaked withers, the soft, quivering muzzle, the tufted ears, leaning forward and blowing warm into the dilated nostrils, finally loosing the steel halter chain.

The headstall dropped. The stallion jumped back, and the little boy fell on the ground, flopping grotesquely—and something reached out and touched the hadji's soul, leaving the chill of an undescribable uneasiness.

He bent to pick the boy up. The little body lay still, lifeless.

He looked. He saw a blue mark across the lad's windpipe where the steel chain had pressed—and he thought that his own son was dead, and that dead was the Red Chief's son. He thought that the hand of man had killed the former, the hand of God the latter, thus evening the score.

But—was the score even?

For a full minute he considered.

His mind resisted from the spontaneous passivity bred by long-continued meditations on Peace. But his hand surrendered to the brain's subconscious, driving will. His hand acted.

He drew the dagger from the waist shawl. He cut across the blue mark which the steel chain had graved on the boy's windpipe, obliterating it with torn flesh and a rush of blood. He left the dagger sticking in the wound. His name was cut in the ebony hilt. The Red Chief would find, and read, and—yes!—thus the score would be even!

The hadji never knew how he reached safety. He had a vague memory of a sentinel challenging him, of a bullet whistling above his head, of how he went down the path scudding on his belly like a jackal to the reek of carrion. He remembered how, as he reached the valley, the western tower of the Raven's Station seemed like a spire away on the world's rim—a spire of hope and lost hope. He remembered the sudden gusts of snow coming down like hissing spears, with the moon reeling above him through the clouds like a great, blinding ball of light and with a lonely southern peak pointing at the mute stars like a gigantic icicle, frozen, austere, desolate.

He remembered vaguely how he traveled day and night, day and night, and it was only gradually, slowly, as his mind jerked free from fleshy thrall and buffeted its road back through the mists of passion to God's Peace, that there came to him knowledge of why he was fleeing from that thing in the glitter of the hills as from a thing accursed.

It was not fear of the Red Chief. Nor was it remorse that he had mutilated the dead body. For the hadji was an Afghan, and there was no worth nor dignity to him in a lifeless thing.

What weighed on his soul, like a sodden blanket, was the doubt of what he would have done had he found the Red Chief's son alive.

He had gone to the Raven's Station to kill. But would he have killed? Would he have broken God's covenant of Peace—and, killing, would he have done right or wrong?

The doubt was on his soul like a stinging brand; and so the hadji took stick and wooden bowl and lived on alms and went through the scorched Indian plains, from shrine to shrine, seeking release from doubt, release from memory.

He did bodily penance, gradually subduing his physical Self. He submitted to the ordeal of fire, walking barefoot through the white-hot charcoal, uncovering his shaven head to the burning fire bath. And he felt not the pain of the body. Only his soul trembled to the whip of doubt.

Then he met a Holy Man from Gujrat who told him that to clear his vision and fatten the glebe of understanding he must do penance with his head hanging downward. True, the other was a Hindu infidel whose gods were a monkey and a flower. But he himself was a Sufi, an esoteric Moslem, taking the best of all creeds and despising none, and he did as the fakir told him.

He swung with his head to the ground and shut his eyes. When he opened them again he saw all upside down, and the sight was marvelous beyond words. The blue hills had lost their struggling height and were a deep, swallowing, mysterious void. Against them the sky stood out, bold, sharp, intense, immeasurably distant; and the fringe of clouds at the base of the sky seemed a lake of molten amber with billows of tossing sacrificial fire.

He gazed. He gazed himself into stupefaction. But his memory remained: an inky scrawl across his soul.

"For memory," said the hadji, "is not of the body, but of the soul!"

How Paul Smith Kept His Adirondack Postmastership

"How does it come," Paul was once asked, "that you keep right on being Postmaster through every change of Administration?"

"Well," he replied with a twinkle and a drawl, "there's no Administration that can change any quicker than I can."

Remembered from the Play

A Tired Business-Man Proposes

(Cliff Mettinger *and* Daisy Mayme Plunkett *are sitting in easy chairs, several feet apart.* Cliff *is holding a newspaper.*)

Cliff—Well, I'll tell you what I was thinking, Daisy— The three of us, May (*his niece*), you, and I seem to get along so well, you seem to like this place so well that I was wondering if you'd care to change your business.

Daisy Mayme—How do you mean, Cliff?

Cliff—I'd like you to come here as my wife—if you'd care to.

Daisy—Now, listen, Cliff—you don't want to marry me.

Cliff—Why not?

Daisy—Because you don't. You've only been asking me because May wants me here.

Cliff—No, I'm not, Daisy; I've been thinking about asking you for over a week.

Daisy—But, it's twenty years since I was twenty, Cliff;—and you're a good-looking man.

Cliff—Well, it's twenty-*three* years since I was twenty; and I think you're a good-looking woman.

Daisy—Now, I know you're kidding me, Cliff.

Cliff—No, I'm not at all, Daisy; I'd like you to think it over, Daisy. I haven't exactly been in a position to marry up till this time, but I think it's the thing for me to do right now. You and May seem to get along so well together, and you heard old Filoon say that if I didn't *bring* somebody in, somebody'd *come* in. . . . Of course, the proposition may not appeal to you, Daisy;—I remember you said the first night you were here that you were a free woman and that that was the way you were going to stay.

Daisy—I guess we all say a lot of things in a lifetime, Cliff, that we don't really mean. And we try to kid ourselves into believing we mean them.

Cliff—I think you'd be happy here, Daisy.

Daisy—Yes, I'd be happy, Cliff.

Cliff—We'd do our best to make you so, anyway. May is fond of you, and, personally, I'd like to feel that there was some woman to have an eye to her. And as far as you and I are concerned, I think we are both sensible enough to make a go of it.

Daisy—I think it's very nice of you to ask me.

"Daisy Mayme," by George Kelly, New York, 1926.

"The Play's the Thing"

Turay—Never surprize a woman. Always wire her in plenty of time. On several occasions in a longish life I have prepared a joyful surprize for a woman, and every time I was the one surprized. The telegraph was invented for no other purpose than that women should not get surprizes.

TURAY—When you want a man to speak the truth, first begin by asking him to tell you all about himself. This gives him a feeling of responsibility, and makes him afraid to lie.

ALMADY—Is that an elegant table?
MELL—Oh, indubitably. Louis the Fifteenth. That should be all right?
ALMADY—All right as far as I am concerned.
MELL—Louis the Fifteenth—a very elegant period.
ALMADY—I don't care a damn if it's Louis the Fifteenth, or Louis the Fourteenth or Louis the Seventeenth.
MELL—But there isn't a Louis the Seventeenth. And I've often wondered why. . . . Why, I've wondered, should there be a Louis the Sixteenth and a Louis the Eighteenth, but *not* a Louis the Seventeenth?
ALMADY—Oh, God! Ask a furniture dealer.
MELL—I did. But he only knew as far as the Sixteenth. That's where the Louis' stop for furniture dealers.

MELL—Madame, I spend all my time receiving insults, and swallowing them. I'm a secretary. *By Ferenc Molnar (author of "Liliom"), New York, 1926.*

"PAULUS AMONG THE JEWS"

HIGH PRIEST—It is difficult to live as a man, but it is more difficult to be a Jew.
MARULLUS—I often think so myself.
HIGH PRIEST—Nobody loves Israel, not even the Israelites themselves.
MARULLUS—You are mistaken. I do not hate the Jews. There are many decent Jews.
HIGH PRIEST—Every heathen flings that into our faces.

By Franz Werfel, Vienna, 1926.

"GOD LOVES US"

MRS. MIDGE—God couldn't be everywhere—that's why he created mothers.

By J. P. McEvoy, New York, 1926.

"FIRE IN THE CASTLE"

SHERLOCK HOLMES—I think most people over-estimate women as sources of happiness, and underestimate them as troublemakers.

KALLOP—I've built my life all alone! I worked, I starved, I bit, and kicked until I irritated the fools sufficiently to make the clever ones take notice of me.

KALLOP—The women in this country do not understand me.
COUNTESS—Because you seem to be unable to differentiate.
KALLOP—Women are women.
COUNTESS (*correcting*)—Ladies are ladies.
KALLOP—When one kisses a Princess, she sighs just like a chambermaid.

By A. G. Sil-Vara, Vienna, 1923.

"THE LADDER"

BETTY—You don't realize, daddy, that it isn't what the older generation thinks of the younger that counts. What we, the younger generation, think of you is all that matters.

By J. Frank Davis, New York, 1926.

THE REVOLT OF "A TUXEDO"

EVA (*coldly*)—You've been running after me for three months!
GEORGE—I love you!
EVA—At the theatre, in restaurants, at balls, at the races, everywhere!

GEORGE—I love you!
EVA—Wherever I go, I see you!
GEORGE—I love you!
EVA—To-day you've broken into my apartment!
GEORGE—I love you!
EVA (*incensed*)—I threw you out!
GEORGE (*resolutely, calmly*)—I love you! (*A moment's silence.*)
EVA—Who are you?
GEORGE—A tuxedo from the orchestra.
EVA—What?
GEORGE (*heated*)—I am a tuxedo who cannot stand that the curtain goes down at eleven-thirty and robs me of you! I am a rebellious tuxedo who steps out of the aisle and shouts: For a hundred and fifty nights I've marveled at you. For a hundred and fifty-seven nights I've been tortured at the sight of you in strange men's embrace. Sixty-eight times at the end of the second act and eighty-nine times at the third. You make love to poets, bankers, American millionaires, counts, wine-merchants, and sailors. I've watched you deceive, and I've watched you become a bride! I've seen you in evening gowns, sport clothes, night gowns, pajamas, and step-ins. I've seen you at the table, in the depths of arm-chairs, on a sofa, and in bed! I've seen you weep and smile, panting and fainting, miserable and happy, sober and intoxicated! I've seen you in all phases of life and love! And now it's enough! This is too much for a mere tuxedo! A mere tuxedo could not stand this were it made of the finest cloth and cut by the finest tailor! One cannot reason any longer! The tuxedo must rush and break doors, I must come to you, and I must cry, and shout, and moan, and whistle and sing: Here I am! I can't help it! But I love you! I love you! I love you! I love an actress! This is the most beautiful, and at the same time the most painful thing in the world!
EVA (*a bit astonished*)—Do you love me so much. . . ?
GEORGE—Yes!
EVA (*ablaze*)—Then—get out of here!

"I Am in Love With an Actress," by Laszlo Fádor, Budapest, 1926.

"LOOSE ENDS"

NINA—You are very sensitive.
MALCOLM—Sensitive! . . . Has nobody got any feelings these days?
NINA—Everybody. But we don't let them get the better of us.

By Dion Titheradge, London and New York, 1926.

"WHITE WINGS"

MARY TODD—If a woman wants to kiss a man, must she marry him?
ARCHIE INCH—Do you know of any better reason?

By Philip Barry, New York, 1926.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE 5TH CENTURY A.D.

STHAVARAKA—To keep a horse one needs reins,
To keep an elephant one needs chains,
To keep a woman, one needs a heart,
And if you haven't, go—depart.

"The Little Clay Cart," by King Shudraka. Revived in New York 1926.

"THE THREE SISTERS"

SOLYONY—When a man talks philosophy,—well, it is philosophy, or at any rate sophistry; but when a woman, or two women, talk philosophy—it's all nonsense.

MASHA—When you read a novel, life seems so easy and plain, but when you fall in love yourself, then you learn that nobody knows anything, and each must decide for himself. *By Anton Chekhov, Moscow, 1901; revived in New York, 1926.*

The Tale—By JOSEPH CONRAD

OUTSIDE the large single window the crepuscular light was dying out slowly in a great square gleam without colour, framed rigidly in the gathering shades of the room.

It was a long room. The irresistible tide of the night ran into the most distant part of it, where the whispering of a man's voice, passionately interrupted and passionately renewed, seemed to plead against the answering murmurs of infinite sadness.

At last no answering murmur came. His movement when he rose slowly from his knees by the side of the deep, shadowy couch holding the shadowy suggestion of a reclining woman revealed him tall under the low ceiling, and somber all over except for the crude discord of the white collar under the shape of his head and the faint, minute spark of a brass button here and there on his uniform.

He stood over her a moment, masculine and mysterious in his immobility, before he sat down on a chair near by. He could see only the faint oval of her upturned face and, extended on her black dress, her pale hands, a moment before abandoned to his kisses, and now as if too weary to move.

He dared not make a sound, shrinking as a man would do from the prosaic necessities of existence. As usual, it was the woman who had the courage. Her voice was heard first—almost conventional while her being vibrated yet with conflicting emotions.

"Tell me something," she said.

The darkness hid his surprize and then his smile. Had he not just said to her everything worth saying in the world—and that not for the first time!

"What am I to tell you?" he asked, in a voice creditably steady. He was beginning to feel grateful to her for that something final in her tone which had eased the strain.

"Why not tell me a tale?"

"A tale!" He was really amazed.

"Yes. Why not?"

These words came with a slight petulance, the hint of a loved woman's capricious will, which is capricious only because it feels itself to be a law, embarrassing sometimes and always difficult to elude.

"Why not?" he repeated, with a slightly mocking accent, as though he had been asked to give her the moon. But now he was feeling a little angry with her for that feminine mobility that slips out of an emotion as easily as out of a splendid gown.

He had heard her say, a little unsteadily, with a sort of fluttering intonation which made him think suddenly of a butterfly's flight:

"You used to tell—your—your simple and—and professional—tales very well at one time. Or well enough to interest me. You had a—a sort of art—in the days—the days before the war."

"Really?" he said, with involuntary gloom. "But now, you see, the war is going on," he continued in such a dead, equable tone that she felt a slight chill fall over her shoulders. And yet she persisted. For there's nothing more unswerving in the world than a woman's caprice.

"It could be a tale not of this world," she explained.

"You want a tale of the other, the better world?" he asked, with a matter-of-fact surprise. "You must evoke for that task those who have already gone there."

"No. I don't mean that. I mean another—some other—world. In the universe—not in heaven."

"I am relieved. But you forget that I have only five days' leave."

"Yes. And I've also taken five days' leave from—from my duties."

"I like that word."

"What word?"

"Duty."

"It is horrible—sometimes."

"Oh, that's because you think it's narrow. But it isn't. It contains infinities, and—and so——"

"What is this jargon?"

He disregarded the interjected scorn. "An infinity of absolution, for instance," he continued. "But as to this 'another world'—who's going to look for it and for the tale that is in it?"

"You," she said, with a strange, almost rough, sweetness of assertion.

He made a shadowy movement of assent in his chair, the irony of which not even the gathered darkness could render mysterious.

"As you will. In that world, then, there

was once upon a time a Commanding Officer and a Northman. Put in the capitals, please, because they had no other names. It was a world of seas and continents and islands——"

"Like the earth," she murmured, bitterly.

"Yes. What else could you expect from sending a man made of our common, tormented clay on a voyage of discovery? What else could he find? What else could you understand or care for, or feel the existence of, even? There was comedy in it, and slaughter."

"Always like the earth," she murmured.

"Always. And since I could find in the universe only what was deeply rooted in the fibres of my being, there was love in it, too. But we won't talk of that."

"No. We won't," she said, in a neutral tone which concealed perfectly her relief—or her disappointment. Then after a pause she added: "It's going to be a comic story."

"Well——" he paused, too. "Yes. In a way. In a very grim way. It will be human, and, as you know, comedy is but a matter of the visual angle. And it won't be a noisy story. All the long guns in it will be dumb—as dumb as so many telescopes."

"Ah, there are guns in it, then! And may I ask—where?"

"Afloat. You remember that the world of which we speak had its seas. A war was going on in it. It was a funny world and terribly in earnest. Its war was being carried on over the land, over the water, under the water, up in the air, and even under the ground. And many young men in it, mostly in wardrooms and messrooms, used to say to each other—pardon the unparliamentary word—they used to say, 'It's a damned bad war, but it's better than no war at all.' Sounds flippant, doesn't it?"

He heard a nervous, impatient sigh in the depths of the couch while he went on without a pause.

"And yet there is more in it than meets the eye. I mean more wisdom. Flippancy, like comedy, is but a matter of visual first-impression. That world was not very wise. But there was in it a certain amount of common working sagacity. That, however, was mostly worked by the neutrals in diverse ways, public and private, which had to be watched; watched by acute minds and also by actual sharp eyes. They had to be very sharp indeed, too, I assure you."

"I can imagine," she murmured, appreciatively.

"What is there that you can't imagine?" he pronounced, soberly. "You have the world in you. But let us go back to our commanding officer, who, of course, commanded a ship of a sort. My tales, if often professional (as you remarked just now), have never been technical. So I'll just tell you that the ship was of a very ornamental sort once, with lots of grace and elegance and luxury about her. Yes, once! She was like a pretty woman who had suddenly put on a suit of sackcloth and stuck revolvers in her belt. But she floated lightly, she moved nimbly, she was quite good enough."

"That was the opinion of the commanding officer?" said the voice from the couch.

"It was. He used to be sent out with her along certain coasts to see—what he could see. Just that. And sometimes he had some preliminary information to help him, and sometimes he had not. And it was all one, really. It was about as useful as information trying to convey the locality and intentions of a cloud, of a phantom taking shape here and there and impossible to seize, would have been.

"It was in the early days of the war. What at first used to amaze the commanding officer was the unchanged face of the waters, with its familiar expression, neither more friendly nor more hostile. On fine days the sun strikes sparks upon the blue; here and there a peaceful smudge of smoke hangs in the distance, and it is impossible to believe that the familiar clear horizon traces the limit of one great circular ambush.

"Yes, it is impossible to believe, till some day you see a ship not your own ship (that isn't so impressive), but some ship in company, blow up all of a sudden and plop under her almost before you know what has happened to her. Then you begin to believe. Henceforth you go out for the work to see—what you can see, and you keep on at it with the conviction that some day you will die from something you have not seen. One envies the soldiers at the end of the day, wiping the sweat and blood from their faces, counting the dead fallen to their hands, looking at the devastated fields, the torn earth that seems to suffer and bleed with them. One does, really. The final brutality of it—the taste of primitive passion—the ferocious frankness of the blow struck with one's hand—the direct call and the straight response. Well, the sea gave you nothing of that, and seemed to pretend that there was nothing the matter with the world."

She interrupted, stirring a little.

"Oh, yes. Sincerity—frankness—passion—three words of your gospel. Don't I know them!"

"Think! Isn't it ours—believed in common?" he asked, anxiously, yet without expecting an answer, and went on at once: "Such were the feelings of the commanding officer. When the night came trailing over the sea, hiding what looked like the hypocrisy of an old friend, it was a relief. The night blinds you frankly—and there are circumstances when the sunlight may grow as odious to one as falsehood itself. Night is all right.

"At night the commanding officer could let his thoughts get away—I won't tell you where. Somewhere where there was no choice but between truth and death. But thick weather, though it blinded one, brought no such relief. Mist is deceitful, the dead luminosity of the fog is irritating. It seems that you *ought* to see.

"One gloomy, nasty day the ship was steaming along her beat in sight of a rocky, dangerous coast that stood out intensely black like an India-ink drawing on gray paper. Presently the second in command spoke to his chief. He thought he saw something on the water, to seaward. Small wreckage, perhaps.

"'But there shouldn't be any wreckage here, sir,' he remarked.

"'No,' said the commanding officer. 'The last reported submarined ships were sunk a long way to the westward. But one never knows. There may have been others since then not reported nor seen. Gone with all hands.'

"That was how it began. The ship's course was altered to pass the object close; for it was necessary to have a good look at what one could see. Close, but without touching; for it was not advisable to come in contact with objects of any form whatever floating casually about. Close, but without stopping or even diminishing speed; for in those times it was not prudent to linger on any particular spot, even for a moment. I may tell you at once that the object was not dangerous in itself. No use in describing it. It may have been nothing more remarkable than, say, a barrel of a certain shape and colour. But it was significant.

"The smooth bow-wave hove it up as if for a closer inspection, and then the ship, brought again to her course, turned her back on it with indifference, while twenty pairs of eyes on her deck stared in all directions trying to see—what they could see.

"The commanding officer and his second in command discussed the object with understanding. It appeared to them to be not so much a proof of the sagacity as of the activity of certain neutrals. This activity had in many cases taken the form of replenishing the stores of certain submarines at sea. This was generally believed, if not absolutely known. But the very nature of things in those early days pointed that way. The object, looked at closely and turned away from with apparent indifference, put it beyond doubt that something of the sort had been done somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"The object in itself was more than suspect. But the fact of its being left in evidence roused other suspicions. Was it the result of some deep and devilish purpose? As to that, all speculation soon appeared to be a vain thing. Finally the two officers came to the conclusion that it was left there most likely by accident, complicated possibly by some unforeseen necessity; such, perhaps, as the sudden need to get away quickly from the spot, or something of that kind.

"Their discussion had been carried on in curt, weighty phrases, separated by long, thoughtful silences. And all the time their eyes roamed about the horizon in an everlasting, almost mechanical effort of vigilance. The younger man summed up grimly:

"'Well, it's evidence. That's what this is. Evidence of what we were pretty certain of before. And plain, too.'

"'And much good it will do to us,' retorted the commanding officer. 'The parties are miles away; the submarine, devil only knows where, ready to kill; and the noble neutral slipping away to the eastward, ready to lie!'

"The second in command laughed a little at the tone. But he guessed that the neutral wouldn't even have to lie very much. Fellows like that, unless caught in the very act, felt themselves pretty safe. They could afford to chuckle. That fellow was probably chuckling to himself. It's very possible he had been before at the game and didn't care a rap for the bit of evidence left behind. It was a game in which practice made one bold and successful, too.

"And again he laughed faintly. But his commanding officer was in revolt against the murderous stealthiness of methods and the atrocious callousness of complicities that seemed to taint the very source of men's deep emotions and noblest activities; to corrupt their imagination which builds up the final conceptions of life and death. He suffered——"

The voice from the sofa interrupted the narrator.

"How well I can understand that in him!"

He bent forward slightly.

"Yes. I, too. Everything should be open in love and war. Open as the day, since both are the call of an ideal which it is so easy, so terribly easy, to degrade in the name of Victory."

He paused; then went on:

"I don't know that the commanding officer delved so deep as that into his feelings. But he did suffer from them—a sort of disenchanted sadness. It is possible, even, that he suspected himself of folly. Man is various. But he had no time for much introspection, because from the southwest a wall of fog had advanced upon his ship. Great convolutions of vapours flew over, swirling about masts and funnel, which looked as if they were beginning to melt. Then they vanished.

"The ship was stopped, all sounds ceased, and the very fog became motionless, growing denser and as if solid in its amazing dumb immobility. The men at their stations lost sight of each other. Footsteps sounded stealthy; rare voices, impersonal and remote, died out without resonance. A blind, white stillness took possession of the world.

"It looked, too, as if it would last for days. I don't mean to say that the fog did not vary a little in its density. Now and then it would thin out mysteriously, revealing to the men a more or less ghostly presentment of their ship. Several times the shadow of the coast itself swam darkly before their eyes through the fluctuating opaque brightness of the great white cloud clinging to the water.

"Taking advantage of these moments, the ship had been moved cautiously nearer the shore. It was useless to remain out in such thick weather. Her officers knew every nook and cranny of the coast along their beat. They thought that she would be much better in a certain cove. It wasn't a large place, just ample room for a ship to swing at her anchor. She would have an easier time of it till the fog lifted up.

"Slowly, with infinite caution and patience, they crept closer and closer, seeing no more of the cliffs than an evanescent dark loom with a narrow border of angry foam at its foot. At the moment of anchoring the fog was so thick that for all they could see they might have been a thousand miles out in the open sea. Yet the shelter of the land could be felt. There was a peculiar quality in the stillness of the air. Very faint, very elusive, the wash of the ripple against the encircling land reached their ears, with mysterious sudden pauses.

"The anchor dropped, the leads were laid in. The commanding officer went below into his cabin. But he had not been there very long when a voice outside his door requested his presence on deck. He thought to himself: 'What is it now?' He felt some impatience at being called out again to face the wearisome fog.

"He found that it had thinned again a little and had taken on a gloomy hue from the dark cliffs which had no form, no outline, but asserted themselves as a curtain of shadows all round the ship, except in one bright spot, which was the entrance from the open sea. Several officers were looking that way from the bridge. The second in command met him with the breathlessly whispered information that there was another ship in the cove.

"She had been made out by several pairs of eyes only a couple of minutes before. She was lying at anchor very near the entrance—a mere vague blot on the fog's brightness. And the commanding officer, by staring in the direction pointed out to him by eager hands, ended by distinguishing it at last himself. Indubitably a vessel of some sort.

"'It's a wonder we didn't run slap into her when coming in,' observed the second in command.

"'Send a boat on board before she vanishes,' said the commanding officer. He surmised that this was a coaster. It could hardly be anything else. But another thought came into his head suddenly. 'It is a wonder,' he said to his second in command, who had rejoined him after sending the boat away.

"By that time both of them had been struck by the fact that the ship so suddenly discovered had not manifested her presence by ringing her bell.

"'We came in very quietly, that's true,' concluded the younger officer. 'But they must have heard our leadsmen at least. We couldn't have passed her more than fifty yards off. The closest shave! They may even have made us out, since they were aware of something coming in. And the strange thing is that we never heard a sound from her. The fellows on board must have been holding their breath.'

"'Aye,' said the commanding officer, thoughtfully.

"In due course the boarding-boat re-

turned, appearing suddenly alongside, as though she had burrowed her way under the fog. The officer in charge came up to make his report, but the commanding officer didn't give him time to begin. He cried from a distance:

"'Coaster, isn't she?'

"'No, sir. A stranger—a neutral,' was the answer.

"'No. Really! Well, tell us all about it. What is she doing here?'

"The young man stated then that he had been told a long and complicated story of engine troubles. But it was plausible enough from a strictly professional point of view, and it had the usual features: disablement, dangerous drifting along the shore, weather more or less thick for days, fear of a gale, ultimately a resolve to go in and anchor anywhere on the coast, and so on. Fairly plausible.

"'Engines still disabled?' inquired the commanding officer.

"'No, sir. She has steam on them.'

"The commanding officer took his second aside. 'By Jove!' he said, 'you were right! They were holding their breaths as we passed them. They were.'

"But the second in command had his doubts now.

"'A fog like this does muffle small sounds, sir,' he remarked. 'And what could his object be, after all?'

"'To sneak out unnoticed,' answered the commanding officer.

"'Then why didn't he? He might have done it, you know. Not exactly unnoticed, perhaps. I don't suppose he could have slipped his cable without making some noise. Still, in a minute or so he would have been lost to view—clean gone before we had made him out fairly. Yet he didn't.'

"They looked at each other. The commanding officer shook his head. Such suspicions as the one which had entered his head are not defended easily. He did not even state it openly. The boarding officer finished his report. The cargo of the ship was a harmless and useful character. She was bound to an English port. Papers and everything in perfect order. Nothing suspicious to be detected anywhere.

"Then passing to the men, he reported the crew on deck as the usual lot. Engineers of the well-known type, and very full of their achievement in repairing the engines. The mate surly. The master rather a fine specimen of a Northman, civil enough, but appeared to have been drinking. Seemed to be recovering from a regular bout of it.

"'I told him I couldn't give him permission to proceed. He said he wouldn't dare to move his ship her own length out in such weather as this, permission or no permission. I left a man on board, though.'

"'Quite right.'

"The commanding officer, after communing with his suspicions for a time, called his second aside.

"'What if she were the very ship which had been feeding some infernal submarine or other?' he said in an undertone.

"The other started. Then, with conviction:

"'She would get off scot-free. You couldn't prove it, sir.'

"'I want to look into it myself.'

"'From the report we've heard I am afraid you couldn't even make a case for reasonable suspicion, sir.'

"'I'll go on board all the same.'

"He had made up his mind. Curiosity is the great motive power of hatred and love. What did he expect to find? He could not have told anybody—not even himself.

"What he really expected to find there was the atmosphere, the atmosphere of gratuitous treachery, which in his view nothing could excuse; for he thought that even a passion of unrighteousness for its own sake could not excuse that. But could he detect it? Sniff it? Taste it? Receive some mysterious communication which would turn his invincible suspicions into a certitude strong enough to provoke action with all its risks?

"The master met him on the after-deck, looming up in the fog amongst the blurred shapes of the usual ship's fittings. He was a robust Northman, bearded, and in the force of his age. A round leather cap fitted his head closely. His hands were rammed deep into the pockets of his short leather jacket. He kept them there while he explained that at sea he lived in the chart-room, and led the way there, striding carelessly. Just before reaching the door under the bridge he staggered a little, recovered himself, flung it open, and stood aside, leaning his shoulder as if involuntarily against the side of the house, and staring vaguely into the fog-filled space. But he followed the commanding officer at once, flung the door to, snapped on the electric light, and hastened to thrust his hands back into his pockets, as though afraid of being seized by them either in friendship or in hostility.

"The place was stuffy and hot. The usual chart-rack overhead was full, and the chart on the table was kept unrolled by an empty cup standing on a saucer half-full of some spilt dark liquid. A slightly nibbled biscuit reposed on the chronometer-case. There were two settees, and one of them had been made up into a bed with a pillow and some blankets, which were now very much tumbled. The Northman let himself fall on it, his hands still in his pockets.

"'Well, here I am,' he said, with a curious air of being surprized at the sound of his own voice.

"The commanding officer from the other settee observed the handsome, flushed face. Drops of fog hung on the yellow beard and moustache of the Northman. The much darker eyebrows ran together in a puzzled frown, and suddenly he jumped up.

"'What I mean is that I don't know where I am. I really don't,' he burst out, with extreme earnestness. 'Hang it all! I got turned around somehow. The fog has been after me for a week. More than a week. And then my engines broke down. I will tell you how it was.'

"He burst out into loquacity. It was not hurried, but it was insistent. It was not continuous, for all that. It was broken by the most queer, thoughtful pauses. Each of these pauses lasted no more than a couple of seconds, and each had the profundity of an endless meditation. When he began again nothing betrayed in him the slightest consciousness of these intervals. There was the same fixed glance, the same unchanged earnestness of tone. He didn't know. Indeed, more than one of these pauses occurred in the middle of a sentence.

"The commanding officer listened to the tale. It struck him as more plausible than simple truth is in the habit of being. But that, perhaps, was prejudice. All the time the Northman was speaking the commanding officer had been aware of an inward voice, a grave murmur in the depth of his very own self, telling another tale, as if on purpose to keep alive in him his indignation and his anger with that baseness of greed or of mere outlook which lies often at the root of simple ideas.

"It was the story that had been already told to the boarding officer an hour or so before. The commanding officer nodded slightly at the Northman from time to time. The latter came to an end and turned his eyes away. He added, as an afterthought:

"'Wasn't it enough to drive a man out of his mind with worry? And it's my first voyage to this part, too. And the ship's my own. Your officer has seen the papers. She isn't much, as you can see for yourself. Just an old cargo-boat. Bare living for my family.'

"He raised a big arm to point at a row of photographs plastering the bulkhead. The movement was ponderous, as if the arm had been made of lead. The commanding officer said, carelessly:

"'You will be making a fortune yet for your family with this old ship.'

"'Yes, if I don't lose her,' said the Northman, gloomily.

"'I mean—out of this war,' added the commanding officer.

"The Northman stared at him in a curiously unseeing and at the same time interested manner, as only eyes of a particular blue shade can stare.

"'And you wouldn't be angry at it,' he said, 'would you? You are too much of a gentleman. We didn't bring this on you. And suppose we sat down and cried. What good would that be? Let those cry who made the trouble,' he concluded, with energy. 'Time's money, you say. Well—*this* time *is* money. Oh! isn't it!'

"The commanding officer tried to keep under the feeling of immense disgust. He said to himself that it was unreasonable. Men were like that—moral cannibals feeding on each other's misfortunes. He said aloud:

"'You have made it perfectly plain how it is that you are here. Your log-book confirms you very minutely. Of course, a log-book may be cooked. Nothing easier.'

"The Northman never moved a muscle. He was gazing at the floor; he seemed not to have heard. He raised his head after a while.

"'But you can't suspect me of anything,' he muttered, negligently.

"The commanding officer thought: 'Why should he say this?'

"Immediately afterwards the man before him added: 'My cargo is for an English port.'

"His voice had turned husky for the moment. The commanding officer reflected: 'That's true. There can be nothing. I can't suspect him. Yet why was he lying with steam up in this fog—and then, hearing us come in, why didn't he give some sign of life? Why? Could it be anything else but a guilty conscience? He could tell by the leadsmen that this was a man-of-war.'

"Yes—why? The commanding officer went on thinking: 'Suppose I ask him and

then watch his face. He will betray himself in some way. It's perfectly plain that the fellow *has* been drinking. Yes, he has been drinking; but he will have a lie ready all the same.' The commanding officer was one of those men who are made morally and almost physically uncomfortable by the mere thought of having to beat down a lie. He shrank from the act in scorn and disgust, which were invincible because more temperamental than moral.

"So he went out on deck instead and had the crew mustered formally for his inspection. He found them very much what the report of the boarding officer had led him to expect. And from their answers to his questions he could discover no flaw in the log-book story.

"He dismissed them. His impression of them was—a picked lot; have been promised a fistful of money each if this came off; all slightly anxious, but not frightened. Not a single one of them likely to give the show away. They don't feel in danger of their life. They know England and English ways too well!

"He felt alarmed at catching himself thinking as if his vaguest suspicions were turning into a certitude. For, indeed, there was no shadow of reason for his inferences. There was nothing to give away.

"He returned to the chart-room. The Northman had lingered behind there; and something subtly different in his bearing, more bold in his blue, glassy stare, induced the commanding officer to conclude that the fellow had snatched at the opportunity to take another swig at the bottle he must have had concealed somewhere.

"He noticed, too, that the Northman on meeting his eyes put on an elaborately surprised expression. At least, it seemed elaborated. Nothing could be trusted. And the Englishman felt himself with astonishing conviction faced by an enormous lie, solid like a wall, with no way round to get at the truth, whose ugly murderous face he seemed to see peeping over at him with a cynical grin.

"'I dare say,' he began, suddenly, 'you are wondering at my proceedings, though I am not detaining you, am I? You wouldn't dare to move in this fog?'

"'I don't know where I am,' the Northman ejaculated, earnestly. 'I really don't.'

"He looked around as if the very chart-room fittings were strange to him. The commanding officer asked him whether he had not seen any unusual objects floating about while he was at sea.

"'Objects! What objects? We were groping blind in the fog for days.'

"'We had a few clear intervals,' said the commanding officer. 'And I'll tell you what we have seen and the conclusion I've come to about it.'

"He told him in a few words. He heard the sound of a sharp breath indrawn through closed teeth. The Northman with his hand on the table stood absolutely motionless and dumb. He stood as if thunderstruck. Then he produced a fatuous smile.

"Or at least so it appeared to the commanding officer. Was this significant, or of no meaning whatever? He didn't know, he couldn't tell. All the truth had departed out of the world as if drawn in, absorbed in this monstrous villainy this man was—or was not—guilty of.

"'Shooting's too good for people that conceive neutrality in this pretty way,' remarked the commanding officer, after a silence.

"'Yes, yes, yes,' the Northman assented, hurriedly—then added an unexpected and dreamy-voiced 'Perhaps.'

"Was he pretending to be drunk, or only trying to appear sober? His glance was straight, but it was somewhat glazed. His lips outlined themselves firmly under his yellow moustache. But they twitched. Did they twitch? And why was he drooping like this in his attitude?

"'There's no perhaps about it,' pronounced the commanding officer sternly.

"The Northman had straightened himself. And unexpectedly he looked stern, too.

"'No. But what about the tempters? Better kill that lot off. There's about four, five, six million of them,' he said, grimly; but in a moment changed into a whining key. 'But I had better hold my tongue. You have some suspicions.'

"'No, I've no suspicions,' declared the commanding officer.

"He never faltered. At that moment he had the certitude. The air of the chart-room was thick with guilt and falsehood braving the discovery, defying simple right, common decency, all humanity of feeling, every scruple of conduct.

"The Northman drew a long breath. 'Well, we know that you English are gentlemen. But let us speak the truth. Why should we love you so very much? You haven't done anything to be loved. We don't love the other people, of course. They haven't done anything for that, either.

A fellow comes along with a bag of gold . . . I haven't been in Rotterdam my last voyage for nothing.'

"'You may be able to tell something interesting, then, to our people when you come into port,' interjected the officer.

"'I might. But you keep some people in your pay at Rotterdam. Let them report. I am a neutral—am I not? . . . Have you ever seen a poor man on one side and a bag of gold on the other? Of course, I couldn't be tempted. I haven't the nerve for it. Really I haven't. It's nothing to me. I am just talking openly for once.'

"'Yes. And I am listening to you,' said the commanding officer, quietly.

"The Northman leaned forward over the table. 'Now that I know you have no suspicions, I talk. You don't know what a poor man is. I do. I am poor myself. This old ship, she isn't much, and she is mortgaged, too. Bare living, no more. Of course, I wouldn't have the nerve. But a man who has nerve! See. The stuff he takes aboard looks like any other cargo—packages, barrels, tins, copper tubes—what not. He doesn't see it work. It isn't real to him. But he sees the gold. That's real. Of course, nothing could induce me. I suffer from an internal disease. I would either go crazy from anxiety—or—or—take to drink or something. The risk is too great. Why—ruin!'

"'It should be death.' The commanding officer got up, after this curt declaration, which the other received with a hard stare oddly combined with an uncertain smile. The officer's gorge rose at the atmosphere of murderous complicity which surrounded him, denser, more impenetrable, more acrid than the fog outside.

"'It's nothing to me,' murmured the Northman, swaying visibly.

"'Of course not,' assented the commanding officer, with a great effort to keep his voice calm and low. The certitude was strong within him. 'But I am going to clear all you fellows off this coast at once. And I will begin with you. You must leave in half an hour.'

"By that time the officer was walking along the deck with the Northman at his elbow.

"'What! In this fog?' the latter cried out, huskily.

"'Yes, you will have to go in this fog.'

"'But I don't know where I am. I really don't.'

"The commanding officer turned round. A sort of fury possessed him. The eyes of the two men met. Those of the Northman expressed a profound amazement.

"'Oh, you don't know how to get out.' The commanding officer spoke with composure, but his heart was beating with anger and dread. 'I will give you your course. Steer south-by-east-half-east for about four miles and then you will be clear to haul to the eastward for your port. The weather will clear up before very long.'

"'Must I? What could induce me? I haven't the nerve.'

"'And yet you must go. Unless you want to——'

"'I don't want to,' panted the Northman. 'I've enough of it.'

"The commanding officer got over the side. The Northman remained still, as if rooted to the deck. Before his boat reached his ship the commanding officer heard the steamer beginning to pick up her anchor. Then, shadowy in the fog, she steamed out on the given course.

"'Yes,' he said to his officers, 'I let him go.'"

The narrator bent forward toward the couch, where no movement betrayed the presence of a living person.

"Listen," he said, forcibly. "That course would lead the Northman straight on a deadly ledge of rock. And the commanding officer gave it to him. He steamed out—ran on it—and went down. So he had spoken the truth. He did not know where he was. But it proves nothing. Nothing either way. It may have been the only truth in all his story. And yet. . . . He seems to have been driven out by a menacing stare—nothing more."

He abandoned all pretence.

"Yes, I gave that course to him. It seemed to me a supreme test. I believe—no, I don't believe. I don't know. At the time I was certain. They all went down; and I don't know whether I have done stern retribution—or murder; whether I have added to the corpses that litter the bed of the unreadable sea the bodies of men completely innocent or basely guilty. I don't know. I shall never know."

He rose. The woman on the couch got up and threw her arms round his neck. Her eyes put two gleams in the deep shadow of the room. She knew his passion for truth, his horror of deceit, his humanity.

"Oh, my poor, poor——"

"I shall never know," he repeated, sternly, disengaged himself, pressed her hands to his lips, and went out.

So They Say

ALLA NAZIMOVA:
Russian actress, who has been interpreting emotional parts in the United States since 1906

"I have never yet found the person who was worth lying to."

H. W. GRIGGS:
Pittsburgh negro, aged sixty, asking leniency of Judge Evans for his son George, on trial for stealing $200 worth of copper

"He's the best one of my thirty-five children, Judge."

DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN:
Statistician of a great life insurance company,—to the American Public Health Association

"The worth of a baby born to parents who have an income of $2,500 a year is $9,333 at the time of birth."

THEODORE DREISER:
American author and editor

"None of our politicians has the courage to deal with, none of our newspapers has the courage to discuss, really fundamental issues such as the Catholic question, the Negro question, the money-power question, or even the liquor question. We are too cowardly or too stupid to face them."

RICHARD BENNETT:
American actor and manager, in "The Theater"

"I guess Tolerance—is about the greatest thing in the world anyhow. Tolerance toward everything, from your wife's increasing jealousies to your stage-manager's religion."

HENRY FORD:
Apostle of a new Industrialism

"A generation ago there were a thousand men to every opportunity, while to-day there are a thousand opportunities to every man."

A FEMINIST:
Overheard in conversation

"Is she really clever, or just a married woman?"

COUNT STEPHEN BETHLEN DE BETHLEN:
Prime Minister of Hungary for five years—a record tenure in any European Government since the War

"A fine-sounding phrase can never establish democracy. The first duty of a statesman who claims to be a democrat is to make the people aware of their duty to their fatherland, and to make them realize that they not only possess rights, but that if they exercise these rights they must also assume responsibilities."

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE:
Kansas fighting editor and author—when the local clergyman attacked his paper for placarding world series baseball scores right after church hours on Sunday

"As earnest seekers after spiritual truths, we would like to know how long after church must a baseball game take place before it becomes a simple baseball game and ceases to be an act of blasphemy."

HYMAN PRUSSOCK:
when arraigned in Brooklyn for "crowning" a policeman (who had interfered in a domestic quarrel) with a pot of hot corned beef and cabbage

"I am more than an artist, your Honour, much more—I am the world's champion pretzel bender. I am the champion of champions."
(*P. S. He was freed on parole, because "the world needs good pretzels."*)

WILL H. HAYS:
President Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc.; Chairman, Laymen's Committee, Presbyterian Board of Relief and Sustentation

"It is asking far too much of human nature to expect a man to devote his life to the ministry without his being assured some decent way of living."

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO:
Italian poet, novelist, dramatist and passionate publicist

"In terms of fire and flame my hatred for American Gold rises high above Vesuvius' crater. Never will any writings of mine be defiled by American gold."

A JAPANESE EDITOR:
in the Tokio "Yamato"

"Western women go half naked even on the streets, on board steamers and in railway cars, provoking the sex instinct; but the police authorities do not feel disposed to control them. As control is an absolute necessity, discrimination is unreasonable and illogical. It should be rigid in all cases."

KNIGHT DUNLAP:
Ph. B., M. L., A. M., Ph. D.; author, editor, and Professor of Experimental Psychology in Johns Hopkins University

"Smoking does increase the blood pressure slightly, but so does the telling of a good joke; and the effect of tobacco is not much greater than that produced by the joke."

MEREDITH NICHOLSON:
Indiana author

"When I go elsewhere, people don't kid me any more about being from the State of Authors. They ask: 'Is your Governor still in jail?' and 'How's the Ku Klux Klan?'"

QUEEN MARIE:
of Rumania, after visiting Washington's tomb, overlooking the Potomac River, at Mt. Vernon

"Oh, he must have loved God very much. It is a beautiful thing to love God."

THOMAS HASTINGS:
For forty years a distinguished architect in New York

"Sky-scrapers are the craziest buildings in New York. They pour a flood of humanity into the streets that taxes them beyond all limits, and are the cause of nearly all our congestion ills. The higher the building goes, the crazier it is. The whole thing is a calamity."

MANSFIELD ROBINSON:
London spiritualist—whose "girl friend" on Mars, "Comaruru," sent him a radio message—"MCQ."

"I know the Martians well through telepathy. They are from 7½ to 8 feet tall, with big, outstanding ears and huge shocks of hair, and Chinese features. They smoke pipes and drink tea from the spouts of kettles. Other planets also are inhabited. The Venutians, who live in Venus, are particularly nice."

DR. VALERIA H. PARKER:
National Director of Social Morality, W. C. T. U., and President, National Council of Women's Clubs

"It is harder to arouse a man's interest now in an exposed knee than it was twenty years ago in the flash of an ankle beneath the billowy folds of a crinoline dress. The whole situation is more healthful, more frank. The principle of most girls' dress is simplicity, not sex appeal."

WILL C. WOOD:
California State Superintendent of Public Instruction

"If we succeed in lengthening intellects, the skirts will take care of themselves."

MYRON T. HERRICK:
United States Ambassador to France

"From my observations over there, whatever Europe may say about us, however we may be criticized or cartooned, I believe there is a profound respect at bottom for our ideals and purposes. They know we do not ask any territory; they know that America wants nothing but fair dealing."

GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER:
who rescued the decisive game that won the World Series baseball title for St. Louis—asked if he felt the strain of pitching, without "warming up" to Lazzeri, with the bases full

"How did I feel? Go and ask Lazzeri how he felt. . . . The strain was on Lazzeri."

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW:
London specialist on the effects of noise on the nervous system

"The noise emanating from a nursery is particularly irritating, because it is usually at a high pitch."

JEROME K. JEROME:
English author and playwright

"The time is surely due for the Church of Christ, of whatever denomination, to clear the founder's name from the stigma of having proclaimed a God of cruelty and revenge. Hell must be the invention of the devil. There is no Bible authority for it."

A CZECHOSLOVAK PROFESSOR:
speaking in Helsingfors on sport as a civilizing influence

"We used to say to them, 'You are made in God's image, and there should be no difference between you'; but we have stopped saying that now. We say, 'Yes, you are Russians, Letts, Esthonians, Poles, Czechoslovaks—but you can all play football together. It's the game; it's teamwork, and you can all play together—for the team.' That is true civilization."

ALI HASSAN:
Turkish leader

"Of course, any man with harem experience knows more about fighting than a bachelor."

ROGER PAYNE:
Hobo philosopher

"The world is work-crazy, and addiction to work is just as bad as any other vice, such as idleness, drink or gambling."

JAMES DOUGLAS:
English author, and editor of London "Daily Express"

"My experience of life has taught me that if there were no pain it would be necessary to invent it."

MRS. FREDERIC BURSCH:
Chairman for Connecticut Committee on Living Costs of National League of Women Voters

"The electric company sent me a bill for $29 for two months' current. Then I began to do some figuring. . . . I found that if I had lived in Florida it would have been $63 instead of $29; but if I had lived in Springfield, Ill., where the electric plant is municipally owned, my bill would have been only $14; and if I had lived over the line in Ontario my bill would have been only $8."

S. JACKSON:
London barrister, who had an "Esperanto" courtship and marriage

"Yes, we shall talk Esperanto to each other after we are married. You have no idea how easy the language is to make love in."

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH:
Russian pianist, who has been touring the United States since 1900; conductor of Detroit Symphony

"New musical works are appraised for their greater or lesser capacity to create *excitement*. . . . Nobody ever asks the question whether the composer used good taste to begin with."

AL JOLSON:
Black-face comedian, when sued for abandoning his movie plans

"I was rotten, and my wife thought I was terrible, too, but Griffith thought I was the hot cats. By hypnotizing me into believing I was good on the screen, Griffith actually caused me to forget how bum I was."

SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER:
English Parliamentary correspondent, author, traveler, lecturer

"When the Americans make up their minds that they want a King, they will want to buy a good one. They are generous, good-natured folk, ready to laugh at our weaknesses, and be laughed at."

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI:
Rumanian sculptor, of a new "Cosmic" point of view

"New York is an organic town. By that I mean, everything except its art has been forcibly put there. From this organic quality there follows a poetic sense found nowhere else in the world. In Europe tradition rules, and prevents you from seeing the poetry of the day."

DR. J. H. MCHENRY:
nerve specialist, sued for breach of promise,—asked in court what he gave the lady

"I gave her a blood-test."

A PARIS WAITER:
to an American who protested at getting no spoon with his dollar cup of tea

"The absence of spoons is the reason why the tea costs thirty francs. We had a thousand spoons at the beginning of the season; we have about fifty left. Souvenir hunters took the rest. We only serve spoons now to customers we know."

GEORGE F. JOHNSON:
Shoe manufacturer and man of affairs

"The only profit out of instalment buying goes to the men who make the sales, and sometimes the banks who handle the papers, but never to the poor devil who owes and must pay."

AUGUSTE ESCOFFIER:
the "chef of emperors and emperor of chefs"

"I consider cooking the most important function in the operation of a home. I think woman's place a part of the time is in the kitchen, but that the commercial cooking of hotel and restaurant is man's business."

SUN CHUAN-FANG:
Chinese general

"We Oriental people have our own inherited morals, principles and history, all of which are incompatible with Communism."

GENE TUNNEY:
Champion heavyweight prizefighter, denying reports that he would marry

"I don't intend to sacrifice my individuality at this time."

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY:
after confronting the show beauties of Hollywood

"Bah! Spindle-legged, undeveloped creatures! Come to my faraway Odessa and I will show you true beauty."

A HOUSEKEEPER:
Overheard confiding to a friend

"Well, I realized to-day that the winter housekeeping had begun: our new cook tried to raise the bread with one of those little triangular pieces of Roquefort cheese done up in tin foil."

ROBERT A. MILLIKAN:
Edison medalist, (A. I. E. E.), Hughes medalist (R. S.), Nobel prize winner; laboratory director, California Institute of Technology

"The beauty of women, the strength of men, the flavour of strawberries, the aroma of flowers, the love of friends; courtship, marriage and divorce; the race-track, the wrestling match and the boxing-bout—all of these played almost exactly the same rôle in the lives of the people of Rome as they play in the lives of the people of New Haven or New York. And it is around these things, too, that about 90 per cent. of the interests of the average man revolves."

LEONARD WILLIAMS:
American doctor

"All tyrants know that they are safe with fat men, and the domestic tyrant is no exception."

DR. J. P. GEPPERT:
who, at the age of 76, fasted 42 days, reducing his weight 37 pounds

"Eating has become too much of a habit with Americans."

EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER:
America's leading "ace" in the War, now vice-president of a motor company

"There is no doubt that the next ten years will see every mile of railroad in the United States paralleled with a mile of aerial transportation."

EMMA GOLDMAN:
who went to Bolshevik Russia, and found America not so bad after all

"The political institutions in Russia to-day are worse than under the Czar."

The Wreck

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT WAS yesterday, the 31st of December.

I had just finished breakfast with my old friend Georges Garin when the servant handed him in a letter covered with seals and foreign stamps.

Georges said:

"Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly."

And so he began to read the letter, which was written in a large English handwriting, crossed and re-crossed in every direction. He read it slowly, with serious attention and the interest which we pay only to things that touch our hearts.

Then he put the letter on the mantelpiece and said:

"That was a curious story! I've never told you about it, I think. Yet it was a sentimental adventure, and it really happened to me. That was a strange New Year's Day indeed! It must have been twenty years ago, since I was then thirty, and am now fifty years old.

"I was then an inspector in the Maritime Insurance Company, of which I am now director. I had arranged to pass the *fête* of New Year's in Paris—since it is a convention to make that day a *fête*—when I received a letter from the manager, asking me to proceed at once to the island of Ré, where a three-masted vessel from Saint-Nazaire, insured by us, had just been driven ashore. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. I arrived at the office at ten, to get my advices, and that evening I took the express, which put me down in La Rochelle the next day, the thirty-first of December.

"I had two hours to wait before going aboard the boat for Ré. So I made a tour in the town. It is certainly a fantastic city, La Rochelle, with a strong character of its own—streets tangled like a labyrinth, sidewalks running under endless arcaded galleries like those of the Rue de Rivoli, but low, mysterious, built as if to form a fit scene for conspirators, and making an ancient and striking background for those old-time wars, the savage heroic wars of religion. It is indeed the typical old Huguenot city, conservative, discreet, with no fine art to show, with no wonderful monuments, such as make Rouen; but it is remarkable for its severe, somewhat cunning look; it is a city of obstinate fighters, a city where fanaticisms might well blossom, where the faith of the Calvinists became exalted, and which gave birth to the plot of the 'Four Sergeants.'

"After I had wandered for some time about these curious streets, I went aboard the black, rotund little steamboat which was to take me to the island of Ré. It was called the *Jean Guiton*. It started with angry puffings, passed between the two old towers which guard the harbour, crossed the roadstead, and issued from the mole built by Richelieu, the great stones of which can be seen at the water's edge, enclosing the town like a great necklace. Then the steamboat turned to the right.

"It was one of those sad days which give one the blues, tighten the heart and kill in us all energy and force—a gray, cold day, with a heavy mist which was as wet as rain, as cold as frost, as bad to breathe as the mist of a wash-tub.

"Under this low ceiling of sinister fog, the shallow, yellow, sandy sea of all gradually receding coasts lay without a wrinkle, without a movement, without life, a sea of turbid water, of greasy water, of stagnant water. The *Jean Guiton* passed over it, rolling a little from habit, dividing the smooth, dark blue water, and leaving behind a few waves, a little chopping sea, a few big waves, which were soon calm.

"I began to talk to the captain, a little man with small feet, as round as his boat, and balancing himself like it. I wanted some details about the disaster on which I was to give a report. A great square-rigged three-master, the *Marie Joseph*, of Saint-Nazaire, had gone ashore one night in a hurricane on the sands of the island of Ré.

"The owner wrote us that the storm had thrown the ship so far ashore that it was impossible to float her, and that they had to remove everything which could be detached, with the utmost possible haste. Nevertheless, I must examine the situation

of the wreck, estimate what must have been her condition before the disaster, and decide whether all efforts had been used to get her afloat. I came as an agent of the company in order to give contradictory testimony, if necessary, at the trial.

"On receipt of my report, the manager would take what measures he might think necessary to protect our interests.

"The captain of the *Jean Guiton* knew all about the affair, having been summoned with his boat to assist in the attempts at salvage.

"He told me the story of the disaster. The *Marie Joseph*, driven by a furious gale, lost her bearings completely in the night, and steering by chance over a heavy foaming sea—'a milk-soup sea,' said the captain—had gone ashore on those immense banks of sand which make the coasts of this country seem like limitless Saharas at hours when the tide is low.

"While talking I looked around and ahead. Between the ocean and the lowering sky lay a free space where the eye could see far. We were following a coast. I asked:

"'Is that the island of Ré?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And suddenly the captain stretched his right hand out before us, pointed to something almost invisible in the middle of the sea, and said:

"'There's your ship!'

"'The *Marie Joseph?*'

"'Yes.'

"I was stupefied. This black, almost imperceptible speck, which looked to me like a rock, seemed at least three miles from land.

"I continued:

"'But, captain, there must be a hundred fathoms of water in that place.'

"He began to laugh.

"'A hundred fathoms, my child! Well, I should say about two!'

"He was from Bordeaux. He continued:

"'It's now nine-forty, just high tide. Go down along the beach with your hands in your pockets after you've had lunch at the Hôtel du Dauphin, and I'll wager that at ten minutes to three, or three o'clock, you'll reach the wreck without wetting your feet, and have from an hour and three quarters to two hours aboard of her; but not more, or you'll be caught. The faster the sea goes out the faster it comes back. This coast is as flat as a turtle! But start away at ten minutes to five, as I tell you, and at half-past seven you will be aboard of the *Jean Guiton* again, which will put you down this same evening on the quay at La Rochelle.'

"I thanked the captain, and I went and sat down in the bow of the steamer to get a good look at the little city of Saint-Martin, which we were now rapidly drawing near.

"It was just like all small seaports which serve as the capitals of the barren islands scattered along the coast—a large fishing village, one foot on sea and one on shore, living on fish and wild-fowl, vegetables and shell-fish, radishes and mussels. The island is very low, and little cultivated, yet it seems to be thickly populated. However, I did not penetrate into the interior.

"After breakfast I climbed across a little promontory, and then, as the tide was rapidly falling, I started out across the sands toward a kind of black rock which I could just perceive above the surface of the water, out a considerable distance.

"I walked quickly over the yellow plain; it was elastic, like flesh, and seemed to sweat beneath my foot. The sea had been there very lately; now I perceived it at a distance, escaping out of sight, and I no longer could distinguish the line which separated the sands from ocean. I felt as though I were assisting at a gigantic supernatural work of enchantment. The Atlantic had just now been before me, then it had disappeared into the strand, just as does scenery through a trap; and I now walked in the midst of a desert. Only the feeling, the breath of the salt-water, remained in me. I perceived the smell of the wreck, the smell of the wide sea, the good smell of sea-coasts. I walked fast; I was no longer cold; I looked at the stranded wreck, which grew in size as I approached, and came now to resemble an enormous shipwrecked whale.

"It seemed fairly to rise out of the ground, and on that great, flat, yellow stretch of sand assumed wonderful proportions. After an hour's walk I at last reached it. Bulging out and crushed, it lay upon its side, which, like the flanks of an animal, displayed its broken bones, its bones of tarry wood pierced with great bolts. The sand had already invaded it, entering it by all the crannies, and held it, and refused to let it go. It seemed to have taken root in it. The bow had entered deep into this soft, treacherous beach; while the stern, high in air, seemed to cast at heaven, like a cry of despairing appeal, the two white words on the black planking, *Marie Joseph.*

"I climbed upon this carcass of a ship

by the lowest side; then, having reached the deck, I went below. The daylight, which entered by the stove-in hatches and the cracks in the sides, showed me a long somber cellar full of demolished woodwork. There was nothing here but the sand, which served as foot-soil in this cavern of planks.

"I began to take some notes about the condition of the ship. I was seated on a broken empty cask, writing by the light of a great crack, through which I could perceive the boundless stretch of the strand. A strange shivering of cold and loneliness ran over my skin from time to time; and I would often stop writing for a moment to listen to the mysterious noises: the noise of the crabs scratching the planking with their crooked claws; the noise of a thousand little creatures of the sea already crawling over this dead body.

"Suddenly, very near me, I heard human voices; I started as though I had seen a ghost. For a second I really thought I was about to see drowned men rise from the sinister depths of the hold, who would tell me about their death. At any rate, it did not take me long to swing myself on deck. There, below the bow, I found standing a tall Englishman with three young girls. Certainly, they were a good deal more frightened at seeing this sudden apparition on the abandoned three-master than I had been at seeing them. The youngest girl turned round and ran; the two others caught their father by the arms; as for him, he opened his mouth—that was the only sign of his emotion which he showed.

"Then, after several seconds, he spoke:

"'Môsieu, are you the owner of this ship?'

"'I am.'

"'May I go over it?'

"'You may.'

"Then he uttered a long sentence in English, in which I only distinguished the word 'gracious,' repeated several times.

"As he was looking for a place to climb up, I showed him the best, and gave him a hand. He ascended. Then we helped up the three little girls, who had now quite recovered their composure. They were charming, especially the oldest, a blonde of eighteen, fresh as a flower, and very dainty and pretty! Ah yes! the pretty Englishwomen have indeed the look of tender fruits of the sea. One would have said of this one that she had just risen from the sands and that her hair had kept their tint. They all, with their exquisite freshness, make you think of the delicate colours of pink sea-shells, and of shining pearls hidden in the unknown depths of the ocean.

"She spoke French a little better than her father, and she acted as interpreter. I must tell all about the shipwreck, and I romanced as though I had been present at the catastrophe. Then the whole family descended into the interior of the wreck. As soon as they had penetrated into this somber, dim-lit gallery, they uttered cries of astonishment and admiration. Suddenly the father and his three daughters were holding sketch-books in their hands, which they had doubtless carried hidden somewhere in their heavy weather-proof clothes, and were all beginning at once to make pencil sketches of the melancholy and fantastic place.

"They had seated themselves side by side on a projecting beam, and the four sketch-books on the eight knees were being rapidly covered with little black lines which were intended to represent the half-opened hulk of the *Marie Joseph*.

"I continued to inspect the skeleton of the ship, and the oldest girl talked to me while she worked.

"They had none of the usual English arrogance; they were simple, honest hearts of that class of constant travelers with which England covers the globe. The father was long and thin, with a red face framed in white whiskers, and looking like a living sandwich, placed between two wedges of hair. The daughters, like little wading-birds in embryo, had long legs and were also thin—except the oldest. All three were pretty, especially the tallest.

"She had such a droll way of speaking, of laughing, of understanding and of not understanding, of raising her eyes to ask a question (eyes blue as the deep ocean), of stopping her drawing a moment to make a guess at what you meant, of returning once more to work, of saying 'yes' or 'no'—that I could have listened and looked indefinitely.

"Suddenly she murmured:

"'I hear a little movement on this boat.'

"I lent an ear; and I immediately distinguished a low, steady, curious sound. I rose and looked out of the crack, and I uttered a violent cry. The sea had come back; it had already surrounded us!

"We were on deck in an instant. It was too late. The water circled us about, and was running toward the coast with awful swiftness. No, it did not run, it raced, it grew longer, like a kind of great limitless blot. The water on the sands was barely

a few centimeters deep; but the rising flood had gone so far that we no longer saw the flying line of its edge.

"The Englishman wanted to jump. I held him back. Flight was impossible because of the deep places which we had been obliged to go round on our way out, and through which we could not pass on our return.

"There was a minute of horrible anguish in our hearts. Then the little English girl began to smile, and murmured:

"'So we too are shipwrecked.'

"I tried to laugh; but fear caught me tight, a fear which was cowardly and horrid and base and mean, like the tide. All the dangers which we ran appeared to me at once. I wanted to shriek, 'Help!' But to whom?

"The two younger girls were clinging to their father, who regarded, with a look of consternation, the measureless sea which hedged us round about.

"The night fell as swiftly as the ocean rose—a lowering, wet, icy night.

"I said:

"'There's nothing to do but to stay on the ship.'

"The Englishman answered:

"'Oh, yes!'

"And we waited there a quarter of an hour, half an hour, indeed I don't know how long, watching that creeping water which grew deep about us, whirled round and round the wreck.

"One of the little girls was cold, and we went below to shelter ourselves from the light but freezing wind which blew upon us and pricked our skins.

"I leaned over the hatchway. The ship was full of water. So we must cower against the stern planking, which shielded us a little.

"The shades were now enwrapping us, and we remained pressed close to one another. I felt trembling against my shoulder the shoulder of the little English girl, whose teeth chattered from time to time. But I also felt the gentle warmth of her body through her ulster, and that warmth was as delicious to me as a kiss. We no longer spoke; we sat motionless, mute, cowering down like animals in a ditch when a hurricane is raging. And, nevertheless, despite the night, despite the terrible and increasing danger, I began to feel happy that I was there, glad of the cold and the peril, to rejoice in the long hours of darkness and anguish which I must pass on this plank so near this dainty and pretty little girl.

"I asked myself, 'Why this strange sensation of well-being and of joy?'

"Why! Does one know? Because she was there? Who? She, a little unknown English girl? I did not love her, I did not even know her. And for all that I was touched and conquered. I wanted to save her, to sacrifice myself for her, to commit a thousand follies! Strange thing! How does it happen that the presence of a woman overwhelms us so? Is it the power of her grace which infolds us? Is it the seduction in her beauty and youth, which intoxicates one like wine?

"Is it not rather the touch of Love, of Love the Mysterious, who seeks constantly to unite two beings, who tries his strength the instant he has put a man and a woman face to face.

"The silence of the shades and of the sky became dreadful, because we could thus hear vaguely about us an infinite low roar, the dull sound of the rising sea, and the monotonous dashing of the waves against the ship.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of sobs. The youngest of the little girls was crying. Her father tried to console her, and they began to talk in their own tongue, which I did not understand. I guessed that he was reassuring her, and that she was still afraid.

"I asked my neighbour:

"'You are not too cold, are you, Mademoiselle?'

"'Oh, yes. I am very cold.'

"I offered to give her my cloak; she refused it. But I had taken it off, and I covered her with it against her will. In the short struggle her hand touched mine. It made a charming shiver run over my body.

"For some minutes the air had been growing brisker, the dashing of the water stronger against the flanks of the ship. I raised myself; a great gust of wind blew in my face. The wind was rising!

"The Englishman perceived this at the same time that I did, and said, simply:

"'This is bad for us, this——'

"Of course it was bad, it was certain death if any breakers, however feeble, should attack and shake the wreck, which was already so loose and broken that the first big sea would carry it off.

"So our anguish increased momentarily as the squalls grew stronger and stronger. Now the sea broke a little, and I saw in the darkness white lines appearing and disappearing, which were lines of foam; while each wave struck the *Marie Joseph*, and

shook her with a short quiver which rose to our hearts.

"The English girl was trembling; I felt her shiver against me. And I had a wild desire to take her in my arms.

"Down there before and behind us, to left and right, light-houses were shining along the shore—light-houses white and yellow and red, revolving like the enormous eyes of giants who were staring at us, watching us, waiting eagerly for us to disappear. One of them in especial irritated me. It went out every thirty seconds and it lit up again as soon. It was indeed an eye, that one, with its lid ceaselessly lowered over its fiery look.

"From time to time the Englishman struck a match to see the hour; then he put his watch back in his pocket. Suddenly he said to me, over the heads of his daughters, with a gravity which was awful:

"'I wish you a Happy New Year, Mŏsieu.'

"It was midnight. I held out my hand, which he pressed. Then he said something in English, and suddenly he and his daughters began to sing 'God Save the Queen,' which rose through the black and silent air and vanished into space.

"At first I felt a desire to laugh; then I was seized by a strong, fantastic emotion.

"It was something sinister and superb, this chant of the shipwrecked, the condemned, something like a prayer, and also something grander, something comparable to the ancient '*Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus.*'

"When they had finished I asked my neighbour to sing a ballad alone, anything she liked, to make us forget our terrors. She consented, and immediately her clear young voice rang out into the night. She sang something which was doubtless sad, because the notes were long drawn out, and hovered, like wounded birds, above the waves.

"The sea was rising now and beating upon our wreck. As for me, I thought only of that voice. And I thought also of the sirens. If a ship had passed near by us what would the sailors have said? My troubled spirit lost itself in the dream! A siren! Was she not really a siren, this daughter of the sea, who had kept me on this worm-eaten ship, and who was soon about to go down with me deep into the waters?

"But suddenly we were all five rolling on the deck, because the *Marie Joseph* had sunk on her right side. The English girl had fallen upon me, and before I knew what I was doing, thinking that my last moment was come, I had caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, her temple, and her hair.

"The ship did not move again, and we, we also, remained motionless.

"The father said, 'Kate!' The one whom I was holding answered, 'Yes,' and made a movement to free herself. And at that moment I should have wished the ship to split in two and let me fall with her into the sea.

"The Englishman continued:

"'A little rocking; it's nothing. I have my three daughters safe.'

"Not having seen the oldest, he had thought she was lost overboard!

"I rose slowly, and suddenly I made out a light on the sea quite near us. I shouted; they answered. It was a boat sent out in search of us by the hotel-keeper, who had guessed at our imprudence.

"We were saved. I was in despair. They picked us up off our raft, and they brought us back to Saint-Martin.

"The Englishman began to rub his hand and murmur:

"'A good supper! A good supper!'

"We did sup. I was not gay. I regretted the *Marie Joseph.*

"We had to separate the next day after much handshaking and many promises to write. They departed for Biarritz. I wanted to follow them.

"I was hard hit; I wanted to ask this little girl to marry me. If we had passed eight days together, I should have done so! How weak and incomprehensible a man sometimes is!

"Two years passed without my hearing a word from them. Then I received a letter from New York. She was married, and wrote to tell me. And since then we write to each other every year, on New Year's Day. She tells me about her life, talks of her children, her sisters, never of her husband! Why? Ah! why . . . And as for me, I only talk of the *Marie Joseph.* That was perhaps the only woman I have ever loved. No—that I ever should have loved. . . . Ah, well! who can tell? Facts master you. . . . And then—and then—all passes. . . . She must be old now; I should not know her. . . . Ah! she of the by-gone time, she of the wreck! What a creature! . . . Divine! She writes me her hair is white. . . . That caused me terrible pain. . . Ah! her yellow hair. . . . No, *my* English girl exists no longer. . . . They are sad, such things as that!"

The God of His Fathers

By JACK LONDON

Jack London

IN EVERY hand stretched the forest primeval,—the home of noisy comedy and silent tragedy. Here the struggle for survival continued to wage with all its ancient brutality. Briton and Russian were still to overlap in the Land of the Rainbow's End—and this was the very heart of it—nor had Yankee gold yet purchased its vast domain. The wolf-pack still clung to the flank of the caribou-herd, singling out the weak and the big with calf, and pulling them down as remorselessly as were it a thousand, thousand generations into the past. The sparse aborigines still acknowledged the rule of their chiefs and medicine men, drove out bad spirits, burned their witches, fought their neighbours, and ate their enemies with a relish which spoke well of their bellies. But it was at the moment when the stone age was drawing to a close. Already, over unknown trails and chartless wildernesses, were the harbingers of the steel arriving,—fair-faced, blue-eyed, indomitable men, incarnations of the unrest of their race. By accident or design, single-handed and in twos and threes, they came from no one knew whither, and fought, or died, or passed on, no one knew whence. The priests raged against them, the chiefs called forth their fighting men, and stone clashed with steel; but to little purpose. Like water seeping from some mighty reservoir, they trickled through the dark forests and mountain passes, threading the highways in bark canoes, or with their moccasined feet breaking trail for the wolf-dogs. They came of a great breed, and their mothers were many; but the fur-clad denizens of the Northland had this yet to learn. So many an unsung wanderer fought his last and died under the cold fire of the aurora, as did his brothers in burning sands and reeking jungles, and as they shall continue to do till in the fulness of time the destiny of their race be achieved.

It was near twelve. Along the Northern horizon a rosy glow, fading to the West and deepening to the East, marked the unseen dip of the midnight sun. The gloaming and the dawn were so commingled that there was no night,—simply a wedding of day with day, a scarcely perceptible blending of two circles of the sun. A kildee timidly chirped good-night; the full, rich throat of a robin proclaimed good-morrow. From an island on the breast of the Yukon a colony of wild fowl voiced its interminable wrongs, while a loon laughed mockingly back across a still stretch of river.

In the foreground, against the bank of a lazy eddy, birch-bark canoes were lined two and three deep. Ivory-bladed spears, bone-barbed arrows, buckskin-thonged bows, and simple basket-woven traps bespoke the fact that in the muddy current of the river the salmon-run was on. In the background, from the tangle of skin tents and drying frames, rose the voices of the fisher folk. Bucks skylarked with bucks or flirted with the maidens, while the older squaws, shut out from this by the virtue of having fulfilled the end of their existence in reproduction, gossiped as they braided rope from the green roots of trailing vines. At their feet their naked progeny played and squabbled, or rolled in the muck with the tawny wolf-dogs.

To one side of the encampment, and conspicuously apart from it, stood a second camp of two tents. But it was a white man's camp. If nothing else, the choice of position at least bore convincing evidence of this. In case of offense, it commanded

the Indian quarters a hundred yards away; of defence, a rise to the ground and the cleared intervening space; and last, of defeat, the swift slope of a score of yards to the canoes below. From one of the tents came the petulant cry of a sick child and the crooning song of a mother. In the open, over the smouldering embers of a fire, two men held talk.

"Eh? I love the church like a good son. *Bien!* So great a love that my days have been spent in fleeing away from her, and my nights in dreaming dreams of reckoning. Look you!" The half-breed's voice rose to an angry snarl. "I am Red River born. My father was white—as white as you. But you are Yankee, and he was British bred, and a gentleman's son. And my mother was the daughter of a chief, and I was a man. Ay, and one had to look the second time to see what manner of blood ran in my veins; for I lived with the whites, and was one of them, and my father's heart beat in me. It happened there was a maiden—white—who looked on me with kind eyes. Her father had much land and many horses; also he was a big man among his people, and his blood was the blood of the French. He said the girl knew not her own mind, and talked overmuch with her, and became wroth that such things should be.

"But she knew her mind, for we came quick before the priest. And quicker had come her father, with lying words, false promises, I know not what; so that the priest stiffened his neck and would not make us that we might live one with the other. As at the beginning it was the church which would not bless my birth, so now it was the church which refused me marriage, and put the blood of men upon my hands. *Bien!* Thus have I cause to love the church.

I struck the priest on his woman's mouth, and we took swift horses, the girl and I, to Fort Pierre, where was a minister of good heart. But hot on our trail was her father, and brothers, and other men he had gathered to him. And we fought, our horses on the run, till I emptied three saddles and the rest drew off and went on to Fort Pierre. Then we took east, the girl and I, to the hills and forests, and we lived one with the other, and we were not married,—the work of the good church which I love like a son.

"But mark you, for this is the strangeness of woman, the way of which no man may understand. One of the saddles I emptied was that of her father, and the hoofs of those who came behind had pounded him into the earth. This we saw, the girl and I, and this I had forgot had she not remembered. And in the quiet of the evening, after the day's hunt was done, it came between us, and in the silence of the night, when we lay beneath the stars and should have been one. It was there always. She never spoke, but it sat by our fire and held us ever apart. She tried to put it aside, but at such times it would rise up till I could read it in the look of her eyes, in the very in-take of her breath.

"So in the end she bore me a child, a woman-child, and died. Then I went among my mother's people, that it might nurse at a warm breast and live. But my hands were wet with the blood of men, look you, because of the church, wet with the blood of men. And the Riders of the North came for me, but my mother's brother, who was then chief in his own right, hid me and gave me horses and food. And we went away, my woman-child and I, even to the Hudson Bay Country, where white men were few and the questions they asked not many. And I worked for the company as a hunter, as a guide, as a driver of dogs, till my woman-child was become a woman, tall, and slender, and fair to the eye.

"You know the winter, long and lonely, breeding evil thoughts and bad deeds. The Chief Factor was a hard man, and bold. And he was not such that a woman would delight in looking upon. But he cast eyes upon my woman-child who was become a woman. Mother of God! he sent me away on a long trip with the dogs, that he might—you understand, he was a hard man and without heart. She was most white, and her soul was white, and a good woman, and—well, she died.

"It was bitter cold the night of my return, and I had been away months, and the dogs were limping sore when I came to the fort. The Indians and breeds looked on me in silence, and I felt the fear of I knew not what, but I said nothing till the dogs were fed and I had eaten as a man with work before him should. Then I spoke up, demanding the word, and they shrank from me, afraid of my anger and what I should do; but the story came out, the pitiful story, word for word and act for act, and they marvelled that I should be so quiet.

"When they had done I went to the Factor's house, calmer than now in the telling of it. He had been afraid and called upon the breeds to help him; but they were not pleased with the deed, and had left him to lie on the bed he had made. So he

had fled to the house of the priest. Thither I followed. But when I was come to that place, the priest stood in my way, and spoke soft words, and said a man in anger should go neither to the right nor left, but straight to God. I asked by the right of a father's wrath that he give me past, but he said only over his body, and besought with me to pray. Look you, it was the church, always the church; for I passed over his body and sent the Factor to meet my woman-child before his god, which is a bad god, and the god of the white men.

"Then was there hue and cry, for word was sent to the station below, and I came away. Through the Land of the Great Slave, down the Valley of the Mackenzie to the never-opening ice, over the White Rockies, past the Great Curve of the Yukon, even to this place did I come. And from that day to this, yours is the first face of my father's people I have looked upon. May it be the last! These people, which are my people, are a simple folk, and I have been raised to honour among them. My word is their law, and their priests but do my bidding, else would I not suffer them. When I speak for them I speak for myself. We ask to be let alone. We do not want your kind. If we permit you to sit by our fires, after you will come your church, your priests, and your gods. And know this, for each white man who comes to my village, him will I make deny his god. You are the first, and I give you grace. So it were well you go, and go quickly."

"I am not responsible for my brothers," the second man spoke up, filling his pipe in a meditative manner. Hay Stockard was at times as thoughtful of speech as he was wanton of action; but only at times.

"But I know your breed," responded the other. "Your brothers are many, and it is you and yours who break the trail for them to follow. In time they shall come to possess the land, but not in my time. Already, have I heard, are they on the headreaches of the Great River, and far away below are the Russians."

Hay Stockard lifted his head with a quick start. This was startling geographical information. The Hudson Bay post at Fort Yukon had other notions concerning the course of the river, believing it to flow into the Arctic.

"Then the Yukon empties into Bering Sea?" he asked.

"I do not know, but below there are Russians, many Russians. Which is neither here nor there. You may go and see for yourself; you may go back to your brothers; but up the Koyukuk you shall not go while the priests and fighting men do my bidding. Thus do I command, I, Baptiste the Red, whose word is law and who am head man over this people."

"And should I not go down to the Russians, or back to my brothers?"

"Then shall you go swift-footed before your god, which is a bad god, and the god of the white men."

The red sun shot up above the northern skyline, dripping and bloody. Baptiste the Red came to his feet, nodded curtly, and went back to his camp amid the crimson shadows and the singing of the robins.

Hay Stockard finished his pipe by the fire, picturing in smoke and coal the unknown upper reaches of the Koyukuk, the strange stream which ended here its arctic travels and merged its waters with the muddy Yukon flood. Somewhere up there, if the dying words of a ship-wrecked sailorman who had made the fearful overland journey were to be believed, and if the vial of golden grains in his pouch attested anything,—somewhere up there, in that home of winter, stood the Treasure House of the North. And as keeper of the gate, Baptiste the Red, English half-breed and renegade, barred the way.

"Bah!" He kicked the embers apart and rose to his full height, arms lazily outstretched, facing the flushing north with careless soul.

II

Hay Stockard swore, harshly, in the rugged monosyllables of his mother tongue. His wife lifted her gaze from the pots and pans, and followed his in a keen scrutiny of the river. She was a woman of the Teslin Country, wise in the ways of her husband's vernacular when it grew intensive. From the slipping of a snowshoe thong to the forefront of sudden death, she could gauge occasion by the pitch and volume of his blasphemy. So she knew the present occasion merited attention. A long canoe, with paddles flashing back the rays of the westering sun, was crossing the current from above and urging in for the eddy. Hay Stockard watched it intently. Three men rose and dipped, rose and dipped, in rhythmical precision; but a red bandanna, wrapped about the head of one, caught and held his eye.

"Bill!" he called. "Oh, Bill!"

A shambling, loose-jointed giant rolled

out of one of the tents, yawning and rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Then he sighted the strange canoe and was wide awake on the instant.

"By the jumping Methuselah! That damned sky-pilot!"

Hay Stockard nodded his head bitterly, half-reached for his rifle, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Pot-shot him," Bill suggested, "and settle the thing out of hand. He'll spoil us sure if we don't." But the other declined this drastic measure and turned away, at the same time bidding the woman return to her work, and calling Bill back from the bank. The two Indians in the canoe moored it on the edge of the eddy, while its white occupant, conspicuous by his gorgeous head-gear, came up the bank.

"Like Paul of Tarsus, I give you greeting. Peace be unto you and grace before the Lord."

His advances were met sullenly, and without speech.

"To you, Hay Stockard, blasphemer and Philistine, greeting. In your heart is the lust of Mammon, in your mind cunning devils, in your tent this woman whom you live with in adultery; yet of these divers sins, even here in the wilderness, I, Sturges Owen, apostle to the Lord, bid you to repent and cast from you your iniquities."

"Save your cant! Save your cant!" Hay Stockard broke in testily. "You'll need all you've got, and more, for Red Baptiste over yonder."

He waved his hand toward the Indian camp, where the half-breed was looking steadily across, striving to make out the new-comers. Sturges Owen, disseminator of light and apostle to the Lord, stepped to the edge of the steep and commanded his men to bring up the camp outfit. Stockard followed him.

"Look here," he demanded, plucking the missionary by the shoulder and twirling him about. "Do you value your hide?"

"My life is in the Lord's keeping, and I do but work in His vineyard," he replied solemnly.

"Oh, stow that! Are you looking for a job of martyrship?"

"If He so wills."

"Well, you'll find it right here, but I'm going to give you some advice first. Take it or leave it. If you stop here, you'll be cut off in the midst of your labours. And not you alone, but your men, Bill, my wife—"

"Who is a daughter of Belial and hearkeneth not to the true Gospel."

"And myself. Not only do you bring trouble upon yourself, but upon us. I was frozen in with you last winter, as you will well recollect, and I know you for a good man and a fool. If you think it your duty to strive with the heathen, well and good; but do exercise some wit in the way you go about it. This man, Red Baptiste, is no Indian. He comes of our common stock, is as bull-necked as I ever dared be, and as wild a fanatic the one way as you are the other. When you two come together, hell'll be to pay, and I don't care to be mixed up in it. Understand? So take my advice and go away. If you go down-stream, you'll fall in with the Russians. There's bound to be Greek priests among them, and they'll see you safe through to Bering Sea,—that's where the Yukon empties,—and from there it won't be hard to get back to civilization. Take my word for it and get out of here as fast as God'll let you."

"He who carries the Lord in his heart and the Gospel in his hand hath no fear of the machinations of man or devil," the missionary answered stoutly. "I will see this man and wrestle with him. One backslider returned to the fold is a greater victory than a thousand heathen. He who is strong for evil can be as mighty for good, witness Saul when he journeyed up to Damascus to bring Christian captives to Jerusalem. And the voice of the Saviour came to him, crying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' And therewith Paul arrayed himself on the side of the Lord, and thereafter was most mighty in the saving of souls. And even as thou, Paul of Tarsus, even so do I work in the vineyard of the Lord, bearing trials and tribulations, scoffs and sneers, stripes and punishments, for His dear sake.

"Bring up the little bag with the tea and a kettle of water," he called the next instant to his boatmen; "not forgetting the haunch of caribou and the mixing-pan."

When his men, converts by his own hand, had gained the bank, the trio fell to their knees, hands and backs burdened with camp equipage, and offered up thanks for their passage through the wilderness and their safe arrival. Hay Stockard looked upon the function with sneering disapproval, the romance and solemnity of it lost to his matter-of-fact soul. Baptiste the Red, still gazing across, recognized the familiar postures, and remembered the girl who had shared his star-roofed couch in the hills and forests, and the woman-child who lay somewhere by bleak Hudson's Bay.

III

"CONFOUND it, Baptiste, couldn't think of it. Not for a moment. Grant that this man is a fool and of small use in the nature of things, but still, you know, I can't give him up."

Hay Stockard paused, striving to put into speech the rude ethics of his heart.

"He's worried me, Baptiste, in the past and now, and caused me all manner of troubles; but can't you see, he's my own breed—white—and—and—why, I couldn't buy my life with his, not if he was a nigger."

"So be it," Baptiste the Red made answer. "I have given you grace and choice. I shall come presently, with my priests and fighting men, and either shall I kill you, or you deny your god. Give up the priest to my pleasure, and you shall depart in peace. Otherwise your trail ends here. My people are against you to the babies. Even now have the children stolen away your canoes." He pointed down to the river. Naked boys had slipped down the water from the point above, cast loose the canoes, and by then had worked them into the current. When they had drifted out of rifle-shot they clambered over the sides and paddled ashore.

"Give me the priest, and you may have them back again. Come! Speak your mind, but without haste."

Stockard shook his head. His glance dropped to the woman of the Teslin Country with his boy at her breast, and he would have wavered had he not lifted his eyes to the men before him.

"I am not afraid," Sturges Owen spoke up. "The Lord bears me in His right hand, and alone am I ready to go into the camp of the unbeliever. It is not too late. Faith may move mountains. Even in the eleventh hour may I win his soul to the true righteousness."

"Trip the beggar up and make him fast," Bill whispered hoarsely in the ear of his leader, while the missionary kept the floor and wrestled with the heathen. "Make him hostage, and bore him if they get ugly."

"No," Stockard answered. "I gave him my word that he could speak with us unmolested. Rules of warfare, Bill; rules of warfare. He's been on the square, given us warning, and all that, and—why, damn it, man, I can't break my word!"

"He'll keep his, never fear."

"Don't doubt it, but I won't let a half-breed outdo me in fair dealing. Why not do what he wants,—give him the missionary and be done with it?"

"N-no," Bill hesitated doubtfully.

"Shoe pinches, eh?"

Bill flushed a little and dropped the discussion. Baptiste the Red was still waiting the final decision. Stockard went up to him.

"It's this way, Baptiste. I came to your village minded to go up to the Koyukuk. I intended no wrong. My heart was clean of evil. It is still clean. Along comes this priest, as you call him. I didn't bring him here. He'd have come whether I was here or not. But now that he is here, being of my people, I've got to stand by him. And I'm going to. Further, it will be no child's play. When you have done, your village will be silent and empty, your people wasted as after a famine. True, we will be gone; likewise the pick of your fighting men——"

"But those who remain shall be in peace, nor shall the word of strange gods and the tongues of strange priests be buzzing in their ears."

Both men shrugged their shoulders and turned away, the half-breed going back to his own camp. The missionary called his two men to him, and they fell into prayer. Stockard and Bill attacked the few standing pines with their axes, felling them into convenient breastworks. The child had fallen asleep, so the woman placed it on a heap of furs and lent a hand in fortifying the camp. Three sides were thus defended, the steep declivity at the road precluding attack from that direction. When these arrangements had been completed, the two men stalked into the open, clearing away, here and there, the scattered underbrush. From the opposing camp came the booming of war-drums and the voices of the priests stirring the people to anger.

"Worst of it is they'll come in rushes," Bill complained as they walked back with shouldered axes.

"And wait till midnight, when the light gets dim for shooting."

"Can't start the ball a-rolling too early, then." Bill exchanged the axe for a rifle and took a careful rest. One of the medicine men, towering above his tribesmen, stood out distinctly. Bill drew a bead on him.

"All ready?" he asked.

Stockard opened the ammunition box, placed the woman where she could reload in safety, and gave the word. The medicine-man dropped. For a moment there was silence, then a wild howl went up and a flight of bone arrows fell short.

"I'd like to take a look at the beggar," Bill remarked, throwing a fresh shell into place. "I'll swear I drilled him clean between the eyes."

"Didn't work." Stockard shook his head gloomily. Baptiste had evidently quelled the more war-like of his followers, and instead of precipitating an attack in the bright light of day, the shot had caused a hasty exodus, the Indians drawing out of the village beyond the zone of fire.

In the full tide of his proselyting fervour, borne along by the hand of God, Sturges Owen would have ventured alone into the camp of the unbeliever, equally prepared for miracle or martyrdom; but in the waiting which ensued, the fever of conviction died away gradually, as the natural man asserted itself. Physical fear replaced spiritual hope; the love of life, the love of God. It was no new experience. He could feel his weakness coming on, and knew it of old time. He had struggled against it and been overcome by it before. He remembered when the other men had driven their paddles like mad in the van of a roaring ice-flood, how, at the critical moment, in a panic of worldly terror, he had dropped his paddle and besought wildly with his God for pity. And there were other times. The recollection was not pleasant. It brought shame to him that his spirit should be so strong and his flesh so weak. But the love of life! the love of life! He could not strip it from him. Because of it had his dim ancestors perpetuated their line; because of it was he destined to perpetuate his. His courage, if courage it might be called, was bred of fanaticism. The courage of Stockard and Bill was the adherence to deep-rooted ideals. Not that the love of life was less, but the love of race tradition more; not that they were unafraid to die, but that they were brave enough not to live at the price of shame.

The missionary rose, for the moment swayed by the mood of sacrifice. He half crawled over the barricade to proceed to the other camp, but sank back, a trembling mass, wailing: "As the spirit moves! As the spirit moves! Who am I that I should set aside the judgments of God? Before the foundations of the world were all things written in the book of life. Worm that I am, shall I erase the page or any portion thereof? As God wills, so shall the spirit move!"

Bill reached over, plucked him to his feet, and shook him, fiercely, silently. Then he dropped the bundle of quivering nerves and turned his attention to the two converts. But they showed little fright and a cheerful alacrity in preparing for the coming passage at arms.

Stockard, who had been talking in undertones with the Teslin woman, now turned to the missionary.

"Fetch him over here," he commanded of Bill.

"Now," he ordered, when Sturges Owen had been duly deposited before him, "make us man and wife, and be lively about it." Then he added apologetically to Bill: "No telling how it's to end, so I just thought I'd get my affairs straightened up."

The woman obeyed the behest of her white lord. To her the ceremony was meaningless. By her lights she was his wife, and had been from the day they first foregathered. The converts served as witnesses. Bill stood over the minister, prompting him when he stumbled. Stockard put the responses in the woman's mouth, and when the time came, for want of better, ringed her finger with thumb and forefinger of his own."

"Kiss the bride!" Bill thundered, and Sturges Owen was too weak to disobey.

"Now baptize the child!"

"Neat and tidy," Bill commented.

"Gathering the proper outfit for a new trail," the father explained, taking the boy from the mother's arms. "I was grubstaked, once, into the Cascades, and had everything in the kit except salt. Never shall forget it. And if the woman and the kid cross the divide to-night they might as well be prepared for pot-luck. A long shot, Bill, between ourselves, but nothing lost if it misses."

A cup of water served the purpose, and the child was laid away in a secure corner of the barricade. The men built the fire, and the evening meal was cooked.

The sun hurried round to the north, sinking closer to the horizon. The heavens in that quarter grew red and bloody. The shadows lengthened, the light dimmed, and in the somber recesses of the forest life slowly died away. Even the wild fowl in the river softened their raucous chatter and feigned the nightly farce of going to bed. Only the tribesmen increased their clamour, war-drums booming and voices raised in savage folk-songs. But as the sun dipped they ceased their tumult. The rounded hush of midnight was complete. Stockard rose to his knees and peered over the logs. Once the child wailed in pain and disconcerted him. The mother bent over it, but

it slept again. The silence was interminable, profound. Then, of a sudden, the robins burst into full-throated song. The night had passed.

A flood of dark figures boiled across the open. Arrows whistled and bow-thongs sang. The shrill-tongued rifles answered back. A spear, and a mighty cast, transfixed the Teslin woman as she hovered above the child. A spent arrow, diving between the logs, lodged in the missionary's arm.

There was no stopping the rush. The middle distance was cumbered with bodies, but the rest surged on, breaking against and over the barricade like an ocean wave. Sturges Owen fled to the tent, while the men were swept from their feet, buried beneath the human tide. Hay Stockard alone regained the surface, flinging the tribesmen aside like yelping curs. He had managed to seize an axe. A dark hand grasped the child by a naked foot, and drew it from beneath its mother. At arm's length its puny body circled through the air, dashing to death against the logs. Stockard clove the man to the chin and fell to clearing space. The ring of savage faces closed in, raining upon him spear-thrusts and bone-barbed arrows. The sun shot up, and they swayed back and forth in the crimson shadows. Twice, with his axe blocked by too deep a blow, they rushed him; but each time he flung them clear. They fell underfoot and he trampled dead and dying, the way slippery with blood. And still the day brightened and the robins sang. Then they drew back from him in awe, and he leaned breathless upon his axe.

"Blood of my soul!" cried Baptiste the Red. "But thou art a man. Deny thy god, and thou shalt yet live."

Stockard swore his refusal, feebly but with grace.

"Behold! A woman!" Sturges Owen had been brought before the half-breed.

Beyond a scratch on the arm, he was uninjured, but his eyes roved about him in an ecstasy of fear. The heroic figure of the blasphemer, bristling with wounds and arrows, leaning defiantly upon his axe, indifferent, indomitable, superb, caught his wavering vision. And he felt a great envy of the man who could go down serenely to the dark gates of death. Surely Christ, and not he, Sturges Owen, had been moulded in such manner. And why not he? He felt dimly the curse of ancestry, the feebleness of spirit which had come down to him out of the past, and he felt an anger at the creative force, symbolize it as he would, which had formed him, its servant, so weakly. For even a stronger man, this anger and the stress of circumstances were sufficient to breed apostasy, and for Sturges Owen it was inevitable. In the fear of man's anger he would dare the wrath of God. He had been raised up to serve the Lord only that he might be cast down. He had been given faith without the strength of faith; he had been given spirit wi hout the power of spirit. It was unjust. "Where now is thy god?" the half-breed demanded.

"I do not know." He stood straight and rigid, like a child repeating a catechism.

"Hast thou then a god at all?"

"I had."

"And now?"

"No."

Hay Stockard swept the blood from his eyes and laughed. The missionary looked at him curiously, as in a dream. A feeling of infinite distance came over him, as though of a great remove. In that which had transpired, and which was to transpire, he had no part. He was a spectator—at a distance, yes, at a distance. The words of Baptiste came to him faintly:—

"Very good. See that this man go free, and that no harm befall him. Let him depart in peace. Give him a canoe and food. Set his face toward the Russians, that he may tell their priests of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there is no god."

They led him to the edge of the steep, where they paused to witness the final tragedy. The half-breed turned to Hay Stockard.

"There is no god," he prompted.

The man laughed in reply. One of the young men poised a war-spear for the cast.

"Hast thou a god?"

"Ay, the God of my fathers."

He shifted the axe for a better grip. Baptiste the Red gave the sign, and the spear hurtled full against his breast. Sturges Owen saw the ivory head stand out behind his back, saw the man sway, laughing, and snap the shaft short as he fell upon it. Then he went down to the river, that he might carry to the Russians the message of Baptiste the Red, in whose country there was no god.

On Speaking French

By MAX BEERBOHM

WHEREVER two Englishmen are speaking French to a Frenchman you may safely diagnose in the breast of one of the two humiliation, envy, ill-will, impotent rage, and a dull yearning for vengeance; and you can take it that the degree of these emotions is in exact ratio to the superiority of the other man's performance. In the breast of this other are contempt, malicious amusement, conceit, vanity, pity, and joy in ostentation; these, also, exactly commensurable with his advantage. Strange and sad that this should be so; but so it is. French brings out the worst in all of us—all, I mean, but the few, the lamentably far too few, who cannot aspire to stammer some colloquial phrases of it.

Even in Victorian days, when England was more than geographically, was psychologically an island, French made mischief among us, and was one of the Devil's favourite ways of setting brother against brother. But in those days the bitterness of the weaker brother was a little sweetened with disapproval of the stronger. To speak French fluently and idiomatically and with a good accent—or with an idiom and accent which to other rough islanders *seemed* good—was a rather suspect accomplishment, being somehow deemed incompatible with civic worth. Thus the weaker ones had not to drain the last lees of their shame, and the stronger could not wholly rejoice in their strength. But the old saving prejudice has now died out (greatly to the delight of the Devil), and there seems no chance that it will be revived.

Of other languages no harm comes. None of us—none, at any rate, outside the diplomatic service—has a feeling that he ought to be master of them. In every recent generation a few men have learned Italian because of the Divina Commedia: and a very few others have tried Spanish, with a view to Cervantes; and German has pestered not always vainly the consciences of young men gravitating to philosophy or to science. But not for social, not for any oral purposes were these languages essayed. If an Italian or a Spaniard or a German came among us he was expected to converse in English or spend his time in visiting the sights silently and alone. No language except French has ever—but stay! There was, at the outbreak of the War, a great impulse toward Russian. All sorts of people wanted their children to be taught Russian without a moment's delay. I do not remember that they wanted to learn it themselves; but they felt an extreme need that their offspring should hereafter be able to converse with moujiks about ikons and the Little Father and anything else—if there were anything else—that moujiks cared about. This need, however, is not felt now. When, so soon after his début in high politics, M. Kerensky was superseded by M. Lenin, Russian was forthwith deemed a not quite nice language, even for children. Russia's alphabet was withdrawn from the nurseries as abruptly as it had been brought in, and le chapeau de la cousine du jardinier was re-indued with its old importance.

I doubt whether Russian would for more than a little while have seemed to be a likely rival of French, even if M. Kerensky had been the strong man we hoped he was. The language that succeeded to Latin as the official mode of intercourse between nations, and as the usual means of talk between the well-educated people of any one land and those of any other, had an initial advantage not quite counterbalanced by the fact that there are in Russia myriads of people who speak Russian, and a few who can also read and write it. Russian may, for aught I know, be a very beautiful language; it may be as lucid and firm in its constructions as French is, and as musical in sound; I know nothing at all about it.

Nor do I claim for French that it was by its own virtues predestined to the primacy that it holds in Europe. Had Italy, not France, been an united and powerful nation when Latin became desuete, that primacy would of course have been taken by Italian. And I cannot help wishing that this had happened. Italian, though less elegant, is, for the purpose of writing, a richer language than French, and even subtler; and the sound of it spoken is as superior to the sound of French as a violin's is to a flute's. Still, French does, by reason of its exquisite concision and clarity, fill its post of honour very worthily, and will not in any near future, I think, be thrust down. Many people, having regard to the very numerous population of the British Empire and the United States, cherish a belief that English will presently be cock of the world's walk. But we have to consider that English is an immensely odd and irregular language, that it is accounted very difficult by even the best foreign linguists, and that even among native writers there are few who can so wield it as to make their meaning clear without prolixity—and among these few none who has not been well-grounded in Latin. By its very looseness, by its way of evoking rather than defining, suggesting rather than saying, English is a magnificent vehicle for emotional poetry. But foreigners don't much want to say beautiful haunting things to us; they want to be told what limits there are, if any, to the power of the Lord Mayor; and our rambling endeavours to explain do but bemuse and annoy them. They find that the rewards of learning English are as slight as its difficulties are great, and they warn their fellows to this effect. Nor does the oral sound of English allay the prejudice thus created. Soothing and dear and charming that sound is to English ears. But no nation can judge the sound of its own language. This can be judged only from without, only by ears to which it is unfamiliar. And alas, much as we like listening to French or Italian, for example, Italians and Frenchmen (if we insist on having their opinion) will confess that English has for them a rather harsh sound. Altogether, it seems to me unlikely that the world will let English supplant French for international purposes, and likely that French will be ousted only when the world shall have been so internationalized that the children of every land will have to learn, besides their own traditional language, some kind of horrible universal lingo begotten on Volapuk by a congress of the world's worst pedants.

Almost I could wish I had been postponed to that era, so much have I suffered through speaking French to Frenchmen in the presence of Englishmen. Left alone with a Frenchman, I can stumble along, slowly indeed, but still along, and without acute sense of ignominy. Especially is this so if I am in France. There is in the atmosphere something that braces one for the language. I don't say I am not sorry, even so, for my Frenchman. But I am sorrier for him in England. And if any Englishman be included in the scene my sympathy with him is like to be lost in my agony for myself.

Would that I had made some such confession years ago! O folly of pride! I liked the delusion that I spoke French well, a delusion common enough among those who had never heard me. Somehow I seemed likely to possess that accomplishment. I cannot charge myself with having ever claimed to possess it; but I am afraid that when any one said to me "I suppose you speak French perfectly?" I allowed the tone of my denial to carry with it a hint of mock-modesty. "Oh no," I would say, "my French is wretched," rather as though I meant that a member of the French Academy would detect lapses from pure classicism in it; or "No, no, mine is French *pour rire*," to imply that I was practically bilingual. Thus, during the years when I lived in London, I very often received letters from hostesses asking me to dine on the night when Mme. Chose or M. Tel was coming. And always I excused myself—*not* on the plea that I should be useless. This method of mine would have been well enough, from any but the moral standpoint, had not Nemesis, taking her stand on that point, sometimes ordained that a Gaul should be sprung on me. It was not well with me then. It was downfall and disaster.

Strange, how one will trifle with even the most imminent doom. On being presented to the Gaul, I always hastened to say that I spoke his or her language only "un tout petit peu"—knowing well that this poor spark of slang would kindle within the breast of M. Tel or the bosom of Mme. Chose hopes that must so quickly be quenched in the puddle of my incompetence. I offer no excuse for so foolish a proceeding. I do but say it is characteristic of all who are duffers at speaking a foreign tongue. Great is the pride they all take in airing

some little bit of idiom. I recall, among many other pathetic exemplifiers of the foible, an elderly and rather eminent Greek, who, when I was introduced to him, said "I am jolly glad to meet you, Sir!" and, having said that, had nothing whatever else to say, and was moreover unable to grasp the meaning of any thing said by *me*, though I said the simplest things, and said them very slowly and clearly. It is to my credit that in speaking English to a foreigner I do always try to be helpful. I bear witness against Mme. Chose and M. Tel that for me they have never made a like effort in their French. It is said that French people do not really speak faster than we, and that their seeming to do so is merely because of their lighter stress on syllables. If this is true, I wish that for my sake they would stress their syllables a little more heavily. By their omission of this kindness I am so often baffled as to their meaning. To be shamed as a talker is bad enough; it is even worse to be shamed in the humble refuge of listener. To listen and from time to time murmur "C'est vrai" may seem safe enough; yet there is danger even here. I wish I could forget a certain luncheon in the course of which Mme. Chose (that brilliant woman) leaned suddenly across the table to me, and, with great animation, amidst a general hush, launched at me a particularly swift flight of winged words. With pensively narrowed eyes, I uttered my formula when she ceased. This formula she repeated, in a tone even more pensive than mine. "Mais je ne le connais pas," she then loudly exclaimed. "Je ne connais pas même le nom. Dites-moi de ce jeune homme." She had, as it presently turned out, been asking me which of the younger French novelists was most highly thought of by English critics; so that her surprise at never having heard of the gifted young Sévré was natural enough.

We all—but no, I must not say that we all have painful memories of this kind. Some of us can understand every word that flies from the lips of Mme. Chose or from the mouth of M. Tel. Some of us can also talk quickly and well to either of these pilgrims; and others can do the trick passably. But the duffers are in a great grim majority; and the mischief that French causes among us is mainly manifest, not (I would say) by weaker brethren hating the stronger, but by weak ones hating the less weak.

As French is a subject on which we all feel so keenly, a point of honour on which we are all so sensitive, how comes it that our general achievement is so slight? There was no lack of hopes, of plans, that we should excel. In many cases Time was taken for us by the forelock, and a French nurse installed. But alas! little children are wax to receive *and* to retain. They will be charmingly fluent speakers of French within six weeks of Mariette's arrival, and will have forgotten every word of it within as brief an interval after her departure. Later, their minds become more retentive, though less absorbent; and then, by all means, let French be taught. Taught it is. At the school where I was reared there were four French masters; four; but to what purpose? Their class-rooms were scenes of eternal and incredible pandemonium, filled with whoops and cat-calls, with devil's-tattoos on desks, and shrill inquiries for the exact date of the battle of Waterloo. Nor was the lot of those four men exceptional in its horror. From the accounts given to me by "old boys" of other schools I have gathered that it was the common lot of French masters on our shores; and I have often wondered how much of the Anglophobia recurrent among Frenchmen in the nineteenth century was due to the tragic tales told by those of them who had returned from our seminaries to die on their own soil. Since 1914, doubtless, French masters have had a very good time in England. But, even so, I doubt whether they have been achieving much in the way of tutelage. With the best will in the world, a boy will profit but little by three or four lessons a week (which are the utmost that our system allows him). What he wants, or at any rate *will* want, is to be able to cope with Mme. Chose. A smattering of the irregular verbs will not much avail him in that emprise. Not in the dark by-ways of conjugation, but on the sunny field of frank social intercourse, must he prove his knighthood. I would recommend that every boy, on reaching the age of sixteen, should be hurled across the Channel into the midst of some French family and kept there for six months. At the end of that time let him be returned to his school, there to make up for lost time. Time well lost, though: for the boy will have become fluent in French, and will ever remain so.

Fluency is all. If the boy has a good ear, he will speak with a good accent; but his accent is a point about which really he needn't care a jot. So is his syntax. Not with these will he win the heart of Mme.

Chose, not with these the esteem of M. Tel, not with these anything but a more acrid rancour in the silly hostility of his competitors. If a foreigner speaks English to us easily and quickly, we demand no more of him; we are satisfied, we are delighted, and any mistakes of grammar or pronunciation do but increase the charm, investing with more than its intrinsic quality any good thing said—making us marvel at it and exchange fatuous glances over it, as we do when a little child says something sensible. But heaven protect us from the foreigner who pauses, searches, fumbles, revises, comes to standstills, has recourse to dumb-show! Away with him, by the first train to Dover! And this, we may be sure, is the very train M. Tel and Mme. Chose would like to catch whenever they meet me—or you.

Bei Hennef

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THE little river twittering in the twilight,
The wan, wondering look of the pale sky,
This is almost bliss.

And everything shut up and gone to sleep,
All the troubles and anxieties and pain
Gone under the twilight.

Only the twilight now, and the soft "Sh!" of the river
That will last for ever.

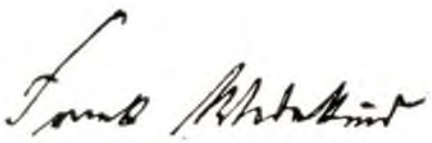
And at last I know my love for you is here,
I can see it all, it is whole like the twilight,
It is large, so large, I could not see it before
Because of the little lights and flickers and interruptions,
Troubles, anxieties and pains.

You are the call and I am the answer,
You are the wish, and I the fulfilment,
You are the night, and I the day.
What else—it is perfect enough,
It is perfectly complete,
You and I,
What more——?
Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!

The Tenor

A Comedy

By FRANK WEDEKIND



Translated by André Tridon

CHARACTERS

GERARDO (*Wagnerian tenor, thirty-six years old*).

HELEN MAROVA (*a beautiful dark-haired woman of twenty-five*).

PROFESSOR DUHRING (*sixty, the typical "misunderstood genius"*).

MISS ISABEL CŒURNE (*a blonde English girl of sixteen*).

MULLER (*hotel manager*).

A VALET.

A BELL BOY.

AN UNKNOWN WOMAN.

TIME.—*The present.*

PLACE.—*A city in Austria.*

SCENE.—*A large hotel room. There are doors at the right and in the center, and at the left a window with heavy portières. Behind a grand piano at the right stands a Japanese screen which conceals the fireplace. There are several large trunks, open; bunches of flowers are all over the room; many bouquets are piled upon the piano.*

VALET (*entering from the adjoining room carrying an armful of clothes which he proceeds to pack in one of the trunks. There is a knock at the door*)—Come in.

BELL BOY—There is a lady who wants to know if the Maestro is in.

VALET—He isn't in. (*Exit* BELL BOY. *The* VALET *goes into the adjoining room and returns with another armful of clothes. There is another knock at the door. He puts the clothes on a chair and goes to the door.*) What's this again? (*He opens the door and some one hands him several large bunches of flowers, which he places carefully on the piano; then he goes back to his packing. There is another knock. He opens the door and takes a handful of letters. He glances at the addresses and reads aloud:*) "Mister Gerardo. Monsieur Gerardo. Gerardo, Esquire. Signor Gerardo." (*He drops the letters on a tray and resumes his packing. Enter* GERARDO.)

GERARDO—Haven't you finished packing yet? How much longer will it take you?

VALET—I'll be through in a minute, sir.

GERARDO—Hurry! I still have things to do. Let me see. (*He reaches for something in a trunk.*) God Almighty! Don't you know how to fold a pair of trousers? (*Taking the trousers out.*) This is what you call packing! Look here! You still have something to learn from me, after all. You take the trousers like this. . . . You lock this up here. . . . Then you take hold of these buttons. Watch these buttons here, that's the important thing. Then—you pull them straight. . . . There. . . . There. . . . Then you fold them here. . . . See? . . . Now these trousers would keep their shape for a hundred years.

VALET (*respectfully, with downcast eyes*)—You must have been a tailor once, sir.

GERARDO—What! Well, not exactly. . . . (*He gives the trousers to the* VALET.) Pack those up, but be quick about it. Now about that train. You are sure this is the last one we can take?

VALET—It is the only one that gets you there in time, sir. The next train does not reach Brussels until ten o'clock.

GERARDO—Well, then, we must catch this one. I will just have time to go over the second act. Unless I go over that. . . . Now, don't let anybody . . . I am out to everybody.

VALET—All right, sir. There are some letters for you, sir.

GERARDO—I have seen them.

VALET—And flowers.

GERARDO—Yes; all right. (*He takes the letters from the tray and throws them on a chair before the piano. Then he opens the letters, glances over them with beaming eyes, crumples them up and throws them under the chair.*) Remember! I am out to everybody.

VALET—I know, sir. (*He locks the trunks.*)

GERARDO—To everybody.

VALET—You needn't worry, sir. (*Giving him the trunk keys.*) Here are the keys, sir.

GERARDO (*pocketing the keys*)—To everybody!

VALET—The trunks will be taken down at once. (*He goes out.*)

GERARDO (*looking at his watch*)—Forty minutes. (*He pulls the score of "Tristan" from underneath the flowers on the piano and walks up and down humming.*) "*Isolde! Geliebte! Bist du mein? Hab' ich dich wieder? Darf ich dich fassen?*" (*He clears his throat, strikes a chord on the piano and starts again.*) "*Isolde! Geliebte! Bist du mein? Hab' ich dich wieder? . . .*" (*He clears his throat.*) The air is dead here. (*He sings.*) "*Isolde! Geliebte. . . .*" It's oppressive here. Let's have a little fresh air. (*He goes to the window at the left and fumbles for the curtain cord.*) Where is the thing? On the other side! Here! (*He pulls the cord and throws his head back with an annoyed expression when he sees* MISS CŒURNE.)

MISS CŒURNE (*in three-quarter length skirt, her blonde hair down her back, holding a bunch of red roses; she speaks with an English accent and looks straight at* GERARDO)—Oh, please don't send me away.

GERARDO—What else can I do? God knows, I haven't asked you to come here. Do not take it badly, dear young lady, but I have to sing to-morrow night in Brussels. I must confess, I hoped I would have this half-hour to myself. I had just given positive orders not to let any one, whoever it might be, come up to my rooms.

MISS CŒURNE (*coming down stage*)—Don't send me away. I heard you yesterday in "Tannhäuser" and I was just bringing you these roses, and——

GERARDO—And—and what?

MISS CŒURNE—And myself. . . . I don't know whether you understand me.

GERARDO (*holding the back of a chair; he hesitates, then shakes his head*)—Who are you?

MISS CŒURNE—My name is Miss Cœurne.

GERARDO—Yes. . . . Well?

MISS CŒURNE—I am very silly.

GERARDO—I know. Come here, my dear girl. (*He sits down in an armchair and she stands before him.*) Let's have a good earnest talk, such as you have never had in your life—and seem to need. An artist like myself—don't misunderstand me; you are—how old are you?

MISS CŒURNE—Twenty-two.

GERARDO—You are sixteen or perhaps seventeen. You make yourself a little older so as to appear more—tempting. Well? Yes, you are very silly. It is really none of my business, as an artist, to cure you of your silliness. . . . Don't take this badly. . . . Now then! Why are you starting away like this?

MISS CŒURNE—I said I was very silly, because I thought you Germans liked that in a young girl.

GERARDO—I am not a German, but just the same. . . .

MISS CŒURNE—What! I am not as silly as all that.

GERARDO—Now look here, my dear girl—you have your tennis court, your skating club; you have your riding class, your dances; you have all a young girl can wish for. What on earth made you come to me?

MISS CŒURNE—Because all those things are awful, and they bore me to death.

GERARDO—I will not dispute that. Personally, I must tell you, I know life from an entirely different side. But, my child, I am a man; I am thirty-six. The time will come when you, too, will claim a fuller existence. Wait another two years and there will be some one for you, and then you won't need to—hide yourself behind curtains, in my room, in the room of a man who—never asked you, and whom you don't know any better than—the whole continent of Europe knows him—in order to look at life from his—wonderful point of view. (MISS CŒURNE *sighs deeply.*) Now then . . . Many thanks from the bottom of my heart for your roses. (*He presses her hand.*) Will this do for to-day?

MISS CŒURNE—I had never in all my life thought of a man until I saw you on the stage last night in "Tannhäuser" And I promise you——

GERARDO—Oh, don't promise me anything, my child. What good could your promise do me? The burden of it would all fall upon you. You see, I am talking to you as lovingly as the most loving father could.

Be thankful to God that with your recklessness you haven't fallen into the hands of another artist. (*He presses her hand again.*) Let this be a lesson to you, and never try it again.

MISS CŒURNE (*holding her handkerchief to her face, but shedding no tears*)—Am I so homely?

GERARDO—Homely! Not homely, but young and indiscreet. (*He rises nervously, goes to the right, comes back, puts his arm around her waist and takes her hand*)—Listen to me, child. You are not homely because I have to be a singer, because I have to be an artist. Don't misunderstand me, but I can't see why I should simply, because I am an artist, have to assure you that I appreciate your youthful freshness and beauty. It is a question of time. Two hundred, maybe three hundred, nice, lovely girls of your age saw me last night in the rôle of Tannhäuser. Now if every one of those girls made the same demands upon me which you are making—what would become of my singing? What would become of my voice? What would become of my art? (MISS CŒURNE *sinks into a seat, covers her face and weeps.*)

GERARDO (*leaning over the back of her chair, in a friendly tone*)—It is a crime for you, child, to weep over the fact that you are still so young. Your whole life is ahead of you. Is it my fault if you fell in love with me? They all do. That is what I am for. Now, won't you be a good girl and let me, for the few minutes I have left, prepare myself for to-morrow's appearance?

MISS CŒURNE (*rising and drying her tears*)—I can't believe that any other girl would have acted the way I have.

GERARDO (*leading her to the door*)—No, dear child.

MISS CŒURNE (*with sobs in her voice*)—At least, not if——

GERARDO—If my valet had stood before the door.

MISS CŒURNE—If——

GERARDO—If the girl had been as beautiful and youthfully fresh as you.

MISS CŒURNE—If——

GERARDO—If she had heard me only once in "Tannhäuser."

MISS CŒURNE (*indignant*)—If she were as respectable as I am!

GERARDO (*pointing to the piano*)—Before saying good-by to me, child, have a look at all those flowers. May this be a warning to you in case you feel tempted again to fall in love with a singer. See how fresh they all are. And I have to let them wither, dry up, or I give them to the porter. And look at those letters. (*He takes a handful of them from a tray.*) I don't know any of those women. Don't worry; I leave them all to their fate. What else could I do? But I'll wager with you that every one of your lovely young friends sent in her little note.

MISS CŒURNE—Well, I promise not to do it again, not to hide myself behind your curtains. But don't send me away.

GERARDO—My time, my time, dear child. If I were not on the point of taking a train! I have already told you, I am very sorry for you. But my train leaves in twenty-five minutes. What do you expect?

MISS CŒURNE—A kiss.

GERARDO (*stiffening up*)—From me?

MISS CŒURNE—Yes.

GERARDO (*holding her around the waist and looking very serious*)—You rob Art of its dignity, my child. I do not wish to appear an unfeeling brute, and I am going to give you my picture. Give me your word that after that you will leave me.

MISS CŒURNE—Yes.

GERARDO—Good. (*He sits at the table and autographs one of his pictures.*) You should try to become interested in the operas themselves instead of the men who sing them. You would probably derive much greater enjoyment.

MISS CŒURNE (*to herself*)—I am too young yet.

GERARDO—Sacrifice yourself to music. (*He comes down stage and gives her the picture.*) Don't see in me a famous tenor, but merely a tool in the hands of a noble master. Look at all the married women among your acquaintances. All Wagnerians. Study Wagner's works; learn to understand his *leit motifs*. That will save you from further foolishness.

MISS CŒURNE—I thank you. (GERARDO *leads her out and rings the bell. He takes up his piano score again. There is a knock at the door.*)

VALET (*coming in out of breath*)—Yes, sir.

GERARDO—Are you standing at the door?

VALET—Not just now, sir.

GERARDO—Of course not! Be sure not to let anybody come up here.

VALET—There were three ladies who asked for you, sir.

GERARDO—Don't you dare to let any one of them come up, whatever she may tell you.

VALET—And then here are some more letters.

GERARDO—Oh, all right. (*The* VALET

places the letters on a tray.) And don't you dare to let any one come up.

VALET (*at the door*)—No, sir.

GERARDO—Even if she offers to settle a fortune upon you.

VALET—No, sir. (*He goes out.*)

GERARDO (*singing*)—"*Isolde! Geliebte! Bist du . . .*" Well, if women don't get tired of me— Only the world is so full of them; and I am only one man. Everyone has his burden to carry. (*He strikes a chord on the piano.* PROFESSOR DUHRING, *dressed all in black, with a long white beard, a red hooked nose, gold spectacles, Prince Albert coat and silk hat, an opera score under his arm, enters without knocking.*)

GERARDO—What do you want?

DUHRING—Maestro — I — I — have — an opera.

GERARDO—How did you get in?

DUHRING—I have been watching for two hours for a chance to run up the stairs unnoticed.

GERARDO—But, my dear good man, I have no time.

DUHRING—Oh, I will not play the whole opera for you.

GERARDO—I haven't the time. My train leaves in forty minutes.

DUHRING—You haven't the time! What should I say? You are thirty and successful. You have your whole life to live yet. Just listen to your part in my opera. You promised to listen to it when you came to this city.

GERARDO—What is the use? I am not a free agent——

DUHRING—Please! Please! Please! Maestro! I stand before you, an old man, ready to fall on my knees before you; an old man who has never cared for anything in the world but his art. For fifty years I have been a willing victim to the tyranny of art——

GERARDO (*interrupting him*)—Yes, I understand; I understand, but——

DUHRING (*excitedly*)—No, you don't understand. You could not understand. How could you, the favourite of fortune, *you* understand what fifty years of bootless work means? But I will try to make you understand it. You see, I am too old to take my own life. People who do that do it at twenty-five, and I let the time pass by. I must now drag along to the end of my days. Please, sir, please don't let these moments pass in vain for me, even if you have to lose a day thereby, a week even. This is in your own interest. A week ago, when you first came for your special appearances, you promised to let me play my opera for you. I have come here every day since; either you had a rehearsal or a woman caller. And now you are on the point of going away. You have only to say one word: "I will sing the part of Hermann"—and they will produce my opera. You will then thank God for my insistence. . . . Of course you sing Siegfried, you sing Florestan—but you have no rôle like Hermann in your repertoire, no rôle better suited to your middle register. (GERARDO *leans against the mantel piece; while drumming on the top with his right hand, he discovers something behind the screen; he suddenly stretches out his arm and pulls out a woman in a gray gown, whom he leads out of the room through the middle door; after closing the door, he turns to* DUHRING.)

GERARDO—Oh, are you still there?

DUHRING (*undisturbed*)—This opera is good; it is dramatic; it *is* a financial success. I can show you letters from Liszt, from Wagner, from Rubinstein, in which they consider me as a superior man. And why hasn't my opera ever been produced? Because I am not crying wares on the market-place. And then you know our directors: they will revive ten dead men before they give a live man a chance. Their walls are well guarded. At thirty you are in. At sixty I am still out. One word from you and I shall be in, too. This is why I have come, and (*raising his voice*) if you are not an unfeeling brute, if success has not killed in you the last spark of artistic sympathy, you will not refuse to hear my work.

GERARDO—I will give you an answer in a week. I will go over your opera. Let me have it.

DUHRING—No, I am too old, Maestro. In a week, in what you call a week, I shall be dead and buried. In a week—that is what they all say; and then they keep it for years.

GERARDO—I am very sorry, but—

DUHRING—To-morrow perhaps you will be on your knees before me; you will boast of knowing me . . . and to-day, in your sordid lust for gold, you cannot even spare the half-hour which would mean the breaking of my fetters.

GERARDO—No, really, I have only thirty-five minutes left, and unless I go over a few passages. . . . You know I sing Tristan in Brussels to-morrow night. (*He pulls out his watch.*) I haven't even half an hour . . .

DUHRING—Half an hour . . . Oh, then, let me play to you your big aria at the end of the first act. (*He attempts to sit down*

on the piano bench. GERARDO *restrains him.*)

GERARDO—Now, frankly, my dear sir . . . I am a singer; I am not a critic. If you wish to have your opera produced, address yourself to those gentlemen who are paid to know what is good and what is not. People scorn and ignore my opinions in such matters as completely as they appreciate and admire my singing.

DUHRING—My dear Maestro, you may take it from me that I myself attach no importance whatever to your judgment. What do I care about your opinions? I know you tenors; I would like to play my score for you so that you could say: "I would like to sing the rôle of Hermann."

GERARDO—If you only knew how many things I would like to do and which I have to renounce, and how many things I must do for which I do not care in the least! Half a million a year does not repay me for the many joys of life which I must sacrifice for the sake of my profession. I am not a free man. But you were a free man all your life. Why didn't you go to the marketplace and cry your wares?

DUHRING—Oh, the vulgarity of it . . . I have tried it a hundred times. I am a composer, Maestro, and nothing more.

GERARDO—By which you mean that you have exhausted all your strength in the writing of your operas and kept none of it to secure their production.

DUHRING—That is true.

GERARDO—The composers I know reverse the process. They get their operas written somehow and then spend all their strength in an effort to get them produced.

DUHRING—That is the type of artist I despise.

GERARDO—Well, I despise the type of man that wastes his life in useless endeavour. What have you done in those fifty years of struggle, for yourself or for the world? Fifty years of useless struggle! That should convince—the worst blockhead of the impracticability of his dreams. What have you done with your life? You have wasted it shamefully. If I had wasted my life as you have wasted yours—of course, I am speaking only for myself—I don't think I should have the courage to look any one in the face.

DUHRING—I am not doing it for myself; I am doing it for my art.

GERARDO (*scornfully*)—Art, my dear man! Let me tell you that art is quite different from what the papers tell us it is.

DUHRING—To me it is the highest thing in the world.

GERARDO—You may believe that, but nobody else does. We artists are merely a luxury for the use of the *bourgeoisie.* When I stand there on the stage I feel absolutely certain that not one solitary human being in the audience takes the slightest interest in what we, the artists, are doing. If they did, how could they listen to "Die Walküre," for instance? Why, it is an indecent story which could not be mentioned anywhere in polite society. And yet, when I sing Siegmund, the most puritanical mothers bring their fourteen-year-old daughters to hear me. This, you see, is the meaning of whatever you call art. This is what you have sacrificed fifty years of your life to. Find out how many people came to hear me sing and how many came to gape at me as they would at the Emperor of China if he should turn up here to-morrow. Do you know what the artistic wants of the public consist in? To applaud, to send flowers, to have a subject for conversation, to see and be seen. They pay me half a million, but then I make business for hundreds of cabbies, writers, dressmakers, restaurant keepers. It keeps money circulating; it keeps blood running. It gets girls engaged, spinsters married, wives tempted, old cronies supplied with gossip; a woman loses her pocketbook in the crowd, a fellow becomes insane during the performance. Doctors, lawyers made . . . (*He coughs.*) And with this I must sing Tristan in Brussels to-morrow night! I tell you all this, not out of vanity, but to cure you of your delusions. The measure of a man's worth is the world's opinion of him, not the inner belief which one finally adopts after brooding over it for years. Don't imagine that you are a misunderstood genius. There are no misunderstood geniuses.

DUHRING—Let me just play to you the first scene of the second act. A park landscape as in the painting, "Embarkation for the Isle of Cythera."

GERARDO—I repeat to you, I have no time. And furthermore, since Wagner's death the need for new operas has never been felt by any one. If you come with new music, you set against yourself all the music schools, the artists, the public. If you want to succeed, just steal enough out of Wagner's works to make up a whole opera. Why should I cudgel my brains with your new music when I have cudgeled them cruelly with the old?

DUHRING (*holding out his trembling hand*)—I am afraid I am too old to learn how to

steal. Unless one begins very young, one can never learn it.

GERARDO—Don't feel hurt. My dear sir—if I could . . . The thought of how you have to struggle . . . I happen to have received some five hundred marks more than my fee . . .

DUHRING (*turning to the door*)—Don't! Please don't! Do not say that. I did not try to show you my opera in order to work a touch. No, I think too much of this child of my brain . . . No, Maestro. (*He goes out through the center door.*)

GERARDO (*following him to the door*)—I beg your pardon. . . . Pleased to have met you. (*He closes the door and sinks into an armchair. A voice is heard outside: "I will not let that man step in my way."* HELEN *rushes into the room followed by the* VALET. *She is an unusually beautiful young woman, in street dress.*)

HELEN—That man stood there to prevent me from seeing you!

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—You knew that I would come to see you.

VALET (*rubbing his cheek*)—I did all I could, sir, but this lady actually——

HELEN—Yes, I slapped his face.

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—Should I have let him insult me?

GERARDO (*to the* VALET)—Please leave us. (*The* VALET *goes out.*)

HELEN (*placing her muff on a chair*)—I can no longer live without you. Either you take me with you, or I will kill myself.

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—Yes, kill myself. A day like yesterday, without even seeing you—no, I could not live through that again. I am not strong enough. I beseech you, Oscar, take me with you.

GERARDO—I couldn't.

HELEN—You could if you wanted to. You can't leave me without killing me. These are not mere words. This isn't a threat. It is a fact: I will die if I can no longer have you. You must take me with you—it is your duty—if only for a short time.

GERARDO—I give you my word of honour, Helen, I can't—I give you my word.

HELEN—You must, Oscar. Whether you can or not, you must bear the consequences of your acts. I love life, but to me life and you are one and the same thing. Take me with you, Oscar, if you don't want to have my blood on your hands.

GERARDO—Do you remember what I said to you the first day we were together here?

HELEN—I remember, but what good does that do me?

GERARDO—I said that there couldn't be any question of love between us.

HELEN—I can't help that. I didn't know you then. I never knew what a man could be to me until I met you. You know very well that it would come to this; otherwise you wouldn't have obliged me to promise not to make you a parting scene.

GERARDO—I simply cannot take you with me.

HELEN—Oh, God! I knew you would say that! I knew it when I came here. That's what you say to every woman. And I am just one of a hundred. I know it. But, Oscar, I am lovesick; I am dying of love. This is your work, and you can save me without any sacrifice on your part, without assuming any burden. Why can't you do it?

GERARDO (*very slowly*)—Because my contract forbids me to marry or to travel in the company of a woman.

HELEN (*disturbed*)—What can prevent you?

GERARDO—My contract.

HELEN—You cannot . . .

GERARDO—I cannot marry until my contract expires.

HELEN—And you cannot . . .

GERARDO—I cannot travel in the company of a woman.

HELEN—That is incredible. And whom in the world should it concern?

GERARDO—My manager.

HELEN—Your manager! What business is it of his?

GERARDO—It is precisely his business.

HELEN—Is it perhaps because it might—affect your voice?

GERARDO—Yes.

HELEN—That is preposterous. Does it affect your voice? (GERARDO *chuckles.*)

HELEN—Does your manager believe that nonsense?

GERARDO—No, he doesn't.

HELEN—This is beyond me. I can't understand how a decent man could sign such a contract.

GERARDO—I am an artist first and a man next.

HELEN—Yes, that's what you are—a great artist—an eminent artist. Can't you understand how much I must love you? You are the first man whose superiority I have felt and whom I desired to please, and you despise me for it. I

have bitten my lips many a time not to let you suspect how much you meant to me; I was so afraid I might bore you. Yesterday, however, put me in a state of mind which no woman can endure. If I didn't love you so insanely, Oscar, you would think more of me. That is the terrible thing about you—that you must scorn a woman who thinks the world of you.

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—Your contract! Don't use your contract as a weapon to murder me with. Let me go with you, Oscar. You will see if your manager ever mentions a breach of contract. He would not do such a thing. I know men. And if he says a word, it will be time then for me to die.

GERARDO—We have no right to do that, Helen. You are just as little free to follow me as I am to shoulder such a responsibility. I don't belong to myself; I belong to my art.

HELEN—Oh, leave your art alone. What do I care about your art? Has God created a man like you to make a puppet of himself every night? You should be ashamed of it instead of boasting of it. You see, I overlooked the fact that you were merely an artist. What wouldn't I overlook for a god like you? Even if you were a convict, Oscar, my feelings would be the same. I would lie in the dust at your feet and beg for your pity. I would face death as I am facing it now.

GERARDO (*laughing*) — Facing death, Helen! Women who are endowed with your gifts for enjoying life don't make away with themselves. You know even better than I do the value of life.

HELEN (*dreamily*)—Oscar, I didn't say that I would shoot myself. When did I say that? Where would I find the courage to do that? I only said that I will die, if you don't take me with you. I will die as I would of an illness, for I only live when I am with you. I can live without my home, without my children, but not without you, Oscar. I cannot live without you.

GERARDO—Helen, if you don't calm yourself . . . You put me in an awful position. . . . I have only ten minutes left . . . I can't explain in court that your excitement made me break my contract . . . I can only give you ten minutes. . . . . If you don't calm yourself in that time . . . I can't leave you alone in this condition. Think, all you have at stake!

HELEN—As though I had anything else at stake!

GERARDO—You can lose your position in society.

HELEN—I can lose you!

GERARDO—And your family?

HELEN—I care for no one but you.

GERARDO—But I cannot be yours.

HELEN—Then I have nothing to lose but my life.

GERARDO—Your children!

HELEN—Who has taken me from them, Oscar? Who has taken me from my children?

GERARDO—Did I make any advances to you?

HELEN (*passionately*)—No, no. I have thrown myself at you, and would throw myself at you again. Neither my husband nor my children could keep me back. When I die, at least I will have lived; thanks to you, Oscar! I thank you, Oscar, for revealing me to myself. I thank you for that.

GERARDO—Helen, calm yourself and listen to me.

HELEN—Yes, yes, for ten minutes.

GERARDO—Listen to me. (*Both sit down on the divan.*)

HELEN (*staring at him*)—Yes, I thank you for it.

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—I don't even ask you to love me. Let me only breathe the air you breathe.

GERARDO (*trying to be calm*)—Helen—a man of my type cannot be swayed by any of the bourgeois ideas. I have known society women in every country of the world. Some made parting scenes to me, but at least they all knew what they owed to their position. This is the first time in my life that I have witnessed such an outburst of passion. . . . Helen, the temptation comes to me daily to step with some woman into an idyllic Arcadia. But every human being has his duties; you have your duties as I have mine, and the call of duty is the highest thing in the world . . .

HELEN—I know better than you do what the highest duty is.

GERARDO—What, then? Your love for me? That's what they all say. Whatever a woman has set her heart on winning is to her good; whatever crosses her plans is evil. It is the fault of our playwrights. To draw full houses they set the world upside down, and when a woman abandons her children and her family to follow her instincts they call that—oh, broad-mindedness. I personally wouldn't mind living the way turtle-doves live. But since I am a part of this world I must obey my duty first. Then, whenever the opportunity

arises, I quaff of the cup of joy. Whoever refuses to do his duty has no right to make any demands upon another fellow being.

HELEN (*staring absent-mindedly*)—That does not bring the dead back to life.

GERARDO (*nervously*)—Helen, I will give you back your life. I will give you back what you have sacrificed for me. For God's sake, take it. What does it come to, after all? Helen, how can woman lower herself to that point? Where is your pride? What am I in the eyes of the world? A man who makes a puppet of himself every night! Helen, are you going to kill yourself for a man whom hundreds of women loved before you, whom hundreds of women will love after you without letting their feelings disturb their life one second? Will you, by shedding your warm red blood, make yourself ridiculous before God and the world?

HELEN (*looking away from him*)—I know I am asking a good deal, but—what else can I do?

GERARDO—Helen, you said I should bear the consequences of my acts. Will you reproach me for not refusing to receive you when you first came here, ostensibly to ask me to try your voice? What can a man do in such a case? You are the beauty of this town. Either I would be known as the bear among artists who denies himself to all women callers, or I might have received you and pretended that I didn't understand what you meant and then pass for a fool. Or the very first day I might have talked to you as frankly as I am talking now. Dangerous business. You would have called me a conceited idiot. Tell me, Helen—what else could I do?

HELEN (*staring at him with imploring eyes, shuddering and making an effort to speak*)—O God! O God! Oscar, what would you say if to-morrow I should go and be as happy with another man as I have been with you? Oscar—what would you say?

GERARDO (*after a silence*)—Nothing. (*He looks at his watch*)—Helen—

HELEN—Oscar! (*She kneels before him.*) For the last time, I implore you. . . . You don't know what you are doing. . . . It isn't your fault—but don't let me die. . . . Save me—save me!

GERARDO (*raising her up*)—Helen, I am not such a wonderful man. How many men have you known? The more men you come to know, the lower all men will fall in your estimation. When you know men better you will not take your life for any one of them. You will not think any more of them than I do of women.

HELEN—I am not like you in that respect.

GERARDO—I speak earnestly, Helen. We don't fall in love with one person or another; we fall in love with our type, which we find everywhere in the world if we only look sharply enough.

HELEN—And when we meet our type, are we sure then of being loved again?

GERARDO (*angrily*)—You have no right to complain of your husband. Was any girl ever compelled to marry against her will? That is all rot. It is only the women who have sold themselves for certain material advantages and then try to dodge their obligations who try to make us believe that nonsense.

HELEN (*smiling*)—They break their contracts.

GERARDO (*pounding his chest*)—When I sell myself, at least I am honest about it.

HELEN—Isn't love honest?

GERARDO—No! Love is a beastly bourgeois virtue. Love is the last refuge of the mollycoddle, of the coward. In my world every man has his actual value, and when two human beings make up a pact they know exactly what to expect from each other. Love has nothing to do with it, either.

HELEN—Won't you lead me into your world, then?

GERARDO—Helen, will you compromise the happiness of your life and the happiness of your dear ones for just a few day's pleasure?

HELEN—No.

GERARDO (*much relieved*)—Will you promise me to go home quietly now?

HELEN—Yes.

GERARDO—And will you promise me that you will not die . . .

HELEN—Yes.

GERARDO—You promise me that?

HELEN—Yes.

GERARDO—And you promise me to fulfil your duties as mother and—as wife?

HELEN—Yes.

GERARDO—Helen!

HELEN—Yes. What else do you want? I will promise anything.

GERARDO—And now may I go away in peace?

HELEN (*rising*)—Yes.

GERARDO—A last kiss?

HELEN—Yes, yes, yes. (*They kiss passionately.*)

GERARDO—In a year I am booked again to sing here, Helen.

HELEN—In a year! Oh, I am glad!

GERARDO (*tenderly*)—Helen! (HELEN *presses his hand, takes a revolver out of her muff, shoots herself and falls.*)

GERARDO—Helen! (*He totters and collapses in an armchair.*)

BELL BOY (*rushing in*)—My God! Mr. Gerardo! (GERARDO *remains motionless; the* BELL BOY *rushes toward* HELEN.)

GERARDO (*jumping up, running to the door and colliding with the* MANAGER *of the hotel*)—Send for the police! I must be arrested! If I went away now I should be a brute, and if I stay I break my contract. I still have (*looking at his watch*) one minute and ten seconds.

MANAGER—Fred, run and get a policeman.

BELL BOY—All right, sir.

MANAGER—Be quick about it. (*To* GERARDO.) Don't take it too hard, sir. Those things happen once in a while.

GERARDO (*kneeling before* HELEN'S *body and taking her hand*)—Helen! . . . She still lives—she still lives! If I am arrested I am not wilfully breaking my contract. . . . And my trunks? Is the carriage at the door?

MANAGER—It has been waiting twenty minutes, Mr. Gerardo. (*He opens the door for the* PORTER, *who takes down one of the trunks.*)

GERARDO (*bending over her*)—Helen! (*To himself.*) Well, after all . . . (*To* MULLER.) Have you called a doctor?

MANAGER—Yes, we had the doctor called at once. He will be here at any minute.

GERARDO (*holding her under the arms*)—Helen! Don't you know me any more? Helen! The doctor will be here right away, Helen. This is your Oscar.

BELL BOY (*appearing in the door at the center*)—Can't find any policeman, sir.

GERARDO (*letting* HELEN'S *body drop back*)—Well, if I can't get arrested, that settles it. I must catch that train and sing in Brussels to-morrow night. (*He takes up his score and runs out through the center door, bumping against several chairs.*)

CURTAIN.

The Irishman and the Lady—By WILLIAM MAGINN

I—There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,
ramping, roaring Irishman.

II—His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost doubled a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman.

III—One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
O, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

IV—He took so much of Lundy-foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle—O!
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

V—His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

VI—This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

The Promises of Dorothea

By MARGARET DELAND

Margaret Deland

OLD CHESTER was always very well satisfied with itself. Not that that implies conceit; Old Chester merely felt that satisfaction with the conditions as well as the station into which it had pleased God to call it which is said to be a sign of grace. Such satisfaction is said also to be at variance with progress, but it cannot be denied that it is comfortable; as for progress, everybody knows it is accompanied by growing-pains. Besides, if people choose to burn lamps and candles instead of gas; if they prefer to jog along the turnpike in stage-coaches instead of whizzing past in a cloud of dust and cinders in a railroad car; if they like to hear the old parson who married them—or baptized some of them, for that matter—mumbling and droning through his old, old sermons; if they like to have him rejoice with them, and advise them, and weep with them beside their open graves—if people deliberately choose this sort of thing, the outside world may wonder, but it has no right to condemn. And if it had condemned, Old Chester would not have cared in the very least. It looked down upon the outside world. Not unkindly, indeed, but pityingly; and it pursued its contented way, without restlessness, and without aspirations.

In saying "Old Chester" one really means the Dales, the Wrights, the Lavendars—that includes Susan Carr, who married Joey Lavendar when she was old enough to have given up all ideas of that kind of thing; it means the Temple connection, though only Jane Temple lives in Old Chester now, and she is Mrs. Dove; at least that is her name, but hardly any one remembers it, and she is always spoken of as "Jane Temple"; the Dove is only an incident, so to speak, for one scarcely feels that her very respectable little husband is part of "Old Chester." The term includes the Jay girls, of course, and the Barkleys; though in my time only Mrs. Barkley was left; her sons had gone out into the world, and her husband—it must have been somewhere in the early sixties that Barkley senior, Old Chester's blackest sheep, took his departure for a Place (his orthodox relatives were inclined to believe) which, in these days, is even more old-fashioned than Old Chester itself. The Kings are of Old Chester, and the two Miss Ferrises; and the Steeles, and the John Smiths. The Norman Smiths, who own a great mill in the upper village, have no real connection with Old Chester, though the John Smiths are always very much afraid of being confounded with them; the two families are generally referred to as the "real Smiths" and the "rich Smiths." The real Smiths might with equal accuracy have been called the poor Smiths, except that Old Chester could not have been so impolite. The rich Smiths were one of several families who went to make up what the geographies call the "population" of the village, but they were never thought of when one said "Old Chester." The Macks were in this class, and the Hayeses, and a dozen others. Old Chester had nothing to say against these people; they were rich, but it did not follow that they had not made their money honestly; and their sons and daughters, having had time to get used to wealth, had reasonably good manners. But they were not "Old Chester." The very fact that they were not always satisfied with the existing order proved that. One by one these outsiders had bought or built in the village, because they had interests in the new

rolling-mills in Upper Chester; and they had hardly come before they began to make a stir, and try to "improve" things. Then it was that Old Chester arose in its might; Heaven and the town vote were invoked for protection against a branch railroad to connect the two villages; and the latter, at least, answered with decision. The proposition that gas should be brought from the mill town destroyed itself because of its cost; even the rich Smiths felt that it would be too expensive.

So Old Chester pursued its own satisfied path; it had a habit of alluding to any changes that the younger generation or the new people might advocate as "airs." Sam Wright said, gruffly, that what had been good enough for his father was good enough for him. This was when his eldest son suggested that a connection with Upper Chester's water supply would be a good thing. "Young man," said Sam, "I've pumped many a bucket of water in my day, and it won't hurt you to do the same." "It isn't a question of hurting," said young Sam, impatiently; "it's a question of saving time." "Saving your grandmother!" interrupted his father; "since when has your time been so valuable, sir? Come, now, don't put on airs! I guess what was good enough for my father is good enough for you."

This satisfaction with the Past was especially marked in church matters. When Helen Smith—pretty, impulsive, and a dear good child, too, if she was "new"—told Dr. Lavendar that she thought it would be a good thing to have a girls' club at St. Michael's, the old minister said, his kind eyes twinkling at her, "The best club for girls is their mothers' firesides, my dear!"

At which Miss Smith pressed her lips together, and said, shortly: "Well, if you feel that way about a girls' club, I suppose you won't approve of a debating society for the boys?"

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar, "boys don't wait for their parson's approval to debate! There is too much debating already. If our boys here in Old Chester would talk less and do more, if they would stop discussing things they know nothing about, and listen to the opinions of their elders and betters, they might amount to something. No, we don't want any debating societies in Old Chester. They may have their place in big city parishes—but here! Why, there are only a dozen or two boys, anyhow, and I know their fathers, every one of them; they wouldn't thank me for making the boys bigger blatherskites than they are already—being boys."

"But, Dr. Lavendar," Helen protested, with heightened colour, "you can't say the father's influence is always good. Look at Job Todd; his eldest boy is fourteen, and what a home to spend his evenings in! And there are the two Rice boys—no mother, and a half-crazy father; surely some harmless entertainment——"

"They come to Sunday-school; and the young fry have my collect class on Saturdays," said Dr. Lavendar; "and the boys in Maria Welwood's class, or Jane Temple's, get all the pleasant evenings they need."

"Well," Helen said, trying to keep the irritation out of her voice, "I suppose, there is no use in saying anything more, only it does seem to me that we are behind the times."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Dr. Lavendar cheerfully.

But in spite of snubs like this the new people had their opinions in matters ecclesiastical as well as civil. The Hayeses said that they thought a "more ornate ritual would bring in the lower classes"; and they added that they did wish Dr. Lavendar would have Weekly Celebration. The Macks, who, before they got their money, had been United Presbyterians, said that they could not understand why Dr. Lavendar wouldn't have an altar and a cross. He was very little of a churchman, they said, to just have the old wooden communion-table; which, indeed, never had any other decoration than the "fair white linen cloth" on the first Sunday of the month.

"I said so to poor, dear old Dr. Lavendar," said Mrs. Mack, "and he said, 'We have no dealing with the Scarlet Woman, ma'am, at St. Michael's!' Isn't he a queer old dear? So narrow-minded!"

And it must be admitted that the dear old man was a little short with ex-Presbyterian Mrs. Mack. The fact was, at that particular time, he happened to have enough to think of besides the whims of the new people. It was that year that Old Chester—the real Old Chester—had such deep disturbances: There was Miss Maria Welwood's financial catastrophe; and the distressing behaviour of young Robert Smith (he was one of the "real Smiths"); and the elder Miss Ferris's illness, and the younger Miss Ferris's recovery—both caused by Oscar King's extraordinary conduct; conduct in which, it must be admitted, Dr. Lavendar was very much mixed up.

II

The Misses Ferris lived in a brick house a little way out of the village, on the river road. The house, which was very tall and narrow, was on the low meadow-land, just below the bend, where the river widened out into a motionless sheet of water, choked along the shore with flags and rushes. A Lombardy poplar stood at the gate, flinging its long, thin shadow back and forth across the bleak front of the house, which looked like a pale face, its shuttered windows the closed eyelids, weighted down in decent death. It was a big, gaunt house, lying in the autumn sunshine, silent and without sign of life, except the shadow of the poplar swaying back and forth like some gray finger laid upon dead lips. Indoors one knew how still it was because of the rustle of a newspaper slipping to the floor, or the scratch, scratch of a pen. Sometimes from the long, holland-clad parlour there would come through the silent house some faint burst of music from the jingling old piano; and Miss Clara Ferris—the well Miss Ferris—would look up, frowning a little, and saying to herself that she hoped Dorothea's practising would not disturb dear Mary; and there was generally a sigh of relief when the music faltered and ceased and the silence closed in again. Sometimes it did disturb dear Mary, who was the sick Miss Ferris, and she would call out from her dimly-lighted room beyond the sitting-room that she was so sorry to interfere with Dorothea, but really— And then Miss Clara would rise hastily, and go and tell Dorothea that dear Aunt Mary was very low to-day, and so would she mind not practising?

If Dorothea minded, she did not say so. Everything in the house revolved upon Aunt Mary—the "sick Miss Ferris," as Old Chester called her; who, thirty years before, upon being deserted by her lover, had taken to her bed where she had remained ever since. It was her illness, not the Ferris money, which made the two ladies so important in Old Chester. For, of course, a lady whose sensibilities are so delicate as to keep her in bed for thirty years is an important figure in this unromantic world.

When Dorothea came to live with the aunts this family scandal and grief had been told her by Miss Clara in a proud, hushed voice. "Your dear Aunt Mary has never risen (except on Saturdays, when the sheets are changed) from her bed since that fateful day; and she never will, until she is carried hence."

"But what is the matter, Aunt Clara?" Dorothea said, her voice hushed, too, from its pretty girlish note. "Is she sick?"

"Sick? No, certainly not. Why should she be sick? I am sure nobody ever had more constant care. But she was forsaken at the altar, and her heart was broken. It has remained so. Your Aunt Mary is so delicate and refined that she could not recover from such a blow. Refinement is a characteristic of the females of our family, Dorothea. Your Aunt Mary would not move even on Saturdays but that it is a necessity; and then she is assisted, as you know, to a couch." This Saturday moving was, to tell the truth, a thorn in Miss Ferris's side; she would have preferred entire helplessness. "But she has never recovered," Miss Clara repeated; "she is entirely crushed."

Thirty years! Thirty years of remembering! It was dreadful to Dorothea even to think of; the pride which her aunt had in it never touched her; it was a horror—the old, pallid, waxen face there on the pillow in the great four-poster in the best bed-room; the almost helpless limbs lying like sticks under the covers; the thin hands that were cool, like the petals of a faded flower. To Dorothea it was all ghastly and repulsive; and to her young mind the silent house, and the broken heart, and the shadow of the poplar coming and going across the high ceilings of the empty rooms, came to be all a strange, dreamlike consciousness of something dead near her.

It was into this life that Oscar King came to make love to Dorothea—came like a torch among dead leaves. Oscar had gone away from Old Chester about the time that the younger Miss Ferris took to her bed with a broken heart—some five years before Dorothea was born; he came back now, fifty years old, a handsome, determined, gentle-hearted man, and fell in love with Dorothea the very first Sunday that he saw her at church. Old Chester, regarding the back of Oscar's head as he sat in the rectory pew that first Sunday, speculated a good deal as to his future. He had come home with money, it was said, and he probably would not want to live with his brother, Dr. William King, whose house was as small as his income. Old Chester chuckled when it said this, for poor Willy King laboured under the disadvantage of having been known in his youth—in his babyhood, indeed—by most of his patients. And, really,

you can't blame Old Chester; for, when you come to think of it, it is hard to receive your castor oil or opodeldoc from one to whom you have administered them—perhaps with spankings. Nor was it likely that Oscar would want to settle down and live with his elderly sister, Rachel, and her little adopted child, who would doubtless be a nuisance to a bachelor like Oscar—"who has seen a great deal of the world, it is to be feared," Old Chester said, with a sigh. No; the proper thing for Oscar to do was to marry, and have a home of his own. Old Chester was prepared to give him much good advice on this subject: There was Rose Knight, a nice, intelligent girl, not too pretty, and a good, economical housekeeper. Or Annie Shields. On the whole, Annie Shields was perhaps more desirable; Annie was nearly forty, and suitable in every respect. "She has such admirable common-sense!" Old Chester said, warmly. "How comfortable she would make a middle-aged man like Oscar! Very likely he has rheumatism, you know, or something the matter with his liver—he has been knocking about the world so long. Dear, dear, it's to be hoped he has no undesirable habits!" Old Chester said, sighing; "but certainly Annie is just the wife for him." And, really, Old Chester's advice was based on reason; therein was its weakness. Men don't fall in love with women from considerations of reason. The ability to sew on buttons, and nurse husbands through attacks of indigestion, and give good wholesome advice, does not attract the male mind; these evidences of good sense are respected, but when it comes to a question of adoration—that is different: a man prefers a fool every time. Well—well; one of these days we may understand it: meantime we are all ready to sew on buttons, and keep house, and give advice—while Oscar Kings look over at little, vague, mindless girls, and fall in love with them.

"Who is that girl who sat in the second pew from the front, and looked like a Botticelli Madonna?" Mr. King said to Dr. Lavendar, when he went home to dinner with the old clergyman.

"I suppose you mean Dorothea," Dr. Lavendar said. "She doesn't look like any of your popish idols; she is a good child, and she lives with the Ferris girls. They are sucking the life out of her. She has no more will of her own than a wet string. I wish somebody would run off with her!"

"I will," said Oscar King, promptly.

III

So that was how the train was started which was to cause such violent disturbance in the silent house on the river road.

Oscar King lost no time in calling on the Misses Ferris. That very Sunday afternoon he walked out into the country, through the warm October haze, and pushed open the clanging iron gate at the foot of the Ferris garden. Then he stopped, for his Botticelli Madonna was standing waist-deep among the golden coreopsis in the garden border. Oscar King stood still and looked at her, and said to himself that he had found his wife. If any one had asked him the reason of his conviction he could not have told them; but convictions do not imply reasons. Look at women's belief in their husbands!

He went forward, abrupt and commonplace:

"I am Oscar King; and I'm sure you are Miss Dorothea Ferris. I saw you at church this morning, and I have come to call upon your aunts. I wonder if this is the orthodox hour for calling in Old Chester?"

She looked at him with eyes that brightened slowly through some vague abstraction, before she saw him; then she seemed a little frightened, and the colour came into her cheek.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a fluttered voice. "Aunt Clara is in the parlour, and—and please come in." She moved through the yellow cloud of coreopsis and came out into the path beside him, her head bending like a lily on its stalk. She was not a pretty girl: she had the high forehead, the soft, pale hair, parted and smooth on each side of her brow, the delicate lips, and, most of all, the mild, timid eyes, that make a type too colourless for prettiness. But Oscar King, as he walked beside her to the house was stirred through and through. Why? Who can say! If Beauty and the Beast is unexplainable, the Beast and Beauty is just as remarkable.

Not that Oscar was in the least a beast; but he was a big, active, masculine creature, and this passionless girl was like an icicle in the sunshine. But, for all that, he wanted her; he wanted, then and there, to lift her in his arms and kiss her pale mouth.

"I am going to marry you," he said to himself, watching her while she opened the door and led him into the dark hall; "I'm going to marry you, you saint!"

"It is Mr. Oscar King, Aunt Clara," Dorothea said, in her little, retreating voice.

And then she went and sat down in a corner. Oscar did not see her look at him again that whole hour of his call, though he prolonged it from moment to moment hoping that she would just once lift those vague soft eyes to his.

Miss Ferris had received her caller with a frigid bend of her body from the waist; then she sat down on a straight chair, her hands locked upon her lap, her lips pressed together, and waited for him to begin the conversation.

"How is Miss Mary?" he asked, cordially; "I hope I may see her."

"I thank you. My sister is as usual. Entirely crushed."

"Crushed?" Oscar said, puzzled.

"You have forgotten," Miss Clara said, icily, "that my sister was deserted at the altar. She has never recovered."

Oscar King was sympathetic, and murmured his hope that Miss Mary might soon "get about. A man who would do that is not worth regretting!" he said, warmly.

"Men do very strange things," Miss Clara Ferris said, with precise and cold significance. Oscar King look puzzled. Miss Clara grew colder and more monosyllabic. But it was not until she responded to the proposal that he should some day bring some photographs to show Miss Mary, by saying, "I thank you; my sister does not care for photographs," that he felt departure was no longer a matter of choice.

"Well, I am afraid I must go," he said, rising, the frank regret of his voice and eyes all directed to Dorothea, who sat by the window, never once looking toward him. "Won't you come out and give me a bunch of those yellow daisy flowers?" he asked her. This was a burst of inspiration, for Oscar King did not know one flower from another. Miss Clara opened her lips, but Dorothea replied before her:

"Oh yes, if you would like some."

"Good-by, Miss Ferris," said Oscar, blithely. "Next time I come I hope I can see Miss Mary."

"I thank you. My sister is—" began Miss Clara, but the unwelcome caller was already in the hall, saying something eagerly to Dorothea.

In the garden he prolonged the flower-picking process by minute and critical choice, and he talked every moment, plunging at once into personalities. He told her how pleasant it was to be back in Old Chester again, to see all his old friends—"and make a new one, perhaps," he said. He asked her about herself: was she lonely? had she many interests? might he come and see her? was she willing to have a new friend? Then he told her that she had seemed, as she stood among the coreopsis when he came in, like a flower—"a tall white lily," he said.

It was a quick, almost rough beginning of his wooing, these personalities. Dorothea, hardly answering, hardly daring to look at him, her colour rising and paling, felt as though she had been caught in a great wind that was whirling her along, astonished and helpless.

"Yes"; "No"; "I think so"— she faltered to this or that tempestuous assertion; her thoughts were all confused. Suddenly into the monotonous drift of her silent life had come, in a day, in an hour—"since dinner-time," she said to herself, this—What? Dorothea had no terms; but she was a woman, and something in her knew that this torrent of words, these kind, warm looks, this big pressure of his hand when he went away, meant—something. The girl was really breathless when she went back, alone, to the house.

"Dorothea!" Miss Clara called, from her Aunt Mary's room.

"Yes, Aunt Clara," she said, obediently.

The two aunts were evidently agitated. Miss Mary's face was flushed; Miss Clara was pale.

"Dorothea," said Miss Clara, "do you know who that person was who has just been here?"

"Mr. King?" the girl said, hesitating.

"Yes. My dear Dorothea, he is an improper person."

"Oh, Clara—" the invalid remonstrated.

"My dear, allow me to speak. Mr. King has lived away from Old Chester for thirty years, in foreign parts; *and no one knows what has gone on!*"

"I don't think you ought to say that before Dorothea," sighed Miss Mary.

"Dorothea doesn't know what I mean," Miss Ferris replied; "but you and I know. A man who has lived away from home for thirty years is a suspicious person. I consider that it was a great liberty on his part to call. He had forgotten your unhappy affair. He said he hoped you would 'soon get about.'"

"I wish I might," Miss Mary said, faintly.

Miss Ferris snorted with contempt. "It showed a coarse mind. He has no understanding of the delicacy of a lady's feelings."

Miss Mary sighed.

"Of course you will never 'get about';

but he had forgotten the whole matter. It just shows what sort of a man he is! You must be polite to every one, Dorothea. But you must always disapprove of improper persons."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Clara," said Dorothea.

IV

Oscar King may have lived in foreign parts, and "*no one have known what went on*," but he was still sufficiently of Old Chester to realize that he must inform himself upon Miss Mary Ferris's condition, if he would make himself pleasing to the family. Hence he made it his business to see Dr. Lavendar, and be refreshed as to facts. The old minister was very communicative; he remembered perfectly that June day, thirty years ago, when he in his surplice waited in the vestry, and Mary Ferris in bridal white waited in the vestibule—waited and waited, and heard through the open window the buzz of the bees in the locust-tree, and by-and-by the murmur of wonder from the wedding-guests in the church. Then had come the word that the man had fled. "And I had to tell that poor girl! That's what ministers and doctors are for, I suppose—to do other men's dirty work. It was like putting a knife into some helpless dumb creature's throat to tell her. Well, we took her home. She was sick for weeks. Then she began to revive, poor soul; but the affair had taken hold of Clara's imagination, and she kept saying that Mary was crushed. As soon as she saw any tendency to rise, she sat on her, so to speak. It has been the one interest of Clara Ferris's life. It has been something for her to talk about, you know—Mary's delicacy and refinement. Then the brother died—you remember Algernon Ferris?—and his little girl came to them. Dorothea was twelve then; she's twenty-five now, though you wouldn't think it. She's 'crushed,' just as poor Mary is. I wish I knew how to save the child; it's an unnatural life."

"I'm going to marry her," Oscar said, thoughtfully; "I hope that will save her."

Dr. Lavendar clapped him on the shoulder. "My boy, you'll be a Perseus to Andromeda! Couldn't you manage to take Mary too?"

"I'll leave her for you, sir," Oscar informed him, gravely.

When Mr. King next presented himself at the Ferris house, it was with diplomatic commiseration for the lady whose heart had been so irreparably broken. Miss Clara became slightly less icy at this interest, though her doubts concerning his European exile never faded.

It was not until he had made several calls that she began to have certain dark suspicions: Could it be that Mr. King meant to include Dorothea in his visits? The day that this possibility changed into probability, Miss Clara was standing at her sister's window, looking down at Oscar King saying good-bye to Dorothea on the front steps. His farewells took a long time, it must be admitted. He stood on the door-steps talking and talking; then, suddenly, he reached out (this was what Miss Clara saw) and took Dorothea's hand and held it, saying something which made the girl turn away a little, and put her other hand up to her eyes.

"Good heavens!" said Miss Clara, and sat down as though faint.

"What is it?" cried the younger sister from the bed. "What is the matter? Oh, if I had my legs!"

"You haven't, and you never will have," Miss Ferris replied, faintly; "and the reason of it is the same as—as what's going on now!"

"What do you mean?"

"He has taken a liberty with Dorothea; that's what I mean! I saw him saying good-bye. 'Good-bye!'—he didn't say good-bye to *me* that way; he held her hand——"

"They do that," murmured the other.

"It is terrible! There—he's gone. I heard the gate close. Well, it is time," said Miss Ferris, in an awful voice—"*it is time*. I shall speak to Dorothea at once."

"Oh, sister," protested the other, "I wouldn't. Perhaps he didn't mean anything. And suppose he did? It's nothing wrong——"

"Nothing wrong! Well, Mary, I don't know what you call its effect on you——"

"But it isn't always so," said Miss Mary, beginning to cry; "and if she loves him——"

"She doesn't. She is too young—he has been abroad—no one knows—" Miss Clara was so agitated that she was incoherent. "I must compose myself before speaking to her," she said. "I will go to my chamber for a little while, and then she may come to me."

She passed Dorothea in the large sitting-room, into which Miss Mary Ferris's bedroom opened, but she was too disturbed to look at the girl. Perhaps it was as well. Dorothea's face was burning; her eyes shone, but they were dazed, and there was a glitter of tears in them. She took up some work

and went over to her little window-seat, but she walked as one in a dream.

"Dorothea!" Miss Mary called, in her weak, flute-like voice.

The girl started, and answered, tremulously.

"Come in here, my child," the old aunt said. Dorothea came, still blushing, and with dazzled eyes.

Old Miss Mary Ferris lay back on her pillows, frail and faintly pretty, like some little winter-blossoming rose; all these years of having been shut out from the sun and wind of daily living had not made her ill; they had only "preserved" her, as it were.

She looked up at Dorothea with strange curiosity, as perhaps the dead look upon the living.

"Dorothea, your Aunt Clara says—she thinks she saw—tell me, is it so? Did he—speak?" Her eager, shivering voice was like the touch of something cold.

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Mary," Dorothea faltered.

"Did he speak of—*love?*" She took the girl's limp little hand in her own cool, satin-smooth fingers, and pulled her, with a vampirelike strength, until she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I think so," Dorothea stammered.

Miss Mary dropped her hand and covered her own face.

"Oh, Dorothea! it is so long ago! Do you love him? Tell me."

"I—I don't know, Aunt Mary."

"Did it make you happy to have him speak to you?"

"I—I think so," Dorothea said, crying.

"Then," Miss Mary said, "you love him"; and stared at her with vague eyes that seemed to look beyond her; "you—love him."

She drew a long breath, and turned over on her side; she seemed to forget Dorothea.

It was a pity Miss Clara should have sent for the child just then; she was like some little weak chicken being helped, perhaps a little roughly, out of its shell; and now the assistance ceased.

Miss Clara was quite composed when Dorothea came into her bedroom to stand before her and answer her searching questions. There was a moment of awful silence before the questions began. Miss Clara sat in a big chintz-covered arm-chair, which had side-pieces like ears, against which she leaned her head, overcome by emotion and fatigue. Dorothea stood at the foot of the bed, following with nervous fingers the carving of a pineapple on the tester-post; she was twenty-five years old, but she looked eighteen.

"Dorothea," Miss Clara said, "I saw the gentleman who called this morning upon your aunt and me, speaking to you on the porch. I observed him take your hand. Why did he do this, Dorothea?"

"I don't know, Aunt Clara," the girl said, panting.

"You are young, and, very properly, inexperienced, my dear, therefore you do not know why such things are done, nor what they portend. But, my dear, I would not be doing my duty to my dead brother's child if I did not tell you that it was a liberty on Mr. King's part; and warn you that that was the way your dear Aunt Mary began. And see the result! I do not, of course, mean to imply that gentlemen's attentions invariably end in this way. But the person who called here this morning has lived abroad for many years, and we do not know *what* has gone on. Therefore I do not wish you to permit him to take such liberties, or say good-bye to you again in this manner. I trust no words were uttered that I should have objected to?"

Dorothea turned red, and white, and red again.

"Dorothea! Did he say anything to lead you to suppose that he entertained sentiments of affection for you?"

"I think so," Dorothea confessed, beginning to cry.

"I am shocked! I hope, I *trust*, you answered as your poor Aunt Mary's niece should? What did you say?"

"I said—I didn't know.

"Didn't know what? You don't know anything, of course. But what was it that you 'didn't know'?"

"He asked me if I—cared. And I said I didn't—know." Miss Clara gave a sigh of relief.

"Very proper, my dear. Of course you don't know. But I know, and I will tell you: you do *not* care, Dorothea. I have read all the best books on the subject of love, besides having observed your dear aunt, and I am able to judge, as you are not, whether a young woman cares. I rejoice that you do not, for I should feel it necessary to say that you must at once desist. But as you do not, all is well."

Dorothea did not look as though all were well; Miss Clara's voice took a note of anxiety.

"There are many ways of judging of the

state of a young lady's affections; many tests; for instance, do you, or do you not, feel that if this person went away, you would be heart-broken, like your dear Aunt Mary, and would lie, as she has done, for thirty years, crushed by grief, upon your bed?"

"Oh no, Aunt Clara," the girl said, shrinking; "no, I couldn't."

"Well, you see!" said Miss Clara, triumphantly. "Now, my dear, that settles it; so think no more of the matter. It is very indelicate for a young lady to dwell on such subjects. I will communicate with Mr. King, and then we will say no more about it; but promise me to remember what I have told you."

"Oh yes, Aunt Clara," said Dorothea, wretchedly, "I promise."

And then Miss Ferris kissed her, and tapped her cheek playfully, and all was pleasant again.

V

Miss Ferris lost no time in communicating with Mr. King. Her letter, couched in majestic but most genteel phrase, reached him Friday evening; and Oscar, in his room at the tavern, read it, standing by the lamp, his shadow falling, wavering and gigantic, on the wall behind him. Then he sat down in one of the rickety chairs, put his hands in his pockets, thrust his feet out straight in front of him, and thought hard for ten minutes. Then he rose with a spring that made the lamp flare, and went whis ling about the room.

"I won't waste time at my age," he said to himself. "First I'll see the aunt; then I'll see Dr. Lavendar; then I'll see—*her!*"

He saw the aunt that night, and received her assurances that Dorothea was indifferent to him; but that if she were not, her aunts would not permit her to regard him with sentiments of esteem.

"You are not suited to my niece," said Miss Clara, "and I cannot but regard it as a liberty on your part to address her. You are much older than she, and *you have lived abroad very many years.*"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," Dorothea's lover insisted.

Miss Clara pursed up her lips and looked modest.

"Well, Miss Ferris, I suppose there is no use arguing such a question; and, after all, Dorothea must be her own judge."

"My niece's judgment always coincides with mine," said Miss Clara, rising.

Oscar King rose too, smiling. "Well, I will abide by her judgment."

"I hardly see how you can do otherwise," Miss Clara commented, dryly.

"*That's* over," Mr. King said to himself as he strode along in the dusk to the rectory. But the second part of the program was not so quickly carried out; it was midnight before he came out into the moonlight again and went back to his room in the tavern.

"Sunday morning—Dorothea!" he said to himself. "But if the aunt comes to church with her, I'll have to wait another twenty-four hours. Confound the old lady!"

But Miss Clara had no thought of going to church. A small cold rain began to fall at dawn, and she would have been horrified at the idea of taking the horses out, and of course at her time of life she could not go trudging along the country road under an umbrella, as Dorothea might; but, besides that, Miss Ferris was quite prostrated by her interview of Friday night.

"I am suffering because I have defended you, Dorothea," she said, faintly, to her niece; "but I am sure you are grateful, my dear, and that is all I want."

But when did youth know gratitude? Dorothea only murmured, "Yes, Aunt Clara," in a wretched voice.

In these days, when young people not only have opinions, but express them, unasked, Dorothea's unresisting plasticity seems scarcely natural. But that only means that Old Chester is not of these days. The girl who makes one think of a violet still exists there. Dorothea was silenced, trembling like a little bird in some strong hand, just because her aunt did not happen to approve of the man who made love to her, and whom she—would one say "loved"? The fact is, the man who falls in love with one of these negative young creatures hardly takes the trouble to ask whether she loves him; he loves her. And he wants to have her for his wife—to do as he wishes, to think as he thinks, to echo his opinions, and to admire his conduct; gentle, silent, yielding—such a combination is almost the same as adoring. At all events, it answers just as well, in the domestic circle. And it wears better, conjugally.

Anyhow, Oscar King had made up his mind. Poor little Dorothea had no mind to make up; so she walked along to church in the fine chill rain, feeling a lump in her throat, and her eyes blurring so that once or twice a hot tear overflowed, and ran down her cold, rain-wet cheek. Dorothea's

little heart was beating and swelling with misery and wonder and joy; but if one had said the word "love" to her, she would not have recognized it. She was very wretched when she reached the church; she knelt down and hid her face, and swallowed hard to get rid of the tears; then she took her prayer-book and read the marriage service, and thought that it was not for her. If Dorothea had not been so entirely behind the times, she would have decided to enter a sisterhood, or go and nurse lepers. As it was, she only saw before her long, pale years of obedience, and silence, and thin, cold autumnal rains. Yet all the time that her inward eye was fixed on Melancholy she was giving swift, low glances about the dark church. And when she saw Oscar in the rectory pew, a wave of lovely colour rose and spread up to her smooth forehead, and down to the nape of her neck, and her hands trembled, and she could not see whether the psalter for the day was for morning or evening prayer.

After all, there is nothing like that first wonderful beginning of love. But, nevertheless, when the girl is just that sort of girl that a man like Oscar King wants, she does not know that it is love; she only knows it is pain.

Oscar waited for her at the porch door, and opened her umbrella in the most matter-of-fact way.

"I am going to walk home with you."

"Oh—I don't think Aunt Clara would like it," she protested, faintly.

"But I'm not going to walk home with Aunt Clara. Dorothea, won't you look at me?"

"Oh, I think I'd—rather not," poor Dorothea said, trembling.

"Dear, your Aunt Clara won't let you be engaged," he said, guiding her steps along the church-yard path to the street—"(look out! there is a puddle; come over here). She won't let us be engaged, and so we are going to be married."

"Oh, Mr. King!"

"Yes, you little love. To-morrow morning."

"Oh, Mr. King, Aunt Clara——"

"Never mind Aunt Clara. I only wish Miss Mary could come to the wedding——"

"She can't," poor Dorothea said, panting, seeing a possible means of escape; "she has never been out of bed, you know, since the time she was going to be married——"

"Well, you see, dear, how dangerous it is not to be married. To-morrow morning you are to meet me, and we'll go to Dr. Lavendar."

"Oh, Mr. King, I can't, I *can't!*" Her anguished tone of fright went to his heart.

"You little sweetheart! I hate to have you worry about it for twenty-four hours longer; I wish it could be to-day; but the license is made out for to-morrow. Dearest, you are to walk along the river road about nine o'clock."

"Oh, Aunt Clara won't allow me to, I'm *sure*," she said.

"Well, then, dear, we will have to go right back to Dr. Lavendar now," he told her, with his kind, determined smile. "Promise to meet me, darling, or I'll have to get married at once." He stood still, looking down at her, amused and threatening.

"Oh, I'll promise just to meet you," she said, faintly.

"Ah, you little love, you little angel!" he murmured; and did nothing but talk this masculine baby-talk all the way to the Misses Ferris's gate, Dorothea blushing, and murmuring little soft, frightened "Ohs."

"You will meet me at nine to-morrow morning at the bend in the road," he said when he left her, "and then we'll talk things over."

"I don't mind just talking," she said, "but—that other thing——"

"Oh, that doesn't need to be talked about," he reassured her; "now promise, dearest, to meet me, or I'll have to come into the house with you now. I won't leave you until you promise."

"Oh, *please!*" poor Dorothea said. "Oh, yes, Mr. King, I'll promise. But I don't know how—but yes, yes. Oh, please, go away. I promise."

VI

DOROTHEA slipped into the house, noiselessly, but as she closed the front door softly behind her she heard an awful voice:

"*Dorothea!*"

There was a pause, and then two other words dropped from the upper landing:

"Come here."

The girl felt her heart really and literally sink in her breast. Her lips grew dry, and her breath fluttered in her throat so that she could not speak. She came into Miss Clara's room and stood, her eyes downcast, guilt in every line of her face.

Miss Ferris was sitting very erect in her big chair.

"Dorothea, I observed you from my chamber window."

The girl looked at a little hole in her glove; her hands trembled.

"Dorothea, what do you mean? I ask you, what do you mean by such conduct?"

"What conduct, Aunt Clara?" asked Dorothea, in a very little voice.

"I tell you, I observed you! Do not seek to deceive me and add the sin of a lie to that of impropriety!"

The girl swallowed, took off her glove, and pulled the fingers smooth and straight.

"Do you hear me, Dorothea?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"Then see that you heed me. I am pained and humiliated to find that it is necessary to instruct a niece of mine, a niece of your Aunt Mary's—your Aunt Mary, so refined that her disappointment at the altar laid her upon her couch, from which she has never risen—(except on Saturdays). I am pained, Dorothea, to have to tell *her* niece that when a young woman refuses a gentleman, it is not becoming to walk home from church with him afterwards. It is indelicate. It is immodest. He takes a liberty when he offers to accompany her. Need I say more?"

"Oh, *no*, Aunt Clara."

But Miss Clara said more:

"I had not thought it necessary to forbid your seeing this person. I had not, for that matter, thought it necessary to forbid your stealing, or murdering; all the females of our family have been perfectly modest and delicate, so I did not suppose such a command necessary. But it appears that I was mistaken. It is necessary. I forbid your seeing this—person. Do you hear me, Dorothea?"

There was no answer. Dorothea, deadly pale, lifted her terror-stricken eyes to her aunt's face, and then looked down again, speechless.

"I regret," said Miss Clara, with dreadful politeness, "that I must ask you to promise this. It appears, if you will pardon me for saying so, that otherwise I cannot trust you.

Still silence.

"Come, Dorothea, let us have no further delay. Promise."

Dorothea's face suddenly quivered; her voice broke, steadied, and broke again.

"I think—I won't, Aunt Clara."

"Won't what? Won't see him?"

"Won't promise, Aunt Clara."

Miss Ferris, her lips parted to speak, stared at this turning worm.

"You—won't?"

"I think I'd rather not, please, Aunt Clara."

"Why not?"

"Because I—promised I would."

There are no exclamation points which can tell Miss Clara Ferris's astonishment.

"You promised him?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"You had no right to make such a promise; therefore you must break it. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"Very well; then promise."

"I think—I won't."

There was a moment of stunned silence. Miss Ferris opened and closed her lips in a breathless sort of way. And certainly the situation was trying. The sensation of finding a command of no avail is to the mind what sitting down upon a suddenly withdrawn chair is to the body. Miss Ferris said, faintly,

"Dorothea, do you mean to defy me?"

"Oh, *no*, Aunt Clara!"

"Then you will promise me not to see or speak to this bad man again. He is a bad man, to have produced in a hitherto obedient girl such awful, such wicked, such—such indelicate conduct!"

She waited; she dared not risk another command, but she waited. There was no reply.

The silence grew embarrassing. And with the embarrassment there was the bewilderment of discovering that there is nothing in the world which can be quite so obstinate as a yielding, mild, opinionless girl.

"Is this all you have to say?" Miss Ferris demanded. She paused; still silence. Then she amended her question, to save her dignity.

"*If* this is all you have to say, you may retire to your chamber. I hope reflection and prayer—you need not come down to dinner—will bring you to a better frame of mind."

She waved a trembling hand in the direction of the door, and Dorothea fled.

It was well that no clairvoyance made it possible for Oscar King to see his sweetheart lying, crying and shivering, upon her bed that long, dreary, rainy Sunday afternoon. He might have relented, and repented having wrung a promise from her; or he might have stormed the cold, silent house, and carried her off, then and there.

VII

PROBABLY Miss Ferris trusted for obedience to the traditions of the past; at all

events, she did not lock Dorothea's door. What prayer and reflection might have accomplished, in connection with a key, who can tell? As it was, the next morning, Dorothea, white and trembling, came downstairs, and went quietly out of the house. The child was not clandestine; she proposed returning in the same open way. She also proposed telling Mr. King that she would make no more promises.

It was a dull, dark day; the mud on the river road was ankle-deep; in the woods shreds of mist had caught on the bare branches, and the clouds hung low and bleak behind the hills.

Oscar King sat in a buggy drawn up at the side of the road, just out of sight of the Ferris house. He flecked with his whip at the dripping branches of a chestnut, or neatly cut off the withered top of a stalk of golden-rod, and all the while he looked intently down the road. When he saw her coming his face lighted; he jumped out, backed his horse a little, and turned the wheel.

"You darling! Come, get in."

"Get in?" faltered Dorothea; but already he had lifted her like a feather and put her on the seat.

"Sweet, everything is arranged. Here, let me tuck this rubber apron around your little feet. I suppose it didn't occur to you to bring any things? It doesn't matter in the least. We can buy all you need in Mercer."

"But, Mr. King, I'm going back in a minute. I only came to tell you— Oh, Aunt Clara frightened me so!"

He was in a hurry, and alert for the sound of pursuing wheels, but he stopped his horse, and put his arm round her and kissed her, his face darkening.

"Dearest, never think of her again. You are mine now. We are going to be married, my sweet. Do you hear?"

"Oh," said Dorothea, pushing away from him and sitting up very straight, "you don't mean *now?*"

"Yes, now. I wish it had been three weeks ago; it's just so much time wasted!"

She began to say she couldn't, she mustn't, Aunt Clara would be, oh, so dreadfully angry!

But Oscar King interrupted cheerfully: "Now, Dorothea, listen, when I take you to Dr. Lavendar you won't back down if he asks you whether you want to get married?"

"Oh, if Dr. Lavendar disapproves, I *must* go home," cried poor Dorothea, in anguish.

"He'll disapprove if you break my heart, Dolly," he told her, gravely; then he went over all his plans. He did not entreat or plead; he announced. They were in Old Chester by this time, and it must be admitted that Mr. King had some anxieties as to the outcome of this high-handed wooing, for Dorothea, when he stopped for breath, still protested, faintly. If Dr. Lavendar thought that she was not as determined as her lover, he would certainly induce her to go back and ask Miss Ferris's consent; which would mean—Oscar King was ready to believe it would mean a dungeon and bread and water! He checked his horse a little, slapping the wet rein on the bay's steaming back, and meditated.

"Dolly, dear, Dr. Lavendar wanted to marry us, instead of letting the justice of the peace do it in Upper Chester. He made me promise to bring you to him. He said it was proper. Of course you don't want to do anything that isn't proper?"

"Oh, no," Dorothea answered, with agitation.

"So I promised; and you see I can't break my word."

Dorothea looked frightened.

"So you must tell him you want to marry me. You do, don't you, Dolly?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. King," she answered, tremulously, "but not just——"

"Never mind about that. Just tell him you do want to, Dolly. Never mind about the time. Promise me you will tell him you want to be married? After to-day you shall never make a promise again as long as you live. If Dr. Lavendar asks you if you are doing this of your own free will, you say 'yes.' Because you are, you know. I will stop the buggy right here, if you want to get out."

He drew up in a hollow of the road, where the water stood in a puddle from one side to the other. "You can get out, dear." Dorothea looked over the dripping wheel tired in mud. "Promise just to say 'yes' if he asks you."

"Oh!" said Dorothea. They were almost at the rectory gate. Oscar King had a worried line between his eyes.

"Dolly, I'll tell you what: when Dr. Lavendar asks you anything I'll repeat it, and you answer me; will you? Come, now, I'm not asking very much! Promise."

"I promise," faltered Dorothea.

When Oscar King, leading Dorothea, pushed open the door and came in, it was like a gust of west wind and a gleam of pale sunshine. Dr. Lavendar looked up from

his lathe, a little irritated at being interrupted; but seeing who it was, he smiled and frowned together. He had on his queer old dressing-gown, and his dog was tucked into his chair behind him.

"What!" he said. "You've got her, have you?" And then he looked very grave. "Dorothea, my child, I need hardly tell you that this is a serious thing you are thinking of doing."

"You know it's serious, Dolly, don't you?" Mr. King said, gently.

"Oh, *yes*, Mr. King," Dorothea answered, almost with passion.

"My dear," proceeded Dr. Lavendar, "I don't approve of runaway marriages, as a rule. I made Oscar promise to bring you here, because I couldn't have one of my children married by anybody else. You are of age, and you have a right to be married, and I believe Oscar to be a good man, or else I wouldn't let you do it, if I had to lock you up in that closet; but I must be sure first, my dear, that you realize what you are doing, and that you love Oscar with all your heart, and that is why you want to marry him. Not merely to get away from conditions which are, I know, hard and unnatural."

"Do you love me, Dolly?"

The room was very silent for a moment; a coal fell out of the grate upon the hearth; Dorothea drew a long breath and looked up at him, a sudden reality dawning in her face.

"Why—I do!" she said, vague astonishment thrilling in her voice.

"You are not going to marry me on your Aunt Clara's account, are you, Dolly?" he asked her, persuasively.

"Why, no, Mr. King," she said, in a bewildered way.

"You are not being over-persuaded?" Dr. Lavendar insisted, anxiously.

She looked at her lover, who, smiling, shook his head. "No," she repeated, faintly.

"Now, sir," Oscar broke in, cheerfully, "I don't want to hurry you, but we haven't any time to waste——"

"Well," the old man said—"well, I suppose there is nothing more for me to say, but——"

"But 'Amen!'" Oscar assured him, with a glance out into the rainy mist. Suppose Miss Ferris should appear! "Never mind a surplice. Come, Dolly, give me your hand, my dear——"

"Of course I shall mind a surplice, sir!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Any child of mine shall be married decently and in order. Here, show me your license."

Then he went away, and came back in his surplice, with his prayer-book, and in ten minutes the Amen was said.

VIII

"Why," said Miss Clara Ferris afterwards—"why I did not swoon when I discovered Dorothea's deceit, and That Person's baseness, and Dr. Lavendar's improper conduct, I shall never know! Providence, I suppose, sustained me."

Miss Ferris had breakfast in bed that morning, for the prospect of meeting Dorothea at the breakfast-table was not attractive; so it happened that the girl's absence was not discovered until Oscar King's letter announced it, and her marriage also. There was, of course, an instant and agitated departure for Old Chester.

"I will save her," Miss Clara told Miss Mary, weeping; "she shall desert him—if it were on the steps of the altar!"

"But it's all done," protested the invalid, also weeping; "they've left the altar."

"Well, I'll tell James Lavendar what I think of him; I'll tell him he has taken a great liberty in interfering in my family affairs!" Miss Ferris declared, shrilly, and went whirling into Old Chester as fast as the two fat horses which never went out in the rain could take her.

Miss Mary, lying in her bed, heard the whir of wheels beneath her window; for a moment she thought, passionately, how it would seem to be driving into this blowing fog of rain, feeling the wet wind against her face, and smelling the dead, dank leaves underfoot. Then her mind went back to this amazing news and her sister's anger: Clara would kill the child! Oh, if she could only walk! If she could only go and save her! Where was she? Clara would drag her home, and another Ferris heart would be broken! Miss Mary moaned aloud in her grief and helplessness.

"Oh, if I had my legs!" she said to herself; and then suddenly she stopped crying, only whimpering a little below her breath, poor old soul! and slid along towards the edge of her bed—slid along until her feet touched the floor, and she stood, shaking, quavering, holding on to the foot of the bed and looking about her.

"But I haven't any clothes," she said, plaintively; "Clara has taken my clothes."

Somehow, on her toggering, long-unused feet, she crept across the room to her sister's

wardrobe. She moaned under her breath; her heart beat horribly. Yet somehow she began to put on some of Miss Clara's clothing. She had almost forgotten how to do it; the feeling of stockings and shoes upon her feet was as strange as would be any harsh contact with one's face; but she put them on, flushing and breathing hard, and half sobbing. Then she looked about for a cloak, and went out into the hall, creeping and thrilling with this strange sensation of being fastened into something. Miss Mary had not seen that upper hall since the day she had come up the stairs, dazed and bewildered and deserted; she looked about her with a sudden horror of all the dead and stifled years since that vital day. How she got down the stairs no one ever knew; she clung to the hand-rail, sliding, slipping, half falling, and reached the lower hall. It seemed to her that the shoes she had put on were like leaden cases; she felt the shoe-strings cutting into her instep; she felt the weight of her skirts about her ankles. She sat down on the bottom step, panting with exhaustion and overcome with memory, but determined to save Dorothea. And then she fainted.

Miss Ferris found her there when she came back from the journey, which had revealed Oscar King's wickedness and Dorothea's undutifulness, and Dr. Lavendar's complicity—found her, and realized that the illusion and the interest of her life had been destroyed: Miss Mary was no longer crushed!

Miss Clara fell ill, poor lady, through excitement and chagrin; and Miss Mary, acquiring her legs and some clothing, nursed her tenderly. But life was never the same for the two sisters afterwards. To poor old Mary there came a dreadful suspicion of herself; perhaps, after all, her heart had not been broken? perhaps her fine delicacy had not existed? perhaps—perhaps! There was no end to her moral and physical distrust of herself—a distrust that made her, shamefaced and silent, afraid to say she had a headache or a twinge of rheumatism, lest Clara should turn and look at her—and doubt!

Miss Clara, for her part, had no pangs of conscience, but she suffered agonies of mortification. If she had a consolation, it was that Oscar King's conduct in marrying Dorothea justified her opinion of persons who had lived abroad very many years.

As for Oscar, he told his wife once that it was hard on poor old Clara to have Miss Mary get well; and Dorothea opened her mild eyes, and said:

"Why, Oscar, what *do* you mean?"

Which goes to show that she still retained the mental characteristics which endeared her to her lover.

Evening Song

By SIDNEY LANIER

LOOK off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

Reading It in the Stars

Ye prophets who explore the paths of the stars, out on you, ye false professors of a futile science! Folly brought you to the birth, and Rashness was your mother, ye poor wretches, who know not even your own disrepute. LEONIDES OF ALEXANDRIA (*1st Century*).

Fifty astrologists, including Prof. Gustave Meyer, whose stars said that Jack Dempsey was going to knock Gene Tunney out of the ring in the seventh round, met yesterday to combat certain Uranian influences which have played havoc with the profession.

All astrologists, it was explained, are born under, or quite near, Uranus, and people born in that neighbourhood have a difficult time in getting together for any single purpose or movement. That, they said, was why there is no standard national organization of astrologists.

N. Y. Herald Tribune, October, 1926.

BEGINNINGS OF ASTROLOGY

Starting with the indisputable fact that man's life and happiness are largely dependent upon phenomena in the heavens, that the fertility of the soil is dependent upon the sun shining in the heavens as well as upon the rains that come from heaven, that on the other hand the mischief and damage done by storms and inundations were to be traced likewise to the heavens, the conclusion was drawn that all the great gods had their seats in the heavens. In that early age of culture known as the "nomadic" stage, which under normal conditions precedes the "agricultural" stage, the moon cult is even more prominent than sun worship, and with the moon and sun cults thus furnished by the "popular" faith it was a natural step for the priests, who correspond to the scientists of a later day, to perfect a theory of complete accord between phenomena observed in the heavens and occurrences on earth. . . .

The Babylonian priests accordingly applied themselves to the task of perfecting a system of interpretation of the phenomena to be observed in the heavens, and it was natural that the system was extended from the moon, sun, and five planets to the more prominent and recognizable fixed stars. J. G. FRAZER.

BURYING STARS

The Lolos, an aboriginal tribe of western China, hold that for each person on earth there is a corresponding star in the sky. Hence, when a man is ill, they sacrifice wine to his star, and light four and twenty lamps outside of his room. On the day after the funeral they dig a hole in the chamber of death and pray the dead man's star to descend and be buried in it. If this precaution were not taken, the star might fall and hit somebody and hurt him very much. J. G. FRAZER.

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

Song of Deborah and Barak: Book of Judges.

THE WISDOM OF EGYPT

As for arithmetic, as it is useful upon other occasions, so it is very helpful to the study of geometry, and no small advantage to the students of astrology; for the Egyptians (as well as some others) are diligent observers of the course and motions of the stars; and preserve remarks of every one of them for an incredible number of years, being used to this

study, and to endeavour to outvie one another therein, from the most ancient times. They have with great cost and care, observed the motions of the planets; their periodical motions, and their stated stops; and the influences of every one of them, in the nativity of living creatures, and what good or ill they foreshow; and very often they so clearly discover what is to come in the course of men's lives, as if they pointed at the thing with the point of a needle. They frequently presage both famine and plenty; grievous diseases, likely to seize both upon man and beast; earthquakes, inundations, and comets; and through long experience, they come to the foreknowledge of such things as are commonly judged impossible for the wit of man to attain unto. They affirm that the Chaldeans in Babylon are Egyptian colonies, and that their astrologers have attained to that degree of reputation, by the knowledge they have learned of the Egyptian priests. DIODORUS SICULUS.

CHALDEAN LORE

They report (the Egyptian priests) that afterwards many colonies out of Egypt were dispersed over all parts of the world: that Belus (who was taken to be the son of Neptune and Lybra) led a colony into the province of Babylon, and fixing his seat at the river Euphrates, consecrated priests, and, according to the custom of the Egyptians, freed them from all public taxes and impositions. These priests the Babylonians call Chaldeans, who observe the motions of the stars, in imitation of the priests, naturalists, and astrologers of Egypt. DIODORUS SICULUS.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear.*

THE SCIENCE THAT GREW OUT OF ABSURDITIES

Certainly, if man may ever found his glory on the achievements of his wisdom, he may reasonably exult in the discoveries of astronomy; but the knowledge which avails us has been created solely by the absurdities which it has extirpated. Delusion became the basis of truth. Horoscopes and nativities have taught us to trace the planet in its sure and silent path; and the acquirements which, of all others, now testify the might of the human intellect, derived their origin from weakness and credulity. . . . Astrology, like alchymy, derives no protection from sober reason; yet, with all its vanity and idleness, it was not a corrupting weakness. Tokens, predictions, prognostics, possess a psychological reality. All events are but the consummation of preceding causes, clearly felt, but not distinctly apprehended. When the strain is sounded, the most untutored listener can tell that it will end with the key note, though he cannot explain why each bar must at last lead to the concluding chord. The omen embodies the presentiment, and receives its consistency from our hopes and fears. CLAUDIUS PTOLEMÆUS (*Preface*).

THE POTENT SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

The Zodiac is a band or belt, measuring about fourteen degrees in breadth, but, as Venus sometimes appears to have more than her real latitude, it is more correctly considered to be eighteen degrees in breadth. The ecliptic, or path of the Sun, passes exactly through the center of the Zodiac, longitudinally.

The ancients divided the Zodiac into ten Signs—Libra being omitted altogether, Virgo and Scorpio being merged into one, thus: Virgo-Scorpio.

Ptolemy divides the Zodiac into twelve equal parts, of thirty degrees each. He says: "the beginning of the whole Zodiacal circle (which, on its nature as a circle, can have no other beginning or end, capable of being determined) is, therefore, assumed to be the sign of Aries, which commences at the vernal equinox, in March."

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

Northern	*Southern*
Aries (the Ram)	Libra (the Scales)
Taurus (the Bull)	Scorpio (the Scorpion)
Gemini (the Twins)	Sagittarius (the Archer)
Cancer (the Crab)	Capricorn (the Goat)
Leo (the Lion)	Aquarius (the Water-bearer)
Virgo (the Virgin)	Pisces (the Fish)

Through these twelve signs the planets continually move, and are ever in one or the other of them. They are divided into North and South; the first six, from Aries to Virgo, are Northern; the latter six, from Libra to Pisces, are Southern. This is because the Sun and planets when in the first six are north of the equator, and when in the last six they are south of that line.

Each point of the Zodiac rises and sets once every twenty-four hours, occasioned by the earth's revolution on its axis once every day; therefore, when any given point is rising, the opposite point must be setting. *Influence of the Stars.*

Thus some who have the Stars survey'd
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool *to bed.* NICHOLAS ROWE.

WHAT A SCIENTIST BELIEVED 1800 YEARS AGO

Neither put on nor lay aside any garment for the first time, when the moon may be located in Leo. And it will be still worse to do so, should she be badly affected.

Beware the affliction of the eighth house and its Lord, at a time of departure; and that of the second house and its Lord, at a time of return.

Mars' evil influence over ships is diminished if he be neither in the mid-heaven nor in the eleventh house; but if in either of these places, he renders the ship liable to be captured by pirates. And if the ascendant be afflicted by any fixed star of the nature of Mars, the ship will be burned.

If, during a sickness, the seventh house and its Lord be afflicted, change the physician.

A star often dispenses influence in a place in which it has no prerogative, thus fringing unexpected advantage to the native.

The sun is the source of the vital power; the moon, of the natural power.

The Hundred Aphorisms. CLAUDIUS PTOLEMÆUS.

MAKING ASTROLOGY UNPOPULAR IN ROME

I must not pass over a prognostication of Tiberius respecting Servius Galba, then consul. Having sent for him and sounded him on various topics, he at last addressed him in Greek to this effect: "You too, Galba, will some day have a taste of 'empire.'" He thus hinted at a brief span of power late in life, on the strength of his acquaintance with the art of astrologers, leisure for acquiring which he had had at Rhodes, with Thrasyllus for instructor. This man's skill he tested in the following manner:

Whenever he sought counsel on such matters, he would make use of the top of the house and of the confidence of one freedman, quite illiterate and of great physical strength. The man always walked in front of the person whose science Tiberius had determined to test, through an unfrequented and precipitous path (for the house stood on rocks), and then, if any suspicion had arisen of imposture or of trickery, he hurled the astrologer into the sea beneath, that no one might live to betray the secret. Thrasyllus accordingly was led up the same cliffs, and when he had deeply impressed his questioner by cleverly revealing his imperial destiny and future career, he was asked whether he had also thoroughly ascertained his own horoscope, and the character of that particular year and day. After surveying the positions and relative distances of the stars, he first paused, then trembled, and the longer he gazed, the more was he agitated by amazement and terror, till at last he exclaimed that a perilous and well-nigh fatal crisis impended over

him. Tiberius then embraced him, and congratulated him on foreseeing his dangers and on being quite safe. Taking what he had said as an oracle, he retained him in the number of his intimate friends.

When I hear of these and like occurrences, I suspend my judgment on the question whether it is fate and unchangeable necessity or chance which governs the revolutions of human affairs. Indeed, among the wisest of the ancients and among their disciples you will find conflicting theories, many holding the conviction that heaven does not concern itself with the beginning or the end of our life, or, in short, with mankind at all; and that therefore sorrows are continually the lot of the good, happiness of the wicked; while others, on the contrary, believe that, though there is a harmony between fate and events, yet it is not dependent on wandering stars, but on primary elements, and on a combination of natural causes. Still, they leave us the capacity of choosing our life, maintaining that, the choice once made, there is a fixed sequence of events. Good and evil, again, are not what vulgar opinion accounts them; many who seem to be struggling with adversity are happy; many, amid great affluence, are utterly miserable, if only the first bear their hard lot with patience, and the latter make a foolish use of their prosperity.

Most men, however, cannot part with the belief that each person's future is fixed from his very birth, but that some things happen differently from what has been foretold through the impostures of those who describe what they do not know, and that this destroys the credit of a science, clear testimonies to which have been given both by past ages and by our own. TACITUS (CHURCH AND BRODRIBB).

Times change and we change with them. The stars rule men, but God rules the stars.
CHRISTOPH CELLARIUS (1661).

THE GREAT JESTER TAKES UP ASTROLOGY

This year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be fully empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope-makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from the peas in Lent. There won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one part of the world will disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian don't hold them in. If God don't help us we shall have our hands full.

I find by the calculations of Albumazar in his book of his great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for mussels, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be very few bonchretiens, but choke pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish. RABELAIS.

Were it not for the influence of the stars
Children would be exactly like their parents. DANTE.

LOOKING BACKWARD

To restore the Astrology of the Chaldeans is the only hope that is left for all who would make this subject a practical and a beneficial study. With all due respect to modern exponents of the science, who have laboured hard in its defense, we are bound to admit

that their study has been too much mixed up with considerations appertaining to "horary" Astrology, a system which will not compare with the methods of astrological practise taught by the wise men of the East. LEO ALLEN.

WHAT AN ASTROLOGER MUST BE IN INDIA

An astrologer ought to be of good family, friendly in his appearance, and fashionable in his dress; veracious, and not malignant. He must have well-proportioned, compact and full limbs, no bodily defect, and be a fine man, with nice hands, feet, nails, eyes, chin, teeth, ears, brows, and head, and with a deep and clear voice; for generally one's good and bad moral qualities are in unison with one's personal appearance. Now, good qualities in a man are, that he is pure, clever, free, eloquent, ready-witted, able to discern time and place, good in the highest sense of the word; not timid in society, unsurpassed by his fellow-students, skilful, not addicted to bad passions, well versed in the arts of expiation, of procuring prosperity, of incantation, and of anointing; further, that he is regular in worshipping the gods, in his observances and fasts; that he is able to raise the prestige of science by the wonderful perfection of his branch of study, and to solve satisfactorily any question, except in cases wherein supernatural agencies baffle human calculation; finally, that he knows both text and meaning of the works on Mathematical Astronomy, Natural Astrology, and Horoscopy. . . .

An astrologer must also be accomplished in natural astrology, in which the following matters are contained: . . . The forebodings of instant rain, the conclusions to be drawn from the growth of flowers and plants as to the produce of trees and crops, . . . the earthquake, the glowing red of twilight, the Fata Morgana, the dust-rain, the typhoon . . . the movements of wild beasts, of horses, the circle of winds, the good or bad signs of temples, of statues, the treatment of trees, the sight of wagtails, the allaying of the influence of portents, miscellaneous matters, the anointing of a king; the signs of swords, or ornamental gold-plates, of cocks, of tortoises, of cows, of goats, of horses, of elephants, of men, of women; reflections on womankind; the prognostics of boils, of shoes, of torn garments, of umbrella-sticks, of couches and seats, the examination of jewels, the good or bad signs of tooth-sticks, etc., such as occur in common life to everybody as well as to kings,—all these things have every moment to be considered by an astrologer with undivided attention. *The Brhat-Sanhita.* VARAHA-MIHIRA (KERN).

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate. JOHN FLETCHER.

THE GREATEST MIND OF THE 16TH CENTURY

It is an old saying that "a wise man may rule the stars," and I believe in that saying —not in the sense in which you take it, but in my own. The stars force nothing into us that we are not willing to take; they incline us to nothing which we do not desire. They are free for themselves and we are free for ourselves. You believe that one man is more successful in the acquirement of knowledge, another one in the acquisition of power; one obtains riches more easily, and another one fame; and you think that this is caused by the stars; but I believe the cause to be that one man is more apt than another to acquire and to hold certain things, and that this aptitude comes from the spirit. It is absurd to believe that the stars can make a man. Whatever the stars can do we can do ourselves, because the wisdom which we obtain from God overpowers the heaven and rules over the stars. . . .

The sun and the stars attract something from us, and we attract something from them, because our astral bodies are in sympathy with the stars, and the stars are in sympathy with our astral bodies; but the same is the case with the astral bodies of all other objects. They all attract astral influences from the stars. Each body attracts certain particular influences from them; some attract more and others less; and on this truth is based the power of amulets and talismans, and the influence which they may exercise over the astral form of the bearer. Talismans are little boxes, in which sidereal influences may be preserved. PARACELSUS: THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTUS VON HOHENHEIM.

(To be concluded)

The Lovers of Kandahar

By COUNT DE GOBINEAU

YOU ask if he was beautiful? Beautiful as an angel. His complexion was a little tawny, not with that dull, cadaverous shade which is the sure result of a mongrel origin; it was richly tawny like a fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a silken, sweeping, and rather long mustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-flanked. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the purest Afghan blood coursed through his veins, and that looking at him one saw the veritable descendant of those ancient Parthians, Arsacians, Orodians, under whose tread the Roman world groaned in righteous terror. His mother, at his birth, foreseeing what he would become, had named him Mohsèn, the beautiful, and rightly so.

Unfortunately, accomplished to this pitch as he was in respect to external advantages, not less perfect with regard to qualities of soul, and dignified by the most illustrious lineage, he lacked too much: he was poor. He had just been fitted out, for he was on the verge of seventeen; and this had been no easy matter. His father had supplied the saber and shield; an old uncle had given the gun, which was but an indifferent weapon. Mohsèn contemplated it only with vexation, and almost with shame; the wretched musket was a flintlock; and several of his companions of the young nobility possessed admirable English guns of the newest design. However, such an old-fashioned stick was better than nothing. By the kindness of a cousin he carried an excellent knife, three feet long and four inches broad, pointed like a needle, and of such weight that a well-struck blow would be sufficient to sever a limb. Mohsèn had fastened this redoubtable weapon to his girdle, and was ambitious, if he should die for it, to have a pair of pistols. But he by no means knew when and by what miracle he could ever become possessed of such a treasure; for, again, he needed money most cruelly.

However, although he knew it not, he had, when thus armed, the bearing of a prince. His father, when he appeared before him, surveyed him from head to foot without any abatement of his cold and severe manner; but from the way in which he stroked his beard it was clear that the old man experienced an inner emotion of powerful pride. His mother felt her eyes swimming with tears, and passionately kissed her child. He was an only son. He kissed the hands of his parents, and went forth with the fixed intention of effecting three designs, the accomplishment of which appeared necessary to insure him a worthy entrance upon life.

The family of Mohsèn, as might be expected from the rank it occupied, had two well-founded feuds and pursued two *vendettas*. It was a branch of the Ahmedzyys, and for three generations at enmity with the Mouradzyys. The dissension had its origin in a horsewhipping administered by one of the latter to a vassal of the Ahmedzyys. Now, these vassals, who, not being of Afghan blood, live under the dominion of the nobility, cultivate the earth and follow trades, can easily be maltreated by their rightful lords, without its being

any one's business; but, should any other than their master raise a hand to them, the offense is unpardonable, and honour demands that their master should take as terrible a vengeance as though the blow given or the injury inflicted had fallen on a member of the owner's family itself. The offending Mouradzyy had consequently been stabbed to death by the grandfather of Mohsèn. Since then, eight murders had taken place between the two houses, and the latest victims had been an uncle and a cousin-german of the hero of this story. The Mouradzyys were powerful and rich; there was imminent danger of seeing the family become entirely extinct through the rage of these terrible foes, and Mohsèn conceived no less a design than to attack at once Abdallah Mouradzyy himself, who was one of the Prince of Kandahar's lieutenants, and slay him, a deed which would proclaim at the outset the magnitude of his courage, and could not fail to render his name redoubtable. Nevertheless this was not the most pressing matter.

His father, Mohammed-Beg, had a younger brother named Osman, and this Osman, the father of three sons and one daughter, had acquired some fortune in the English service, having been for long *subahdar*, or captain, in an infantry regiment at Bengal. His retiring pension, regularly paid through the medium of a Hindoo banker, gave him, together with considerable comfort, a certain vanity; moreover, he had fixed opinions respecting the art of war, very superior, in his estimation, to those of his elder brother Mohammed. The latter only set a value on personal bravery. Several very animated disputes had taken place between the two brothers; and the elder, whether rightly or wrongly, had found the respect due to his seniority but scantily observed. Their relations accordingly were pretty bad, when one day Osman-Beg, on receiving a visit from Mohammed, did not rise on his entrance into the room. At sight of this enormity, Mohsèn, who accompanied his father, could not contain his indignation, and, not daring to lay the blame directly on his uncle, he applied a vigorous box on the ear to the youngest of his cousins, Elèm. This occurrence was the more to be deplored as up to this time Mohsèn and Elèm had entertained the strongest affection for each other; they were never done saying so, and it was between those two children that the dreams of vengeance were perpetually being woven which should restore to the family the splendour of honour, tarnished by the Mouradzyys in such a lamentable way. Elèm, enraged at his cousin's action, had drawn his poniard, and made a movement to spring on him; but the old men interposed in time, and had separated the belligerents. Next day a bullet was lodged in the right sleeve of Mohsèn's clothing. No one was in doubt concerning it: this bullet came from Elèm's gun. Six months passed, and an ominous calm brooded over the two dwellings, which adjoined, and which could mutually watch each other. The women only had encounters at times—they insulted one another; the men seemed to avoid each other. Mohsèn, eight days before, had made up his mind to penetrate into his uncle's house and slay Elèm; his plans were laid accordingly. Such was the second design he was anxious to execute. As for his third idea, it was as follows: After having killed Elèm and Abdallah-Mouradzyy, he would go and present himself to the Prince of Kandahar, and ask him to give him a place among his followers. He did not doubt but that a warrior such as he was about to show himself would be treated with respect, and received with acclamation.

It would be wronging him, nevertheless, to attribute to this double action, which so fully occupied his mind, a motive of unworthy interest. It would be erroneous if we should think that to put his cousin Elèm to death seemed to him a trivial act, and did not cost anything. He had loved, he still loved, his childhood's companion; twenty times in each twenty-four hours, when his thought, pursuing his dreams, would strike on one more brilliant than the rest, there would pass, as a flame, before his soul the image of his cousin Elèm, and he would say to himself: "I shall tell it to him! What will he think of it?" Then of a sudden he would find himself amid realities, and, without allowing himself a sigh, he would banish from his heart the old thought which should no longer live there. Honour spoke: it was needful that honour, and honour only, should be heard. The Hindoos and the Persians can freely abandon themselves to the leadings of their friendships, to the promptings of their preferences; but an Afghan! what he owes to himself transcends everything. Neither affection nor pity avails to stay his arm when duty speaks. Mohsèn knew this—it was enough. It was requisite that he should be deemed a man of spirit and courage; he desired that never should the shadow of a reproach, never the suspicion of a

weakness, come near his name. Persistence in such a lofty sentiment costs something; an enviable reputation is not gained without trouble. Is it too dear at any price? No, thought Mohsèn, and the glowing pride which beamed on his handsome face was the reflection of the exactions of his soul.

However, once avenged, not of his personal wrongs—what were they? who had ever sought to offend him?—but avenged of the stains inflicted on his kindred, general esteem and the justice of the prince would promptly assign to him rank and endowments—the fit wages of bravery; nothing was more natural, and it was not a defect, a wrong, an error, a blamable covetousness in him to aspire to this right.

The day was not yet sufficiently advanced for him to set to work. He needed the first hour of evening, the moment when the shadows begin to descend on the town. In order to abide the time, he set out, walking with a calm step, toward the bazaar, preserving in his bearing that chilling dignity suitable to a young man of good lineage.

Kandahar is a magnificent and large town. It is inclosed by a battlemented wall, flanked by towers where bullets are often caught. In a corner rises the citadel, the dwelling-place of the prince, the stormy theater of many revolutions, which the gleam of sabers, the sound of firing, the display of decapitated heads fixed to the posts of the gates, neither astonishes nor grieves. In the midst of a group of houses, many of which are of several stories, there radiate like arteries in that great body vast labyrinthine passages, where, set in line, are the stalls of the dealers who sit smoking and answer their customers from the elevation of little platforms, on which are displayed the stuffs of India, Persia, and Europe, while all along the tortuous, unpaved, uneven way, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, streams the crowd of Banians, Uzbecks, Kurds, Kizzilsbashes, crowding on one another, buying, selling, hurrying, and standing in groups. Lines of camels follow one another amid the shouts of their drivers. Here and there a richly clad chief passes on horseback, surrounded by his men, who, with shouldered guns and shields on their backs, roughly disperse the passers-by and clear a way. Elsewhere a foreign dervish howls a mystical expression, recites prayers, and asks alms. Farther off a story-teller, seated on his heels in a big wooden chair, holds around him an excited auditory, while the soldier, the follower of a prince or a nobleman, or simply a seeker of fortune, like Mohsèn, passes by in silence, casting a scornful glance on these nobodies, and timidly avoided by them. Life is widely different for them and for him. They can laugh; nothing save blows or wounds can affect them; unless some mischance befalls, they will be long-lived. They are free to gain a livelihood in a thousand ways; all things are good to them; no one exacts anything from them.

The Afghan, on the other hand, in order to be what he ought to be, passes his existence in watching himself and others, and, ever suspicious, keeping his honour before him, excessively susceptible and jealous of a shadow, he knows beforehand how few his days will be. It is rare to find men of his race who have not, ere they are forty, received their death-blow, for having struck or threatened others.

At length day disappeared behind the horizon, and the first shadows lengthened in the streets; the upper terraces alone were yet gilded by the sun. The muezzins all at once began, from the summit of mosques great and small, to proclaim the hour of prayer in sonorous and prolonged tones. It was, as is customary, the universal cry, which echoes through the air affirming that Allah alone is God, and that Mahomet is his prophet. Mohsèn was aware that every day at this hour his uncle and his sons were in the habit of repairing to their evening duty—all his sons without a single exception; but this time there would be one such; Elèm, stricken by fever, had been sick and laid up for two days. Mohsèn was certain to find him in his bed, in a deserted house, for the women, in their turn, would be at the fountain. Since the beginning of the week he had been on the watch, and knew the details point by point.

While walking along he shook the long knife at his belt in order to make sure that the blade did not adhere to the scabbard. When he reached the door of his uncle's house he entered. He pushed back the sides of the door behind him; he secured them with the bar; he turned the key in the lock. He wished to be neither surprized nor hindered. What a shame it would have been had he failed in his first enterprise! He traversed the dark corridor leading into the narrow court, and this court itself, leaping over the fountain which formed its center. Then he ascended three steps and turned toward Elèm's room. All of a sudden he found himself face to face with his female cousin, who, standing in the middle of the corridor, barred his way. She was fifteen

years of age, and was called Djemylèh, "the Charming."

"Salvation be upon you, son of my uncle!" said she; "you came to kill Elèm."

Mohsèn was dazzled, and his eyes swam. He had not seen his cousin for five years. How the child, now become a woman, had changed! She stood before him in the full perfection of a beauty he had never conceived of, ravishing in herself, adorable in her robe of red gauze with its gold flowers, her beautiful hair surrounded, he knew not how, with blue transparent silver-embroidered veils.

His heart beat, his soul was intoxicated, he could not answer a single word. She continued in a clear, penetrating, sweet, irresistible tone:

"Do not slay him! He is my favourite; the one of my brothers whom I love most. I love you more; take me for ransom! Take me, son of my uncle! I will be your wife, I will follow you, I will become yours; do you desire me?"

She bent tenderly toward him. He lost his head; without understanding what was happening or what he was doing, he fell on his knees and gazed, entranced, on the adorable apparition who leaned over him. Heaven opened to his eyes. He had never dreamed of anything like it. He gazed, he gazed, he was happy, he suffered, he did not think, he felt, he loved, and, as he was absolutely lost in this infinite and mute contemplation, Djemylèh, with a charming movement, falling back a little, leaning against the wall and twining her two arms behind her head, completed his bewitchment by letting fall on him, from the altitude of her lovely eyes, divine beams by which he was enveloped, overcome by their warmth and magic. He bent his forehead so low, so low that, his mouth approaching a skirt of her purple robe, he seized the hem of it tenderly and bore it to his lips. Then, Djemylèh, lifting up her little bare foot, placed it on the shoulder of him who, without speaking, so thoroughly confessed himself her slave.

This was an electric shock; this magic touch was omnipotent over him; the proud temper of the young man, already much shaken, shattered like a crystal under this almost impalpable pressure; and a nameless happiness, a limitless felicity, a joy of unequaled intensity, penetrated the entire being of the Afghan. Love demands of each the gift of what he holds most dear. That is what one must yield, and if he loves, it is precisely what he wishes to give. Mohsèn gave his vengeance, gave the conception he had of his honour, gave his liberty, gave himself, and instinctively sought still in the deepest abysses of his being to see if he could not give more. What he had hitherto esteemed above heaven seemed to him pitiful in comparison to what he would have desired to lavish on his idol, and he found himself in arrears before the excess of his adoration.

On his knees thus, the little foot resting on his shoulder, and he himself bowed to the earth, he raised his head sideways, and Djemylèh, looking at him also, tremulous but serious, said to him:

"I am wholly yours! Now, be off! Come this way lest my relations should meet you, for they are just coming in again. You must not die; you are my life."

She withdrew her foot, took Mohsèn's hand and lifted him up. He was passive. She drew him into the interior of the house, led him toward a back-door and listened whether any dangerous sound was audible. Truly, death surrounded them. Before opening the way to him, she looked at him again, threw herself into his arms, kissed him, and said:

"You depart; alas, you depart! Yes, I am wholly yours!—forever, do you hear?"

Footfalls resounded in the house. Djemylèh quickly opened the door.

"Be off!" she murmured. She pushed the young man out, and the latter found himself in a deserted lane. The door was shut behind him.

Solitude did not soothe him; on the contrary, the delirium which had mastered him at sight of his cousin and borne him, at least so it seemed, to its highest pinnacle, took another direction, another form, and did not decrease. It appeared to him that he had always loved Djemylèh, that the few minutes just passed away comprised his life, his entire life. Hitherto he had in no wise lived; he only recollected vaguely that he had wished, sought, contrived, approached, blamed, an hour before. Djemylèh was everything, filled the universe, animated his being; without her he was nothing, could do nothing, knew nothing. Above all, without her he would have been horrified, if he could have been, to desire or hope for anything.

"What have I done?" said he bitterly, to himself. "I have gone away! what a coward! I have been afraid! have I been afraid? Why have I gone away? Where is she? To see her again, oh, to see her again! Only to see her once more! But when? never! I shall never see her again! I have not asked it of her. I have not even had the courage to tell her I loved her. She despises me! What can she think of a wretch like me? She—she! Djemylèh! There should be at her feet—under her feet, a sultan, a master of the world! What am I? A dog. She will never love me!"

He hid his face in his hands and wept in bitterness. Then the remembrance of a heavenly music revived in his soul.

"She said to me, 'I am wholly yours!' Has she said so? has she really said so? How did she say it? 'I am yours!' Why? always? Perhaps she did not think as I believe. I give a meaning to it which she did not intend. She only desired to make me listen there.—Ah! how I suffer, and how I would like to die! She wished to save her brother, nothing more! She wished to distract me—to amuse herself with me. Women are false. Well, she is amused, she distracts me, she tortures me! If that pleases her, who can prevent it? Is it I? No, truly, I am her property, I am her plaything, the dust of her feet, whatever she may desire. If she shatters me she will do well! What she wishes is well! Ah! Djemylèh—Djemylèh!"

He reentered his own house pale and sick; his mother perceived it. She took him in her arms; he laid his head in her lap and remained a part of the night without sleep or speech. Fever preyed upon him. On the morrow he was quite ill, and remained prostrate on his bed. From the strange weakness which pervaded him and relaxed his limbs, it seemed to him that his end was near, and he was satisfied so. An almost perpetual hallucination showed him Djemylèh. Sometimes she pronounced, in the same tone that he remembered so well, those words which henceforth formed his very existence, "I am wholly yours!" Sometimes, and oftenest, she let fall on him that disdainful look which he had not seen, but which he was sure he deserved too well. Then he longed to have done with an existence barren of happiness.

It occurred to him, further, to devise means of seeing again his uncle's daughter. But immediately his imagination was checked by the impossibility of the thing. He had been able once, on one sole occasion, by braving everything, to penetrate the interior of the hostile house. We know what he was going to do there. Did he wish, then, to risk the loss of her whom he loved?

What would she think, besides, at seeing him again? Did she desire it? Did she ask for him? Undoubtedly it would be only joy to him to die in the place where she lived, to fall on the same floor trodden by her dear feet, to expire in the sacred air that she breathed. No, that would be nothing else than supreme good; but at the instant when he was closing his eyes beneath the cruel bite of steel or bullet, to meet the look of Djemylèh and experience icy indifference—what? Scornful hate, that would be too much. No, he must not go to die in that house.

Mohsèn was certain, convinced but of one thing—that he was not loved. Why did he believe so? Because he was too much in love. The madness of fondness had seized him unaware, suddenly, rudely, completely! he had understood nothing of what was happening to him. He constantly recalled what Djemylèh had said to him. Alas! the words, one by one, were treasured like pearls in his heart; but by dint of hearing them, repeating them, of hearing them again, of dwelling on them, he no longer understood them, and he only knew that he had been unable to answer a single, solitary word: he was exceedingly wretched.

His mother saw him pining. The poor child's breast was being choked up; a torrid

heat consumed him. He was passing away. All the neighbouring households knew his condition, and, as nothing could explain so sudden a sickness, it was generally agreed that a sorcery had been cast on him, and the question was, whence came the blow? Some pretended to show that the Mouradzyys had ordered it; others stealthily accused old Osman of being the murderer, and of having hired a Jewish doctor to effect the magic assassination.

It was evening, and tolerably late. For two days the young man had not uttered a single word. His head was turned to the wall, his arms hung listless on the bed; his mother, after having disposed charms around him, and entertaining no further hope, was waiting to see him expire, and watching him with eager eyes, when suddenly, to the great surprise—almost to the terror—of the poor woman, Mohsèn abruptly turned his head toward the door; and, the expression of his countenance changing, a gleam of life illumined it. He listened. His mother heard nothing. He raised himself, and in a confident tone pronounced these words:

"She is leaving her house and coming here."

"Who, my son, who is coming here?"

"Herself. Mother, she is coming. Open the door for her!" replied Mohsèn in a piercing voice. He was beside himself; a thousand flames sparkled in his eyes. The old woman, without knowing herself what she was doing, obeyed this imperious order, and at the touch of her trembling hand the door opened wide. She saw no one. She listened, but heard nothing. She looked in the corridor; all was gloomy; she saw nothing. One minute, two minutes passed in this waiting, full of anxiety for her, full of assured faith for him. Then a light noise sounded; the door of the house opened; a furtive, quick step flitted over the stone flagging; a form, at first indistinct, detached itself from the shadows; a woman disclosed herself, arrived at the threshold of the chamber; a veil fell, Djemylèh threw herself toward the bed, and Mohsèn, uttering a cry of joy, received her in his arms.

"You are here; it is yourself. You love me?"

"Above all things!"

"Unhappy child," cried the mother; "this, then, is what was killing you!"

The two lovers remained locked in each other's arms, and did not speak; they stammered; they were drowned in tears; they gazed on one another with an inextinguishable passion, and, as an almost exhausted lamp into which oil is poured, Mohsèn's soul revived, and his body recovered itself.

"What does this mean?" said the old woman. "Have you resolved on your own ruin and ours? Do you think your uncle will not perceive Djemylèh's flight? What will happen? What calamities are about to fall on us? Are we not sufficiently tried? Child of misfortune, return to your home! Leave us!"

"Never!" cried Mohsèn. He got up forthwith, tied his robe, tightened his belt, stretched out his hand to the wall, took down his arms, adjusted them, and renewed the priming of his gun, all in a second. The last trace of prostration had disappeared. If he had fever, it was the fever of action. Enthusiasm shone in his face. Djemylèh helped him to buckle his saber belt. Feelings akin to those of the young man animated her charming features. At this moment, old Mohammed, followed by two of his men, entered the room. Seeing his niece, who flung herself at his feet and kissed his hand, he was momentarily surprised, and was unable to conceal a sort of emotion. His stern and haughty features contracted.

"They love each other," said his wife, indicating the two children. Mohammed smiled, and stroked his mustache.

"Shame be on my brother and on his house!" he muttered.

For an instant he thought of casting Djemylèh from the door, and then of at once saying everywhere that she was a lost girl. His hatred would have been fully satisfied by the evil which he would have done. But he loved his son, he looked at him; he understood that it would be difficult to manage things so, and contented himself with the amount of vengeance possible.

"Close the doors," said he. "We shall be attacked at once, doubtless; and you women load the guns."

Djemylèh had not left her father's house a quarter of an hour before her absence was noticed. She could not be at the fountain: it was too late; nor at the house of any friend: her mother would have been aware of it. Where was she? They suspected some mischance. For several days they had noticed her gloomy and agitated. What had she done? Her father, her brothers, her mother, went out into the quarter. The street was deserted; no sound was any longer heard. Osman, guided by a sort of instinct, drew near the house of Mohammed with a wolf's step, and heard, by standing

close against the wall of the court, that they were speaking inside the house. He listened. They were piling stones against the door; they were getting ready their weapons, they were preparing to repulse an attack.

"What attack?" said Osman to himself. "If it concerned the Mouradzyys, my brother would have advised me; for on that question we understand one another. He knows that well. I would assist him. If it be not about that he is concerned, it is about me."

He listened with increased attention, and by mishap heard the following words interchanged:

"Djemylèh, give me the carbine."

"Here it is."

It was the voice of his daughter. A trembling seized his body, from the ends of his hair to the soles of his feet. He understood all. When, during these last days, he and his sons had smilingly reported that Mohsèn was at the point of death, Djemylèh had not said a single word, had not expressed any joy, and he even recollected his having reproached her for it. Now everything was explained. The unfortunate girl loved her cousin; and, what was horrible to think of, she had just carried this frenzy to the extent of betraying her family—her father, her mother, her brothers, their dislikes, their hatred—in order to throw herself, across the ruin of her reputation, into the arms of a wretch! Never had Osman dreamed that so fearful an outrage could have overtaken him. He remained as though prostrated on the spot where the sound of voices, an imperceptible vibration of the air, came to deal him a blow—to open a wound more cruel and painful than lead or steel could ever have made.

During the first moments the pain was so intense, the suffering so poignant, the humiliation so complete and profound, that he did not even think of what he ought to determine on. The idea of vengeance did not present itself to him. But this paralysis did not last long. His blood resumed its course, his head grew clear, his heart began to beat again. He made up his mind quickly, shook himself, and reëntered his own house. He said to his wife and sons:

"Djemylèh is a monster! She loves Mohsèn, and has fled to the house of that dog Mohammed. I have just heard her voice in those people's court. You, Kérym, with three of my men, will go and knock at the door of these bandits. You will say to them that you want your sister at once. You will make plenty of noise, and as they will parley you will listen; you will answer, and allow the affair to be prolonged. You, Serbâz, and you, Elèm, with our five remaining soldiers, will take mattocks and shovels and follow me. We will noiselessly attack the wall of these infamous wretches on the side of the lane, and when we have made a hole large enough, we will enter. Now, hear me well and what I am going to tell you repeat to your men, and make them obey it. In this alcove here, at the head of my bed—you see it there?—to-morrow morning I shall have three heads—Mohammed's, Mohsèn's, and Djemylèh's. Now, in the name of Allah, to work!"

The inmates of Mohammed's house had barely finished their preparations for defense when there came a knocking at the door.

"It is the beginning!" muttered the head of the family. He placed himself at the head of his people in the corridor leading to the entrance of the dwelling. Behind him was his wife, carrying a spare gun; next her was Mohsèn, with his musket; next to Mohsèn, quite close to him, was Djemylèh, holding her lover's pike; behind them were the three followers armed with daggers. The garrison had neither an excellence nor an abundance of weapons, but it was determined. No one trembled there. The most courageous sentiments that can animate the heart reigned there undivided. No pitiful feeling held sway so far as they were concerned. To love, to hate, and that in an atmosphere of heroic boldness, with the most absolute forgetfulness of the benefits of life and the supposed bitterness of death, nothing else ever entered into their heads.

No answer had been given to the first summons of the besiegers. A fresh avalanche of blows of the butt ends of guns and kicks gave the door a second shock which resounded through the house.

"Who knocks thus?" said Mohammed, in a rough tone.

"It is we, my uncle," replied Kérym. "Djemylèh is with you; send her out."

"Djemylèh is not here," returned the old Afghan. "It is late; leave me in peace."

"We will break in your planks, and then you know what will happen!"

"Of course; your heads will be broken, and nothing more."

There was a moment's silence. Then Djemylèh, leaning toward Mohsèn, said to him in a low tone:

"I heard a noise on the other side of the wall. Let me go into the court to find out what is going on."

"Go," said Mohsèn.

The young girl advanced toward the place she had designated, and listened for an instant. Then, without emotion, she returned and said:

"They are digging, and have just made a breach."

Mohsèn reflected. He knew the wall was only of clay; pretty thick, it is true, but in the end a weak defense. Kérym had resumed the conversation by lengthy and confused threats, to which Mohammed replied. His son interrupted him, and communicated what he had just learned.

"Let us mount on the terrace," said he, in conclusion. "We shall fire from above, and it will be hard to take us."

"Yes, but in the end we shall be taken, and we shall not be avenged. Go up on the terrace; thence leap with Djemylèh on the neighbouring terrace; fly, gain the end of the street; thence descend, and run without stopping to the other end of the town—to the house of our kinsman, Yousèf. He will hide you. Djemylèh will be lost to her family. Days will pass before it can be known where you are and where you have put her. The face of our enemies will be black with shame."

Without answering, Mohsèn slung his gun on his back, informed the young girl what must be done, kissed the hand of his mother, and the two lovers hastily climbed the narrow and uneven staircase, which led to the platform overlooking the house; they leaped a wall, crossed a terrace, two, three, four terraces in succession, Mohsèn sustaining, with boundless tenderness, the companion of his flight, and they reached the cleft, at the bottom of which the narrow street undulated. He leaped down and received her whom he loved in his arms, for she did not hesitate a second to imitate him. Then they departed. They were hidden in the shadowy windings of their way.

Meanwhile, Mohammed, pretending to be deceived, continued to exchange with the assailants, located on the other side of the door, insults and shouts, of which he henceforth thoroughly understood the object. The door, incessantly shaken by fresh assaults, yielded, the boards separated, the mass of planks fell in with a loud noise. Mohammed and his followers did not, however, fire. Almost at the same moment a sufficiently large opening yawned in the wall, and thus the inhabitants of the house found themselves between two bands of adversaries, who took them as in a vise.

Mohammed cried out: "I will not draw on my brother nor on my brother's sons. Allah preserve me from such a crime! But, by the salvation and blessing of the Prophet, what is wrong with you? What is this madness? Why do you speak of Djemylèh? If she is here, look for her! Take her away! Why do you come in the middle of the night to disturb peaceful people who are your relatives?"

This plaintive language, so little in accordance with the characteristics of the master of the dwelling, astonished those to whom it was addressed. Besides, they were assured that Djemylèh was not there. Had they been deceived? Indecision moderated them a little. Their anger cooled down. Osman cried loudly:

"If Djemylèh is not here, where is she?"

"Am I her father?" retorted Mohammed. "What would she be doing in my house?"

"Let us seek," cried Osman to his followers.

They scattered through the rooms, lifted up hangings, opened chests, examined nooks and, as we know, they could find nothing. This discomfiture and the air of profound ignorance affected by Mohammed and his men increased their confusion.

"Son of my father," said Mohammed in an affectionate tone, "it seems to me that a great trouble overwhelms you, and I share in it. What has happened to you?"

"My daughter has fled," replied Osman, "or else she has been taken away from me. In any case, she has disgraced me."

"I share in it," repeated Mohammed, "for I am your elder brother and her uncle."

This remark made some impression on Osman, and, rather ashamed of the useless disturbance he had just made, he took leave of his brother almost amicably, and withdrew his people. Old Mohammed, when he found himself alone, began to laugh: not only had he struck the heart of his enemy, he had also deceived and baffled him. As for Osman, completely discouraged, not knowing which way to turn, and abandoned to a transport of rage which his impotency increased, he reëntered his house with his sons and his men, not to retire, not to sleep, but to sit down in a corner of his room, with his two closed hands pressed on his forehead, in order to seek, in the recesses of his reason, a plan of procedure to recover traces of his daughter. Early dawn found him still in this attitude.

Just then one of his men, his lieutenant, his *nayb*, entered the room and saluted him.

"I have found your daughter," said he.

"You have found her!"

"At least, I do not think I am deceived; and, in any case, if the woman I take for her is not she, I have found Mohsèn-Beg."

A sudden light broke in on Osman's mind. He perceived for the first time that, when he had entered his brother's house, he had not actually seen his nephew; but he had been so beside himself and so much occupied in calming himself at the time that he had scarcely been able to account for the most necessary facts. He was secretly indignant at himself for his blindness, but, with an imperious gesture, he ordered his *nayb* to continue his recital. The latter, in order to assert properly his equality of rank to which his birth entitled him, sat down and resumed his speech in the following terms:

"When we entered Mohammed-Beg's house I looked at all his companions. That serves to inform us with whom we have to deal. Mohsèn-Beg was not present. I was astonished at this. I did not consider it natural that, during a night when firing would probably be interchanged, such a brave young man should have absented himself. This strange circumstance having set me considering, I did not return to our dwelling with you, but went away by the bazaar, turning round your brother's dwelling. I asked the police guard if they had noticed a young man, whom I described to them, either alone or followed by a woman. No one had remarked anything of the kind, until I questioned one who not only satisfied my demand with an affirmative, but added further that the person whom he had just seen pass, accompanied as I described, was no other than Mohsèn-Beg, son of Mohammed-Beg, of the Ahmedzyys; he pointed in the direction pursued by the two fugitives, and told me the hour at which he had perceived them; it was just when we were beginning to break in your brother's door. I continued my search, being confident from that time that it was worth the trouble, and, after several hours spent in following one road, leaving it, taking another, questioning night-watchmen, making blunders, and, recovering the track, I chanced at length to discover at a distance the two fugitives whom I was seeking.

"It was in a deserted quarter in the midst of ruined houses. Mohsèn was sustaining the steps of his companion, who was, to all appearance, overcome by fatigue, and was casting uneasy and suspicious glances around him. I concealed myself from his sight behind a part of a wall, and thence carefully observed what he did. He was evidently looking for a shelter, with the intention of finding some rest. He got what he desired. He descended into a half-dug cave, and caused her whom he led to enter. At the expiration of a few moments he ascended alone, carefully noted the surroundings, and, believing himself to have been unperceived—for I concealed myself with extreme care—he disposed some large stones so as to disguise the place of his retreat, and rejoined the woman in the cavern. I remained some minutes, in order to convince myself that he was not going to come out. He did not stir. Dawn was beginning to redden the sky. I inform you, and now take such steps as seem wisest to you."

Osman had not interrupted his *nayb's* story. When the latter ceased speaking he rose, and ordered him to awaken his sons and men. When all were afoot, the avenging band took the field, under the conduct of him who had just revealed the retreat of the lovers, and no one doubted but that at this hour they were deep in slumber, believing themselves in perfect security.

Finding them so reduced to the asylum of jackals and dogs, it is evident that an unforeseen accident had deprived them of the protection which they were confident of finding when they set out from the besieged dwelling of Mohammed. In fact, the unhappy children had had no luck. They had, in truth, arrived without mischance at the house of their relative, Yousèf, which was far distant from that which they had left. Djemylèh, little accustomed to long walks, as well as being frail and delicate, experienced extreme fatigue, which she did not confess to. She solaced herself with the happiness of being near Mohsèn, and with the hope of soon finding herself in security with him. But the latter had been vainly shaking the door by blows of his gun-stock. After having knocked a long time in a more modest manner, he did not succeed in having it opened; and, just as he was thinking seriously of breaking down the obstacle, a neighbour called to him that a fortnight ago Yousèf-Beg and all his household had departed for Peshawèr, and would certainly not return during the year.

This was a thunderbolt on the head of the fugitives. During all the journey Mohsèn

had walked behind Djemylèh, with his hand on the trigger of his musket, expecting every moment to hear the steps of the foe. He had no idea how long his father would succeed in holding out. He was certainly aware, on the other hand, that the house must eventually be broken into. Concerning what would happen then he did not question himself, and his courage and gayety were sustained by the certainty of having an assured refuge, where, during weeks, he could remain hidden with his treasure without the latter's running any risk.

But when he saw that his uncle failed him, and that he was in the street, that he knew not where to go, that he had not a place on earth—no, not a place in the whole universe—where Djemylèh could be sheltered from harm and death; when, on the contrary, he felt, with shivering of body and anguish of soul, that injury and death were pursuing the passion of his life, the charming girl whom he had carried off, and by whom he was so tenderly beloved, whom he himself loved even to death, and that injury and death were about to overtake this sacred marvel on the instant, perhaps ere a minute passed, that they were turning, it might be at the very moment, the corner of the street where he was with her, not knowing what would become of them, then he felt his courage failing him. No, he did not feel that, but he noticed that his courage drooped, was at a loss, resisted; and, as for his gayety, it disappeared.

With Djemylèh it was different. She looked at her lover, and seeing him pale—

"What is wrong with you?" said she to him. "Am not I with you? Is my life not in yours? If one of us should die, will not the other immediately die? Who shall separate us?"

"No one," replied Mohsèn. "But you, you, you, to become wretched! You to be killed!"

At this thought he hid his face in his hands, and began to weep bitterly. She gently withdrew his fingers, wet with the tears which bedewed the forehead and cheeks she loved, and throwing her arms round Mohsèn's neck—

"No! oh, no, no!" she continued. "Do not think only of me; think of us both, and so long as we are together all is well! Let us hide! What can I do? Let us gain time! Do not let us be taken!"

"But what is to be done?" cried Mohsèn, stamping his foot. "There is no resource, and your father is surely following us this moment. He will find us—he is on the point of finding us. Where shall we go? What is to become of us?"

"Yes; where shall we go?" went on Djemylèh. "As for me, I know not; but you will find out, I am certain! You are going to devise in your head at once, since you are brave, and do not tremble before any danger, my dear, dear Mohsèn, and you will save your wife!"

All the time she infolded him, only her right hand was withdrawn from the neck of the young man, and caressed his eyes, assuaging his tears. Whether it was the reaction from the attack of weakness which he had just experienced, or whether it was the effect of that magnetic influence which Love exerts over those whose master he is, Mohsèn all at once recovered himself, his head became clear again, and, gently disengaging himself from the darling embrace which confined him, he looked at Djemylèh calmly, and, becoming another man, said steadily:

"This quarter is absolutely deserted, and contains many ruins. Let us seek a temporary shelter—a cave, if it can be found. You can rest and sleep there. It is improbable that we should be discovered there. During the day I shall endeavour to go out, with all possible precautions, and get something to eat. In any event, we can bear hunger until evening; and, thus having twelve or fifteen hours before us, perhaps a happy idea will occur to us, and we shall discover how to employ the approaching night for our safety."

Djemylèh approved of the plan which her young protector had just explained, and they set out. They soon began to enter among the ruins. They leaped over several walls. Some serpents and venomous beasts fled here and there before them, but they were not alarmed. They had a vague feeling of distrust, and looked around them, but they did not suspect that they were discovered, and did not feel the eyes of the spy upon them.

They arrived in this fashion as far as the cavern where Osman's *nayb* had seen them enter. Almost immediately Djemylèh, who had laid her head on Mohsèn's knees, fell into a profound slumber, the natural result of her youth, and of the tax on her strength; and during a few moments her lover yielded to the same influence. But all of a sudden he became thoroughly awake. An indefinable uneasiness banished, so far as he was concerned, even the semblance of weariness. His blood coursed

wildly through his veins and boiled; he felt a danger; he had too much to lose; he could not watch too well—could not hold himself too ready for everything. He surveyed the sleeper with a tenderness, a passion, an emotion of devoted attachment, which permeated all the fibers of his being; and then, having gently raised Djemylèh's adored head, he placed it on a bunch of grasses, and went out to survey his surroundings.

He perceived nothing. Day was rapidly wearing on. On the blue horizon the terraces of several houses and some tufted trees which ornamented neighbouring courts were defined like a golden and green silhouette. He lay down on the ground, in order to be the better concealed, and for a considerable time—probably for an hour—remained so, environed by an absolute quietude. At length, he distinctly heard numerous steps. He listened, and caught sound of whisperings.

"Here they are," thought he, quickly. Nothing akin to fear assailed his courage, which was firm as steel.

He raised himself on one knee, and drew his long knife, which he grasped boldly in his hand; and scarcely was he so prepared, when a man leaped over the wall behind which he was. It was the *nayb* of Osman-Beg. He was acting as guide to the foe. Mohsèn rose suddenly, and, almost before the *nayb* even perceived him, he dealt the latter a furious blow on the head; clove his turban of bright blue cloth, striped with red, and stretched him dead on the spot. Then he threw himself on another assailant, who appeared beside the *nayb*. It was one of his cousins, the eldest. He felled him with a powerful cut, and faced his uncle himself. The latter had scarcely sufficient time to draw his saber. Then the most unequal of all conflicts began between Mohsèn and the band which pursued him.

But, without his being aware of it, he had two advantages over his adversaries: First, the rapidity, the violence, the success of his attack had thrown them on the defensive, and they were so stunned that they never asked themselves whether Mohsèn were really alone. Furthermore, Osman-Beg had given orders that he should be taken alive. They could not strike him, therefore; and, while blows were dealt by him, and dealt in a lively fashion, they contented themselves with parrying him, not trusting themselves too near him, and only relied on fatigue overcoming him. He was as yet far from that extremity; his vigour seemed to increase with each blow dealt right and left. However, the calculation of Osman-Beg would in the long run be found correct. Exhaustion would have come upon the brave combatant. By good fortune, an event which no one foresaw, happened to alter the appearance of matters. Mohsèn, while killing the *nayb*, wounding his cousin, and lustily attacking the others, had driven all his assailants before him, and the latter, puzzled to hold their ground, continued to retreat to such an extent that, without wishing or foreseeing it, they altogether issued from the ruins, and found themselves on the edge of the street. The populace assembled to witness the fighting, with the extreme interest that an affair of this kind excites in every country, but especially among nations as warlike as are the Afghans. A very decided interest was manifested in the crowd for the handsome and brave youth, abused after so rough a fashion, and having against his single arm such a number of foes. They were not exactly shocked at seeing his enemies assail him with disproportionate forces. Niceties of this sort belong neither to all times nor to all places, and, as a general thing, one recognizes the utility of killing his enemy as he can; but Mohsèn was courageous, they saw, and rejoiced in it. Each of his bold blows excited a murmur of enthusiasm and sympathy; nevertheless they did nothing to draw him from danger, save to utter wishes aloud, of which the women who were on the high part of the terraces were especially prodigal. At this juncture a young man on horseback appeared.

His blue turban striped with red was of fine silk, and the fringe fell gracefully on his shoulder. He had a short Cashmere tunic, tightened at the waist by a belt ornamented with precious stones, from which hung a magnificent saber, and his trousers were of red *cendal*. As for the accouterments of his charger—a true white Turkoman of pure race—they glittered with gold, turquoises, pearls, and enamelings. Before this horseman marched twelve military serfs, armed with shields, sabers, poniards, pistols, and shouldered guns. He stopped abruptly with his men, to see what was going on, and the sight displeased him. He frowned, his face assumed a haughty and terrible expression, and he cried out in a loud voice:

"Who are these men?"

"The Ahmedzyys!" answered a voice from the crowd.

"And why Osman-Beg Ahmedzyy desires to shed the blood of this young man, who has been defending himself there for a quarter of an hour, Allah knows. But I do not know, and it seems too insolent that an accursed family should seek to assassinate people in a quarter which is not its own, but mine. What, ho! Osman-Beg, yield, retire, leave your prey, be off, or, I swear by the tombs of all the saints, you shall not go from here alive!"

And, as if these words had not been sufficiently peremptory, the horseman grasped his saber in his hand, made his horse spring into the midst of the combatants, and his servants, seizing their shields and drawing their sabers, hustled Osman-Beg's men, and, being much more numerous, drove them away from Mohsèn, who found himself on a sudden protected by a living rampart—living assuredly, and ready to take the life of those who menaced his. Osman-Beg at once took in the situation. He understood the impossibility of the struggle, and, scorning all upbraiding, he curtly gave the signal to his followers, rallied them, and departed, not without having fronted his new adversary with a look full of hatred, of defiance, and of vengeful menace.

Then Mohsèn recovered himself. Unexpectedly freed from the toils of so unequal a struggle, and possessed by the thought of her whom he loved, he was forthwith instinctively moved to return quickly to the place where he had hidden her; but she was beside him, and handed him his gun, which he had left in the cave. This action of a devoted and submissive wife carrying to the midst of a fight her husband's weapon, pleased the assembled crowd, and appeared to impress yet more favourably the young horseman who had taken the part of the weak.

He saluted Mohsèn with grave courtesy, and said to him, "Thanks be to Allah, who enabled me to arrive opportunely!" And, pointing with his finger to the body of the dead *nayb:* "You have a strong arm for your age!"

Mohsèn smiled coolly; this compliment enchanted him; he put his foot on the breast of his foe with the same affected indifference that he would have shown for some crushed reptile, and, without further noticing it, replied:

"What is the illustrious name of your excellency, in order that I may thank you as I ought?"

"My name," replied the horseman, "is Akbar-Khan, and I am of the tribe of the Mouradzyys."

It was to the implacable adversary of his race that at this moment Mohsèn owed his life, and this adversary added, raising his voice:

"My father is Abdoullah-Khan, and you know, doubtless, that he is the favourite lieutenant and all-powerful minister of his highness, whom Allah preserve!"

Thus it was not only a man of a race hereditarily hostile, it was the very son of the most cruel of the persecutors of his house, who had of a truth just saved Mohsèn and Djemylèh, but who, as a matter of fact, held them between his hands as tight as the sparrow can be held in the clutches of the goshawk.

The son of Mohammed-Beg had believed himself saved, at least for some time, and his quick imagination had just presented to him in a delicious picture Djemylèh, rested, peaceful, and happy. The picture was brutally effaced from his imagination, and in its place the odious reality painted itself in black hues. Behind the lovers his uncle and his murderous band threatened; if, by concealing their names, and by the help of some falsehoods, they could succeed in freeing themselves of Akbar-Khan, they would, in a few minutes, at most in a few hours, fall again into the peril which certainly awaited them. It was full day. They could no longer dream of hiding themselves. Not knowing where to find a refuge, they would be captured and lost. To put themselves under the protection of Akbar-Khan, of course, by means of some deception, and by making themselves pass for other than they were, was to perish by a sure way. Osman-Beg would probably not delay to denounce them and make them known, and then not only would Akbar effect their death, but he would treat them as cowards, and reproach them, not without apparent reason, for having been afraid of him; then what would become of Djemylèh?

In his agony Mohsèn looked at her; a proud smile shone on the young girl's face. A strange inspiration was in her lovely eyes. She did not say a word; he understood her.

"I do not know your father," said he to Akbar; "but who has not heard his name? Will you be pleased not to withdraw the hand you have stretched over my head? Then take me near it, and I shall inform you concerning us two."

The young chief made a motion of assent. Mohsèn placed himself by the side of his horse; Djemylèh walked behind him; the

soldiers took the lead, and all the Mouradzyys, with the two Ahmedzyys in their midst, protected by them and unknown to all, crossed the bazaars, crossed the great square, arrived before the citadel, passed its gate, crowded by soldiers, servants, and dignitaries, and, having traversed two narrow lanes, came to the palace occupied by Abdoullah-Khan, into which the whole company entered.

Akbar had said two words to a Beloutje slave, who had hastened before them into the interior of the court. Just as the chief descended from his horse this slave returned, accompanied by a servant, who, addressing herself respectfully to Djemylèh, invited her to follow her into the harem, where she was about to lead her. No proposition could be more proper and polite, and Akbar, in reserving this reception for his guest's wife, whom he had not even seemed to notice, had conducted himself as might be expected from a man of his condition.

Mohsèn, by a gesture of his left hand, seemed to instruct her to accept the invitation, and Djemylèh proceeded toward the low door leading to the women's apartment. Scarcely had she entered the narrow passage, when all at once, by a rapid movement, Mohsèn followed her, reached her at the moment when the servant lifted the inner curtain, took her by the hand, drew her in, and setting off at a run with her, roughly throwing aside the two servants who strove to stay him, he rushed into a little garden filled with flowers, in the midst of which was a white marble basin with a fountain, and, mounting three steps that he saw leading to a silken entrance, latticed with deep red, he pulled aside the curtain, entered a large room, where seeing, seated on the carpet in a corner, three ladies, one of whom was aged, and the others very young, he prostrated himself before the eldest, with Djemylèh at his side, and, taking in his hand the border of the robe of her whom he supposed to be the mistress of the house, he cried:

"Protection!"

Stupefaction was depicted on the features of her whom he thus besought, and on those of her two companions. Their glances rested alternately on the rash invader of the holy place and on her who accompanied him, but if they were surprised they expressed no hostility. The charming face of Mohsèn did not betoken a madman, still less an insolent fellow; and Djemylèh, who had just removed her veil, was so pretty, so dignified, so noble in every feature, that a feeling of compassion, of sympathy, and of affection, began to take birth in the eyes of those whose help was implored, and who had not yet been able to say a single word, when, by two doors, Abdoullah-Khan and Akbar entered the chamber.

The first, an old man with a gloomy and preoccupied air, came by chance. He entered his wife's room, and was coming to see his daughter, and daughter-in-law. The other, at first confounded by Mohsèn's unheard-of act, was pursuing him, with the resolve of chastising what he had some cause to deem outrageous conduct. Seeing his father standing before the door, and Mohsèn prostrate there on the carpet before his mother, he stopped.

"What is this?" demanded Abdoullah-Khan.

"Madame," said Mohsèn, still holding the robe of his protectress with both hands —"madame, I am an Afghan. I am noble, I love this woman who is beside me; she loves me, her father is the foe of mine, we have fled, they desire to kill us. I am willing to die, but not that she should die, or be ill used, or persecuted. Madame, we are pursued, we are watched; your noble son has just now saved us."

The lady answered nothing, but looked at her husband in a beseeching manner, and the two young women did likewise, one toward her father and her brother, the other toward her husband. But Abdoullah-Khan frowned, and, sitting down in a corner of the room, uttered these bitter words:

"What do these mad freaks mean, eh? Since when has an Afghan, a noble, become so disordered by fear that he should not believe in his perfect security when he is in my dwelling? From the moment in which my son protects you what have you to implore further? Who would dare to touch you?"

"You," retorted Mohsèn, looking him between the eyes.

"I?" cried the old chief; he shook his head scornfully and continued: "You are mad! but, as thoughtlessness cannot serve as an excuse for foolhardiness like yours, you shall be chastised."

And Abdoullah-Khan made a motion to clap his hands in order to summon his attendants. But Mohsèn, again addressing the aged woman, said to her:

"Your husband shall not touch me! He will neither have me chastised nor insulted;

you will protect me from him, madame. I am Mohsèn, son of Mohammed, an Ahmedzyy, and this is my cousin, the daughter of my uncle Osman; your people have caused the death of two of my kinsmen not more than three years ago; behold me, behold her; you can kill us without any difficulty; will you do so?"

While uttering these last words, Mohsèn raised himself erect, and Djemylèh along with him. They took each other by the hand, and surveyed Abdoullah intently.

The latter was forcibly grasping the hilt of his knife, and his hollow eyes foreboded no good, when the old lady said to him:

"My lord, listen to the truth! If you touch these children who have implored my support, holding the skirt of my robe, you will lose your honour before men, and in their eyes your countenance, which is resplendent like silver, will become black!"

Abdoullah did not appear convinced. It was clear that the most vindictive sentiments burned in his heart, surly, ferocious, and greedy for the prey which had dropped at their door; and that, if other considerations did not arise and restrain them, these could scarcely be resisted, and at any moment might sway him.

According to the usages of this warlike, fierce, and bloody, but strangely romantic Afghan nation, a mortal foe can no longer be attacked from the moment he has rushed into his adversary's harem and gained the protection of the women. Honour wills that the suppliant should become from that instant sacred. No one can touch him without covering himself with infamy, and illustrious examples can be cited of the dominion exercised by this custom over spirits exceedingly difficult to soften. But honour extends still further its exactions, if that be possible, and demands that, when fugitive lovers implore the support of the man most alien to their cause, this man, if he prides himself on his valour and generosity, cannot refuse his aid, and must become the prop of those who have thought so highly of him as to select him as their champion. Moreover, in this case, anterior enmity does not alter the obligation; it should cease, it should be forgotten for a time at least, and the greater are the dangers in embracing the quarrel of the hunted lovers, the more binding is the obligation to brave everything. It is known in India, in Persia, and in the country of Cabool, Kandahar, and Herat, that the greater portion of the disputes and encounters between Afghan families and tribes, and frequently of terribly sanguinary hereditary feuds, have had no other origin than the help extended and secured to unfortunate lovers.

All this is very certain. Nevertheless, to spare what one abominates when once he has hold of it, to succor what one hates, to pardon by force of honour, are not easy things, and when they must be submitted to, one hesitates. Silence reigned for some time in the great room of Abdoullah-Khan's harem. He himself felt a thousand serpents gnawing his heart, and when finally he saw the necessity of tearing them away he could hardly do it.

Akbar would willingly have poniarded Mohsèn, but it was not hard for him to abstain from so doing; the affection and esteem which he had conceived for him in the deserted quarter, when he saw him holding his own so valiantly against so many people furious for the youth's destruction, remained before his eyes, and he had without difficulty listened to his mother's voice, understood and respected the glances of his sister and his wife, so that it accorded with his honour that to touch the tips of the two Ahmedzyys' fingers with the intention of destroying them would be a shame from which his house could never be redeemed. But it was a small thing for him to be convinced of this so long as his father was not; he had no voice in the matter.

Abdoullah regarded Mohsèn and Djemylèh intently, and they both returned his gaze. They did not supplicate, they did not ask anything. They had a claim on him, and they exercised it. This claim, it is true, was one of those which noble souls alone suffer to weigh with them; mean souls know nothing of them. This is exactly what the eyes of the two captives said to Abdoullah. At least, he understood it so. He rose, walked directly to them and said, "You are my children!" And he kissed them on the forehead. They kissed his hands respectfully, and were about to pay the same duty to the chief's wife, by kneeling down before her; but the two young women took Djemylèh passionately in their arms, and Akbar was the first to salute Mohsèn in that unrestrained and grand fashion which is the privilege of men of rank in his nation. The young Ahmedzyy greeted him with deference as an elder brother, and went out with him, after having bowed before the dwellers in the harem, where the strictest proprieties did not permit him to remain from the moment he had obtained what he desired.

Akbar immediately led his new friend into

one of the chambers of the palace where he had *kaliâns* and tea carried, and told Mohsèn that he was to consider himself in his own dwelling, and to make free use of what was around him. But the very ceremony to which the young Mouradzyy conformed with a kind of precision and parade showed plainly that he was fulfilling a duty, and was priding himself upon fulfilling it to the letter, rather than obeying a spontaneous impulse. Mohsèn not only understood this, but, inasmuch as he entered into his host's feelings in this respect, it was not hard for him to respond to such advances by signs of acknowledgment haughtily expressed, and to make him thoroughly feel in his turn that only the most pressing necessity had forced him to solicit a support which he would never have sought for himself alone. Thus the protector and the protected, amid a very solemn profession of mutual devotion, maintained intact the imprescriptible rights of ancient animosity, and both acknowledged them. However, they began to chat with generous freedom, and Mohsèn gave a full account of what had befallen him since the day before. He passed over in silence what had a direct connection with his love, and only mentioned Djemylèh by calling her "my family"; and Akbar on his part avoided with the greatest care, in his questions and remarks, all allusion to the young girl, the more so that in reality she was the only subject of his long conversation.

Meanwhile, a priest had presented himself at the palace, and desired to speak with Abdoullah-Khan. He had been ushered into the presence of the chief, who, having respectfully saluted him, begged him to be seated and assigned him the most distinguished place. After greetings, and when the tea had been served and taken away, the priest appeared to reflect a moment and then addressed himself to the task of explaining the object of his visit. He was a man of fifty, with a fine face and a benevolent appearance, and his white turban set off his slightly olive complexion.

"Your excellency," said this person, "my name is Moulla-Nour-Eddyn, and I am a native of Ferrah. My profession sufficiently explains to you that I seek above all things peace and good-will, and that is why I have accepted a mission to you from Osman-Beg Ahmedzyy. If it should succeed, the probable consequences of a vexatious misunderstanding can be averted."

"Moulla," replied Abdoullah-Khan, "I myself am a peaceful man, and ask nothing better than to live on friendly terms with the noble whose name you have just pronounced. Unhappily, there exists more than one difficulty between his family and ours, and I would like to know which one it is with which you are at present concerned."

"With the last occasion," answered Moulla-Nour-Eddyn. "An unprincipled man has found the means of penetrating into the holy chambers of Osman-Beg's house, and of carrying thence one of its chief ornaments. In the well-known generosity of your soul you are sheltering this evil-doer; and Osman-Beg, in acquainting you with the unworthiness of his adversary, who is certainly unknown to you, does not doubt for an instant but that you will deliver the culprit up to him, in order that he may receive a just punishment."

"Really," replied Abdoullah-Khan, coldly, "the details that your reverence is pleased to give me are altogether new; and, indeed, you open my eyes. I have been impudently lied to. I believed that Mohsèn-Beg was the veritable nephew of his excellency Osman-Beg, and did not understand why an alliance could not be effected between two such close branches of the same family. I ask pardon for my error, Moulla."

"Your excellency is unaware, then, that the two brothers, Osman and Mohammed, do not live on good terms?"

"I do not recollect, especially, if I was unaware of it," replied Abdoullah, with a contemptuous expression; "the Ahmedzyys are usually troublesome people, and it would be endless to enumerate their feuds. At present, after what you have told me, Osman detests his brother Mohammed and the latter's son; he does not desire a union between the two families, pursues his nephew in order to cut his throat, his daughter in order to assassinate her; and Mohsèn flies to my house and demands a refuge of the Mouradzyys. You will admit, Moulla, that those people are well worthy of interest."

Here Abdoullah shook his head, enchanted with the fine prospect, and with the scorn with which he was going to overwhelm his hereditary foes. But Moulla did not let himself be awed by his sarcastic tone, and coldly replied as follows:

"There is not the slightest doubt the young girl will die, and her accomplice along with her. That is not the matter in question. Osman-Beg only wishes to learn whether you consent to deliver up his fugitive slaves to him, or purpose to defend them. This is all that I come to ask of you."

"Let us suppose," said Abdoullah, leaning toward the priest in a confidential manner, "that I may not be indisposed to gratify you, how would it result to my advantage? Can I question you on this point, Moulla?"

"Certainly. If your excellency consents to restore the culprits to me, I can promise that Osman-Beg's entire family will forswear their ancient feelings against the Mouradzyys. The sons will enter your establishment, and you will give them pay; and, as for the father, he knows that you are looking for an instructor to teach your military slaves European discipline; he will be that instructor, and night and day you can count on him. I need not assure you that Osman-Beg is prepared to take all the oaths possible on the holy book, if you exact this guarantee of his good faith."

"I highly value such proposals, and they are very advantageous to me," cried Abdoullah-Khan; "but still let us grant that I reject them: what would happen to me?"

"I could explain this to you in a very precise way," answered Moulla, "but you are about to have a visit and you are on the point of learning, before a minute passes, what course you will take; you are going to know, I say, after a fashion much more complete and fitter to convince you than if a poor man like me should continue to talk."

Just at this moment there entered the court, amid a retinue of servants, and in all the pomp of a magnificent deportment, the physician-in-chief of the Prince of Kandahar, a personage distinguished by the favour he enjoyed from his master. He was not Afghan by race, but only what is called a Kizzilsbash, descended from Persian colonists, something analogous to a citizen. The birth of such people is not valued, but their riches, and occasionally their talents, are held in esteem. This man was called Goulâm-Aly, and he was received with the distinction which his position at the court warranted. He was, in addition, a friend of Abdoullah-Khan.

"Well," said the latter to him, after the requirements of etiquette had been satisfied, and compliments had been exhausted, "if I am to believe Moulla, you come here to give me your advice."

"Allah preserve me from it!" cried the doctor. "How could such an impertinence be possible in the presence of one so much wiser than I? Is it true that you have received into your house a certain criminal called Mohsèn?"

"Mohsèn-Beg, an Ahmedzyy, is in my house. Is it to him that your excellency desires to speak?"

"Exactly. You know that his highness the prince (may Allah make his days eternal!) is a mirror of justice?"

"Of justice and generosity! Who doubts it?"

"No one. But the prince has sworn just now that he who should hinder Osman-Beg from punishing his daughter and his nephew should himself be put to death, his house pillaged, and his goods confiscated."

"The prince has sworn such an oath?"

"I swear it to you by my head!"

"Why take so hasty a resolution?"

"You are about to learn. The prince has a child sick in the harem. He made a vow yesterday evening in order to obtain the recovery of the beloved being, and to soothe the mother, that he would grant this morning the first petition that the first person he met should make to him. Fate has decided that this first person should be Osman-Beg. You are not ignorant that the prince holds by his promises?"

"Above all things he does that!" murmured Abdoullah-Khan, in dismay.

He looked at Moulla, he looked at the doctor, and felt very much embarrassed. The Prince of Kandahar was neither wicked nor tyrannical; but he tenderly loved his wives and children, and, when he had made a vow in order to banish sickness from his harem, he would certainly not be willing to break his word for anything in the world. Besides, Abdoullah-Khan was thoroughly aware of the magnificence of his own palace, the beauty of his hangings and carpets, the known fulness of his coffers; and he did not imagine that this splendour would constitute an extenuating circumstance in his favour, if by any inopportune rebellion it fell under the ban of confiscation. The more he reflected the more perplexed he became, and his two interlocutors left him, by their silence, quite at liberty to pursue a meditation which they deemed salutary, and from which they anticipated the best results. At length Abdoullah-Khan raised his head, and called in a tone of command:

"Let my son Akbar come here!"

At the expiration of a moment, Akbar entered, saluted, and remained standing near the door.

"My son," said Abdoullah-Khan, in a drawling and rather humble tone, very different from his usual voice, "it pleases the prince (may the virtues of his highness be rewarded on earth and in heaven!)—it pleases the illustrious prince to command to

me Mohsèn's expulsion. This vagabond must be given up to his uncle, who is going to treat him as he seems to deserve, as well as the other culprit. Everything that the prince commands is good. I am about to repair immediately to his highness, in order to receive his orders and obtain from his sovereign kindness a means of effecting matters without blackening my face. As for you, guard the house well during my short absence. See to it that the two wretches who have entered it do not escape from it! Watch that carefully, my son. You can easily understand what a frightful misfortune their flight would be. If they reached the country, we might never, perhaps, succeed in overtaking them. You have perfectly understood me, my son?"

Akbar bowed, and crossed his two arms on his chest.

Abdoullah continued his remarks, addressing himself to Moulla and the doctor.

"Do not be surprised at the definite instructions I have just given. Youth is not over-wise, it is thoughtless. I would not for anything in the world that a man condemned by his highness should escape his merited chastisement, and, above all, by any negligence whatever on my part."

The two allies, equally delighted and edified by what they saw and heard, wished to take leave of Abdoullah-Khan, but the latter detained them.

"No," said he to them; "it does not suit me that you should leave me. It might be said later that I have secretly spoken to Mohsèn—many things might be said. Innocence, even, and fidelity should not expose themselves to suspicion. Be good enough, both of you, to accompany me to the prince."

This request was readily granted, and the three worthies, having issued from the court together, being mounted on their parade-horses, and surrounded by their respective suites, soon arrived at the palace, and were introduced into the presence of the prince.

The latter received his lieutenant with his customary kindness. But, while the interview was taking place—and it was long, because Abdoullah employed all his efforts, all his mind, all the resources of his intellect, to render it interminable—events happened at his house of which you are about to read.

Akbar, when he returned to the room where Mohsèn was, said to him:

"The prince orders that you be given up to your enemies. My father cannot openly defy him—his highness has too much strength—but he will protect you by stratagem. We will get on horseback, and, without loss of time, leave the town; we will reach the country. To-morrow will be to-morrow, and we will then see what must be done."

"Let us go," responded Mohsèn, rising. But his heart was heavy. For an hour or more he had accustomed himself to believe that Djemylèh was beyond all trials. He chatted with his host, and preserved externally the cool appearance from which a warrior cannot depart; but, behind this delusive aspect of his look and bearing, he was in a dream. All the flames of joy, all the flames of love, possessed his being. When one loves, he does nothing but love. Despite everything, above everything, he loves, and this golden woof forms the invariable ground on which all actual thoughts are embroidered. What is said outside of this is mere verbiage. One cares nothing about it, it is not of you, and if you take any interest in it, it is because, secretly, it has something to do with the love that pervades you. Outside of love what is there? what can there be? Oh, what joy! what transport! to abandon one's self wholly without any reservation whatever, in favour of anything that is foreign to it! Projects, hopes, desires, fears, profound terrors, sudden acts of bravery, infinite certainty, yearning toward hell, endless flowery perspectives scintillating with sunlight that reach up to paradise—all is love; and in the being who is loved, all worlds are included. Beyond this there is nothingness, less than nothing, and, as a veil over all, there is the most profound contempt. This was what Mohsèn felt.

But at this time it behooved him to pass from light to darkness, into that darkness in which he had walked since the previous evening, and from which he had issued for some moments during which the intensest happiness had invaded and possessed his being. This period of felicity was already passed. He must begin again to climb in the darkness the path so stony, and beset with perils. What he felt, however, was always love—love spurred by very grief; more lofty, perhaps, more intense, more proud, and drawing into its energy the certainty of deathlessness, nourishing itself in bitterness, but preferring this evil to all good. And, besides, it must be admitted, he had not that keenest, hardest pain, the most pitiless of all in the destiny it imposes; there was no question, at least, of separation or absence.

It was not easy to make the ladies of the

harem accept the imminent necessity. Khadidjèh, Akbar's mother, his sister, and Alyèh, his wife, uttered cries, and began to weep, but time was passing; the very affection that the mistresses of the dwelling had conceived for Djemylèh helped to make them comprehend how precious the minutes were; and, in spite of their sobs and cries, they allowed the young outlaw to tear herself from their arms, and follow Akbar, who brought her to her lover.

The horses had been equipped, and brought round with the greatest haste. Akbar, Mohsèn, and Djemylèh mounted them; a dozen soldiers did likewise, and the cavalcade, turning into a retired street, reached at a walk one of the gates of the citadel, which opened on the country, fully resolved to pass over the bodies of the guards, if the latter should seek to stop them; but they did not dream of doing so, and, once outside, Akbar put his steed to a gallop, and his companions followed his example.

For two hours the pace did not slacken an instant to let the horses breathe, but they were of good northern breed, and their long stride and the steadiness with which they sustained it made them cover a good part of the way. Naturally, no one spoke; meanwhile, Akbar—judging that they were pretty far away, and that pursuit was no longer possible, as no one in the town could know the direction they had taken—slackened to a walk, and considerately kept at a sufficiently great distance from the two lovers to allow them full liberty of conversation. He acted as guide. The horsemen were part at his side, part as a rear-guard, part scattered on the outskirts, all watching the horizon around them as they proceeded; and thus Mohsèn and Djemylèh found themselves almost alone.

"Do you not repent?" said the young man.

"Of what?"

"Of having loved, of having sought, of having followed me?"

"You would be dead if I had not come. You were going to die."

"It would have been, perhaps, all over now; you would be seated calmly in your home, near your mother, surrounded by your family."

"And you would be dead!" continued Djemylèh. "I should have seen you all the days that I myself would have lived. I should have seen you under my eyes, in my heart, unable even, by dint of remorse and sorrow, to revive you for a single second; and as for myself, I should be covered with shame in my own eyes, cowardly, false, hateful to whomsoever could guess my crime, murderess of my love, traitress to the master of my soul. Of what are you talking to me? And can you think of anything better for me than what I have?—Mohsèn, my life, my eyes, my sole thought! Do you believe, then, that I have not been happy since yesterday evening? But think so, then. I have not left you. I have not ceased to be with you—to be yours. Every one knows that I am yours! I can only be yours. Danger is spoken of. But immediately I am there, with you, beside you, close to you! And the greater the danger, the less distant am I; the more I approach, the more I become a part of you. Do not tremble, therefore; if I were not here, you would fear nothing! Why do you wish to cast from your being this portion which belongs to it, which is I, and which can neither live nor die without you?"

Loveliness is beautiful; passion and absolute love are more beautiful and more adorable still. The statue, be it never so perfect, which the artist has conceived or executed, does not approach in its perfection a face on which devoted affection sheds this wholly divine inspiration. Mohsèn was intoxicated listening to Djemylèh as she uttered such things, and watching her as she said them. She transported him along with herself into that burning sphere wherein, before actual sensation, the future and the past are alike annihilated. And thus these children, whom a strange protection engirt, whom direct, active, furious hatred pursued, whom chance had just betrayed, and who, by a miracle alone, could escape now the narrow inclosure in which their doom confined them, into which they were turning—yes, these lovers soared together into an atmosphere of the most absolute happiness that the most fortunate man can ever breathe.

They experienced one of those moments when the soul acquires from the very effects of the happiness which supports it an activity, a power of perception, superior to that which it commonly possesses. Then, all absorbed as one is in what he holds dearest, nothing passes unperceived, nothing appears which does not leave its impress on the heart, and, through it, on the memory. The glance does not fall on a flint the form and colour of which do not forever remain fixed in the remembrance; and the swallow which flashes through space at the moment when an adored word resounds in your ear, you will see always, evermore, even till the last

moment of your life, passing rapidly into the skies which you have then beheld, and never forgotten. No! Mohsèn could nevermore lose the impression of this sun which was setting on his right behind a clump of trees; and when Djemylèh said to him, in the tenderest tone——

"Why do you look at me so?"——

What he replied was——

"Because I adore you!"

And she added, with a bewildering movement of her head——

"Do you believe it?"

At this juncture Mohsèn perceived that Djemylèh's sleeve had a blue reflection, and this impression remained as though imprinted with fire on his memory in the midst of his delight.

Meanwhile, in the palace of Kandahar, in Abdoullah-Khan's house, in the dwelling of Mohammed-Beg, and in that of Osman, all was bewilderment in reference to the two lovers. The two brothers, each followed by his people, had met in the bazaar, and Mohammed, exasperated by the ignorance in which he lay as to the fate of his son, had attacked the former. Some passers-by had joined in, shots and sabercuts had been exchanged on both sides; the traders, as is their custom, and especially the Hindoo traders, had burst out with cries of distress, and it might have been thought from the noise of the fire-arms, from the clashing of swords, and, above all, from the shrill outcries that were uttered, that the town was being sacked. No one, however, had been slain; and when the followers of the police-judge had succeeded in separating the combatants, and sending them each his way, it was found that the two parties had barely given each other a few scratches. Nevertheless, this collision was not without consequences. It divulged the foundation of the affair. It was known to all the town that Mohsèn Ahmedzyy had carried off Djemylèh, his cousin, and that the Mouradzyys had given them an asylum, but that the prince had commanded that the culprits should be given up to the offended father. On the subject there was great difference of opinion. Some came to offer their services to Mohammed, from the conviction that a man of honour should always assist and protect lovers; others were of opinion that at bottom this was only a continuation of the feud between the Ahmedzyys and Mouradzyys, and, since Mohammed and his son had leagued themselves with these latter, they were betraying their family. For this reason, these logicians embraced the cause of the true and faithful Ahmedzyy, Osman-Beg. Others, again, while indifferent to the question itself, were extremely indignant at the interference of the prince. They considered that the latter had by no means the right to mix himself up with a dispute which did not concern him, and still less to order a noble Afghan to deliver up his guests. On this account, they sided with Mohammed. But a considerable number arrayed themselves on Osman's side, solely to have the pleasure of fighting. To sum up, the majority was of this latter party. The town became suddenly in consequence a prey to a great commotion: Hindoos, Persians, Jews, peaceful people, and traders, began to lock their stalls, and flock in the courts of the mosques, uttering lamentable groans, and asserting that trade was ruined forever; the wives of the commonalty ascended to their terraces, where they might be heard bewailing and deploring beforehand the certain misery of their small families; the priests repaired gravely to the aristocratic dwellings to preach peace and inculcate moderation, extolling the advantages of docility—a state of mind of which no one in the country had ever had the least understanding—and that is the way matters went on among the peaceful. At the same time groups more or less compact, troops more or less strong, footmen and horsemen, with blue turbans striped with red, tightly bound to the brows, with belt properly adjusted, with shield on arm, gun on shoulder, roving eye and fierce beard, crossed each other in the bazaars, jostling the passers-by, and ready to spring at their throats. However, nothing of that sort was done. They were waiting to be organized, to receive direction; uncertainty hovered around; they were determined to fight, and anticipated pleasure and honour from it; but they must have recognized chiefs and a plan of operations. This state of affairs lasted two or three days. Finally, everything exploded.

The prince was engaged in a friendly conference with Abdoullah-Khan, the priest Moulla-Nour-Eddyn, and Doctor Goulâm-Aly, when the police judge of the town, with a sacred demeanour, came to inform his highness of what was going on. The priest and the doctor were inwardly satisfied at seeing things take this turn, considering that the rapid conclusion of the affair was thus at hand. As for Abdoullah-Khan, he was amazed. It was more than he had

foreseen; any sort of insurrection did not suit him just then, and, seeing that the prince let himself be impressed by the recital of the head of police, he foresaw that, if the two lovers were not found at his house, the anger of the sovereign would be excited very differently from the way in which it would have been without this riot. He had made a calculation slightly complicated, but still rational enough. In giving shelter to Mohsèn and his companion, he had gained a fine reputation for generosity; in addition he had the pleasure of dealing a rude blow to a part, if not to the whole, of the Ahmedzyys, in facilitating the flight of his *protégés;* he did not intend ever to avow the part which he had taken in that, and his son Akbar alone would be compromised. For several days the prince would be out of temper; then a gift would mollify him, and Akbar would remain in favour. But these plots miscarried; Abdoullah-Khan had in front of him an affair of state; the prince, when he wanted to know the truth, was a man to be feared. It was necessary to take a side. Abdoullah-Khan took one on the spot.

Until then he had never called in question the surrender of the two children; he had only contested and split hairs as to the manner in which the surrender should take place, putting forward incessantly the interests of his position, and showing himself so scrupulous that, in the midst of the discussion, two long hours were lost. As the prince met with no opposition on the part of his favourite, and as the conversation, besides, pushed at times into the domain of pleasantry, afforded him an agreeable distraction, he was not impatient. It was perfectly indifferent to him whether Mohsèn and Djemylèh fell into the hands of their judge half an hour sooner or later. Finally, however, it was agreed that Abdoullah-Khan should solely and simply place the culprits in the hands of the prince without informing them of what his highness purposed doing, and he would even be allowed to place them under his august protection, inferring by these words that, according to his inmost conviction, they would be altogether at peace and in safety there. A messenger had then been sent to the dwelling of the favourite. He returned at the moment when the chief of police was concluding his relation of what was passing in the town, to announce that every one had fled—Akbar, Mohsèn, and Djemylèh—and that no one knew where they had gone.

Abdoullah-Khan did not allow his master time to get angry. He spoke gravely:

"Of a surety my insolent wretch of a son (may the curse of Allah be on him!) has foolishly dreaded the dishonour of his house, and, without waiting for the issue of your highness's goodness, has carried off these two wretches with him. Luckily, I know where to capture them. They are in my tower of Roudbâr, four hours' journey from here, in the mountains."

Then, drawing his ring from his finger, and handing it to the chief of police:

"Send immediately," said he, "some messengers with my equerry, whom you will find below. Let the ring be given to my son Akbar, and I am about to write the order to deliver the prisoners to your people. In this way the evil will be remedied, and the town will resume its tranquillity."

Abdoullah-Khan spoke in such a clear and decisive tone that there was no ground for any outburst of indignation. No one ventured to question the perfect good faith of a personage who was, indeed, at this juncture, only too sincere. He was fully resolved to betray, to deliver up the young people; he would have preferred not to yield this point, but state reasons and policy demanded that he should silence the scruples of his pride, and he did so. A man who, to any extent whatever, bears the interests of others, necessarily loses a large part of his delicacy of heart when he does not lose it all. A courtier lives amid concessions, delays, and mediums of all kinds. He never does as well as he could desire when he desires it, and even when he reaches the complete culmination of his kind of existence he no longer desires it at all. Abdoullah-Khan hardly concerned himself more or less about the two victims; but he had made up his mind to injure the Ahmedzyys. That could not be done on this occasion without grave inconveniences. He therefore abandoned his intention. As for the question of honour, he assured himself that he would repair its loss by an increase of haughtiness. He consoled himself especially by the reflection that no one was powerful enough to try to make him blush without his avenging himself that very hour.

We are approaching the period where this story ends. The envoys of the chief of police, having made all speed, arrived at the fortress about the middle of the night. They perceived by the beams of the moon, then at the full, a square and rather low building with a narrow gate and several

suspicious-looking port-holes, located on a projecting rock half-way up a barren escarpment. Nothing could be more somber and tragical.

The messengers dismounted from their horses, and the leader of the band knocked loudly for admittance. Every one was asleep. A soldier of the garrison appeared at the entrance. He raised the iron bars which closely secured it. The signet and letter were shown to him. He made no remark, yielded without hesitation, and called his comrades, who did not show themselves more difficult to manage than he. However, the parleying, the goings and comings, had awakened Akbar. The young chief appeared on the landing of an inner staircase, the ascent of which was steep. Akbar overlooked the heads of those whom he roughly addressed.

"What means this noise? And you, my men, why do you let strangers enter?"

"They are persons sent by his highness. They bear a letter, and your father's ring. The prisoners must be given up."

Akbar demanded:

"Is it my father who has given this order?"

"Himself! Here is his ring, I tell you, and here is his letter."

"Then is Abdoullah-Khan a dog, and I have no father!"

So saying, he discharged his two pistols at the men mustered before him. One of them fell, and he was answered by a discharge which missed him. He grasped his saber in his hand. At the same moment Mohsèn and Djemylèh appeared at the young man's side.

"Ahmedzyy," said he, earnestly, "you shall see that the men of my tribe are not cowards!"

He seized his gun and fired. The aggressors uttered a cry of rage, and dashed to the attack. Mohsèn fired in his turn. Djemylèh had already hold of Akbar's gun, and was loading it. Then she did the same for that of her husband, and for a quarter of an hour she performed this duty without flinching. All of a sudden she put her hand on her heart and staggered—a bullet had just entered her breast! At the same instant Akbar rolled at her feet mortally wounded in the temple.

Mohsèn flung himself on Djemylèh, raised her up, and kissed her; their lips clove together. They both smiled and both fell over, for a fresh discharge struck the youth, and their enraptured souls soared together.

Ballade Amoureuse

By ANDREW LANG

AFTER JEAN FROISSART

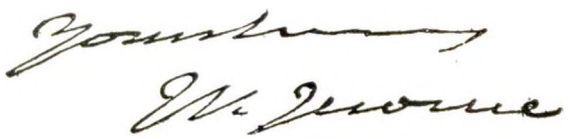
NOT Jason nor Medea wise,
I crave to see, nor win much lore,
Nor list to Orpheus' minstrelsies;
Nor Her'cles would I see, that o'er
The wide world roamed from shore to shore;
Nor, by St. James, Penelope—
Nor pure Lucrece, such wrong that bore:
To see my Love suffices me!

Virgil and Cato, no man vies
With them in wealth of clerkly store;
I would not see them with mine eyes;
Nor him that sailed, *sans* sail nor oar,
Across the barren sea and hoar,
And all for love of his ladye;
Nor pearl nor sapphire takes me more:
To see my Love suffices me!

I heed not Pegasus, that flies
As swift as shafts the bowmen pour;
Nor famed Pygmalion's artifice,
Whereof the like was ne'er before;
Nor Oléus, that drank of yore
The salt wave of the whole great sea:
Why? dost thou ask? 'Tis as I swore—
To see my Love suffices me!

Passing of the Third Floor Back

By JEROME K. JEROME



THE neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square towards four o'clock of a November afternoon is not so crowded as to secure to the stranger, of appearance anything out of the common, immunity from observation. Tibb's boy, screaming at the top of his voice that *she* was his honey, stopped suddenly, stepped backwards on to the toes of a voluble young lady wheeling a perambulator, and remained deaf, apparently, to the somewhat personal remarks of the voluble young lady. Not until he had reached the next corner—and then more as a soliloquy than as information to the street—did Tibb's boy recover sufficient interest in his own affairs to remark that *he* was her bee. The voluble young lady herself, following some half-a-dozen yards behind, forgot her wrongs in contemplation of the stranger's back. There was this that was peculiar about the stranger's back: that instead of being flat it presented a decided curve. "It ain't a 'ump, and it don't look like kervitcher of the spine," observed the voluble young lady to herself. "Blimy if I don't believe 'e's taking 'ome 'is washing up his back."

The constable at the corner, trying to seem busy doing nothing, noticed the stranger's approach with gathering interest. "That's an odd sort of a walk of yours, young man," thought the constable. "You take care you don't fall down and tumble over yourself."

"Thought he was a young man," murmured the constable, the stranger having passed him. "He had a young face right enough."

The daylight was fading. The stranger, finding it impossible to read the name of the street upon the corner house, turned back.

"Why, 'tis a young man," the constable told himself; "a mere boy."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "but would you mind telling me my way to Bloomsbury Square."

"This is Bloomsbury Square," explained the constable; "leastways round the corner is. What number might you be wanting?"

The stranger took from the ticket pocket of his tightly buttoned overcoat a piece of paper, unfolded it and read it out: "Mrs. Pennycherry. Number Forty-eight."

"Round to the left," instructed him the constable; "fourth house. Been recommended there?"

"By—by a friend," replied the stranger. "Thank you very much."

"Ah," muttered the constable to himself; "guess you won't be calling him that by the end of the week, young——

"Funny," added the constable, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger. "Seen plenty of the other sex as looked young behind and old in front. This cove looks young in front and old behind. Guess he'll look old all round if he stops long at Mother Pennycherry's: stingy old cat."

Constables whose beat included Bloomsbury Square had their reasons for not liking Mrs. Pennycherry. Indeed, it might have been difficult to discover any human being with reasons for liking that sharp-featured lady. Maybe the keeping of second-rate boarding houses in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury does not tend to develop the virtues of generosity and amiability.

Meanwhile, the stranger, proceeding upon his way, had rung the bell of Number

Forty-eight. Mrs. Pennycherry, peeping from the area and catching a glimpse, above the railings, of a handsome if somewhat effeminate masculine face, hastened to readjust her widow's cap before the looking-glass while directing Mary Jane to show the stranger, should he prove a problematical boarder, into the dining-room, and to light the gas.

"And don't stop gossiping, and don't you take it upon yourself to answer questions. Say I'll be up in a minute," were Mrs. Pennycherry's further instructions, "and mind you hide your hands as much as you can."

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry, a couple of minutes later, of the dingy Mary Jane.

"Wasn't grinning," explained the meek Mary Jane, "was only smiling to myself."

"What at?"

"Dunno," admitted Mary Jane. But still she went on smiling.

"What's he like, then?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry.

"'E ain't the usual sort," was Mary Jane's opinion.

"Thank God for that," ejaculated Mrs. Pennycherry piously.

"Says 'e's been recommended, by a friend."

"By whom?"

"By a friend. 'E didn't say no name."

Mrs. Pennycherry pondered. "He's not the funny sort, is he?"

Not that sort at all. Mary Jane was sure of it.

Mrs. Pennycherry ascended the stairs still pondering. As she entered the room the stranger rose and bowed. Nothing could have been simpler than the stranger's bow, yet there came with it to Mrs. Pennycherry a rush of old sensations long forgotten. For one brief moment Mrs. Pennycherry saw herself an amiable well-bred lady, widow of a solicitor: a visitor had called to see her. It was but a momentary fancy. The next instant Reality reasserted itself. Mrs. Pennycherry, a lodging-house keeper, existing precariously upon a daily round of petty meannesses, was prepared for contest with a possible new boarder, who fortunately looked an inexperienced young gentleman.

"Someone has recommended me to you," began Mrs. Pennycherry; "may I ask who?"

But the stranger waved the question aside as immaterial.

"You might not remember—him," he smiled. "He thought that I should do well to pass the few months I am given—that I have to be in London, here. You can take me in?"

Mrs. Pennycherry thought that she would be able to take the stranger in.

"A room to sleep in," explained the stranger, "—any room will do—with food and drink sufficient for a man, is all that I require."

"For breakfast," began Mrs. Pennycherry, "I always give——"

"What is right and proper, I am convinced," interrupted the stranger. "Pray do not trouble to go into detail, Mrs. Pennycherry. With whatever it is I shall be content."

Mrs. Pennycherry, puzzled, shot a quick glance at the stranger, but his face, though the gentle eyes were smiling, was frank and serious.

"At all events, you will see the room," suggested Mrs. Pennycherry, "before we discuss terms."

"Certainly," agreed the stranger. "I am a little tired and shall be glad to rest there."

Mrs. Pennycherry led the way upward; on the landing of the third floor, paused a moment undecided, then opened the door of the back bedroom.

"It is very comfortable," commented the stranger.

"For this room," stated Mrs. Pennycherry, "together with full board, consisting of——"

"Of everything needful. It goes without saying," again interrupted the stranger with his quiet grave smile.

"I have generally asked," continued Mrs. Pennycherry, "four pounds a week. To you—" Mrs. Pennycherry's voice, unknown to her, took to itself the note of aggressive generosity—"seeing you have been recommended here, say three pounds ten."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "that is kind of you. As you have divined, I am not a rich man. If it be not imposing upon you I accept your reduction with gratitude."

Again Mrs. Pennycherry, familiar with the satirical method, shot a suspicious glance upon the stranger, but not a line was there, upon that smooth fair face, to which a sneer could for a moment have clung. Clearly he was as simple as he looked.

"Gas, of course, extra."

"Of course," agreed the stranger.

"Coals——"

"We shall not quarrel," for a third time the stranger interrupted. "You have been

very considerate to me as it is. I feel, Mrs. Pennycherry, I can leave myself entirely in your hands."

The stranger appeared anxious to be alone. Mrs. Pennycherry, having put a match to the stranger's fire, turned to depart. And at this point it was that Mrs. Pennycherry, the holder hitherto of an unbroken record for sanity, behaved in a manner she herself, five minutes earlier in her career, would have deemed impossible—that no living soul who had ever known her would have believed, even had Mrs. Pennycherry gone down upon her knees and sworn it to them.

"Did I say three pound ten?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry of the stranger, her hand upon the door. She spoke crossly. She was feeling cross, with the stranger, with herself—particularly with herself.

"You were kind enough to reduce it to that amount," replied the stranger; "but if upon reflection you find yourself unable——"

"I was making a mistake," said Mrs. Pennycherry, "it should have been two pound ten."

"I can not—I will not accept such sacrifice," exclaimed the stranger; "the three pound ten I can well afford."

"Two pound ten are my terms," snapped Mrs. Pennycherry. "If you are bent on paying more, you can go elsewhere. You'll find plenty to oblige you."

Her vehemence must have impressed the stranger. "We will not contend further," he smiled. "I was merely afraid that in the goodness of your heart——"

"Oh, it isn't as good as all that," growled Mrs. Pennycherry.

"I am not so sure," returned the stranger. "I am somewhat suspicious of you. But wilful woman must, I suppose, have her way."

The stranger held out his hand, and to Mrs. Pennycherry, at that moment, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to take it as if it had been the hand of an old friend and to end the interview with a pleasant laugh—though laughing was an exercise not often indulged in by Mrs. Pennycherry.

Mary Jane was standing by the window, her hands folded in front of her, when Mrs. Pennycherry re-entered the kitchen. By standing close to the window one caught a glimpse of the trees in Bloomsbury Square, and, through their bare branches, of the sky beyond.

"There's nothing much to do for the next half hour, till cook comes back. I'll see to the door if you'd like to run out?" suggested Mrs. Pennycherry.

"It would be nice," agreed the girl so soon as she had recovered power of speech; "it's just the time of day I like."

"Don't be longer than the half hour," added Mrs. Pennycherry.

Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, assembled after dinner in the drawing-room, discussed the stranger with that freedom and frankness characteristic of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, toward the absent.

"Not what I call a smart young man," was the opinion of Augustus Longcord, who was something in the City.

"Thpeaking for mythelf," commented his partner Isidore, "hav'n'th any uthe for the thmart young man. Too many of him, ath it ith."

"Must be pretty smart if he's one too many for you," laughed his partner. There was this to be said for the repartee of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square: it was simple of construction and easy of comprehension.

"Well, it made me feel good just looking at him," declared Miss Kite, the highly coloured. "It was his clothes, I suppose—made me think of Noah and the ark—all that sort of thing."

"It would be clothes that would make you think—if anything," drawled the languid Miss Devine. She was a tall, handsome girl, engaged at the moment in futile efforts to recline with elegance and comfort combined upon a horse-hair sofa. Miss Kite, by reason of having secured the only easy-chair, was unpopular that evening; so that Miss Devine's remark received from the rest of the company more approbation than perhaps it merited.

"Is that intended to be clever, dear, or only rude?" Miss Kite requested to be informed.

"Both," claimed Miss Devine.

"Myself, I must confess," shouted the tall young lady's father, commonly called the Colonel, "I found him a fool."

"I noticed you seemed to be getting on very well together," purred his wife, a plump, smiling little lady.

"Possibly we were," retorted the Colonel. "Fate has accustomed me to the society of fools."

"Isn't it a pity to start quarrelling immediately after dinner, you two," suggested their thoughtful daughter from the sofa, "you'll have nothing left to amuse you for the rest of the evening."

"He didn't strike me as a conversation-

alist," said the lady who was cousin to a baronet; "but he did pass the vegetables before he helped himself. A little thing like that shows breeding."

"Or that he didn't know you and thought maybe you'd leave him half a spoonful," laughed Augustus the wit.

"What I can't make out about him—" shouted the Colonel.

The stranger entered the room.

The Colonel, securing the evening paper, retired into a corner. The highly coloured Kite, reaching down from the mantelpiece a paper fan, held it coyly before her face. Miss Devine sat upright on the horse-hair sofa, and rearranged her skirts.

"Know anything?" demanded Augustus of the stranger, breaking the somewhat remarkable silence.

The stranger evidently did not understand. It was necessary for Augustus, the witty, to advance further into that odd silence.

"What's going to pull off the Lincoln handicap? Tell me, and I'll go out straight and put my shirt upon it."

"I think you would act unwisely," smiled the stranger; "I am not an authority upon the subject."

"Not! Why, they told me you were Captain Spy of the *Sporting Life*—in disguise."

It would have been difficult for a joke to fall more flat. Nobody laughed, though why, Mr. Augustus Longcord could not understand, and maybe none of his audience could have told him, for at Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square Mr. Augustus Longcord passed as a humourist. The stranger himself appeared unaware that he was being made fun of.

"You have been misinformed," assured him the stranger.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Augustus Longcord.

"It is nothing," replied the stranger in his sweet low voice, and passed on.

"Well, what about this theatre," demanded Mr. Longcord of his friend and partner; "do you want to go or don't you?" Mr. Longcord was feeling irritable.

"Goth the ticketh—may ath well," thought Isidore.

"Damn stupid piece, I'm told."

"Motht of them thupid, more or leth. Pity to wathte the ticketh," argued Isidore, and the pair went out.

"Are you staying long in London?" asked Miss Kite, raising her practised eyes toward the stranger.

"Not long," answered the stranger. "At least, I do not know. It depends."

An unusual quiet had invaded the drawing-room of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, generally noisy with strident voices about this hour. The Colonel remained engrossed in his paper. Mrs. Devine sat with her plump white hands folded on her lap, whether asleep or not it was impossible to say. The lady who was cousin to a baronet had shifted her chair beneath the gasolier, her eyes bent on her everlasting crochet work. The languid Miss Devine had crossed to the piano, where she sat fingering softly the tuneless keys, her back to the cold barely-furnished room.

"Sit down," commanded saucily Miss Kite, indicating with her fan the vacant seat beside her. "Tell me about yourself. You interest me." Miss Kite adopted a pretty authoritative air toward all youthful-looking members of the opposite sex. It harmonized with the peach complexion and the golden hair, and fitted her about as well.

"I am glad of that," answered the stranger, taking the chair suggested. "I so wish to interest you."

"You're a very bold boy." Miss Kite lowered her fan, for the purpose of glancing archly over the edge of it, and for the first time encountered the eyes of the stranger looking into hers. And then it was that Miss Kite experienced precisely the same curious sensation that an hour or so ago had troubled Mrs. Pennycherry when the stranger had first bowed to her. It seemed to Miss Kite that she was no longer the Miss Kite that, had she risen and looked into it, the fly-blown mirror over the marble mantelpiece would, she knew, have presented to her view; but quite another Miss Kite—a cheerful, bright-eyed lady verging on middle age, yet still good-looking in spite of her faded complexion and somewhat thin brown locks. Miss Kite felt a pang of jealousy shoot through her; this middle-aged Miss Kite seemed, on the whole, a more attractive lady. There was a wholesomeness, a broadmindedness about her that instinctively drew one toward her. Not hampered, as Miss Kite herself was, by the necessity of appearing to be somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two, this other Miss Kite could talk sensibly, even brilliantly: one felt it. A thoroughly "nice" woman, this other Miss Kite; the real Miss Kite, though envious, was bound to admit it. Miss Kite wished to goodness she had never seen the woman. The

glimpse of her had rendered Miss Kite dissatisfied with herself.

"I am not a boy," explained the stranger; "and I had no intention of being bold."

"I know," replied Miss Kite. "It was a silly remark. Whatever induced me to make it, I can't think. Getting foolish in my old age, I suppose."

The stranger laughed. "Surely you are not old."

"I'm thirty-nine," snapped out Miss Kite. "You don't call it young?"

"I think it a beautiful age," insisted the stranger: "young enough not to have lost the joy of youth, old enough to have learnt sympathy."

"Oh, I daresay," returned Miss Kite, "any age you'd think beautiful. I'm going to bed." Miss Kite rose. The paper fan had somehow got itself broken. She threw the fragments into the fire.

"It is early yet," pleaded the stranger, "I was looking forward to a talk with you."

"Well, you'll be able to look forward to it," retorted Miss Kite. "Good-night."

The truth was, Miss Kite was impatient to have a look at herself in the glass, in her own room with the door shut— The vision of that other Miss Kite—the clean-looking lady of the pale face and the brown hair had been so vivid, Miss Kite wondered whether temporary forgetfulness might not have fallen upon her while dressing for dinner that evening.

The stranger, left to his own devices, strolled toward the loo table, seeking something to read.

"You seem to have frightened away Miss Kite," remarked the lady who was cousin to a baronet.

"It seems so," admitted the stranger.

"My cousin, Sir William Bosster," observed the crocheting lady, "who married old Lord Egham's niece—you never met the Eghams?"

"Hitherto," replied the stranger, "I have not had that pleasure."

"A charming family. Cannot understand—my cousin Sir William, I mean, cannot understand my remaining here. 'My dear Emily'—he says the same thing every time he sees me: 'My dear Emily, how can you exist among the sort of people one meets with in a boarding-house.' But they amuse me."

A sense of humour, agreed the stranger, was always of advantage.

"Our family on my mother's side," continued Sir William's cousin in her placid monotone, "was connected with the Tatton-Joneses, who, when King George the Fourth ——" Sir William's cousin, needing another reel of cotton, glanced up, and met the stranger's gaze.

"I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this," said Sir William's cousin in an irritable tone. "It can't possibly interest you."

"Everything connected with you interests me," gravely the stranger assured her.

"It is very kind of you to say so," sighed Sir William's cousin, but without conviction; "I am afraid sometimes I bore people."

The polite stranger refrained from contradiction.

"You see," continued the poor lady, "I really am of good family."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "your gentle face, your gentle voice, your gentle bearing, all proclaim it."

She looked without flinching into the stranger's eyes, and gradually a smile banished the reigning dulness of her features.

"How foolish of me." She spoke rather to herself than to the stranger. "Why, of course, people—people whose opinion is worth troubling about—judge of you by what you are, not by what you go about saying you are."

The stranger remained silent.

"I am the widow of a provincial doctor, with an income of just two hundred and thirty pounds per annum," she argued. "The sensible thing for me to do is to make the best of it, and to worry myself about these high and mighty relations of mine as little as they have ever worried themselves about me."

The stranger appeared unable to think of anything worth saying.

"I have other connections," remembered Sir William's cousin; "those of my poor husband, to whom instead of being the 'poor relation' I could be the fairy godmama. They are my people—or would be," added Sir William's cousin tartly, "if I wasn't a vulgar snob."

She flushed the instant she had said the words and, rising, commenced preparations for a hurried departure.

"Now it seems I am driving you away," sighed the stranger.

"Having been called a 'vulgar snob,'" retorted the lady with some heat, "I think it about time I went."

"The words were your own," the stranger reminded her.

"Whatever I may have thought," re-

marked the indignant dame, "no lady—least of all in the presence of a total stranger—would have called herself——" The poor dame paused, bewildered. "There is something very curious the matter with me this evening, that I cannot understand," she explained, "I seem quite unable to avoid insulting myself."

Still surrounded by bewilderment, she wished the stranger good-night, hoping that when next they met she would be more herself. The stranger, hoping so also, opened the door and closed it again behind her.

"Tell me," laughed Miss Devine, who by sheer force of talent was contriving to wring harmony from the reluctant piano, "how did you manage to do it? I should like to know."

"How did I do what?" inquired the stranger.

"Contrive to get rid so quickly of those two old frumps?"

"How well you play!" observed the stranger. "I knew you had genius for music the moment I saw you."

"How could you tell?"

"It is written so clearly in your face."

The girl laughed, well pleased. "You seem to have lost no time in studying my face."

"It is a beautiful and interesting face," observed the stranger.

She swung round sharply on the stool and their eyes met.

"You can read faces?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, what else do you read in mine?"

"Frankness, courage——"

"Ah, yes, all the virtues. Perhaps. We will take them for granted." It was odd how serious the girl had suddenly become. "Tell me the reverse side."

"I see no reverse side," replied the stranger. "I see but a fair girl, bursting into noble womanhood."

"And nothing else? You read no trace of greed, of vanity, of sordidness, of——" An angry laugh escaped her lips. "And you are a reader of faces!"

"A reader of faces." The stranger smiled. "Do you know what is written upon yours at this very moment? A love of truth that is almost fierce, scorn of lies, scorn of hypocrisy, the desire for all things pure, contempt of all things that are contemptible—especially of such things as are contemptible in woman. Tell me, do I not read aright?"

I wonder, thought the girl, is that why those two others both hurried from the room? Does everyone feel ashamed of the littleness that is in them when looked at by those clear, believing eyes of yours?

The idea occurred to her: "Papa seemed to have a good deal to say to you during dinner. Tell me, what were you talking about?"

"The military looking gentleman upon my left? We talked about your mother principally."

"I am sorry," returned the girl, wishful now she had not asked the question. "I was hoping he might have chosen another topic for the first evening!"

"He did try one or two," admitted the stranger; "but I have been about the world so little, I was glad when he talked to me about himself. I feel we shall be friends. He spoke so nicely, too, about Mrs. Devine."

"Indeed," commented the girl.

"He told me he had been married for twenty years and had never regretted it but once!"

Her black eyes flashed upon him, but meeting his, the suspicion died from them. She turned aside to hide her smile.

"So he regretted it—once."

"Only once," explained the stranger, "a passing irritable mood. It was so frank of him to admit it. He told me—I think he has taken a liking to me. Indeed, he hinted as much. He said he did not often get an opportunity of talking to a man like myself—he told me that he and your mother, when they travel together, are always mistaken for a honeymoon couple. Some of the experiences he related to me were really quite amusing." The stranger laughed at recollection of them—"that even here, in this place, they are generally referred to as 'Darby and Joan.'"

"Yes," said the girl, "that is true. Mr. Longcord gave them that name, the second evening after our arrival. It was considered clever—but rather obvious, I thought myself."

"Nothing—so it seems to me," said the stranger, "is more beautiful than the love that has weathered the storms of life. The sweet, tender blossom that flowers in the heart of the young—in hearts such as yours—that, too, is beautiful. The love of the young for the young, that is the beginning of life. But the love of the old for the old, that is the beginning of—of things longer."

"You seem to find all things beautiful," the girl grumbled.

"But are not all things beautiful?" demanded the stranger.

The Colonel had finished his paper.

"You two are engaged in a very absorbing conversation," observed the Colonel, approaching them.

"We were discussing Darbies and Joans," explained his daughter. "How beautiful is the love that has weathered the storms of life!"

"Ah!" smiled the Colonel, "that is hardly fair. My friend has been repeating to cynical youth the confessions of an amorous husband's affection for his middle-aged and somewhat—" The Colonel in playful mood laid his hand upon the stranger's shoulder, an action that necessitated his looking straight into the stranger's eyes. The Colonel drew himself up stiffly and turned scarlet.

Somebody was calling the Colonel a cad. Not only that, but was explaining quite clearly, so that the Colonel could see it for himself, why he was a cad.

"That you and your wife lead a cat and dog existence is a disgrace to both of you. At least you might have the decency to try and hide it from the world—not make a jest of your shame to every passing stranger. You are a cad, sir, a cad!"

Who was daring to say these things? Not the stranger, his lips had not moved. Besides, it was not his voice. Indeed it sounded much more like the voice of the Colonel himself. The Colonel looked from the stranger to his daughter, from his daughter back to the stranger. Clearly they had not heard the voice—a mere hallucination. The Colonel breathed again.

Yet the impression remaining was not to be shaken off. Undoubtedly it was bad taste to have joked to the stranger upon such a subject. No gentleman would have done so.

But then no gentleman would have permitted such a jest to be possible. No gentleman would be forever wrangling with his wife—certainly never in public. However irritating the woman, a gentleman would have exercised self-control.

Mrs. Devine had risen, was coming slowly across the room. Fear laid hold of the Colonel. She was going to address some aggravating remark to him—he could see it in her eye—which would irritate him into savage retort. Even this prize idiot of a stranger would understand why boarding-house wits had dubbed them "Darby and Joan," would grasp the fact that the gallant Colonel had thought it amusing, in conversation with a table acquaintance, to hold his own wife up to ridicule.

"My dear," cried the Colonel, hurrying to speak first, "does not this room strike you as cold? Let me fetch you a shawl."

It was useless: the Colonel felt it. It had been too long the custom of both of them to preface with politeness their deadliest insults to each other. She came on, thinking of a suitable reply: suitable from her point of view, that is. In another moment the truth would be out. A wild, fantastic possibility flashed through the Colonel's brain: If to him, why not to her?

"Letitia," cried the Colonel, and the tone of his voice surprized her into silence, "I want you to look closely at our friend. Does he not remind you of someone?"

Mrs. Devine, so urged, looked at the stranger long and hard. "Yes," she murmured, turning to her husband, "he does; who is it?"

"I cannot fix it," replied the Colonel; "I thought that maybe you would remember."

"It will come to me," mused Mrs. Devine. "It is someone—years ago, when I was a girl—in Devonshire. Thank you, if it isn't troubling you, Harry. I left it in the dining-room."

It was, as Mr. Augustus Longcord explained to his partner Isidore, the colossal foolishness of the stranger that was the cause of all the trouble. "Give me a man who can take care of himself—or thinks he can," declared Augustus Longcord, "and I am prepared to give a good account of myself. But when a helpless baby refuses even to look at what you call your figures, tells you that your mere word is sufficient for him, and hands you over his chequebook to fill up for yourself—well, it isn't playing the game."

"Auguthuth," was the curt comment of his partner, "you're a fool."

"All right, my boy, you try," suggested Augustus.

"Jutht what I mean to do," asserted his partner.

"Well," demanded Augustus one evening later, meeting Isidore ascending the stairs after a long talk with the stranger in the dining-room with the door shut.

"Oh, don't arth me," retorted Isidore, "thilly ath, thath what he ith."

"What did he say?"

"What did he thay! talked about the Jewth: what a grand rathe they were—how people mithjudged them: all that thort of rot.

"Thaid thome of the motht honourable

men he had ever met had been Jewth. Thought I wath one of 'em!"

"Well, did you get anything out of him?"

"Get anything out of him? Of courthe not? Couldn't very well thell the whole rathe, ath it were, for a couple of hundred poundth, after that. Didn't theem worth it."

There were many things Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square came gradually to the conclusion were not worth the doing:—Snatching at the gravy; pouncing out of one's turn upon the vegetables and helping oneself to more than one's fair share; manœuvring for the easy-chair; sitting on the evening paper while pretending not to have seen it—all such-like tiresome bits of business. For the little one made out of it, really it was not worth the bother. Grumbling everlastingly at one's food; grumbling everlastingly at most things; abusing Pennycherry behind her back; abusing, for a change, one's fellow-boarders; squabbling with one's fellow-boarders about nothing in particular; sneering at one's fellow-boarders; talking scandal of one's fellow-boarders; making senseless jokes about one's fellow-boarders; talking big about oneself, nobody believing one—all such-like vulgarities. Other boarding-houses might indulge in them: Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square had its dignity to consider.

The truth is, Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square was coming to a very good opinion of itself: for the which not Bloomsbury Square so much as the stranger must be blamed. The stranger had arrived at Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with the preconceived idea—where obtained from, Heaven knows—that its seemingly commonplace, mean-minded, coarse-fibered occupants were in reality ladies and gentlemen of the first water; and time and observation had apparently only strengthened this absurd idea. The natural result was, Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square was coming round to the stranger's opinion of itself.

Mrs. Pennycherry, the stranger would persist in regarding as a lady born and bred, compelled by circumstances over which she had no control to fill an arduous but honourable position of middle-class society—a sort of foster-mother, to whom were due the thanks and gratitude of her promiscuous family; and this view of herself Mrs. Pennycherry now clung to with obstinate conviction. There were disadvantages attaching, but these Mrs. Pennycherry appeared prepared to suffer cheerfully. A lady born and bred can not charge other ladies and gentlemen for coals and candles they have never burnt; a foster-mother can not palm off upon her children New Zealand mutton for Southdown. A mere lodging-house-keeper can play these tricks, and pocket the profits. But a lady feels she can not: Mrs. Pennycherry felt she no longer could.

To the stranger Miss Kite was a witty and delightful conversationalist of most attractive personality. Miss Kite had one failing: it was lack of vanity. She was unaware of her own delicate and refined beauty. If Miss Kite could only see herself with his, the stranger's eyes, the modesty that rendered her distrustful of her natural charms would fall from her. The stranger was so sure of it Miss Kite determined to put it to the test. One evening, an hour before dinner, there entered the drawing-room, when the stranger only was there and before the gas was lighted, a pleasant, good-looking lady, somewhat pale, with neatly-arranged brown hair, who demanded of the stranger if he knew her. All her body was trembling, and her voice seemed inclined to run away from her and become a sob. But when the stranger, looking straight into her eyes, told her that from the likeness he thought she must be Miss Kite's younger sister, but much prettier, it became a laugh instead: and that evening the golden-haired Miss Kite disappeared never to show her high-coloured face again; and, what perhaps, more than all else, might have impressed some former habitué of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with awe, it was that no one in the house made even a passing inquiry concerning her.

Sir William's cousin the stranger thought an acquisition to any boarding-house. A lady of high-class family! There was nothing outward or visible perhaps to tell you that she was of high-class family. She herself, naturally, would not mention the fact, yet somehow you felt it. Unconsciously she set a high-class tone, diffused an atmosphere of gentle manners. Not that the stranger had said this in so many words; Sir William's cousin gathered that he thought it, and felt herself in agreement with him.

For Mr. Longcord and his partner, as representatives of the best type of business men, the stranger had a great respect. With what unfortunate results to themselves has been noted. The curious thing is that the firm appeared content with the price they had paid for the stranger's good opinion—had even, it was rumoured ac-

quired a taste for honest men's respect—that in the long run was likely to cost them dear. But we all have our pet extravagance.

The Colonel and Mrs. Devine both suffered a good deal at first from the necessity imposed upon them of learning, somewhat late in life, new tricks. In the privacy of their own apartment they condoled with one another.

"Tomfool nonsense," grumbled the Colonel, "you and I starting billing and cooing at our age!"

"What I object to," said Mrs. Devine, "is the feeling that somehow I am being made to do it."

"The idea that a man and his wife can not have their little joke together for fear of what some impertinent jackanapes may think of them! it's damn ridiculous," the Colonel exploded.

"Even when he isn't there," said Mrs. Devine, "I seem to see him looking at me with those vexing eyes of his. Really, the man quite haunts me."

"I have met him somewhere," mused the Colonel, "I'll swear I've met him somewhere. I wish to goodness he would go."

A hundred things a day the Colonel wanted to say to Mrs. Devine, a hundred things a day Mrs. Devine would have liked to observe to the Colonel. But by the time the opportunity occurred—when nobody else was by to hear—all interest in saying them was gone.

"Women will be women," was the sentiment with which the Colonel consoled himself. "A man must bear with them—must never forget that he is a gentleman."

"Oh, well, I suppose they're all alike," laughed Mrs. Devine to herself, having arrived at that stage of despair when one seeks refuge in cheerfulness. "What's the use of putting oneself out—it does no good, and only upsets one."

There is a certain satisfaction in feeling you are bearing with heroic resignation the irritating follies of others. Colonel and Mrs. Devine came to enjoy the luxury of much self-approbation.

But the person seriously annoyed by the stranger's bigoted belief in the innate goodness of everyone he came across was the languid, handsome Miss Devine. The stranger would have it that Miss Devine was a noble-souled, high-minded young woman, something midway between a Flora Macdonald and a Joan of Arc. Miss Devine, on the contrary, knew herself to be a sleek, luxury-loving animal, quite willing to sell herself to the bidder who could offer her the finest clothes, the richest foods, the most sumptuous surroundings. Such a bidder was to hand in the person of a retired bookmaker, a somewhat greasy old gentleman, but exceedingly rich and undoubtedly fond of her.

Miss Devine, having made up her mind that the thing had got to be done, was anxious that it should be done quickly. And here it was that the stranger's ridiculous opinion of her not only irritated but inconvenienced her. Under the very eyes of a person—however foolish—convinced that you are possessed of all the highest attributes of your sex, it is difficulty to behave as though actuated by only the basest motives. A dozen times had Miss Devine determined to end the matter by formal acceptance of her elderly admirer's large and flabby hand, and a dozen times—the vision intervening of the stranger's grave, believing eyes—had Miss Devine refused decided answer. The stranger would one day depart. Indeed, he had told her himself, he was but a passing traveler. When he was gone it would be easier. So she thought at the time.

One afternoon the stranger entered the room where she was standing by the window, looking out upon the bare branches of the trees in Bloomsbury Square. She remembered afterwards, it was just such another foggy afternoon as the afternoon of the stranger's arrival three months before. No one else was in the room. The stranger closed the door, and came toward her with that curious, quick-leaping step of his. His long coat was tightly buttoned, and in his hands he carried his old felt hat and the massive knotted stick that was almost a staff.

"I have come to say good-by," explained the stranger. "I am going."

"I shall not see you again?" asked the girl.

"I can not say," replied the stranger. "But you will think of me?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "I can promise that."

"And I shall always remember you," promised the stranger, "and I wish you every joy—the joy of love, the joy of a happy marriage."

The girl winced. "Love and marriage are not always the same thing," she said.

"Not always," agreed the stranger, "but in your case they will be one."

She looked at him.

"Do you think I have not noticed?" smiled the stranger, "a gallant, handsome

lad, and clever. You love him and he loves you. I could not have gone away without knowing it was well with you."

Her gaze wandered toward the fading light.

"Ah, yes, I love him," she answered petulantly. "Your eyes can see clearly enough, when they want to. But one does not live on love, in our world. I will tell you the man I am going to marry, if you care to know." She would not meet his eyes. She kept her gaze still fixed upon the dingy trees, the mist beyond, and spoke rapidly and vehemently: "The man who can give me all my soul's desire—money and the things that money can buy. You think me a woman; I'm only a pig. He is moist, and breathes like a porpoise; with cunning in place of a brain, and the rest of him mere stomach. But he is good enough for me."

She hoped this would shock the stranger and that now, perhaps, he would go. It irritated her to hear him only laugh.

"No," he said, "you will not marry him."

"Who will stop me?" she cried angrily.

"Your Better Self."

His voice had a strange ring of authority, compelling her to turn and look upon his face. Yes, it was true, the fancy that from the very first had haunted her. She had met him, talked to him—in silent country roads, in crowded city streets, where was it? And always in talking with him her spirit had been lifted up, she had been—what he had always thought her.

"There are those," continued the stranger (and for the first time she saw that he was of a noble presence, that his gentle, child-like eyes could also command), "whose Better Self lies slain by their own hand and troubles them no more. But yours, my child, you have let grow too strong; it will ever be your master. You must obey. Flee from it and it will follow you; you cannot escape it. Insult it and it will chastise you with burning shame, with stinging self-reproach from day to day." The sternness faded from the beautiful face, the tenderness crept back. He laid his hand upon the young girl's shoulder. "You will marry your lover," he smiled. "With him you will walk the way of sunlight and of shadow."

And the girl, looking up into the strong, calm face, knew that it would be so, that the power of resisting her Better Self had passed away from her forever.

"Now," said the stranger, "come to the door with me. Leave-takings are but wasted sadness. Let me pass out quietly. Close the door softly behind me."

She thought that perhaps he would turn his face again, but she saw no more of him than the odd roundness of his back under the tightly-buttoned coat, before he faded into the gathering fog.

Then softly she closed the door.

On His Baldness

By PO CHÜ-I (A. D. 832)

Translated by Arthur Waley

AT DAWN I sighed to see my hairs fall;
At dusk I sighed to see my hairs fall.
For I dreaded the time when the last lock should go . . .
They are all gone and I do not mind at all!
I have done with that cumbrous washing and getting dry;
My tiresome comb for ever is laid aside.
Best of all, when the weather is hot and wet,
To have no top-knot weighing down on one's head!
I put aside my dusty conical cap;
And loose my collar-fringe.
In a silver jar I have stored a cold stream;
On my bald pate I trickle a ladle-full.
Like one baptized with the Water of Buddha's Law,
I sit and receive this cool, cleansing joy.
Now I know why the priest who seeks Repose
Frees his heart by first shaving his head.

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

ONE CHIMNEY BARRED TO SANTA CLAUS

An advertiser of wares for Christmas sent his "copy" (in November, 1926), containing a picture of the traditional Santa Claus, to "The Christian Science Monitor"—and presently received proofs containing a cut of a fireplace and stocking in place of the Saint, with notice that the rules of the newspaper did not permit the showing of this amiable person.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—

PARTY who took green silk pajamas from my clothes line, please return and no embarrassing exposure will be made.
Oklahoma newspaper (via Hawkins (Tex.) Call).

WANTED—Strong husky young man to work on farm that drives horses that speaks good English.
Kemmerer (Wyo.) Gazette.

LADY wants real young lady pal with car between 35 and 40; object pleasure evenings; references exchanged. Address G. 666 Star.
Kansas City Star.

BJERKE & BJERKE
3-Year Palmer Chiropractors
Phone 85-R Hampton, Ia.
Hampton (Ia.) newspaper.

NOTICE—A large collection of beautiful ladies sent free to anyone upon request. Address Prof. Ward, Box 503, Valley, Nebr. *Western newspaper.*

WANTED—A reliable man to do plain and fancy sewing at my home 401 Liberty Street. Prices reasonable. Will appreciate patronage. Mrs. T. J. POLK. *Milan (Tenn.) Exchange.*

ATTRACTIVE room, connecting porch, almost private bath, modern home. Phone 3799.
Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.

LIVE STOCK—Pair black and tan hounds year old; fine for rabbies. $25. Guaranteed. H. G. McCarter, Fountain Inn, S. C.
Columbia (S. C.) State.

CHINESE BRASS TEACASKET—with 150 years of Independence of America. 75 cents.
Sign at Sesquicentennial.

TWO and 3 rms., newly painted and cleaned inside and out. Children free. 117 W. 1st North.
Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune.

AND THE NEWS COLUMNS OFFER LIVELY COMPETITION

Ernest Howk, lineman, burned Wednesday by contact with a live wife at Atlanta, Texas, died as a result of his injuries.
Texarkana (Tex.) newspaper.

Carew fell dead in Newark a few days ago and told reporters yesterday that nobody had paid much attention to the clothes and mattress, and that he had burned them some time ago with other litter.
New York Evening World.

Mathew Lensen was kicked on the urday night, every one had a good time.
Sisseton (S. Dak.) Weekly Standard.

The discoverer of ether as the producer of unconsciousness was William Thomas Green Morton, a Boston dentist, who had experimented for nearly two years in using the fumes upon animals and upon himself before he ventured to try it in practice and upon a human being.
New York Telegram (editorial).

Harry F. Kraemer, insurance agent and musical entertainer, leaped to his death from the tenth floor of the Southmoor Hotel. His next jump will be for either Naples, Italy, or Marseilles, France.
Chicago Evening Post.

Late in the day, she was to receive her official welcome at the White House. Following the mode of sovereigns from time immoral, she was to call formally upon the President.
Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Evening Star.

CONNIE LEAVES HUSBAND

Miss Talmadge to Divorce Her Scot Souse
Austin (Tex.) American—(headline).

Every child should have at least one bath a week and if possible more, we have a new bath chart on which we make our baths each week.
Stanley (N. Dak.) Sun.

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by the Author

PART FOURTH

"Félicité passée
Qui ne peux revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ay-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir!"

MID-DAY had struck. The expected hamper had not turned up in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

All Madame Vinard's kitchen battery was in readiness; Trilby and Madame Angèle Boisse were in the studio, their sleeves turned up, and ready to begin.

At twelve the Trois Angliches and the two fair blanchisseuses sat down to lunch in a very anxious frame of mind, and finished a pâté de foie gras and two bottles of Burgundy between them, such was their disquietude.

The guests had been invited for six o'clock.

Most elaborately they laid the cloth on the table they had borrowed from the Hôtel de Seine, and settled who was to sit next to whom, and then unsettled it, and quarrelled over it—Trilby, as was her wont in such matters, assuming an authority that did not rightly belong to her, and of course getting her own way in the end.

And that, as the Laird remarked, was her confounded Trilbyness.

Two o'clock—three—four—but no hamper! Darkness had almost set in. It was simply maddening. They knelt on the divan, with their elbows on the window-sill, and watched the street lamps popping into life along the quays—and looked out through the gathering dusk for the van from the Chemin de Fer du Nord—and gloomily thought of the Morgue, which they could still make out across the river.

At length the Laird and Trilby went off in a cab to the station—a long drive—and, lo! before they came back the long-expected hamper arrived, at six o'clock.

And with it Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, Dodor, and l'Zouzou—the last two in uniform, as usual.

And suddenly the studio, which had been so silent, dark, and dull, with Taffy and Little Billee sitting hopeless and despondent round the stove, became a scene of the noisiest, busiest, and cheerfulest animation. The three big lamps were lit, and all the Chinese lanterns. The pieces of resistance and the pudding were whisked off by Trilby, Angèle, and Madame Vinard to other regions—the porter's lodge and Durien's studio (which had been lent for the purpose); and every one was pressed into the preparations for the banquet. There was plenty for idle hands to do. Sausages to be fried for the turkey, stuffing made, and sauces, salads mixed, and punch—holly hung in festoons all round and about—a thousand things. Everybody was so clever and good-humoured that nobody got in anybody's way—not even Carnegie, who was in evening dress (to the Laird's delight). So they made him do the scullion's work—cleaning, rinsing, peeling, etc.

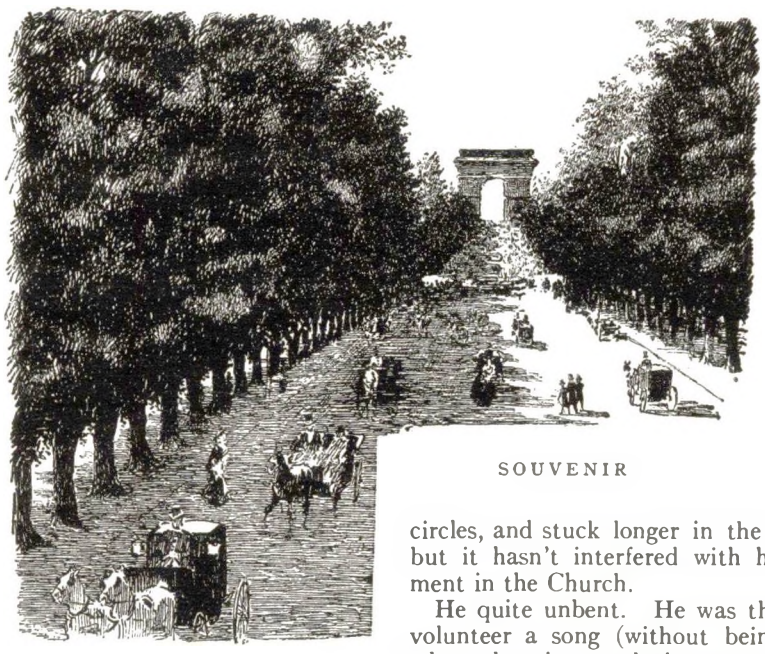
The cooking of the dinner was almost better fun than the eating of it. And though there were so many cooks, not even the broth was spoiled (cockaleekie, from a receipt of the Laird's).

It was ten o'clock before they sat down to that most memorable repast.

Zouzou and Dodor, who had been the most useful and energetic of all its cooks,

apparently quite forgot they were due at their respective barracks at that very moment: they had only been able to obtain "la permission de dix heures." If they remembered it, the certainty that next day Zouzou would be reduced to the ranks for the fifth time, and Dodor confined to his barracks for a month, did not trouble them in the least.

The waiting was as good as the cooking. The handsome, quick, authoritative Madame Vinard was in a dozen places at once, and openly prompted, rebuked, and bally-ragged her husband into a proper smart-



SOUVENIR

ness. The pretty little Madame Angèle moved about as deftly and as quietly as a mouse; which of course did not prevent them both from genially joining in the general conversation whenever it wandered into French.

Trilby, tall, graceful, and stately, and also swift of action, though more like Juno or Diana than Hebe, devoted herself more especially to her own particular favourites—Durien, Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee—and Dodor and Zouzou, whom she loved, and tutoyé'd en bonne camarade as she served them with all there was of the choicest.

The two little Vinards did their little best — they scrupulously respected the mince-pies, and only broke two bottles of oil and one of Harvey sauce, which made their mother furious. To console them, the Laird took one of them on each knee and gave them of his share of plum-pudding and many other unaccustomed good things, so bad for their little French tumtums.

The genteel Carnegie had never been at such a queer scene in his life. It opened his mind—and Dodor and Zouzou, between whom he sat (the Laird thought it would do him good to sit between a private soldier and a humble corporal), taught him more French than he had learned during the three months he had spent in Paris. It was a specialty of theirs. It was more colloquial than what is generally used in diplomatic circles, and stuck longer in the memory; but it hasn't interfered with his preferment in the Church.

He quite unbent. He was the first to volunteer a song (without being asked) when the pipes and cigars were lit, and after the usual toasts had been drunk—her Majesty's health, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Dickens, and John Leech.

He sang, with a very cracked and rather hiccupy voice, his only song (it seems)—an English one, of which the burden, he explained, was French:

"Veeverler veeverler veeverler vee
Veeverler companyee!"

And Zouzou and Dodor complimented him so profusely on his French accent that he was with difficulty prevented from singing it all over again.

Then everybody sang in rotation.

The Laird, with a capital barytone, sang

"Hie diddle Dee for the Lowlands low,"

which was encored.

Little Billee sang "Little Billee."
Vincent sang

"Old Joe kicking up behind and afore,
And the yaller gal a-kicking up behind old Joe."

A capital song, with words of quite a masterly scansion.

Joe Sibley sang "Le Sire de Framboisy." Enthusiastic encore.

Lorrimer, inspired no doubt by the occasion, sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and accompanied himself on the piano, but failed to obtain an encore.

Durien sang

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie . . ."

It was his favourite song, and one of the beautiful songs of the world, and he sang it very well—and it became popular in the quartier latin ever after.

The Greek couldn't sing, and very wisely didn't.

Zouzou sang capitally a capital song in praise of "le vin à quat' sous!"

Taffy, in a voice like a high wind (and with a very good imitation of the Yorkshire brogue), sang a Somersetshire hunting-ditty, ending:

"Of this 'ere song should I be axed the reason for to show,
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know!
But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
And I sing Tally-ho!"

It is a quite super-excellent ditty, and haunts my memory to this day; and one felt sure that Nancy was a dear and a sweet, wherever she lived, and when. So Taffy was encored twice—once for her sake, once for his own.

And finally, to the surprize of all, the bold dragoon sang (in English) "My Sister Dear," out of *Masaniello*, with such pathos, and in a voice so sweet and high and well in tune, that his audience felt almost weepy in the midst of their jollification, and grew quite sentimental, as Englishmen abroad are apt to do when they are rather tipsy and hear pretty music, and think of their dear sisters across the sea, or their friends' dear sisters.

Madame Vinard interrupted her Christmas dinner on the model-throne to listen, and wept and wiped her eyes quite openly, and remarked to Madame Boisse, who stood modestly close by: "Il est gentil tout plein, ce dragon! Mon Dieu! comme il chante bien! Il est Angliche aussi, il paraît. Ils sont joliment bien élevés, tous ces Angliches —tous plus gentils les uns que les autres! et quant à Monsieur Litrebili, on lui donnerait le bon Dieu sans confession!"

And Madame Boisse agreed.

Then Svengali and Gecko came, and the table had to be laid and decorated anew, for it was suppertime.

Supper was even jollier than dinner, which had taken off the keen edge of the appetites, so that every one talked at once—the true test of a successful supper—except when J. Sibley told some of his experiences of bohemia; for instance, how, after staying at home all day for a month to avoid his creditors, he became reckless one Sunday morning, and went to the Bains Deligny, and jumped into a deep part by mistake, and was saved from a watery grave by a bold swimmer, who turned out to be his boot-maker, Satory, to whom he owed sixty francs—of all his duns the one he dreaded the most—and who didn't let him go in a hurry.

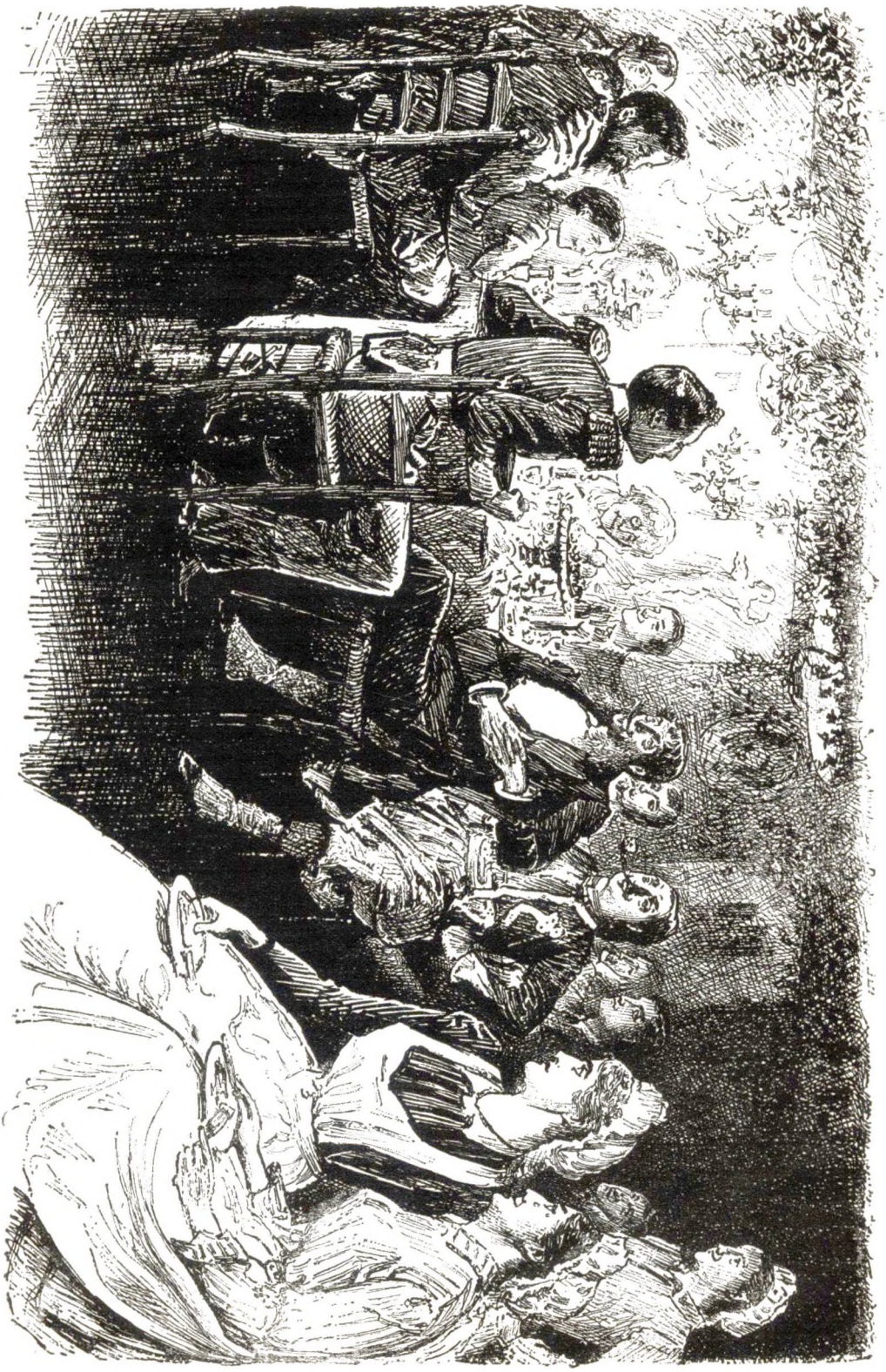
Whereupon Svengali remarked that he also owed sixty francs to Satory—"Mais comme che ne me baigne chamais, che n'ai rien à craindre!"

Whereupon there was such a laugh that Svengali felt he had scored off Sibley at last and had a prettier wit. He flattered himself that he'd got the laugh of Sibley *this* time.

And after supper Svengali and Gecko made such lovely music that everybody was sobered and athirst again, and the punch-bowl, wreathed with holly and mistletoe, was placed in the middle of the table, and clean glasses set all round it.

Then Dodor and l'Zouzou stood up to dance with Trilby and Madame Angèle, and executed a series of cancan steps, which, though they were so inimitably droll that they had each and all to be encored, were such that not one of them need have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

Then the Laird danced a sword-dance over two T squares and broke them both. And Taffy, baring his mighty arms to the admiring gaze of all, did dumb-bell exercises, with Little Billee for a dumb-bell, and all but dropped him into the punch-bowl; and tried to cut a pewter ladle in two with Dodor's sabre, and sent it through the window; and this made him cross, so that he abused French sabres, and said they were made of worse pewter than even French ladles; and the Laird sententiously opined that they managed these things



"MY SISTER DEAR."

better in England, and winked at Little Billee.

Then they played at "cock-fighting," with their wrists tied across their shins, and a broom stick thrust in between; thus manacled, you are placed opposite your antagonist, and try to upset him with your feet, and he you. It is a very good game. The cuirassier and the Zouave playing at this got so angry, and were so irresistibly funny a sight, that the shouts of laughter could be heard on the other side of the river, so that a sergent de ville came in and civilly requested them not to make so much noise. They were disturbing the whole quartier, he said, and there was quite a "rassemblement" outside. So they made him tipsy, and also another policeman, who came to look after his comrade, and yet another; and these guardians of the peace of Paris were trussed and made to play at cock-fighting, and were still funnier than the two soldiers, and laughed louder and made more noise than any one else, so that Madame Vinard had to remonstrate with them; till they got too tipsy to speak, and fell fast asleep, and were laid next to each other behind the stove.

The *fin de siècle* reader, disgusted at the thought of such an orgy as I have been trying to describe, must remember that it happened in the fifties, when men calling themselves gentlemen, and being called so, still wrenched off door-knockers and came back drunk from the Derby, and even drank too much after dinner before joining the ladies, as is all duly chronicled and set down in John Leech's immortal pictures of life and character out of *Punch*.

A DUCAL FRENCH FIGHTING-COCK

Then M. and Mme. Vinard and Trilby and Angèle Boisse bade the company good-night, Trilby being the last of them to leave.

Little Billee took her to the top of the staircase, and there he said to her:

"Trilby, I have asked you nineteen times, and you have refused. Trilby, once more, on Christmas night, for the twentieth time —*will* you marry me? If not, I leave Paris to-morrow morning, and never come back. I swear it on my word of honour!"

Trilby turned very pale, and leaned her back against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

Little Billee pulled them away.

"Answer me, Trilby!"

"God forgive me, *yes!*" said Trilby, and she ran down-stairs, weeping.

It was now very late.

It soon became evident that Little Billee was in extraordinary high spirits—in an abnormal state of excitement.

He challenged Svengali to spar, and made his nose bleed, and frightened him out of his sardonic wits. He performed wonderful and quite unsuspected feats of strength. He swore eternal friendship to Dodor and Zouzou, and filled their glasses again and again, and also (in his innocence) his own, and trinqued with them many times running. They were the last to leave (except the three helpless policemen); and at about five or six in the morning, to his surprize, he found himself walking between Dodor and Zouzou by a late windy moonlight in the Rue Vieille des mauvais Ladres, now on one side of the frozen gutter, now on the other, now in the middle of it, stopping them now and then to tell them how jolly they were and how dearly he loved them.

Presently his hat flew away, and went rolling and skipping and bounding up the narrow street, and they discovered that as soon as they let each other go to run after it, they all three sat down.

So Dodor and Little Billee remained sitting, with their arms round each other's necks and their feet in the gutter, while Zouzou went after the hat on all fours, and caught it, and brought it back in his mouth like a tipsy retriever. Little Billee wept for sheer love and gratitude, and called him a cary*hat*ide (in English), and laughed loudly at his own wit, which was quite thrown away on Zouzou! "No man ever *had* such dear, dear frenge! no man ever *was* s'happy!"

After sitting for a while in love and

amity, they managed to get up on their feet again, each helping the other; and in some never-to-be-remembered way they reached the Hôtel Corneille.

There they sat Little Billee on the door-step and rang the bell, and seeing some one coming up the Place de l'Odéon, and fearing he might be a sergent de ville, they bid Little Billee a most affectionate but hasty farewell, kissing him on both cheeks in French fashion, and contrived to get themselves round the corner and out of sight.

Little Billee tried to sing Zouzou's drinking-song:

"Quoi de plus doux
Que les glougloux—
Les glougloux du vin à quat' sous . . ."

The stranger came up. Fortunately, it was no sergent de ville, but Ribot, just back from a Christmas tree and a little family dance at his aunt's, Madame Kolb (the Alsacian banker's wife, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin).

Next morning poor Little Billee was dreadfully ill.

He had passed a terrible night. His bed had heaved like the ocean, with oceanic results. He had forgotten to put out his candle, but fortunately Ribot had blown it out for him, after putting him to bed and tucking him up like a real good Samaritan.

And next morning, when Madame Paul brought him a cup of tisane de chiendent (which does not happen to mean a hair of the dog that bit him), she was kind, but very severe on the dangers and disgrace of intoxication, and talked to him like a mother.

"If it had not been for kind Monsieur Ribot" (she told him), "the door-step would have been his portion; and who could say he didn't deserve it? And then think of the dangers of fire from a tipsy man all alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle!"

"Ribot was kind enough to blow out my candle," said Little Billee, humbly.

"Ah, Dame!" said Madame Paul, with much meaning—"au moins il a *bon cœur*, Monsieur Ribot!"

And the cruelest sting of all was when the good-natured and incorrigibly festive Ribot came and sat by his bedside, and was kind and tenderly sympathetic, and got him a pick-me-up from the chemist's (unbeknown to Madame Paul).

"Credieu! vous vous êtes crânement bien amusé, hier soir! quelle bosse, hein! je parie que c'était plus drôle que chez ma tante Kolb!"

"ANSWER ME, TRILBY!"

All of which, of course, it is unnecessary to translate; except, perhaps, the word "bosse," which stands for "noce," which stands for a "jolly good spree."

In all his innocent little life Little Billee had never dreamed of such humiliation as this—such ignominious depths of shame and misery and remorse! He did not care to live. He had but one longing: that Trilby, dear Trilby, kind Trilby, would come and pillow his head on her beautiful white English bosom, and lay her soft, cool, tender hand on his aching brow, and there let him go to sleep, and sleeping, die!

He slept and slept, with no better rest for his aching brow than the pillow of his bed in the Hôtel Corneille, and failed to die this time. And when, after some forty-eight hours or so, he had quite slept off the fumes of that memorable Christmas debauch, he found that a sad thing had happened to him, and a strange!

It was as though a tarnishing breath had swept over the reminiscent mirror of his mind and left a little film behind it, so that no past thing he wished to see therein was reflected with quite the old pristine clearness. As though the keen, quick, razorlike edge of his power to reach and re-evoke the by-gone charm and glamour and essence of

"LES GLOUGLOUX DU VIN À QUAT' SOUS . . ."

things had been blunted and coarsened. As though the bloom of that special joy, the gift he unconsciously had of recalling past emotions and sensations and situations, and making them actual once more by a mere effort of the will, had been brushed away.

And he never recovered the full use of that most precious faculty, the boon of youth and happy childhood, and which he had once possessed, without knowing it, in such singular and exceptional completeness. He was to lose other precious faculties of his over-rich and complex nature—to be pruned and clipped and thinned—that his one supreme faculty of painting might have elbow-room to reach its fullest, or else you could never have seen the wood for the trees (or *vice versa*—which is it?).

On New-year's Day Taffy and the Laird were at their work in the studio, when there was a knock at the door, and Monsieur Vinard, cap in hand, respectfully introduced a pair of visitors, an English lady and gentleman.

The gentleman was a clergyman, small, thin, round-shouldered, with a long neck; weak-eyed and dryly polite. The lady was middle-aged, though still young-looking; very pretty, with gray hair; very well dressed; very small, full of nervous energy, with tiny hands and feet. It was Little Billee's mother; and the clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Bagot, was her brother-in-law.

Their faces were full of trouble—so much so that the two painters did not even apologize for the carelessness of their attire, or for the odour of tobacco that filled the room. Little Billee's mother recognized the two painters at a glance, from the sketches and descriptions of which her son's letters were always full.

They all sat down.

After a moment's embarrassed silence, Mrs. Bagot exclaimed, addressing Taffy: "Mr. Wynne, we are in terrible distress of mind. I don't know if my son has told you, but on Christmas Day he engaged himself to be married!"

"To — be — *married!*" exclaimed Taffy and the Laird, for whom this was news indeed.

"Yes—to be married to a Miss Trilby O'Ferrall, who, from what he implies, is in quite a different position in life to himself. Do you know the lady, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh yes! I know her very well indeed; we *all* know her."

"Is she English?"

"She's an English subject, I believe."

"Is she a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?" inquired the clergyman.

"A—a—upon my word, I really don't know!"

"You know her very well indeed, and you *don't—know—that*, Mr. Wynne!" exclaimed Mr. Bagot.

"Is she a *lady*, Mr. Wynne?" asked Mrs. Bagot, somewhat impatiently, as if that were a much more important matter.

By this time the Laird had managed to basely desert his friend; had got himself into his bedroom, and from thence, by another door, into the street and away.

"A lady?" said Taffy; "a—it so much depends upon what that word exactly means, you know; things are so—a—so different here. Her father was a gentleman, I believe—a fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—and a clergyman, if *that* means anything! . . . he was unfortunate and all that—a—intemperate, I fear, and not successful in life. He has been dead six or seven years."

"And her mother?"

"I really know very little about her mother, except that she was very handsome, I believe, and of inferior social rank to her husband. She's also dead; she died soon after him."

"What is the young lady, then? An English governess, or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no, no—a—nothing of *that* sort," said Taffy (and inwardly, "You coward—you cad of a Scotch thief of a sneak of a Laird—to leave all this to me!")

"What? Has she independent means of her own then?"

"A—not that I know of; I should even say, decidedly not!"

"What *is* she, then? She's at least respectable, I hope!"

"At present she's a—blanchisseuse de fin—that is considered respectable here."

"Why, that's a washer-woman, isn't it?"

"Well—rather better than that, perhaps—*de fin*, you know!—things are so different in Paris! I don't think you'd say she was very much like a washer-woman—to look at!"

"Is she so good-looking, then?"

"Oh, yes; extremely so. You may well say that—very beautiful, indeed—about that, at least, there is no doubt whatever!"

"And of unblemished character?"

Taffy, red and perspiring as if he were going through his Indian-club exercise, was silent—and his face expressed a miserable perplexity. But nothing could equal the anxious misery of those two maternal eyes, so wistfully fixed on his.

After some seconds of a most painful stillness, the lady said, "Can't you—oh, *can't* you give me an answer, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, you have placed me in a terrible position! I—I love your son just as if he were my own brother! This engagement is a complete surprize to me—a most painful surprize! I'd thought of many possible things, but never of *that*. I can not—I really *must* not conceal from you that it would be an unfortunate marriage for your son—from a—a worldly point of view, you know—although both I and McAllister have a very deep and warm regard for poor Trilby O'Ferrall—indeed, a great admiration and affection and respect! She was once a model."

"A *model*, Mr. Wynne? What *sort* of a model—there are models and models, of course."

"Well, a model of every sort, in every possible sense of the word—head, hands, feet, everything!"

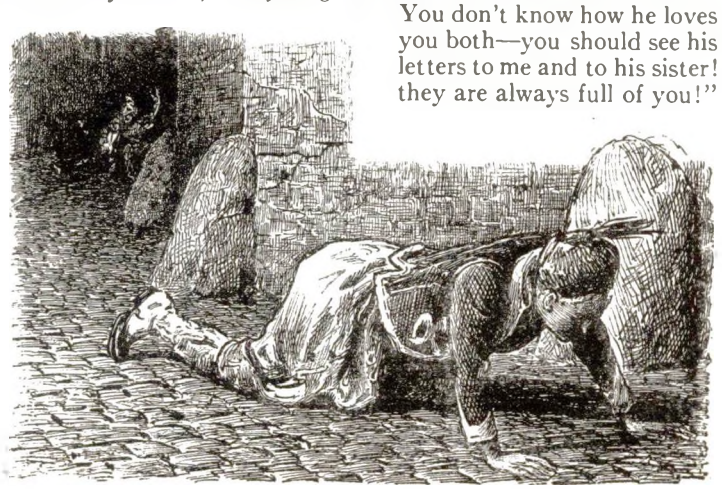
"A model for the *figure?*"

"Well—yes!"

"Oh, my God! my God! my God!" cried Mrs. Bagot—and she got up and walked up and down the studio in a most terrible state of agitation, her brother-in-law following her and begging her to control herself. Her exclamations seemed to shock him, and she didn't seem to care.

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! Mr. Wynne! If you only *knew* what my son is to me—to all of us—always has been! He has been with us all his life, till he came to this wicked, accursed city! My poor husband would never hear of his going to any school, for fear of all the harm he might learn there. My son was as innocent and pure-minded as any girl, Mr. Wynne—I could have trusted him anywhere—and that's why I gave way and allowed him to come *here*, of all places in the world—all alone. Oh! I should have come with him! Fool—fool—fool that I was! . . .

"Oh, Mr. Wynne, he won't see either his mother or his uncle! I found a letter from him at the hotel, saying he'd left Paris—and I don't even know where he's gone! . . . Can't *you*, can't Mr. McAllister, do *anything* to avert this miserable disaster? You don't know how he loves you both—you should see his letters to me and to his sister! they are always full of you!"



A CARY*H*ATIDE

"Indeed, Mrs. Bagot—you can count on McAllister and me for doing everything in our power! But it is of no use our trying to influence your son—I feel quite sure of *that!* It is to *her* we must make our appeal."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! to a washer-woman—a figure model—and Heaven knows what besides— and with such a chance as this!"

"Mrs. Bagot, you don't know her! She may have been all that. But strange as it may seem to you—and seems to me, for that matter—she's a—she's—upon my word of honour, I really think she's about the best woman I ever met—the most unselfish—the most——"

"How do you know she has all this passionate affection for him?"

"Oh, McAllister and I have long guessed it—though we never thought this particular thing would come of it. I think, perhaps, that first of all you ought to see her yourself—you would get quite a new idea of what she really is—you would be surprized, I assure you."

Mrs. Bagot shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and there was silence for a minute or two.

And then, just as in a play, Trilby's "Milk below!" was sounded at the door, and Trilby came into the little antechamber,

"IS SHE A *LADY*, MR. WYNNE?'"

"Ah! She's a *beautiful* woman—I can well see *that!*"

"She has a beautiful nature, Mrs. Bagot—you may believe me or not, as you like—and it is to that I shall make my appeal, as your son's friend, who has his interests at heart. And let me tell you that deeply as I grieve for you in your present distress, my grief and concern for her are far greater!"

"What! grief for her if she marries my son!"

"No, indeed—but if she refuses to marry him. She may not do so, of course—but my instinct tells me she will!"

"Oh! Mr. Wynne, is that likely?"

"I will do my best to make it so—with such an utter trust in her unselfish goodness of heart and her passionate affection for your son as——"

and, seeing strangers, was about to turn back. She was dressed as a grisette, in her Sunday gown and pretty white cap (for it was New-year's Day), and looking her very best.

Taffy called out, "Come in, Trilby!"

And Trilby came into the studio.

As soon as she saw Mrs. Bagot's face she stopped short—erect, her shoulders a little high, her mouth a little open, her eyes wide with fright—and pale to the lips—a pathetic, yet commanding, magnificent, and most distinguished apparition, in spite of her humble attire.

The little lady got up and walked straight to her, and looked up into her face, that seemed to tower so. Trilby breathed hard.

At length Mrs. Bagot said, in her high accents, "You are Miss Trilby O'Ferrall?"

"Oh yes—yes—I am Trilby O'Ferrall, and you are Mrs. Bagot; I can see that!"

A new tone had come into her large, deep, soft voice, so tragic, so touching, so strangely in accord with the whole aspect just then—so strangely in accord with the whole situation—that Taffy felt his cheeks and lips go cold, and his big spine thrill and tickle all down his back.

"Oh yes; you are very, very beautiful—there's no doubt about *that!* You wish to marry my son?"

"I've refused to marry him nineteen times—for his own sake; he will tell you so himself. I am not the right person for him to marry. I know that. On Christmas night he asked me for the twentieth time; he swore he would leave Paris next day forever if I refused him. I hadn't the courage. I was weak, you see! It was a dreadful mistake."

"Are you so fond of him?"

"*Fond* of him? Aren't *you?*"

"I'm his mother, my good girl!"

To this Trilby seemed to have nothing to say.

"You have just said yourself you are not a fit wife for him. If you are so *fond* of him, will you ruin him by marrying him; drag him down; prevent him from getting on in life; separate him from his sister, his family, his friends?"

Trilby turned her miserable eyes to Taffy's miserable face, and said, "Will it really be all that, Taffy?"

"Oh, Trilby, things have got all wrong, and can't be righted! I'm afraid it might be so. Dear Trilby—I can't tell you what I feel—but I can't tell you lies, you know!"

"Oh no—Taffy—you don't tell lies!"

Then Trilby began to tremble very much, and Taffy tried to make her sit down, but she wouldn't. Mrs. Bagot looked up into her face, herself breathless with keen suspense and cruel anxiety—almost imploring.

Trilby looked down at Mrs. Bagot very kindly, put out her shaking hand, and

"*FOND* OF HIM? AREN'T *YOU?*"

said: "Good-bye, Mrs. Bagot. I will not marry your son. I *promise* you. I will never see him again."

Mrs. Bagot caught and clasped her hand and tried to kiss it, and said: "Don't go yet, my dear good girl. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you how deeply I——"

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bagot," said Trilby, once more; and disengaging her hand, she walked swiftly out of the room.

Mrs. Bagot seemed stupefied, and only half content with her quick triumph.

"She will not marry your son, Mrs. Bagot. I only wish to God she'd marry *me!*"

"Oh, Mr. Wynne!" said Mrs. Bagot, and burst into tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed the clergyman, with a feebly satirical smile and a little cough and

"SO LIKE LITTLE BILLEE"

sniff that were not sympathetic, "now if *that* could be arranged—and I've no doubt there wouldn't be much opposition on the part of the lady" (here he made a little complimentary bow), "it would be a very desirable thing all round!"

"It's tremendously good of you, I'm sure—to interest yourself in *my* humble affairs," said Taffy. "Look here, sir—I'm not a great genius like your nephew—and it doesn't much matter to any one but myself what I make of my life—but I can assure you that if Trilby's heart were set on me as it is on him, I would gladly cast in my lot with hers for life. She's one in a thousand. She's the one sinner that repenteth, you know!"

"Ah, yes—to be sure!—to be sure! I know all about that; still, facts are facts, and the world is the world, and we've got to live in it," said Mr. Bagot, whose satirical smile had died away under the gleam of Taffy's choleric blue eye.

Then said the good Taffy, frowning down on the parson (who looked mean and foolish, as people can sometimes do even with right on their side): "And now, Mr. Bagot—I can't tell you how very keenly I have suffered during this—a—this most painful interview—on account of my very deep regard for Trilby O'Ferrall. I congratulate you and your sister-in-law on its complete success. I also feel very deeply for your nephew. I'm not sure that he has not lost more than he will gain by—a—by the—a—the success of this—a—this interview, in short!"

Taffy's eloquence was exhausted, and his quick temper was getting the better of him.

Then Mrs. Bagot, drying her eyes, came and took his hand in a very charming and simple manner, and said: "Mr. Wynne, I think I know what you are feeling just now. You must try and make some allowance for us. You will, I am sure, when we are gone, and you have had time to think a little. As for that noble and beautiful girl, I only wish that she were such that my son *could* marry her—in her past life, I mean. It is not her humble rank that would frighten me; *pray* believe that I am quite sincere in this—and don't think too hardly of your friend's mother. Think of all I shall have to go through with my poor son—who is deeply in love—and no wonder! and who has won the love of such a woman as that! and who cannot see at present how fatal to him such a marriage would be. I can see all the charm and believe in all the goodness, in spite of all. And, oh, how beautiful she is, and what a voice! All that counts for so much, doesn't it? I cannot tell you how I grieve for her. I can make no amends—who could, for such a thing? There are no amends, and I shall not even try. I will only write and tell her all I think and feel. You will forgive us, won't you?"

And in the quick impulsive warmth and grace and sincerity of her manner as she said all this, Mrs. Bagot was so absurdly like Little Billee that it touched big Taffy's heart, and he would have forgiven anything, and there was nothing to forgive.

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, there's no question of forgiveness. Good heavens! it is all so unfortunate, you know! Nobody's to blame, that I can see. Good-bye, Mrs. Bagot; good-bye, sir," and so saying, he saw them down to their "remise," in which sat a singularly pretty young lady of seventeen or so, pale and anxious, and so like Little Billee that it was quite funny, and touched big Taffy's heart again.

When Trilby went out into the courtyard in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, she

saw Miss Bagot looking out of the carriage window, and in the young lady's face, as she caught her eye, an expression of sweet surprize and sympathetic admiration, with lifted eyebrows and parted lips—just such a look as she had often got from Little Billee! She knew her for his sister at once. It was a sharp pang.

She turned away, saying to herself: "Oh, no; I will not separate him from his sister, his family, his friends! That would *never* do! *That's* settled, anyhow!"

Feeling a little dazed, and wishing to think, she turned up the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, which was always deserted at this hour. It was empty, but for a solitary figure sitting on a post, with its legs dangling, its hands in its trousers-pockets, an inverted pipe in its mouth, a tattered straw hat on the back of its head, and a long gray coat down to its heels. It was the Laird.

As soon as he saw her he jumped off his post and came to her, saying: "Oh, Trilby —what's it all about? I couldn't stand it! I ran away! Little Billee's mother's there!"

"Yes, Sandy dear, I've just seen her."

"Well, what's up?"

"I've promised her never to see Little Billee any more. I was foolish enough to promise to marry him. I refused many times these last three months, and then he said he'd leave Paris and never come back, and so, like a fool, I gave way. I've offered to live with him and take care of him and be his servant—to be everything he wished but his wife! But he wouldn't hear of it. Dear, dear Little Billee! he's an angel—I'll take precious good care no harm shall ever come to him through me! I shall leave this hateful place and go and live in the country: I suppose I must manage to get through life somehow. I know of some poor people who were once very fond of me, and I could live with them and help them and keep myself. The difficulty is about Jeannot. I thought it all out before it came to this. I was well prepared, you see."

She smiled in a forlorn sort of way, with her upper lip drawn tight against her teeth, as if some one were pulling her back by the lobes of her ears.

"Oh! but Trilby—what shall we do without you? Taffy and I, you know! You've become one of us!"

"Now, how good and kind of you to say that!" exclaimed poor Trilby, her eyes filling. "Why, that's just all I lived for, till all this happened. But it can't be any more now, can it? Everything is changed for me—the very sky seems different. Ah! Durien's little song—'*Plaisir d'amour—chagrin d'amour!*' it's all quite true, isn't it? I shall start immediately, and take Jeannot with me, I think."

"But where do you think of going?"

"Ah! I mayn't tell you that, Sandy dear —not for a long time! Think of all the trouble there'd be—Well, there's no time to be lost. I must take the bull by the horns."

She tried to laugh, and took him by his big side whiskers and kissed him on the eyes and mouth, and her tears fell on his face.

Then, feeling unable to speak, she nodded farewell, and walked quickly up the narrow winding street. When she came to the first bend she turned round and waved her hand, and kissed it two or three times, and then disappeared.

"I MUST TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS"

The Laird stared for several minutes up the empty thoroughfare—wretched, full of sorrow and compassion. Then he filled himself another pipe and lit it, and hitched himself on to another post, and sat there dangling his legs and kicking his heels, and waited for the Bagots' cab to depart, that he might go up and face the righteous wrath of Taffy like a man, and bear up against his bitter reproaches for cowardice and desertion before the foe.

Next morning Taffy received two letters: one, a very long one, was from Mrs. Bagot. He read it twice over, and was forced to acknowledge that it was a very good letter—the letter of a clever, warm-hearted woman, but a woman also whose son was to her as the very apple of her eye. One felt she was ready to flay her dearest friend alive in order to make Little Billee a pair of gloves out of the skin, if he wanted a pair; but one also felt she would be genuinely sorry for the friend. Taffy's own mother had been a little like that, and he missed her every day of his life.

—even sooner! The quick disenchantment, the life-long regret, on both sides!

He could not have found a word to controvert her arguments, save perhaps in his own private belief that Trilby and Little Billee were both exceptional people; and how could he hope to know Little Billee's nature better than the boy's own mother!

And if he had been the boy's elder brother in blood, as he already was in art and affection, would he, should he, could he have given his fraternal sanction to such a match?

Both as his friend and his brother he felt it was out of the question.

The other letter was from Trilby, in her bold, careless handwriting, that sprawled all over the page, and her occasionally imperfect spelling. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR, DEAR TAFFY,—This is to say good-bye. I'm going away, to put an end to all this misery, for which nobody's to blame but myself.

"The very moment after I'd said *yes* to Little Billee I knew perfectly well what a stupid fool I was, and I've been ashamed of myself ever since. I had a miserable week, I can tell you. I knew how it would all turn out.

"TRILBY! WHERE IS SHE?"

Full justice was done by Mrs. Bagot to all Trilby's qualities of head and heart and person; but at the same time she pointed out, with all the cunning and ingeniously casuistic logic of her sex, when it takes to special pleading (even when it has right on its side), what the consequences of such a marriage must inevitably be in a few years

"I am dreadfully unhappy, but not half so unhappy as if I married him and he were ever to regret it and be ashamed of me; and of course he would, really, even if he didn't show it—good and kind as he is—an angel!

"Besides—of course I could never be a lady—how could I?—though I ought to have been one, I suppose. But everything seems to have gone wrong with me, though I never found it out before—and it can't be righted!

"Poor papa!

"I am going away with Jeannot. I've been neglecting him shamefully. I mean to make up for it all now.

"You mustn't try and find out where I am going; I know you won't if I beg you, nor any one else. It would make everything so much harder for me.

"Angèle knows; she has promised me not to tell. I should like to have a line from you very much. If you send it to her she will send it to me.

"Dear Taffy, next to Little Billee, I love you and the Laird better than any one else in the whole world. I've never known real happiness till I met you. You have changed me into another person—you and Sandy and Little Billee.

"Oh, it *has* been a jolly time, though it didn't last long. It will have to do for me for life. So good-bye. I shall never, never forget; and remain, with dearest love,

"Your ever faithful and most affectionate friend,

"TRILBY O'FERRALL.

"P. S.—When it has all blown over and settled again, if it ever does, I shall come back to Paris, perhaps, and see you again some day."

The good Taffy pondered deeply over this letter—read it half a dozen times at least; and then he kissed it, and put it back into its envelope and locked it up.

He knew what very deep anguish underlay this somewhat trivial expression of her sorrow.

He guessed how Trilby, so childishly impulsive and demonstrative in the ordinary intercourse of friendship, would be more reticent than most women in such a case as this.

He wrote to her warmly, affectionately, at great length, and sent the letter as she had told him.

The Laird also wrote a long letter full of tenderly worded friendship and sincere regard. Both expressed their hope and belief that they would soon see her again, when the first bitterness of her grief would be over, and that the old pleasant relations would be renewed.

And then, feeling wretched, they went and silently lunched together at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets were good and the wine wasn't blue.

Late that evening they sat together in the studio, reading. They found they could not talk to each other very readily without Little Billee to listen—three's company sometimes and two's none!

Suddenly there was a tremendous getting up the dark stairs outside in a violent hurry, and Little Billee burst into the room like a small whirlwind—haggard, out of breath, almost speechless at first with excitement.

"Trilby! where is she? . . . what's become of her? . . . She's run away . . . oh!

"LA SŒUR DE LITREBILI"

She's written me such a letter! . . . We were to have been married . . . at the Embassy . . . my mother . . . she's been meddling; and that cursed old ass . . . that beast . . . my uncle! . . . They've been here! I know all about it. . . . Why didn't you stick up for her? . . ."

"I did . . . as well as I could. Sandy couldn't stand it, and cut."

"*You* stuck up for her . . . *you*—why, you agreed with my mother that she oughtn't to marry me—you—you false friend—you. . . . Why, she's an angel—far too good for the likes of *me* . . . you know she is. As . . . as for her social position and all that, what degrading rot! Her father was as much a gentleman as mine . . . besides . . . what the devil do I care for her father? . . . it's *her* I want—*her—her—her*, I tell you . . . I can't *live* without her . . . I must have her *back*—I must have her *back* . . . do you *hear?* We were to have lived together at Barbizon . . . all our lives—and I was to have painted stunning pictures . . . like those other fellows there. Who cares for *their* social position, I should like to know . . . or that of their wives? *Damn* social position! . . . we've often said so—over and over again. An artist's life should be *away* from the world—above all that meanness and paltriness . . . all in his work. Social position, indeed! Over and over again we've said what fetid, bestial rot it all was—a thing to make one sick and shut one's self away from the world. . . . Why say one thing and act another? . . . Love comes before all—love levels all—love and

art . . . and beauty—before such beauty as Trilby's rank doesn't exist. Such rank as mine, too! Good God! I'll never paint another stroke till I've got her back . . . never, never, I tell you—I can't—I wont! . . ."

And so the poor boy went on, tearing and raving about in his rampage, knocking over chairs and easels, stammering and shrieking, mad with excitement.

They tried to reason with him, to make him listen, to point out that it was not her social position alone that unfitted her to be his wife and the mother of his children, etc.

It was no good. He grew more and more uncontrollable, became almost unintelligible, he stammered so—a pitiable sight and pitiable to hear.

"Oh! oh! good heavens! are you so precious immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby! What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man! . . . poor weak women—poor, soft, affectionate things that beasts of men are always running after and pestering and ruining and trampling underfoot . . . Oh! oh! it makes me sick—it makes me sick!" And finally he gasped and screamed and fell down in a fit on the floor.

The doctor was sent for; Taffy went in a cab to the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion to fetch his mother; and poor Little Billee, quite unconscious, was undressed by Sandy and Madame Vinard and put into the Laird's bed.

The doctor came, and not long after Mrs. Bagot and her daughter. It was a serious case. Another doctor was called in. Beds were got and made up in the studio for the two grief-stricken ladies, and thus closed the eve of what was to have been poor Little Billee's wedding-day, it seems.

Little Billee's attack appears to have been a kind of epileptic seizure. It ended in brain-fever and other complications—a long and tedious illness. It was many weeks before he was out of danger, and his convalescence was long and tedious too.

His nature seemed changed. He lay languid and listless—never even mentioned Trilby, except once to ask if she had come back, and if any one knew where she was, and if she had been written to.

She had not, it appears. Mrs. Bagot had thought it was better not, and Taffy and the Laird agreed with her that no good could come of writing.

Mrs. Bagot felt bitterly against the woman who had been the cause of all this trouble, and bitterly against herself for her injustice. It was an unhappy time for everybody.

There was more unhappiness still to come.

One day in February Madame Angèle Boisse called on Taffy and the Laird in the temporary studio where they worked. She was in terrible tribulation.

Trilby's little brother had died of scarlet-fever and was buried, and Trilby had left her hiding-place the day after the funeral and had never come back, and this was a week ago. She and Jeannot had been living at a village called Vibraye, in la Sarthe, lodging with some poor people she knew—she washing and working with her needle till her brother fell ill.

She had never left his bedside for a moment, night or day, and when he died her grief was so terrible that people thought she would go out of her mind; and the day after he was buried she was not to be found anywhere—she had disappeared, taking nothing with her, not even her clothes—simply vanished and left no sign, no message of any kind.

All the ponds had been searched—all the wells, and the small stream that flows through Vibraye—and the old forest.

Taffy went to Vibraye, cross-examined everybody he could, communicated with the Paris police, but with no result, and every afternoon, with a beating heart, he went to the Morgue. . . .

The news was of course kept from Little Billee. There was no difficulty about this. He never asked a question, hardly ever spoke.

When he first got up and was carried into the studio he asked for his picture "The Pitcher Goes to the Well," and looked at it for a while, and then shrugged his shoulders and laughed—a miserable sort of laugh, painful to hear—the laugh of a cold old man, who laughs so as not to cry! Then he looked at his mother and sister, and saw the sad havoc that grief and anxiety had wrought in them.

It seemed to him, as in a bad dream, that he had been mad for many years—a cause of endless sickening terror and distress; and that his poor, weak wandering wits had come back at last, bringing in their train cruel remorse, and the remembrance of all the patient love and kindness that

had been lavished on him for many years! His sweet sister—his dear, long-suffering mother! what had really happened to make them look like this?

And taking them both in his feeble arms, he fell a-weeping, quite desperately and for a long time.

And when his weeping-fit was over, when he had quite wept himself out, he fell asleep.

And when he awoke he was conscious that another sad thing had happened to him, and that for some mysterious cause his power of loving had not come back with his wandering wits—had been left behind

"HE FELL A-WEEPING QUITE DESPERATELY"

—and it seemed to him that it was gone for ever and ever—would never come back again—not even his love for his mother and sister, not even his love for Trilby—where all *that* had once been was a void, a gap, a blankness. . . .

Truly, if Trilby had suffered much, she had also been the innocent cause of terrible suffering. Poor Mrs. Bagot, in her heart, could not forgive her.

I feel this is getting to be quite a sad story, and that it is high time to cut this part of it short.

As the warmer weather came, and Little Billee got stronger, the studio became more pleasant. The ladies' beds were removed to another studio on the next landing, which was vacant, and the friends came to see Little Billee, and make it more lively for him and his sister.

As for Taffy and the Laird, they had already long been to Mrs. Bagot as a pair of crutches, without whose invaluable help she could never have held herself upright to pick her way in all this maze of trouble.

Then M. Carrell came every day to chat with his favourite pupil and gladden Mrs. Bagot's heart. And also Durien, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Dodor and l'Zouzou; Mrs. Bagot thought the last two irresistible, when she had once been satisfied that they were "gentlemen," in spite of appearances. And, indeed, they showed themselves to great advantage; and though they were so much the opposite to Little Billee in everything, she felt almost maternal toward them, and gave them innocent, good, motherly advice, which they swallowed *avec attendrissement*, not even stealing a look at each other. And they held Mrs. Bagot's wool, and listened to Miss Bagot's sacred music with upturned, pious eyes, and mealy mouths that butter wouldn't melt in!

It is good to be a soldier and a detrimental; you touch the hearts of women and charm them—old and young, high or low (excepting, perhaps, a few worldly mothers of marriageable daughters). They take the sticking of your tongue in the cheek for the wearing of your heart on the sleeve.

Indeed, good women all over the world, and ever since it began, have loved to be bamboozled by these genial, roistering daredevils, who haven't got a penny to bless themselves with (which is so touching), and are supposed to carry their lives in their hands, even in piping times of peace. Nay, even a few rare *bas* women sometimes, such women as the best and wisest of us are often ready to sell our souls for!

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew. . . ."

As if that wasn't enough, and to spare!

Little Billee could hardly realize that these two polite and gentle and sympathetic sons of Mars were the lively grigs who had made themselves so pleasant all round, and in such a singular manner, on the top of that St. Cloud omnibus; and he admired how they added hypocrisy to their other crimes!

Svengali had gone back to Germany, it seemed, with his pockets full of napoleons and big Havana cigars, and wrapped in an immense fur-lined coat, which he meant to wear all through the summer. But little Gecko often came with his violin and made lovely music, and that seemed to do Little Billee more good than anything else.

It made him realize in his brain all the love he could no longer feel in his heart. The sweet melodic phrase, rendered by a master, was as wholesome, refreshing balm to him while it lasted—or as manna in the wilderness. It was the one good thing within his reach, never to be taken from him as long as his ear-drums remained and he could hear a master play.

Poor Gecko treated the two English ladies *de bas en haut* as if they had been goddesses, even when they accompanied him on the piano! He begged their pardon for every wrong note they struck, and adopted their "tempi"—that is the proper technical term, I believe—and turned scherzos and allegrettos into funeral dirges to please them; and agreed with them, poor little traitor, that it all sounded much better like that!

Oh Beethoven! oh Mozart! did you turn in your graves?

Then, on fine afternoons, Little Billee was taken for drives to the Bois de Boulogne with his mother and sister in an open fly, and generally Taffy as a fourth; to Passy, Auteuil, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Meudon—there are many charming places within an easy drive of Paris.

And sometimes Taffy or the Laird would escort Mrs. and Miss Bagot to the Luxembourg Gallery, the Louvre, the Palais Royal—to the Comédie Française once or twice; and on Sundays, now and then, to the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf. It was all very pleasant; and Miss Bagot looks back on the days of her brother's convalescence as among the happiest in her life.

And they would all five dine together in the studio, with Madame Vinard to wait, and her mother (a cordon bleu) for cook, and the whole aspect of the place was changed and made fragrant, sweet, and charming by all this new feminine invasion and occupation.

And what is sweeter to watch than the dawn and growth of love's young dream, when strength and beauty meet together by the couch of a beloved invalid?

Of course the sympathetic reader will foresee how readily the stalwart Taffy fell a victim to the charms of his friend's sweet sister, and how she grew to return his more than brotherly regard! and how, one lovely evening, just as March was going out like a lamb (to make room for the first of April), Little Billee joined their hands together, and gave them his brotherly blessing!

As a matter of fact, however, nothing of this kind happened. Nothing ever happens but the *un*foreseen. Pazienza!

Then at length one day—it was a fine, sunny, showery day in April, by-the-bye, and the big studio window was open at the top and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest, just as when our little story began—a railway omnibus drew up at the porte cochère in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and carried away to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord Little Billee and his mother and sister, and all their belongings (the famous picture had gone before); and Taffy and the Laird rode with them, their faces very long, to see the last of the dear people, and of the train that was to bear them away from Paris; and Little Billee, with his quick, prehensile æsthetic eye, took many a long and wistful parting gaze at many a French thing he loved, from the gray towers of Notre Dame downward—Heaven only knew when he might see them again!—so he tried to get their aspect well by heart, that he might have the better store of beloved shape and

"THE SWEET MELODIC PHRASE"

colour memories to chew the cud of when his lost powers of loving and remembering clearly should come back, and he lay awake at night and listened to the wash of the Atlantic along the beautiful red sandstone coast at home.

He had a faint hope that he should feel sorry at parting with Taffy and the Laird.

But when the time came for saying good-by he couldn't feel sorry in the least, for all he tried and strained so hard!

So he thanked them so earnestly and profusely for all their kindness and patience and sympathy (as did also his mother and sister) that their hearts were too full to speak, and their manner was quite gruff—it was a way they had when they were deeply moved and didn't want to show it.

And as he gazed out of the carriage window at their two forlorn figures looking after him when the train steamed out of the station, his sorrow at not feeling sorry made him look so haggard and so woe-begone that they could scarcely bear the sight of him departing without them, and almost felt as if they must follow by the next train, and go and cheer him up in Devonshire, and themselves too.

They did not yield to this amiable weakness. Sorrowfully, arm in arm, with trailing umbrellas, they recrossed the river, and found their way to the Café de l'Odéon, where they ate many omelets in silence, and dejectedly drank of the best they could get, and were very sad indeed.

. . . . . .

"Félicite passée
Qui ne peux revenir,
Torment de ma pensée
Que n'ay-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir!"

Nearly five years have elapsed since we bade farewell and *au revoir* to Taffy and the Laird at the Paris station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and wished Little Billee and his mother and sister God-speed on their way to Devonshire, where the poor sufferer was to rest and lie fallow for a few months, and recruit his lost strength and energy, that he might follow up his first and well-deserved success, which perhaps contributed just a little to his recovery.

Many of my readers will remember his splendid début at the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square with that now so famous canvas "The Pitcher Goes to the Well," and how it was sold three times over on the morning of the private view, the third time for a thousand pounds—just five times what he got for it himself. And that was thought a large sum in those days for a beginner's picture, two feet by four.

I am well aware that such a vulgar test is no criterion whatever of a picture's real merit. But this picture is well known to

all the world by this time, and sold only last year at Christy's (more than thirty-six years after it was painted) for three thousand pounds.

Thirty-six years! That goes a long way to redeem even three thousand pounds of all their cumulative vulgarity.

"The Pitcher" is now in the National Gallery, with that other canvas by the same hand, "The Moon-Dial." There they hang together for all who care to see them, his first and his last—the blossom and the fruit.

He had not long to live himself, and it was his good fortune, so rare among those whose work is destined to live forever, that he succeeded at his first go-off.

And his success was of the best and most flattering kind.

It began high up, where it should, among the masters of his own craft. But his fame filtered quickly down to those immediately beneath, and through these to wider circles. And there was quite enough of opposition and vilification and coarse abuse of him to clear it of any suspicion of cheapness or evanescence. What better antiseptic can there be than the philistine's deep hate? what sweeter, fresher, wholesomer music than the sound of his voice when he doth so furiously rage?

Yes! That is "good production"—as Svengali would have said— "c'est un cri du cœur."

And then, when popular acclaim brings the great dealers and the big cheques, up rises the printed howl of the duffer, the disappointed one, the "wounded thing with an angry cry"—the prosperous and happy bagman that *should* have been, who has given up all for art, and finds he can't paint and make himself a name, after all, and never will, so falls to writing about those who can—and what writing!

To write in hissing dispraise of our most successful fellow-craftsman, and of those who admire him! that is not a clean or pretty trade. It seems, alas! an easy one, and it gives pleasure to so many. It does not even want good grammar. But it pays —well enough even to start and run a magazine with, instead of scholarship and taste and talent! humour, sense, wit, and wisdom! It is something like the purveying of pornographic pictures: some of us look at them and laugh, and even buy. To be a purchaser is bad enough; but to be the purveyor thereof—ugh!

A poor devil of a cracked soprano (are there such people still?) who has been turned out of the Pope's choir because he can't sing in tune, *after all!*—think of him yelling and squeaking his treble rage at Santley—Sims Reeves—Lablache!

Poor, lost, beardless nondescript! why not fly to other climes, where at least thou might'st hide from us thy woful crack, and keep thy miserable secret to thyself! Are there no harems still left in Stamboul for the likes of thee to sweep and clean, no women's beds to make and slops to empty, and doors and windows to bar—and tales to carry, and the pasha's confidence and favour and protection to win? Even *that* is a better trade than pandering for hire to the basest instinct of all—the dirty pleasure we feel (some of us) in seeing mud and dead cats and rotten eggs flung at those we cannot but admire—and secretly envy!

All of which eloquence means that Little Billee was pitched into right and left, as well as overpraised. And it all rolled off him like water off a duck's back, both praise and blame.

It was a happy summer for Mrs. Bagot, a sweet compensation for all the anguish of the winter that had gone before, with her two beloved children together under her wing, and all the world (for her) ringing with the praise of her boy, the apple of her eye, so providentially rescued from the very jaws of death, and from other dangers almost as terrible to her fiercely jealous maternal heart.

And his affection for her *seemed* to grow with his returning health; but, alas! he was never again to be quite the same light-hearted, innocent, expansive lad he had been before that fatal year spent in Paris.

One chapter of his life was closed, never to be reopened, never to be spoken of again by him to her, by her to him. She could neither forgive nor forget. She could but be silent.

Otherwise he was pleasant and sweet to live with, and everything was done to make his life at home as sweet and pleasant as a loving mother could—as could a most charming sister—and others' sisters who were charming too, and much disposed to worship at the shrine of this young celebrity, who woke up one morning in their little village to find himself famous, and bore his blushing honours so meekly. And among them the vicar's daughter, his sister's friend and co-teacher at the Sunday-school, "a simple, pure, and pious maiden of gentle birth," everything he once thought a young lady should be; and her name it

was Alice, and she was sweet, and her hair was brown—as brown! . . .

And if he no longer found the simple country pleasures, the junketings and picnics, the garden-parties and innocent little musical evenings, quite so exciting as of old, he never showed it.

Indeed, there was much that he did not show, and that his mother and sister tried in vain to guess—many things.

And among them one thing that constantly preoccupied and distressed him—the numbness of his affections. He could be as easily demonstrative to his mother and sister as though nothing had ever happened to him—from the mere force of a sweet old habit—even more so, out of sheer gratitude and compunction.

But, alas! he felt that in his heart he could no longer care for them in the least!—nor for Taffy, nor the Laird, nor for himself; not even for Trilby, of whom he constantly thought, but without emotion; and of whose strange disappearance he had been told, and the story had been confirmed in all its details by Angèle Boisse, to whom he had written.

It was as though some part of his brain where his affections were seated had been paralyzed, while all the rest of it was as keen and as active as ever. He felt like some poor live bird or beast or reptile, a part of whose cerebrum (or cerebellum, or whatever it is) had been dug out by the vivisector for experimental purposes; and the strongest emotional feeling he seemed capable of was his anxiety and alarm about this curious symptom, and his concern as to whether he ought to mention it or not.

"SORROWFULLY, ARM IN ARM"

He did not do so, for fear of causing distress, hoping that it would pass away in time, and redoubled his caresses to his mother and sister, and clung to them more than ever; and became more considerate of others in manner, word, and deed than he had ever been before, as though by constantly assuming the virtue he had no longer he would gradually coax it back again. There was no trouble he would not take to give pleasure to the humblest.

Also, his vanity about himself had become as nothing, and he missed it almost as much as his affection.

Yet he told himself over and over again that he was a great artist, and that he would spare no pains to make himself a greater. But that was no merit of his own. $2+2=4$, also $2\times2=4$; that peculiarity was no reason why 4 should be conceited; for what was 4 but a result, either way?

Well, he was like 4—just an inevitable result of circumstances over which he had no control—a mere product or sum; and though he meant to make himself as big a 4 as he could (to cultivate his peculiar *fourness*), he could no longer feel the old conceit and self-complacency; and they had been a joy, and it was hard to do without them.

At the bottom of it all was a vague disquieting unhappiness, a constant fidget.

And it seemed to him, and much to his distress, that such mild unhappiness would be the greatest he could ever feel henceforward—but that, such as it was, it would never leave him, and that his moral existence would be for evermore one long, gray, gloomy blank—the glimmer of twilight—never glad, confident morning again!

So much for Little Billee's convalescence.

Then one day in the late autumn he spread his wings and flew away to London, which was very ready with open arms to welcome William Bagot, the already famous painter, *alias* Little Billee!

(*To be continued*)

Here and There

Apropos of the "Daily News" Feature: "What Do You Believe?"

Liberals do sometimes imagine that votes and democracy are synonymous terms, and that it is unjustifiably dictatorial for God to decide to exist without an appeal to a referendum.

Gilbert K. Chesterton (*G. K.'s Weekly*).

Even as Now

The logs will glut the hungry fire,
The rivers glut the seas's desire,
And death with life be glutted, when
The flirt has had enough of men.

The Panchatantra (*Five Books*). *Perhaps 200 B. C.*

Nelson's Plan for Settling Social Difficulties

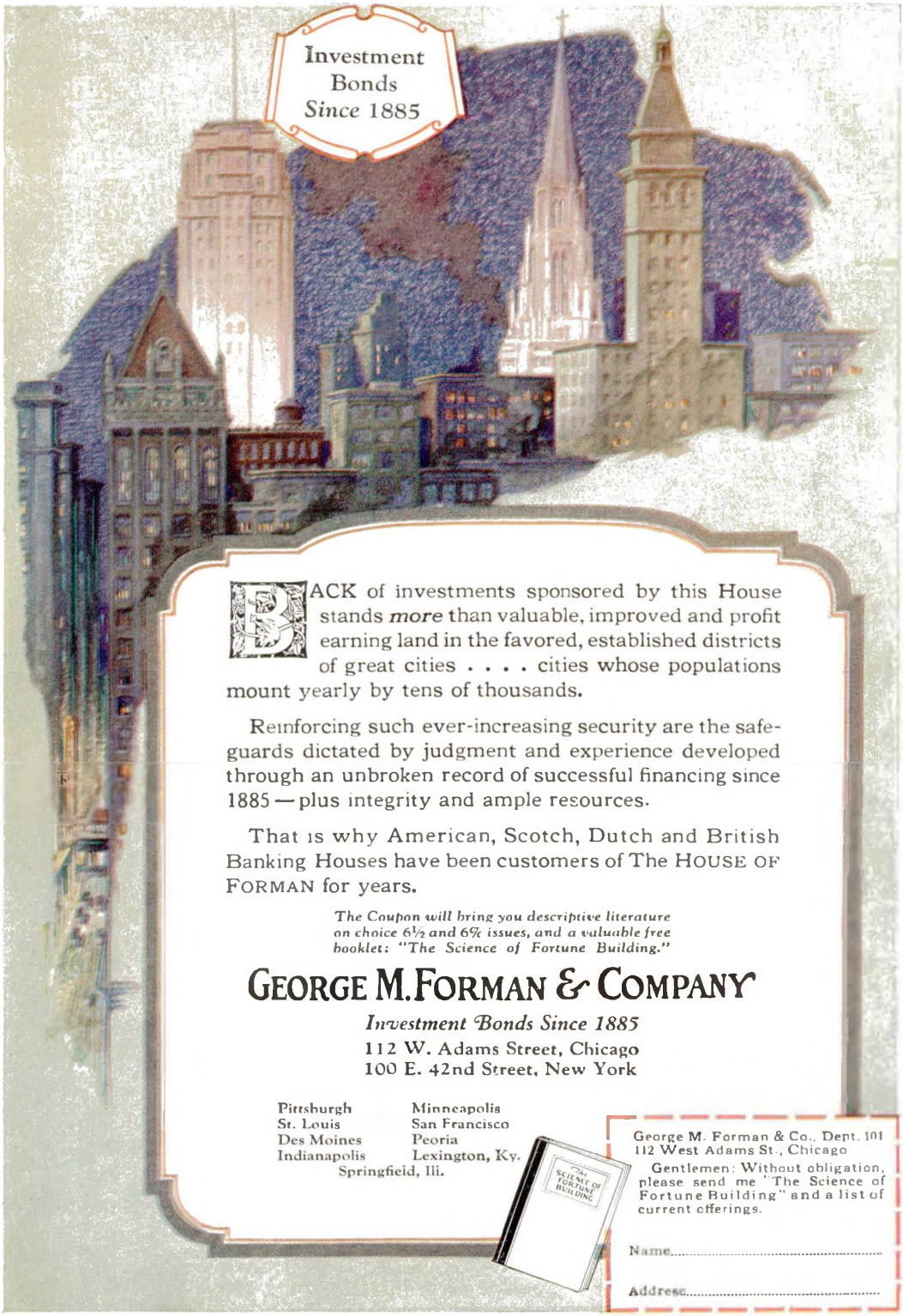
Dresden, Oct. 8, 1800. Dined at Madame de Loos's, wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electors will not receive Lady Hamilton on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to Court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no Court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot (the British Minister), "Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and—me, I'll knock him down too!" *Diary of Mrs. Colonel St. George.*

The Playwright and the Movie Magnate

Shaw . . . was besieged by Samuel Goldwyn. The American motion-picture magnate implored the playwright to allow his dramas to be filmed. Mr. Goldwyn spoke eloquently of posterity. Vividly he pictured the sad plight of lonely men in little towns who would never have a chance to see a play by Shaw unless it came to them through the cinema. And lightly but emphatically he touched upon the duty which falls upon a great man to fling his message out to all the world. Samuel Goldwyn was not prepared to let the torch drop from the fingers of Bernard Shaw.

And when he was quite done, Shaw leaned forward and said, "The difference between us, Mr. Goldwyn, is that you think only of art, while I think only of money.'

Heywood Broun.



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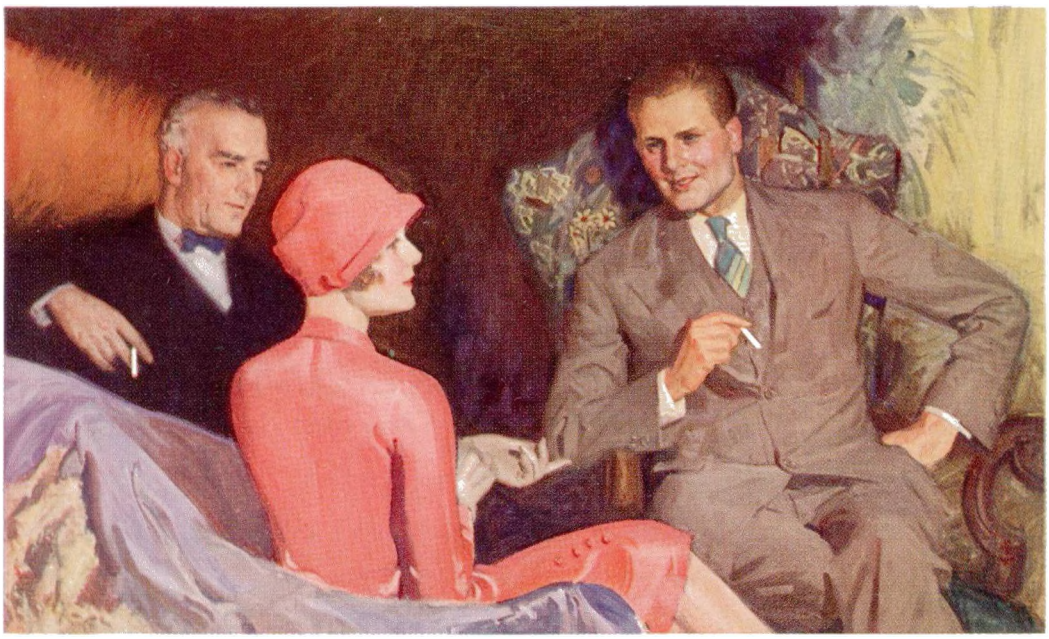

C A M E L

WHY is it that the enjoyment of Camels never fails? That you can light them all day and far into the night with never a loss of smoothness, mildness and incomparable fragrance? It's simply a question of quality.

Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. Camels are given an expert blending found in no other cigarette.

First thing in the morning. Late at night. Before or after breakfast, lunch or dinner. Light Camels as liberally as you choose, one after the other, as often as you desire the cheering comfort of a cigarette. You will get always the refreshing thrill of smoking pleasure.

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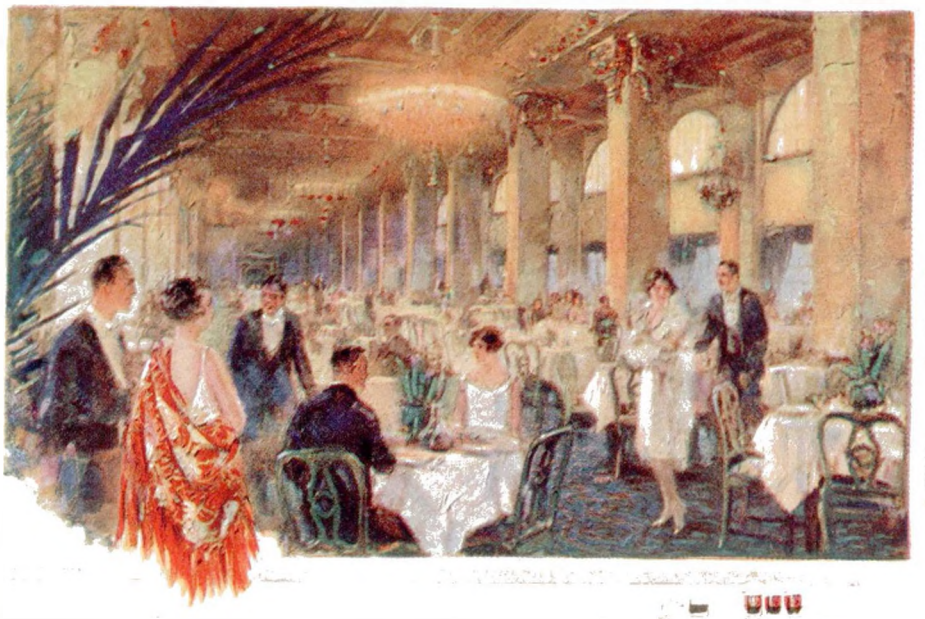

THOUGH the calendar says it is bleak winter, sun and the thermometer down at Hollywood Beach Hotel declare it is June. Dancing sunlight, warm surf, outdoor sports and summer togs prove it.

On the coral shore between Palm Beach and Miami—on the ocean's very edge, our beautiful hotel is the focus of Florida's enchanting life. Your windows open to the sweep of the Atlantic, and its balmy breezes. Sixty seconds from your room to the surf.

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Founder

RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

Facts and Figures That Tell an Interesting Story

RADIOTELEPHONE commercial service between the United States and Great Britain in the near future is a reasonable probability, according to D. B. Carson, United States Commissioner of Navigation, in his annual report. Tests which have been conducted show encouraging results, but it is pointed out the difference in time in connection with office hours of banks, stock exchange, and brokerage houses may present some difficulty.

Commercial pictoradiogram services, the report reveals, are now in operation between New York and London and San Francisco and Hawaii. By means of this development photographs, pictures, advertisements, legal documents, bank checks, cartoons, fingerprints, and similar pictorial or printed matter are quickly transmitted and reproduced. This new field, the commissioner states, may develop into an important branch of radio communication.

There has been a material increase in power used. The average power per station in watts is 715.8, as compared with 312.4 last year and 190.5 the year previous. During the past fiscal year 117 new stations were licensed and 160 discontinued. The previous year 281 new stations were licensed and 245 discontinued.

Continued growth in the use of radio is predicted by Commissioner Carson, together with improved service to the public.

* * *

The sales of radio apparatus for the United States alone will reach $520,000,000 for 1926. The figures for the former years, compiled by the Radio Manufacturers Association, are as follows: 1922, $46,500,000; 1923, $120,000,000; 1924, $350,000,000; 1925, $449,000,000. From orders that have been placed the various radio trade associations know now that the 1926 figure will be exceeded in 1927.

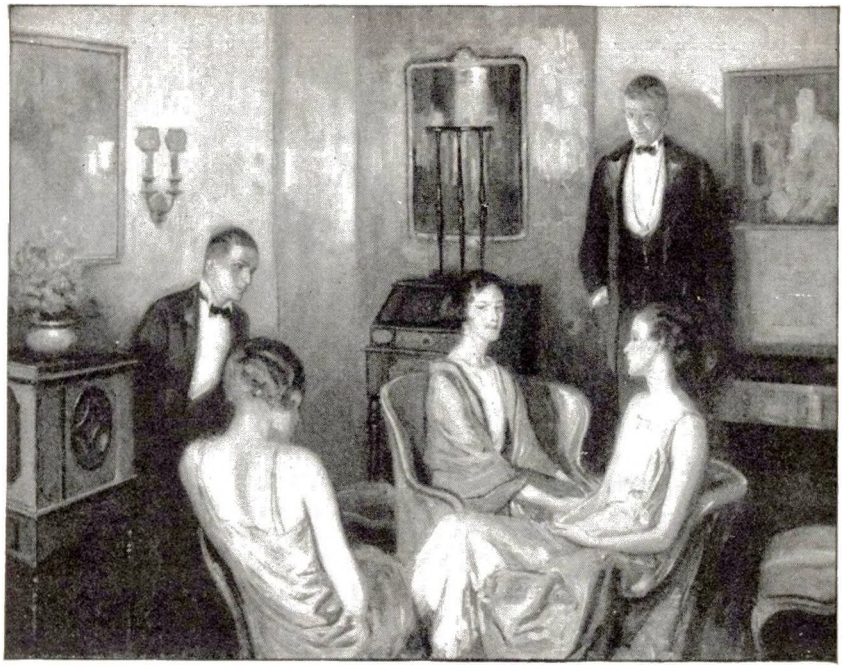
An analysis made by the management of Station WEAF is the basis of an estimate that in the territories covered by stations in the cities listed here, radio sets are distributed as follows: New York, 702,000; Boston, 380,000; Philadelphia, 265,000; Washington, 166,000; Buffalo, 125,000; Pittsburgh, 208,000; Cleveland, 172,000; Detroit, 224,000; Cincinnati, 187,000; Chicago, 354,000; St. Louis, 146,000; Minneapolis, 73,000; Davenport, 88,000. Making a total of 3,090,000. Based upon these figures it is believed that there are approximately 5,200,000 receiving sets in the United States.

* * *

These figures mean that millions of people have been taking a keen interest in the broadcasting situation and in the prompt passage of adequate radio laws by Congress to prevent interstation interference, determine who shall broadcast, establish standard broadcast station requirements, and other essential points.

Such federal action has been urged by all branches of the radio industry, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, by the public press throughout the country, and by many thousands of radio owners.

While 1927 will no doubt be another record-breaking year for the radio without such legislation the need for it has been none the less imperative in the interest of public service.



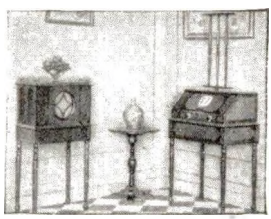
The high sweetness of the violins carries the theme; the deep drums beat the rhythm; a great symphony holds a million audiences in its spell.

Great music—*at home*
as you never could get it before

WITH this remarkable development, RCA has led radio through a new era, and has brought an entirely new conception of fine music to thousands of homes.

Now—much imitated—it stands out preeminently, the tried, tested and perfected product of great engineers.

This combination of Radiola 28 with RCA Loudspeaker 104 does not just work on the house current with a battery eliminator, but is built upon new electrical principles, *based on the use of the house current*. Now all these have had the test and proof of time.



RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275. Radiola 28, with 8 Radiotrons, $260. A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104 on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt current, $35.

Buy with confidence — Authorized Dealer RCA — *where you see this sign*

What has it done, this Radiola with its power speaker—so simply tuned with a single finger? It has brought *reality* to radio. It reproduces the actual tone of the original. It captures the quality of beauty that makes great music great.

And now thousands of people everywhere are getting something more out of radio than just dance music, entertainment, speeches. There's nothing like a Radiola 28, with its power speaker, for making these things real. But there is something more . . . . . a new day of great music *in the home!*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA-Radiola

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

Diversification of Investments As a subscriber to THE GOLDEN BOOK I take the liberty of asking your opinion of the following securities both individually and as a group. These securities have been accumulated during the past six years.

$1000 bond of the Birmingham Electric Co. of Alabama, maturing in 1954, interest rate 6 per cent.

$1000 bond of the Windermere Apartment, Chicago, maturing in 1942, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

$1000 bond of the 2480 Broadway Apartment, New York City, maturing in 1933, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

$1500 in bonds of the Athletic Club and Office Building, St. Louis, maturing in 1934 and 1939, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

All of the above bonds with the exception of the first mentioned were obtained from the firm of S. W. Straus and Company.

$1500 in bonds of the Adirondack Power and Light Co., maturing in 1950, interest rate 6 per cent.

$1000 in preferred stock of The Muskegon Finance Co., Muskegon, Mich. Has paid 7 per cent. continuously since the company was organized in 1920.

$2000 in bonds of The Muskegon Trust Co., Muskegon, Mich., secured by Muskegon real estate, maturing in 1927 and 1930, interest rate 6 per cent.

$1000 bond of the 122 Fifth Ave. Building, New York City, maturing in 1940, interest rate 6 per cent.

$1000 bond of the Tower Building, Chicago, maturing in 1945, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

$500 bond of the Lake Shore Athletic Club building, Chicago, maturing in 1945, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

$500 bond of the Detroit and Cleveland Warehouse and Realty Co., maturing in 1935, interest rate 6.5 per cent.

The last four mentioned bonds were purchased through the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago. Everything on the list was purchased at par. My home was formerly in Muskegon, Michigan, hence the investments there.

I have $1000 to invest at the present time and will have another $1000 soon after the first of the year and I shall appreciate it very much if you will make a few suggestions that will fit in with and strengthen the foregoing list. I feel that the list runs considerably to real estate bonds, and that probably it would be well to take on something else in the interests of diversification.

Any comments and suggestions that you may see fit to make will be greatly appreciated.

We have examined the list of securities which you submitted to us recently and have no suggestions to make for changes in these bonds. They all appear to be in a satisfactory position at present.

Since you already have most of your funds in real estate securities, we believe that, in the interests of diversification, it would be best to invest the funds now available, or which will soon be available, in other types of securities. Not only would this strengthen your investment as a whole, but since real estate bonds as a rule are not easily marketable, it would be well to include some bonds on which you could realize cash easily in case of emergency.

We would recommend Bethlehem Steel Consolidated Sinking Fund Co., 1948, selling at about 101 and St. Louis-San Francisco Adjustment 6s, 1955, selling at about 99. Both of these companies have been strengthening their position in the last few years, and we believe the bonds are a sound investment.

Speculative Common Stocks As a reader of THE GOLDEN BOOK I am availing myself of your investment service. I will shortly be in a position to invest—$1000 in cash and $100 monthly in purely speculative common stock and am considering the following:

Radio Corporation of America.
Fleischmann's Yeast.
Bethlehem Steel.

My reason for R. C. A. Stock is their monopolistic control of the radio field in all its aspects. Except in the manufacture of broadcast receivers they have practically no competition.

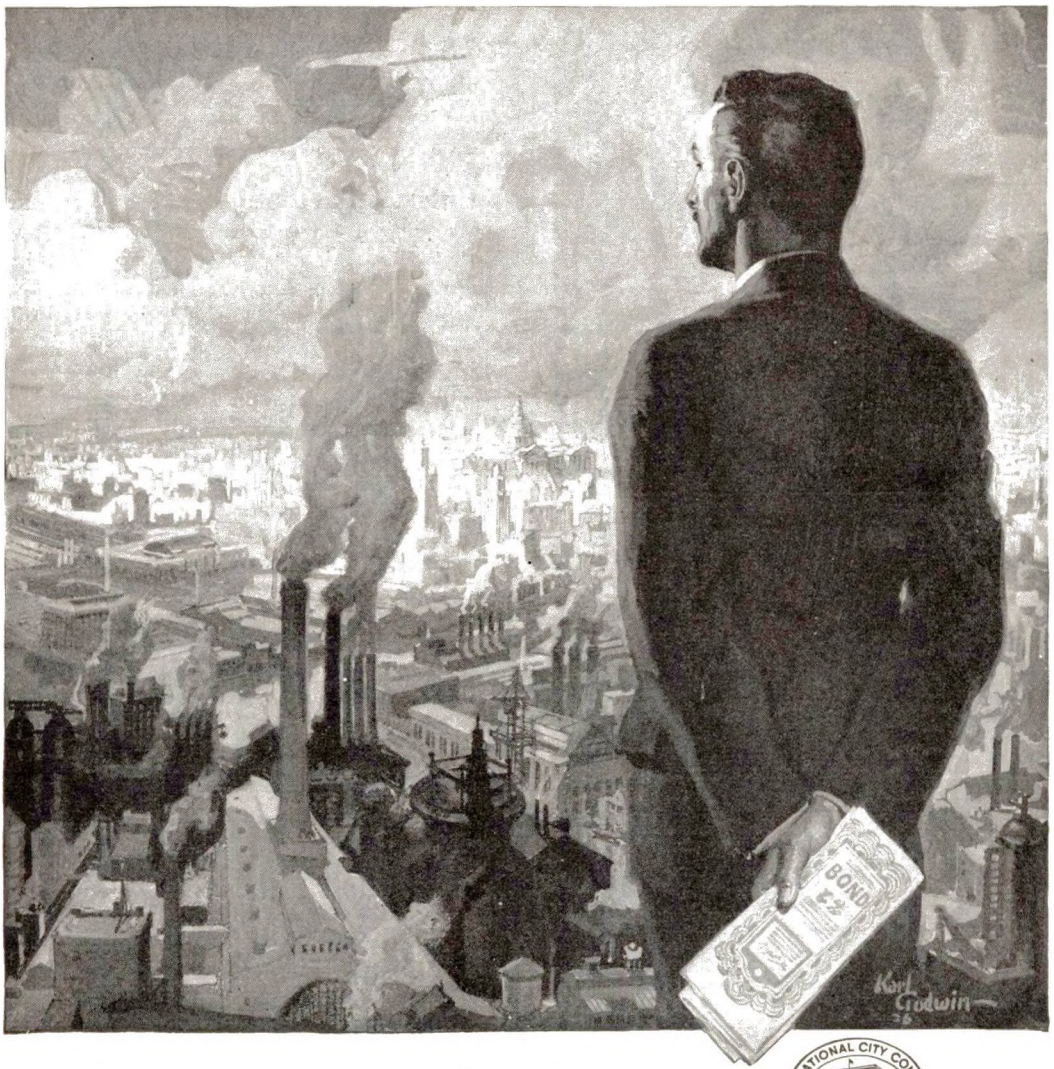
The importance of yeast in modern diet and large consumption in making home malt beverages has led to my choice of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Although the Steel industry is highly competitive I feel that Bethlehem can hold its own. I am at present an employee of one of their subsidiary companies.

In advising I do not care for immediate returns but wish to know if these stocks in your opinion are a good choice for speculation.

The three stocks which you mentioned in your recent letter all have long pull speculative possibilities. It should be kept in mind, however, that speculative stocks undergo considerable fluctuations in market value from time to time. If these stocks are purchased, you might have to hold them through some market depression before you might realize much higher levels than the present.

(*Continued on page 44*)



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(Continued from page 42)

Safety of 6% Bonds

I noticed in your last issue that you advised against 6 per cent. bonds for the highest degree of safety. And yet I noticed that you advertise The Adair Realty 6½ per cent. bonds and the George M. Forman 6½ per cent. bonds. Do you consider these bonds of an exceptional nature? Also what advantage is there in buying the Adair or any other insured bonds? If there are advantages, what insurance concerns can one depend on for safety?

While it is true that the highest degree of safety cannot be obtained with a 6 per cent. yield, there are many issues yielding 6 per cent. or better which may be regarded as sound investments. The highest grade bonds sell somewhere around a 4½ per cent. yield basis.

The Adair Realty & Trust Company has a good reputation in its field. The unconditional guarantee in the bonds of this concern definitely places all the assets of the company back of the bonds, so that in addition to their mortgage security, they have the security of the company which issues them.

The insurance by the Globe Indemnity Company, which may be obtained for the payment of ½ of 1 per cent. a year, adds substantially to the safety of the bonds, since this indemnity company is one of the leading concerns in its field and is in good standing.

The George M. Forman Company has established an excellent reputation in the farm mortgage and real estate mortgage banking field in which it has been engaged for many years.

Let the fireman pick a resolution for you

THE firefighter, who stands ready to risk his life to save you and your property, deserves your attention when he asks your help. He speaks from long experience in battling flames that common-sense precautions would have prevented.

Acts of carelessness, far more than any Act of Providence, are responsible for the yearly sacrifice of 15,000 lives and more than $570,000,000 in property.

"No carelessness of mine shall cause a destructive fire." Make this your New Year's resolve—and let the North America Agent help you keep it. He has for you a fund of practical advice on Fire Prevention.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

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and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

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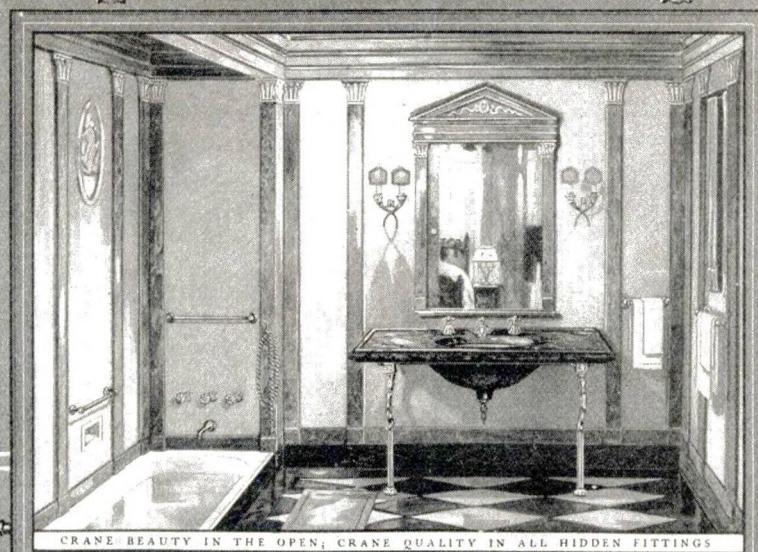

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"Some day," you have said to yourself while looking at an advertisement like this, "some day I shall have a wonderful Crane bathroom . . . as soon as I can afford it."

The plain fact of the matter is that if you can afford any bathroom at all, you can afford one equipped throughout with Crane materials: graceful fixtures of gleaming white, valves and hidden fittings dependably long-lived. For despite any impression to the contrary, Crane plumbing materials for a complete installation are no higher in price than substitutes. To any responsible plumbing contractor, explain the kind of bathroom you want. *New Ideas in Bathrooms*, with color illustrations, (sent on request) may help. Then specify Crane fixtures, valves, and fittings; and you won't have to pay more than for others.

CRANE

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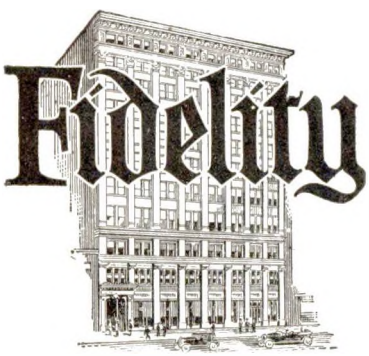

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The Maryland Casualty Company, or
The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co.

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These bonds are guaranteed by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., with resources of over $13,000,000.

Although every dollar of principal and interest has always been paid on United Bonds immediately when due, here is added protection—recognized as the strongest and safest obtainable.

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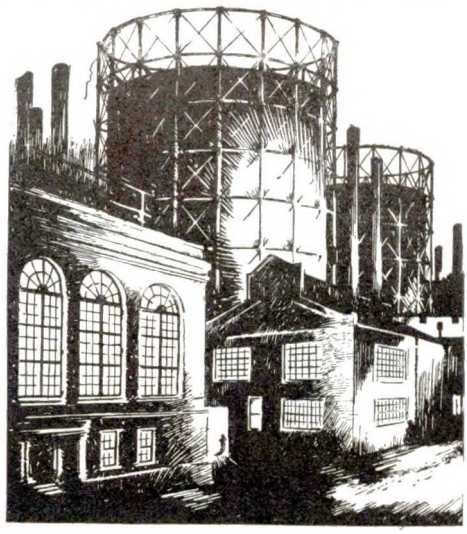

Serving the WORK SHOP of America

In the territory just south of Chicago and bordering the southern shore of Lake Michigan industrial activities have reached a high state of development. Called the "crossroads of the continent" this territory is a beehive of industry.

Subsidiaries of Midland Utilities Company supply electric light and power, gas and transportation to 194 communities in this and adjoining territory. More than 28,000 stockholders share in the earnings—and the 74.85 per cent increase in electric sales and 20.27 per cent increase in gas sales in 1925 indicate the region's fast growing demand for utility services.

We represent public utility companies operating in twenty states. Write for further information.

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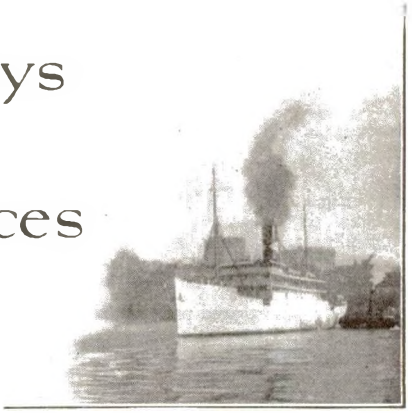
Golden Ways To Golden Places



The Glory of the Gulf Coast

WITH pulsating rapidity and warmth the gulf stream caresses the Southern States and beckons cold Northerners to its cheerful clime. You will be well repaid for such a journey by the color and beauty, making memories never to be forgotten.

In the very heart of the city of San Antonio lies the Sacred Alamo, with an aura of a world as far back as 1718 and still carrying the atmosphere of its Franciscan Monks. Within the gray stone walls of the quaint chapel of the Mission San Antonio de Valero, Davy Crockett, James Bowie, William Barrett Travis and one hundred and eighty unnamed heroes gave their lives in defense of Texas liberty, when they made their stand against Santa Anna and his four thousand Mexicans. Pilgrimages have been made to this mission since its erection as a church and fort, and no San Antonian is too busy to explain to the visitor the events which transpired about the Alamo, under the Seven Flags which have triumphantly waved above its sacred portals.

Texas has aptly been called the "Riviera" of America, for under azure skies and ocean-swept shores with sparkling waves, it embodies the "champagne" climate of the European Riviera with the convenience of propinquity to larger cities. Along that great sweep of coast from Galveston to Corpus Christi Bay, it is summer all year 'round. Corpus Christi has been peculiarly blessed. Situated on comparatively high ground, one may look across the bay for miles, bask in the sunshine on the excellent beaches and hunt fish to your heart's content.

The "Sunshine Special" which makes the run from St. Louis to Houston and Galveston overnight, takes you there in quick time. You can get a balmy indulgence of the real old South—away from commercialism and conventional "madding" throng in 22 hours from Chicago; 18 hours from St. Louis on the famous "Panama Limited."

"Wrapt in a mantle of sunshine, fringed by a silver sea,
Flowing with flower and blossom, hard by the river's mouth,
City of song and story, romance and chivalry,
Lies Mobile in its glory, Queen of the Golden South."
—*From Songs of the Gulf.*

On a peninsula facing the Mexican Gulf, extending to the Back Bay of picturesque Tchouticabouffa River, is charming Biloxi. Founded in 1699 by the gallant French naval officer, d'Iberville, who established a colony which was for years the capital of the French territory included in the Louisiana Purchase, Biloxi faces sparkling waters of the Gulf of Mexico and a silver-kissed beach, backed by massive live oaks, pines and magnolias. Here is the lure of old-world charm, with its moss-festooned boulevards and a satisfying modernity in spacious hostelries, golf courses and plentiful accommodations for the traveler. Here you may give your soul an epicurean treat in such culinary exquisites as Fresh shrimp Creole, hot corn pone, and candied yams. There are groups of bathers; the gulf gay with launches, fishing boats seeking Spanish mackerel, redfish, sheepshead, speckled trout, sea bass, amber jack or tarpon, and some of the yachts are bound for the picturesque rivers and bayous. It is a hunter's paradise of wild birds, duck, quail, snipe and wild turkey.

Mobile retains an atmosphere reminiscent of the romantic days of long ago. Founded in 1699 by Bienville, who raised the standard of France above Fort Louis de la Mobile it was for a long time capital of the French territory of Louisiana under five flags—French, English, Spanish, Confederate and United States. It has kept something of the character of them all. Visitors to Mobile have the proximity to the beautiful Gulf Coast resort and visits to this American playground in summer or winter.

Whenever you think of romance, adventure and Mardi-Gras, you think of New Orleans. This charming city, one of the oldest cities in the United States, was settled by the French, and under Spanish and French domination it was the capital of the great Louisiana Territory comprising the largest part of what is now the United States. The charm of the Latin culture lingers about it still—old courtyards of the French Quarter, old architecture, churches, old forts, old streets with hanging balconies. It is a great shipping port. River traffic, virtually abandoned many years ago, began anew here, each new southward turn of trade carrying it one step farther toward a revival of the golden days of the Mississippi. From the grain fields of the mid-west thousands of tons of wheat and

(*Continued on page 60*)

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

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Where-To-Go department for January is concluded on two pages immediately following.

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WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

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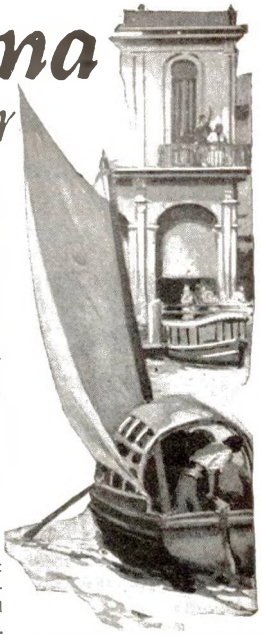

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The Glory of the Gulf Coast

(*Continued from page 52*)

corn were moved, down the revived waterways into the Great River, downstream to New Orleans. Huge strings of barges, in tow of powerful tugs drew up to New Orleans, wharved and discharged cargoes into the hold of liners waiting to move them to Europe's hungry markets. New Orleans has established itself as the "Second Port" of the United States.

There was a day when tourists sought to avoid the coast because of its lack of good roads, its lack of bridges and lack of ample hotel accommodations. But that day is past. Where good roads are not yet completed, good ferry service is available. From Pascagoula to Bay St. Louis a sea-wall and double boulevard are being built to cost over $10,000,000. From Bay St. Louis west like improvements have been voted.

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Even at Christmas there is floral brilliance with mammoth poinsettias and chrysanthemums seemingly growing wild. Oleanders of all colors, ever-green foliage, hydrangeas, with massive blooms, fruits and vegetables of all kinds are plentiful. As Henry Ward Beecher has said:

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Of The Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles D. Lanier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed Charles D. Lanier, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1926. Signed, R. K. Snavely, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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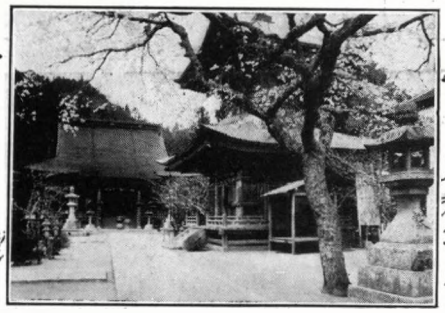

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