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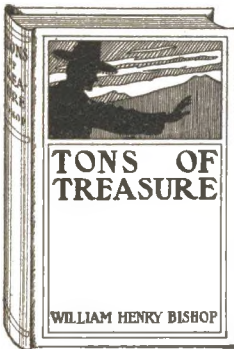


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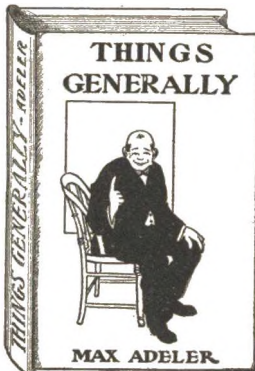


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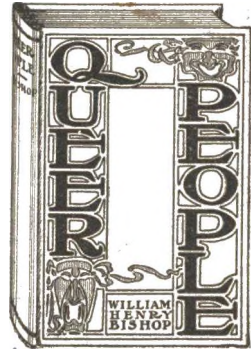
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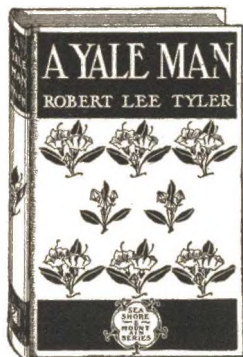
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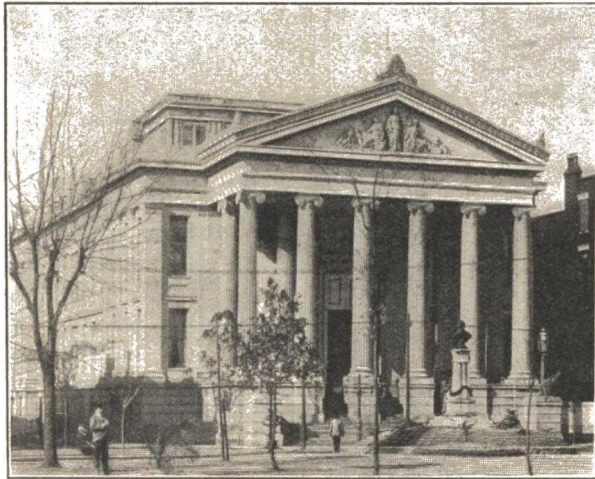


Alman photo.

The Crossways, the Newport House of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

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AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE



The City Hall, New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, THE MOST DRAMATIC CITY IN THE UNITED STATES

By W. S. HARWOOD

ONE rare summer day I stood on the great Norbro bridge spanning the tumultuous Malar, with the splendid arch of the blue Swedish sky above me, looking out across the ancient city to the vast dark palace of the king. It was a wondrously beautiful city, this Pearl of the Baltic, this Venice of the North, Stockholm the superb. To-day, three thousand miles to the southward, in an American city which, from many points of view, has nothing in common with the ancient northland capital, I am yet finding very many other points of view from which the two cities present a striking parallel.

Both cities stand apart, out of the beaten line of travel, known chiefly by the tourists; both are beautiful; both love music and art with passionate devotion; both are quite content with their own charms; both have passed through a strange, tumultuous history; both have a new and an old city; both have a population rich in social amenities, cordial to the stranger, polite with a polite-

ness which does not smack of veneer, hospitable in the fine and delicate meaning of the word. Each city is a significant illustration of the magnificent development which sometimes obtains in the midst of isolation.

And yet, in a very real and vivid sense New Orleans is not isolated. Day by day as the city advances, as her marshes become drained, as her streets take on the more distinctive garb of modern municipal architecture; day by day as northern capital knocks at the city's gates and hears the quick drawing of the bolts, the isolation of the past is invaded and the city comes closer and closer into touch with the spirit of modern progress.

You may not be glad from your romantic or your artistic, or what should be the same thing, your æsthetic, standpoint to see the old yield to the new; you may feel that it is close cousin to sacrilege, this destruction of the ancient to make way for the modern; you may wish that the strangely interesting French quarter could ever re-

main untouched, untouched in its architecture, its customs, its fascinatingly composite life, and yet your friend at your elbow, brimming with the spirit of To-day, knowing no Yesterday, and eager to transform, longs for the passing of the past, and, given but the chance, stands ready to raze and dig and build. But whichever person you are, you or your friend, be sure New Orleans, old New Orleans, will not be changed in a day. It will be many a long year before it loses its flavor. It will always remain the most distinctively individual city in America.

Four times in two centuries has this rare old city been bartered away; or, if the figure suits you better, four times have her masters changed. Each master has left his imprint, each transaction has transformed. Two centuries ago it was a morass by the deep-flowing river, while hard by on the Gulf, Iberville, bent on occupying the vast province for the French Government, established the present town of Biloxi. A few years later, in 1718, his brother Bienville founded the New Orleans of to-day. For a half century the new French colony prospered, fought the mighty river, built homes

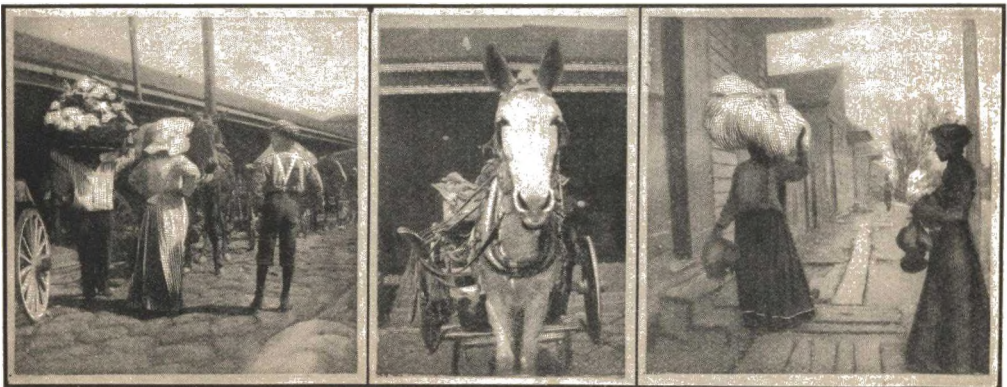


An Old Praline Woman of New Orleans.

and churches and houses of business; entertained the young women who came out from France, and helped them to be wives for the wifeless, developed plantations, established a fine and brilliant social order. It was as much a part of the mother France as Paris or Marseilles.

In 1768 the masters changed, and Spain came into control of the noble stretch of country, a vast empire added to the possessions of the Spanish crown. Then came the days of distress and

hatred and murder, the trade restrictions under the Spanish master, the awful wasting of the fever, the gradual entering of the western wedge, bringing the American of the north into the field of vision, the foreign American, with his Anglo-Saxon life. Then came, too, as the years passed, the steady up-building of the city, the march of progress, the erection of more stately homes on the plantations hard by and in the city proper, the introduction of the brilliancy of the courts of Europe, the vast increase of the city's commerce. When the century was near its end the wealthy refugees from the island of San Domingo, driven out by the insurrection of the slaves, reached New



In the French Market.

The Main Stay of New Orleans.

In the Negro Quarters.

Without the mule it would be impossible to carry on the vast wheat traffic.

Orleans, adding a new and fascinating element to the strangely composite people. Gradually came closer trade relations with the young republic beyond the border, and slowly the blood of the north sought entrance.

But again the masters changed, and now it is Napoleon who has taken back to the heart of France the long-lost colony with its rare old capital, and once more the tricolor is afloat above the Cabildo, and the hated Spanish dominion is at an end. You may see to-day this ancient Cabildo, or Spanish city hall, standing beside the old cathedral, sunning itself beneath the blue southern sky, standing just as it stood when the Spanish colors came down and the flag of France went up. It was French territory once more and the population was in a transport of joy.

But a new master is again at the door, for the wily French emperor has sold the people and their land to the new republic of the north. It was but the other day that I stood in the dim room where the final transfer of the vast possessions of France was effected, the selling of an empire for a song.

Then came to New Orleans unprecedented prosperity, the rise of a new and even more stately and magnificent social life, an enormous increase in municipal wealth.

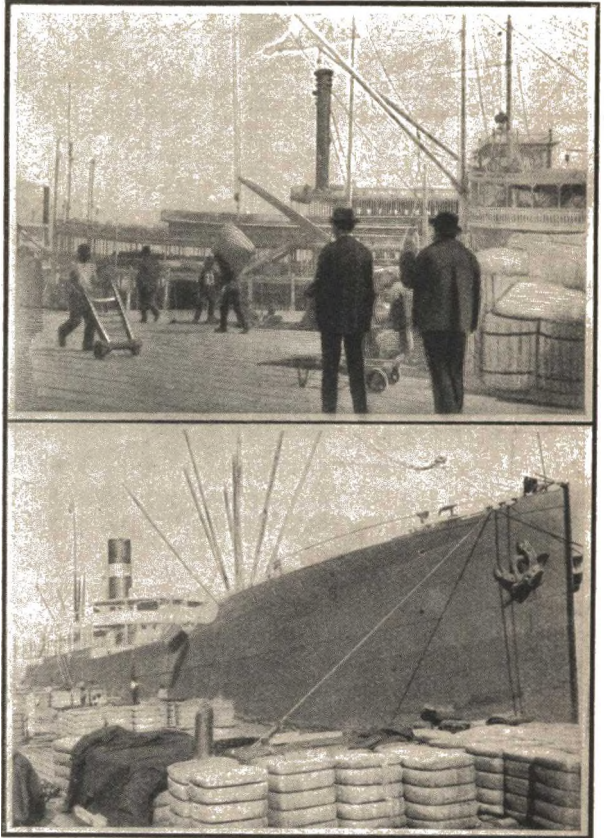
Two generations, and a new flag was floating above the Cabildo, the sad, dearly beloved flag of the Confederacy, fought for with all the passionate earnestness of this devoted people. Another change and again the stars and stripes are above the Cabildo, and dark days come and the gloom will not rise and a tragedy is in every home.

But with that splendid heroism which has marked the people of this old city through all their strangely shifting history, they submitted to the inevitable, left the old life back in their memories, took up the new life uncomplainingly, and started forward with eyes upward.

It gives one a new and vivid sense of the devotion and steadfastness of a people who, from their history and their Latin origin, might easily be thought if not unstable at least mercurial, to note how loyally they

have accepted the new flags above them through all these changing years.

Gathering up the threads of its history, you come to the New Orleans of to-day with a new sense of its strangely fascinating life. It is a modern city, if you will, to-day, with its three hundred thousand souls, the metropolis of the South, the largest export city on the continent save one, New York; the greatest cotton market, the greatest sugar market, the greatest rice



Unloading Cotton from a Mississippi River Steamer.

A Foreign Steamer in Port.

It has been discharging bales of Burlap from Calcutta and will load cotton for Liverpool.

market on the globe. It has its deep municipal problems to face and solve. Built as it is upon a morass, it has now to face a vast drainage problem—the virtual reclamation of a city, while it is planning a sewerage system involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars. Above the level of its principal streets flows the yellow river, chained to its course by man, but never for a moment left to its own treacherous will. The doors have swung wide to Northern

gold, and at all points the city is striving to keep abreast of modern progress. And yet, just ahead of you, there beyond the wide stretch of a single street, lies Paris or Madrid; a dozen steps and the life is French; a square or two and you are among the Creole population, with its many-sided life; a glance above you and the street signs are French and the street names are French; a look to the right, and you see a house built when the Spaniard owned the land; to the left, and the ruins of an ancient building tells of the commercial or the social life of a by-gone day, while through and through it all, in the tiny shops, along the narrow, stone-paved streets, in the gay galleries of the buildings rising around you, in the speech of the people, in the song of a woman coming

through the still air across a green courtyard—in it all is Europe. You are no longer on American soil, the modern rushing life of the American quarter is far away and vague, the ocean flows down Canal Street.

If you picture in your mind an enormous sickle, having a handle also at the hooked end, you will have the Mississippi River as it flows in yellow swiftness past the City of New Orleans. A hundred miles to the southward it pours out through its many mouths into the broad blue Gulf. In the crescent of this sickle, which gives to the city its name, lies New Orleans, and no sharp blade in the hand of the husbandman thrust into the ripening grain was ever surer of its destructiveness than would be this vast crescent of the Mississippi when once it should be given sway. Sometimes when the river is at flood its surface will rise twenty feet above the level of the city's streets. In the center of the stream it will then be nearly two hundred feet deep with a powerful current, which were it not for the protecting levee

about the city, must sweep everything before it. This giant river which has made this city possible, drains an enormous basin, its watershed being greater in area than that of any river on the globe. The volume of water which flows past this city is equal to one hundred and fifty million cubic yards.

There are now nearly fifteen hundred miles of levees on the lower Mississippi, and Louisiana alone has spent since the Civil War nearly thirty millions of dollars on the river, while it costs the state a million dollars annually to maintain its levees. Strange as it may seem, the deadliest enemies of these great earthen embankments are the insignificant crawfish and the muskrats; for, once the slightest hole is made in the levee by either of them, the relentless river finds its

way through and vast loss ensues.

The City of New Orleans is divided into two sections, the old, or French quarter; the new, or American quarter. One lies to the right of the main street, Canal, at the right end or point, of the sickle, the French quarter, the other to the left; the sea is between them. The French quarter is, in general terms, a parallelogram running back from the river perhaps two miles and about a mile in width. In this quarter live the French people who have kept in close and intimate touch with French manners and customs, many of the other foreign population, as the Italians, and the larger number of that strangely interesting and composite factor, the Creole population. If you ask a Creole if the belief prevailing in some parts of the North is well founded, that a very attenuated portion of Indian or negro blood may be in the veins of a Creole, you will run the risk of forfeiting for all time his confidence in your judgment. If you ask him if he ever reads the stirring,



An Ancient Rice Mill Wheel in a Country Parish Near New Orleans.

masterly tales of Cable, he will look at you with eyes askance, and, mayhap, there will be a glitter in them as he tells you that Cable and Creole begin with the same letter, but that this is as far as the friendship goes; no, he does not read Cable. Cable is not popular in the French quarter; a Creole, sir, may have Spanish and French blood intermingled, but the slightest trace of the other two races—never!

If you ask an American—how strange it seems constantly to hear this distinction!—if you ask an American resident of New Orleans, as I did the other day, if a Creole might have just the faintest touch of Indian or African blood in his veins, coming down through some distant ancestor, he may respond, if he is in the mood for it, and is not to be quoted in person:

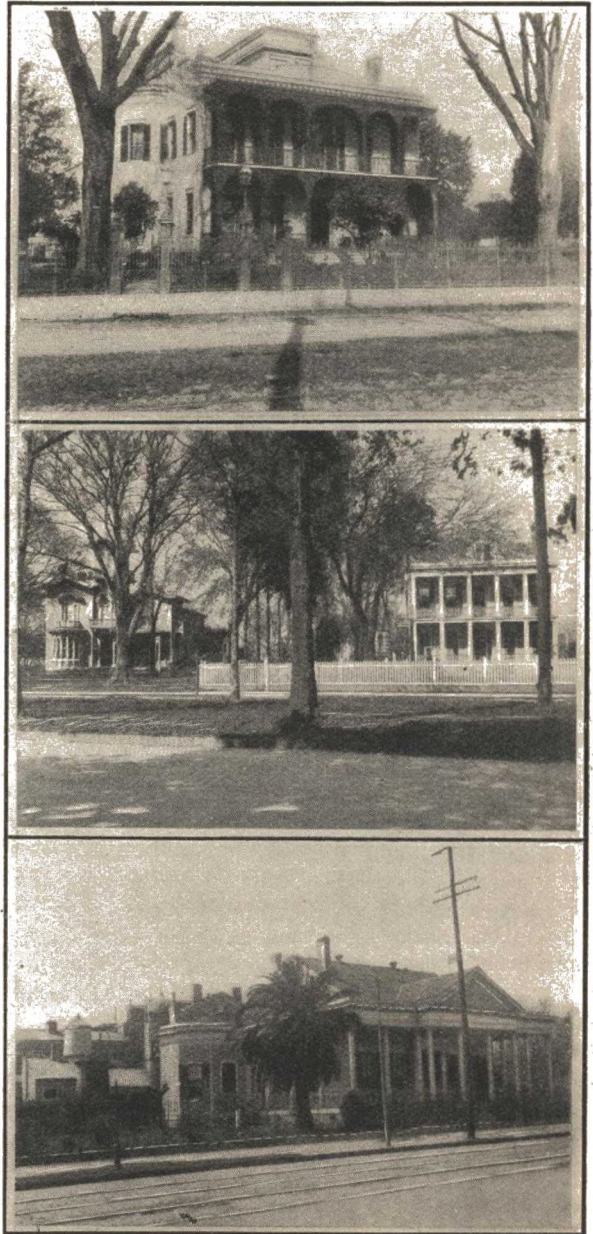
“Certainly, sir; a Creole doesn’t have such blood, as a rule; the word Creole does not warrant it, but he may have it and still be a Creole.”

And so I leave the matter where I found it, no better satisfied in my own mind than before.

In the French quarter of the city are many of the most interesting places in this Southern capital, largely in an excellent state of preservation as old places go, and yet, to the eye of the outsider, not valued or cared for as should be the case when one considers their historical and romantic interest. One may spend weeks knocking about this quarter, constantly running into new-old places, very many of which not only have the curiously interesting foreign flavor of to-day, but are rich as well in the past. The streets are very narrow and paved, for the most part, with blocks of stone about a foot square. Rarely is a house seen more than three stories in height; I recall none more than four. Everywhere are open sewers, where all the surface water may flow away. The gallery is a New Orleans institution in both the American and the French quarter. On these galleries or balconies, many of them made of the most delicate and interesting ironwork designs, you may see in the French quarter in the golden sunlight of a warm March day, the fluttering family wash, or

a couple of comfortable gossips exchanging the latest domestic or foreign news across the slender street, or you may see a snarl of curly-headed children gabbling away in French, or “gumbo” Creole, or, mayhap, in good mother English.

In some other street you may see a solidly-built three-story house, set flush with the



Two Residences on St. Charles Avenue.
Typical New Orleans House of One Story.
Cisterns Show on the Left.

These cisterns are common to all residences, supplying the drinking water of the city.

banquette—there are no sidewalks in New Orleans, they are all banquettes—its curiously-fashioned doors and windows covered with heavy wooden shutters or blinds, with no sign of life about; and yet inside the doors, if you be so fortunate as to have the *entrée*, you may see a beautiful court with palms and roses and violets and greensward, and noble magnolia trees, and a home of superb appointments, where Creole hospitality is delightfully dispensed. On the Esplanade, the fashionable street of the French quarter, as St. Charles Avenue is of the American, are many of the fine old homes of the Creole and French families, while lower down in the city is the "Garden" district, a beautiful locality with many superb old mansions, the homes of some of the best known families of New Orleans.

If you stroll toward the river, soon the long, low roofs of the French market appear, and if you close the eyes of the American present and forget what soil is beneath you, you will open them in a miniature *Halles Centrales*, of Paris, where fish and game and fruits and flowers and vegetables are being sold

very much as they are sold in the booths and stalls of that most famous market in the world. The French market is one of the show places of New Orleans, and on an early morning as you stroll along its stalls you will find the streams of many civilizations merging. The market was established nearly two centuries ago, and some of the present buildings are a century old. Creoles, Italians, French, Americans, Indians who still remain in Louisiana, remnants of ancient tribes, Mexicans, negroes—the whole mosaic life of this Southern city meets here. Hard by is the lugger landing, where the oyster sloops, or luggers, come up the river from the Gulf laden with the

fish and oysters which have made New Orleans' days famous in the calendar of the epicures. You will linger long in the French quarter if there is that in your blood which is touched by the rare and the picturesque—and then you will go again!

But the French quarter with all its interest is but one part, one factor in the many-sided life of the city—out and beyond it lies the new, the American, the wide and aggressive quarter where trade and commerce and all the varied forms of modern American enterprise have enlisted in the

campaign, the leaders of which propose to make this city a dominant power in the land. I think there has been in the past due cause for the remark which I heard on the street:

"What New Orleans needs more than anything else is to have a good-sized cannon cracker shot off under her now and then. It might startle her, but it would do her good."

In a certain sense, rather more refined in character I should say than this, this has no doubt been true. The people of this Southern city, while they are awakening to their own possibilities,

have not yet begun to realize what is in store for them. They have not made the magnificent showing they have made as one might think merely because it was inevitable, because fortune has so splendidly favored them, for no amount of favoring conditions can take the place of hard work; but they have not yet entered upon the fringe of their possibilities.

Here is a city with an export trade second only on the continent to that of New York; with twenty miles of river front available for wharfage for the largest ships afloat; with a water stage permitting the landing for the largest ocean steamers; with an enormous territory in the South and West



The Cotton Exchange.



Mr. Eugene Chassaniol.

President New Orleans Stock Exchange.
Moses photo.

Mr. M. J. Sanders.

President of the New Orleans Progressive Union.
Moore photo.

Rev. B. M. Palmer.

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church for more than fifty years continuously; a powerful pulpit orator and one of the most prominent residents of the city.

Washburn photo.

Mayor Paul Capdevielle.

Of New Orleans.
Moore photo.

Mr. William P. Ross.

President of the New Orleans Maritime Exchange.
Moses photo.

Mr. J. A. Wogan.

President of the Sugar and Rice Exchange, New Orleans.
Rivoire photo.

and the whole great Mississippi Valley tributary; hard by the new isthmian canal (when it shall be constructed); within fifteen days of London; with vast natural resources and vast agricultural products at her very doors, already the largest market on the globe for three of the world's great staples—cotton, sugar and rice. Under such conditions, and many other related ones which might be named, it should not be a generation until there will be a million

people in New Orleans, and a foreign trade creeping well up toward that of the nation's metropolis.

And yet, when you come to think of the history of this city, of the isolation of former civilizations, of the terrible havoc and the deadening effect of an awful war, of the deadly visitations of the once dreaded fever, of the tragic events of the period of reconstruction, when you think of the past and of all that this city has had to contend

with through all her history, you marvel that she has accomplished what she has, you take off your hat to her and make her your profoundest bow.

In the line of municipal progress New Orleans has had many of the problems to consider which are presented to any municipality, and she has had others peculiar to herself. The situation of the city is itself peculiarly unfortunate. The other day, I stood on a street in the heart of the city, the center of the bustling American quarter, where the foundation for a new building was being put in. I presume it was to be a building of considerable height, though there are few, very few, of the skyscraping type in the city. As I stood there a

pine trunk perhaps sixty feet in length was seized, rapidly swung upward, and slipped into a tall framework standing high in air. In an instant a steam hammer was pounding away upon it, and in two minutes and ten seconds from the first blow, as my watch recorded, the pile was driven down until its end was even with the surface of the street. The pile was simply pushed down into the mud and clay as a child might force a lead pencil through a pan of dough. The foundations of the city must be laid in mud and clay.

In all the newer section of the city, rapidly developing into a beautiful residence portion, the land is mud and water until drainage sets in. So far as I have heard, there are not more than two cellars in the entire city. Practically all the bodies of the dead are buried above ground. To drain this newer portion of the city, reaching out like an enormous fan from the center of the river's crescent, is now one of the insistent problems of New Orleans, and along with it comes the solution of the sewer problem. The surface water is to be carried off in a series of great underground canals, and nineteen millions of dollars have been voted by the people for the drainage, the reclama-

tion of the city, so to put it, and for the sewer system. When this work shall have been accomplished, a vast advance will have been made.

The city is admirably served with swift, comfortable, frequent electric cars. In the center of some of the leading streets is a wide reach of green sward, or asphaltum, called the neutral strip, upon which no driv-

ing of any kind is allowed. In the center of this neutral strip are laid the steel car tracks, and the trains run here at a very high rate of speed. Two-minute cars are in service on some of the main lines. An ingenious electric sprinkling cart goes over the route at frequent intervals, keeping down the dust and giving drink



The Lugger Landing Near the French Market.

The luggers are the oyster sloops which bring in the oysters and fish for the New Orleans Market.

to the grass. It is of interest to note, as an indication of the development of the city, that there are now two hundred and ten miles of paved streets.

The police force is relatively all too small for a city of the size and the character of New Orleans—not quite four hundred men, including all employees. Yet, so far as one may judge from the standpoint of an outsider, it is a remarkably well-ordered city, with comparatively little in the way of open drunkenness and disorder. Some may think it a quiet city, a sleepy old Southern town, but I fancy it will not require much stirring up, if it be of the right sort, to prove that it is thoroughly wide-awake on occasion, amply able to take care of itself. In cases of emergency, it has the reputation of rising up as one man and striking quick and hard. One day in March, just eleven years ago, when it was found that the murderers of the honored Chief of Police could not be convicted—his murder, at the hands of the terrible Mafia, the culmination of a series of murders by this secret, foreign society—when a gay champagne supper was served to the men under arrest, and the American flag was hauled down in the Mafia quarter and a

foreign flag sent up, and justice seemed dead in New Orleans, a long, black column of men four deep, with no brass-band accompaniment and no huzzas, and no loud words, silently marched from an open public meeting down to the old Parish prison, stormed its doors, shot to death eight of the prisoners and hanged two others, and then went back to their homes. They did not go to the homes of anarchists or thugs, but to the homes of some of the most honored and respected citizens of the city. However one may look at such an act under all the conditions, the point which is to be illustrated is clear, that when a matter of grave public moment is at stake, ten thousand Orleanians are swiftly welded into one.

Figures sometimes make tame and tiresome reading, and yet in this pre-eminently practical age, figures are sometimes indispensable in determining the status of a city or a state. The sugar refineries of the city of New Orleans, for example, have a daily capacity of eight thousand barrels, the rice mills have a capacity of thirteen thousand, seven hundred sacks, while from eighty to ninety millions of dollars' worth of cotton is handled each year. During the year 1901 the bank clearings showed an increase over the previous year of nearly fifty millions of dollars, while, by the last census report, the capital invested in manufactories has increased in twenty years by the enormous jump of two hundred and seven per cent. During 1901, New Orleans exported within three million bushels as much grain as the City of New York, the export trade in grain in a single year having increased over twenty millions of dollars. While during the eight months closing with February, 1902, New Orleans has outstripped her Atlantic rival and has exported nearly a half million bushels more wheat than New York in the same period. The

total export trade of the city is now about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and steadily gaining. The postal receipts for the year 1901 show a larger percentage of increase than any other first-class post office in the United States. Just across the river from the main portion of the city lies the largest floating dry dock in the world, built at a cost of nearly a million dollars, the property of the United States Government, where the largest battleships in the navy may be docked as occasion demands. All the important commercial interests of the city—cotton, rice, sugar, the maritime interests, and the like—have exchanges where the dealers and shippers find buildings adequate in size and complete in commercial appointments.

Prominent among the factors in the new growth of the city is the organization known as the New Orleans Progressive Union, composed of some thirteen hundred alert business men who are actively engaged in advancing the interests of the city. In all parts of the city you may read this legend, prominently displayed:

"NEW ORLEANS EXEMPTS FACTORIES FROM
TAXATION UNTIL 1910."

One of the chief aims of this organization is to strengthen the bond, year by year becoming closer and more enduring, between the New South and the New North, those two later civilizations, which have so much in common, which have so little of the bitterness of the past to forget, which are, in truth, the real America of to-day.

While wholly apart, in a certain sense, from the commercial and industrial life of the city, there is an institution without which New Orleans, as a city, must lose much, very much of interest to the mere tourist. This is the Mardi Gras, too well known in the North



In an Old Cemetery.

The people of moderate means are buried in this wall, each square a tomb. When the coffin crumbles, another is put in its place.

the same period. The

through the illustrated weeklies and the newspapers to need description here. In a certain sense, this brilliant pageant, one of the really great spectacles of the world, is becoming a unifier, so to speak, of New Orleans; bringing into closer and closer touch the many diverse interests of this many-sided city.

Socially, New Orleans is not less distinctive than in many of its other features. Perhaps no city in America is so punctiliously devoted to the niceties of social life, to the essentials of social intercourse. It is not a city of great wealth; its millionaires are very few in number; and

while, as in all modern communities, there is a certain caste of wealth, it is a restricted one, indeed—the passports of lineage and good breeding and refinement, these are the essentials, not gold or stocks. It is a proud city, proud of its history and of its past, but it is, when all is said and done, essentially democratic. And may I not add, it is pre-eminently a city of beautiful women.

When the season of the French opera is on, beginning in November and running through to the end of Carnival week, at the beginning of Lent, New Orleans is at its gayest. The French opera is an institution of the city. It, too, is distinctive. No other city in America supports such opera in such a way in such an opera house. The companies are gotten together in France. They come direct to New Orleans, sing the season through, and go home. Now and again the company will visit Northern cities, but not usually. The opera house was built for grand opera, and is idle for eight months in the year. The enormous expense for the maintenance of the splendid operatic performance is met by the loyal support of the citizens. Almost without a break grand opera has been presented in this fashion in New Orleans for ninety years. The present opera house, a magnificently-appointed and decorated building, erected nearly a half century ago, stands in the French quarter at

the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse Streets. The operas are rarely given in any other language than French. Three thousand four hundred people may be accommodated, while, on the occasion of a great ball, from six to eight thousand people can find elbow room in the vast building. As an indication of

the devotion of the people to music, it may be noted that the leading citizens who are directly responsible for the productions have paid out as high as seventy thousand dollars in a single season—that is, it has cost seventy thousand dollars more than receipts, despite crowded houses.

The religious

life of New Orleans is a vital factor in sustaining and steadying the life of the people. Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew alike stand steadfastly for their separate faiths, and few cities outside of those of Latin Europe, are so devoted to the ceremonials of the church and the sacred days of the calendar. On the recent celebration of the eightieth birthday of one of the city's pastors, the Reverend B. M. Palmer, one of the greatest pulpit orators of the South, and for nearly fifty years consecutively, and still remaining, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, the fine spirit of denominational comity, was shown in the general participation of Catholic, Jew and Protestant.

The public school system of New Orleans would not perhaps be worthy of note above that of any other progressive American city but for the fact that it rests, so to put it, upon so curious and so romantic a foundation. In the first year of the century just closed John McDonogh, a young Scotch-Irishman, born in Baltimore, entered business in New Orleans. He became enamored of a beautiful Spanish girl, her nobleman father rejected him, he retired from public gaze, and gave himself up to the amassing of a fortune. For nearly half a century he lived the life of a hermit, believed by the outside world to be little better than a cold-blooded miser. He died in 1850, immensely



In Audubon Park.

These oaks were formerly a part of a great plantation.



A Street in the French Quarter.
Showing balconies so common in this old section.



Rue Royal in the French Quarter.
In the distance, the tall white building, is the Royal Hotel, once the most famous Hostelry in the South, now abandoned.



Court Yard of the Old Spanish Commanderia.
Headquarters of the Spanish army, when that power was in control, from 1768 to 1803.

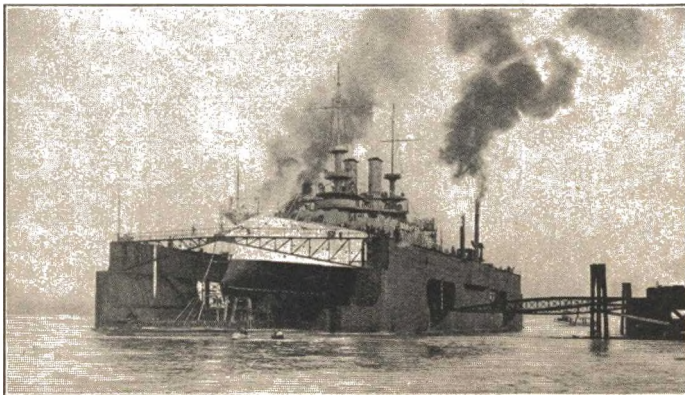
wealthy, leaving his fortune to be divided equally between the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for public education. The fund which he left, the principal now amounting to over a million of dollars, has been a substantial aid to the public school system of the city. A local chronicler makes note of the fact that among his effects were found a knot of perfumed ribbon and a woman's dainty slipper, long faded.

The higher education is by no means neglected, for one of the chief institutions of learning of the South, Tulane University, is located in New Orleans, a powerful and steadily advancing institution, while the Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, for the higher education of women, stands equally prominent. There are, also, several convents and many parochial and private schools.

At every turn in this quaint old city you come upon something distinctive, something which by custom or by peculiarity of its own attests anew the individuality of the life. The huge bells or gongs upon the gates before the residences to be rung before you may expect to be admitted inside the enclosure; the

curious death notices nailed to the telephone poles or dead walls, announcing, in French or English, the passing away of some one in the vicinity and giving the date of funeral and an invitation to attend; the restriction by law as you will find on entering a cutlery establishment, of the selling of knives with a blade over three inches in length, and the total prohibition of the sale of the filed stiletto, that murderous little instrument about four inches long, sharply filed at the base of the blade so that, once thrust in at a vital point, it may by a sharp turn of the wrist be broken off, leaving the victim, without a stain of blood upon him as the wound closes, to die of internal hemorrhage; the vast number of stores or shops for the sale of "antiques," where all manner of curious and more or less authentic articles are sold to the tourists at prices commensurate with their pocket-books; the high milk carts, with two cans

of polished brass or other metal, standing far above the back of the horse or mule quite in the vision of the driver who must stand up behind them in order to see his way; the praline women, with their disks of pralines made in



The Largest Floating Dry Dock in the World, at New Orleans.
Showing the battleship *Illinois* in dock.

flat cakes of sugar covered with pecan nuts, a comfit much in demand among those who have a sweet tooth; the strange, unintelligible jargon of the street vendors crying in "gumbo" French, or negro dialect, or Italian patois all manner of wares; and everywhere and on all occasions, the dark faces, sad or somber, or gay, or full of slumbering hatred—that strange, tragic factor of the South, whose future presents one of the mightiest problems of the centuries.

An article in a daily paper of recent date gives an illustration of one of the fine and

guests for the hour, seeing her sights, receiving her hospitality, accepting her entertainment? Out from my window in the golden March sunshine I look into a rose garden, the bushes here, and everywhere over the beautiful city, a riot of bloom. This very morning have I not counted a dozen different flowers in a single city yard, phlox and the brilliant geraniums and the shy violets, and the dear wisteria, opening in lavender splendor, and all the rest? Everywhere the beautiful winter roses; but are there no thorns upon the roses of New Or-



The Mardi Gras Parade.

charming features of this people, the announcement of the annual award of a beautiful loving cup, bought from a fund set apart by one of the daily newspapers, and always to be carved and fashioned by New Orleans artificers; a new cup to be given each year to the man who, in the judgment of a competent committee, has performed the most meritorious service to the city of New Orleans during the year preceding.

And the faults of this strangely interesting city, with its dramatic history—has she none of them? Ah, but are we not her

leans? Indeed there are, and grievous ones, such as shall prick and cut and lacerate; but we are not seeking the thorns of the city for to-day; they are, indeed, *sub rosa*. New Orleans is the most distinctive city in America, the most dramatic, if you will; none has so strange a history, none has a population so tragically complex, none where the threads of fate and destiny so helplessly intermingle; not one out of which the future may build a more powerful, a more stately, a more symmetrical and, hence, a more truly American, municipality.

THE MATCHMAKERS

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

“RENÉE would be much happier if she were married,” declared Mrs. Trevor in the tone that demands.

“I quite agree with you,” Mrs. Valaine hastily replied; “but—does she fancy any one in particular—or have you planned that she shall?”

Mrs. Trevor looked wise. “Unless I take her in hand, there is no telling what she might do—these very young girls are so unworldly wise; which is, of course, as it should be,” she added, upon second thought. “Renée is impetuous. I wish to anchor her drifting affections in a proper harbor.”

“Well, dear,” said Mrs. Valaine, rising, “I hope you will succeed; but after *my* experience chaperoning Bella last season, I advise you not to set your heart on anything. The *ingénue* of today is not exactly what she was when we were *débutantes*.”

“Human nature,” announced the oracle, “is the same the

world over, and since the world began, it is simple human nature. That is the only real point to consider and to work upon. I shall open the campaign by strongly advising my young lady to avoid the society of the man I have in view. It is an old device, but invariably successful. The maneuvers will begin in a few moments—I expect her in for tea. Won’t you stay? No? Well, dear, remember what I have said is quite *entre nous*,

and do be in to-morrow to go over the Charity League papers with me. Good-by.”

Mrs. Valaine took her departure, and Mrs. Trevor settled herself comfortably before the dainty tea table. She was handsome, vivacious, self-satisfied. A widow of high and long standing, with a penchant for matchmaking amounting to mania.

A few moments later Renée, her niece and latest intended victim, entered the room— a slender girl, with wide-open, inno-



“Three minutes later, they had abandoned the tea table and were deep in a *tete-a-tete* in another corner of the room.”

cent gray eyes, and a small red mouth that drooped at the corners with a dainty suggestion of pathos. She was smartly gowned, and carried herself with an elegance at once girlish and worldly. Her aunt kissed her effusively.

"Tea, Rée? Well, my dear, how did the performance go off last night? I was so sorry to absent myself; but I had one of my neuralgias. Tell me, who was there?"

Renée smiled. "Let's see—Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, and Harry Kayne, Maude van Corden, and Buddy Baker, my humble self, and a Mr. Colman—De Brette Colman; you must know him, for he told me that his father used to be, or still is, quite a heeler of yours."

"A what, did you say?" gasped the lady. "A healer—dear me, you must rid your tongue of these slang expressions—and—while I am scolding, I want to put in a little word. The Colmans are charming people, delightful people—but Brette, I regret to say, has reverted to a type some three generations removed. He takes after his three bottle ancestors, and is—I must warn you—well—fast. I should not advise you to make a companion of him. Be polite when you meet, of course, but don't invite him to call—don't be *too* cordial, you know."

"Yes, aunt," said Renée, over her tea. But her expression was not reassuring. There was a moment's pause, during which Mrs. Trevor regarded Renée with benign approval.

Then arrived an interruption of Fate in the shape of the Colmans, father and son.

"Speaking of angels," exclaimed the hostess, cordially. "This girl of mine has just been telling me of last night's theatre party."

The elder gentleman bowed, and Brette colored slightly. The girl smiled softly to herself, and turned a persuasive eye upon her partner of the previous evening.

"Oh, do finish that story you began last night and reconsidered finishing. I have been dying of curiosity ever since," she said.

Young Colman was more than willing to be monopolized, but even had he struggled for freedom, his fate would have been sealed. The young lady wrapped him in her innocent pink and white toils, and, three minutes later, they had abandoned the tea table, and were deep in a *tête-à-tête* in another corner of the room.

Mrs. Trevor would have winked, had such a vulgar contraction of the eyelids

been possible to her, but, failing that relief, she turned her attention to Colman, the father.

"How these children do grow up," she said. "Why, you and I, Jay, are fast being pushed on the very edge of existence. To think Renée is marriageable!—little Renée, the daughter of my youngest sister—the family baby! She will have a very nice little fortune, by the way. It is tied up till she reaches five-and-twenty, but it is well invested. Pretty, isn't she?"

Mr. Colman eyed the young couple chattering gayly on the divan. "Pretty and smart-looking, both. But could any human creature be as guileless as she looks?"

"Why, of course. She's only nineteen. What do you expect, pray!—hard-earned lines of worldliness like mine, for instance?"

"You haven't a line in your face, Sue," he said, gallantly. "And as for your worldliness—it's only a beautiful tactfulness."

"Oh have some tea and don't flatter. Let us remember our age and be wise."

He smiled and submitted to a second filling of his cup. Mrs. Trevor exerted every nerve to be charming. She shrewdly calculated that her recent admonitions would have taken effect, and that her preternaturally guileless niece would be enjoying the sensation of flirting with the fast young man under the very nose of a disapproving relative. Consequently, the longer she was able to retain the aforesaid objectionable young man's father, chatting and drinking orange peko, the better chance for the secure driving of the opening wedge.

At last, and most vexatiously, the big hall clock boomed six, and played all manner of irritating frills about it. Colman, the father, rose hastily.

"This has been a delightful call," he said, buttoning his frock coat. "Indeed, I had no idea it was so late. Come, Brette, I'm sorry to spoil your enjoyment, but we have to dress for dinner. Can't we see you to your door, Miss Renée?"

She blushed and hesitated. "If you will be so kind," she acquiesced. "It won't take you far afield, I'm staying with Ella Morgan this week, she is in mourning, you know. It's only a step or so out of your way. Good-by, Aunt Sue."

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Trevor, as they kissed, "remember, don't ask him to call."

There was no response, and that dignified

lady laughed aloud as she heard the slam of the hall door.

"So, that wretched little niece of mine thinks she will outwit her old auntie, does she?" she murmured. Then she went up to dress for dinner.

A day or so later Mrs. Trevor received a charmingly worded little note in an undecipherable spiked hand, which proved to be an invitation to chaperone a Sunday luncheon at Sherry's. There was also an innocent little footnote:

"I've asked Mr. Colman, senior, so you can have someone you like to talk to, and need not bother with the foolish rest of us."

"Dear, sweet, thoughtful child!" Mrs. Trevor exclaimed, aloud. "Not a word about Brette, of course; she is just inviting Jay for my benefit. It is too good to keep. I wonder how many times that boy has called during the last week."

Down she sat at her *Louis Seize* writing desk and penned an answer to the effect that auntie would be delighted to shelve all

other engagements and help out dear Renée, with her luncheon party. Then came a postscript: "It's awfully kind of you to ask Mr. Colman for my benefit. Don't you think we two old people shall feel rather lost among all you young chatterboxes? But how did you manage, dear, to ask Mr. Colman without asking Brette?"

Mrs. Trevor chuckled and dispatched a messenger with her missive.

Renée dropped in for tea at five. "I simply had to ask Brette Colman," she said, as



"They make a very handsome pair, do they not?" she whispered."

she seated herself. "I couldn't leave him out, you know, and ask his father."

"No-o," said Mrs. Trevor, "I suppose not."

The Sunday luncheon at Sherry's proved an innovation and a great success. But, somehow, in the planning of neighbors, Brette and his pretty hostess found themselves side by side. Mrs. Trevor looked at her niece with an almost imperceptible frown, and was met by an almost imperceptible look that semaphored, "What could I do? You saw it was a mistake."

So pleased was Aunt Sue that when her partner called her attention by a glance to the animated young couple across the flowers, she returned his look with one of meaning.

"Suppose?" said Colman, senior, meditatively.

"What do you think?" Mrs. Trevor queried, softly, with a little lift of her eyebrows.

"It's a go," said he.

"They make a very handsome pair, do they not?" she whispered.

"Nothing could please me more," said he, attacking his *canapé Lorenzo*.

"Now, don't accuse me of having my finger in this pie," said Mrs. Trevor.

"Who said you had? And, besides, what of it? It seems to me that a more suitable match all around couldn't possibly be arranged. Only I'm surprised that Renée, who is really very difficult to please, should be so taken with Brette. He is a nice-looking boy, and he's bright, but he's not the sort of a chap the girls struggle for at first sight."

His companion laughed a wise little laugh, flattered as she was by this most subtle tribute. "I'll tell you the secret, if you promise you will never reveal it. I told Renée to avoid Brette, as he was considered more than a trifle rapid——"

"Ha, ha!" shouted Mr. Colman, "ho, ho, ho!"

Across the way Brette and Renée looked up from their chatter.

"The governor is having no end of a good time—just look at him," said his dutiful son.

Mr. Colman recovered himself, but burst out with renewed chuckles, as he turned on Mrs. Trevor. "I thought I understood you to say, Sue, that this particular pie was not of your cooking. Oh, dear, oh, dear—you women are certainly the most amusing things on earth," and his mirth broke forth afresh.

Mrs. Trevor positively blushed. "Dear

me!" she said, almost angrily. "That was a very small spoke I put in. It doesn't——"

"Since when do you put spokes in pies?" he interrupted, gayly. "Positively, you are what Brette calls rattled, I've caught you this time."

"If you talk so loud," observed Mrs. Trevor, with dignity, "you will let the cat out of the bag and spoil everything. You have conversed so much as it is, that you quite missed the flavor of that ruddy duck."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Trevor was delighted to have Mr. Colman fall in so completely with her plans. She now had some one in whom to confide the amusing details of the little comedy, and she improved the opportunity at once. Then they fell to conspiring and scheming for future entertainments so the young people might have plenty of opportunity for *tête-à-têtes*. All about them at the well-appointed table their charges flirted and gossiped to their heart's content, and voted Mrs. Trevor and Mr. Colman to be the best brought-up chaperones the world had ever produced.

"What do you suppose the governor is giving your aunt, Miss Lee?" wondered Brette, disrespectfully. "The old boy certainly is stringing her about something—there, she's almost angry with him—did you see that?"

Renée nodded. "Yes, he certainly has her at a disadvantage."

"What do you suppose elderly people like that find to talk about?" queried Brette, with the implied idea that fifty-three was high time for any man to retire from active interest in everything save ailments.

"Why," said Renée, loftily, "your father is a very nice age—the nicest sort of an age. I'm thinking of marrying him!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the possible stepson. "Miss Lee, you gave me an awful jolt—won't I do?"

"You're altogether too young for my purpose," replied the young lady, enigmatically. "Don't you think Midge is touching up her hair? It seems to me I never saw it that shade before."

When the gathering dispersed, after what was unanimously pronounced the most enjoyable luncheon of the year, it happened that Colman and son escorted the hostess and chaperone to the residence of the latter, and were persuaded then to stay to tea.

Indeed, it was singular that during the whole season, and even far into the Lenten bridge-whist period, the services of Mrs. Trevor were constantly called into play by

her niece, and on each occasion it was deemed wise by that young woman to provide entertainment for the chaperone in the shape of her old friend. Somehow, Brette's name was never mentioned. His appearance was always accounted for at the last moment in some casual way, and Renée affected a tone of complete indifference when her aunt admonished her, and even went so far as to assert that "people were talking." At this point the devotions of young Colman became more marked, and his idol seemed at no pains to conceal them. Many were the long chats the fond aunt and proud father indulged in, apropos of the coming event. By this time they had planned the wedding tour, calculated the approximate value of the presents, and made a list of the guests. Mrs. Trevor had selected eight of Renée's prettiest girl friends to be bridesmaids, and had planned her own gown—a mauve velvet, with which she would don her famous Venetian point, and the historic Carroll pearls inherited from her mother.

Consequently, when the prospective bride one day threw a small bombshell on the tea table, it shook Mrs. Trevor's world to its foundations.

The explosive in question was a note, which Renée laid down before her aunt with, "Read that, and tell me what you think."

It was in her own remarkable hieroglyphics, and Aunt Sue was for some moments held at bay. Then, word by word, she deciphered it. Heavens! In the most polite and sisterly language it dismissed Colman, junior, to the outer darkness of unrequited love, and deplored the fact that he should have deluded himself with the

hope of anything more than deep and lasting friendship.

"Is it all right?" asked the innocent iconoclast. "Will it do to send? He'll show it all over town, you know, so I want it to be nicely worded and correctly spelled."

There was an awful pause.

"My dear child," Mrs. Trevor gasped, at last recovering her breath, "you are not refusing him, are you? The catch of the season! Why?"

Renée's wide, gray eyes opened wider. "But, Aunt Sue, if he is so rapid that I really ought not to be seen about with him—as you know you warned me—certainly he must be too swift to marry. I don't understand——"

Mrs. Trevor raised her eyes to heaven. "But, my dear," she wailed, "the bluest blood, the very best family, and twenty thousand a year!"

"You would have me sell myself for that price—to a man whom it 'isn't advisable to make one's

companion'? I'm so surprised—and, aunt, I did think you cared for me more than to jeopardize my future."

Mrs. Trevor was at bay. But at all costs Renée must be made to reconsider. She nerved herself.

"My child, it was a ruse—just a little ruse to make you take an interest in Brette. He's really as good a boy as ever lived. I was so anxious for this marriage. You really must not send that letter."

Renée gave a little gasp. "It isn't true? Oh, Aunt Sue! how could you malign a perfectly innocent person to further your own schemes!" The tears gathered in her eyes. "I shall never be able to trust you again, never!"

Snatching up her letter, she turned and fled.



"Snatching up her letter, she turned and fled."

Mrs. Trevor could not recover. She merely stared at her colonial fire-dogs in dismay. What had gone wrong? What fault in her well-laid plans had brought about this unexpected *dénouement*? Was the cause lost? She must talk it over with Jay. She rose quickly, fairly flew to the pantry, and seized upon the telephone.

"Give me 4808 Cortlandt. Yes. Is Mr. Colman there? Oh, is that you, Jay? Just fancy, Renée has just refused Brette!! Yes, I do mean it. No, I don't understand it at all. It's dreadful! Can't you come up this afternoon and talk the matter over? Yes? Then I'll expect you. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief. Surely the impending disaster would be averted when two such able-minded generals met in council of war.

"I'm in to no one except Mr. Colman," she informed her maid. Then she sought her room and made a careful toilet.

With laudable punctuality her visitor arrived, and Mrs. Trevor hastened down to share her annoyance and indignation with her fellow conspirator. She found him nervous and excited.

"It's some lover's quarrel," he suggested, at once. "It must be, I'm sure. We had every reason to believe the whole thing was as good as settled."

"Of course we had," she agreed; "and, at any rate, we've gained time, for she won't send that letter at once after what I've said. It couldn't have been a quarrel—her note read like an answer to a written formal request."

"The very idea of writing!" fumed Colman, senior. "Confound the boy! Hasn't he spunk enough to speak out for himself? What woman ever wanted to be wooed by pen and ink! It's his own fault if he has been turned down."

"And after all our planning," she mourned.

"Well, Sue," he said, coming closer and standing before her with an eager flush on each cheek, "don't let's be out a wedding because of those foolish children. Marry me, and we'll let them drop."

If Mrs. Trevor had suddenly caught sight of her rector in pink tights and tarlatan,

she could not have been more speechlessly amazed.

"Why—why——" she stammered, to gain time.

"Why?" he answered, smiling. "Because I'm in love with you, Sue, just as I have always been. Let's steal a march on those wretched infants and announce our engagement."

A sudden flush suffused her cheeks, a sudden tear swam in her eyes, and, before she quite knew what she was saying, she heard herself speak.

"I suppose—we—might."

A week or so later I met Renée on the avenue. She was beaming.

"I suppose you know the news?" she said, as she joined me.

"I've pulled off my match—you know Aunt Sue is engaged to Jay Colman—there!"

"Really!" I exclaimed, surprised.

Renée nodded. "Yes, I did it. I knew they were head over heels in love with each other; but I seemed to be the only one aware of it. So, when Aunt Sue began matchmaking with me, I thought I'd take a hand in the game—and I played it beautifully, too."

"You dreadful infant!" I gasped. "By the time you're fifty you'll be a matrimonial bureau."

Renée smiled. "No, I'll be what I am—a philanthropist."

I groaned. "I suppose you will be disposed of me next. No one is safe now!"

Renée giggled delightedly. "The best joke of all," she went on, "the really beautiful part, was my note to Brette."

"Oh, yes," I said. "It's all over town that you refused him."

"That's just it," she interrupted, with a crow of glee. "I knew that if Aunt Sue and Mr. Colman thought we were properly disposed of as per programme, they never would make up to their own affairs. So, I—— Oh, don't you see——"

"You imp!" I exclaimed.

"Now, don't say a word," commanded Renée, "for I don't intend to announce it for at least two seasons."

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, SOCIETY LEADER

By CHARLES STOKES WAYNE

AS a matter of fact, society is a treadmill. For those like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who would keep well to the fore, there can be no rest. The ceaseless rotation continues from year's end to year's end. To falter is to slip back. To halt is to drop out. The season in New York may be said to begin with the Horse Show in November. By that time the clans that have been scattered during the summer have opened their town houses and are prepared for the winter's fray. Horse Show week is marked by more or less informal dinner parties and more or less riotous supper parties. Following the Horse Show comes the introduction of the season's *débutantes*. For the more fortunate, balls and dances are given; but the great majority make their bows at afternoon teas. This, too, is the season of autumn weddings, and the weeks are crowded with events hymeneal.

A little later the opera season begins and before the middle of December there is the Assembly Ball. After the first of January there are so many private balls and dances that invitations to subscription balls go begging. But certain cotillions, like the Cinderella and the Junior, are annual fixtures. For three months there is an ever-increasing whirl of gayety. Every day—every hour, has its event which the woman that pretends to social prominence cannot afford to ignore. The pace is terrific, and how any except those of unusual mental and physical vigor, stand the strain, must ever remain a mystery. For many, the forty days of Lent, intervening between the season proper and the early spring season, afford little rest. Life at the fashionable Lenten resorts has of late years become but a meagre modification of the life in town. What with dinner parties, high play at bridge, and late hours, there is really small relaxation from the dissipation of the winter.

Easter brings an avalanche of weddings, and then there is a rush across the Atlantic for the London season, which means more dinners, more opera, more balls, and eventually more indigestion and more insomnia.

By August, the Newport season is on, and the same ceaseless round continues. Then there is a brief period when house parties are the thing, but big dinners and bridge are features here, too, and then—it is Horse Show time again.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, as the acknowledged leader of the spectacular element of New York society, occupies a uniquely conspicuous position. The little realm over which she rules is but a small part of the great social world; but it is set upon a hill. She and her subjects, engaged apparently in a continuous performance, are ever in the public eye. Their comings and goings, their routs and *fêtes*, their loves and their aversions, their marriages and their divorces, the clothes they wear, the wines they drink, the pranks they play, the jests they utter, all are chronicled in the newspapers. The conservative old Knickerbocker and some of the new, but staid people, sneer at Mrs. Fish's followers, who, in return, only laugh and set about some new device of entertainment to excite the envy, even if contemptuous, of their detractors.

By force of her aggressive independence rather than by tact has Mrs. Fish attained to the sovereignty that is hers. Family and money have been efficacious aids in the process of elevation, but there are women of more distinguished ancestry and possessing greater income—women, too, of far superior diplomatic equipment—who have struggled in vain for the eminence that Mrs. Fish has reached without seeming effort; reached, in fact, while flying in the face of all precedent, in that she truckled to none, spoke her mind freely on all occasions, put no check on her incisive wit, was a law unto herself, and made enemies faster than she made friends.

Tall, dark and florid, with a figure calculated to display to advantage the sumptuous adornment with which she provides it, Mrs. Fish is *distinguée* rather than beautiful. Mrs. Fish's jewels are among the handsomest in New York. She does not affect a tiara, but wears in her hair a magnificent diamond

spray. About her neck circles a collar of pearls three inches deep. Suspended from it in front, by a thread of diamonds four inches long, is a diamond cluster that, viewed across the horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House, looks like an enormous single stone. Extending diagonally down her corsage she wears a row of buttons of diamonds set around sapphires, each sapphire as large as one's finger nail. A festoon of diamonds from the left shoulder to the front of the corsage completes the display.

Mrs. Fish, before marriage, was Miss Mary Anthon, a daughter of the late Charles Anthon, a well-known New York lawyer, who, as so many good lawyers do, "worked hard, lived high and died poor." Though her family was never particularly blessed with this world's goods, it always held an excellent position, and the name is one of the oldest in New York. Mrs. Fish's mother was a Miss Meert. Her eldest sister, Miss Theresa Anthon, married the late William Stanhope Callender. Mrs. Fish's marriage took place in the late seventies. Her husband, the third son of the late Hamilton Fish, is president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and was recently spoken of as likely to have offered to him one of the foreign embassies. He started life with a fair income, and his fortune has been much increased by his own efforts. He is a large man, not stout and not thin, a trifle over six feet in height, and weighs probably one hundred and ninety pounds. Yet with this fine physique he is not what may be called handsome. Nevertheless, he could never be mistaken for other than a gentleman. His manners are perfect. Mr. Fish apparently cares very little for society. To quote his friends, he is "strictly business."

Mrs. Fish has three children, one girl and two boys. Her daughter, Marion, is very sweet and lovable. She and her mother are rarely seen together. And Miss Marion's friends and her mother's are quite a different lot of people, as was discovered by a family acquaintance not long ago who had been used to Mrs. Fish's set and dropped in at an affair that was being given for the young lady. He found, to his amazement, that he did not know a single person. The elder son of Mrs. Fish is at Yale; the younger at St. Paul's School.

Within the past year there has been no little gossip as to the race between Mrs. Fish's increasing luxuriousness of taste and Mr. Fish's increasing income. There certainly was some talk last summer to the

effect that the Newport place, The Crossways, was in the market, and would be disposed of as soon as a purchaser willing to pay the price could be found. This large white wooden villa of Colonial architecture, which rears the lofty columns of its portico above Newport's matchless Ocean Drive, has been the scene of much festivity since it was opened four years ago. But the Newport season at best is not of great length, and Mrs. Fish, proverbially of a restless disposition, dislikes to stop long in one place. She has a country house, too, at Garrisons. Her town house, at No. 25 East Seventy-eighth Street, has witnessed some of the most original entertainments ever given in a New York mansion. Last winter Mrs. Fish made her home at Garrisons her headquarters, and though she went about a great deal, she entertained very little, save in the way of house parties.

With the private car of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company always at her command, it is scarcely surprising that Mrs. Fish should have made excursions into all the far-off corners of the American continent. For this reason, she is perhaps more widely known as a representative New York society leader than is either Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Mills—each of whom reigns over a coterie more numerous, perhaps, than that of Mrs. Fish, though by no means so effulgent—and everywhere that Mrs. Fish has been, stories are told of her candor.

It was during the Carnival of 1888, I think, that she first visited New Orleans and brought down upon herself the wrath of the inhabitants by declaring, after a visit to Moreau's and other of the city's famed restaurants, that there was not a decent eating place in the town, which, she asserted (it rained most of the time she was there) was like nothing so much as a great big "slop pail." She had been taken by some women to the Louisiana Club, where she expected to find the flower of New Orleans manhood, and was sore at heart because the house was practically destitute of the masculine sex, every man and boy parading that day in the Carnival procession.

Four or five winters ago Mrs. Fish spent a few weeks in Cuba. According to the health regulations of the United States, every person coming from Cuba to this country must bring a certificate of vaccination. In Havana, these certificates were furnished then by Dr. William F. Brunner, the United States Marine Hospital Surgeon at that port. Now, one of Dr. Brunner's



Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

From a portrait study by E. W. Histed, New York and London.

characteristics is his utter disregard of social standing in the performance of his official duties.

Mrs. Fish had evidently not heard of Dr. Brunner's idiosyncrasies, when one day, having made up her mind to return to this country, she drove up to the office of the United States official to get the necessary certificate of vaccination. She was accompanied by a young Englishman, who went upstairs and invited the doctor to come down and see Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Much to the young man's surprise, he was told that if Mrs. Fish wished to interview Dr. Brunner she would have to walk up to his office. Mrs. Fish could not believe that an ordinary United States official would dare send such a message to one of New York society's recognized queens. Back went the young Englishman to the doctor, who again told him that if Mrs. Fish wished to see him she would have to come up and wait her turn. Dr. Brunner, however, did make one concession. When Mrs. Fish's escort, referring to the twenty-five or thirty Cubans and others of all colors and conditions who were being examined one by one, exclaimed, "What! With all these people there?" he said Mrs. Fish might wait her turn in a private room.

So Mrs. Fish did walk upstairs, was shown into a private room, seated herself and waited her turn. It was not long before Dr. Brunner had finished examining the common herd, and Mrs. Fish entered his office. Her eyes flashed with rage, and she spoke out sharply to the doctor:

"I presume you have heard that I was vaccinated on the leg, and——"

"Yes, madam," was the courteous reply, "I have heard some such report."

"And I presume you want to see it. Well, there it is," and suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Fish revealed the scar.

The doctor granted the certificate, and Mrs. Fish stalked out of the room.

By her general disregard of the social amenities, Mrs. Fish has managed to achieve for herself a reputation for heartlessness. Probably the most characteristic example of this peculiarity has come to be known as "The Story of Two Crossways." Mrs. Fish had arranged in June, 1898, to open her Newport villa on a certain night with a housewarming. The fact that her husband's nephew, young Hamilton Fish, had been killed by Spanish guerillas in a Cuban jungle a short time before the date set, did not cause her to change her plans. By a curious

coincidence, young Fish's body had been buried at the intersection of two narrow trails—the Crossways of Las Quasimas. Also, it chanced that Mr. Nicholas Fish, the father of the dead soldier, chose the night of the housewarming at Newport to exhume the remains of his son in Cuba. Mrs. Fish's detractors did not fail to make all the capital they could out of this contrast.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist on this score, there is no question concerning Mrs. Fish's cleverness. Her friends and her foes agree that she is fertile in conception and adroit in execution. She is quick-witted and far-sighted, and though her tongue may be sharp sometimes to cruelty, her observations invariably possess a keenness and a point that command attention. Time and again Mrs. Fish has enacted the rôle of the society Moses and has led the children of fashion out of the dull monotony of convention into the land of the bizarre. *Novelty* is Mrs. Fish's watchword. It was she that first ventured to give a barn dance at Newport at which the guests appeared in the costumes of French peasants of a century or two ago, and indulged in such bucolic sports as hunting eggs in the hay lofts and milking the cows in the stalls. It was Mrs. Fish, too, that introduced the "reversible" dance, where all clothes were worn hind side before and the back of each head was covered with a mask. At one of her dances she introduced live favors for one figure of the cotillion. It is said that many of the little beasts escaped from their cages and were forgotten or purposely left behind by the guests. The result was that for two days following the dance they poked themselves under Mrs. Fish's feet or peered at her from behind curtains.

Mrs. Fish likes vaudeville, and has for years been a patron of the music halls. It is not surprising, therefore, that on more than one occasion she has endeavored to divert society with similar performances within her own doors. That these affairs have not always been so amusing as some critics desired is due to the fact that there is a limit to Mrs. Fish's energies. In such enterprises it is necessary to delegate certain portions of the labor to assistants, and to the incapacity of these helpers I must attribute whatever there was of failure. Had Mrs. Fish invented the jokes for her vaudeville entertainment of two years ago, which was the most notable of the series, and had Mrs. Fish spoken them, I have little doubt that society would still be repeating



Mrs. Fish in the Four-in-hand Parade. Mr. Morrell is Driving with Mrs. Fish Beside Him. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson May Be Seen to the Right of Mrs. Fish.

them and laughing over them. As it was, Mrs. Fish devoted her talents to transforming her ball room into a perfect reproduction of a second-rate music hall. The thoroughly professional appearance of everything, from scenery to ushers, gave evidence of that praiseworthy attention to detail which in such matters at least is characteristic of the hostess.

In devising novelties for the amusement of her subjects, Mrs. Fish in times past, before the young man married, has had the counsel and assistance of that eminent Baltimorean,

gown and kid slippers. It was this resourceful spirit in each that made them boon companions and each valuable to the other. Mr. Lehr gave Mrs. Fish ideas when her own usually well-filled store ran low, and Mrs. Fish, by smiling her gratitude upon Mr. Lehr, advanced the society rating of that ambitious youth several points at every smile.

At Newport, three summers ago, Mr. Lehr was especially prominent, and more than one quarrel between Mrs. Fish and her friend, Mrs. Oelrichs, was the result of his



Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. O. H. P. Belmont in the Automobile Parade at Newport.

Mr. Harry Simms Lehr, whose facility in the art of self-advertising amounts almost to genius.

At the very outset there was a bond of sympathy between Mrs. Fish and her protégé. Mr. Lehr was always doing unheard-of things and Mrs. Fish wanted to do them. Mr. Lehr once upon a time, returning home from a ball in Baltimore with two young women, one of whom was Miss Lulu Morris, who afterwards became Mrs. Fred Gebhard, and who is now Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., set all the town agog by wading with his fair charges through the basin of a fountain. Mrs. Fish, not to be outdone, once upon a time waded some distance into the surf at Newport clad in all the bravery of a ball

sayings and doings. He was accused by Mrs. Oelrichs, for example, of telling Mrs. Fish that some of her subjects had arranged a surprise party for her, and Mrs. Oelrichs, who had been head and front of the movement, was righteously indignant that the secret should have leaked out through one whom she had so implicitly trusted. Mrs. Fish naturally defended the young man, and a breach between the two women was the result. But no breach between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs could possibly be long continued. They have much in common, and each appreciates the other.

A more recent aspirant for social recognition whom Mrs. Fish took up and advanced until her position in the Fish-Oelrichs-Bel-

mont set at least is thoroughly secure, is Mrs. George J. Gould. When three years ago Mrs. Gould entertained Mrs. Fish in her box at the opera it was a red-letter night in the Gould calendar, and Mrs. Gould, I remember, in honor of the occasion wore a red velvet gown trimmed with priceless lace. Then Mrs. Gould had Mrs. Fish down to the Gould place at Lakewood, and from that time Mrs. Gould's progress has been swift and easy.

Not unnaturally, Mrs. Fish's indifference to social traditions, while it has surrounded her with a few staunch friends among the newly-arrived, has tended to place an ever-widening gulf between her set and that more exclusive coterie known as the Ogden Mills faction. Indeed, the situation is more complex than the average outsider conceives, or cares, perhaps.

Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont is, of course, a powerful factor on the Fish side, and Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Mills, on this account, have found themselves in a very awkward position, especially Mrs. Gerry. She has always refused to accept Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, and at the famous series of cotillions or supper dances, given five seasons ago in New York, Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont was not asked to those held at the residences of Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Henry Sloane. In fact, I think she was also left out by the Starr Millers and the Frank Pendletons. Matters, however, have changed a bit since then. There have been more interesting complications, but neither Mrs. Gerry nor Mrs. Mills has relented.

To-day Mrs. Astor is out of it. She is willing to go almost anywhere for a good time, and she is not so careful as of old whom she asks for dinner. Mrs. Mills does not regard Mrs. Fish as a social rival or even a social equal, and Mrs. Fish sneers at

Mrs. Mills. When Mrs. Fish took up the Hermann Oelrichs, Maitland Kersey and "Dick" Peters, who had been devoted cavaliers of the Mills court, went over to the Fish-Oelrichs set, both men having a dim idea of winning the hand of Virginia Fair. Mrs. Mills has never forgotten this episode, and neither Mrs. Fish nor Mrs. Oelrichs stands high in her favor.

Mrs. Mills has two devoted friends in Miss Anna Sands and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens. Another of her friends is Mrs. Perry Belmont, who, as Mrs. Henry Sloane, was always devoted, although several little tiffs were reported at various times. Mrs. Mills, it must be said to her credit, is not a woman to go back on her intimates, and she has stood by Mrs. Perry Belmont when society swerved a bit, as society will sometimes do when driven to the wall by interest or sudden subservience to the opinions, however unjustly formed, of the other half who are not with the elect. Both Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Perry Belmont (then Mrs. Sloane) espoused the cause of the young Cornelius Vanderbilts. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is now an ally of Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, and at the same time belongs to the Gerry-Goelet faction; so, altogether, it is a tangled comedy.

But the interesting fact remains that New York society people as a class—there are exceptions, of course—think only of the pleasure of the day or the provider of the hour. They will espouse any cause, and hurrah with any one who will give them food, drink and amusement.

"After all your Fool's Paradise is not a garden to grow in. Charon's ferryboat is not thicker with phantoms. They do not live in mind or soul. Chiefly women people it; a certain class of limp men; women for the most part; they are sown there. And put their garden under the magnifying glass of intimacy, what do we behold? A world not better than the world it curtains, only foolisher."—(*Diana of the Crossways*, Chapter xiii.)



THE SONG OF THE BUGLES

TO W. F. A., JR.

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

Crocuses lighting the dusty square,
And the grass that is faintly showing,
Hinting of green of a later day—
Speak of peace—but, far away.
I hear the bugles blowing;
Scarce-heard and soft, I catch the note
Of far-off bugles blowing.

Song of the bugles—brave and sweet
And the measured pulse of marching feet,
That the roar of the town grows still to hear
Till the music blurs in a sudden cheer.
Song of the bugles; the Flag goes by
A scarlet flutter against the sky,
(The April sky that seems to be
Tender as with a memory;)
Oh the steady sway of the close-ranked men
And the bugle's song that rings again,
These are your own—O city, rise to meet them,
These are your own—O city, hold them fast!
These are your own, and the great sea waits to greet them,
And down the way that leads to her your strong men march past.

March past! march past! And what's to stop or stay them?
March past, march past, and who's to say them nay?
There was no prayer that you could pray, to hold them or delay them,
For the Flag is on the April wind and all the bugles play.
Cheer! For high hope for young courage burning,
Cheer! For the quiet eyes and for the steady tread—
Cheer! For all those who go! Cheer! For their safe returning,
Aye, and cheer your hearts out in a cheer to pledge your dead!



"But I be comin' back—when I be a man—for you!"

THE SPELL OF THE DESOLATION

By NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "The Soul of the Street," etc.

I.

"The Newfoundlander Comes Back."—*Outport proverb.*

SPRING verdure decked the ravine through the craggy wastes of Quid Nunc and the Man-o'-War, from the harbor to the sea: the young, tender green of June, venturing forth, with all the shy daring of innocence, at the call of the south wind. There, like a mother of Newfoundlanders, ignoring the envining desolation, the lean earth had brought forth and suckled a hardy brood according to the measure of her strength; and all her little children, violet and weakling rose and blade of grass, were now nodding to the night's low lullaby. The print of lovers' feet was fresh in the moss of Old Crow Road. Who knows but that the scandalized little violets, up along at the turn to Gull Cove, where the arching elder bushes provide shadow for caressing, hid their blushes from the tender grass and shyly gossiped together in the seclusion of the night? Verily, the hills had mocked the robust kisses, publishing to the remotest crest the fragrant of the tenderness; for the hills are wrinkled and crabbed, and cold

of age: nor have the stormy years left them the grace of a single flower to mellow them. So the man and the maid had kissed again, as they rounded the Bishop's Thimble to the village path, that they might laugh at the echoes. Lo! the dull old hills, taken unaware, made a thousand kisses of that one caress; and they spread the merriment broadcast—crying their own confusion from crag to crag. Then the silence was the silence of deep chagrin.

There came down the mossy road a lad and a little maid. The little maid tripped along, swinging a little wooden pail. The lad lumbered at her side as best his top boots would let him. They paused in the moonlight at the Needle and Thread. The little maid was very glad, indeed, to be past the shadows of the elder bushes.

"Leave us have a spell," said she.

"Iss, an you will it," said he.

Both looked at the moon, which grinned companionably.

"How do a goat goa, b'y?" said she,

desiring entertainment. At once the lad capered about on all fours—plucking the grass with his hands. Then he bleated long and tremulously.

"Nanny! Nanny!" the little maid cried. "Oh, my, b'y," she gasped, "but you do be clever at mockin' goaats!"

So the lad capered about all the harder, and plucked the grass much faster than two goats could eat, and bleated again and again.

"Goa like a squid," said the maid. "Do—like when Jake Sevier hauls un out."

"Swish-h-h-h-h-sish-h-h-gks-s-s!" It cannot be written down.

"Oh, dear," the maid cried, in mock alarm. "Paul Courage, they be black stuff squirted all over my pinnie. Oh, my!" Then, after a ripple of laughter: "Goa like the wind, b'y."

Paul strummed his jews'-harp until you might have thought the north wind was whistling round a cottage and screaming down the chimney. Then a summer gale—whipping the sea to wrath! Then a night breeze—the last sigh of it!

The boy needed no further invitation. "Hark t' me!" he said. "'Tis the breakers t' Black Rock. Hark!"

The sea, in the power of its depths and expanse, was breaking against Black Rock in the mouth of the harbor tickle. The noise of it was wafted up the road. This Paul mocked; soon, so truly that the maid wondered because she could not distinguish the sound of the jews'-harp from the breaking waters.

"Oh-h-h-h!" she cried. "You do be clever, b'y."

Paul's delight in his jews'-harp bubbled over in laughter. "Hark!" said he. "'Tis the wind in the rigging."

What a gale it was! The blocks rattled; the sticks strained; the wind went singing through the ropes.

"Sure, b'y," said the little girl, by way of challenge, "you can't sing 'Busy Bee.'"

"Iss, sure, girl!" Paul exclaimed. He piped, in a treble as clear as a bell:

"Come all ye young and roving lads,
Come listen to me song.
'Tis all about Bill Lisson's v'y'ge;
It won't take very long.
For the fish!
Ho! for a quintal o' fish.

"When we set sail that marn, me b'ys,
It snowed most mighty thick;
But, sure, we trimmed our sheets in tight,
An' ran up fine an' quick,
For the fish!
Ho! for a quintal of fish.

"When we fetched into Indian Cove,
Our anchor we let drop.
We rode all night, I say, me b'ys,
Outside o' Sealing Rock,
For the fish!
Ho! for a quintal o' fish."

and most of the rest of that interminable old saga of Ragged Harbor which tells the story of the wreck of the *Busy Bee*.

"Doan't goa away," said the little girl, with a pout.

"Iss," sternly.

"Sure, they be noa one knows the goaat path t'—"

"I be a hand, now," said Paul, loftily. "I be shipped with Bill Sparks. When they be a fair wind, we sail, girl."

"Doan't goa!" she pleaded.

"Naomi Manuel, I be shipped with Bill Sparks for St. Johns. I be goain'."

"Sure, b'y," said she, quickly, "the li'ns an' the elephunts be noa such great—"

"Hut, girl! 'Tis not they things. 'Tis not the harses—nor the houses—nor the big light—nor all *they* things." Paul whispered, awe-struck; "*'tis the organ!*"

The organ? What stranger had dropped that seed of discontent? Was it the salmon buyer from St. Johns? or the Government surveyor? or the prospector with the big hat and queer breeches?

"What be he?" asked Naomi.

"'Tis like a million 'cordions lashed together—an'—an' you play it with your foot. 'Tis *that* I be goain' for."

"Oh, they be none t' St. Johns," she said, mysteriously divining it.

He gave her a glance of deep meaning. "They be a place called New Yark," said he. "'Tis the greatest harbor in the world."

"Oh, Paul Courage," she cried, in real distress, "you be not comin' back t' Ragged 'Arbor with Bill Sparks! Oh, you sinful b'y!"

"I be on'y a foster son," said he, in self-defense. "But I be comin' back—when I be a man—for you. Sure, you must learn t' split fast, girl. The women t' New Yark 'Arbor be great at splittin' fish."

This last the boy guessed. What did it matter? The eyes of the girl were shining.

"Good-by!"

The little maid in the calico gown puckered up her little red lips and lifted her face to offer them. The lad grinned bashfully and looked away at the moon.

"Kith me, b'y," she commanded.

He touched the little red lips with his own—very swiftly. Then madly he strummed

his jews'-harp. How must the young robins thrill when the first love song bursts from their hearts!

"Good-by!"

The little maid fluttered down the road like a summer breeze. The boy saw the little calico gown flash in the moonlight as she flitted round the Bishop's Thimble.

"Good-by!" he cried.

The languorous wind creeping up from the sea, wearied of inciting waves to fret the shaggy head-lands, lingered to tease the flowers and wake the scrawny shrubs to a complaint of the night.

Sprawling on his back on the big rock, the boy looked

up into the sky. The rapture in the touch of the little red lips thrilled him still. He interpreted all rapture into music; and, so, his soul was now attuned to the soft June night. He heard those songs which the voiceless infinite sings to the pure in heart; and might still sing to us had not the strife-ful years warped our hearts and broken their silver strings; so that one low tone, sounded upon a single, rusted cord, and proceeding from the heart of a man who has touched hands with his childhood, gives the very world pause. In the twilight we listen at the hearts of children. With our weazened ears we listen! Echoes? In rare impulses of tenderness and faith they

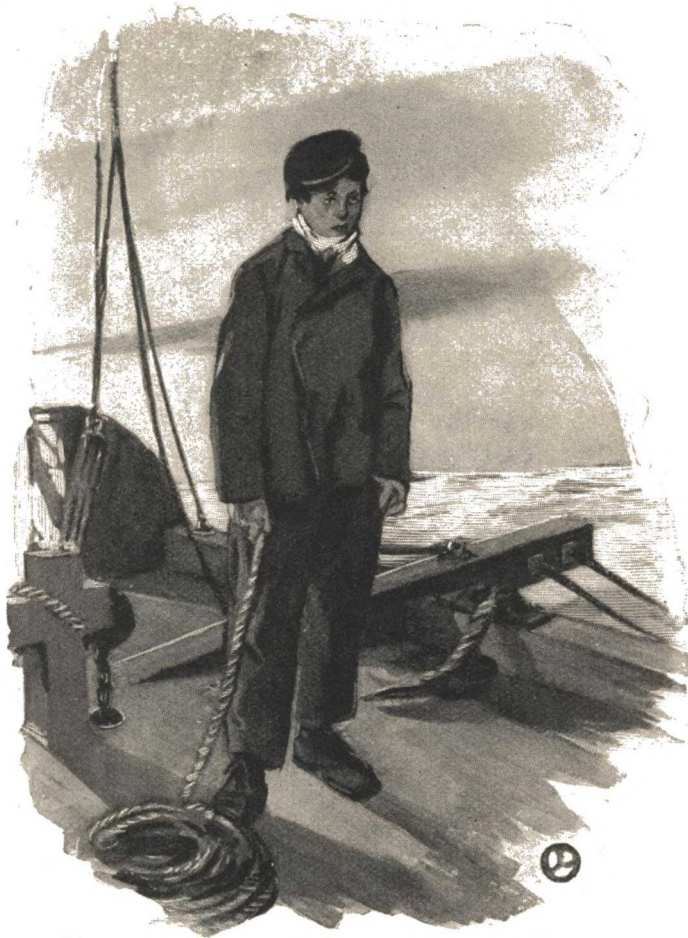
sound; but they vanish—eluding us, even as we open wide the ears of our souls. But for this child of the waste the moonlight, and the waters, and the firmament, and the somber hills, and the scented night made

music. Enraving melodies unfolded. They tinkled like the rain on the harbor water. They rippled like limpid Stony Brook when the sun has chased the shower away. They soared like the Mad Mull gulls of a summer afternoon. Now, they screamed like the off-shore gale; now, they were plaintive as the beat of a lost kid in the night. Space and silver light and the droning sea, like unknown instruments, sounded the

deep undertones, until the night gave forth one solemn, throbbing chord, wide as the infinite and comprehending every note of beauty therein; which is the grand harmony of ourselves with all the works of God. The soul of the boy was lifted to the dizzy heights of ecstasy.

It was the last lullaby of his mother, the desolation!

Skipper Bill Spark's schooner was skimming into the shades of the east: vast shades, swiftly darkening, mysterious and forbidding, which conceal from the sight of children of waste places those nameless shapes that brood in the solemn expanses



"Then he looked forth into shades of the east—and far, far into the frowning beyond."

all roundabout. Paul Courage looked over the taffrail to that far place where Ragged Harbor had vanished. Distance had melted the Pillar and the Staff with the long blue line of bluff; but its mists could never blur the image of the places beyond, for to those golden paths which have been kind to the feet of the child the heart of the man returns at will to stray. In compassion, He has so ordained it. The receding desolation was arrayed in all her glowing robes—her sunset garments, yellow, and crimson, and purple. Her distances were aglow and revealed to their uttermost parts. From her vast silences all the terrors had departed. What had been music was now color—gorgeous, living color; all the deep, warm tints of love; with never the threat of a shadow to disquiet. Thus, it may be said that the desolation was like a mother who adorns herself for the first departure of her child into those strange parts where the wiles of the world will encompass him. When he turns at the gate for the last look, she stretches out her arms and smiles. It is thus tender and lovely that she would have him hold her always in his dreams; not in petulance and disarray. So, through the years of his wandering, Paul remembered her beseeching loveliness. It was the child's last impression of his mother.

"Paul, b'y!"

"Iss, zur," blithely.

"Get forrard an' coil the jib sheets."

"Iss, zur, skipper."

The lad ran to the bow and formed the lines in a neat coil. Then he looked forth into the shades of the east—and far, far into the frowning beyond.

"Be you afeared, b'y?"

"Noa, zur—not o' the say."

II.

From St. Johns to Boston the distance is three years for a tow-headed fisher boy with a jews'-harp. It may be that guileless eyes and copper-toed boots make the way long. Boston to New York is two years more. Five years is also the space between a slicker and a dress coat. In certain cases it has been demonstrated that the road from a jews'-harp to a violin, with an eighteen-months' stop at a fiddle, is seven years long. Thirteen and seven are twenty. Thus, with the heart eliminated, it is a simple problem. Result, twenty years. But we cannot eliminate a factor so important to the true result. To the sensitive soul, time is not a

matter of ticks; a year is as long as the heart feels it, and heaviness of heart compounds the hours. It was a long, long time. But in point of years, as time is commonly computed: Thirteen and three are sixteen, sixteen and two are eighteen, eighteen and two are twenty—which is the result. Paul Courage was twenty years old when first he played the songs of the voiceless infinite before a large assemblage; and this was in New York.

With MacMaster and Armstrong, on the way home to their common apartments on the top floor of a twelve-story building on Broadway, he had elbowed through a noisy glitter and fluster. The desolation has no part in those things which are gaudy and brittle, and hollow; and, but an hour before, he had been in close communion with the spirit of the waste.

"I'm nervous," he exclaimed, when he had thrown off his top-coat and put his violin away. "I'm very nervous." He bit his lip, as though in an effort to contain himself. "I never was so nervous before. Something's going to happen, I think."

"Nonsense!" said MacMaster. He was quietly searching for his slippers.

"Notwithstanding which," said Courage with a laugh, "I am very nervous."

Armstrong pooh-poohed.

"Nevertheless," said Courage again, "I am nervous—fair frightened. I don't know what's the matter with me. I went all to pieces coming up in the elevator. It seems so high up. It never struck me so hard before, though."

The wind was whistling past. It pelted the panes with rain drops. Courage looked out into the gusty night. The clouds reflected the glare of the street lights; these were far below—hidden in those depths where the city life surged.

"Look here, young fellow," said MacMaster, who was old enough to take the paternal attitude, "we had a hard enough time with you the night Mazzini told you you could play. You remember what happened that night? We could hardly hold you. Well, we don't want to go through it again. You've succeeded; you haven't anything to worry about any more. Now, get a grip on yourself—and keep it."

"All right, Mack," said Courage, as a child promises to be good. "But I seem to have no right to success. It seems wicked. Perhaps I think so because I was brought up—well, the way I was brought up. I keep thinking that something will happen to pun-

ish me. I can't rid myself of that fear. I'm frightened."

"Non—sense!" said MacMaster.

"Nevertheless, I—I'm frightened."

What was this? Not the reaction from an hour's high emotion. Often, alone in the night, he had played the songs of the voiceless infinite with a heart more deeply stirred. There had been no blank fright; the end had been tears—and, after tears, sleep. Was it the hour's triumph? True, he had succeeded. They had been moved by the music of the waste. The hymn of the evening shadow had touched their hearts. To the song of the cloud of gold they had listened in tenderness; and to the lilt of the swaying cedar. The north wind's vaunting had held them as in a spell, and the cry of the off-shore gale, and the recitative of the Black Rock breakers, and the lay of the tender violet, and the voices of the firmament, and of the expanse, and of the night. The response had been instant and overwhelming. With what effect upon the interpreter? He wept to see them love the things he had long loved. Then he was submerged in a flood of tenderness for the places he had left. After that? It appeared to him that he was at the end of the road he had traveled for seven years. He had sung the song. They had listened and understood. He had come to the limit of his purpose; which is the verge of the Unimagined. He had conceived no beyond. Now he found night, and a chasm before him. He was frightened. His purpose had been shield and armor and sword against his enemies. He was stripped and defenseless. What were his enemies? He was a child of the waste, hence they were: Noise, Strife, the Crowd, Turmoil, the Stupendous Works of the Hands of Men, the Clock, Magnificence, Sin, Rags and Tears. Not the tears and strife and noise of a night, but of seven years; all that he had seen and heard, now rising to oppress him. He may be likened, also, to a lost child in the night. The pursuit of the butterfly is at an end. Suddenly his eyes are opened to perceive the dusk creeping over the meadow. The monsters of the strange place harass him. He is afraid. His heart yearns for the yard from which he has strayed.

"Wonder what makes me so nervous?" said Courage. "I'm afraid. It seems as if I'd done something wrong."

"Nonsense!"

"But it does, I say. Something's going to happen to me. What do you think it is?"

Courage was not interested in the reply. He paced the twelve feet of space between the window seat and the wall with his hands clinched behind him.

"Go to bed," said the fatherly MacMaster. "You'll be all right in the morning."



"He had come to the limit of his purpose; which is the verge of the Unimagined. He had conceived no beyond."

"I won't go to bed," Courage said, petulantly. "I'm going to stay up all night. I couldn't sleep."

Armstrong exchanged a glance with MacMaster. Then both looked at Courage in sympathetic concern. They perceived his distress.

"Too many people in the world," Courage went on, fretfully. "It's jammed with them—crammed with them. God never meant it to be that way. He'll send a plague soon—iss, sure! Then they'll die off like flies . . . They hate one another. There isn't room for them all. That's why."

He paced the floor with nervous steps for a long time. They left him to his mood. It was not then wise to disturb him.

"I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" said Courage, at last. He came to a full stop and looked piteously from Armstrong to MacMaster. "Something's going to happen to me."

"Thunder——" began MacMaster.

The sweat stood out on Paul's brow. "I'm afraid o' something," he said, hoarsely.

"I don't know what it is. I wish I'd failed the night. It must be something wrong I've done."

Armstrong forced him into a seat. "Get a grip on yourself, old man," he said.

"I can't," said Courage. "I can't. Something's going to happen to me—something terrible."

"Courage," said MacMaster, firmly, "go to bed."

"Iss," said the boy, blankly, "I'll goa."

Courage went to his bed; but when MacMaster and Armstrong had gone to theirs he crept out of his room in his night clothes and sat himself in the window seat to watch the rain and listen to the wind.

He began to formulate his impressions: as the child gives gigantic shape and dripping teeth to the separate terrors of the meadow and the dusk. They had no coherency; they flitted past, shaping themselves in pictures rather than in thoughts. Thus: In the evening the punts come in from the sea, stealing from a limitless place, dim and hushed. The men sing at their oars. Is the toil sweet? Sweet as rest and the first sleep of night! No man suffers by the weight of his brother's load. So the men come rejoicing out of the twilight. Then the frightful contrast: The toil of cities is strife. It is no more toil—it is strife, man with man. No joyous songs accompany it. Man wrests from man the fruit of the toil of other men; which is a mad perversion of the strength of body and brain. The treasures pass from the one to the other. The victors have them, and the vanquished lack them. . . . Neither fish nor wool, nor hewn wood, nor welded iron, is here added to the sum of treasure, which yet marvelously increases. Whence does it come? Of what vast value is it that men should murder love in strife for it? That is past understanding; for, from season to season the earth and the sea bounteously provide for all the needs of men. . . . Even so! The victors make the night hideous with glitter and laughter, sleeplessly continuing, as if some great thing had been achieved. True night is silent and dark. They daub it with flaring inventions; they fill its silences with frivolity. . . . The vanquished? They envy. They are harnessed every dawn, they are whipped, they are driven. In envy they die.

Ragged Harbor knows nothing of all this noisome mirth and misery. There the men sing at their oars in the balmy dusk of the day's close.

Thus he fretted himself in broken thought

—a rush of vivid impressions, unrelated, vague, fantastic. They went whirling through his mind—a very mob of thoughts. A light appeared in an opposite eyrie. Some man was going to bed in that high place. It was higher than the tip of Mad Mull. The boy's mind reverted to the elevator. He asked himself, with a start: What power moved that elevator? He could not answer. He was disturbed. . . . Thence he called to mind all those strange contrivances by means of which men provide for new and unnatural needs. Such were not designed to catch fish or spin wool, or cut firewood. They were designed to frustrate distance, and the time, and night; which are ordained of God. . . . Men had made life over again, and they had compassed themselves about with deadly perils in rearing the tottering, insolent tower. He was seriously disturbed now. . . . He was struck by a new question: Where did his food come from? Who milked the goats and cows? Who caught the fish? In Ragged Harbor the sources of food and the processes of its preparation had been visible and simple. Here they were hidden and complex, like all things. Other necessities suggested themselves as appearing mysteriously from nowhere and as mysteriously disappearing. He was distressed. . . . Then he was impressed with the unreality of his whole environment. He was in a place of evil enchantment. He had been whirled hither and thither over structures that were high and shaky. He had been whisked over the ground with marvelous speed, and the wind had had nothing to do with it. He had been mysteriously lifted into high places. He had lived in the air. . . . The city was unreal, temporary; it would vanish as a breath. Houses were builded and razed. The hosts of men passed as in a dream. Nothing was enduring; but the rocks and the sea are eternal. The great buildings would crumble and come crashing down before the wrath of God; for they had been presumptuously builded.

The wrath of God? The boy could not contain his fear. He trembled like the child in the dark meadow.

The wind caught his ear again. It steadied him; for it was a thing he had long known. He was carried north and set down by the Needle Rock, in the ravine through the wastes of Quid Nunc and the Man-o'-War, which the moonlight filled. The tender verdure of June scented the night. The languorous breeze, creeping up from the sea,

wearied of inciting the waves to fret the shaggy headlands, lingered to tease the flowers and wake the scrawny shrubs. Here were silence and solitude, and a familiar path. Violet and weakling rose and blade of grass nodded to the low lullaby. The voiceless infinite was singing. Moonlight and firmament, and the somber hills, and the night, made music. Tinkle, and ripple, and plaint! Space

and the droning sea sounded the undertones. The night struck the solemn, throbbing chord. So, through this old harmony, he passed to the love of the maid. She lifted up her face for the kiss. He looked away at the moon, which was grinning encouragement. He looked deep in the living, shining eyes. The little red lips were close to him. He touched them and was thrilled. A song again! Then the little maid fluttered down the mossy road like a summer breeze. The little calico gown flashed in the moonlight as she fitted round the Bishop's Thimble to the village street. Of a sudden, rock and sea and the night jangled. The ravine was transformed into a city street. The sound of the first traffic of morning—with all its woeful significance—rose from the depths. Strife, and tears, and tumult were the reality. But he had heard the call of the desolation!

He went to his room. . . .

"Mack! Mack, b'y!"

The voice was charged with the quality of instant need. It rang out. MacMaster came running from his room in a daze.

"Mack, b'y. Where is you?"

"Here——"

"Where is you, b'y?"

"Here—what's the matter?"

"Light the lamp, b'y. I be shakin' all over."



"Peace and time and home were his."

The gas disclosed Courage hanging over the table. He was fumbling the matchcase with the awkward fingers of a fisher-boy. He was dressed to his hat; but his clothes hung all awry.

"What's wrong?" demanded MacMaster.

Courage was going through the *Record*. It seemed difficult for him to find what he wanted. He was so eager that his hand shook as he ran the finger up and down the columns.

"What's up?" asked Armstrong, appearing.

Courage threw the paper away. "I be goain' hoame," said he, look-

ing into the eyes of the other men.

MacMaster and Armstrong shifted about in a stupid way. Both were frightened. They could account for disquiet; not for panic.

"I be goain' hoame," said Courage, again. "Down north t' Ragged 'Arbor. 'Tis where I were barn."

"My God! Courage, what's the matter?"

"I want t' goa hoame!"

"Here, man, drink this," said MacMaster.

Courage pushed the glass from him in a dazed way. He swept a litter of newspapers and reeking ash trays to one end of the table to make room for his bag. This he began to pack hurriedly.

"Won't you sit down, Paul?" Armstrong pleaded.

"I want t' goa hoame," said Courage.

"Nonsense!" said MacMaster. "You're going to sit down and have a drink."

Courage did not hear this; what he heard was the song of the bait skiff crew, as the men pulled out of the mist:

"When we set sail that morn, me b'ys,
It snowed most mighty thick;
But, sure, we trimmed our sheets in tight,
An' ran up fine an' quick,
For the fish,
Ho! for a quintal o' fish."

MacMaster and Armstrong heard the rain beating against the window panes.

"Good Lord! He's taken it hard—all these years," said the latter. He had been born in the country.

The bag was now packed. Courage disclosed his plans. They were simple and sensible.

"Where do me money be?"

MacMaster hesitated.

"Let him go," Armstrong whispered. "He'll be all right."

The beseeching loveliness of the desolation was plain to the eyes of the boy. "Give un here," he cried, angrily. "'Tis mine."

"Look here, Courage, you'll regret this in the mor——"

"Give un here! I want t' goa hoame where I were barn."

Then MacMaster gave the boy a pocket-book with all his savings safe therein. He had been a fatherly friend.

Courage put on his overcoat and took up his bag and violin case. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," from MacMaster and Armstrong.

Paul's footsteps echoed in the hall. The elevator bell rang—faintly, from far below.

"He'll go, all right," said Armstrong.

The elevator car came to a stop. The door was opened—slammed shut. The lock clicked. The rusty wire ropes creaked as the descent began.

MacMaster looked over the shipping intelligence in the *Record*.

"Think he'll come back?" Armstrong asked.

"*Silvia*," MacMaster muttered. "Humph! S. S. *Silvia* for Halifax and St. Johns, Nfld. Pier 26, South Brooklyn. Six o'clock. Oh, he'll make that all right enough."

"Think he'll come back?"

"No!"

Which shows that MacMaster had some inkling of how a man may love his mother.

III.

Paul laid aside his violin. His fingers had grown tired of the nimble exercise; for they were now thick and rough. From the threshold of his kitchen, where Naomi was lightly humming over the kettle, he looked over Ragged Harbor to the sea. He was possessed again of those things which he had had and lost and yearned for: Toil and the sleep of night; these were his heritage. Silence and the horizon were his. Who shall dispute his title to dawn and sunset? The firmament was his; and the glory of the cloud of gold, and the dewy twilight. Peace and time and home were his. All these, which had been lost, were found again. The voiceless infinite? It sounds ever; when the light declines, the evening shadow sings her hymn. The ears to hear? They are unchangeable in their service. The heart to respond? The voiceless infinite sings for the pure in heart.

For Paul? Not as before. It was the price he paid.



THE GROWTH OF LUXURY IN AMERICA

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

(Introductory to a Series of Articles, "Luxuries of the Millionaire.")

"Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttonous excess."

—Cowper.

"Luxury, so far as it reaches the poor, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury, for it can reach to a very few."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

"I had a conversation with an ingenious man who proved to a demonstration that it was the duty of a man that could, to be 'clothed in purple and fine linen,' and to 'fare sumptuously every day,' and he would do abundantly more good hereby than he could do by 'feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.' Oh, the depth of human understanding! What may not a man believe if he will?"—*John Wesley's Journal.*

IN the above quotations we have contemporary formulations of the three sides of the great eighteenth century material and moral problems which led up to the French Revolution. These are English formulations, and the feeling in England was never so hot as in France, just as English liberty meant more and English luxury less. During this sizzling period in Europe such things were not bothering us very much, though we had troubles of another kind, for we were fighting out the great question as to the right of man to participate in the government to which he submitted. Luxury was neither vexing nor enervating us. We were too poor for that. It is true that we then had men and families that were rich in comparison with others who were very poor. But the richest were poor in contrast with those we now call rich. So that hot feeling of animosity against the rich and the aristocratic that deluged France with blood and unsettled the stability of Europe, was not even understood on the American side of the Atlantic except by the few who had been in the midst of the conflict in the old world. As a general thing, the Americans at the end of the eighteenth century regarded the European revolutionists with a horror somewhat similar to that which we now feel for the vain and ineffectual anarchists who wantonly slay a king or a president now and then so as to serve notice that they have not gone out of business.

In the Colonial days, and in the earlier days of the Republic, Americans were, in

the main, a plain-living people and not given to wasteful prodigality. It is quite true that in some parts of the country nature was so bountiful in its products that not to consume great varieties of food, including fish and game, was to waste it; but there was next to none of that artificial luxury which the wealthy and the well-to-do Americans to-day have come to regard as indispensable, as necessaries. Our forefathers up to a very recent time were a plain-living folk for the very good reason that they had to be. They did not have the wealth to afford great luxury. And right there is the main secret of our growth in luxurious practices—it has kept pace with our growth in wealth. Maybe, indeed, the love of luxury has outstripped the achievement of wealth. If this be the case, we may depend upon it that we are hastening towards a period of unrest and dissatisfaction which will resemble, as nearly as will be permitted by the moral and temperamental changes of the century or so that has intervened between now and then, the uprising which led to the French Revolution.

For one, I am not afraid of this, but I do think that the available facts and the observable conditions should be considered so that the dangers may be averted, if possible, or dealt with wisely, in case they are inevitable. Ever since American manufactures began to be important industries we have had what may be called conflicts between labor and capital, between employers and employed, between masters and servants. These have very often resulted in strikes, some of which have been violent, and all of which have been costly to one party or the other, usually to both. In a country where the majority rules, the majority needs but to be organized to have its own way. In America what we call the working people—*i. e.*, the employed—are in the vast majority. Should they ever be ably organized and controlled so that the giant's strength would be effective they would rule as no party ever ruled before. It has often been said that every good cause sooner or later finds its proper leader.

When these people, if they ever should, choose to come together and find that proper leader it will be time for those whose oppressions have led to the union to make themselves preciously scarce. The mere "chess playing" between mill owners and mill operatives for larger pay and shorter hours will not, I apprehend, ever bring about such a conflict as I suggest, unless immensely aggravated by other conditions which provoke even the righteous wrath of the conservative. What are such conditions? In speaking of the iron industry, Mr. Carnegie has said that the trade was either "a prince or a pauper." All trade in this country just now is in a condition of princely prosperity, and the very great majority of industrious people are happy and contented. But *now* will not last forever—not by a long shot. The bad times follow the good as inevitably as the night, the day. So we must consider the time that is coming and if possible prepare for it wisely. When a man is out of work, his savings exhausted, his coal bin empty, his larder bare, his rent overdue and his landlord insistent, he is very easily persuaded that the conditions bear upon him with an injustice which nature never intended. When he looks about him and sees the opulence and the luxury which surround the rich he may even persuade himself that they have no right to their "too much" in the face of his "too little." And this luxury and opulence is greater, I am told, in periods of hard times than in those of prosperity. When every avenue of trade is running full, those who chiefly control them do not have the time to indulge themselves in luxury to their full bent—they are too busy making money to play very much. The gentleman who has charge of the subscription boxes and seats at the Metropolitan Opera House tells me that an opera season is always more profitable in off business years than when business is booming. In off years wealthy people have time to spend of their surplus; at other times every available moment is given to stimulating the growth of the accumulations of a class which even though it may be small is made very conspicuous by the lavishness of the expenditure, the gorgeousness of the display, and the unexampled luxury which puts the old-time plain living and high thinking quite to scorn.

The growth of luxurious living in America was very slow during the first fifty years of the Republic. Indeed, up to the breaking out of our Civil War the inequalities of for-

tune were not so marked as to make those who lived sumptuously according to the standards of those days seem so far removed from the merely well-to-do as to be almost in another world. In the earlier days, any sober and industrious man could prosper, even though he did not perform merely manual labor. There was work for every one to do, and no one was more in demand than Mr. Jack-of-all-trades, who now walks superfluous in the dusty highway, with no one to applaud his adaptability, none to need his ingenious services. Food was plenty, land was cheap, rents were low. Be honest and you will be happy, was not mere cant; it was the solemn and the grateful truth. Pretty nearly every one lived well, but pretty nearly all lived plainly. With better houses, with better water supplies, with improved lamps for illumination and then with the introduction of illuminating gas, and most of all with the greater wealth which came at the end of the Civil War, the growth in luxurious living began taking tremendous strides. Luxury with poor light after sunset, luxury with few of the means of personal cleanliness does not mean much to us nowadays. Why, a man in a Harlem flat at six hundred dollars a year can command more of the kind of luxury just mentioned than say the dissolute Charles II. ever dreamed of. But the wealth that comes with new fortunes to new people was really what began the race which may be called the Millionaire Stakes for all ages.

Before these stakes were opened there were a few fortunes in this country. Some were made in the trade with the East, some were made in strictly domestic commerce, some were founded in piracy and other adventures by sea, but the greatest number and the most stable were those which came from shrewd investments in land which was enhanced in value by the growth of cities. Even up to the time that the Newly Rich began to splurge, the owners of the fortunes just mentioned were pretty generally tolerably plain people, who lived very quietly and looked upon those who made any unusual display as too vulgar to come inside the sacred pale which called itself Society. In New York, this class of people at the time mentioned lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square; in Philadelphia, towards the foot of Walnut Street, and in Boston, in that ever sacred Beacon Street. They were slow but sure. They had no doubt about their position or the propriety with which they maintained their dignity. They did

what they pleased, but they did not please to be in the least fantastic, theatric, ostentatious or conspicuous. And until the Newly Rich had arrived, with the manifest intention to stay permanently, there were none with either the ambition or the ability to dispute this supremacy, which was maintained not by any aggressiveness, but by the passive power of inertia.

With the advent of the Newly Rich there was a great rattling of old bones, and to the cynical observer who merely looked on without caring which side won there was plenty of fun. One of the newcomers was an Hebraic banker, who had the oriental imagination of his race and the brutal pugnacity characteristic of the men who compel material success. His luxurious living, his novel methods of entertaining, his indifference to criticism and his enterprise generally shocked the old-timers quite out of their self-possession. This man strengthened his position by marrying one of the most beautiful women of the day, a member also of a family that was truly distinguished. The success of this man was really the beginning of the end of that old order in which display was a shock to gentility and luxury a mark of vulgarity. The old-timers did not give in without a struggle, it may be believed. No, they never gave in; but their followers, their heirs, their descendants gave in without firing a shot. Fighting was not in their line. "The primrose path of dalliance" was much more to their taste and so they trod it gladly and proudly locking arms and keeping step with the Newly Rich with such constancy that now, after forty years of comradeship, there is no telling the one from the other.

While the struggle for supremacy between the Old and New ended when they became so mingled and absorbed in one another that there was no telling them apart, their rivalry in luxury has kept up and was never more of a rivalry than it is to-day. It has now become a recognized essential to position so that those of the Inner Circle who knew how to practice it without seeming to be mere apprentices at the game are sought as husbands and as wives by later-day Newly Rich, who have the price but not the knowledge. And so the votaries of luxury (I had almost said the Luxurious Voluptuaries) in America have become in some sort analogous to the English nobility—they must take in constantly new supplies of new blood and new dollars so as to maintain the caste and indulge in a mode of life that in immensity

of luxury puts to very shame those feasts prepared for Lucullus when he entertained himself.

This increase in luxurious living affects our young men and our young women, and even turns back the aspiring politician from the goal to which his abilities would take him. This is much more serious than the effect on these who practice luxurious living naturally because they have always been used to it and find in it nothing either alluring or distracting. Young men or young women of the second or third generation of a rich family should not be in the least elated by the splendid surroundings which ordinarily are theirs. I say they should not be elated. I wish I could say that they are not. But, alas and alas! sometimes some of them are very much elated, and to use a good, old-fashioned expression, tremendously "stuck-up" because they can enjoy an undue amount of the good things of life. To be a cad is in the nature of the individual; neither the palace nor the hovel can prevent the seed from germinating if it has once been planted; and these, by the way, make the display of the rich at once more distasteful to those not of the caste, and the caste itself more ignoble in its intent and its example. But the luxury of the rich is not very important on themselves, for a man can only eat so much and live so long, or, as Andrew Carnegie says:

"All that he gets during the few years of his life is that he may live in a finer house, surround himself with finer furniture, and works of art which may be added; he could even have a grander library, but as far as I know millionaires the library is the least used part of what he would probably consider furniture in his mansion. He can eat richer food and drink richer wines, which only hurt him."

The hurt of luxury considered as a necessity is in others, others who cannot afford to lead luxurious lives, but who consider that to lead plainer lives is almost indecent. This is not using too strong language. Even in thrifty France, where men and women look things in the face with less illusion and self-deception than anywhere else in the world, a country in which a spade is called a spade not because the people are like the Macedonians "rude and clownish," but because they are not ashamed to see facts as they are and acknowledge their relation to life, even in that country the modern love of luxury is attacking the very stronghold of the thrift which has made France rise superior to the direst ills that could befall a nation. In France the men and women

of the middle class—the Bourgeoisie—get married and enter into a commercial partnership where there is a division of work and responsibility. But we are now told not by one observer, but by many of those who make the study of social conditions their serious employment that marriage is not now looked upon by women of the Bourgeoisie as a practical matter-of-course. No. They prefer their independence; and to acquire the luxury of no labor and no responsibility, they even, in some instances, prefer vice with its brief and gilded rewards to the laborious respectability of honest work and plain living. Some have said that French decadence was mainly due to French infidelity; there may be something in that—but the observers in France itself attribute the backwardness of present France to that love of luxury which is spreading among the people and sapping the very sources and means of thrift. We can sometimes see the things at a distance more easily than those nearby; so the French mote may be more easily visible than the American beam. That is why I have called attention to it. But the effect of luxurious living is so plainly evident in our own country that we can see it without half trying. The influences that it has had on marriage is even much more evident here than it is in France. Here we have—Heaven save the mark!—the Bachelor Maid, the woman who glories in the fact that she has emancipated herself from the glories of love and the sweet responsibilities of maternity. And why has she done it? Because in her independence she can have comforts and luxuries which in marriage she might have to do without. This phase of the subject deserves an article by itself. It is much too important and serious to be discussed in a paragraph, so I shall only mention it and go on to another point which is only less sad because it deals with men over whom, however much we may lament, we may not weep.

Some time ago in this magazine I told what I knew about college men, and pointed out the fact that the very great majority of them were not the sons of rich men, but youths belonging to families of modest means, families which had made sacrifices that these young men should be able to start in life without too heavy a handicap. Sacrifice can only be paid by sacrifice. A man or a family that does without that which he and they would most like to have so that the chosen one of the group may attain to higher honors deserves some kind of similar

compensation. But what frequently happens to a youth who has gone through Harvard or Yale or Princeton and is then thrown on his own resources without other income than that which he can earn? He finds himself lucky if he can get a clerkship that pays six hundred dollars a year. Indeed, many of the banks pay their junior clerks much less than this. Only the other day the president of a bank was deeply grieved because a teller who got six hundred a year after seven years' service, appropriated to himself some thousands of dollars and went to parts as yet undiscovered. Maybe he was only taking back pay. But, I say, that the young chap who goes into serious life from that ideal democracy, the college, and finds that he can only keep body and soul together by that which he earns, while he sees those who, in his scholastic life, were his comrades and equals surrounded by a luxury that is magnificent, he cannot help overvaluing that which is material, and feeling, too, that wealth is the one and only thing worth having. All his life he has been taught that the one thing worth building up, striving for and maintaining was character. And he sees that though he have the virtues of Saint Paul or Marcus Aurelius he is a nobody, and he have not wealth. So the desire for wealth and the desire for luxury spoil the aspirations of our youth and defeat the high purpose of our intent when we give that which we can but poorly afford that they may be educated as well as any others. A university man wants to be a member of the University Club. The dues of that club would take a major part of the earnings of the greater number of the young collegians who have brought their training and their high character to the metropolitan market. In the good old times before the advent in America of the Luxury which Goldsmith declares was "curst by Heaven's decree," when a young man was finished at college he set about learning a profession or a business and gaining a wife at the same time. When he was prepared for the one he was ready for the other. It is vastly different now, for now the youths must begin where the old folks leave off—they must do this or they lose caste. The whole topsyturvy disarrangement of that which is natural and proper may all be attributed to that growth of luxury which is the most marked characteristic of the age in which we live.

In politics, too, we see the evil influence. The business of government in all ages and

all nations has always been more or less corrupt. When those who govern must also be Sybarites and live in gorgeous luxury the poor people who pay may well be pitied. In America our municipal governments are such rich stores on which the corrupt may draw that there is scarcely an honestly administered city in the whole of the United States. "A public man must live up to his prominent position," these rascally freebooters say, and so they steal with an easy conscience and live with a vulgar sumptuousness and a lush luxury which dazzles those who behold it. Not only the dishonest are affected by this necessity for luxury. The public suffers because the honest man cannot, if he have not a private fortune, afford to serve. A Congressman who lives on his pay in Washington must live in a boarding-house or a cheap hotel. He can afford no luxuries and still be honest. The same may be said of Cabinet officers. A man without fortune cannot afford to take such a place unless he use it merely as a stepping stone to more remunerative employment. Forty years ago Washington was a cheap place and even an army or a navy officer with his moderate means could live up to the requirements of military ethics and be a gentleman. It may be that a man can live in a boarding-house and be a gentleman, for men sometimes have vast abilities; but I do not believe that he can do it and feel like a gentleman. This universal love of luxury makes the pace too hot. So few can go it that the laggards, the stragglers and other derelicts border the highways and if they could grow into trees they would make a continuous and a grateful shade.

Few, however, can really afford any considerable degree of luxury. There are in the United States about 15,500,000 families, and one per cent. of these own more than half of the aggregate wealth of the country. These fifteen thousand families, presumably, can afford to be luxurious in their living, but the standards they make are not safe standards for any but themselves. The man with five thousand a year is sure to come quickly to grief if he try to live as the man does who has fifty thousand a year. And so on down the whole list. If we do not regulate our luxury according to our means "demnition is our certain portion." Here is a tabulated form that shows how the

wealth in the United States is distributed, and if my readers will examine it they will see at a glance how comparatively few of us can afford the luxuries which we indulge in.

	No. in Class.	Amount of Wealth.	Average.
Wealthy classes Property of \$50,000 and over.	15,500	\$52,000,000,000	\$335,500
Well to do classes Property of \$5,000 to \$50,000.	1,937,700	33,000,000,000	17,000
Middle classes... Property of \$500 to \$5,000.	6,773,400	12,500,000,000	1,850
Poorer classes... Property under \$500.	6,773,400	2,500,000,000	370
Totals.....	15,500,000	\$100,000,000,000	\$6,450

So we see that our wealth is very much divided, though very unequally. Even the one per cent. who own fifty-two per cent. of the wealth are not all millionaires, one one-third millionaires. But they can afford the luxuries, and it may be that we have no right or reason to blame them. Mr. Carnegie says they are very valuable, and Mr. Carnegie is far from being a lover or an appreciator of luxury. He inherited a love for haggis—that was in his Scotch blood—and he acquired a love for scrappel—that was his environment. This acquits Mr. Carnegie of luxuriousness so it is only fair in conclusion to quote his defense of his kind who, unlike him, enjoy the fleshpots and know them on sight. In his new book he says:

"It will be a great mistake for the community to shoot the millionaires, for they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive even after they have gorged themselves full. Here is a remarkable fact, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion as there are millionaires. Take Russia, with its population little better than serfs, and living at the point of starvation upon the meanest possible fare, such fare as none of our people could or would eat, and you do not find one millionaire in Russia, always excepting the Emperor and a few nobles who own the land, owing to their political system. It is the same, to a great extent in Germany. There are only two millionaires known to me in the whole German Empire. In France, where the people are better off than in Germany, you cannot count one-half dozen millionaires in the whole country. In the old home of our race, in Britain, which is the richest country in all Europe—the richest country in the world save one, our own—there are more millionaires than in the whole of the rest of Europe, and its people are better off than in any other. You come to our own land; we have more millionaires than in all the rest of the world put together, although we have not one to every ten that is reputed so."

THE STUFF IN SUNDOWN DREVE

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Trooper Tales."

THE trouble was very simple. Dreve was disagreeing with another man in regard to whom a certain young lady should marry, and the other man was the father of the young lady in question.

"What have you got against me?" Dreve asked, slowly. "I don't drink. I never was fired from college. I have money and a good family."

David Wedge was a little old man with white hair and a florid face. A silver mine somewhere in the Southwest was making more money for him than he could ever spend. He loved his daughter, hated society, deified the Western country, and bossed everybody. Just at present he had something to say, something that would have choked him had he been forced to hold it long.

"No question about it, Dreve, you're a lovely boy. You study your little lessons, love your teachers, bring them flowers and apples, and can knit Battenberg just lovely. . . . Say, young man, when I was your age, me and my brother Bill (he's got a sheep ranch down in Arizonie now), we'd been chased barefoot through prairie fires, been chewed by grizzlies, quartered by Greasers and scalped by Apaches. We didn't have no family to speak of, me and my brother Bill. Our old man lost hisself somewhere, and when we raked a little pile together and hunted up our mother (God bless her lovin' heart!) to give it to her, we found her workin' for a Spaniard down in Santa Fé—workin' for a grubstake. We didn't know nothin' about health them days, good or bad. If we couldn't get water, we'd drink castin'-wash, and we thriv' on it. . . . Say, young man, step out in the hall if you want to smoke that cigareet——"

Dreve was a huge, light-haired boy, with steady blue eyes and a pink and white complexion. He was slow of speech, slow to anger, but he was cut very deep. He flipped a gold-tipped cigarette into the cuspidor and changed his weight from one foot to the other. He was heir to a fortune and had none of the tastes of a spendthrift. It

had not occurred to him to think seriously of a profession. His single, serious thought so far had been to marry Appelona Wedge and make her happy. Now that was out of the question. The father said so, insulting him in various and brutal ways. He did not even think of marrying Appelona Wedge without her parent's consent. . . . Dreve reached for his hat. There were many things he wanted to say, but he could not word them.

"What you need," the old man went on, "is a lot of war. Why don't you go to war?"

"I didn't know there was one," the big fellow muttered.

"Well, make one. Anyway, go and buy yourself a pipe."

When he was once more alone, David Wedge paced the floor grinning. "There must be somethin' to that youngster," he muttered, "'cause Appelonie likes him, but he don't show it—he certainly don't show it. If he had any more sand'n a rabbit, he'd a run off with the girl 'fore this."

So much took place in New York. The Wedge family usually spent half the year there. They passed the rest of the time at the mines or at "Brother Bill's ranch down in Arizonie."

There wasn't a great quantity of humor in the make-up of John Dreve, but there was much of that raw material out of which virtue is builded. The tirade of Father Wedge had hurt, but not harmed, him. There had been altogether too much velvet in his life, not enough brute metal. He needed tempering, grinding. His relatives regarded him as something of a prince, and he had imbibed their notion. One old man alone and in five minutes had shown him what a harmless child he really was. Dreve saw many new things in a clear light. He walked down-town and bought himself a pipe—a stubby briar, with a heavy curved amber bit. There was no gold mounting upon it—no carved scrolls—nothing but pipe. With a tough leather pouch in his

pocket, and a big package of black smoking tobacco under his arm, Dreve started for his rooms. This was the beginning of his regeneration. Late into the night he sat by a grate fire thinking the hard matter out. His mouth was raw and sore from the new pipe, but he stuck to it.

Before noon the next day, everything was in readiness. A fat grip lay in the center of the reception room; the good mother was amazed and weeping; Dreve himself, perspiring, a thing most unusual, was separating a certain photo from its frame. Looking fondly at the picture, he said:

"This is Lone Wedge, mother—the finest, clear-headedest girl in New York. She's at Mascagni's. Call on her—"

"But the family, John! I never heard of the Wedges."

"Family—family," he repeated, gently, remembering that he was going away. "I'm through with this family business. Since I could understand, that word has been drummed into me. Family, mother—Why, look at the girl's face! . . . Tell her I wanted to see her before I went away, but—but that I didn't have time. Treat her right. Have her at the house. Family—why, that girl is royalty! Go and see her to-

day, and say, mother, don't let her get married. Move mountains, wreck trains—but don't let her get married."

Farther, farther into the Southwest, Dreve journeyed looking for war paint and burning his bridges behind him. At Santa Fé he

tore up his checkbook. At Albuquerque he ceased to shave. At Flagstaff he bought a six-shooter. At Phoenix he gave away his grip and dug out unaided the intricate values of a blanket roll, whence he hit the trail southward with four silver dollars in his pocket, a hot briar in his mouth and orders to make a war somewhere. On the morning of the tenth day he dipped into the Rio Castellon, pricked with his jack-knife numerous blisters on the soles of his feet, great and little ones, forgetting none. Then



"'I'll give you four dollars and a pound of tobacco for a leg of one of those sheep yonder,' the stranger said hoarsely."

he strode into Coba de Serpe, muttering:

"I could eat four dollars' worth of breakfast, but nothing would be doing dinner time."

Dreve was getting close to nature. Two things pound the economy lesson into a man's understanding—coming winter and broad areas of land-travel a-hungred.

Some Spanish adventurer with a memory of the home land and a disdain for the fit-

ness of things named the spot *Coba de Serpe*, and the stream which runs by it *Rio Castellon*.

Ancient Tommaso, upon whom time had lost his reckoning, gave an air of fixedness to the locality and something of mystery through his continual mutterings. The moon, which has wonderful secrets and subtleties for Arizona alone, furnished the romance. The peaks of *Sierra Diablo*, far off and mist-hung, furnished the scenery. Once, long ago, a troop of cavalry behind *Black Hodge* charged "at raise pistol" through the plaza on the trail of a horse thief; and this charge formed the history of *Coba de Serpe*. The Pueblos drowsed; the Mexicans dreamed; the burros browsed, and the mesa seemed to have wearied of its sterility and died. Only the *Castellon* toiled.

The Mexicans gave the big fellow wine and milk and dried mutton, and watched him eat, their dark eyes beaming with serene content. When the stranger offered to pay, they were hurt to the heart, but they told him the kindness was all on his side. Dreve was slow to understand. One thought appealed to him. He could not stay in *Coba de Serpe*. He therefore took to the trail once more, carrying food which the natives had forced upon him, bowing very low.

"They must come from a good family," he said, grinning. "Family—family—where have I heard that word before?"

Two weeks later a herd guard craned in his saddle to make out a black spot approaching upon the plain. Later he perceived that the stranger was a white man of exceeding beard and height. Closer inspection proved that the white man was as gaunt as a wolf, hollow-cheeked, wild-eyed, and that he approached like one drunken, yet in great haste. A trembling hand clutched the herder's knee.

"I'll give you four dollars and a pound of tobacco for a leg of one of those sheep yonder," the stranger said, hoarsely, pointing westward where the land was covered with a woolly blanket acres long, acres wide. "I'm pretty hungry."

Jake Nunnely slid from his pony, drew from his saddlebags a couple of squares of hard bread and a thick slice of bacon. "Eat it slow, old pal," he said, gently. "I don't want your four dollars, but I'll smoke with you. Hold on, there—eat that slow, I tell you!" But he might as well have ordered the *Eagle Tail Falls* to be silent or *Sierra Diablo* to come to him.

Jake Nunnely walked every step of the six miles back to the ranch that night when he was relieved, for the big fellow with a fair beard was lying like a bag of grain over the saddle of his mount. And Jake was pondering upon the story he had heard just before the stranger's starved body had bent double in the horrid pangs of satiety.

In the history of Donker's sheep ranch no white man was ever turned away. When John Dreve (alias "Sundown," possibly on account of the fair shade of his hair) ceased to have nausea at the thought of his little briar pipe, he found that he had a home and four dollars and some kettles to wash. He tackled the job manfully, and later, in shearing time, he was part of the squad that camped on the river and worked twelve hours a day for six weeks. After that he was put with the skinny, shorn herd, that whined in the heat by day and shivered in the cold by night. And often during a lonely night guard he would stare into the west, where the stars seemed to hang as low as the tree tops. Off there only eighty miles was the nearest ranch, and it was *Bill Wedge's* place. Jake Nunnely had told him.

The dogs licked his hand and gave him that friendship which is beyond price and knows no reservation; the sturdy cayuses suffered his presence and carried him well; Jake Nunnely gave him a hand when a hand was needed and a heart without wordy explanations. Sundown Dreve was learning some great and simple lessons and fighting the longing to see *Lone Wedge*. The singular patience which balanced his arduous and lonely life at Donker's ranch has lifted many a weaker man than Dreve from the commonplace. He who had been petted and pampered for his first twenty years was big and broad enough to be a good fellow among rough men, who asked nothing of the East save to be forgotten. He had needed war, even as old *Dave Wedge* had said. Alone on the mesa he had fought hunger and fatigue and the desolation of nature. As cook's police at Donker's ranch he had fought himself and stayed. But he accepted literally the words of *David Wedge* and waited for the war of hostile guns. He trained for it, dreamed of it, prayed for it, and when the *Yumas* brought it, Dreve was ready above all men.

A shot in the dark was the beginning of knowledge. It came from the north end of the herd, and five minutes later old *Griff's* pony galloped up to the gate of the corral, and stood there under an empty saddle,

trembling. When old Griff's saddle muscles lost their grip, black letters were not needed to tell that there was blood upon the ground. The eyes of the men were turned toward little Sherill who was scheduled to relieve Griff. Without any ado whatever he mounted

Softly, slowly the two rode out of the corral, and the mind of Dreve was filled with mighty realism. The herd had ceased to feed and was huddled together in a huge, hot, smothering circle. The crushed and trampled lambs moaned pitifully. The rams



"Nunnely's horse under an empty saddle pounded past."

the empty saddle and rode out into the dark. There was rare beauty in that quick, quiet action. Ten men were in the room, and five out with the herd, including Griff, who perhaps ought not be included. Donker was speaking:

"It may be the Maricopas; it may be the Mohaves, or the Yumas themselves. Anyway, they're out after us, fellows, and we've got to get busy. Kendall—Yates—you two go out and stick by little Sherrill. Conroy and Anderson—take a couple of good ponies and ride to the Fort. Come back with a troop of cavalry. A couple of fellows ought to strike out for Bill Wedge's place. He'd do as much for me. Besides he's got women folks there."

"Jake and I will go, sir," Dreve offered, pinching the arm of his good friend. The speaker looked calm enough, but his head was swimming from the mention of Bill Wedge's place and the womenfolk.

Three or four shots crashed outside, and a dog howled mournfully and long.

"Tell Wedge," Donker finished, "that they're not drunk, but shootin' to kill." Then to Yates and Kendall who were riding out of the corral he shouted, "Hug the herd up close to the house an' we'll be able to help some."

were wedged by their horns. The dogs busily skirted the outer edge of the herd and kept it locked fast. When the guards uttered commands it was in voices low and hoarse, as if the broken silence was a menace. The night was black and starless, hot in itself, hotter from contact with the stifling herd. Another shot was fired, and a shock as from a live wire passed through the gray mass.

"Many a kid'll be pulp afore mornin'," Jake muttered, "and perhaps——" He stopped short.

Dreve knew that he was thinking of old Griff and the others. It was cooler now. The two were beyond the herd. The ponies were let out a little and they ran easily. Two hours later the mounts had hardly wet a hair and they were allowed to breathe a little and dip their heads in the Rio Castellon. A faint rumble was heard from behind, no louder than the beating of a man's heart, but infinitely faster. An instant later the two men were in their saddles and the ponies were breasting the ford.

"It's one o'clock now," Jake said, "and we've got sixty miles ahead, and a bunch of bucks behind. We'll let 'em gain on us for a couple of hours and save our cayuses for the finish!"

It was maddening to keep a fixed gait while the hoofbeats behind grew nearer and louder. Probably no harder test could have been conceived for the young Easterner who had journeyed into the West to get his training under fire. . . . The hostiles were now scarcely a half mile behind, and back of them the low east was filling with gray. Out of that vast silence came at intervals the discordant cries of the pursuers, urging on their game beasts. The sound was wild and ugly beyond all the dreams of John Dreve. Each separate intonation buried itself in his memory.

Gray ahead instead of black; twenty miles to Bill Wedge's place and the women folks; the ponies of Dreve and Nunnely, foam-flecked and shiny with sweat, but not as yet scratched with a spur, and six hundred yards behind, riding like demons on spent ponies, are the eight surviving bucks of the night's chase, their long-pent natures charged once more with the savage passions of outlawry. Suddenly to the north, a thousand yards or more, there looms up the van of another party—a little, half-naked warrior on a rangey white beast, skimming overland like a streak of morning light, seizing glory for his own, and aiming at a point far beyond Dreve and Nunnely to command their trail.

"It's time for spurs, Sundown," Jake shouted. "That new pack is fresh and there's bound to be a duel when that little devil on the white horse hits our trail!"

"It would be a shame to kill a man like that and a horse like that," thought Dreve.

The original party behind was losing ground, but slowly and surely out of a dust cloud in the north there grew six followers of the splendid white horse. The mounts of Dreve and Nunnely bore up gallantly under the spur, but every mile they burned out vitality that could never be renewed. Brave little breed of ready kick, lowered ears, wicked temper and clear grit. The last twenty miles gave them dry tongues, maddened eyes and flaming nostrils, but they ran to win!

Ten miles more to make on tottering mounts; the fresh band running parallel on the north almost within rifle range; the long-bodied white and his half-naked warrior far ahead, eclipsing all, and closing in toward the trail; out-jockeyed and out of the running, the original party brings up the rear. . . . In that dark hour Jake Nunnely's lean jaw became very white and tense, and the mind of Sundown Dreve dwelt strangely upon fragmentary trifles which

Lone Wedge had spoken long ago. Mechanically he unstrapped his Winchester as Jake had done. At this movement the marvelous little brave in front crouched behind the white neck and shoulders of his mount. His followers to the right fired a volley, but the bullets flew high.

Nunnely began the duel for the trail. A dark arm and a dark leg were all that could be seen above the white beast's back. Dreve had read of such things. The band to the right was beginning to veer in. . . . Nunnely had aimed well. The white horse was plunging, but behind his body—always behind his body—was the black bit of devilry intent on piling glory about his name. . . . Ahead was a thread of smoke rising straight up, a broad, low adobe, sharpened pickets of a corral! A strange mist came into Dreve's eyes when he saw a bunch of horsemen riding toward him. The barrel of a Winchester resting upon the white shoulder of the fallen mount was growing hot in the hands of a master.

"Ride low!" Nunnely commanded in a hoarse voice. His head was shaking queerly.

A cloud of smoke covered the white horse. The air about Dreve seemed thick and black and nauseating to breathe. An empty six-shooter dropped from his hand. He could not feel the reins in the other. His pony seemed to be running in a circle, but the fring had ceased.

"Keep a goin'," came a voice from behind. "I've-got-to sit-down!"

The voice of Nunnely brought light. Dreve leaned forward, grasped the big steel ring of the bit and pulled cruelly. It was the last stroke for his brave little mount. He was thrown heavily. Nunnely's horse under an empty saddle pounded past. The big, fair-haired fellow, half stunned and in the dark again, groped his way back to where Jake lay. Hoofbeats thundered nearer.

"They won't do a thing to us now," he muttered, but it was the white men from Bill Wedge's place who were upon him. The band on the right was riding away, having gallantly failed to rescue their little leader who had done so much.

Dreve was lying upon a cot in the cool adobe occupied by Bill Wedge's folks, when he opened his eyes. He felt strangely disinclined to move. On another cot across the room lay somebody else.

"Hullo, there, who are you?" Dreve

asked, wondering why he could not speak louder.

"Hullo, Sundown—it's me—Jake." The answer came weakly.

"How are you, Jake?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"Fine."

The door opened swiftly. A tall young woman with a deep flush upon her face and deep secrets in her gray eyes, stood in the aperture.

"Come here, Lo—Miss Wedge."

She bent over him.

"You remember Sundown Dreve, don't you?"

"Oh, John, don't talk yet, it might

"You're not married?" he persisted, hungrily.

"No—no, John, but you mustn't talk."

David Wedge entered. There was a look of tenderness upon the old man's face—a look that Dreve had never seen before.

"Say, Lone," the wounded fellow whispered, "I want to talk with your

father a minute. It'll do me good, I think. Put your hand on Jake's head like you did to mine just now. He's a prince—Jake is!"

"Mr. Wedge—"

"What is it, my boy?"

"Just got my war this morning," Dreve said, smiling. "And I bought a pipe. Been hittin' it ever since—ever since that day."

"Don't—rub—it—in, boy."

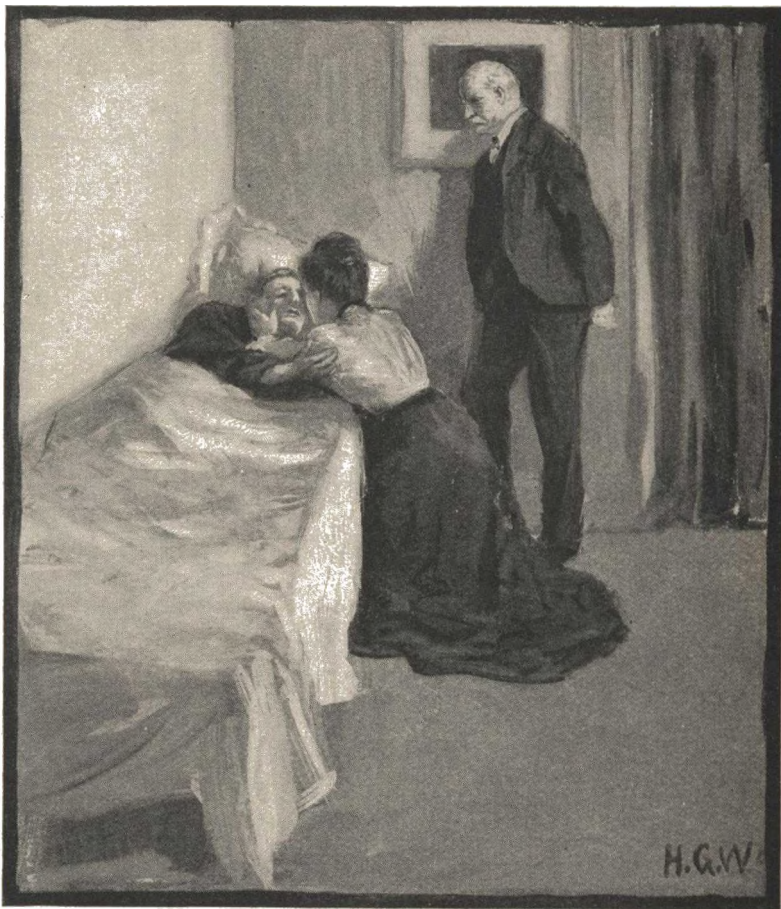
"I didn't mean to, sir, but can I have Lone sometime?"

"Bless your heart, boy, you can have Lone and the mines—anything I've got."

There was a pause.

"We'll give the mines to Jake. . . . He isn't going to croak, is he?" The last came in a frightened whisper.

"He's pretty hard hit, but he'll get along."



"Say, Lone," the wounded fellow whispered, "I want to talk with your father a minute."

Lone Wedge returned to her lover's side, and Dreve brightened.

"Old Jake couldn't get away—not with her about to fix him up," he said, smiling. "Just one thing more and I'll quit talking—how about that little buck who rode the white horse?"

"He's out in the corral now under a guard," the father answered.

"Don't turn him loose till I get another look at him. On top of that white horse he was the most business-like young whirlwind I was ever up against."

HOW A PRAIRIE FIRE SECURED A NOTE

BY MARGARET WHILLANS BEARDSLEY

"I DO hope they won't all blow away," said Mira to herself, patting the earth in solidly above the seeds. "I'd like to surprise father once with a real posy bed, like what mother used to have when they was first married. Poor pa, how he does love to tell about 'em."

She had made her flower bed on the side of the house likely to be the most sheltered from the wind; though no one knew better than Mira Haynes, after an almost lifelong acquaintance with its freaks and fancies, the uselessness of attempting to gauge the strength or set the direction of a Nebraska gale.

"Miry—Miry!" called a voice from around the house.

Mira arose hastily, and gathering up the little empty seed packets, thrust them into her apron pocket, before answering:

"Yes, father. Why, Pa Haynes," she continued, following her voice around the corner, "you said you wouldn't be up till plum seven o'clock to-night. The fire ain't even built for supper! You ain't broke down, have you?" Concern took the place of surprise in her voice.

"No, Miry, but two men want to put up here for the night, so I come up to see. I reckon we'd better try to make a place for them. Their team is pretty well fagged out, and Clearwater is too far to try for to-night."

"If we had a place for them to sleep," began Mira, doubtfully.

"They can have my bed, Miry. I can bunk down anywhere sich a night ez this, an' they didn't want to go on to town to-night, anyway. They want to stop at the houses on the way."

"Are they agents, father?" interrupted Mira. The strangers were just driving up to the barn in a light road wagon.

"Yes, they're a-sellin' steel ranges."

"Well, they can stay all night, of course. I reckon we can manage some way—but you won't let them talk you into buyin' one of them stoves, will you, pa?" Mira came

close up to her father, and laid her hand somewhat excitedly on his arm.

Her father shifted his eyes from her face to the two men waiting at the barn, and moved a little uneasily.

"Why, Miry, you need a stove. You said yourself, that the old one couldn't hold out another winter; an' you can't bake half—you know that, Miry." There was something almost pathetic in his insistence.

"You haven't bargained for one already? Father!"

"I laid out you'd be mighty pleased, daughter, an' I meant to surprise you, only you hev sich a way of mistrustin' everything. They say they're right good stoves, Miry," he went on, eagerly; "an' jedgin' from the picter, they certainly air handy."

"But the money, father—you know we haven't any money to pay for a stove now."

Her father's face lost some of its uneasiness. "Oh, that's all right, Miry," he said, cheerfully. "They ain't warntin' their money. The stoves won't be shipped till the first o' September, an' I jest give a note to pay then. Harvest will be over by that time, an' I'll hev the money all right. You do need a stove, Miry," he added again, discovering from her face that even the delayed payment did not seem to set matters right in her eyes.

Miry put a hand on both his arms now, speaking hurriedly, almost pantingly.

"Father, you haven't given them your note yet. Tell 'em I don't want that kind of a stove. Tell 'em I have my mind set on one down to Clearwater. You can fix it up someway. I don't want you to give a note, father. 'Tain't safe. I had rather anything than you would."

"Why, Miry, I never looked for you to feel that-away, or I wouldn't hev done it. They hed the note all made out, an' a founting pen, an' I signed it down to the field. I certainly air sorry, honey."

"It can't be helped, then, father." Mira tried to speak unconcernedly, but the white,

drawn look about the mouth disturbed her father.

"They let me hev it for fifty dollars, bein' ez I was the fust one they struck in this county; an' they're a-sellin' regular for sixty-five. It was sich a bargain, daughter—an' if the harvest was late, an' I didn't get grain enough hauled off afore that, why there's Kit, you know. I kin get a hundred for her any day."

"Kit! Oh, father! I'd sooner use the old stove an' eat charcoal crusts an' raw centers forever sooner! But there," seeing his distressed look, "we needn't to worry now. September's a long way off, and I reckon we'll scrape the money together some way. Don't you fret, pa, it'll come out all right. You'd better go tell them men they can stop—they appear to be gittin' mighty uneasy about their lodgin'—an' I'll hurry up supper."

Mira went into the house as she spoke, and her father turned into the path leading to the barn. He was not an old man in years, but was of the class that age rapidly, and at forty-five was stooped and slow of step. People had wondered, back in Illinois, what Mira's mother, who was a schoolma'am from down East, had seen in Silas Haynes to admire; and some had even made so bold as to put the question to Eunice Newton herself, to be answered with some asperity: They didn't know Silas—she did!

Through the years of Eunice Haynes' married life none had ever heard her regret her choice or lay to Silas' charge their staitened circumstances. So trustful himself, and so loyal to his friends; not even experience had taught Silas Haynes to look for different traits in others. There had been notes signed with friends, that had to be met alone, and money loaned without security to those whose word was not as good as their bond. The steel-range men had not been the first agents that had cajoled Silas into a purchase of their wares, until a claim in Nebraska had at last become a necessity.

The odds had finally proved too heavy for Eunice, though that her love had never wavered there was ample proof in her dying charge to twelve-year-old Mira:

"Take care of father, Mira—dear, dear pa!" And indeed, with all of the misfortune, a more devoted and affectionate husband and father than Silas Haynes would have been hard to find.

But so it had come that Mira, at that early age, had bade farewell to childhood,

to assume the management of a house—along with the care of pa! She had all of the thrift and ambition of her Yankee ancestry, and had some way been able to direct the financial affairs of the household into more prosperous channels than they had known in years. Perhaps with his vernacular of speech—Haynes was a Kentuckian by birth—she had likewise inherited from her father sufficient other characteristics to enable her the better to understand and cope with the failings that had so perplexed the devoted wife.

"My daughter says you air welcome to sich accommodations as we hev," announced Silas to the men, and assisted in putting up their team before attending to his own, with the hospitality that came to him like breath itself.

The strangers found the supper well cooked and tasty, notwithstanding the defective stove. But when one of them attempted a jocular, and what was intended for a complimentary remark in that vein, he was met by so discouraging a reply that he hesitated bringing out the cuts of the new range, or to dilate to his hostess upon its merits.

"I'll tell you what it is," he remarked to his companion, after they had retired to their room, "it's a mighty lucky thing we tackled the old man in the field. There wouldn't have been any sale for us when that girl had had her say in. You can bet your profits on that!"

"We'll manage it so the profits will be all right," laughed the other. "I only hope this county is full of just such suckers as this old chap here."

It was not the meeting of the fifty-dollar payment alone that weighed so heavily upon Mira's mind. The girl was an eager reader, and devoured anything in the way of printed matter that came in her way—the supply was limited enough! It had been only a short time ago, that in the columns of a farm journal, an item of something of the following import met her eye:

"Farmers have learned at last to have an open eye for the lightning-rod gentleman and the man with the fruit grafts; but it seems there are always new lines along which the sharper may get in his work. The latest scheme is the steel range. As in times past, in case a range is bargained for, the obliging dealer greatly prefers a note to cash in hand. Later the farmer receives notice that a neighboring bank holds this note for collection. On investigation the note is found to be raised one and even two ciphers, from what was its original face—and again the farmer pays for his experience!"

The necessity for looking after pa had

perhaps given more significance to the item, and the mention of their guest's business had at once recalled it to Mira's mind. Their appearance had not served to reassure her, and their ill-judged laughter upon retiring to their room confirmed her suspicions.

Fifty dollars might be secured, even if Kit, the favorite horse, had to be sacrificed; but five hundred, or possibly five thousand—Mira laughed, a grim, ungirlish laugh, when her thoughts had reached this height. The whole place, homestead and tree-claim stock and all, would not market for two-thirds that amount; and she was hoping they might soon begin to lay a little by!

There was little use of disclosing her forebodings to her father now, though she upbraided herself for not having forewarned him. To the men had been given her father's room off the kitchen. Mira herself slept in the bedroom opening from the little sitting-room, and she had fitted up a bed for her father on the lounge of that room. Long after he had forgotten the blandishments of the importunate steel-range men in the sleep that is the reward of honest toil, his wakeful daughter on the doorstep of their little home, still tried to plan some means to escape disaster, should her worse fears be realized. It was a clear, moonless night. What breeze there was blew in her face where she sat.

"I wonder when the wind has blown from that way before," she thought. "Funny how the only chance to burn off that prairie father wants to break should come at night. What a blaze it would make in the dark!"

Whimsically, the thought of how a prairie fire might affect their two guests, who were evidently quite new to the country, occurred to her, bringing a smile to her lips. With the thought came, as an unexplained impulse, a strange idea, that, as she sat, grew into a resolve.

"I'll try it!" she said, after a time. Rising, she carefully closed the shutters opening into the sitting-room, and stealing softly inside, she lowered the shades.

It was after twelve o'clock, when the strangers were aroused by a rap on the door of their sleeping-room.

"I thought I had best tell you," said a voice outside, "that there's a big prairie fire a-comin'."

It was a little more than a minute before they were dressed and at the door. A red line of flame stretched across the entire width of an eighty that lay to the east.

The fire was probably a half mile off now, but certainly coming their way. At places where the last season's grass was particularly rank, the flames seemed reaching the skies, again they hugged the ground in a creeping serpent-like fashion. Extending far both to the north and south of the house and barns, a glance was sufficient to force the peril of their situation upon the two men.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed one of the men, "it will burn everything up here."

"It looks like it," assented the girl, calmly.

Her unconcern reassured the man for an instant. "Do you think there's any danger?" he asked.

"I reckon there is," she returned, in the same tone.

"Where's your father?" asked the other.

"Asleep, I reckon."

"Why, for conscience's sake, girl, don't you get him up?"

"If we're goin' to burn anyway, there ain't no use to call him. Pa's seen a fire before. I thought maybe you hadn't."

That the girl was frightened out of all reason seemed evident to the two men. One of them attempted to call. She only laughed at them, the veritable laugh of a maniac.

"There ain't no use shoutin', pa's a-lyin' on the ear he ain't deaf in."

The fire was steadily approaching, bringing unspeakable terror in its arms of flame.

"Do you suppose there would be any chance to drive away from it?" questioned one to the other.

"There wan't no escape for Jonah that I ever heerd on, an' I reckon the Lord's as good on a hunt now as then," observed Mira.

"The girl's clean crazy. Tom, shall we hitch up and try for it?"

"Crazy," sneered Mira. "I wonder what you be—thinkin' you can outrun a prairie fire!"

"Could you tell us what to do?" cried the one called Tom, in desperation.

"I might if I was minded to. It looks like we was bein' punished for harborin' of you; an' I don't feel to send you off a-robbin' of any more people with your steel ranges."

"If you know how we could escape, for God's sake say so! How have we harmed you?"

"How have you harmed us?" repeated Mira. "Ask that? A workin' poor pa into buyin' of one of your old stoves, so't you

could steal our whole place, maybe. I have heerd of your kind before. If you don't get to but one house in this county, all the better for the rest," she added, with increasing fierceness.

"I swear we weren't after you for more than the fifty dollars," began the one, eagerly.

"Will you show us how to get out of here if we give you back the note?" interrupted the other. The moments for parley were growing short with that awful flame nearly a half mile nearer now.

"I don't know as I ought to, an' turn you loose on other people," hesitated Mira.

"We won't strike another house in the county," was the ready promise.

"Girl," shouted the other, "tell us how to get out of here, and I'll promise to give up the whole business."

"Well, then," assented Mira.

A lamp burned in the kitchen and in the light from the open door, the required slip of paper was procured and handed to Mira. She pressed it against the window to make sure of her father's signature, and then slipped it into her bosom.

"I'll help you to hook up," she said.

The horses were ready to lead out. Whether or not the phenomenon of their being ready harnessed at that hour of the night occurred to them later there was too much at stake now for questioning.

"Drive straight along this road," directed Mira, when they were in the wagon, "until you strike a grove of young trees close at your left. There's a big field of breakin' on the other side—if you get past that in time you won't have to drive so fast."

Even if swindlers, the men were not lacking in humanity. With the fire pressing dangerously near, they lingered long enough before putting their horses into a run to ask:

"Won't you try to save yourself?"

"I reckon pa and I will manage somehow," returned Mira. "We have before."

Mira returned to the house, but not to arouse her father, who still slept undisturbed. She stood at the door looking out at the sheet of flame.

The sound of the flying wheels had not long ceased, when one head runner after another leaped into the sky, fell again to

the ground, sent up a feeble, gasping flicker, and then died away; until all along the line showed only faintly the dull red glow of the ashes. The prairie fire had reached its proper limit, and had died a natural death at the edge of the well-plowed fire-break.

The danger was now passed, though with a mind alive to the tricks of treachery that a prairie fire might play, Mira brought a chair and watched the night out at the door. The smoke came in her face and smarted her eyes, and there were tears on her cheeks—but the note was secure!

She was there in the early morning when her father arose. The door into the room that had been occupied by their guests was thrown open, and he discovered that it was empty as he came out.

"Them men air stirrin' airy," he remarked.

"Yes, they wanted to get off," murmured Mira, and then added hastily: "I told 'em I didn't want that steel range, and they give me back the note."

"Why, Miry, well, if that warn't clever of them!" ejaculated Haynes, in pleased surprise.

"Yes—and father, the wind was just right last night, so I burned off that eighty we want to break this spring."

"Well, Miry Haynes!" exclaimed her father, stepping out to survey the blackened field. "If you don't beat all!" A glance of pride back at his daughter revealed how pale and worn was her face. "You oughtn't t' hev done it, child, you look all beat out."

"Oh, I'm all right, pa, I'll sleep when you get out to work. Pa"—and Mira arose and took her father's face lovingly between her two hands—"I wish you'd promise me never to buy anything ag'in without lettin' me know."

"I won't, Miry. I wouldn't hev yesterday, only I kinder warnted to surprise you." There was still an understrain of pathos in his tone.

"It was beautiful of you, pa!" exclaimed Mira, impulsively. "You ain't hurt nor nothin' because I didn't want it?"

"Why, no, honey!" returned Haynes, heartily.

And then Mira pressed a kiss of thanksgiving upon his lips.



"Then General Washington turned to my father. 'Ebenezer,' s' e', 'you've served your country well to-day. You must be tired. Go over behind that big rock and lay down and eat an apple.'"

—*"A Real Son of the Revolution."*—p. 437.

A REAL SON OF THE REVOLUTION

BY MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

MRS. HARRISON WHITE, regent of the *Eliza Eliot Mason Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution*, rose from her chair.

"Then, ladies, if there is no further business to come before the chapter, we will adjourn"—she smiled hospitably upon the members, who had been her guests for the afternoon—"to the dining-room."

"One moment, Madam Regent," interposed Mrs. Frederick Ketchum, rising with some hesitation and holding very tight to the chair in front of her.

Mrs. Harrison White bowed. "Mrs. Ketchum."

The member loosened her grasp upon the chair, then tightened it again, and began, nervously:

"As the ladies know, Mrs. Selden Taylor is going away from us. She is about to remove to the West. I believe—in fact, I think she told some of the ladies she were to go in a few days."

Now, among her own circle of friends, Mrs. Ketchum would never have been guilty of "she were." But having been thrown rather frequently of late into the society of those who were at home in their subjunctives, it had perverted her speech for formal occasions.

"Dear me!" whispered Miss Bassett to Mrs. Beecher Standish. "I wonder what Mrs. Ketchum is getting at now. She always has something to say at the meetings."

Mrs. Beecher Standish's silk linings stirred apprehensively.

"She only came in on a private, too," Miss Bassett added, from the vantage of an ancestor who had been captain of an alarm company for fifteen days.

"S'sh," said Mrs. Beecher Standish.

"And so," continued Mrs. Ketchum, "since Mrs. Taylor is one of the oldest—that is, I *would* say, she has been a member of the chapter for a long time, maybe it might seem a good idea to present her with a D. A. R. pin as a souvener of our esteem." Mrs. Ketchum hesitated a moment, then added, hurriedly, as she subsided into her chair: "I want the ladies should do just as they like about discussing the matter. I

only just spoke about it because somebody said they thought it would be nice to do it."

There was a silence, broken only by a few coughs. Then Miss Maude Stokes, the youngest member of the chapter, spoke:

"We gave Mrs. Duncan McDowell one when she went away."

"With a diamond," added her friend, Henrietta Krell.

"I think it would be nice," murmured Miss Stokes, adjusting a fluffy yellow lock by a furtive glance in the mirror of a sconce close by, and wondering if her roll showed.

"But Mrs. McDowell had been regent of the chapter," said Mrs. Beecher Standish.

"Yes, Mrs. McDowell had been regent," echoed Miss Bassett.

"Well, Mrs. Taylor was nominated one year," said another voice.

"And she has served on committees, and always been so willing and obliging."

"How much are the pins?"

"Without the diamond?"

"Yes, without the diamond."

"Ten dollars."

"Oh, yes; ten dollars."

"Dear me!"

"I wonder how much money there is in the treasury."

"I don't believe there's as much as that, since we paid for putting the tablet on the Baker house."

"Does anybody know how much money there is in the treasury?"

"Miss Dawes, can you tell us somewhere nearly the amount that the chapter has at present?" asked Mrs. Harrison White, lifting her voice that the treasurer might hear her above the rest.

"Seven dollars and eighty-six cents," replied Miss Dawes, promptly.

"Well, I should think that settled it," said Miss Bassett, giving a satisfied hitch.

Mrs. Ketchum rose once more. "Madam Regent."

"Mrs. Ketchum."

"I did not mean to propose that we took the money out of the treasury. That was not what I meant. There are, I believe, twenty-seven or twenty-eight members in the *Eliza Eliot Mason Chapter*, and it seemed

to me most of us would be willing to subscribe fifty cents or so."

Some of the members moved uneasily in their chairs.

"If Mrs. Taylor had only been regent or something!" regretted Miss Maude Stokes.

"Yes, if she had ever been an officer it would be different," added her friend.

"Doesn't it seem as if we should be establishing a precedent?" inquired some one. "I am sure we are all ever so sorry we are to lose Mrs. Taylor, but we shall have to buy a pin every time a member goes out, if we begin."

"But Mrs. Taylor is going so far away—'way out to Nebraska!"

"How would it do to give her a D. A. R. spoon?"

"How much are those?"

"Two dollars and a half."

The atmosphere grew less heavy, and there was a low murmur of approval.

"That would be only about nine cents apiece. Quite different!" said Miss Stokes' friend, triumphant from a wrestle with twenty-eight and two dollars and a half.

At this there was a sudden hush. Nobody liked to hear it put so plainly.

And then, from among the silk pillows of Mrs. Harrison White's window seat, Mrs. Frank Taylor rose. She was a little woman, and had been half buried in the pillows. She rarely had anything to say at the meetings, and everybody had forgotten that she was Mrs. Selden Taylor's sister-in-law. For this, however, there was some excuse, as the two ladies had for some time been disposed to ignore it themselves.

But Mrs. Frank Taylor's face was very red, and her voice shook. "I do not think," she began, nervously—"I do not think that my sister would be willing that the ladies should tax themselves to so great an extent as to spend nine c-cents apiece on her account." This was meant to be very withering, but it was easy to see that Mrs. Frank Taylor was on the edge of tears. "I am sure——"

At this electrical moment, while Mrs. Taylor paused to steady her voice, came a running fire of loud, insistent tones from the front door.

"I'm passing through here, and jest to introduce our goods I'm making presents as I go along. Now, here's a box of Keroborax Washing Powder. Try it once and you'll use no other. One bar of Snowflake Soap, also for the larndry, and invallyuble. One cake Oatmeal. Acts on the skin amazin'ly. One

cake Rosebud Toilet. Smell of it, lady, ain't that exclusive? One cake Carbolic Antiseptic. Cures eczema and allays blotches and other irritations. One box Naphtha Tablets. Best preventative of moths known. Now, I have here also a box of our Lightnin' Glove Cleaner and Spot Eradicator. This we're obliged to sell at the nom'nal price of fifty cents a box. You buy one box of the Lightnin' Eradicator, and we give you all the rest of the other articles free without cost, jest to introduce them. We want to see them in every family in the land, and we——"

Here Mrs. White crossed the room and drew the portières separating the parlor and hall. "Jennie," she said, severely from between them, "send the person off."

"Throw you in a box of corn sa'v'," continued the voice, seductively. "That the lady of the house?"

"Jennie!" repeated Mrs. White, with more emphasis.

"Like to take the goods in and show them to the lady?" inquired the voice.

"Go away!" said the maid. "Mrs. White is busy with the Daughters of the Revolution, an' we don't want any of yer stuff."

"Daughters of the Revolution! That so? Well, you tell her there's a man out here on her stoop that's a little closer related to the Revolution, I reckon, than 'most anybody else around here."

At this point Mrs. White stepped out into the hall, drawing the curtains behind her. At her front door she found an old man, in a rather shabby coat of clerical cut and a Grand Army hat.

On the appearance of her mistress, Jennie's face cleared, and she took the opportunity to drop on the doorsill the pile of packages she had been holding awkwardly in her arms.

"Really, sir!" said Mrs. White, with some spirit. "You are disturbing a meeting. It would be a favor if you would take your articles and—er—drive off," her eyes falling upon the mud-spattered buggy and inadequate horse at her gate.

"Cert'nly, ma'am, cert'nly," agreed the man. "Sorry I can't present you with some of our goods," and he began to pick up the packages. "You wouldn't care to look at them?" he asked, doubtfully, hesitating before dropping the first handful into his coat pocket.

Mrs. White shook her head.

"These Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are excellent organs," he said, approvingly, as he reached for two more

packages. "I belong to the Sons myself, and I was jest tellin' the young lady here that I cal'lated I was a leetle nearer related than about anybody she'd be likely to find. My father fought in the Revolution." He straightened himself and regarded her with his eyes half closed.

"Oh, you mean the Rebellion?" corrected Mrs. White, absently. She was thinking of Mrs. Frank Taylor's flushed face and vicarious resentment and dreading to go back into the parlor.

"No, I don't mean the Rebellion, neither. I mean the Revolutionary War. My father was a friend of General Washington."

"If you will kindly make haste," said Mrs. Harrison White, sternly. "I have no time to spare."

"You don't believe it, do you?" he returned, still regarding her from his half-shut eyes. "Well, I'm seventy-six years old—you might not think it, but I am—and my father was over sixty when I was born. Mebbe that'll help explain it."

Mrs. White's face did not relax its sternness. "Please make haste," she repeated, coldly. "Don't you see that your story would make your father a hundred and thirty-six years old when he died! Mercy, no! What am I thinking of? Of course! I see," she said, growing confused and uncomfortable.

"Yes, you're a little off, there," assented the man.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. White, still somewhat embarrassed. "Why, then you must be a real son!"

"I reckon I come pretty near to it."

"Dear me!" repeated Mrs. White. "And you say your father knew Washington?"

"Knew him well. Used to take me on his knee and tell me stories 'bout him by the hour together."

"Why—this is very unusual!" declared Mrs. White, with growing enthusiasm. "Will you wait a moment?"

Parting the curtains, she beckoned Mrs. Jack Andrews, the vice-regent, into the hall, and there was a whispered consultation between the two ladies. Then Mrs. White approached the

man at the door and inquired:

"Do you think you could remember any of these stories, which you say your father told you, well enough to relate one or two to a few ladies whom I have with me this afternoon?"

"My memory's all right," said the old man. Then, rather more graciously, "Why, yes, I don't know but what I could."

"We should be very glad if you would be willing," Mrs. White said, in a conciliatory tone.



"Well, he set there pretty much all the afternoon, jest pickin' off redcoats, till finely, along towards sunset, his eyes ached so's he could scurcely see."

"Cert'nly, ma'am, cert'nly." And the old man took off his hat and stepped inside.

"I think we should like something that would touch upon the personal side of Washington's life," she suggested.

The man nodded, and ran his fingers through his short white beard, as he followed her along the hall.

"Ladies," Mrs. White said, as they entered the parlor, "a piece of good fortune has brought to the door this afternoon a man who tells me that his father fought in the Revolutionary War and knew Washington. He also says that he remembers stories of him which he heard from his father when a child, and he has kindly consented to speak to us for a little while."

A murmur of "How lovely!" "Delightful!" "Why, he is a real son!" went round the room, as Mrs. White drew forward a chair.

The man laid his hat on a table and sat down. Then, after a careful search through several pockets, he produced a pencil stump and a piece of blank paper. These he handed to Mrs. White.

"While I'm collectin' my thoughts, mebber some of the ladies would like to subscribe their names for a trial of our goods," he said. "I'll jest mention our offer: One box Keroborax Washing Powder. Try it once and you'll use no other. One bar Snowflake Soap, also for the larndry, and invallyuble. One cake Oatmeal. Acts on the skin amazin'ly. One cake Rosebud Toilet. One cake Carbollic Antisiptic. Cures eczema and allays blotches and other irritations. One box Naphtha Tablets. Best preventative of moths known. And one box of our Lightnin' Glove Cleaner and Spot Eradicator. You pay fifty cents for the Lightnin' Eradicator and all the other things we give you free."

Mrs. White emptied a tray of photographs, and writing her name on the paper laid it, with the pencil and fifty cents on the tray and passed it on.

The old man waited until it had been through the company and came back to him, the paper well covered with names and a good-sized heap of silver on the tray. Then he began:

"Mebbe you ladies have heard some time another of Ebenezer Fox?" he said, inquiringly.

There were two or three dissenting voices.

"Never did? That so? His name is down in the red book that the State got out. He did good and active service durin' the war and lived to a good old age. He was mar-

ried three times. His first wife was Esther Flagg. She was born April 6, 1761, and died July 17, 1787. Mary Lydia Harden was his second, born August 8, 1770, and died November 30, 1819. His third and last was Eliza Antoinette Moon, born April 3, 1800, and died November 4, 1863, of which union I am the orphan.

"But I believe you ladies wanted to hear a little somethin' about General George Washington. Well—I don't know——" He leaned back and opening his coat, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his loose vest. "Mebbe you'd be as interested in an incident that took place at the Battle of Brandywine, as anything else.

"'Twas the eleventh of September, you recollect, that the battle occurred. And Washington was surprised that day. In the mornin' a lot of the British come up on the other side of the river from where he was, and acted 's if they was intendin' to cross. My father said he thought all the time 'twas jest a bluff and, sure enough, that's jest what it turned out to be. While Washington was preparin' to repulse 'em, round walked the heft of the hull British army and in the back way. Drums beatin', colors flyin'. General Washington give one look and that was enough. 'Boys,' s' 'e, 'I guess we better withdraw up yonder,' pointin' with his sword to a narrer elevation up the hill a piece. 'I think we better,' s' 'e.

"So the men put on their hats and picked up what little stuff they had layin' around, and fell in. Drums beatin' and colors flyin' on both sides kep' it very excitin' for some time. Then the firin' begun.

"My father said his comp'ny was in the lead when the British opened on 'em. And at the first fire, he said, most every man around him slowed up to wait for his companions, and I guess 'twas about that same way with all the other comp'nies. It left my father pretty much alone, but he didn't let that bother him. He jest pressed on till he got close to the enemy. There was an old stone wall runnin' alongside of an apple orchard, and finally he set down behind that and knockin' out a stone got ready for business. He took his time firin' and he was a good shot, so every time his gun went off a man dropped.

"Well, he set there pretty much all the afternoon, jest pickin' off redcoats, till finely, along towards sunset, his eyes ached so's he could scurcelly see.

"About that time who should come along but General Washington himself! He drew

in his horse in complete astonishment. 'Well, well, Ebenezer! What you doin' 'way out here all alone by yourself?' s' 'e.

"Fightin', general,' says my father; 'fightin' for my country. I've been here all the afternoon, and I reckon I've done some little damage, though mebbe I aint,' s' 'e.

"At that, Washington got off his horse and come down where my father was. But before he looked through the wall, he stooped down. 'Excuse me,' s' 'e, and he pulled a big brier out of my father's bare foot. My father said he'd been so excited killin' Britishers that he shouldn't of known if his foot had been stuck full of briars. But that was jest like Washington. 'Twas a thing that showed what you'd call the personal side of his character.

"Well, when General Washington did look through the wall, and see what lay below, he jest stood still and whistled. 'Whew!' s' 'e. 'Well, I declare!

"Then he turned to my father. 'Ebenezer,' s' 'e, 'you've served your country well to-day. You must be tired. Go over behind that big rock and lay down and eat an apple.'

"'No, general,' says my father, 'I can't do that. My country needs me. I hadn't ought to be takin' the time now to talk to you. I'll fight here till I die, or till dark,' s' 'e.

"My father said that Washington give him a look then that he sh'd never forget to the last day of his life.

"'Ebenezer,' he said, holdin' out his hand, his voice shakin' and his feelin's overcome with emotion—'Ebenezer, don't call me general. Call me George.' "

The old man ceased, and a portentous silence fell upon Mrs. Harrison White's parlor. At last the old man coughed and drew the tray with the order list and pile of silver toward him. The paper rustled in his fingers as he counted the names. "Nineteen orders and nine dollars and fifty cents," he announced, emptying the silver into his pocket. "Thank you, ladies. I will see that these are filled." And taking his hat from

the table the soap peddler and Son of the Revolution withdrew.

For several seconds yet no one spoke. Then Mrs. Harrison White rose. Her face was very red.

"We were discussing a matter of business connected with the chapter when we were interrupted," she said. "Will you continue this business, ladies, or shall we defer it until the next meeting?"

Mrs. Beecher Standish rose. "Madam Regent."

"Mrs. Standish."

"I move that we present Mrs. Selden Taylor with a D. A. R. spoon, and that the money to pay for it be taken from the treasury." There was decision in Mrs. Standish's tones.

"You have heard the motion, ladies," said Mrs. White, "that the chapter present Mrs. Selden Taylor with a D. A. R. spoon, and that the money be taken from the treasury to purchase it. Will all those who are in favor of the motion say 'Ay'?"

There was a chorus of "Ayes."

"Those opposed, 'No.' It is a vote. Now I do hope the coffee isn't cooked to death."

When the members of the *Eliza Eliot Mason* Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, bade their hostess good-afternoon, and started for their homes, they found, ranged neatly in line on the piazza outside, nineteen careful piles of the soap peddler's wares. Carbolic Antiseptic, Oatmeal, Snowflake and the exclusive Rosebud—they were all there—together with the Keroborax Washing Powder, Naphtha Tablets, and Lightning Eradicator.

Their exclamations and unsuppressed laughter brought Mrs. White to the door.

"What is it?" she inquired. Then, as she saw the cause, the flush mounted to her face once more, and she raised her hands to cover it. But she laughed.

"Don't say a word!" she begged. "I'm as embarrassed as I can be, as it is. And don't touch one of those things! I'll send them all around by Jennie after it gets dark."

THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTH AMERICA

By H. E. ARMSTRONG

If a native of the United States were to land at the port of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, he would be less than five hundred miles from a region that is trackless and unexplored. Shortly before the Spanish war Captain William Astor Chanler, of New York, sought adventure in the wilds of Africa. He could have found it nearer home, and could have added more to the sum of human knowledge about strange lands. His was not the first white face that the African savage had seen, but there is a vast territory divided by the tributaries of the Amazon which white men have never penetrated. The unknown land is chiefly in Brazil, but extends into Columbia, Ecuador and Bolivia, and parts of Patagonia are still a sealed book to civilized man. "Of the six continents, South America is now the least

known," says Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, of the Smithsonian Institution, "though one hundred years ago it was better explored than any continent except Europe." In Darkest South America cannibalism yet prevails. The Botocudos, of the Aimora range, hideous with enormous lip and ear ornaments, and regarded by the Portuguese as more beast than human, are eaters of human flesh, and the ethnologist can still find them about the headwaters of the Rio Dulce. Between the Putumayo and Japura Rivers wander the cannibal Miranhas, distinguished by shell buttons fastened in their nostrils. A still more savage race who eat their kind are the Mundrucus, or "Head-cutters"; their habitat is the country between the

Madeira and the Tapajos. With these tribes the white man is more or less familiar. The Portuguese did not scruple to introduce smallpox as an exterminator among the Botocudos. In unexplored South America there must be other cannibals whom the pathfinder is yet to behold and describe. He will surely encounter some of the lowest, if not the very lowest, savages in the human scale.

Repulsive stories are told of the aborigines of the southern continent. Religious sentiment impelled the Cashibos, of Peru, to eat their aged parents. The Cocomas used to consume dead relatives, and drink their ground bones in fermented liquors. A reputable writer says their plea was—and it helps us to endure the horror of the thing—that "it was better to be inside a warm friend than buried in the cold earth." Some of these aborigines have never attained



An Argentine Guacho or Cowboy.

to the Stone Age. The Chiquitos of Bolivia have no numeral system at all. Even the Papuans, of New Guinea, count two.

The United States was the first nation to recognize the independence of the South American republics, and over them it raised the ægis of the Monroe Doctrine almost eighty years ago; yet, compared with the Europeans, we in America are profoundly ignorant about South America. We know almost nothing of its scenic wonders, for we do not visit them; our share in its exploration is insignificant; what information the world has of its flora and fauna has been gleaned by Europeans mainly; our knowledge of its ethnology also comes from them, and the same may be said of the history of

its people in the nineteenth century (from American sources almost no account of the rise of the Spanish republics can be had); and it is European, and not American, capital that has opened up its wildernesses, built its cities and railroads, and established its industries. How many Americans have seen Ecuador's "avenue of volcanoes," twenty of whose mighty crests exceed 15,000 feet, one of them 20,000, and three others, 19,000 feet? How many Americans have heard of the Paulo Affonso Falls, on the Rio San Francisco, with their descent of 300 feet and volume of 150,000 cubic feet per second; or of the seven

men and children were left of a people distinguished for their gentleness and amiability.

For the American naturalist, botanist, hunter and traveler, no part of the world



Plaza and Cathedral of Puno, Peru. In the Right Foreground is a Pack-train of Llamas.



German Farmer's Home in Argentina.

falls of Guayra, on the Paraná, which in combination during the rainy season challenge the grandeur of Niagara?

How many Americans are familiar with General San Martin's achievement in making the passage of the Uspalata Pass 12,700 feet above sea level, with an army of 5,000 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, in the war of independence in 1817? The Great St. Bernard, over which Napoleon led an army, is 5,000 feet lower than Uspalata. And writ in water, so far as most of us are concerned, is the heroic defense of the Paraguayans in the war of 1865-70 with Brazil, Argentine and Uruguay, when the population of Paraguay declined from 1,200,000 to 225,000, and none but women, old

should have more attractions. Brazil alone has 1,700 species of birds, many of splendid iridescent plumage; no less than fifty kinds of apes; fifty varieties of snakes, including the water boa, which swallows horses and men; eight species of alligators, the yacaré-guazu twenty-seven feet long; twenty-four bats, including the loathsome vampire (*Phyllostoma Spectrum*), two feet in wing stretch, that kills cattle and fastens on sleeping children; and 1,800 distinct marine creatures. Eight thousand species of beetles have been recorded in Ecuador; in the calambo it has a snake

which is domesticated and trained to patrol gardens, and in the flautero a bird whose song so resembles the sound of a flute as to deceive the practiced ear. Among the apes of equatorial South America is the howler, which has developed a kind of tribal organization under a chief who leads a chorus of dismal music, unlike that of any other animal and heard for miles at dawn and sunset. A curiosity of the plant world in Peru is the Tamai caspi, or rain tree, which grows to a height of sixty feet and absorbs the humidity of the atmosphere in such abundance that in droughts water drips from its branches. So many strange things there are in the animal and vegetable kingdom of South America that no prudent per-

son would do more than suggest the wealth of them. In the first quarter of the twentieth century most of the exploration and exploiting of South America will be done by citizens of the United States, because the commercial interests of this country will point the way. The political are growing in importance.

An idea is current in the United States



A Type of the Indians of Peru.

that Germany is maintaining colonies in South America with the purpose of obtaining a political foothold there. It is astonishing how many people have been impressed by this story and believe that the Germans are pouring into South America to carry out the designs of their government. You hear it mysteriously hinted that Rio Grande do Sul, a southern province of Brazil, is already a German sphere, and that the time is near at hand when the Monroe Doctrine will be defied by the Kaiser. The truth is that German immigration in South America is light compared with Italian, Spanish and French, and that very few of the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul are subjects of the Kaiser. The original German colony was established in 1825 at the suggestion of the Emperor Dom Pedro, and after the abortive revolution of 1848 in Germany there was an exodus of self-exiling home-seekers to Rio Grande do Sul—a great many thousands of them. Their descendants are now living under a republican form of government, and they have no love for the imperial idea nor sentimental reverence for the person of the warlord. Our consul-general to Brazil, Mr. Eugene Seeger, says the impression that the

German element in Brazil is trying to form a state within a state is "partly erroneous, partly created by mischief-makers." Of Rio Grande do Sul he says: "The state has now about 1,200,000 inhabitants, one-fifth of whom are of German descent. The Austrian Germans, the German-speaking Poles, the Hollanders, even the Scandinavians and the Belgian Flemings, are all counted among the German element. Only about fifteen per cent. of these are German immigrants, the rest being made up of their descendants in the first, second, third and fourth generations. Not one per cent. of these Germans are subjects of the German empire."

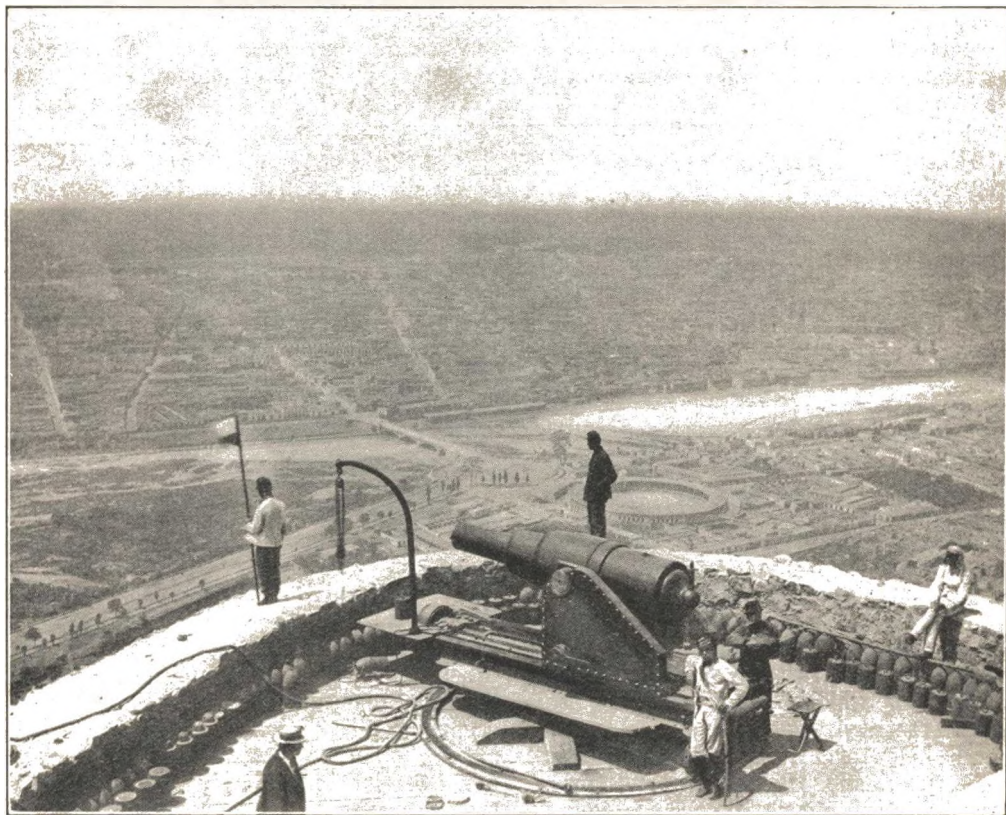
Accurate immigration statistics were kept in Brazil between 1873 and 1886. They show that 112,279 Italians entered the country, 110,891 Portuguese, 23,469 Germans, 15,684 Spaniards, 9,022 Austrians, 3,475 French, and 2,215 British. Since 1886 the Austrian immigration has been larger than the German, and the proportion of Southern Europeans has greatly increased. In 1896, for instance, Portugal, Spain and Italy contributed 140,000 settlers, and other European nationalities only 17,000. The dream of creating a "Neudeutschland" in Brazil,



A Type of the Bolivian Indians.

which originated with ardent Pan-Germans, is already dispelled. Germany is but poorly represented in progressive Argentina, so far as numbers go. There were 886,895 foreigners in the republic in 1895. Of these, 492,636 were Italians, 198,685 Spaniards, 94,098 French, 21,788 British, 17,143 Germans, 14,789 Swiss, and 12,803 Austrians. A German name is rarely seen in the list of representatives in Congress, while the Italians are conspicuous. Moreover, the Italian government appropriates money for the maintenance of schools in Argentina. How

South America Americans from the United States are almost as rare as white black-birds. Valparaiso contains the largest colony, but it makes a meager showing. An estimate of foreigners in Uruguay in 1900 was as follows: Italians, 24,349; Spaniards, 23,352; French, 4,186; Swiss, 994; Germans, 708, and British, 655. Since Gusman Blanco devastated the German colony in the Tovar district of Venezuela in 1870, and the government refused to indemnify the colonists, that country has not been popular with Germans. In 1894 only 962 of them



Panorama of Lima, Peru, from the Hill of San Cristobol.

sinister to some of us it would look if Germany supported the schools of its colonists in Rio Grande do Sul! In Chile there are comparatively few foreigners. A census taken in 1895 gave the following results: Spaniards 8,296; French, 7,809; Italians, 7,587; Germans, 7,049; British, 6,241. Paraguay was isolated from the world until 1870, and immigration has always been light.

According to a late count, there were 2,500 Italians in the country, 1,500 Spaniards, 1,250 Germans, 800 French, 600 Swiss, 450 Austrians, and 200 British. In

were reported to be in the country, but there were 13,558 Spaniards, 6,154 British, 3,729 Dutch, 3,179 Italian and 2,545 French. Life in Colombia, with its revolutionists continually running amuck, is too tumultuous and changeful to attract foreigners; Ecuador and Peru are backward, and Bolivia is inaccessible. It will be seen that, numerically, the Germans do not cut much of a figure in South America. Colonies there are, both in Rio Grande do Sul and in Santa Catharina, Brazil, and inducements are held out to Germans to settle in Argentina, Paraguay and

Chile, but the annual total of these farmer settlers is not large. Of a different type is the trading and banking German in the ports and capitals. He does not go out until a place has been provided for him, and as an advance agent of his country's export trade he is the most energetic, versatile and indefatigable foreigner in South America. And it is trade that Germany is after in that part of the world, not political influence. No doubt, the Kaiser would like to have coal- ing stations in South America, but the slow tide of German immigration and the very slender tie of sentiment that binds the exile to the Fatherland—the German wherever he settles is the most desirable of citizens—show plainly enough that the government at Berlin is not planning a "Neudeutschland" in South America preparatory to disputing the Monroe Doctrine. The sign of it could not be hidden. If the Germans of Rio Grande do Sul were in a majority and clan- nishly loyal

to the Fatherland, we can imagine a well- timed rising which would overthrow the Brazilian state government and proclaim the country independent, with the secret approval of Germany. But there is nothing of the kind on foot, nor is it conceivable. It will not be necessary to invoke the Monroe Doctrine to prevent the assertion of German sovereignty in Rio Grande do Sul.

In an address before the Contemporary Club, of Philadelphia, recently, Professor Hugo Muensterberg, of Harvard, a German and a student of his country's policy, scouted the idea that there was danger of a clash between Germany and the United States. "Germany," he said, "has not acknowledged the Monroe Doctrine, because a doctrine is a thing which can be interpreted by any one, and anybody may interpret it in his own way. To accept the Monroe Doctrine as a doctrine would be to accept every inter-

pretation of it; that would bring entangle- ments which, to say the least, might prove undesirable. But Germany has fully acknowl- edged that she does not want to do anything that is in contradiction to our present inter- pretation of the Monroe Doctrine. This is not a reason for disturbance, but for friend- ship. There is not the slightest possibility that from the rivalry of the two nations any unpleasant complication will result. Espe- cially is the belief that South America might offer the starting points for differences ab- solutely unfounded." The fact is, all the mistrust of Germany's intentions, on which the changes have been rung by sensational newspapers, are echoes of the Agrarian agitation against the commercial rivalry of

the United States, of the senti- mental va- porings of the Pan- Germans, and of the hysterical charges of such colonial organs as the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*, that the Monroe Doctrine is a mask for imperialistic aggressions in South



Tocopilla, a Nitrate Port in Chile.

America. Professor Ernst Halle, in his book, "Volks und Seewirtschaft," fore- casts the absorption of Holland by Ger- many. Such an event would bring the Mon- roe Doctrine immediately to the front, as the annexation of Holland would carry with it the sovereignty of the Dutch West Indies and Dutch Guiana. It will be recalled that Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, in October, 1825, was directed by President John Quincy Adams to announce to the French govern- ment that the United States would not con- sent to the occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico "by any other power than Spain under any contingency whatever."

Commercially, the United States and Ger- many are entering upon a strenuous contest in South America. Nations, like individuals, lose their temper over trade. In the strife for customers there will be misunderstand- ings and hard words. The struggle for mar-

kets in South America will be sharper between the United States and Germany than between either, or both, with England—at least, for the present—because England was the first to cultivate trade with South America, and has steadily improved her opportunities. At present she has the advantage by a wide margin. The United States is comparatively a recent invader of the field, and Germany is making up lost time with aggressive energy. While the United States recognized Colombia, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Chile and Peru as sovereign

and independent states in 1822, anticipating other nations, England established consulates in those countries during the same year at the request of the chambers of commerce of Manchester and Belfast, the Shipowners' Society and many British merchants. She had already become a great trading nation, and she never ceased to press her advantage in the new Spanish republics. The United States in the nineteenth century was too busy developing her national resources and supplying the home market to drum up business in South America, and Germany's rise to importance as a trading nation is comparatively recent. Germany is tremendously in earnest, sends out alert and capable commercial agents, and is steadily

increasing her merchant marine. German steamships are plowing the Seven Seas to-day in all directions, and a new line is put on somewhere every month.

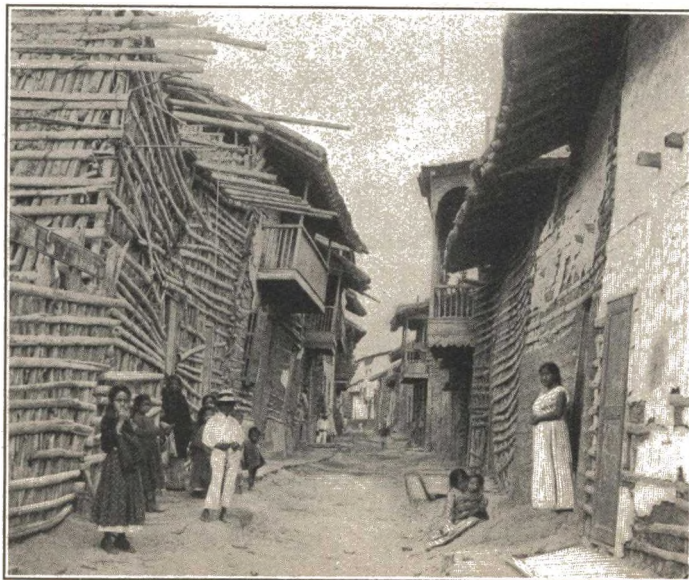
In dealing with South American statistics, allowance must be made for revolutions, irregularities of administration, and official aversion to uniformity. Mr. Frederic Emory, Chief of our Bureau of Foreign Commerce, states that "no complete returns from Brazil for 1900 are available, as it is only of late that official statistics have been issued." No considerate person would

ask to be informed about the trade of Colombia for any given time recently. "A year of continuous civil war," wrote the American consul-general, Mr. A. M. Beaupré, in the end of 1900, "aggressive and fierce in sections, but with hostile operations of a desultory character in all parts of the republic, even to the very environs of Bogota itself, where forays by guerillas have been frequent and disturbing, has practically paralyzed foreign commerce. The authority

of the government has continued at the capital and principal seaports, but the harassing warfare in the interior has absolutely prevented the transportation of merchandise." Conditions have been unspeakably worse since. Paraguay has been a little unsettled also. On January 9, 1902,

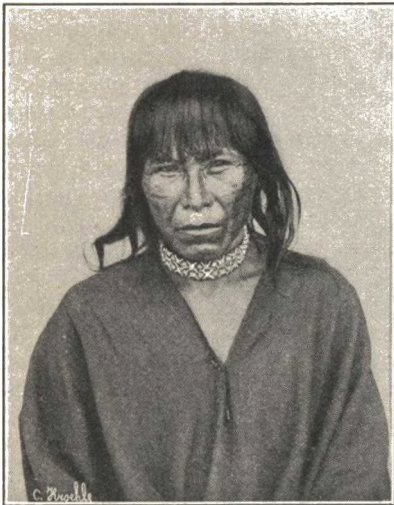


Fuegan (Patagonian) Indians, Semi-civilized.
Their only clothing consists of fur wraps.



Principal Street of Payta, a Coast Town of Peru.

President Emilio Aceval was seized by a squad of soldiers who handed him a letter from a revolutionary committee calling upon him to resign. As he refused, the committee decided that his resignation was not really necessary, and a note was sent to the Con-



A Type of the Indians of Peru.

gress announcing that Señor Aceval had been deposed. Thereupon Hector Carvalho, Vice-President of the republic, convened an extraordinary session of the Senate. During a heated debate upon the shortcomings of the President, Senator Bogarin, losing control of himself, fired a shot at a brother senator from a revolver. Firing became general on the floor of the chamber, and in the melée Dr. Insfran, who was to have succeeded President Aceval, was killed, and Caballero, Escobar, Fleitas, Bogarin and other senators were wounded. "When calm had been restored and a quorum secured," says a report of the proceedings, "Vice-President Hector Carvalho was nominated President." Under such a constitutional government intervals of quiet for compiling statistics are haphazard. There has also been distraction in Venezuela; when the sun goes down we are never sure that Cipriano Castro is still President. Trade reports from these three countries must, therefore, be accepted with reserve.

But we are on solid ground—at least, for the present—when we come to other South

American States. Mr. Emory is able to furnish some trustworthy figures for the complete year 1900. We shall see that in selling goods to those countries Great Britain has a commanding lead. Here are the imports from Germany, the United States and Great Britain respectively: Argentine Republic—Germany, \$16,635,600; United States, \$13,438,500; Great Britain, \$38,682,700. Chile—Germany, \$12,500,000; United States, \$4,416,000; Great Britain, \$15,800,000. Peru—Germany, \$1,754,900; United States, \$1,447,500; Great Britain, \$5,261,400. Ecuador—Germany, \$1,308,100; United States, \$1,978,800; Great Britain, \$2,203,400. Bolivia (first six months of 1900)—Germany, \$557,200; United States, \$156,600; Great Britain, \$406,900. Great Britain, therefore, sold goods worth \$62,354,400; Germany's bill was \$32,755,800, and that of the United States, \$21,437,400. Brazil began bookkeeping seriously in 1901. During the first seven months she imported goods from Great Britain worth (approximately) \$18,000,000, from the United States \$7,000,000, and Germany, \$5,000,000. If



Cholos, or Half-breeds, of Peru.

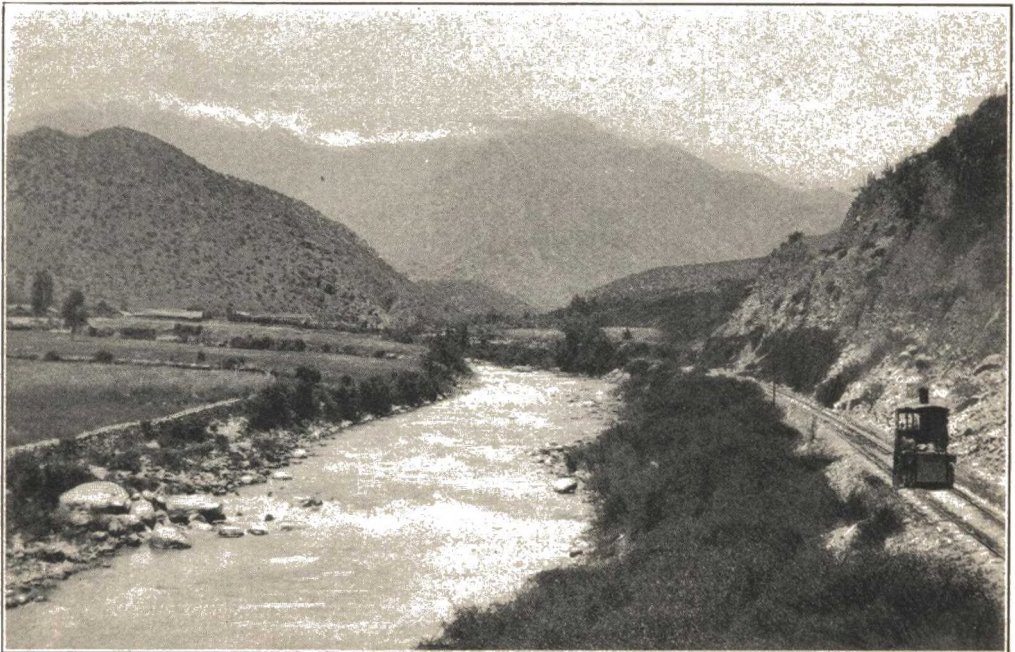
we throw in the bill of France, \$4,000,000, we find that John Bull overtops all three by \$2,000,000. France sold a large invoice, \$10,897,800, to Argentina in 1900, but elsewhere except in Uruguay she is not in the race. Italy also finds Argentina and Uruguay good customers, selling Argentina goods worth \$13,780,100 in 1899, and about \$12,000,000 in 1900. For sales to Uruguay we have to go back to 1898, when they stood: Great Britain, \$6,762,000; France, \$2,637,000; Germany, \$2,311,000; Italy,

\$2,279,000; Spain, \$1,944,000, and United States, \$1,932,000. Comparing the Argentine imports of 1900 and 1899, we find that Great Britain's sales were \$4,988,700 less in 1900, those of the United States \$2,028,300 less, and Germany's \$3,655,700 more. Comparing the Chilian imports, the results are: Great Britain, loss of \$383,400; the United States, gain of \$1,413,900; Germany, a gain of \$1,641,700. In the case of Peru, comparisons have to be made with 1898. They show a gain for Great Britain of \$1,620,600, a gain for the United States of \$507,600, and a gain for Germany of \$320,200. Satisfactory comparisons cannot be made in the case of Ecuador and Bolivia. As regards the latter country, Germany seems to be steadily gaining. The *London Board of Trade Journal* of August 2, 1900, stated that "the progress of German commerce in Bolivia has been such during the last twelve years that of the total European imports into Bolivia, Germany claims five-eighths."

The wonder is that the United States, with her meager merchant marine and such handicaps as lack of banking facilities and inadequate trade representation, makes as good a showing as she does in South America. "Seldom do we see in this great port (Buenos

Ayres,)" said the *Herald* of that empire city, in a recent issue, "the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, while miles of dock room is taken up with great steamships flying the flags of all civilized nations. There are few commercial houses in the hands of Americans. Of the imports from the United States, by far the greater part are in the hands of English and German houses. We have a German bank, with a capital of \$5,000,000; English banks have respectively capital of \$7,500,000, \$4,000,000, \$10,000,000 and \$7,500,000. The Spanish bank has a capital of \$12,000,000; the French bank has \$2,000,000. The Italians have two banks with a capital of \$3,000,000 and \$2,000,000. English capitalists have invested here amounts which would stagger even American railway men. The business of the country with the outside world is almost exclusively done with, or by way of, Europe. Even bills for American transactions are made on Europe."

During the recent Pan-American Conference in the City of Mexico the delegates of the United States laid so much emphasis on the Monroe Doctrine that the Central and South American representatives had a standing joke, which was uttered every morning at the breakfast table with comic serious-



The Beautiful Valley of the Aconcagua.

A river that takes its name from the mountain in the background, which is the highest in South America, exceeding 24,000 feet. Aconcagua is 100 miles E. N. E. of Valparaiso. Stuart Vines, an Englishman, and Mattias Zurbriggen, a Swiss, of the Fitzgerald expedition, made the first ascent in 1897.

ness. It ran this way, amending the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the Monroe Doctrine." It cannot be denied that our South American neighbors have become uneasy since the expansion of the United States in the West Indies and the Philippines. Our new position as a world power and the strengthening of the American Navy to compel respect for the Monroe Doctrine, if it should be challenged, have suggested to

and the Golden Rule. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong. I think I may say that our sister republics to the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them, and peace and harmony among them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon."

But the pronouncement of the Diaz doctrine was, after all, only a side issue of the Pan-American convention. More significant, because of the interests involved, was the movement for compulsory arbitration, which was directed primarily against Chile and

enlisted the support of Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, Venezuela, Guatemala, Salvador, San Domingo and Mexico, a majority of the countries represented at the convention. Walker-Martinez, the Chilean delegate, had influence enough in Venezuela to bring about the withdrawal of her representative, and compulsory arbitration fell through. Chile's great rival in South America, Argentina, and Bolivia and Peru, the former of whom lost her sea coast to Chile after the war of 1879, and the latter her provinces of Tacna and



Lima Cathedral, Where the Bones of Pizarro are Buried.

some of their publicists that manifest destiny may prompt us to acquire naval bases on the Southern continent and ultimately territory. Hence the Diaz complement to the Monroe Doctrine which Senor Alfredo Chavero, at a banquet to the delegates to the Pan-American Congress on November 14, 1901, thus defined: "The international law of America is founded on peace, which in its turn depends on respect for the sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of each and all republics of America." It is significant that the utterance of Senor Chavero was received with cheers by the Spanish-American delegates. Five days later Secretary of State John Hay, at a banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in New York, made this plain reference to the Diaz doctrine, as our southern neighbors already call it: "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine

Arica, prompted the movement. As Chile is arrogant, powerful, aggressive, and has a formidable army and a modern navy, she is as isolated in South America as Great Britain is in Europe. In vain has Bolivia asked for a seaport on the Pacific, although the convention of 1884 left the door open for negotiation; and Peru has failed to recover her nitrate provinces of Tacna and Arica, in spite of a provision in the treaty of peace for a plebiscite at the end of ten years to determine whether they should be Peruvian or Chilean. Chile collects \$30,000,000 a year from export duties on nitrate, and owes her splendid credit and her military and naval establishments to this bountiful source of revenue. Arbitration would undoubtedly deprive her of Tacna and Arica, and she has repeatedly insisted that there was nothing to arbitrate. Shorn of these provinces, Peru is reduced to a third-rate

South American country, and cannot appeal to the arbitrament of war. Chile is, therefore, cordially hated in Peru. For many years Argentina has had a boundary feud with Chile, the question being where the summit line of the Andes runs, and frequently they have been on the verge of war. It is the opinion of students of South American affairs that while a settlement of the boundary dispute will avert war temporarily, it cannot long be deferred. The development of Argentina during the last twenty years has been marvelous.

Chile has sometimes been called the Yankee nation of South America, but the appellation fits Argentina better. The enterprise, energy and optimism of the European settlers, who virtually control the country, remind one of Chicago in boom times. The aborigines are almost extinct, the creoles (the descendants of the Spaniards) are dwindling, and there has been no fusion with the negro, as in Brazil and other northern states. Argentina is destined to be a sturdy Latin nation, and with her growth in wealth and power, she is bound to contest the primacy in South America with Chile. The latter to-day brooks no rival. The Spanish stock is proud and masterful, without the lassitude of the equatorial Spaniards, and when crossed with the fierce Araucanians, whom the conquistadores could never overcome, the result is a first-class fighting man. Chile has a compact and effective army of 10,000 men and a national guard of 525,000. Her soldiers have been well drilled by German officers, and are armed with the Mauser. The Chilean navy is, by all odds, the crack establishment of the south, consisting of armorclads, second and third-class cruisers, destroyers and torpedo boats. The cruiser *Blanco Encalada* has a speed of 22.78 knots. Vickers Sons & Maxim are now building for Chile a battleship cruiser of great strength and fleetness. In naval matters Chile is determined to keep at the head of the procession in South America. In Argentina's fleet are included three high-speed Elswick cruisers, one of them, the *Buenos Aires*, with a speed of 23.20 knots, and four 20-knot cruisers bought from Italy. She is getting together some fast torpedo boats and destroyers.

Financially, Chile is in an enviable position, practically on a gold basis and with the best credit in the south. Argentina has recovered from the reckless speculation of the early nineties, and was able to send to London on February 21 a check for £2,750,-



A Chilean Gentleman Farmer.

000 "in payment of all debts contracted up to July 1, 1902." The Trans-Andean Railway through the Cumbre Pass will soon bring these rivals in close touch.

At the present time Argentina is cultivating Brazil assiduously. President Campos-Salles, of the latter country, recently visited President Roca, and they are said to have discussed "the perplexing questions which disturb their neighboring republics." Brazil, with her regular army of 16,500 men and a population of 17,000,00 to levy on, would be a useful ally in a conflict with Chile. Argentina could count on the support of Bolivia and Peru, unless Chile were to surrender a seaport to Bolivia and a nitrate province to Peru. Uruguay would be found on the side of Argentina. International politics in South America will occupy the attention of the Latins to the exclusion of the Monroe Doctrine for some time to come. It was the dream of revolutionary leaders who threw off the yoke of Spain to establish in South America a federation similar to the United States of North America, but areas were so vast and communication so crude and difficult that separate governments

sprang from the ashes of Spanish sovereignty, and in most cases their imitation of the great republic of the north has not been the sincerest flattery. From the American point of view, the future of Brazil is hopeless. Portuguese, Spaniard, Indian and negro are crossed and recrossed until the color line disappears completely. In a population of 17,000,000 there are only 2,400,000 pure whites, mostly Southern Europeans. The interests of the provinces of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina, which lie in the temperate zone, incline them to cast their fortunes in with Argentina, as Uruguay will probably do some day. The color line is vanishing in Venezuela, Ecuador and Colombia; there is, indeed, not a ghost of a negro problem. If the South American publicists would study the problem in the United States, they would waste no time on the Diaz doctrine. In Peru, Paraguay and Bolivia there has been a blend of Spanish and Indian, although the ruling class is pure Spanish. The Indian admixture

has not improved the original strain. It is not from such hybrid peoples, dominated by corrupt oligarchies, that criticism of the Monroe Doctrine is likely to come, but sometimes it is heard in Argentina and Chile. For instance, the Buenos Ayres *Herald*, before quoted, serves notice on us that the Monroe Doctrine must not be applied below Panama, as there is no sympathy with it in South America, which is determined not "to act the useful part of a tail to the American kite."

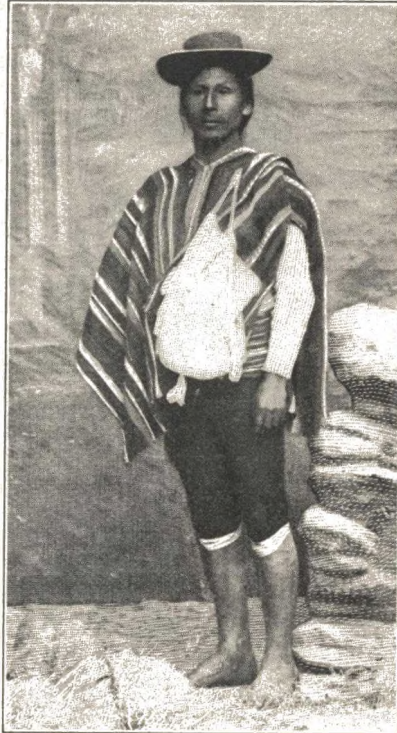
But with closer commercial ties, the Latins of the south will understand the Anglo-Saxons of the north better. It must be ad-

mitted that we shall have to take a leaf from the book of the British and the German traders in order to displace them in that esteem of the South Americans which is born of mutual benefits. We shall have to carry our own goods in ships flying the Stars and Stripes; we shall have to establish branch banks in the ports and capitals; we shall have to send out drummers and agents who speak Italian, Portuguese and Spanish; we shall have to study the needs of our customers and manufacture goods to suit them, and it would be wise to invest capital in docks, banks, railways, mines, and local industries, as our long-headed rivals do.

In spite of the fact that the Spaniards down to the wars of independence took millions of treasure out of the mountains of South America modern machinery has not yet taken toll. In various regions platinum, copper, lead, mercury, iron, coal, manganese, and cinnabar can be found in vast quantities. M. Moullé, a French mining engineer, says: "After traveling through Antioquia in Colombia for

many months in search of information, I believe I may say, with some exceptions, that the gold beds have barely been worked superficially, and from the point of view of modern mining industry, they may still be regarded as virgin deposits."

There is a great store of the precious metals, untapped areas of rubber, and a wide reach of cultivable land in the territory that has lately been awarded to Peru and Bolivia by Brazil. "Americans," says Mr. K. K. Kennaday, our consul at Pará, "should not permit the people of any other nation to anticipate them in the exploitation of this field."



A Type of the Bolivian Indians.

A DOER OF THE WORD

By THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie," etc.

NOANK is a little played-out fishing town on the southeastern coast of Connecticut, lying half way between New London and Stonington. Once it was a profitable port for mackerel and cod fishing. To-day its wharves are deserted of all save a few lobster smacks. There is a shipyard, employing three hundred and fifty men, a yacht-building establishment, with two or three hired hands; a sail loft, and some dozen or so shops or sheds, where the odds and ends of fishing life are made and sold. Everything is peaceful. The sound of the shipyard axes and hammers can be heard for miles over the quiet waters of the bay. In the sunny lane which follows the line of the shore, and along which the few shops straggle in happy-go-lucky disorder, may be heard the voices and noises of the workers at their work. Water gurgling about the stanchions of the docks, the whistle of some fisherman as he dawdles over his silent labor, the whirr of the single sewing machine in the sail loft, often mingle in a pleasant harmony and invite the mind to repose and speculation.

I was sitting one day in the shed of the maker of sailboats, where a half-dozen characters of the village were gathered, when some turn in the conversation brought up the nature of man. He is queer, he is restless; life is not so very much when you come to look upon many phases of it.

"Did any of you ever know a contented man?" I inquired.

There was silence for a moment, and one after another met my revolving glance with a thoughtful, self-involved and retrospective eye.

Old Mr. Main was the first to answer.

"Yes, I did."

"So did I," put in the sailboat maker, as he stopped in his work to think about it.

"Yes, and I did," said a dark, squat, sunny, little old fisherman, who sold cunners for bait in a black little hut next door.

"Maybe you and me are thinkin' of the same one, Jacob," said old Mr. Main, looking inquisitively at the boat builder.

"I think we've all got the same man in mind, likely," returned the builder.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Charlie Potter," said the builder.

"That's the man!" exclaimed Mr. Main.

"Well, I reckon Charlie Potter is contented, if anybody be," said an old fisherman who had hitherto been silent.

The unanimity of opinion struck me forcibly.

"So you really think he is contented?" I asked.

"Yes, sir! Charlie Potter is a contented man," replied Mr. Main, with convincing emphasis.

"Well," I returned, "that's rather interesting. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, he's just an ordinary man," put in the boat builder.

"I know; but what does he do for a living?"

"He preaches," said Mr. Main.

"Anybody can be contented when he is getting paid so much a year for being so," I said, more to draw out the information I desired than to cast a slur on the ministerial profession. "A preacher is expected to set a good example."

"He ain't a regular preacher," said Mr. Main, rather quickly. "He's just kind of around in religious work."

"You can't say anything like that of Potter, anyhow," interrupted the boat builder. "He don't take any money for what he does. He ain't got anything."

"What does he live on?"

"I don't know. He used to fish for a living. Fishes yet once in a while, I believe."

"He makes models of yachts," put in one of the bystanders. "He sold the New Haven Road one for \$200 here not long ago."

A vision of a happy-go-lucky Jack-of-all-trades arose before me.

"What makes you all think he is contented?" I inquired. "Is he a good man?"

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Main, with something of pathetic emphasis in his voice. "Charlie Potter is a good man."

"You won't find anybody with a kinder heart than Charlie Potter," added the boat builder. "That's all that's the trouble with him. He's too good."

"If he wasn't that way, he'd be a darned sight better off than he is," said a thirty-year-old helper from a far corner of the room.

"What makes you say that?" I queried. "Isn't it better to be kind-hearted and generous than not?"

"It's all right to be kind-hearted and generous, but that ain't sayin' that you've got to give your last cent away and let your family go hungry."

"Is that what Charlie Potter does?"

"Well, if he don't, he comes mighty near to it."

"There's no doubt but that's where Charlie is wrong," put in old Mr. Main. "He don't stop to think of his family."

"What did he ever do that struck you as being over-generous?" I asked of the young man who had spoken out of the corner.

"That's all right," he replied in a rather irritated and peevish tone; "I ain't going to go into details now, but there's people around here that hang around after him, and that he give to, that he hadn't orter."

"I believe in lookin' out for Number One, that's what I believe in," interrupted the boatmaker, laying down his rule and line. "This givin' up everything and goin' without yourself may be all right, but I don't believe it. A man's first duty is to his wife and children, that's what I say."

"That's the way it looks to me," put in Mr. Main.

"What did Potter ever do that seemed wrong in this way?" I asked of the boatmaker.

"What didn't he do?" he returned, addressing the company in general. "Look at the time he worked over there on Fisher's Island, at the Ellesbie farm—the time they were packing the ice there. You remember, Main, don't you?"

Mr. Main nodded.

"What about it?"

"What about it! Why, he give his rubber boots away, like a darned fool, to that old drunken Jimmy Harper, and worked around on the ice without any shoes himself. He might have took cold and died."

"What did he do it for?"

"Charlie's naturally big-hearted," put in the little old man, who sold cunners, meekly. "He's got the biggest heart I ever see in a livin' being."

"The other fellow didn't have any shoes fit to wear, but he never would work, anyhow," added the boatmaker.

They lapsed into silence, while the latter returned to his measuring, and then out of the drift of thought came this from the helper in the corner:

"Yes, and look at the way Bailey used to

sponge on him. Get his money Saturday night and drink it all up, and then Sunday morning, when his wife and children were hungry, go cryin' around Potter. Dinged if the man wouldn't take the food right off his breakfast table and give it to him. I don't think that's right."

"Why isn't it?" I asked.

"'Cause he had his wife and children to take care of—that's why."

Another lull, and then, as I was leaving the room to give the matter a little quiet attention, I remarked to the boatmaker:

"Outside of his foolish giving, you haven't anything against Charlie Potter, have you?"

"No," he replied, in apparent astonishment. "Charlie Potter's one of the best men that ever lived. He's a good man."

I smiled at the inconsistency and went my way.

A day or two later the loft of the sailmaker happened to be my lounging place, and thinking on this theme, now uppermost in my mind, I said to him:

"Do you know Charlie Potter?"

"Well, I might say that I do. He lived here for over fifteen years."

"What sort of a man is he?"

He stopped in his stitching to look at me and say with feeling emphasis:

"Charlie Potter is a good man."

"What has he done that makes him so popular with all of you people?"

"Well," he said, ceasing his work as if the subject were one of extreme importance to his mind, "he's a peculiar man. He believes in giving everything that he has away. He'd give his coat off his back if you'd ask him for it."

He looked away as if he expected some objection to be made to this, but hearing none, he went on:

"Some folks condemn him for one thing and another, but I always thought the man was nearer right than most of us. I've got a family myself—but then so's he, for that matter. It's pretty hard to live up to your light always."

"You say he's so good. Do you remember any one thing that he ever did that struck you as being pre-eminently good?"

"Well, now, I can't say. He was always doing things one way and another. He gave to everybody around here that asked him, and to a good many that didn't. I remember once"—and a smile gave evidence of a genial memory—"he gave away a lot of pork to some colored people back here—two or three barrels, maybe. My, how his

mother-in-law did go on about it. She was living with him then."

"She didn't like to give it to them, eh?"

"Well, I should say not. She didn't set with his views exactly. He took the pork—it was right in the coldest weather we had that winter—and hauled it back about seven miles here, where they lived, and handed it all out himself. Charlie's too good, that way. It's his one fault, if you might so speak of it."

I smiled as the evidences went on. Houseless wayfarers, stopping to find food and shelter under his roof, an orphan child carried seven miles on foot from the bedside of a dead mother and cared for all winter—three children, besides two of his own, being raised out of a sense of affection and care for the fatherless.

One day in the local post office I was idling a half hour with the postmaster, when I again inquired:

"Do you know Charlie Potter?"

"I should think I did. Charlie Potter and I sailed together for something over eleven years."

"How do you mean sailed together?"

"We were on the same schooner. This used to be a great port for mackerel and cod. We were wrecked once together."

"How was that?"

"Oh, we went on rocks."

"Any lives lost?"

"No, but there came mighty near being. We helped each other in the boat. I remember Charlie was the last one in that time. Wouldn't get in until all the rest were safe."

A sudden resolution came to me.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"Yes; he's up in Norwich, preaching or doing missionary work. He's kind of busy all the time among the poor people, and so on."

"Do you know how he manages to live?"

"No, I don't, exactly. He believes in trusting to Providence for what he needs. Got an idea the Lord will send whatever he needs."

"He works, though, of course?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing lazy about Charlie. He's a good worker. When he was in the fishing line there wasn't a man worked harder than he did. They can't anybody lay anything like that against him."

"I wish I knew him," I said.

"Well, you could, if you went up to see him. He's one of the finest men that way I ever knew."

I caught a boat for New London and Nor-

wich at one-thirty that afternoon, and arrived in Norwich at five. The narrow streets of the thriving little city were alive with people. Through the open door of a news-stall I called to the proprietor:

"Do you know any one in Norwich by the name of Charlie Potter?"

"The man who works around among the poor people?"

"That's the man."

"Yes, I know him. He lives out on Summer Street, Number Twelve, I think. You'll find it in the city directory."

The ready reply was rather astonishing. Norwich has something like 30,000 people.

I walked out in search of Summer Street and found beautiful lanes climbing upward over gentle slopes, arched completely with elms. Some of the pretty porches of the cottages extended nearly to the sidewalk. Hammocks, rocking-chairs on verandas, benches under the trees—all attested the love of idleness and shade in summer. Only the glimpse of mills and factories in the valley below evidenced the grimmer life which gave rise to the need of a man to work among the poor.

"Is this Summer Street?" I inquired of an old ducky who was strolling cityward in the cool of the evening. An umbrella was under his arm and an evening paper under his spectacled nose.

"Bress de Lord!" he said, looking vaguely around. "Ah, couldn't say. Ah know dat street—been on it fifty times—but Ah never did know de name. Ha, ha, ha!"

The hills about echoed his hearty laugh.

"You don't happen to know Charlie Potter?"

"Oh, yas, sah. Ah knows Charlie Potter. Dat's his house right ovah dar."

The house in which Charlie Potter lived was a two-story frame, overhanging a sharp slope, which descended directly to the waters of the pretty river below. For a mile or more, the valley of the river could be seen, its slopes dotted with houses, the valley itself lined with mills. Two little girls were upon the sloping lawn to the right of the house. A comfortable-looking man was sitting by a window on the left side of the house, gazing out over the valley.

"Is this where Charlie Potter lives?" I inquired of one of the children.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he live in Noank?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then a pleasant-faced woman of forty-five or fifty issued from a vine-covered door.

"Mr. Potter?" she replied to my inquiry. "He'll be right out."

She went about some little work at the side of the house, and in a moment Charlie Potter appeared. He was short, thick-set, and weighed no less than two hundred pounds. His face and hands were sunburned and brown like those of every fisherman of Noank. An old wrinkled coat and a baggy pair of gray trousers clothed his form loosely. Two inches of a spotted, soft-brimmed hat were pulled carelessly over his eyes. His face was round and full, but slightly seamed. His hands were large, his walk uneven, and rather inclined to a side swing.

"Is this Mr. Potter?"

"I'm the man."

"I live on a little hummock at the east end of Mystic Island, off Noank."

"You do?"

"I came up to have a talk with you."

"Will you come inside, or shall we sit out here?"

"Let's sit on the step."

"All right, let's sit on the step."

He waddled out of the gate and sank comfortably on the little, low doorstep, with his feet on the cool bricks below. I dropped into the space beside him, and was greeted by the sweetest, kindest look I have ever seen in a man's eyes. It was one of perfect friendship and affection—void of all suspicion.

"We were sitting down in the sailboat maker's place at Noank the other day, and I asked a half-dozen of the old fellows whether they had ever known a contented man. They all thought a while, and then they said they had. Old Mr. Main and the rest of them agreed that Charlie Potter was a contented man."

I looked into his eyes, and if there were not misty tears of delight and affection being vigorously restrained, I was very much mistaken. Something seemed to hold the man in helpless silence as he gazed vacantly at nothing. He breathed heavily, then drew himself together, and lifted one of his big hands, as if to touch me, but refrained.

"Say, brother," he said, confidentially, "I *am* a contented man."

"Well, that's good," I replied, taking a slight mental exception to the use of the word brother. "What makes you contented?"

"I don't know," he replied, "unless it is that I've found out what I ought to do. You see, I need so very little for myself that I couldn't be very unhappy."

"What ought you to do?"

"I ought to love my fellowmen."

"And do you?"

"Say, brother, but I do. I love everybody. There isn't anybody so low or so mean but I love him. I love you, yes, I do. I love you."

He reached out and touched me with his hand, and I thrilled as I have not over the touch of any man in years. The glance that accompanied it spoke as truthfully as his words.

We lapsed into silence. After a while I said:

"It is very evident you think the condition of some of your fellowmen isn't what it ought to be. Tell me what you are trying to do. What method have you for improving their condition?"

"All that some people have is their feelings," he replied, "nothing else. Take a tramp, for instance, as I often have. When you begin to sum him up to see where to begin, you find that all he has in the world, besides his pipe and a little tobacco, is his feelings. It's all most people have, rich or poor, though a good many think they have more than that. I try not to injure anybody's feelings."

He looked at me as though he had expressed the solution of the difficulties of the world, and the wonderful, kindly eyes beamed in charity upon the scene.

"Very good," I said; "but what do you do? How do you go about it to aid your fellowmen?"

"Well," he answered, unconsciously overlooking his own personal actions in the matter, "I try to bring them the salvation which the Bible teaches. You know I stand on the Bible, from cover to cover."

"Yes, I know you stand on the Bible, but what do you do? You don't merely preach the Bible to them. What do you do?"

"I go wherever I can be useful. If anybody is sick or in trouble, I'm ready to go. I'll be a nurse. I'll work and earn them food. I'll give them anything I can—that's what I do."

"How can you give when you haven't anything? They told me in Noank that you never worked for money."

"Not for myself. I never take any money for myself. That would be self-seeking. The Lord doesn't allow a man to be self-seeking."

"Well, then, how do you get money to do with? You can't live and do without money."

He had been looking away across the river and the bridge to the city below, but now he brought his eyes back and fixed them on me.

"I've been working now for twenty years or more, and, although I've never had more money than would last me a few days at a time, I've never wanted for anything. I've run pretty close sometimes. Time and time again, I've been compelled to say, 'Lord, I'm all out of coal,' or 'Lord, I'm going to have to ask you to get me my fare to New Haven to-morrow,' but in the moment of my need He has never forgotten me. Why, I've gone down to the depot time and time again, when it was necessary for me to go, without five cents in my pocket, and He's been there to meet me. Why, He wouldn't keep you waiting when you're about his work. He wouldn't forget you—not for a minute."

I looked at the man in open-eyed amazement.

"Do you mean to say that you would go down to a depot without money and wait for money to come to you?"

"Oh, brother," he said, with the sweetest light in his eyes, "if you only knew what it is to have faith."

He laid his hand softly on mine.

"What is car fare to New Haven or to anywhere to Him!"

"One instance," I said.

"Why, it was only last week, brother, that a woman wrote me from Malden, Massachusetts, wanting me to come and see her. She's very sick with consumption, and she thought she was going to die. I used to know her in Noank, and she thought if she could get to see me she would feel better.

"I didn't have any money at the time, but that didn't make any difference.

"'Lord,' I said, 'here's a woman sick in Malden, and she wants me to come to her. I haven't got any money, but I'll go right down to the depot, in time to catch a certain train, and while I was standing there a man came up to me and said, 'Brother, I'm told to give you this,' and he handed me ten dollars.'"

"Did you know the man?" I exclaimed.

"Never saw him before in my life," he replied, smiling genially.

"And didn't he say anything more than that?"

"No."

I stared at him, and he added, as if to take the edge off my astonishment.

"Why, bless your heart, I knew he was

from the Lord, just the moment I saw him coming."

This incident was still the subject of my inquiry when a little colored girl came out of the yard and paused a moment before us.

"May I go down across the bridge, papa?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and then as she tripped merrily away, said:

"She's one of my adopted children." He gazed between his knees at the sidewalk.

"Have you many others?"

"Three."

"Raising them, are you?"

"Yes."

"They seem to think down in Noank, that, living as you do, and giving everything away, is satisfactory to you, but rather hard on your wife and children."

"Well, it is true that she did feel a little uncertain in the beginning, but she's never wanted for anything. She'll tell you herself that she's never been without a thing that she really needed, and she's been happy."

He paused to meditate over the opinion of his former fellow townsmen, and then added:

"It's true, there have been times when we have been right where we had to have certain things pretty badly before they came, but they never failed to come."

While he was still talking, Mrs. Potter came around the corner of the house, and out upon the sidewalk. She was going to the Saturday evening market in the city below.

"Here she is," he said. "Now you can ask her."

"What is it?" she inquired, turning a serene and smiling face to me.

"They still think, down in Noank, that you're not very happy with me," he said. "They're afraid you want for something once in a while."

She took this piece of neighborly interference as I have never seen the same kind of gossip taken before.

"I have never wanted for anything since I have been married to my husband," she said. "I am thoroughly contented."

She looked at him, and he looked at her, and there passed between them an affectionate glance.

"Yes," he said, when she had passed, after a pleasing little conversation, "my wife has been a great help to me. She has never complained."

"People are inclined to talk a little," I said.

"Well, you see, she never complained,

but she did feel a little bit worried in the beginning."

"Have you a mission or a church here in Norwich?"

"No, I don't believe in churches."

"Not in churches?"

"No, the sight of a minister preaching the word of God for so much a year is all a mockery to me."

"What do you believe in?"

"Personal service. Churches and charitable institutions and societies are all valueless. You can't reach your fellowman that way. This giving of a few old clothes, that the moths will get anyhow, that won't do. You've got to give something of yourself, and that's affection. Love is the only thing you can really give in this world."

"Money certainly comes handy sometimes," I ventured.

"When you give it with your own hand and heart. Ah!" he exclaimed, with sudden animation, "the tangles men can get themselves into, the snarls, the wretchedness! Troubles with women, with men that they owe, with evil things they say and think, until they can't walk down the street any more without peeping about to see if they are followed. They can't look you in the face; can't walk a straight course, but have got to sneak around corners. Poor, miserable, unhappy—they're worrying and crying and dodging one another!"

He paused, lost in contemplation of the picture he had conjured up.

"What to do about it?" I asked.

"You can't reach 'em with old clothes and charity societies," he said. "You've got to love them, brother. You've got to go to them and love them, just as they are, scarred and miserable and bad-hearted.

"Why, one night I was passing a little house in this town, and I heard a woman crying. I went right to the door and opened it, and when I got inside, she just stopped and looked at me.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I have come to help you, if I can. Now you tell me what you're crying for.'

"Well, sir, you know she sat there and told me of how her husband drank and how she didn't have anything in the house to eat, and so I just gave her all I had, and I told her I would see her husband for her, and the next day I went and hunted him up, and I said to him, 'Oh, brother, I wish you would open your eyes and see what you are doing. I wish you wouldn't do that any more. It's only misery you are creating.' And, you

know, I got to telling him about how badly his wife felt about it, and how I intended to work and try and help her, and bless me, if he didn't up and promise me before I got through that he wouldn't do that any more. And he didn't. He's working to-day, and it's been two years since I went to him, nearly."

His eyes were alight with his appreciation of the value of personal service.

"Yes, that's one instance," I said.

"Oh, there are plenty of them," he replied. "It's the only way. Down here in New London, a couple of winters ago, we had a terrible time of it. Cold—my, but that was a cold winter. Things got so bad there that I finally went to the mayor and told him that if he'd give me the little money they were talking of spending, that I'd feed the hungry for a cent and a half a meal."

"A cent and a half a meal?"

"Yes, sir. They all thought it was rather curious, but they gave me the money, and I fed 'em."

"Good meals."

"Yes, as good as I ever eat myself," he replied.

"How did you do it?" I said.

"Oh, I can cook," he replied. "I just went around to the markets, and told them what I wanted—heads of mackerel, and the part of the halibut that's left after the rich man cuts off his steak—it's the poorest part that he pays for, you know. And I went fishing myself two or three times—I'm a good fisherman, you know—oh, I can catch fish, and I made fish chowders, and fish dinners, and really I set a very fine table, I did, that winter."

"A cent and a half a meal!"

"A cent and a half a meal. That's all it cost me. The mayor himself said he was surprised at the way I did it."

"There wasn't any personal service in the money they gave you?" I said.

"Yes," he said, with unconscious simplicity. "But they gave through me, you see. I gave the personal service. That's the way. Don't you see?"

I smiled, and in the drag of his thought he took up another idea.

"I clothed them that winter, too—went around and got barrels and boxes of old clothing. Some of them felt a little ashamed to put on the things, but I got over that all right. I was wearing them myself, and I just told them, 'Don't feel badly, brother. I'm wearing them out of the same barrel

with you—I'm wearing them out of the same barrel.' Got my clothes entirely free that winter."

"Can you always get all the aid you need for such enterprises?"

"Usually, and then I can earn a good deal of money when I work steadily. I can get a hundred and fifty dollars for a little yacht, you know, every time I find time to make one; and I can make a good deal of money out fishing. I went out fishing here on the Fourth of July, and caught two hundred blackfish—four and five pounds almost, every one of them."

"That ought to be profitable," I said.

"Well, it was," he replied.

"How much did you get for them?"

"Oh, I didn't sell them," he said. "I never take money for my work. I gave them all away."

"What did you do," I said, laughing, "advertise for people to come for them?"

"No," he said, "my wife took some and my daughter, and I took the rest, and we carried them around to people that we thought would like to have them."

"That was profitable!"

"Yes, they were fine fish."

We dropped the subject of personal service at this point, and I expressed the opinion that his service was only a temporary expedient. Perhaps those he aided were none the better for accepting of his charity.

"I know what you mean," he said. "But money is the only dangerous thing to give—but I never give money—not very often. I'd rather give food and clothing. You've got to reach the heart, you know. You've got to make a man over in his soul, if you want to help him, and money won't help you to do that, you know."

"Make them over. What do you mean? How do you make them over?"

"Oh, in their attitude, that's how. You've got to change a man and bring him out of self-seeking if you really want to make him good. Most men are so tangled up, and so worried over their seekings, that unless you can set them to giving it's no use. They don't know what they want. Money isn't the thing.

"Why, half of them wouldn't understand how to use it if they had it. Their minds are not bright enough. Their perceptions are not clear enough. All you can do is to make them content with themselves. And that, giving will do. I never saw the man, or the woman, yet, who couldn't be happy if

you could make them feel the need of living for others."

He rubbed his hands as if he saw the solution of the world's difficulties very clearly, and I said to him:

"Well, now you get a man out of the mire, and saved, as you call it, and then what?"

"Well, then, he's saved," he replied.

"I know. But must he go to church, or conform to certain rules?"

"Nothing to do except to be good to others," he returned. "Charity is kind, you know. 'Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up with pride. . . .'"

"Well," I said, "and then what?"

"Well, then the world would come about. All the misery is in the lack of sympathy one with another. When we get that straightened out we can work in peace. There are lots of things to do, you know."

"Yes."

"I'm an ignorant man myself," he went on, "and I'd like to study. My, but I'd like to look into all things, but I can't do it now. We can't stop until this thing is straightened out. Sometime, maybe," and he looked peacefully away.

"By the way," I said, "whatever became of the man to whom you gave your rubber boots over on Fisher's Island?"

His face lit up as if it were the most natural thing that I should know about it.

"Say," he exclaimed, in the most pleased and confidential way, as if we were talking about a mutual friend. "I saw him not long ago. And, do you know, he's a good man now—really, he is. Sober and hard-working. And, say, would you believe it, he told me I was the cause of it—just that miserable old pair of rubber boots—what do you think of that?"

I shook his hand, at parting, and as we stood looking at each other in the shadow of the evening, I asked him:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Say, brother, but I'm not," he returned. "It hasn't any terror for me at all. I'm just as willing. My, but I'm willing."

He smiled and gripped me heartily again, and, as I was starting to go, said:

"If I die to-night, it'll be all right. He'll use me just as long as He needs me. That I know. Good-by."

"Good-by," I called back.

He hung by his fence, looking down upon the city. As I turned the next corner I saw him awakening from his reflection and waddling stolidly back into the house.

THE GIRL WITH A FUTURE

BY LILIAN C. PASCHAL

"Little Hoppy-Toad-Fast-as-You-Can
Thought he would be a gentleman.
So, one morning with his pack
Slung on a grass-blade over his back,
He started out on the World's wide road—
Poor little foolish, homesick toad!"

THE old nursery rhyme keeps repeating itself to the metronome click of the rails in the ears of the Girl with a Future. Her heart thumps in time and tune, for the train is pulling into the Grand Central Station, and she is at last at the Mecca of her hopes, the scene of action for her future career as a great opera singer—New York.

Its thunderous noises and hordes of people rushing in different directions, like tumble-weeds in a whirlwind, bewilder her at first. It is not in the least like Pineville. For one awful moment, as she stands waiting for a car, that brilliant, beckoning Future—spelled with a capital—which every one in Pineville has predicted for her, is almost swallowed from her sight by the dragon-like Present, and she is tempted to run back to mother.

But she is too brave, or too afraid—whichever you like—to give up so easily, so she laughs at her fears, and boards the car which swings around the corner. She knows where she is going—she has the address of a temporary stopping place, with carefully written directions how to find it, given to her by the minister's wife at home.

In common with most American girls, she is quite used to traveling alone, and, besides, is blessed with a sense of humor—the pneumatic tire that softens many jars along life's bumpy road. Care is an enemy that thrives fatly on woeful thoughts, but he is sensitive to ridicule; if you can poke fun at him he is not half so formidable. He shrinks to half his inflated size.

The Girl with a Future needs all her smiling front to face her first ordeal, that of hunting for an abiding-place in the great city. Sometimes she is fortunate enough to have friends to take her in, or who will help her to find that which she seeks. But otherwise the search is long and arduous, the prices are appalling, the rooms look like cells, and the many stairs she climbs, like Jacob's ladder, are reaching to the skies.

In Pineville, the few persons who board instead of keeping house can live in large, sunny rooms at the best hotel, on the fat of the land—or the lean, which is better—for three and a half or five dollars a week. She is horrified to find people in New York paying twenty-five and forty dollars a week for such accommodations in ordinary boarding-houses.

Between her hunting expeditions, perhaps she meets at table another girl who is on the search. The new acquaintance has lived in the city before, and is quite persuaded that only in the studio or girl colony is to be found perennial bliss for the student. They go together to look at unfurnished apartments. The prices rise dismally before them like the mercury in July, from thirty-five dollars to two hundred dollars per month.

The Girl with a Future perches on a radiator and calculates, on her shopping memorandum, the average expense per month for rooms, food, light and fuel, and a servant. It comes to about forty-two dollars per month, at the lowest computation, and an outlay of over thirty dollars for furnishings which she will not need after her student days in New York are over. For, of course, she expects to be "finished" in Paris. There are girls who live in colonies for less than this sum, but they number at least eight to each group. And the music student much prefers a room to herself.

She shakes her head and continues her search alone. Then she falls a momentary prey to the temptation of light housekeeping. She visits a girl who is domestically as well as economically inclined, and who has ended her journeyings in the haven of a furnished room at two and a half or three and a half dollars a week. This girl's little den is cozy and homey, but it is a kitchen in disguise; each article of her furniture leads a double life—one for dining-room use and another for parlor ornament. Her chafing dish and tiny gas stove are like toys with which she plays for a gleeful while, but when the novelty is worn off her meals grow irregular and she gradually becomes a chronic diner-out, a restaurant vagrant.

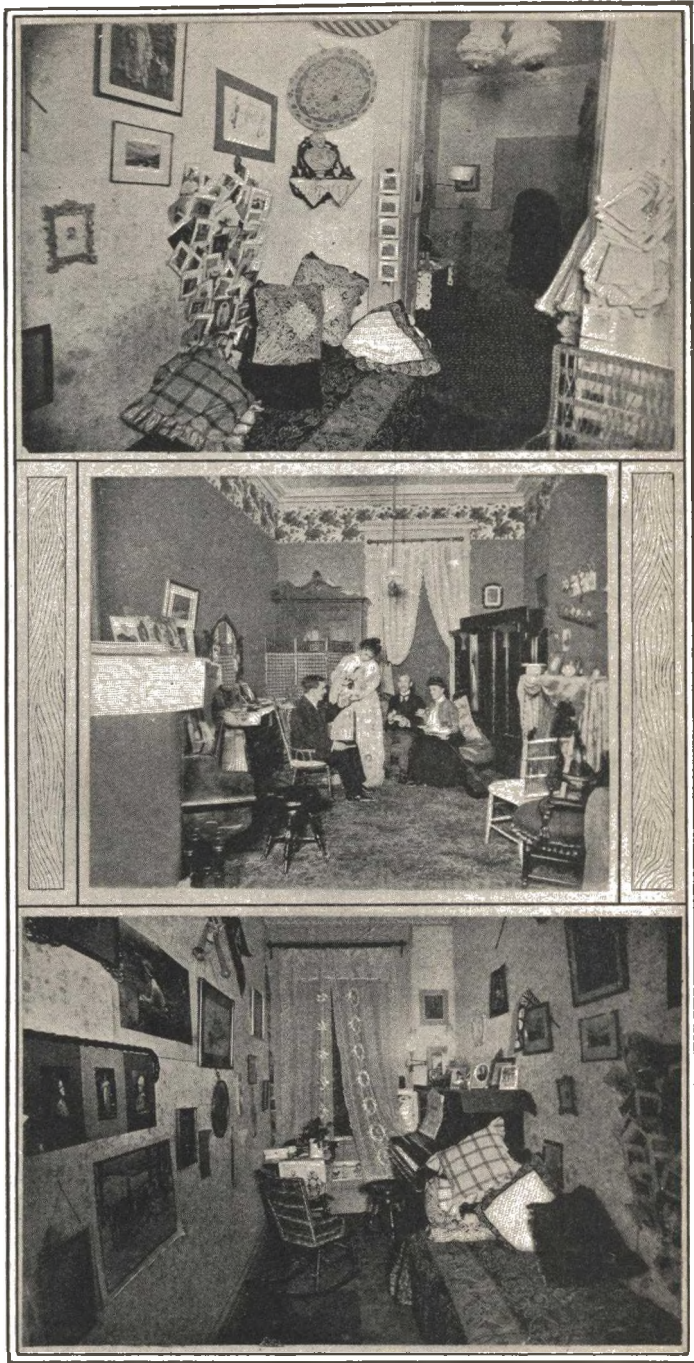
So the Girl with a Future goes back to her list of boarding houses. She usually

settles at last in the proverbial haunt of genius unrecognized, the fourth floor back, at seven dollars per week.

She sighs ruefully as she surveys her box-like kingdom and entertains cheerful reflections on the famous Harlem flat where the dog learns to wag his tail up and down. She goes to sleep on the narrow couch-bed with an ache in her heart as well as in her tired limbs, and a lump in her throat, as she thinks of her cozy snuggery at home with its brass bed, sunny bay windows and ample spaces. She wakes at night with a sense of smothering. The white tombstone walls seem so near, she almost fancies they are closing in on her like that old torture room of the Spanish Inquisition.

But with the morning sunlight she takes new heart of courage, and obeys the same instinct which prompts a bird to line her nest with down or the pearl oyster to convert the irritating grain of sand within its shell into a thing of beauty. She opens her grass blade pack, and with the help of its contents—photographs, pictures, souvenirs, flags from college sweethearts and various bits of *bric-à-brac*—she has feathered her bare little nest into comparative comfort.

She bestows her simple wardrobe in the tiny closet, obeying, in all things, the law of condensation which prevails in New York, throws a rug over the emptied trunk, tacks a new cover onto the rickety screen and sets it before the ugly washstand and calculates, to an inch, just how much space must be left for a piano and the one chair.



Views in the Home of the Music Student in New York.

She makes a hurried shopping expedition to the ten-cent store and comes back laden with bundles. The pale and consumptive gas light which sputters and chokes feebly over its own miserable sickliness is restored to healthy brightness by a new burner, mantle and shade. For the Girl with a Future must

save her eyes—no one ever heard of a Brunhilde or Marguerite wearing spectacles.

Then she hangs a few Japanese lanterns, umbrellas and fans in smoked corners, encases the pillows of her Bagdad covered couch with bandanna handkerchiefs, tacks a panel or two of Perry pictures where they will hide gaping cracks in the plaster, and throws herself among the cushions to survey her handiwork.

She pronounces it good. She sleeps better that night. The next morning she girds herself anew for the fray.

Ordeal number two is the most difficult in her initiation into student life. She has to find a voice teacher. She is in the position of the millionaire who was embarrassed financially—he had so much money he didn't know what to do with it.

There are so many teachers, each with his or her coterie of ardent followers who "wouldn't study with any one else for the world," that it is hard to decide. Her illusions concerning some great master whom she has worshipped from afar are liable to rude shocks.

She almost decides on Signor Tenori, at a well-known conservatory, when some one shakes her decision by a voluble diatribe against the conservatory method as compared with private lessons, recommending Madame Sopranisto, the great ex-opera singer, etc.

She spends one entire week in voice trials and receives an avalanche of expert testimony concerning her voice, which for contradictory variety would do credit to a bribery trial in a court of law.

One professor dwells in rapture on her high B flat and pronounces her to be a light lyric soprano—only a few more lessons are needed, etc. Another, after duly listening to her crude rendition of a lullaby, declares that she should sing nothing but contralto. A third says she has a mezzo-soprano, nothing more, while still another marvels over the range of three octaves and desires to begin preparing her at once for grand opera, since she has a heavy dramatic soprano of unusual timbre.

One dear, gruff old maestro may tell her, "You haf ze voice, but you cannot zing. When you haf loved, when you haf suffered --zen come back to me."

She meets a woman of gracious presence and candid eyes, or a man whose bump of conscience is bigger than his desire for her money, who says after hearing her scared little song, "My dear, your voice is in em-

bryo. I cannot tell what it is as yet. A range of three octaves doesn't count. The locality of the best tones determines the voice. You have temperament, I can see, and if you are willing to work hard, you might make a singer. This circular will tell you my terms. I am very busy. . . . Good-night."

On the way home, the girl pores over the printed circular, and in spite of the five dollars per half hour quoted thereon, as the price of lessons, she has decided on her teacher. She rents a piano for four dollars per month, and her student life has begun in real earnest.

Then come "the long days of labor, and nights devoid of ease," which is the price exacted by Art, the inexorable task-mistress. Although the actual hours of practice number but two or three a day, yet they are taken in small pellets of fifteen minutes at a time, a half hour apart. So a whole afternoon is consumed bit by bit. Then there are French, German and Italian lessons, and sometimes classes in sight-reading. She spends much of her spare time in the studio, listening to other lessons, from which she derives as much benefit as from her own.

The Girl with a Future lives steeped in an atmosphere of music, for the boarding-houses where vocal or piano practice is allowed are few, and the students flock to them in dozens. The pupils of one teacher being birds of a feather, are quite likely to flock together, so it often happens that fifteen, or twenty girls, all studying the same method will be in one house—perhaps relegated to the two top floors, where they will disturb others less.

The chance caller there during practice hours will think he has entered an aviary, or a nursery, or a zoo, according to his mental attitude and the state of his liver.

In the vicinity of Union Square are many vocal studios, and Fifth Avenue from Fourteenth to Fortieth Streets is sprinkled thickly with them. In the first locality the teacher's studio and apartments are in some boarding-house, which is almost entirely given over to the students.

Here the girls collect in motley groups from all over the United States. At one table in the crowded dining-room will be found the girl from Texas, whose father has 400,000 cattle on one range, chumming with the Golden Gate maiden, whose widowed mother is stinting herself to give her daughter a musical education. Touching elbows just beyond will be a breezy Montana girl,

daughter of a Copper King, holding an animated discussion with a demure Priscilla from Boston, who taught school three years to pay for one year of music in New York.

It is a merry beehive of industry where these girls live. They are bright and wide-awake, full of life and hope. Their pleasures, though simple and necessarily economical, are many and taken joyously. After all, it is the appetite and not the *menu* which counts in the pleasure of dining. And no one has such opportunities to acquire a zest for the morsels of enjoyment that come her way as the girl student. She sits in a fifty-cent seat in the family circle, and is more apt to appreciate the blasé, bejeweled woman, who sits in the box below, ennuied from a surfeit of life's sweets. When you have had too much cake, cake doesn't taste good. You can't get too much of a good thing, for when you get too much it ceases to be a good thing. So works the law of compensation.

These girls enjoy their brief seasons of pleasure with a delight unknown to the heiress, who looks pityingly from the outside at what she thinks is a cramped life. In the long winter evenings the girl student draws her little coterie about her for tea, a rarebit, and a game of whist. And the tea tastes none the worse for being sipped from tumblers surreptitiously abstracted from the dining-room, nor is the whist less exciting because the card table is improvised from a music folio and the piano stool.

Or, a merry group will be found perched in tiers on the upper staircase, blonde head above brown, singing away at the top of their voices the unclassical but exhilarat-

ing air of "Rosie, My Posie," to the tinkling accompaniment of mandolin and guitar. When the plump landlady arrives, puffing from her three flights up, she produces a scattering like a hawk in a dove-cote. There is a great fluttering and scurrying to various rooms, for they have transgressed the ten o'clock rule.



"Perching on a radiator, calculates the average expense."

Then there are nights of revelry at the opera, where a crowd of girls will go Dutch treat, each paying her hard-earned \$1.50 for the privilege of standing through an opera, occasionally sitting on the floor between acts to rest her tired feet. But they all enjoy it, drinking in greedily, though critically, every familiar aria and duetto.

Sometimes, on rare occasions, a good fairy among some girl's wealthy friends leaves tickets for a box at the opera or a theatre.

Then what excitement ensues in the dove-cote! What scramblings for one's best "glad rags"—in student slang; what airing of bits of old lace and family heirlooms; what fresh-

ening of ribbons and gloves and hurried primpings before the mirror, and headlong rushes into each other's dens for a bit of borrowed finery or for help to fasten a refractory bodice!

Follows the solemn consultation as to whether a cab can be jointly afforded with three in a seat, and the gayly chattering crowd troops off and, later, flutters into the box with many airs and graces, before all the crowded house, where they wave their fans languidly and level their opera glasses, playing the great lady for one whole, long, delicious evening. And they do not realize that, as in the "let's play" of childhood,

there is more fun in the make-believe than in the reality.

There are girls' clubs and women's clubs and students' clubs, where one may go to read or sew or lie before a grate fire, building in the flames many a castle in Spain.



"When you haf loved, when you haf suffered—zen come back to me."

St. Mark's Students' Club in the rear of St. Mark's Church, in East Eleventh Street, is one of these clubs. It has nearly 150 members.

The girls go on shopping expeditions, where one must stretch a nickle to the purchasing power of a quarter if possible. Then there are free concerts, free art exhibitions, and free lectures of travel, with stereopticon views, which a vivid imagination construes into a real trip around the world. The recitals of good music in Mendelssohn Hall and Carnegie Hall at popular prices, twenty-five and fifty cents, are well patronized by students.

In the spring, a Saturday afternoon in the country, is one of the joys to be had, where

the crowd may turn loose and be children again; or they will go of an evening to sing in a settlement in the Bowery, where the boys and girls will crowd around the piano and join in the chorus of "Old Kentucky Home" or "The Holy City." When the dancing begins the boys approach the singers and with an air of crimson dignity, ask them to waltz. The students go home, followed by an approving chorus "You're all right. Wish you'd come again."

And so the days pass quickly in work and play. . . . The types of students are various. There is the girl with the stunning voice, but who lacks two great essentials, time and tune. So many requisites besides mere voice are necessary to the make-up of a great singer—health, a capacity for hard work, a reasonable amount of good looks, a fine ear, determination, perseverance, money, and a hundred others. It is like the making of a cake—if but one ingredient is left out the result is failure. Here fate has been even more tantalizing than usual in bestowing half gifts. She gives one girl money and voice, and even beauty, but she leaves out self-confidence. The poor little singer is always frightened and nervous—her voice goes to pieces anywhere outside of the studio. Sometimes this can be overcome, but often she never gets over it. She suffers such agonies of terror as to be really at the point of seasickness before a concert. She usually

marries, and never sings outside of the four walls of home.

Then there is the girl who has no voice, but who can sing—paradoxical as it may sound. She will do stunts in execution, trills, scales and cadenzas that are the envy of all the girls, in a little, manufactured voice, which in a sustained tone has no more resonance than a stick of wood.

Perhaps sharing her piano will be a pale little village girl, whose cat-squalls excite the pity of all the busy workers about her. She has apparently none of the ingredients, but a dogged determination to sing. Yet she plods on year after year, expending on her voice—or lack of voice—a sum of money that would serve to keep a whole

family in luxury. For a complete musical education costs thousands of dollars.

This type is only too common. Her dotting parents have been told by village critics, "Milly has a wonderful voice—you ought to do something for it," perhaps thinking maliciously the while that "she ought to have it pulled." But straightway Milly is taken out of school, where she is just learning to begin sentences with capital letters, and is sent to New York to study voice culture.

She cannot sing, and never will, but she works on and on, denying herself the usual pleasures of young girls, for fear it will be bad for her voice. If a Columbia cousin brings her a box of chocolates, she puts them virtuously by, with the comment, "The worst thing in the world for the voice." Or if he comes on a sunny, snappy January day for a Saturday afternoon's skating in Van Cortlandt Park, she "wouldn't think of it—she'd be sure to catch cold in her throat."

Some fine Christmas when she is at home for the holiday vacation and airing her voice at church sociables, a village beau on the way home, honestly, if awkwardly, begs her to make glad his cottage home with her presence. She indignantly refuses to give up her career for the narrow bounds of matrimony. And so the sunny days of her girlhood are lost in shadows, and inevitable disappointment awaits her at the turn of the road.

Then there is the girl who has the voice, the money and the ability, but who will not

work—society and beaux and dresses take up all her time. There is the girl who modestly hopes she will be able some day to



At St. Mark's Students' Club, New York.

teach music at home, and help mother with the money, but whose voice comes out so gloriously within the year that her teacher offers her lessons free for the honor and the advertisement of the method that will be sure to come when she is brought before the public.

Many of these girls find church positions within a year or two, either in chorus choirs at from one to five dollars per Sunday, or they work up through many tears and tribulations to solo positions in quartettes which will pay from two hundred to fifteen hundred dollars per year to each singer. But for one who succeeds in earning a bare living with her voice, there are fifty who fail. The percentage of those winning the laurels coveted by all, in concert or opera, is very, very small indeed.

A whole chapter could be written on choir trials, which are trials in every sense of the word to all concerned. The girl with a future has begun to spell it with a small letter by the time she starts for one of these sessions of torture.

With her music roll under her arm, she tramps through the rain—and it is always raining when she goes on this errand—possibly because it is usually just before the first of May, the beginning of the choir year. It is an excruciating experience to stand in the line of candidates awaiting their turn at the church in much trepidation of spirit, and bedraggled of apparel. The organist is always cross—it is an evening that wears on his artistic temperament.

The musical committee is always composed of representatives of all the warring elements in the congregation, so everybody will be satisfied with the new singer; the minister is there *ex-officio*, wearing the uncomfortable look of the professional peace-maker; also the deacon, who doesn't know high G from low P, but who isn't satisfied with the way the hymns have been sung, and the two or three old ladies who run all the church sociables, complete the ranks of a usually unmusical committee.

As the line dwindles down to the girl with a future, she feels like Marie Antoinette waiting to be guillotined; when she sings, her voice shakes so violently that the other candidates nudge each other and whisper, "She won't get it—she has such an awful tremolo!"

After it is over, and she has really ended on the key, she descends, feeling like a vivisected fly under the microscope, goes

home to her hall room and cries herself to sleep from sheer nervousness.

She may have to repeat the same performance at different churches until she gets sick of it all, and goes back to Pineville to marry Tom, the grocer. For a siege of choir trials is quite enough to drive one to desperation and matrimony.

But if by any chance, she should happen to have been the least displeasing of the throng of aspirants, or if she has successfully concealed her fright, or best of all, if she has the all-powerful pull with a wealthy member of the congregation, she may receive a telegram the next day to come to rehearsal the following Saturday. In which joyful and unusual case, she rushes to her teacher with the news, receives the half-envious congratulations of the other girls, sends a dispatch home, and goes out of town for a few days to rest up.

After that, life is real and earnest for her—she knows she has a voice to work for and with, and she studies with redoubled enthusiasm. She joins a quartette of singing girls, and may be seen almost any day thereafter, hurrying with her suit case for the train to Jersey City, Tarrytown or Fall River. She begins to get concert engagements, small at first, only three dollars a night, then growing larger as people hear of her; till the dizzy time when her teacher is called upon in haste for a singer to take the place of a suddenly indisposed soprano or contralto who was to have sung the solo part in "The Messiah" at Carnegie Hall. She is selected. She is hurried breathlessly into her concert gown and into a carriage. She arrives just as the orchestra is tuning up. She makes a hit. The home papers copy the New York press notices about the new star on the horizon and exploit her as the Pineville Melba.

Then perhaps some great singer hears her voice, detects in it the promise of future greatness and takes a fancy to her. Then indeed is her fortune made. The Nordicas and Calvés of the grand opera stage are often attached to protégées upon whom they lavish the wealth of their instruction, their hopes and protection, and better yet, the advertising power of their great names. Shakespeare would not have asked, "What's in a name?" had he lived in the twentieth century.

"She is under the wing of Madame Eames, who predicts great things for her," is enough to gain for the girl the listening ear of manager and public. Of course she must be

able to retain the position so gained for her, or she sinks into the inky waters of oblivion.

Her good angel will probably send her to Paris for the long-hoped-for "finishing," and, when she has returned, wiser, more mature, and her voice in the full flower of its development, she goes with her famous patroness on a concert tour to San Francisco. It is a triumphal march, and she returns with three scrap-books filled with press notices and the air of assured success.

She begins to be fêted, and then comes the wonderful day when she sees her photograph in the New York music store windows with only her last name printed underneath—that hall-mark of final Fame—followed by the magic words, "With the Grau Grand Opera Company."

Then she knows that at last that far-off, dazzling Future has become the living Present, and she realizes with a pang that "Distance lends enchantment to the view." For even a grand opera singer, improbable as it seems to the young student-dreamer, has clouds in her sky, managers, adverse musical criticism, laryngitis, professional jealousies, and dozens of others, and all the jars to which the musical temperament seems peculiarly susceptible.

But the Girl has become a Woman now, and even in the glaring limelight of success

"When youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts;
And it never comes again."

She lives for her Art, and alternates between dizzy heights of intoxication, induced by the absinthe of popular applause, and the depths of despondency that are the reaction.

She takes a fierce delight in her wonderful

power over her big tiger pet, the Public, which under the spell of her glorious voice, purrs velvet-pawed at her feet, to lick her dainty hand. Then one morning, after a supper of unusual length and jubilation, she reads in the morning papers press criticisms that her voice is failing. Then she feels the first keen pricks from the sharp, un-sheathed claws of her tiger. He has his first taste of blood, and she knows—. She catches her breath. She had not thought of that in the dazzle-ment of her life.



"Press criticisms which say that her voice is failing."

She looks at her face in the mirror and sees wrinkles and graying hair, and begins to wonder if, after all, it has been worth while. The long years of study and struggle, privation and humiliation, of self-denial and self-culture, youth gone, the old joy in life gone, her voice going—for the average life of an opera voice is twelve years—all this weighed up in the balance against the frail, iridescent bubble she has held for a precarious moment in her fingers—the bubble of Fame.

She recalls the handsome faces of her sister's stalwart sons, now at college, the comfort of their proud mother's declining years, as they sat in the lower box last night and showered flowers at her. She wonders, sighingly, if, after all—

Sunken Treasure

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



“NO,” said the old diver, “taking it altogether, I don’t deny that there’s been considerable lost coin fished up—I’ll tell you more, too—just as they say chemistry begun with the misguided efforts of certain one-idea’d lunies to manufacture twenty-two carat gold bars out of bath bricks and flatirons, so the hankerin’ after sunken treasure set people to thinking out workable diving gear. I’m speaking of the gold lost with the Spanish Armada. And they did recover some of it, too. Indeed, though it’s been a mighty losing game in the long run, they’ve been getting more of it off and on ever since. In Whitstable, England, there’s a block of houses called ‘Dollar Row,’ built thirty years ago by a famous diver, old John Rann, with Spanish money he brought up off the Irish Coast.

“However”—and the old fellow knocked the dottle out of his pipe ruminatively—“one or two hits to half a thousand misses ain’t what you can call sure shooting, and the sunken treasure business has got itself looked at slantwise, and rightly so, among all regular deep-sea men. If a lad takes that kind of job he’s pretty sure not only to give his time for nothing, but to get the laugh from the rest of the profession. and

to lose real standing into the bargain. When almost any cargo nowadays that divers are sent out to do salvage work on is worth from fifty thousand up—mebbe five times that much—you haven’t time to go groping the bottom of the sea for ingots and plate, and chests full of doubloons and moidores. Moreover, the happy geniuses that invite you to share the profits of such enterprises have generally got their intellects so chockful of the vision of opening a bank account from a three-horse truck that the coming round of payday altogether escapes their observation. In all my thirty years of diving the only treasure-finding I ever did was done accidental. And although it was certainly nuts to me at the time, it wasn’t long before I was feeling pretty silly over it. For a fool reporter got hold of the yarn, and by multiplying what I wouldn’t tell him by what he didn’t know, he managed to make a complete monkey of me. My diving friends called me ‘Spanish Galleons’ for years afterward. As for the real story of that job, there’s mighty little to it. In fact, what I remember best about it was the first amazing sight it gave me of the under-sea in the West Indies.

“That was in the later seventies. I’d

been out of the navy and in deep-sea work for myself for some time then—though I'd never got far enough ahead to buy myself armor and harness. That fall I'd been doing coast and harbor jobs along the Gulf, and I was at Mobile when a young English captain—Adams, his name was—came to me with a cargo-salving proposition. It was the iron ship he'd been sailing himself, the *Sea Lion*, from Panama to Liverpool with logwood, mahogany and rubber. The tail of the August hurricane had caught her off the Turks, and when their boat was picked up, she'd slid from the rocks and was sitting snug in seven or eight fathoms. There was from a month to six weeks' derricking in the job. Would I take it? And he named fair wages. And if I took it would I want a diving partner? He would have to hold expenses down to the last penny, but he couldn't ask me to run needless risks merely to save his pocketbook.

"I took the job as straight off the bat as he offered it; for I liked him on the first look at his eyes. Furthermore, I'd always wanted to see the West Indian waters, and I was just young enough to think of the run as a sort of holiday adventure. As for a diving partner, I said no; but I mentioned a young sailor from Gloucester who'd been my tender a good many times, and who, at a pinch, could be trusted in the armor. He told me to bring him round to him, and also to pick out two suits and gear. The coasting freighter *Stonewall Jackson* he'd chartered, seemed built to go down from; she was deep in the waist and steady as Mount Washington. And he showed equal judgment in choosing his hoisting tackle and equipment. By the end of that

week we were all ready; but Saturday morning the second big storm of that fall came down on us and kept us from casting off till Monday.

"On the run out, and along the Cuban shore I had a chance to get acquainted with the captain; and though at first he was curt as an admiral, when he saw that I had considerable more interest in his job than his so many dollars per would account for, he gradually unstiffened and took me into his confidence. It seemed that the owners had blamed him for the loss of his ship, a fool thing to do with any decent officer, and partic'larly fool in his case. For not only

had he lost all his personal effects, but he was sailing under the old system and had a five per cent. interest in the profits of the run. Indeed, he'd hope to marry on what that very trip would add to his savings. So he was white-hot over it. But he kept his tongue and advised them to put the *Sea Lion* into the hands of a salvage company—his own share to be written off as settled. But no, they'd once lost money on a wrecking risk. They preferred to post her as abandoned, and take it out in snarling at their officer. He quit their service, swallowing his bile the best he could, and took the first ship over to Mobile.

"And his idea was nothing more nor less than to spend about everything he had fitting out a wrecking venture of his own. If it wasn't successful, nobody but himself would lose. And if it was, he intended to take his bare expenses out of the proceeds and turn over everything else to the company. Nor it wasn't hard to see that he didn't intend to turn it over with any hat-off humbleness. either.



"A young English captain—Adams, his name was."

Looking back at it now, I'm bound to own there was probably a good deal of pique as well as smarting honor in that; and for all his captaincy he showed himself still pretty young. But I was ten years younger, and I thought then he was showing the rightful pride of a good square man, and I could have sworn by him for it. Indeed, he was a mighty good fellow, too, and by the last morning's run through the Old Channel we were like chums. I think I wanted to see him get his cargo out almost as much as if I'd owned the old tub of a *Sea Lion* myself. You may know then, that when we turned the last point and got out the glasses, there was more than one badly knocked man on board on finding not so much as the finger ends of the *Ser Lion's* masts in sight!

"What had most likely happened was something that every wrecking company sees happen again and again. It's occurred not two hundred yards from shore in the New York East River. The *Sea Lion* had probably been sitting on a shelving ledge; and the next storm working her off, she'd dropped down to the bottom like a cracked teapot. She was iron, you must remember, and badly broken. Adams himself must have foreseen the possible chance of that, for the knot of his jaw only tightened a little, and he gave orders to get out the whale-boat for a look around, as if the thing had come out exactly as he expected. He said she might only have turned over on her side—which I could have told him would have made salving pretty near impossible; but I thought it best to keep my teeth shut on that for a while at any rate. So I took the water-glass and went along. We spent the rest of the day pulling up and down in a long zigzag, and here and there where the water shoaled off into patches of light green, I dropped the glass down and took a long look. But, of course, we found nothing; I'd have been the most astonished salvage man in the world if we had. Yet that night when the captain proposed to put back to Mobile again I went straight against all common sense and argued for another day's search. And when next day we got the boat out again, it was easy enough to see that the other men had sized up the situation pretty well, too, but were willing enough to do a little extra work to let the captain down easy.

"That morning was bright, even for southern sunshine. The deeps and shoals for two cables' lengths around us came out in one big, softly shaded mottle. And we just

turned for the third time when the captain and me both shouted at once; not two hundred yards off our port there was a piece of water light colored as a peafield, and showing a vessel's deck lines as clear and clean as if cut out of green cardboard! It wasn't the *Sea Lion*, though. Adams could tell that in a minute, and mighty disappointed he looked, too. But there was a craft down there of some sort, and as we pulled up and back along her length, though no masts came up the glass told me she couldn't be more than seven fathoms down, either. The captain looked at me. I was only too willing. And he signaled for the *Stonewall Jackson* to work in close to us. An hour later she was anchored right across the bow of the hulk, and I was climbing down my diving ladder.

"I could feel my boot leads crunch as I lit, and in the moment before a shining cloud of powdered coral had flung itself up and round me like a veil, I saw that I was in a regular submarine garden. But for the rubbery 'give' of the pulpy old deck as it took my weight, I'd have sworn I was on bottom. As it was, I brushed along through the plant and coral growths ten yards or so, to be out of the shadow of the *Stonewall*, and then stood perfectly still till the water cleared and I could get my bearings. And then—— Well, and then I thought I'd dropped down into fairyland. I suppose it was because the sun was so strong and high, with the surface without a ripple and the depth just right; but truly I saw such a wonder of under-sea refraction and coloring then as has never been blotted out of my memory by anything I've seen since. And I know for the time being everything else went completely from my mind.

"You've most likely seen a kind of what-not curiosity the souvenir people sell, a hollow ball of clear glass filled with water, and a little figure or some bits of seaweed and coral fastened in the center of it? Well, that's what I thought of first off. It was just as if I was standing in the middle of a great crystal globe. Over my head was a dome of soft frosted gold that shaded off as it rounded downwards into misty silver; then, when it had passed through a light pearly blue, deeper and deeper into the black-dark blue of the under-sea, the deck, seeming to curve upwards bowl-like all around me, met it and gave the 'globe' its under half. And everything—even to the green stump of the foremast at my very feet—was as if painted and arranged on the out-

side of the 'globe.' It was the strangest thing—yes, and the loveliest, too! For everything came out so amazing bright and clear and fresh-colored, it was like one big,

new-made transfer picture. The deck was as grown-over as a log in a Louisiana swamp. It was rugged with thick-matted sea-moss, and cushioned with 'Bahama tussocks' and sponges, and wafted and feathered with tiny, wavering hair grasses of crimson and violet and orange, fine as the finest silk flosses. And on that background of every shade and tint, the sea-eggs and coral clumps scattered here and there came out snow-white.

The tall plants seemed to bend in a half circle to curl their plumes over my head, and they were tipped and studded with blue and yellow flowers and bright red berries. Fish of every outlandish shape and gorgeous color came darting in through one side of my 'globe,' and whipped out again through the other, where they hung staring at me from the shadow magnified and distorted into huge, saucer-eyed hobgoblins. And as for me, I stood here gaping like one of those enchanted princes you read about in fairy-tale books. If I *was* dreaming I couldn't get too much of it, and when I did begin to remember what I'd come down for, I still stayed nailed there minute after minute. It seemed to me if I moved everything would vanish into nothing like a pin-pricked bubble.

"But finally I did get myself moving, and started off *up* the deck, and 'up' was the

word, too, for *two* reasons. For, till the mist of coral sand rose and blurred out everything again, I was in the bowl of the 'globe,' and I lifted my feet for hill-climbing in spite of myself. As I got into the waist of the hulk, the decking gave more and more under my weight, only fifty pounds or so though it was; and tightening my escape valve, I let my suit fill with air till I was like a ball on an elastic. Then I got down on hands and knees and bobbed along groping for the main hatch. I found it, and two seconds afterwards I found myself sitting in a heap between decks—for the remains of the ladder went



"It was just as if I was standing in the middle of a great crystal globe."

down like soggy cardboard as soon as I put foot on it. But I signaled up that nothing was wrong, and to give me a lot more slack.

"So far I hadn't found the old craft differing much in layout from a modern boat, and when I started crawling aft I reckoned I could go straight to the captain's cabin. It was a pretty dangerous exploring expedition, though, for once out of the hatchway light, it was pitchy dark, and I knew every beam and bulkhead must be punk-rotten, and bored into sponge wood by the teredos as well. I might go smashing through to the hold or bring down a large section of the upper works on myself at any moment. So I traveled on eggs now I tell you! And I was a good ten minutes making that fifty or sixty feet through aft. But I reached the cabin all right.

"It was a little cubbyhole, and the two

big chests it held were almost the first things I put my hands on. They were tered-drilled, too. I could push my arm through the first of them in any place. But the second was iron-sheathed on the inside, and while the wooden shell came off like so much dozey bark, I couldn't get any further. The metal was badly gone; but, for all that, my hands weren't the tools to do anything against it. After breaking my nails for no good, I had to make up my mind to go back to the *Stonewall* for a crow.

"Up on deck and my face-plate screwed off, everybody 'wanted to know' badly. But it's time enough to report when the job's done, and I stood off even the captain. Five minutes later I was working back to the old cabin again, with a good pry-pointed bar under my arm. And I was making vigorous use of it in short order. However, I had no cinch. The top closed over the bottom of the chest, and fitted so snugly, too, that for a long time I couldn't work in the pry at all. And when I did get it in, I had the trouble divers are always having. With my balloon weight, I could get almost no leverage. And a shoal of fish kept running in on me and nipping at my fingers. But I plugged ahead, and at last by turning the box on its side and kneeling on it, I managed to get the crow under the bar of the lock.

"The oozy mush in the bottom of that chest had probably once been the ship's papers. But I wasn't worrying much about that just then. For in one end of the chest there was a metal box, round-topped like a loaf of ship's bread, and not much bigger—but heavy, oh, it was good and heavy! It hefted like a ten-inch shell! And when I tilted it, the shifting of the weight of whatever was inside it almost threw it out of my hands. At first I sat there hazy-headed like a six-year-old with his stocking still unopened of a Christmas morning. Then, just as the little shaver suddenly gets the use of his limbs again and bolts off to his room with it, I took a firm grip on that metal box, and hurried back to the hatch.

"Yet when they'd hoisted me on to the upper deck I made them loosen off again. I wanted time to think. I had the feeling that I ought to be dead sure what was in that box before I took it up. And with that I felt, too, that if I had big luck for the captain, I ought to put all the climax and excitement I could into breaking it to him. So I eased off my escape valve a little, and squatting down in a spot clear of weeds, began to use the crow again. It was like

smashing old stovepipe. One twist snapped the lock, and I shoved the top up. It was full of coin. I sat there breathing long breaths and figuring what I'd do. . . . I'd go up empty-handed. The hope would go out of the captain's face completely, and I'd say, 'Hard luck, old man,' as he turned to go aft to his cabin. The men would start loosening my gasket sulky-like, when suddenly I'd be reminded. 'Hold on a minute,' I'd say. 'There's something I intended bringing up with me.' And with them staring at me puzzle-faced, I'd start down again. Then when I showed up ten minutes after 'ard, I'd give them such another paralyzing dazzler as they'd be a year of paydays forgetting! That was all silly and childish, I know, but I was a youngster again for those minutes—bubbling over with the wealth of the find I'd made, and the adventure of it, and the surprise I had in store for Adams.

"In the meantime, though, while the coral mist was settling like phosphate in a glass, not a glitter came from the box! The coin showed all alike of the dull bronze green of an old frog's back. For a moment I thought even then that it was going to be disappointment. But when I'd dug my fingers into it, and lifted a heavy fistful, and rubbed it against my rough breast canvas—then, then the good true glint began to hit my eyes! I set the box down on deck as gently as I could, and looked upward and around me. The surface was a-ripple with the afternoon breeze, and the 'globe' had completely vanished. The sun filtered straggling down to me like wavering yellow hair. It played on the gold and the snowy sand for all the world as I'd seen it a hundred times when I was a lad, reflected of a morning from my water pitcher onto the ceiling of my little white attic room; and for a while I had the queerest feeling. But I threw it off and started for the ladder.

"Well, I hadn't more than got on deck and began shaking my head properly glum and disappointed, before Adams made a sudden dive at my belt. And with a shout and a drive into my ribs, he clapped one of those big gold Spanish 'pillar dollars' against my glass! It had slipped down and caught under a waist lead when I was polishing the handful of them. They almost threw me overboard, and welted me with the slack of the line till I was out of reach under water again. I went down in record time, and they brought me and the ladder up together. For the rest of that afternoon discipline was relaxed on board the *Stonewall Jackson*.

"It was all old money, none of it later than 1780; and except for a few English guineas, all of it Spanish. The ship had most likely been a regular trader; and for what the Cadiz clippers of those times must have made, the barter coin she carried was mighty little. Eleven thousand three hundred and eighty dollars was what Adams changed it for. But if it had been a hundred thousand, he couldn't have been any more generous with it. What he made me take bought me a whole suit and gear, and I tell you a diver's trappings cost like a duke's. The other men, too, shared proportionately.

"But that's the only 'treasure-ship' business I ever had to do with. No doubt in the million square miles of the Spanish Main there's more of them;

and mebbe if a man were to pull up and down over those waters mighty carefully for a couple of hundred years or so he might come on another—but I'm too old for such exercise myself. And when a 'Get-rich-quick' gentleman comes to me or

any other regular deep-sea man, and gives it to us in husky whispers that he's found a rainbow with a pot of gold under each end of it—which rainbow is most un-



"One twist snapped the lock, and I shoved the top up. It was full of coin."

doubtedly the partic'lar triumphal arch set for us to walk through to everlasting fortune—we have to give him to understand that a diver's boots are about twenty-five pounds too heavy for any such gay and fancy marching!"

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

THE theatre season that began in September, 1901, sinks gradually into history under convoy of a few interesting spring productions. Heinrich Conried brings back to American audiences such distinguished favorites as Adolf von Sonnenthal and Madame Odilon. Further, this earnest and aggressive director introduces a new German actor in Ferdinand Bonn, whose proper distinction is his versatility and robust force. H. B. Harris, the most promising of the younger of our managers, puts on "Soldiers of Fortune," in mid-Lent, with such good success that there is hope for a run into the hot nights of July. In addition, Mr. Harris makes a second attempt to attract the public to Leo Dietrichstein's serious drama, "The Last Appeal." This play was first tried in Philadelphia. The circumstances of that production were unpropitious. Besides, it has come to be an axiom with managers that no play can be developed into a success unless it has received the stamp of New York's approval. Why this should be so, it is difficult to understand. New York is the most provincial city in the United States. The town's very cosmopolitanism is suburban. However this may be, the fact remains that the out-of-town theatregoer

prefers a play bearing New York's credentials. To be sure, there are exceptions to the rule, as in the case of "Arizona," which was first produced in Chicago. Again, there is "Sky Farm," by E. E. Kidder, which, after running for months in Boston, is welcomed at the end of the season in New York.

The latest notable production in New York is "The Importance of Being Earnest," by the Author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." (It is understood that England's most brilliant dramatist of recent years desired the authorship of his comedies be signified in these terms.) It is quite interesting to note that the London revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was popularly acclaimed at George Alexander's modish theatre. The

wit, the humor, the penetration of the author glow undimmed as when the piece was new. The marvel and charm of the style remain unspoiled.

After the disastrous failure of "Lady Margaret," Amelia Bingham, the most enterprising of women managers, interposed "The Climbers" while her new play, "A Modern Magdalen," was in preparation. This social melodrama was written originally by a Danish playwright, in whose country it enjoyed great popularity. A German translation followed, from



Adolf von Sonnenthal.
As KING LEAR, at Heinrich Conried's Theatre.



Rice photo.

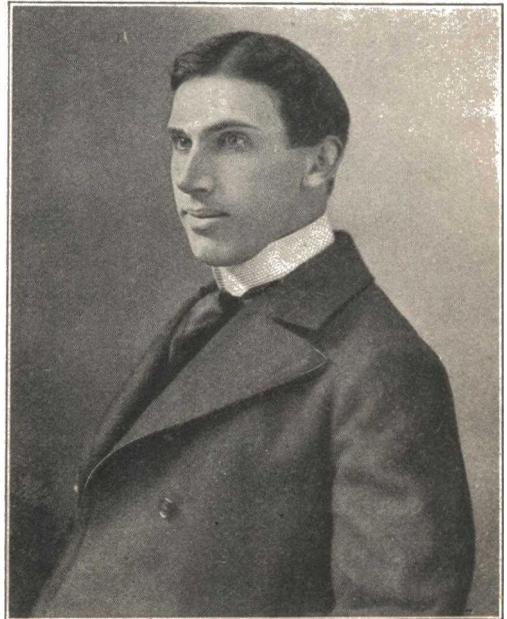
Dorothy Donnelly.

As MADAME ALVAREZ, in "Soldiers of Fortune."

which Haddon Chambers, author of "Captain Swift," "The Tyranny of Tears" and other plays, has made the English version for Miss Bingham. The story of the play is simple and exceeding strong. A good-looking girl, disgusted with the squalid poverty that embitters the life of her family, consents to become a married rake's mistress in order to better herself and her family. The family consists of a termagant mother, a sottish father, and an invalid sister. The girl eventually becomes horror-wrung at the moral leprosy of her new career, and is about to drink poison, when her true lover, a brave man, though poor, intervenes. He still wishes her to be his wife, but suggests that first she go as a nurse to Cuba, where the Spanish-American War is in progress. Thus the play ends. If the plot had been used with full regard to its moral value a much more convincing drama would have been the result. As the

plot is used merely for its theatric effectiveness "A Modern Magdalen" wins audiences by the deftness of the action and, above all, by the excellence of the company that surrounds Miss Bingham. And of this company Wilton Lackaye is easily the most finished and resourceful artist. Mr. Lackaye plays the part of a money lender, who makes footless attempts to shine socially as his fortune increases. His make-up, gray hair and Burnside whiskers dyed black, his walk, the tone of his voice, every detail that fits in to realize the character Mr. Lackaye supplies without a flaw. As the sottish father with a Micawber flow of words and tropes, Henry E. Dixey is also admirable, and very amusing. Arthur Byron, as the poor but honest lover, impresses one with the sincerity and deep feeling of the character; and Joseph Holland, as the married rake—a hopelessly unsympathetic character—acted with distinction, but uninspiringly.

As in some sort a foreshadowing of the plays that will be touring the country during the coming months, it is suggestive to look back at the productions made in



Edward Dresser.

As WEIMER, the American Consul, in "Soldiers of Fortune."

New York during the past season. "The Second in Command," by Robert Marshall, in which John Drew's personal popularity counted for much during the New York run, may or may not please the theatre world beyond the Harlem River. If the pro-Boer sentiment in the interior is as strong as it seems to be, there may be difficulty in attracting sympathy to a play in which the



Rice photo.

Harry Harwood.

As MACWILLIAMS, in "Soldiers of Fortune."

whole action turns on events in South Africa. "The Wilderness," in which Charles Frohman's Company returned to the Empire Theatre, should be sure of an encouraging, if conservative, success. "The Twin Sister," being the second play presented at the Empire, may win an unlooked-for popularity. Road audiences frequently give more careful attention to poetic drama than New York people can afford. "Frocks and



Sarony photo.

John Blair.

Who has been engaged as Mrs. Patrick Campbell's leading man.



Sands & Brady photo.

Carolyn White.

In F. E. Kidder's rural drama, "Sky Farm."

Frills," in which Daniel Frohman's Company reopened Daly's Theatre, ought to deserve well on the road; and Paul M. Potter's "Notre Dame," the second play of this company, ought to make money in some class of theatre outside New York, because it is such good and pure melodrama.

Looking backward, one remembers with pain the quick though gradual wobble into extinction that befell "The Helmet of Navarre." It would be interesting to know whether the complete downfall of the dramatic version of this romance harmed the sales of the book. "Sweet and Twenty," by Basil Hood, was a sentimental comedy, which, if possessed of a little more action and less mawkish-

ness, might have won the hearts of the sentimentalists. And they are many. "The Way of the World," by Clyde Fitch, written as a vehicle for the starring ambitions of Elsie de Wolfe, proved to be a poor play. It revealed the same intellectual shoddiness that permitted Mr. Fitch, in his aim to Morganeer the stage, to make a disgusting botch of "Le Mariage d'Olympe" and call it "The

Marriage Game." In "The Last of the Dandies," written for Beerbohm Tree, London found little commendable in Mr. Fitch's dramatic powers. Perhaps the example of these three pieces may influence Mr. Fitch to refrain from rushing his work.

James K. Hackett and William Faversham began the season by rivaling each other in versions of "Don Cesar de Bezan." Neither play set the town by the ears, and outside New York the personal reputation of the actors attracted the public more than interest in the plays. "Eben Holden," dramatized from Irving Bachelor's popular novel, afforded a fair medium for E. M. Holland to appear as a star. The play itself was not very valu-



Kirkland photo.

Viola Allen.

Who is making a special spring tour in Sheridan Knowles' famous play, "The Hunchback."

able, except for the drawing power imparted to it in dowry by the success of the novel. "Alice of Old Vincennes" was decently received, with no unbridled outburst of enthusiasm. Virginia Harned starred in it, and only an utterly hopeless play would keep people from going to see this intelligent and powerful actress. "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Mr. Dooley" are two drama-

tizations promised at the opening of the season, of which nothing has been heard. "Beaucaire" won favor principally on account of Mr. Mansfield's acting. As a play, it ranked below many in this distinguished actor's repertory. "Under Two Flags," from Ouida's almost forgotten novel, enjoyed a prosperous run in a spectacular production at the New York Academy of Music. "The Forest Lovers," in which Bertha Galland made her first appearance as a star, died slowly and hard. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," though old and mawkish, was prosperous principally on ac-



Ferdinand Bonn.

The versatile German actor, introduced to American audiences by Heinrich Conried.

count of the fine acting of J. H. Stoddart. "D'Arcy of the Guards," a play by Louis Evan Shipman, made from material the same author had used in a novel, provided Henry Miller with opportunity for a welcome return to New York audiences.

"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," drawn from a novelette by Mrs. Burton Harrison, barely escaped failure at Mrs. Fiske's theatre. Mrs. Fiske was unfortunate in failing to get hold of a good play for her first season as a New York manager. "Miranda of the Balcony," a dramatization from a novel by A. E. W. Mason, ran for a couple of

months, only under the most careful nourishment. "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" had a better fate, but not much better. It is good news that Mrs. Fiske purposes to return to her theatre for a spring revival of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "Divorçons." "Foxy Grandpa," a dramatization of a series of grotesque comic pictures, is the most successful of dramatizations after "A Gentleman of France." In the latter play Kyrle Bellew managed to keep a theater well filled during the busiest months of the season. "A Gentleman of France" fully deserved this popularity, as it is easily the first of modern romantic plays, and because Mr. Bellew is so picturesque and artistic in romantic rôles.

One result of the long run of "A Gentleman of France" has been the engagement of John Blair by Mrs. Patrick Campbell as her leading man. Mr. Blair appeared as *de Bruhl* in the drama made from Stanley Weyman's story, and after seeing him in one performance only, Mrs. Campbell decided that she must have Mr. Blair. The new engagement is in some sense a promotion for Mr. Blair, who has had much experience in the school of plays that Mrs. Campbell supports. A few years ago John Blair, associated with George Peabody Eustis, Vaughn Kester, Paul Kester and others, produced a series of modern plays at Carnegie Lyceum. John Blair played the leading rôle in all the plays that were put on while he was connected with the enterprise. Since that time, while Mr. Blair had continued to be a leading man, he has made no real strides into public favor. He is not the kind of actor who will become a favorite with the matinée girl. He has no warmth, no sparkle. Men do not generally like his work as an actor, because there is a monotony in his stodginess. That he is self-conscious they also charge him with; and one man will no more forgive self-consciousness in another than one woman will like another because she is pretty. But, withal, Mr. Blair is a good actor.

The most surprising hit of the past season was made by Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Mr. Hawtrey came to America for his first tour with the intention of playing "A Message from Mars" throughout the states. The play was such a success, however, that he filled out all the time destined to his stay in America at one theatre in New York. After suffering dire failure in "Richard Lovelace," E. H. Southern produced "If I Were King," and found

it to be the most popular production he had made in years. Maude Adams hardly hoped that "Quality Street" would prove as prosperous as "The Little Minister." The delicate sentiment and slight humor of the piece, however, just suited the personality of Miss Adams, who can always attract audiences, if only to see herself. Annie Russell has probably never made a more general success than she made in "The Girl and the Judge," which Clyde Fitch wrote for her. This comedy is one of those constant and comforting successes. Mrs. Leslie Carter made her kind of a hit, which is large

A most gratifying addition to the ranks of leading players is David Warfield, who has won wide popularity for his artistic work in a rather indifferent play of East Side life, called, "The Auctioneer." Frank Keenan's favorable reception in "The Hon. John Grigsby" was an encouraging symptom. With all its faults, this little drama of native manners in the Middle West had a touch of truth and beauty that many far more adroit plays lack entirely. After Frank Keenan, "Her Lord and Master," with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in the leading rôles, occupied the stage of



Byron photo.

Scene from "A Modern Magdalen."

Lucille Spinney. Madge Carr Cooke.

Henry E. Dixey.

Amelia Bingham. Wilton Lackaye.

and loud, in David Belasco's play, "La Du Barry." Henrietta Crossman, after failing in her new play, "Joan of the Shoals," showed herself as *Rosalind* in "As You like It," and won the commendation of critics and the suffrages of an intelligent public. Julia Marlowe has been touring the country in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and has been making more money than she ever made before. Too bad. No, not that Miss Marlowe should make money; but that such a feeble stew of drama should be just the thing for so many, many people. Grace George seems at last to have found a play that will allow her to be a star in "Under Southern Skies."

Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Theatre. "Colorado," a state play by Augustus Thomas, did not pan out well, and "The Red Kloof," a South African play, written by Paul M. Potter for Louis Mann, was shelved very soon after the New York trial. Otis Skinner enjoyed a fair measure of attention with his revival of Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," which is saying much when one keeps in mind the attitude of New York toward anything poetic in drama. An all-round sober business man lately said to me:

"Went to see Crossman in 'As You Like It' last night."

"How did you like it?"

"Well, I tell you. Miss Crossman's very

good. The company's pretty good. Nice production altogether. She's got Julia Arthur's scenery, you know. But, pshaw, I saw that play years ago, and it's my honest conviction that when you've seen a Shakespeare play once—that's enough. . . . No. It won't do. Too far away from us—the whole thing."

In comedy, "Are You a Mason?" managed to have a very successful season, although at the time of its production in the spring of 1901 the future of this piece seemed very dubious. "On the Quiet" has been the most profitable

play in which William Collier has yet appeared. Perhaps he can build his new



Hall photo.

Jennie Hawley.

As TERESA, in "The Toreador."

medium, "The Diplomat," into a more promising farce than could be expected at the outset. In musical comedies "The Messenger Boy," "Liberty Belles," and "The Toreador" have been the most notable productions. "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," a London pantomime, made over for the American palate, has had a prosperity quite peculiar to itself as a dazzling mix-up of spectacle, ballet and fun.

The most important foreign stars that have played in our country during the past season are Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, whose repertory is fully familiar to us; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a novelty of magnitude and charm.



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Scene in the Second Act of "Sky Farm."

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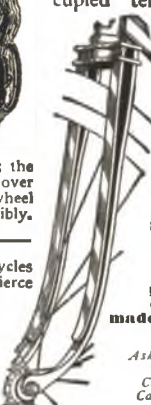
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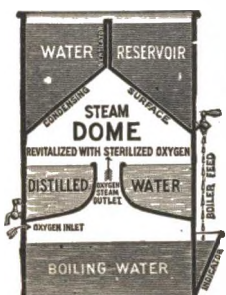
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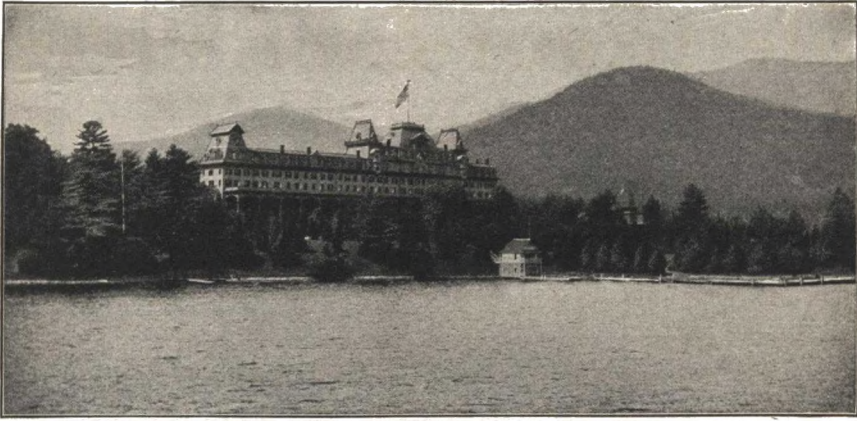
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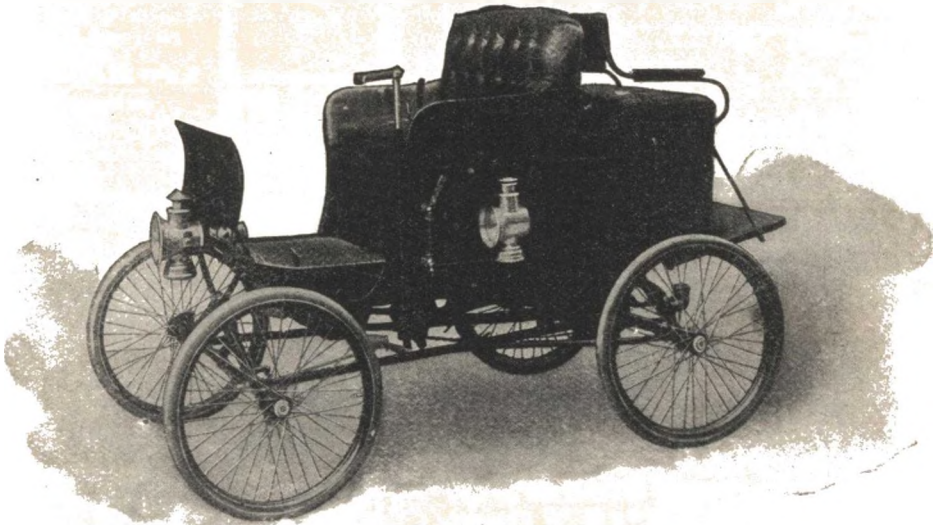
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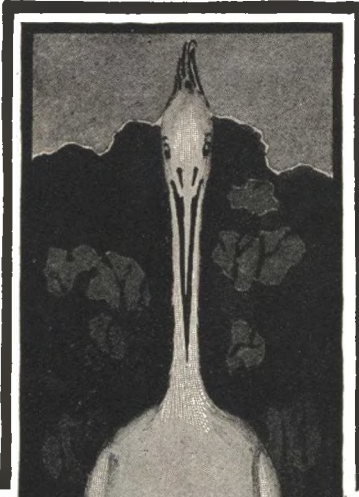
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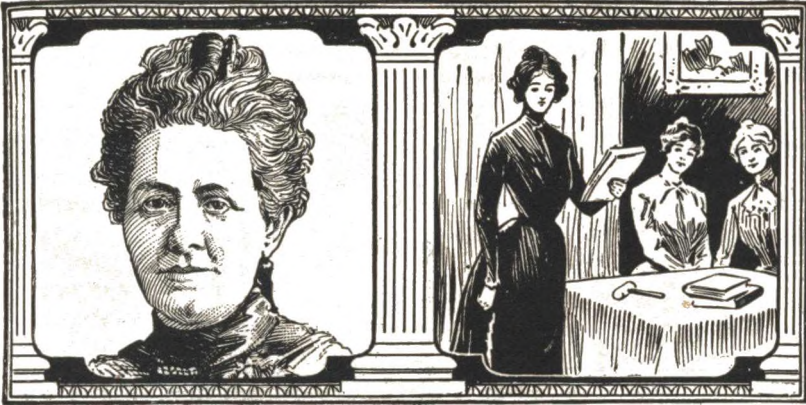
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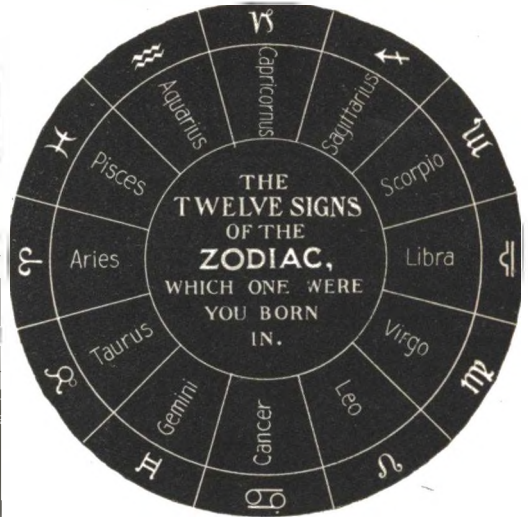
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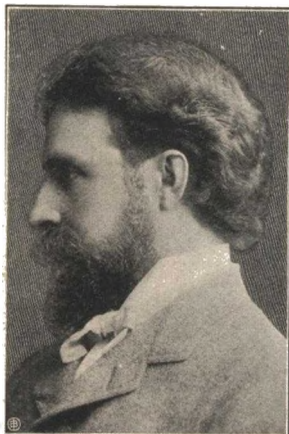
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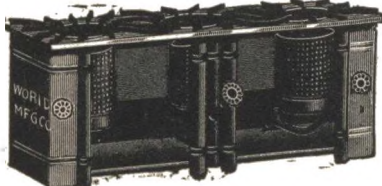


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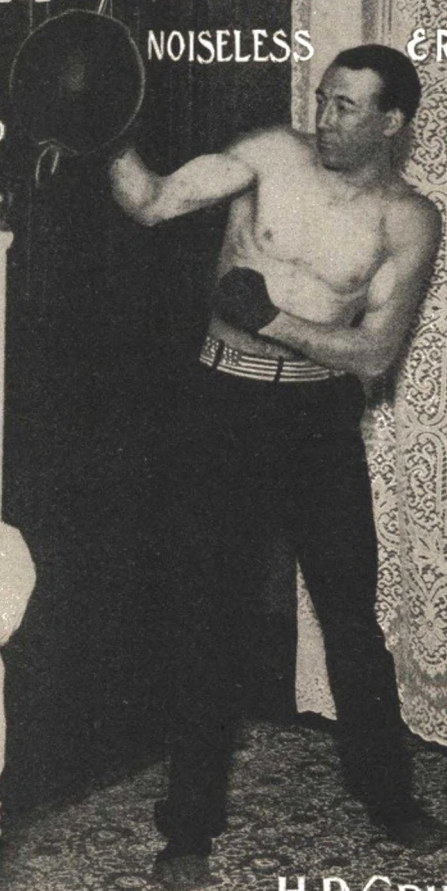
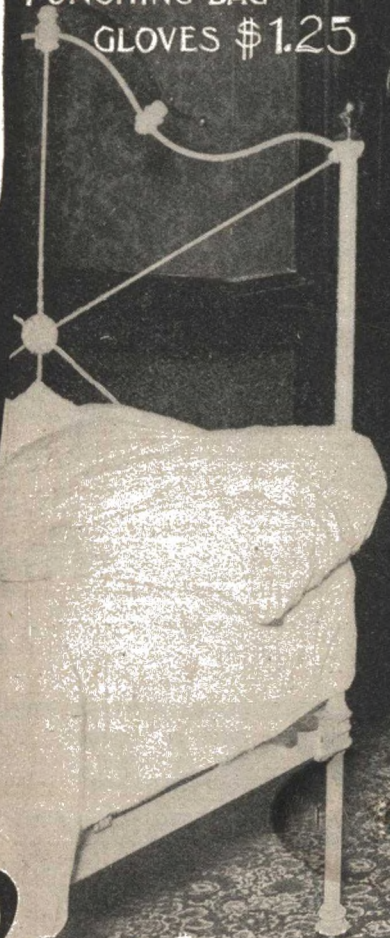
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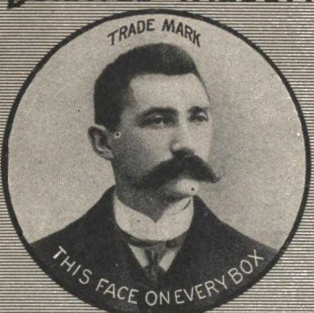
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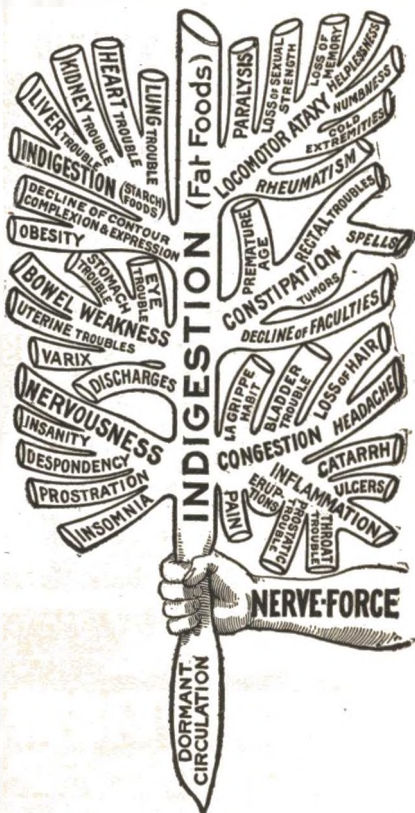
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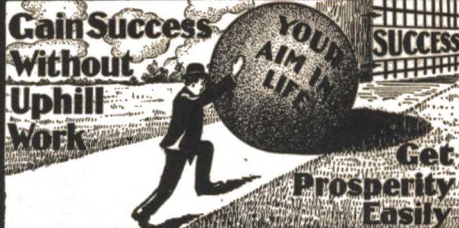
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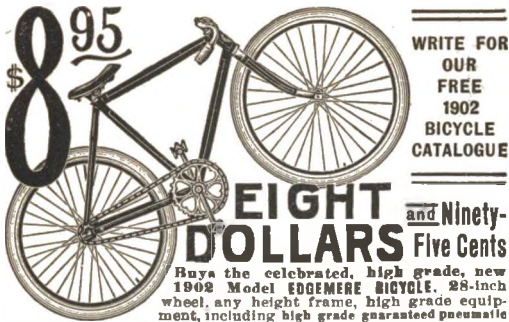
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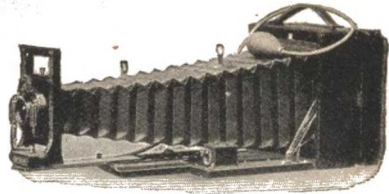
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