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“To-night her mind was too full of personal things to permit of strict attention to the text”

From the painting by Gerald Leake
(Illustrating “Aurora the Magnificent”)

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Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

Chapter I

NEAR sunset, one day in early October, not too long ago for some of us to remember with distinctness, Mr. Foss, United States consul at Florence, Italy, took a cab, as on other days, to the Porta Romana. Here, where the out-of-town tariff comes into effect, he paid his man, and set out to walk the rest of the way, thus meeting the various needs he felt: that for economy,—he was a family man, with daughters to clothe,—that for exercise,—his wife told him he was growing fat,—and the need in general for an opportunity to think. He had found that walking aided reflection, that walking in beautiful places started the spring of apt and generous ideas. Though in his modest way a scholar, he was not as yet an author, but Florence had inspired him with the desire to write a book.

Just beyond the Roman Gate begins the long Viale dei Colli,—Avenue of the Hills,—which climbs and winds, broad, shady, quiet, between lines of gardens and villas, occupied largely by foreigners, to the Piazzale, whence Michelangelo's boyish colossus gazes with a slight frown across Florence, outspread at his feet. Mr. Foss, as he mounted the easy grade and noted with a liking unabated after years

the pleasantness of each habitation glimpsed through iron railings and embowering green, thought how privileged a person should feel, after all, whose affairs involved residence in Italy.

But his mind from this point wandered to more perplexing subjects, and, absorbed, he hardly saw the posts of his own carriage gate; he passed unnoticed between his flower-beds, up his stone steps, and came to himself only when, rubbing the hands he had just washed, he entered the dining-room and saw his wife.

"Where are the girls?" he asked even before kissing her, for the most casual eye must be informed by the blank look of the table that instead of being laid for half a dozen as usual, it was prepared for a meager two.

Mrs. Foss was fond of sitting in the dining-room, which had a glass door into the garden on the side farthest from the road. There she read her book while waiting for dinner-time and her husband. The good gentleman did not always come directly home from his office. He had the love of dropping into dim churches, of loitering on bridges, of fingering the junk in old shops, but he was considerably never late for dinner.

Mrs. Foss rose to receive her husband's salutation, and while answering his question, settled herself at the table; for she had caught sight of a domestic peeping in at the door to see if the masters were there to be served.

"Leslie and Brenda went to call on the Hunts," she gave her account, "and presently the Hunts' man came with a note from Mrs. Hunt, asking if the girls could stay to dine and go to the theater with them afterward."

"And where 's Lily?"

"She, too, is off having a good time. Fräulein was invited by some German friends who were giving a *Kinder-sinfonie*. Awful things, if you want my opinion. She asked if she might go and take Lily, and the poor child was so eager about it I thought I would just for once let her sit up late. She has so few pleasures of the kind!"

It was after her husband and she had emptied their soup-plates in companionable silence that, leaning back to wait for the next course, she asked her regular daily question:

"Well, anything new? Anything interesting at the consulate?"

Mr. Foss seemed in good faith to be searching his mind. Then he answered vaguely:

"No; nothing in particular." Then all at once he smiled a smile of remembrance. "Yes, I saw some Americans to-day." He nodded, after an interval, with an appearance of relish. "The real thing."

"In what way, Jerome? But, first of all, who were they?"

"Wait a moment. I stuck their cards in my pocket to show you. They came to see me at the consulate. No, they are in my other coat. One of them was Mrs. Something Hawthorne, the other Miss Estelle Something."

"What did they want?"

"Everything—quite frankly everything. They have grown tired of their hotel; they speak nothing but English and don't know a soul. They came to find out from me how to go about getting a house and servants, horses and carriage."

"Did they think that was part of a consul's duty?"

"They did n't think. They cast themselves on the breast of a fellow-countryman. They caught at a plank."

"A house, horses. They are rich, then."

"So one would judge. Oh, yes, they 're rich in a jolly, shameless, old-fashioned American way."

"Well, it 's a nice way." Mrs. Foss added limitingly: "When they 're also generous. One has noticed, however, has n't one,"—she seemed on second thought to be taking back something of her approval,—"a certain reticence, as a rule, with regard to the display of wealth in people of any real culture?"

"These are n't, my dear. It 's as plain as that they 're rich. And, for a change, let me whisper to you, I found it pleasant. Not one tiresome word about art did they utter in connection with this, their first, visit to Italy."

"I can see you liked them, but what you have so far said does n't entirely help me to see why. Rich and ignorant Americans, unfortunately— A light breaks upon me! They were pretty!"

A twinkle came into the consul's eyes, looking over at his wife, as one is amused sometimes by a joke old and obvious.

His pause before answering seemed filled with an effort to visualize the persons in question.

"Upon my word, Etta, I could n't tell you." He laughed at his inability.

"By that token they were not beauties," said the wife.

"It seems likely you are right. At the same time"—he was still mentally regarding his visitors—"one would never think of wishing them other than they are."

"Describe them if you can. What age women?"

"My dear, there again you have me. Let us say that they are in the flower of life. One of them, so much did I remark, was rather more blooming than the other. Perhaps she was younger."

"The miss?"

"The married one. But perhaps it was only the difference between a rose

and—"he searched—"let us say a bunch of mignonette. The rose—here I believe I tread safely on the road of description—had of that flower the roundness and solidity, if nothing else."

"Stout?"

"We will call it well developed, nobly planned. But what would be the good of telling you the color of these ladies' hair and eyes had I noticed it? It will help you much more effectively to pick them out in a crowd to be told they are very American."

"Voices, too, I suppose."

"Of course. You don't strictly mean high and nasal, do you? All I can say with any positiveness is that one of them had what I will call a warm voice—a voice, to make my meaning quite clear, like the crimson heart on a valentine."

"I am enlightened. Was it the mignonette one?"

"No; the hardy-garden rose."

"And what did she say to you in her warm crimson voice?"

"I have told you. She called for help."

"You said, I hope, that your wife and daughters would be very happy to call on them and be of use if they could."

"I did."

The time-tried, well-mated friends were looking over at each other across the table, not expressing any more than at all times the quiet, daily desire of each to further the interests and comforts of the other.

"Where are they staying?" the lady continued to question.

"Hôtel de la Paix."

"And they have n't any letters, introductions, addresses, anything?"

"Apparently not."

"Where are they from?"

"Let me see. Did they mention it? My dear, if they did, I don't recall it."

"New York?"

"No. If I am to guess, I should n't guess that."

"Out West?"

"H-m, they might be. No, I guess they're Yankees."

"Boston?"

"If so, not aggressively. Where do most people come from? There's nothing very distinctive about most."

"Perhaps it will be on their cards."

Then the Fosses talked of other things. But when Mrs. Foss, after dinner, went up-stairs for her scarf,—it was too cool now to sit out of doors in the evening without a wrap,—she remembered the cards, and took them out of her husband's pocket.

"Miss Estelle Madison," she read. "Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne." There was nothing else. She continued a little longer to look at the bits of pasteboard in her hand. "Well-sounding names, both of them—like names in a play. Mrs. Aurora. She's a widow, then." Mrs. Foss considered, "Or else divorced."

CHAPTER II

UPON a day not much later in the month a certain young man in Florence asked himself what one is to do with a day when nothing that has been invented seems enough fun to pay for the bother? He stood in the middle of the floor, with his hands over his face, the ends of his fingers pressing back his eye-balls, and got in his throat a taste of the bitter waters which he felt as a perpetual pool in the center of his heart. Next minute he sneered at himself, like a schoolmaster at a boy who blubbers, and without further paltering put on his hat, took up a very slender cane with a slender grasp of yellow ivory, and ran down the long stairs of his house to the street.

"Air and exercise, air and exercise!" This prescription he repeated to himself, and, surely enough, in a quarter of an hour felt better.

He was on Via Tornabuoni. He halted before a shop to look at a display of jewelry, wondering that there should be fools enough in the whole world to support one such dealer in turquoise trinkets that at once drop out their stones, crude, big mosaics, and everlasting little composition-silver copies of the Strozzi lantern.

He turned toward the river, and had

not followed the Lungarno for more than ten yards before it was with him as when, looking out of the window in despair at the weather, we see a break in the clouds. His step took on alertness; his face lighted in the very nicest way.

The young lady on whom his eyes were fastened from afar did not see him. She came at her usual step, a happy mean between quick and slow, accompanied by a hatless serving-woman carrying a music-roll. She looked rather shut in herself, rather silent; not really proud and cold, but proud and cold as the feeling and modest and young have to look if they are to keep their sacred precincts from the intrusions of curiosity.

She did not recognize the young man till he was almost near enough to touch her, and she had heard her name called, "Brenda!"

Then her face showed a genuine, if moderate, pleasure.

"Gerald!"

"What are you doing?" he asked, with the freedom of a familiarity reaching back over long years. He shortened his step to keep time with hers, which she at the same moment lengthened.

"I have been for my singing-lesson."

"And where are you going?"

"Home."

"I have n't seen you for ages."

"You have n't come. One never sees you, one never meets you anywhere any more."

Her English was different from the ordinary in having occasional Italian turns and intonations. His partook of the same defect, but in a lesser degree.

"But I have come," he stood up for himself, "and you were all out except Lily. Did n't she tell you I was there? We had a long talk. How are they all?"

"Well, thank you. At least, I suppose they are well." She gave a slight laugh at the humor of this. "You could hardly imagine how little I see of them."

"What has happened?"

"They have been going around with some new people, some Americans. They have been helping them to shop, and

showing them the way one does things over here. Mother, you know, is always so ready."

"Your mother is a dear."

"Leslie is just like her. But I am sure they both enjoy it, too. They have not been home to lunch for a week."

"And you?"

"Oh, I am not needed where there are already two who do the thing so much better than I could. I have not even seen the people. My day is very full, you know. Piano- and singing-lessons, and I am painting again this winter, with Galletti, and I am going to a course of *conferenze* on Italian literature. That involves a lot of reading. There are, besides, the other, the usual things, the—" Her voice stuck; then, as she went on, deepened with the depth of a suppressed impatience. "I wish one might be allowed not to do what is meant for pleasure unless one takes pleasure in it. But going to teas and parties is apparently as much a duty as school or church. Mother and Leslie at least seem to think it so for me."

"I see their point, Brenda dear, don't you?" He was not looking at her as with a gentle brotherliness he spoke this.

"You don't go to many parties yourself, Gerald."

"I am afraid nothing I do is fit to be an example to anybody. But it does n't matter about me. About you it does. With the life that lies before you—"

"Who can possibly know what my life will be?" the girl asked quickly, almost roughly.

"True, Brenda. I dare say I am talking like a fool." He left off, wondering that for a moment he should actually have been speaking on the side of convention.

They walked a few rods in silence. They had crossed the bridge, and were headed for Porta Romana, the handmaiden trotting in their tracks, when at a corner Gerald stopped, and, as if to change the subject, or to regain favor by a felicitous suggestion, said:

"Do you remember my telling you of

an old painting I came upon in a little old church on this street? *Scuola di Giotto*. They call it, but the thing is undoubtedly Sienese. Have you the time? Shall we take a moment to see it?"

"I should be glad. If you will walk home with me afterward, Gerald, I might tell Gemma she can go."

There was an exchange of Italian between the young lady and the maid, after which the latter turned, and with a busy, delighted effect about the rear view of her walked back across the bridge to spend her gift of an hour in what diversions we shall never know.

The church was closed. Gerald pulled the bell-handle of the next door. A priest opened to them, and, seeing at a glance what was wanted, guided them through a whitewashed corridor to a living-room where a crucifix hung on the wall and the table had a red cloth; by this into a dim and stony sacristy, whence they emerged into the back of a darkling little church, with shadowy candlesticks and kneeling-benches, the whole full of a cold, complex odor of old incense and old humanity and, one could fancy, old prayers.

The priest brought a lighted taper and, crossing to one of the side altars, held it near the painting, which was all that well-dressed people ever came for outside of hours.

The reddish light trembled over the figure of a majestic virgin, in the veil and mantle of a princess, bearing the palm of martyrs in her hand. It was a very simple and noble face, beautiful in a separate way, which not every one would perceive, so little in common had it with the present-day fair ladies whose photographs are sold.

Gerald had taken the light from the priest's hands and was lifting, lowering, shading it, experimenting, to bring out all that might still be seen of the withdrawn image on its faintly glinting field of gold. His face was keen with interest; the love of beautiful things in this moment of satisfaction smoothed away from it every line of dejection and irritability.

Brenda was examining the picture with

an attention equal to his, but, if one might so describe it, of a different color. Her admiration got its life largely from Gerald's, whose tastes in art she was in the habit of adopting blindfold. Of this, however, she was not aware, and gazed, doing good to her soul by the conscious and deliberate contemplation of a masterpiece.

"Do you remember a great calm, white figure in the communal palace at Siena," Gerald asked, "with other figures of Virtues on the same wall? Does n't this remind you of them?"

Brenda answered abstractedly:

"Yes," and continued to look. "How amazing they are!" she fervently exclaimed. He supposed she meant the saint's hands or eyes, but she explained, "The Italians."

He did not take up the idea either to agree or to dispute; his mind was busy with one Italian only, the painter of the picture before him.

The young girl's interest flagged sooner than his own; he felt her melt from his side while he continued seeking proof in this detail and that of the painter's identity.

When he turned to find her and to follow, she was kneeling on one of the wooden forms, her gloved hands joined, her face toward the high altar.

He approved the courtesy of it, done, as he knew, in order that the priest, who stood aside, waiting for them to finish, should not think these barbarians who came into his church to see a work of art had no respect for his shrines and holies. Having returned the light to the priest, Gerald himself, while waiting for Brenda, took a melancholy religious attitude, his hat and cane held against his breast, and sent his thoughts gropingly upward, where the solitary thing they encountered was his poor mother in heaven. Heaven and the changes undergone by those who enter there he could never make very real to himself. He thought of her as she used to be, affectionate and ill.

At the stir of Brenda rising from her knees he, too, stirred, ready to depart.

She was bowing to the altar, making an obeisance so deep, so beautifully reverent, that the priest could never have guessed she was not a Catholic. After it she still stood a moment, looking toward the sanctuary, like one with last fond words to say after the farewell, and this excess of either regard for the priest's feelings or else a devoutness he had not suspected in her quickened Gerald's attention. And there in the dimness he saw, what he had not seen in the broad light of day, that his friend's little face, which had presented the effect of a house with all the blinds drawn down, was lighted up behind the blinds—oh, lighted as if for a feast!

He felt himself at sea. He had thought he knew the circumstances. Some part, of course, nobody could know unless Brenda chose to tell them. But what reason there should be for positive joy—

A suspicion flashed across his mind. He looked at her more closely, and put it away.

She might have been the wisest of the virgins, the one who before any other heard the music of the bridegroom and was first to light her lamp. She stood as if listening to his footsteps.

Gerald, who had the power to detach himself and at will see persons as if he looked at them for the first time, saw Brenda for a moment as a thing solely of form and color, a white shape against a ground of gloom, and took new account of the fact that the little girl who had had pigtailed when he first knew her, and gone to the *Diaconesse* with lunch-basket and satchel of books, had from one season to the next, stealthily, as it were, and while his back was turned, become beautiful.

More than that. He was looking at Brenda—he recognized it with a pulse of exquisite interest—in her exact and particular hour. He had surprised a rose at its moment of transition from bud to bloom, that delicate and perfect moment when the natural beauty which women and fruits and flowers have in common, reaching its height, hangs poised—for such a pitifully short time, alas!—before

it changes, if not declines, to something less dewily fresh, less heart-movingly untouched, less complete.

The artist could not long in this case be regarding the girl as part of a picture; his human relation to the owner of that lifted profile brought him back to wondering in what the quiet ecstasy it breathed could have its source. He was touched by it, by the whole character of her face at that moment, with its strength so nullified by gentleness.

When the will is strong and nature sensitive, what arms has youth with which to prevail? What but the power to keep still and hold on? Nothing was in Brenda's face so marked as that power, except, in this moment of undisguise, while she thought herself unwatched, its singular happiness, a mingling of tenderness, dedication, hope.

Now for the second time she curtseyed to the altar. The priest moved, Gerald moved, all three passed up the aisle, to a faint chink of coins in Gerald's pocket where he groped for a fee. At the main altar the priest dipped a rapid genuflection.

As soon as they were outside Brenda began to talk about the picture, to ask questions, as if the art of the Italians had been of all things nearest to her heart, and Gerald was drawn into holding in the street while they walked a sort of *conferenza*, or lecture, on the primitives.

Brenda was in the midst of an entirely pertinent remark when her voice softly died, like the flame of a candle sucked out by a draft or like a music-box run down. Gerald, looking round for the end of her sentence, saw that she had sighted an acquaintance on the other side of the street.

She nodded, without a smile, slowly. Just so must Beatrice have bowed in these same streets of Florence when she passed the dreamy, passionate youth through whom we are acquainted with her name.

Gerald's eyes traveled across the way to see who might be the recipient of the lady's most sweet salute, and hurriedly uncovered to an officer of the Italian army who, holding his hand to his cap, stood at attention till the two had passed.

Was the man pale or was it that Gerald had never before noticed, meeting him indoors and at evening, how strongly the black of his mustache and brows contrasted with his skin? The suspicion that had for a moment troubled Gerald in church returned as a stronger infection. Had Brenda expected this? Did they concert such meetings?

He might have said to himself that a tryst which consisted in crossing glances from opposite sides of the street was very innocent. In a moment he did see that as the villas *fuori la porta* must be reached through the *porta*, a lover whose lady lived on Viale dei Colli might without previous arrangement hope for a glimpse of her by walking in its neighborhood.

"Go on with the Siense masters, Gerald," she bade him, collectedly. "I am listening, and learning a lot."

As they passed under the great arch of the Roman Gate, Gerald was saying modestly:

"I don't know anything about them, really. I've just been impressed by a thing or two. This Lorenzetti, for instance—" And so on up the *viale* to the house.

In the drawing-room they found Mrs. Foss and Leslie, who, just home from town, tired and thirsty, had had tea brought to them, and were strengthening themselves before even taking off their hats.

Their welcome to Gerald was mingled with reproaches of the sort that flatters more than it hurts.

"It's perfect ages since we saw you. We thought you had forgotten us. What have you been doing this long, long time?"

"It is you, who are never at home, my dear friends," Gerald took his turn. "I was here a fortnight or so ago. Did n't Lily tell you? Of course she told you, and you have forgotten, so it's I, properly, who should be calling names."

"Have you been quite well, Gerald?" Mrs. Foss asked in her maternal voice, after a more careful look at him.

"Certainly."

"I am glad you have come. I have been on the point more than once of send-

ing for you, but the days fly so! We have been busy, too."

She had poured cups of tea for Gerald and Brenda. All four were seated and refreshing themselves.

"Have you had a tiring day?" Brenda asked her mother, somewhat as if she were tired herself at the mere thought of such a day as she supposed her mother to have had.

"No," Mrs. Foss answered briskly; "it's rather fun. I don't mean that one does n't get tired after a fashion. Has Brenda told you, Gerald, how we have lately been occupied?"

"Some new people, I think she said."

"Yes, some nice, funny Americans."

"Funny, you say?"

"I say it fondly, Gerald. Let me tell you a little about them, and you will see what I mean. They are going to spend the winter here and wanted a house. What house do you think they selected?"

"You really must n't set me riddles, Mrs. Foss."

"For years we have seen it every time we drive to the Cascine, and seen it with a certain curiosity—always deserted, always with closed blinds, in its way the most beautiful house in Florence."

"The most—I can't think what house you mean."

"Of course not, with your tastes. But imagine some nice, rich Americans, without either art education or the smallest affectation of such a thing, and ask yourself what they would like. Why, a big, square, clean-looking, new-looking, wealthy-looking house, of course, set in a nice garden, with, at the end of the garden, a nice stable. I was thankful to find the place had been kept up."

"But is there—on the Lungarno, did you say?"

"It is that house we have called the Haughty Hermitage, Gerald," Brenda helped him.

"Oh, that! But surely one does n't live in a house like that!"

"Your excellent reason?" inquired Leslie.

"I don't know,"—he hesitated,—“but

surely one does n't live in a house like that!"

They had to laugh at the expression brought into his face by his sense of a mysterious incongruity.

"No," he went on with knitted brows to reject the idea; "a house like that—one does n't come all the way from America to live in a house which has no more atmosphere than that!"

"Ah, but that 's the point, Gerald," said Mrs. Foss. "What you call atmosphere these people avoid as they would an unsanitary odor. Atmosphere! What would you say if you saw the things Leslie and I have been helping them to buy and put into it! I love to buy, you know, even when not for myself. I thought with joy, 'Now I shall at least go through the form of acquiring certain objects I have lusted after for years.' Delightful old things Jerome has discovered in antiquarians' places, and that we shall never be able to afford. Do you think I could persuade them to take one of these? I represented that the worm-holes could be stopped up and varnished over, that the missing bits of inlay, precious crumbs of pearl and ivory, could be replaced, the tapestries renovated. In vain. They want everything new—hygienically new, fresh, and shining. And Gerald, prejudice apart, the idea is not without its good side. The result is not so bad as you may think. Why, after all, should my taste, your taste, prevail in their house, will you tell me?"

"For no reason in the world. This liberal view comes the easier to me that I do not expect ever to see the interesting treasures you may have collected from Peyron's and Janetti's."

"If it were no worse than that!" put in Leslie, and laughed a covered laugh.

Mrs. Foss explained, after a like little laugh of her own.

"You see, things that we have seen till we have utterly ceased to see them, the things that nobody who really lives in Florence ever dreams of buying, are new to these people. They *love* them. As a result, you can guess. There will be in

their apartments alabaster plates with profiles of Dante and Michelangelo on a black center. There will be mosaic tables with magnolias and irises. There will be Pliny's doves. Think of it! There will be green bronze lamps and lizards—"

"And the fruit—tell about that, Mother!" Leslie prompted.

"There will be on the side-board in the dining-room a perpetual dish of magnificent fruit, marble, realistic to a degree. You know the kind."

"And you could stand by and let them—you and Leslie!" spoke Brenda, in an astonishment almost seriously reproachful.

"My dear," Leslie took up their common defense, "one's feeling in this case is: What does it matter? A little more, a little less; it all goes together. When they have those curtains, they might as well have that fruit."

"At the same time, my dear children, let me tell you that the effect is not displeasing," insisted Mrs. Foss. "Such at least is my humble opinion. In its way it 's all right. They are people of a certain kind, and they have bought what they like, not what they thought they ought to like."

"They are awfully good fun." Leslie started loyally in to make up for anything she had said which might seem to savor of mockery or dispraise. "One enjoys being with them, if they are n't our usual sort. They are in good spirits, really good—good spirits with roots to them. And that 's such a treat these days!"

From which it was supposable that Leslie had been living in circles where the gaiety was hollow. The suggestion did not escape Gerald. But, then, Leslie, just turned twenty-four, was rather given to judging *these days* as if she remembered something less modern, an affectation found piquant by her friends in a particularly young-looking, blonde girl with a short nose. Gerald might have hoped that her sigh meant nothing had not Leslie, awake to the implication of her remark as soon as she had made it, gone hurriedly on to call attention away from it.

"Yes, it 's pleasant to be with them. It 's a change. The world seems simple and life easy. Life *is* easy, with all that money. Besides, Mrs. Hawthorne really is something of a dear. After all, if people make much of one, one is pretty sure to like them. Have n't you found it so, Gerald?"

"I don't know. I am trying to remember if there is anybody who has made much of me."

"*We* have made much of you."

"And don't think I temperately like you. I adore you all, as you well know. You 're the only people I do. By that sign there has been nobody else kind enough to make much of me."

"You 're so bad lately, Gerald; that 's why," Mrs. Foss affectionately chid him. "You never go anywhere. You neglect your friends. What have you been doing with yourself? Is it work?"

"No; not more than usual. I work, but I 'm not exactly absorbed—obsessed by it."

"But it won't do, Gerald dear; it won't do at all," Mrs. Foss addressed him anxiously, between scolding and coaxing. "Shake yourself, boy! Force yourself a little; it will be good for you. *Make* yourself go to places till this mood is past. What is it? Bad humor, spleen, hypochondria? It does n't belong with one of your age, Gerald. We miss you terribly, dear. Here we have had two of our Fridays, and you have not been. And we have always counted on you. Oh, here 's Lily. Why did n't you tell us, Lily, that Gerald had come to see us when we were out?"

A long-legged, limp-looking little girl with spectacles had come in. A minute before she had been passing the door on her way to walk, and catching the sound of a male voice in the drawing-room, insisted upon listening till she had made sure whose it was. At the name Gerald she had pulled away from her governess and burst into the drawing-room.

She stood still a moment after this impulsive entrance, and the governess turned toward Mrs. Foss a face that, benign and enlightened though it was, called up the

memory of faces seen in good-humored German comic papers. The expression of her smile said to the company that she was guiltless in the matter of this invasion. Could one use severity toward a little girl who suffered from asthma and weak eyes?

Lily, after her pause, went half shyly, half boldly to Gerald. He did not kiss her,—she was ten years old,—but placed an arm loosely around her as she stood near his knee.

"Did you forget it, Lily?"

"No, Mother, I did n't forget, but I never thought to speak of it. You did n't tell me to, did you, Gerald?"

"No; we had so much else to talk about."

"Gerald,"—Lily lowered her voice to make their conversation more private,— "will you be the cuckoo?" As he gazed, she went earnestly on: "We can't find anybody to do the cuckoo. I am going to be the nightingale. Fräulein is going to be the drum. Leslie is going to be the *Wachtel*. Mother is going to be the triangle. Brenda will play the piano. Papa says that if he is to take part he must be the one who sings on the comb and tissue-paper. But I am afraid to let him. You know he has n't a good ear. That leaves the cuckoo, the comb, and the rattle still to find before we can have our *Kindersinfonie*. Which should you like to be, Gerald?"

"What an opening for musical talent! But, my dear little lady, I 'm not a bit of good. I can't follow music by note any more than a cuckoo. I am so sorry."

"But, Gerald, all you have to do is—"

"I have told you, Lili," said the governess in German, "that we would take the gardener's boy and drill him for the cuckoo. Come now quickly, dear child; we must go for our walk."

The casual, unimportant talk of ordinary occasions went on after the interruption. Gerald left the Fosses, warmed by his renewed sense of their friendship, and believing that he should go very soon again to see them. But he did not, and his feeling of shame was more definite

than his gratitude when he in time received a note from Mrs. Foss, kind as ever, asking him to dine.

CHAPTER III

THERE was dancing at the Fosses' on two Fridays in the month. It was their contribution toward the gaiety of the winter. They did not often give a formal dinner, and when such an entertainment appeared to be called for from them, planned it with forethought to make it serve as many ends as it would. Every careful housewife will understand.

It was with Leslie that Mrs. Foss talked such matters over. The eldest daughter was so sufficient as adjutant that one did not inquire whether Brenda would have been useful if needed. The latter took no part in the domestic councils which had for object to decide who should be asked to dinner and of what the dinner should consist.

The question of whom to invite to meet Professor Longstreet had taken Mrs. Foss and Leslie time and reflection. The Fosses' only son had a great regard for this man, one of the faculty during his period at Harvard, and now that the travels of the professor's sabbatical year brought him to Florence, the family was anxious to entertain him as dear John, studying medicine in far-off Boston, would have wished.

The professor was engaged upon a new translation of the "Divine Comedy." The guests had therefore better be chosen among their literary acquaintance, thought Mrs. Foss. But Leslie was of the opinion that they would do better to make the requisite just any gift or grace, and keep an eye on having the company compose well and the table look beautiful.

When she reminded her mother that a dinner was owing the Balm de Brézés, and that this would be a chance to pay the debt, Mrs. Foss objected, "But I want to ask Gerald. I felt sorry for him last time he came. We must look after him a little bit, you know."

Leslie did not show herself in any wise disposed to set aside Gerald's claim, but

expressed the idea that Gerald probably would not mind meeting the De Brézés now. After all, the memories sweet and sour associated with them had had time to lose their edge. And they could be seated at the opposite end of the table.

It was finally decided to ask the Balm de Brézés, Gerald, the Felixsons, Miss Cecilia Brown, and Gideon Hart, all intelligent, all people who could talk. It was further frugally resolved to have the dinner on a Friday and let it be followed by the usual evening party, thus making the same embellishment of the house do for two occasions, as well as augmenting their visitors' opportunity to make acquaintance with the Anglo-American colony in Florence.

ALL had been going so well, the guests were in such happy and talkative form, that the minor matter of taking food had dragged, and the diners were not ready to rise when a servant whispered to Mrs. Foss that the first evening guest had arrived.

Mrs. Foss's eyes found those of Leslie, who understood the words soundlessly framed, and excused herself from the table.

In the garnished and waiting drawing-room, lighted with candles, like a shrine, and looking vast, with the furniture taken out of the way, she found the Reverend Arthur Spottiswood, of whom it was not easy to think that eagerness to dance had driven him to come so sharply on time. He looked serious-minded, almost somber, and Leslie, though prepared to be vivacious with peer or pauper, found it all duty and little fun to make conversation with him until the next arrival should come to her relief. The gentleman was Brenda's adorer, but Brenda would never, if she could help it, let him have one moment with her.

The Satterlees were next to arrive, mother with son and daughter, and Leslie was warm as never before in her welcome to them. The hired pianist had come, he was unrolling his sheets of dance-music and rolling them the contrary way. Mr.



"After it she still stood a moment, looking toward the sanctuary"

Hunt, the English banker, with his wife and daughters, now came; and Maestro Vannuccini with his signora on his arm; and several glittering young officers with stripes of various colors down their trouser-legs; and Landini, Hunt's partner; and Charlie Hunt, the banker's nephew.

Charlie, bold through long acquaintance, asked, "Where are the others?"

Leslie told him, whereupon the young man said "Oh!" and his "Oh!" sounded blank, whether because it was apparent to him through her answer that there had been indiscretion in his question, or because he wondered at there being a dinner-party in this house and he not asked to it. Leslie paid no attention, for at that moment the diners were beginning to appear.

Mrs. Foss, coming into the drawing-room, felt a glow of pleasure at the scene meeting her eyes. The occasion, the success of it, had lifted life for her above its usual plane. She could feel how blessed she was in ways she did not sufficiently consider on common days when common cares blinded her. It was a beautiful home, this of hers; here was a beautiful room, with its mirrors and flowers and candle-light and happy guests. She smiled at everybody and everything with a brooding sweetness.

The pianist had struck up a polka. One still danced the polka in those days, and the schottische and the dear old lancers, though the waltz was already the favorite.

The floor was at first sparsely, then ever more thickly, sown with hopping and revolving couples. Hunt, one arm curled around a young waist in pink muslin, had enough of his mind to spare from the amount of talk one has breath for while dancing to continue in a line of thought started by an annoying little smart where a shred of skin had been rubbed off his vanity when he saw Gerald come from the dining-room. He mentally looked at himself and looked at Gerald, and after comparing the pictures felt his astonishment increase. He could admit, as an excuse for inviting Gerald instead of himself, that Gerald was an artist, and this dinner had presumably been planned with the idea of

having it literary-artistic. But then—an artist! Gerald was so little of one. One might, furthermore, grant that it did not matter that a man should be agreeable in appearance. But Gerald was not even agreeable in disposition; he did not try to make himself agreeable. What did the Fosses see in him?

The music had worked through a mighty flourish to a banging final chord. Hunt escorted his lady to a chair, took the fan from her hand to fan her with,—himself a little, too,—and while talking let his dark eye stray from her and go roving, as was the habit of his eye.

It plunged through an open door into the quietly lighted library, where the consul and his distinguished guest and a few more of the older or staidier people had withdrawn from the tumult and were having smokes and conversation.

Bertie Bentivoglio came to ask the girl in pink to dance with him. From the chair she left empty Charlie moved nearer to the library door, of half a mind to join the group in there. But Gerald, upon whom Leslie had impressed it that he must do his duty and let there be no wall-flowers, came to the door. Whereupon Charlie changed his mind and after saying "Hello, Gerald!" turned again, and the young men stood looking over the scene side by side, two figures contrasting in reality nearly as much as they did in Charlie's mental image of them for purposes of comparison.

Any Rosina who sold buttonhole bouquets at the theater door could have seen that Charlie was handsome, with his pale, brown smoothness and regularity of feature, the pretty mustache accentuating and not concealing the neat and agreeable mould of his lip, the fine whiteness of his teeth, his civilized and silken look altogether. The defects of his face, if one could call them that, did not appear at first glance or even at second. His forehead had begun to gain on his hair, it ran up at the sides in two points; and his slightly sunken eyes were brown in the same old-fashioned horn button or a bit of chestnut-brown is brown,—while some eyes

that we remember were brown like woodland pools with autumn leaves at the bottom! He did not look English, yet did not look quite Italian either. He was in fact both, and the thing evenly balanced. The banker Hunt's brother had married an Italian, and Charlie had been born in Italy and hardly ever stirred out of it; on the other hand he had found his society largely among the English and Americans in Florence.

As he stood there, conforming gracefully to a recognized canon of manly beauty, his neighbor Gerald, who would not have been noticed one way or the other for his looks, yet from being beside him took on an indescribable effect of eccentricity. The nose showed plainly around his eye-sockets and at the bridge of his nose. One eyebrow became different from the other the moment he regarded a thing analytically; and when he smiled, those who noticed such things could detect that nature had marked him for recognition: there showed beneath his mustache three of the broad front middle teeth whereof two are the common portion. For the remainder, a slight beard veiled the character of his chin and jaw and a little disguised the thinness of his throat. Above a large forehead his dark hair rose on end in a bristling bank, like that of most Italian men at the time. He looked solitary, unsociable, critical, but not altogether ungentle. His forehead was full of the suggestion of thoughts, his gray-blue eyes were full of the reflection of feelings, that you could be comfortably sure he would not trouble you with.

"Well, Gerald, what are you doing with yourself these days?" asked Charlie as they stood looking on, delaying to seek partners for the dance. "Immortal masterpieces?"

This innocuous playfulness somehow jarred. Gerald looked down at Charlie from the side of his eye,—he was by a couple of inches or so the taller,—then asked in his turn, a little cruelly:

"Do you really want to . . ."
 "Why, no, my dear fellow, n't, if that's your reply. It was . . . city. I

was only showing an amiable interest." His tone conveyed that he had intended no offense and refused to take any; the disagreeableness should be all on the same side.

"Thank you for the interest. I am doing much as usual," Gerald answered, placated.

"Who is this professor from America whom the very select are invited to meet?" Charlie asked after an interval, as if they had been on the best of terms again.

The playfulness again was innocent, again might have been regarded as almost an attempt to flatter; nevertheless it again jarred upon Gerald. It was by an effort that he answered, soberly and literally, without betraying that the point of irony had irritated him, as, he did not doubt, it was meant to irritate.

"Another translation of Dante?" Charlie made merry, when Gerald had finished telling as much as he knew about the professor. "I tell you what—I will set myself to translating the 'Divine Comedy'! It will give me distinction, and then—it's very simple—I will never show my translation!"

There was surely no harm in this. It was just stupid. Charlie's *esprit* was never of any fineness. He and Gerald had known each other from the days when both went to M. Demonget's school, whence, without having been friends, they had emerged intimates. Charlie was right in thinking of himself as standing in a relation to Gerald that made him free to expose ideas in their undress. And yet it was on this evening and this occasion that Gerald said to himself for the first time definitely that he did not like Charlie Hunt. An antipathy existing perhaps from the beginning had risen to the point where it crossed the threshold of consciousness. No, he neither liked nor thought well of him.

Gerald cast his eyes more particularly about him in search of a partner. Charlie's eyes too were wandering over the small and scattered number of ladies still available to late comers.

Both of them knew every one present.

Gerald singled out and started on his way toward a slender, faded woman in garments of ivory lace, who, seated near Mme. Vannuccini in the far corner of the room, was devoting herself to conversation as if she really had not cared to dance. Charlie followed him.

The approach of a stormily whirling couple, waltzing *all' italiana*, and then another and still another, forced them to suspend their journey. While they prudently waited, "Who is that?" came from Charlie in a voice of acute curiosity.

Gerald, after half a glance at him, mechanically looked in the same direction.

There stood, indeed, at the door opening from the reception-room an unknown, a real and striking unknown, in a Paris dress and diamonds and a smile.

Gerald did not take the trouble to answer Charlie; to himself he said that this was perhaps Mrs. Hawthorne, the Fosses' new friend.

Mrs. Foss had hastened to meet her. Leslie, disengaging herself from a partner, left him standing in the middle of the room while she hastened likewise. It must be Mrs. Hawthorne.

Gerald took back his eyes, and continued on his way. But Charlie, always alive to the possibilities of a new acquaintance, always eager to be first in the field, dropped his own quest. With an air of nonchalant abstraction he went to stand in the neighborhood of the new arrival, conveniently at hand for an introduction. He saw then that there were two fine new birds; the light and size of the one had at first obscured the other, though she, too, had on a Paris dress and diamonds and a smile.

As he had known she would do, Mrs. Foss after a moment looked about her for men to introduce. And there he was.

Mrs. Hawthorne. Miss Madison.

Leslie had at the same moment brought up Captain Viviani, who spoke a little English, and liked very much to practise it with the charming American ladies, as he told them.

Mrs. Foss lingered awhile, helping the progress of the acquaintance by bits of

elucidation and compliment, then, when the thing was under way, withdrew so adroitly that she was not missed. A young man, coming up to importune Leslie for a promised dance, was allowed to carry her off; Miss Madison, assured by the *capitano* that he could dance the American waltz, trusted herself, though a little doubtfully, to his arms; and Charlie was left with Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Shall we take a turn?" he offered.

"Me?" The lady gave him a look side-wise from a dewy blue eye, as if to see whether he were serious. He perceived that she with effort kept her dimples from denting in. He could not be sure what the joke was. But she went on, as if there had been no joke: "I was brought up a Baptist. My pa and ma considered it wicked to dance, so would never let me learn. It does n't look very wicked to me."

She watched the dancers with earnestly following eyes, preoccupied, he supposed, with the moral aspect of their embraces and gyrations.

"It looks easy enough," she said, with suppressed excitement, immensely fascinated. "I should think anybody could do that. You hop on this foot, you slide, you hop on that foot, you slide. I believe I could do it. No, no, I must n't let myself be tempted. I don't want to be a sight." Her voice had wavered; it suddenly came out bold. "My land!" she exclaimed full-bloodedly, "there goes a woman who 's not a bit slimmer than me! Look here, let 's try. Not right before everybody. I see a side room where it 's nice and dark. Come on in there." As, hardly muffling a gleam of peculiar and novel amusement, he escorted her toward the room indicated, she reassured him, "I 'm big, but I 'm light on my feet."

Charlie was afterward fond of telling that he had taught Mrs. Hawthorne to dance. But the single lesson he gave her did not of a truth take her beyond the point where, holding hands with him, like children, and counting one-two-three, she tried hopping on this foot, then on the other. For Mrs. Foss, who seemed to

have specially at heart that the new people should enjoy themselves, in her idea of securing this end brought one person after the other to be introduced.

How carefully selected these were, or how diplomatically prepared, the good hostess alone could know.

"Oh, I 'm having such a good time!" Mrs. Hawthorne sighed from a full and happy heart, later in the evening, having gone to sit beside her hostess on the little corner sofa which that tired woman had selected for a moment's rest. The dancing was passing before them. "It 's the loveliest party I ever was to. What delightful friends you have, Mrs. Foss, and what a lot of them! Mrs. Foss,"—her attention had veered,—“do look at that little fellow playing the piano! Is n't he *great!* But is n't he comical, too! I 've been noticing him all the evening. He fascinates me. I never heard such splendid playing."

Mrs. Foss looked over at the little Italian, the unpretentious musical hack whom one sent for when there was to be dancing, and paid—it was all he asked—so very little. Her eyebrows went up a point as she smiled.

"I will tell Signor Ceccherelli what you say," she amiably promised. "I am sure it will please him."

Leslie, whose responsibilities kept her from dancing her young fill at her own parties, sought Mrs. Hawthorne still later in the evening.

"No, you don't!" Mrs. Hawthorne laid a hand on her arm when she seemed near dashing off to bring somebody else to present. "You 've done the social act till you ought to be tired, if you are n't. Sit here by me a moment and take it easy. This party does n't need any nursing. It 's the loveliest party I ever was to."

Leslie looked off in front of her to verify the statement, and unreluctantly settled down on the little sofa to rest awhile. She liked Mrs. Hawthorne. Now, as they chatted, she said to herself again that if Mrs. Hawthorne's homeliness of phrase was not a simple thing of playfulness, a disclaimer of the affecta-

tion of elegance in talk as stilted, bump-tious, unsuited to a proper modesty, it could very well pass for that. Mrs. Hawthorne seldom expressed herself quite seriously. As she seldom looked serious either, one could hardly hear her say it was the loveliest party she ever was to without suspecting her of a humorous intention. With her bearing of entire dignity, her honest handsomeness, her air of secure and generous wealth, she was truly not one whom the ordinary public would feel disposed to seek reasons for excluding. Leslie and her mother had refrained from presenting to her particular persons in the company. All remarks heard from those who had been presented led to an almost certainty that the new Americans were a success.

"Do look at Estelle!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawthorne. "She 's been dancing one dance after the other, and sits there now looking cool as a cucumber. I would have her life if it could ~~make~~ me into a bone like her. Miss Foss,"—she was diverted from the envious contemplation of Estelle,—“who is that lovely girl over there?"

"Which one? There are so many to-night!"

"The white one with the knob of dark hair down in her neck. An Italian, I guess. Rather small. See who I mean? There. She 's going to speak to the little fellow at the piano."

Leslie looked, but did not at once answer. The girl in white was indeed strangely, at this moment poignantly, lovely. Some intensity of repressed feeling made her cheek of a white-rose pallor, and her dark eyes, those spots of velvet shadow, mysteriously deep.

"It is my sister Brenda," said Leslie. "How singular you should not recognize her!"

"I 've never met her, my dear. You don't remember. The time I came to tea she was in town taking a music lesson. The time I came to dinner she was in bed with a headache. Well, well, she 's not a bit like the rest of you, is she? I took her for an Italian."

"She was only twelve when we came

over here, it has somehow molded her. I was seventeen; too old, I guess, to change. Brenda is going back to America before long, to be with our aunt, father's sister, for whom Brenda was named. And Italy has been her home so long, all her friends are here. It's no wonder she does n't look exactly light of heart."

"No, poor child!"

Mrs. Hawthorne suddenly pressed closer, and with a little chuckle grasped Leslie's knee, by this affectionate touch to make herself forgiven for the disrespect about to be shown.

"And who's Stickle-prickly?"

Leslie had to laugh, too. Impossible not to know which one was meant of all the people in the direction of Mrs. Hawthorne's glance. He was leaning against the wall between two chairs deserted by the fair, looking off with a slightly mournful indifference at everything and at nothing. His mustache ended in upturned points, his beard was pointed, his hair stood up in little points. He gave the impression besides of one whose nervous temper put out porcupine shafts to keep you off.

"It's one of our very best friends, Mrs. Hawthorne. Dear old Gerald! Mr. Fane. Shall I go get him and bring him over?"

"No, don't. I should be scared of him."

"Let me! His prickles are harmless. He has heard us speak of you so much! See, he is looking over at us wistfully, in a way that plainly suggests our course. Here comes Charlie Hunt, who will keep you amused while I fetch Gerald; then we will go in together and have an ice."

Charlie Hunt, modern moth without fear or shyness, but with a great deal of caution, was indeed returning for the third or fourth time to Mrs. Hawthorne's side, drawn by the sparkle of eyes and tresses and smiles and diamonds. He dropped into the seat vacated by Leslie, addressed Mrs. Hawthorne as if they had been friends for at least weeks, and made conversation joyfully easy by getting at once on to a playful footing.

Leslie meanwhile steered her course

in the direction of Gerald. Her eyes were naturally turned toward the object of her search; some intention with regard to him was probably apparent in her look. As if he had not seen it, or as if, having seen it, he scented in her approach some conspiracy against his peace, Gerald in a moment during which her eye was not on him quietly vanished.

Missing him, Leslie looked about in some surprise, then entered the door by which inevitably he must have passed. She gave a glance around the library; Gerald did not seem to be there. Gerald, acquainted with the house, knew the door, of course, of the kind frequent in Italian houses, the little door indistinguishable from the wall, by which one could leave the library, and after crossing the landing of the kitchen stairs, reach the dining-room. Leslie did not think the matter of sufficient importance to pursue the chase farther.

The dining-room, though large, would not permit all the couples to enter at once, so ices and cakes were borne from the table by cavaliers to expectant ladies in the antechamber, on the stairs, and in the farther rooms.

Mrs. Hawthorne and Miss Madison, with Charlie Hunt and the American doctor, lingered on in the corner where, with the migration of so many to the ball-room, all four had been able to secure chairs.

Miss Madison had been finding exhilaration and delight this evening in dancing, and when presently the alluring strains of a waltz came floating to their ears, she looked at Dr. Chandler, and he in the same manner looked at her; whereupon she rose, as if words had been exchanged, took his arm, and they deserted for the ball-room. Charlie Hunt was left ensconced in an intimate nook alone with Mrs. Hawthorne.

But he had hardly a moment in which to enjoy the feeling of advantage this gave him before his cousin Francesca came looking for him. They were going, she said. Father was sleepy, and mother said they must go. If he wanted a lift home, he must hurry up. Charlie had come with

them, on the box near the driver, there being five already inside the landau.

Having delivered her message, Francesca had gone to put on her things, and Charlie, after expressions of regret over the inevitable, asked Mrs. Hawthorne whither she would wish to be taken before he left.

Let him not bother, she answered; she could find her friends without help.

They separated. Walking slowly, she looked for faces of acquaintances. She glanced in at the ball-room door. They were dancing still, but not nearly so many. She turned into the reception-room, whence she could reënter the ball-room at the other end without danger of collision, and reach that comfortable blue satin sofa, now standing empty.

She had sat a minute, unconsciously smiling to herself, because the sensations and impressions of the evening were all so pleasant, when something occurred to her as desirable to be done. She rose to carry out her idea.

The dancing had stopped; the floor was clear except in the neighborhood of the walls, where couples stood or sat recovering breath and coolness. She started to cross the long room. Her mind was entirely on her idea, and she did not at first feel herself to be conspicuous. But all the eyes in the room, before she had gone half her way, were fastened upon her, a natural and legitimate mark. One might now without impertinence have the satisfaction of a good look at the newly come American who had taken the big house on the Lungarno; the women might study the fashion of her hair and dress.

She was smiling faintly, but fixedly; she smiled, indeed, all the time, as if smiles had been an indispensable article of wear at a party. Her agreeably blunted features and peachy roundness of cheek belonged to a good-humored, unimposing type, which took on a certain nobility in her case from being carried high on a strong, round neck over a splendid broad breast, partly bare this evening, and seen to be white as milk, as swan's-down, as pearl.

If one had tried to define the look which left one so little doubt as to her nationality, one would perhaps have said it was a combination of fearlessness and accessibility. She feared not you, nor should you fear her; she counted on your friendliness; you might count on hers.

She was a person simple in the main. The colors she had selected to wear accorded with the rest, showing little intricacy of taste. The two silks composing her dress were respectively the blue of a summer morning and the pink of a rose. From cushioned and dimpled shoulders the bodice tapered to as fine a waist as a Paris dressmaker had found possible to bring about in a woman who, despite a veritable yearning to look slender, cared also for freedom to breathe, and, as she said with a sigh, guessed she must make up her mind to be happy without looking like a toothpick.

Mrs. Hawthorne's front hair was clipped and twisted into little curls, her back locks, drawn to the top of the head, were disposed in silken loops and rolls, at the top of which, like a flag planted on a hill, stood an aigret, a sparkle and two whiffs.

She had taken off her long white gloves to eat a cake, or cakes; she was carrying them loosely swinging from one dimpled hand.

In the middle of the room self-consciousness overtook her. With the awakening sense of eyes upon her, she looked first to one side, then to the other. Her smile broadened while growing by just a tinge sheepish; she seemed to waver and consider turning from her course and finishing her journey close along the wall, like a mouse. She finally did not, nor yet hurried. She made her smile explain to whoever was looking on that a person was excusable for making this sort of mistake, that it hurt nobody, that one need not and did not care; that she was sure they did not like her any less for it; they would not if they knew how void of offense toward them all was her heart; that having exposed herself to being looked at, she hoped they liked her looks.

So she was carrying it off, and her smile only a little self-conscious, only a shade embarrassed, when from among the men standing near the library door, for which she was directly making, there stepped out one to meet her, not unlike a slender needle darting toward a rounded magnet as it comes into due range.

More sensitive than she, feeling the situation much more uncomfortably for his countrywoman than she felt it for herself, a foreign-looking fellow, who had not quite forgotten that he was an American, after a moment's hard struggle against his impulse hastened forward to shorten for her that unaccompanied course across the floor under ten thousand search-lights.

"I'm looking for somebody," said Mrs. Hawthorne, with the smile of a child.

The voice which had made one man think of the crimson heart on a valentine reminded this other of rough velvet.

He showed his eccentric three front teeth in a responding smile that had a touch of the faun, and asked whimsically:

"Will I do?"

"Help me to find Mr. Foss, and you'll do perfectly," she said merrily. "I have n't seen him more than just to shake hands this whole evening, and I do want to have a little talk before I go."

"If I am not mistaken, we shall find him in the library." He offered his arm.

"I may have appeared to be doing something else, Mrs. Hawthorne, but I have really been looking for you the last hour," said the consul when he had been found. "I wanted to have a little talk. How are you enjoying Florence?"

"Oh, we're having an elegant time, thanks to that dear wife of yours and that dear girl, Leslie. I don't know what we should have done without them and you."

"But the city itself, Florence, does n't it enchant you?"

"We-ell, yes. N-n-n-no. Yes and no. That's it. You want me to tell the truth, don't you? Some of it does, and some of it does n't. Some of it, I guess, will take me a long time to get used to. It's terribly different from what we ex-

pected—I, in particular. You see, I came here because an old friend used to talk so much about it. Florence the Fair! The City of Lilies! He said Italy was the most beautiful country in the world, and Florence the most beautiful city in Italy. So my expectations were way up. . . . Oh, I don't know; it's hard to tell."

"Mrs. Hawthorne, hear me prophesy," said Mr. Foss. "In six months you will love it all. It's the fate of us who come here from new countries. It will steal in upon you, grow upon you, beset and besot you, till you like no other place in the world so well."

"Will it? Well, if you say so. The judge—the friend I was speaking of—said so much of the same kind that the minute I thought of coming to Europe, right after I'd said, 'I'll go to Paris,' I said to myself, 'I'll go to Florence.'"

"Mrs. Hawthorne, we must take you in hand. Be it ours to initiate you. Come, what have you been to see?"

"Treasures of art? We have n't had time yet. We've been getting a house fit to live in. When you asked me how I liked Florence, I ought to have begun by that end. I love my house, Mr. Foss. I love my garden. I love the Lungarno. And the Casheeny. And Boboly. And the drive up here. And the stores! I positively dote on those little bits of stores on the jeweler's bridge."

"Well, well, that's quite enough to begin with."

"Now that we're going to have some time to spare, we mean to go sight-seeing like other folks."

"How I wish, dear Mrs. Hawthorne, that I were not such a busy man! But—" Mr. Foss had a look of bright inspiration—"should I on that account be dejected? Here is Mr. Fane—"

He turned to Gerald, who, after bringing up Mrs. Hawthorne, had stood near, a silent third, waiting to act further as her escort by and by. Meanwhile he had been listening with a varied assortment of feelings and a boundless fatigue of spirit.

"—Mr. Fane," said the consul, "who is not nearly so busy a man as I, and is the

most sympathetic, well-informed cicerone you could find. When we wish to be sure our visiting friends shall see Florence under the best possible circumstances, we turn them over to Mr. Fane."

Gerald's face struggled into a sourish smile, and he bowed ironical thanks for the compliment. Lifting his head, he shot a glance of reproachful interrogation at the consul. Was his friend doing this humorously, to tease him, or was the man simply not thinking?

The consul looked innocent of any sly intention; he was all of a jocund smile; the consul, who should have known better, wore the air of doing him a pleasure and her a pleasure and a pleasure to himself; the air of thinking that any normally constituted young man would be grateful for such a chance.

"I shall be most happy," said Gerald, with irreproachable and misleading politeness.

Mrs. Hawthorne turned to him readily.

"Any time you say. Let me tell you where we live."

CHAPTER IV

THE room in which Mrs. Hawthorne went to bed an hour or two after taking leave of the dwindling company at Villa Foss was large and luxurious. Its windows were enormous, arched at the top and reaching the floor. A wrought-iron railing outside made them safe. In the angle of the wall between two of them—it was a corner room—stood a mirror nearly the size of the windows, in a broad frame of carved and gilt wood, resting on a marble shelf that supported besides two alabaster vases holding bunches of roses.

In the corner opposite to the mirror and placed "catty-corner," as the occupier worded it, stood the stateliest of beds, upholstered and draped in heavy watered silk of a dull, even dingy, yellow. Its hangings were gathered at the top into the hollow of a great gold coronet, whence they spread and fell in folds that were looped back with silk cords. The walls were covered by that same texture

of dull gold, held in place by tarnished gilt mouldings.

Mrs. Hawthorne had wanted all this dusty and faded splendor removed,—it seemed to her the possible lurking-place of mice or worse,—but the agent would not hear of it. The noble landlord was not really eager to let.

So Mrs. Hawthorne, to brighten the room despite it, for she wished to keep it for her own, having taken a fancy to the fresco overhead,—that fascinating chariot driven among clouds by a radiant youth surrounded by smiling, flower-scattering maidens,—Mrs. Hawthorne to "gay up" the room, as she said, had hung windows and doors with draperies of her favorite corn-flower blue, and covered the chairs with the same. On the floor she had stretched a pearl-gray carpet all aglow with wreaths of roses tied with ribbons of blue; and over the carpet—at the bedside, before the dressing-table, in front of the fireplace—laid down white bearskins.

To cover further the yellow silk, she had hung in one panel of it a painting of the "Madonna della Seggiola," in another, Carlo Dolci's "Angel of the Annunciation," and in another, Carlo Dolci's Magdalen clasping the box of ointment—all works of art bought in Via dei Fossi, in great gilt-wood frames, like the mirror.

There was just one thing in all the room that looked poor, workaday. It was on the small table at the head of the bed, beside the candlestick and match-safe, a black book, the commonest kind of Bible, such a Bible as is dispensed by those who have to furnish the sacred writings in large numbers—Sunday-schools, for instance.

It was in fact a Sunday-school prize that now lay on the night-stand, in what the sober volume presented to a pious little girl must have thought strange company. Cover to cover with it, cheek by jowl, lay a book on etiquette.

It was for the Bible, however, that Mrs. Hawthorne reached after she had got into bed. She found her place. She read in it every night before sleeping, to keep a promise made long ago, and avoid

the reproaches of a person gone from this earth, but who still, she never questioned, could be pleased or displeased with her actions.

She did not always try to understand or follow; when she was sleepy she read merely with her eyes. To-night her mind was too full of personal things to permit of strict attention to the text.

There was a stir. Both doors of her room were open; the little unobtrusive one into the dressing-room for air,—the window there stood wide open through the night,—the large one into the sitting-room so as to leave a free road to Miss Madison's room beyond. Through this now slipped a slender form in a soft, furbordered wrapper, her front locks done up in curling-kids.

"You in bed?"

"Yes; I'm just reading my chapter."

"Livvy gone?"

Livvy, or Miss Deliverance Jones, was the maid they had brought from America, a New York negress of the most faintly colored complexion, with hair mysteriously blond.

"Yes, she's gone."

"I'm not a bit sleepy, are you? I'm too excited. Let's talk."

She climbed on to her friend's bed, gathered her knees to her chin, and hugged them, with the effect of hugging to herself a great happiness.

Mrs. Hawthorne closed her Bible and put it aside. The single candle by which she had been reading showed the shining mirthfulness of the eyes with which the two regarded each other.

"Was n't it fun?"

"Oh, was n't it!"

They spoke softly, whether because the suggestion of the late hour was upon them, or they thought, without thinking, that Livvy might still be near. They whispered like school-girls who have come together in forbidden fun.

"I never did have such a good time."

"Nor I, neither. O Hat, *is n't it fun!*"

"*Is n't it, just!*"

"See here, Hat, you've got to teach me to dance. I was almost crazy this

evening, I wanted so to be dancing with the rest. Where d' you learn?"

"I went to dancing-school, my dear."

"No! Did you?"

"Yes, I did; all one winter. What are you thinking about? I've been to parties in my life. Not many, but I've been. There was the Home Club party—"

"Yes, of course. I remember how I teased once to go to the Home Club party; but ma would n't let me. I had n't anything to put on, anyhow. To think I've always yearned so to have a good time, and now I'm having it! O Hat, was n't it lovely! That's a mighty nice house of the Fosses'. How good it looked, all fixed up! The flowers and candles, one room opening into the other, everything just right. Hat, Mrs. Foss is the finest woman I ever knew, and in my opinion makes the most elegant appearance. She's the one I'd choose to be like if I could. Just watch me copy-cat her. You'll see. 'My dear Mrs. Hawthorne, pray don't speak of the trouble! It's been nothing but a pleasure. Be sure you call upon us whenever we can be of the smallest service.'"

"You've caught her, Nell, you silly thing. Down to the ground."

"I'm going to pattern after her till it comes natural. How sweet they all are! How kind they've been!" Mrs. Hawthorne grew dreamy.

"Your dress, Nell, was a perfect success," the other ran on—"perfect. How did you think mine looked? I'll tell you a compliment I got for you, if you'll tell me one you got for me. If not, I'll save it up in my secret breast till you're ready to make a trade."

"To think," said Mrs. Hawthorne, still engrossed by her dream of absent and bygone things, "that we're the same little girls—and one of them barefoot!—who used to play house together on Cape Cod, and pin on any old rag that would tail along the ground, and play ladies!"

"Nell—I'm so afraid of forgetting and calling you Nell that every time I catch myself near doing it I can feel the cold sweat break out on my brow."

"What would it matter? We are n't impostors, Hat. We 're just having fun, and don't want our real names to queer it. If they should slip out when we are n't thinking, they 'd simply sound like nicknames we 've got for each other. But they won't slip out. I 'm too fond of calling you Estelle. Don't you *love* to call me Aurora? Hat, how did I behave, far as you could see?"

"Nell, if I had n't known you, and had just been seeing you for the first time, I should have said to myself: 'What a fine, good-looking, beautifully dressed, refined, and ladylike woman that is! Wish t' I might make her acquaintance.' And what would you have said, if you 'd seen me, never having met me before?"

"I should have said: 'What a bright, smart, intelligent, and rarely beautiful girl! So well dressed, too, and slender as a worm! A queen of society. I do like her looks! She 's the spittin' image of my little friend Hattie Carver, the school-marm in East Boston, that I used to know!' Go ahead, Hat; what was it?"

"Sure, now, you 've got one for me?"

"Sure."

"It was What 's-his-name, the English fellow we see every time we go in to Cook's—Mr. Dysart. Leslie says he comes of a very good family. He said to me, 'How very charming Mrs. Hawthorne is looking this evening!'"

"Hattie, that man 's a humbug, that man 's leading a double life. He said to me, 'How very charming Miss Madison is looking this evening!' He did."

"Go 'way! You 're making it up."

"No, I ain't! Stop, Hattie! I know: I *am not*. Confusion upon it! You 've made me so nervous when I talk that I can't say ain't without jumping as if I 'd sat on a pin!"

"Nell Goodwin, look me square in the eye. How many times did you say ain't at the party this evening?"

"Not once; I swear it. I was looking out every minute. 'I am not,' I said; 'We are not,' I said; 'He does n't,' I said; 'He is n't,' I said. There! Between you 'n'

I, Hat, it 's a dreadful nuisance, keeping my mind on the way I talk. What 's the matter with my natural way of talking?"

"It 's all right at home, Nell, but it 's different over here. They 're a different kind of people we 're thrown with."

"This pernicky way of talking never sounds cozy or friendly one bit. Oh, do you say so? 'Between you and I' is n't correct? But I thought you said—no, don't explain, not at this time of night, Estelle. You know all those sorts of things, my dear Estelle, because you 're paid by the Government to know them. I don't; but I know lots and lots of things that are a sight funnier."

She grabbed one of the pillows and flung it at her friend, who flung it back at her; and the simple creatures laughed.

Aurora re-tied in a bow the blue ribbon that closed the collar of her night-gown, and settled back again, with her arms out on the white satin quilt, flowered with roses and lined with blue. The two braids of her fair hair lay, one on each side, down her big, undisguised bosom.

"You heaping dish of vanilla ice-cream!" said Hattie.

"You stick of rhubarb!" said Nell. "Stop, Hat! Behave! Do you suppose all the people we 've invited to come and see us will come?"

"Doctor Chandler will come. And the Hunt girls will come. And Madame Bentivoglio I guess will come."

"Yes, and the Satterlees I 'm sure will come. And Mrs. Seymour and her daughter that I said I 'd help with the church fair. And the minister—what was it?—Spottiswood."

"And won't the Mr. Hunt come that you were having such a good time with?"

"Yes, he 'll come. He 'll come tomorrow, I should n't wonder. Then that thinnish fellow with the hair like a hearth-brush—did you meet him? Mr. Fane, a great friend of the Fosses. He 's coming to take us sight-seeing." She yawned a wide, audible yawn. "I only hope there 'll be some fun in it. Confound you, Hat, go to bed!"



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"And the end of their work was a smashed city"

The Story of the Irish Rebellion

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

Author of "Mrs. Martin's Man," "Alice and the Family," etc.

ON Easter Sunday, after an absence of several weeks, I returned to Dublin from England, and in the evening I walked down to the Abbey Theater to obtain my letters. There was an air of festival in the town, for the rigors of Lent were at an end, and people were making ready for such merriment as is possible in time of war to those whose men are in very present danger in Flanders and France; and as I crossed O'Connell Bridge and stood for a moment or two to look at the high reaches of golden sky which are everywhere visible in Dublin it seemed to me that the "peace . . . which passeth all understanding" had settled on this old, distracted city. There had, indeed, been murmurs and mutter-

ings and marches of drilled men, and now and then one met an anxious official, full of foreboding, who spoke desperately of danger; but these were disregarded. One had stood on the pavement to watch the volunteers go by, and had treated them lightly. How could that tattered collection of youths and boys and hungry-looking laborers ever hope to stand against the British army!

One saw them, on St. Patrick's day, marching up Westmoreland Street to College Green, some of them dressed in a green uniform that, except in color, was a replica of the khaki uniform of the British soldier. Most of them had no uniform, and their cheap, ready-made clothes had an extraordinarily unwarlike look

that was made almost ridiculous by the bandoleers and the long, obsolete bayonets and the heavy, out-of-date rifles they carried. The mind, remembering tales of France and Flanders and the Dardanelles, of guns that fired shells a ton in weight for many miles, of an extraordinary complicity of invention whereby men may be slain by men who have never seen them—the mind, remembering these things, found something supremely comical in the spectacle of young clerks and middle-aged laborers steeling their hearts and fitting their bodies with the worn-out implements of war in the hope that they might so disturb the British race that all they desired would instantly be conceded to them.

It is easy now to pitch blame on Mr. Birrell and to say that he should have known this and that he should have known the other; but I doubt whether many men, seeing the procession of volunteers on St. Patrick's day, would have felt any alarm. At most, one imagined, there would be a brawl in the streets, quickly and easily suppressed by a little force of police.

Such was my mood on Easter Sunday when, coming away from the Abbey Theater, I encountered, on Eden Quay, a company of volunteers marching toward Liberty Hall. They had been, I think, in the mountains all day, drilling and marching, and now, tired and hungry, were nearly at the end of the day's work, in a moment or two to be disbanded for the night. They were just such a company of men and boys as I had been accustomed for months past to see parading about the streets: middle-aged, spare-looking laborers in whom the brutalities of the 1911 strike had left deep bitterness; young clerks and shop assistants and school-teachers, full of generous ideals and emotions that were unchecked by the discipline of wide knowledge and experience; and boys, vaguely idealistic and largely thrilled by the desire for romantic enterprise and the hope of high happenings. And with them, as intent and eager as the men, were a few women and little girls.

I stood on the pavement to watch them

go by. The captain of the company was a man I had known slightly, a modest, quiet, kindly man of honest desires, called Sean Connolly, unrelated, save in the comradeship of arms, to James Connolly. I nodded to him, and he waved his hand to me. The next day he was dead, killed in the street fighting for some ideal that dominated and bound his mind. I remember, too, seeing the Countess Marckevitz in the ranks that Sean Connolly commanded. I had met her twice very casually and did not recognize her in the half-light of the evening, but some one standing by said, "That 's the countess," and I looked, and saw a tired woman who would never admit that she was tired, stumping heavily by in a green uniform, oblivious of the comments, many of them of mockery, that the onlookers were making.

It is not my business here to explain the rebellion or to describe the causes of it. An adequate explanation would fill too much space, and the causes of it were varied. Some of the volunteers were men belonging to the citizen army which had been formed in 1911 by James Larkin and James Connolly and Captain White, the son of Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith, during what was probably the most brutally conducted strike (on the part of the employers) in the history of industrial disorder. I have no knowledge of what was in these men's minds, but I do not doubt that the rebellion meant to them less of an opportunity to establish an Irish republic than an opportunity to avenge their outraged humanity. Others were men who remembered, no doubt, that the gun-running practised by their side was treated with a severity that ended in death, whereas the gun-running practised by the followers of Sir Edward Carson was treated as an admirable exploit. Others, again, and these were the majority, were men who loved Ireland and sought to set her free. If one were to set out to apportion blame for the rebellion, one would find that it must be distributed over so many people that in the end one could only say, "We are all to

blame; we Irish people, old and young, are all at fault."

But while one does not set out to explore the causes of the rebellion, one may briefly say that the origin of the volunteers lay in the necessity which some Irishmen felt for an effective defense against the volunteers who had been created in Ulster by Sir Edward Carson. The extent of that necessity was made plain when what is called the Curragh Camp incident happened. On that occasion a number of officers refused to obey an order (so it is said) to proceed to Belfast and keep the Unionist volunteers in control. I do not believe that any reputable Irishmen wished to see the Ulster volunteers terrorized or put to death by British soldiers; but the incident set a number of Nationalists wondering what sort of defense they would have if the Ulster volunteers made an attack on them. The temper of the soldiers at the Curragh indicated that they could hope for little help from that quarter, and there was no other defense, apart from the police. So they set up volunteers of their own, under the leadership of John McNeill, a professor at the National University. The purpose of these volunteers was, first, to defend themselves against attack, and, secondly, to make a display of force if Home Rule was not conceded to Ireland. After the outbreak of the war this purpose was extended to prevent the imposition of conscription on the Irish people.

The reader, remembering these purposes of the volunteers, may now wonder why the rebellion took place, seeing that an attack on the Nationalists was not made by the Ulster volunteers, that Home Rule had in law been conceded to Ireland, and that the Irish people were expressly excluded from the scope of the Military Service Act. The answer to such speculation is that the great majority of the Irish volunteers firmly believed that the Home Rule Act would be annulled after the war. They were convinced that the Liberal government would quit office on the conclusion of peace, and be succeeded by a Conservative govern-

ment, which would make as little of the Home Rule Act as the Germans made of the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium; and they were confirmed in this belief by the tone of an obstinate English newspaper. A further factor was the treatment of the Irish regiments in Gallipoli, where, although they bore the brunt of the fighting, they were disregarded by the commanders in a thoroughly incomprehensible manner. One of the strange features of the Gallipoli campaign is the fact that Admiral de Robeck forgot to mention the names of the Irish regiments which took heroic part in landing on the peninsula, although he remembered to mention the names of all the other regiments concerned in it!

The causes, then, which led up to the rebellion were many and varied, but the dominant cause was this suspicion that once again the English Government was about to betray the Irish people. I belong to a school of Irish Home-Rulers who believe that the destinies of Ireland and England in the world are as inseparable as the waters of the Liffey and the Mersey in the Irish Sea, and I do not believe that these suspicions of English perfidy were justified; but I can readily understand why men of an impatient temperament, in whose minds the wrongs of their country had made an indelible impression, were quick to suspect treachery where they should have seen only the petulance of irresponsible and impotent politicians and journalists.

WHEN the history of the Irish rebellion is written I suppose people will notice particularly how completely it surprised every one, even the officials who had fears of its happening. I do not imagine that any of that company of volunteers whom I saw on Easter Sunday evening had the slightest idea that there was to be a rebellion on the following morning. I know that the Countess Marckevitz was not aware of the proposed outbreak until it actually began, and I know of one volunteer who did not know of what was about to take place until he heard the sound of



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Sir Roger Casement, who was hanged in August for his part in the rebellion

rifle-fire. It is obvious that the strictest secrecy as to intention had to be preserved, otherwise the plan would have been betrayed. A secret which is committed to several thousand persons ceases to be a secret. The Irish secret service knew that a rising had been planned, but they did not suspect that it would take place so soon. Indeed, at the very moment when the rebellion began a council was actually being held in Dublin Castle to determine

what steps should be taken to cope with the insurrection when it took place. The secret service, I understand, expected the attempt at rising to be made on Whit Monday. The result was a state of unpreparedness that is almost incredible. General Friend, who was in charge of the troops in Ireland, had left the country on Easter Saturday, and was in England when he heard the news of the outbreak. The lord lieutenant had arranged to pay

a visit to Belfast on official affairs, and was making ready to start when the news came to the viceregal lodge that the Sinn Feiners had revolted. There was a race-meeting at Fairy House, and many of the officers and soldiers were there. Very few troops were stationed in Dublin, and many men were on leave. It is said in Dublin that if the rebels had known, they could have taken Trinity College and the headquarters of the Irish command with ease, there were so few persons on the premises to defend them. Easter Monday is a bank-holiday, and therefore the shops and business offices were closed.

That was the state of Dublin when suddenly a small body of armed men came out of Liberty Hall and marched along Abbey Street into O'Connell Street and thence to the general post-office. Simultaneously other men marched to strategic points such as Westland Row railway station and the road leading to Kingstown, along which troops from England would be obliged to pass. Another company of men set off to take Dublin Castle, where some harassed officials, as I have stated, were wondering what they should do to cope with the rebellion that they believed to be likely to take place on Whit Monday. The Countess Marckevitz led a company of men and boys and women and girls to St. Stephen's Green and the College of Surgeons. Considerable knowledge of strategy was displayed by the rebels, together with some strategic ineptitude. It was, for example, extremely foolish to seize St. Stephen's Green Park, which was exposed on every side to attack, and had to be abandoned on Easter Tuesday, when the soldiers arrived and began operations.

All the men were disposed at the points of vantage, and about eleven o'clock on the morning of Easter Monday the rebellion began. The post-office was seized, St. Stephen's Green Park was occupied, the College of Surgeons was entered, and private houses on roads of consequence were taken. The attempt to seize Dublin Castle failed after the policeman on guard outside it was murdered; and the rebels

then took the offices of the Dublin "Daily Express," which are near the castle, and ejected the reporters and staff from it.

THERE was to be a *matinée* at the Abbey Theater on Easter Monday. We were to produce Mr. W. B. Yeats's little vision of Ireland, "*Kathleen ni Houlihan*," together with a new play by a new author, "*The Spancel of Death*" by Mr. T. H. Nally. There is something odd in that conjunction of plays, something almost anticipatory of what was about to happen; for *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, the poor old woman, is the figure of Ireland dispossessed and calling to her children to regain her inheritance for her.

"What is it you want?" the young man says to *Kathleen*, the daughter of *Houlihan*, when she comes to his home on the evening of his marriage.

"My four beautiful fields," she answers, "and the hope of driving the stranger out of my house."

I had gone down to the theater from my home in St. Stephen's Green about nine o'clock that morning so that I might deal with my correspondence before the *matinée* began, and while I was working in my office a stage-hand came to me and said that he thought we would not be able to hold a performance. I said "Why?" He replied:

"I think there 's a rebellion or something on. The Sinn Feiners are out." I laughed.

"Listen!" he said, and I listened. I could hear distinctly the dull sound of rifle-firing.

"Oh, that 's only some one skylarking," I answered. But it was n't skylarking.

A man came into the theater while I was wondering about the thing. He was pale and agitated.

"I 've just seen a man killed," he said brokenly.

"Is it true?" I interrupted.

He nodded his head.

"I was outside the castle," he went on. "The policeman went up to stop them, and one of them put up a rifle and blew his brains out. The unfortunate man!"

"But—but what 's it for?" I asked feebly. "What 's it all about?"

"God knows," he answered.

I went to the front of the theater and looked into the street. I could see little knots of men and women and children at the corners of the streets which run at right angles to O'Connell Street, and every now and then some one, suddenly alarmed, would run away. There was a heavy feel in the air, that curious physical sensation of waiting for something to occur which precedes all dreadful events, and, disturbing it ominously, the flat rattle of distant rifles.

There were no policemen anywhere. Mysteriously and swiftly, the whole of the Dublin Metropolitan Police had vanished from their beats.

"Well, this is damned funny!" I said.

There is a wide lane at the side of the Abbey Theater which runs parallel to the Liffey and ends at the side of Liberty Hall. While I was standing outside the theater, wondering whether I ought to abandon the performance or not, I heard shouting and the rumble of heavy carts, and looking up the lane, I saw a procession of wagons approaching me. Each wagon was piled high with cauliflower, and was guarded by armed youths. I began to laugh again. There was something irresistibly comical about those wagon-loads of cauliflower, the commissariat of the rebels. We had not yet realized that serious things were about to happen, and so we made jokes! There were funny descriptions of interminable meals of cauliflower—breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers of cauliflower. I remembered how sick the soldiers in France and Flanders became of plum and apple jam, and I wondered how long it would be before the rebels became bored with cauliflower.

People turned up at the door of the theater, unaware that anything had happened. Some of the players, unable to catch a tram, came to the stage-door bewildered.

"What 's up?" they said, and I answered jocularly:

"Oh, don't you know? There 's a rebellion on, and we 're all republicans now!"

IN every tragical happening there is an element of the ridiculous, and it is the business of the artist to strip the ridiculous from the tragical, and leave only the essential tragedy. The realist, such a realist as Mr. Bernard Shaw, insists on showing everything, the ridiculous and the tragical; and so it is that one is puzzled by disturbing laughter in one beautiful a play as "Androcles and the Lion." There was much that was ridiculous in the Dublin rebellion, and all who lived through it can tell many funny stories. I think now of the woman who telephoned to me at the theater to inquire about a friend.

"What 's up?" she asked when I had told her that her friend had left the theater to go home, and when I told her that a rebellion was "up," she exclaimed: "Oh, dear! What a day to choose for it! Easter Monday! The people won't enjoy themselves a bit!"

I told the attendants to shut the theater, and went into O'Connell Street. Crowds of people were wandering up and down or standing about in an expectant manner. All round me I could hear men and women asking the question which was general that day in Dublin, "What 's it for?"

I looked across the street, and saw that the windows of the post-office had been broken. Furniture and sacking were piled behind every window, and stretched on top of these were boys with rifles, lying there, waiting. Some of the rebels were distributing bills, in which the heads of the provisional government announced the establishment of an Irish republic. Some one began to deliver an oration at the base of the Nelson pillar, but the crowd had no taste for oratory, and it did not listen long. There were two flags on the top of the post-office, a green one, bearing the words "Irish Republic," and a tricolor of orange, white, and green; and that was all. One saw volunteer officers, carrying loaded revolvers, passing about their du-

ties, instructing pale boys who were acting as sentinels; and when one saw how young they were, there came again into the mind that sense of the ridiculousness of it all, and one thought, "This is all very well, this playing with rebellion and establishing a republic; but wait—just wait until the police catch you at it!" One thought of them as boys who had let their lark run away with their wits. All this joking had gone too far, and presently there would be trouble, and some sorry people would be mumbling excuses to a magistrate. It was as if boys, letting their imaginations feed too fat on penny dreadfuls, had forgotten that they were only pretending to be wild Indians attacking Buffalo Bill, and had suddenly scalped a companion or halved his skull with a tomahawk.

"It 'll be over when dinner-time comes," some one said to me. We were all extraordinarily lacking in prescience. We still thought of this thing as a kids' rebellion, a school-boys' escapade. "Silly young asses!" people were saying; "they 'll only get into trouble."

I got tired of hanging about O'Connell Street, and so I went home. At the top of Grafton Street I crossed over to the park, and saw that the gates were closed, and barricaded rather ineffectively. A man was standing inside the gates, holding a rifle, and looking intently down Grafton Street. Some girls were chaffing him, and asking him if he was not scared to death, and what would his mother say if she could see him, and was he not afraid that she would give him a beating. But he paid no heed to their chaff, though now and then, when some one obscured his vision of the street, he gruffly ordered them away and, if they did not move speedily, threatened to shoot them. "G' long with you!" they would say, still chaffing, but a little uncertain. After all, he might shoot.

I walked along the side of the green toward the Shelbourne Hotel. Inside the railings I could see boys digging trenches and throwing up heaps of earth for shelters. Other boys were stretched on the

turf, with their fingers on the triggers of their rifles, and they, too, like the boys at the post-office, were waiting. I heard a man say to one lad who was digging into the soft earth:

"What in the name of God are you doin' there?" and the lad replied:

"I don't know. I 'm supposed to be diggin' a trench, but I think I 'm diggin' my grave."

It is said, and I believe it to be true, that none of these lads knew what was to happen that day. Some of them had come up from the country to take part, they imagined, in an ordinary demonstration, a route march. It is said of some of them who were deputed to capture Westland Row station—their task was not told to them until they had reached the station—that when they heard what was to be done, they sent for a priest, made their confessions to him, and received the host. They told the priest that they were ignorant until that moment of what was about to take place, and he advised them to drop their rifles and uniforms when dusk came and go to their homes.

"Oh, no," they answered; "we joined this thing, and we ought to go on with it." There was much of that kind of young chivalry that week in Dublin. I doubt whether many of the volunteers funked when the moment came, although they must have felt that they had been led into something like a trap.

At the Shelbourne Hotel there was a barricade across the street, composed of motor-cars and vans that had been taken from their owners by the volunteers. Inside the green there was much movement and hurrying to and fro. At each gate there was a small group of armed sentries, who challenged every vehicle that passed. If the vehicle was found to be above suspicion, it was allowed to pass on. If the driver of it failed to halt when challenged several times, he was fired on.

I went into the house where I was living. It overlooks the green, and from my bedroom I had as clear a view as was possible to any one. I saw women walking about inside the green, and I saw three



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Patrick H. Pearse, president of the short-lived Irish republic

little girls who could not have been more than fifteen years of age running busily about. They were members of the Countess Marckevitz's corps of Girl Guides and they were acting as messengers. On the opposite side of the green I could see the tricolor of the republic floating over the College of Surgeons.

A man came to see me.

"Will there be a performance at the Abbey to-night?" he said, and I answered:

"I don't know. You'd better turn up, anyhow. Perhaps it will be all over by eight o'clock." I was told later that the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, who

were to begin a fortnight's engagement at the Gaiety Theater that day, did not abandon their intention until a few minutes before the hour at which the performance was due to begin.

AFTER tea I walked round the park. On one side of the green, near the Unitarian church, there was a pool of congealed blood. I almost sickened at the sight of it. On this spot a second policeman had been murdered. I use the word "murdered" intentionally. It is, I think, true to say that the rebellion was conducted by its leaders as cleanly as it is

possible to conduct any rebellion, and many high and chivalrous things were done by them and their followers. They strove to fight, as closely as they could, in accordance with the laws of civilized warfare. But the killing of these policemen at the castle and the Unitarian church were acts of murder, for these civil servants were unarmed, defenseless, while their opponents carried loaded rifles. I believe, indeed, that much of what we call atrocity in warfare, civil or international, is largely the result of fright and nervous strain, the panic act of men who are "rattled"; and it is very probable that the murder of the policemen was due to an attack of nerves. But whatever the cause of it may have been, it stained a singularly clean record. The behavior of the rebels to their prisoners was exemplary. An old colonel who was in their hands for the better part of a week subsequently stated that he had been treated with exceptional kindness, and a subaltern who was interned in the post-office asserted that his captors were very considerate to him.

It was while I was looking at the pool of congealed blood that I saw Francis Sheehy Skeffington. I had known him fairly well for some time. He was a man of immense energy and vitality. Once he walked from Dublin into Wicklow and back, covering fifty miles in one day. His honesty was superlative, and his courage was leonine. I think of him as a man overruled by intellect. He was governed by logic, and he seemed incapable of understanding that life is a wayward thing, that men are moody, that humanity cannot be scheduled or set out in terms of an equation; and this submission of his to intellect robbed him of any capacity to act practically in affairs. Had he been a witty man, he would have resembled Bernard Shaw. But he was not a witty man; he was almost totally devoid of a sense of humor. I think, too, he was completely devoid of any feeling for tradition, any sense of reverence. Once when I was living in a Welsh village I met him. I went with him one day to see a cromlech

outside the village, and when we reached it, he looked at it for a few moments, and then, to my disgust, took a bill out of his pocket and stuck it into a crack in the stones. "I may as well do a little propaganda," he said. The bill had "Votes for Women" on it. But when all the small irritations one had in his presence were accounted for, there remained this, that he was a man of great integrity and courage, and men of integrity and courage are so rare in the world that it is a calamity to have lost this man in the miserable way in which he was lost.

He came up to me, and we talked about the rebellion. I was full of anger, because I saw in it the wreck of the slowly maturing plans for the better ordering of Irish life; but his emotion was different.

"I'm against all this fighting," he said. "More and more I am inclining toward the Tolstoian position." He spoke of the rebellion as "folly, but it's noble folly," and declared that it was a hopeless enterprise. He went off, walking in that habitual quick, nervous way of his, which seemed to indicate that he could never walk with sufficient swiftness. I went home, and sat in the window, looking out on the park and the passing people. The dusk gathered about the trees in the green, and a film of blue mist enveloped us. Behind the College of Surgeons, which faced my side of the green, the setting sun sent shafts of golden light shimmering up the heavens. There was hardly any wind, and the tricolor on the college fluttered listlessly. The evening became quiet. The crowds which had moved about the city all day in a holiday mood, treating the rebellion as a jolly entertainment provided by benevolent persons for their amusement, had dispersed to their homes, carrying with them not the mood of merriment, but the mood of alarm, of anxious anticipation.

One could hardly have felt otherwise then. All day the rebels had been in possession of the city. The Government seemed to have thrown up the sponge. There was not a policeman to be seen, or

The car stopped suddenly, grating harshly on the roadway, so that one's blood curdled for a few seconds. Then the wounded man was taken out. The sentries gathered round him. "Why did n't you stop when you were told?" they said reproachfully, and added, "Take him to Vincents'," the hospital a little way up the street. While they were supporting him toward the hospital, the man went on moaning: "Oh, I 'm dead! I 'm dead!" It was the worst imitation of death I had ever witnessed. They did not take him to Vincents'. They changed their minds, and took him into the green and treated him there. His wound was obviously slight; he could not have yelled so lustily or have walked so well as he did if it had been serious. There was no dignity in him, only a foolish bravado that speedily turned to squealing; and so one laughed at him.

After that there was a queer silence in the green. In the distance one heard occasional rifle-firing, but here there was this ominous quietness. It became difficult to see, and so I closed the shutters; but before I did so, I looked toward the wounded horse. It was lying in the middle of the street and was not making any movement. "Thank God, it 's dead!" I said to myself, and then I drew the shutters to.

There was a dreadful feeling of strain in the house, and I moved about restlessly. I got out the manuscript of a play on which I am working and began to revise it, but I could not continue at it long. I tried to read a book by H. G. Wells, called "An Englishman Looks at the World." I had opened it at the chapter entitled "The Common Sense of Warfare," but I found that the war outside proved conclusively that there is no common sense in warfare, so I put the book down and tried to play a game of patience. I played three games, and then I went to bed.

I slept in short dozes that were more exhausting than if I had not slept at all. The desultory rifle-fire had increased during the night, and it seemed to me that

shooting was proceeding from the Shelbourne Hotel. At four o'clock I got up and looked out of the window. I was sleeping in the front of the house, and I had left the shutters of my bedroom open. It was not quite light enough for me, who have poor sight, to distinguish things clearly, but I could see a huddled heap lying in front of the gate where the sentries had been a few hours before. And the horse was not dead. While I looked, it made a feeble struggle to rise, and then fell back again. "Why don't they kill it?" I said to myself, and I went back to bed. But I did not sleep. There were people moving about in the next room, fidgeting and fidgeting. I got up and began to dress, and while I was doing so I heard the sound of heavy boots on the pavement below, echoing oddly in that silence; and then I heard shots, followed by a low moan.

One's mind works in a queer way in moments of unusual happening. I knew that some one had been shot in the street outside my home, and if I had been asked before the thing happened what I should be likely to do, I think I should never have guessed correctly. I stood there counting the dying man's moans. He said, "Oh!" four times, and then he died. I went to the window and looked out. It was now about six o'clock, and I could see plainly. The huddled heap outside the gates of the green was the body of a dead Sinn Feiner. The horse in the roadway was now quite still. Just off the pavement, in front of the door of my home, lay the body of an old man, a laborer, evidently, who had been stumping to his work. I suppose he had not realized that the rebellion was a serious one, and had started off on the usual routine of his life; and then Death had caught him suddenly and stretched him in the road in a strangely easy attitude.

I came down-stairs, and the maids gave me breakfast, apologizing because there was no milk. It seemed to them that one could not drink tea without milk. These minds of ours are amazing instruments. Outside the door lay the body of an old

man; a little farther off, wearing a fawn-colored overcoat, lay the body of a dead Sinn Feiner; at the corner of the street a horse had died in pain; and we were wondering about milk. Had the milkman funked?

I THINK it was between eight and nine o'clock that the ambulance came and took away the two dead men. The horse was dragged, I do not know how, to the pavement, and it lay there, offensive to eye and nostril, for a week. People came to one and said, "Have you seen the dead horse?" In whatever way conversation began, always it seemed to end with that question, "Have you seen the dead horse?"

I remember now standing with a friend on the stairs, so that my eyes were on a level with the fanlight over the hall-door, and looking into the bushes just inside the green railings. I could see a young Sinn Feiner, rifle in hand, crawling on the ground; and then the soldiers in the Shelbourne saw him and let a volley at him, and he rose and ran, and we saw him no more.

Later on people came out of their houses and began to walk about. No one was allowed to cross the road to look into the green, and it was impossible to say whether any Sinn Feiners remained in it. The foliage obscured the view. There were rumors that many of the Sinn Feiners had been killed in the night, and that those who remained had fled from the green and taken refuge with their comrades in the College of Surgeons; but there was no confirmation of these rumors, and it is doubtful whether they were true.

Toward ten o'clock the streets filled. A few soldiers had been smuggled by back ways into the Shelbourne Hotel, and these commanded St. Stephen's Green. Other soldiers, few in number, were stationed in various parts of the city; but to all intents and purposes Dublin was as completely in the hands of the rebels on Easter Tuesday as it was on Easter Monday.

I went down to O'Connell Street and found that during the night the Sinn

Feiners had been busy. Each of the streets running at right angles to O'Connell Street was barricaded, in most instances ineffectively. Barbed wire was stretched across O'Connell Street in such a way as to form a barrier on each side of the general post-office. And on Tuesday, as on Monday, one saw the pale, "rattled," and very tired-looking young rebels preparing for attack. On the other side of the barbed wire, beyond the Nelson pillar, were some dead horses that had been killed while being ridden by soldiers. One heard rumors of desperate fighting in other parts of Dublin. Some of the veterans' corps, who had been drilling in the mountains on Monday, had been shot dead by Sinn Feiners when returning home in the evening. The lord lieutenant, the rumor ran, had been taken prisoner, and was now immured in Liberty Hall. The wildest talk was being uttered. It was said that the pope had committed suicide on hearing of the rebellion. It was said that Archbishop Walsh, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, had killed himself. It was said that the Orangemen were marching on Dublin in support of the Sinn Feiners.

It was on Easter Tuesday that the worst looting took place. Men and women and children surged up from the foulest slums in Europe and rifled the shops, stripping them almost bare. Some harsh things have been said about the looting, perhaps no harsher than ought to have been said, but I doubt whether in similar circumstances in any city in the world there would have been so little looting as there was in Dublin on those two days. One tries to imagine what London would have been like if it had suddenly been completely abandoned for two days to the mercy of the mob. I think a Whitechapel mob would have sacked London in that time.

While I was standing in O'Connell Street, Francis Sheehy Skeffington came up to me. He had half a dozen walking-sticks under his arm, and he said to me: "I'm trying to form a special constabulary to prevent looting. You'll do for

one," and he offered a walking-stick to me. I looked at the stick and I looked at the looters, and I said, "No." It was characteristic of "Skeffy," as he was called in Dublin, that he should behave like that. The pacifist in him would not permit him to use force to restrain the looters, though one might have thought that the logician in him would have regarded a walking-stick as a weapon; but the hero in him compelled him, for the honor of his country, to do something to restrain them. On the previous day he had harangued them from the top of a tram-car, reminding them that they were Irish, and bidding them not to loot for the sake of Ireland's honor; and they had stopped looting—until he had gone away. To-day his proposal was to overawe them with walking-sticks. Here indeed, I could not but think, was *Don Quixote* charging the windmills yet another time!

I imagine that he was unsuccessful in his efforts, for later on in the afternoon I saw him pasting slips of paper on the walls of O'Connell Bridge. The slips bore an appeal to men and women of all parties to attend the offices of the Irish Suffrage Society in Westmoreland Street and enroll themselves as special constables to maintain order. I never saw Francis Sheehy Skeffington again. That evening he was taken by a lunatic officer and shot in Portobello Barracks.

By this time the soldiers in Dublin had been reinforced, and troops were already hurrying from England. All that evening, as far as I could see, there was no stir in the green; but the firing was heavier than on the previous day, and all over the city there was a persistent banging of bullets. The windows on the ground floor of the Shelbourne were full of bullet-holes, and the wall of the Alexandra Club on the west side of the green was covered with the marks of bullets. That afternoon I had seen a dead Sinn Feiner lying inside the gate of the green that looks down Grafton Street, lying face downward in a hole in the earth, and I wondered whether he was the man I had

seen the day before, intently watching, while the girls chaffed him.

And while I was peering through the railings at the dead man, some one came up and said to all of us who were there:

"Poor chap! Let 's get him out and bury him!" There were three women from the slums standing by, and one of them, when she heard what he said, rushed at him and beat him with her fists and swore at him horribly.

"No, you 'll not get him out," she yelled. "Let him lie there and rot, like the poor soldiers!"

That speech was typical of the general attitude of the Dublin people toward the Sinn Feiners. Popular feeling was dead against them. Here was a singular rebellion, indeed! Men had risen against a power which they could not possibly beat in behalf of people who did not wish for their championship! Wherever I went in Dublin in the first days of the rebellion I heard the strongest expressions of hatred for the Sinn Fein movement. There was a feeling of remarkable fury against the Countess Marckevitz, remarkable because this lady had spent herself in feeding and succoring poor people during the 1911 strike, and one would have imagined that some feeling of gratitude would have saved her from the insults that were uttered against her. A strange, incalculable woman, born of an old Irish family, she had thrown herself into all kinds of forlorn hopes. It was said of her that her most ardent desire was to be the Joan of Arc of Ireland, that she might die for her country.

On Easter Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, the soldiers on the top floor of the Shelbourne began to use machine-guns, and the fire from them went on, I think, for an hour. Up to then we had heard only the sound of rifles, and it was a very unimpressive sound. If this was war, we thought to ourselves, then war is an uncommonly dull business. We became bored by bullets. When the surprise of the rebellion was over, most of us became irritable. We could not get about our



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The ruins of Liberty Hall, where the rebellion was plotted

ordinary affairs, we could not take our customary pleasures, and the rebellion itself had become flat.

But the rattle of machine-guns made us all sit up. The marrow in our spines seemed to be crawling about in search of a hiding-place. I do not know to what to compare the sound that a discharging machine-gun makes. Some one said to me that it resembles the noise of a lawnmower which has been turned upside down; but to me it sounded like the noise made by a stick which is drawn rapidly along railings. One sat there, frankly afraid, and imagined a perpetual flow of bullets pouring across the green, killing and wounding and terrifying. One wondered, too, whether the wooden shutters were stout enough to keep out ricocheting bullets. The sensible thing to do, of course, was to keep to the back of the house, or, at all events, as far from the front windows as possible; but one does

not do the sensible thing in such times. Instinctively, one rushed to the window to look out when a shot was fired, as instinctively as the crowds in London, despite official warnings, rush into the streets to look at the Zeppelins. The overmastering desire to see what is happening will draw the most craven to the scene of disaster, and that accounts, no doubt, for the fact that people went every day to "see the fighting" in Dublin, and could not be persuaded to keep indoors until the rebellion had been suppressed.

That night, that Easter Tuesday night, was, I think, the worst of all the nights. It was the first time we had heard the noise of machine-guns, and it was the only night that a lengthy spell of firing took place in that part of the city. If rebels remained inside the green, their terror must have been akin to madness. I wondered vaguely what had happened to the three little girls whom I had seen busy

there on Monday. I suppose they had been sent away on Monday, but if they had endured the rake of that fire—

I CANNOT remember now on what day the great fire of Dublin began. I think it was on Thursday. There were rumors that the *Helga* had come up the Liffey and shelled Liberty Hall, and I was told that the Abbey Theater was lying in ruins; but it was impossible to get near O'Connell Street or obtain any reliable information as to what had happened. There were soldiers on the roof of Trinity College, commanding the general post-office and also the rebel strongholds in Dame Street, and the fire from their rifles and machine-guns made the approach to O'Connell Bridge a no-man's-land. One went down to the firing-line every day, and repeated all the rumors that one had gathered on the way.

And then the fire began. I stood at the window of my bedroom and looked at a sky that was scarlet with flame. The whole of O'Connell Street and many of the contiguous streets were like a furnace, roaring and rattling as roofs fell in a whirlpool of sparks that splashed high in the air. The finest street in Europe was consumed in a night.

All this was in the center of the city. In outlying places fierce fighting continued, and many men on both sides were killed and wounded; but of these things I knew nothing beyond what I subsequently read in the newspapers. I was bound inside the city, just beyond the zone of flames, and here there was little firing left. I could still see the republican flag floating over the College of Surgeons, but those who were inside the college were keeping very still. Now and then the soldiers in the Shelbourne fired spasmodically, and we could hear the sound of heavier and more regular firing farther off; but for us, there was chiefly the flames flowing skyward from O'Connell Street. Almost one was glad that the looters had secured some of the stuff that would otherwise have been fuel in that terrible fire. No one can tell what caused the fire.

Some say that it was started by looters, either intentionally or accidentally, and some say that it was caused by the explosion of shells or ammunition. It is, I think, more likely that a careless looter began it.

In a few days Dublin became a city of nurses and doctors and ambulances. Wherever one went, one saw men with Red Cross badges on their sleeves, hurrying continually. Motor-cars, with large Red Cross flags flying at their sides, rushed about the town, laden with nurses and doctors and medical students, and every now and then an ambulance came swiftly to a hospital door, and some wounded man or woman or child was carried from it.

On the Saturday following the beginning of the rebellion I walked out of Dublin to see a friend, and when I was returning in the evening I heard that some of the rebels had surrendered. A man came along the road, riding a bicycle furiously, and as he passed he leaned forward a little and shouted, "They 've surrendered!" and then went on. We had been heavy in our minds until then. The rebellion was getting on our nerves, and we were pessimistic about the future of Ireland. News had come to us, too, that a friend, a man of unique value to Ireland, had narrowly escaped death by accidental shooting. He had miraculously escaped all injury, but the shock of his danger hurt our spirits. And then came the news of the surrender, and suddenly the heaviness lifted. We doubted the truth of the news, but even in that state of dubiety there was relief. It seemed to us that the air became clearer, that there was a noticeable look of recovered happiness everywhere. When we came to the outer suburbs of the city we saw groups of people standing at corners, talking animatedly. "It must be true," we said, and hurried to join one of the groups; but as we hurried we heard the dull noise of rifles being fired, and the joy went out of us, and our pace slackened.

But the news *was* true. Some of the



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

"Ypres was not much worse than O'Connell Street was." A building gutted by fire, falling into the street

rebels had surrendered. Thomas MacDonagh and P. H. Pearse, finding themselves in an impossible plight, decided to surrender, and thus prevent the loss of

more lives. A friend of mine, a member of the viceregal court, who witnessed the surrender told me afterward that Thomas MacDonagh came to the surrendering-

place as coolly as if he were going for a stroll of a summer evening. P. H. Pearse was rather "rattled," and his head rolled from side to side. He was, perhaps, a more emotional man than Thomas MacDonagh, and he was frightfully tired.

I never saw P. H. Pearse, but I met Thomas MacDonagh once. He was interested in the Independent Theater of Ireland, and one evening I went to the tiny theater in Hardwicke Street to see some performances he and his friends were giving there. I had only lately come to Dublin, and I knew none of the people connected with the Independent Theater. A friend introduced me to Thomas MacDonagh. I remember him chiefly as a man who smiled very pleasantly. There was a look of great gentleness about him. He sat beside my friend for a while, and I was so placed that I saw his face easily.

He was a man of middle height and slender build. His high, broad brow was covered with heavy, rough, tufty hair that was brushed cleanly from his forehead and cut tidily about the neck, so that he did not look unkempt. His long, straight nose was as large as the nose of a successful *entrepreneur*, but it was not bulbous, nor were the nostrils wide and distended, as are the nostrils of many business men. It was a delicately shaped and pointed nose, with narrow nostrils that were as sensitive as those of a race-horse: an adventurous, pointing nose that would lead its owner to valiant lengths, but would never lead him into low enterprises. His eyes had a quick, perceptive look, so that he probably understood things speedily, and the kindly, forbearing look in them promised that his understanding would not be stiffened by harshness, that it would be accompanied by sympathy so keen that, were it not for the hint of humor they also had, he might almost have been mawkish, a sentimentalist too easily dissolved in tears. His thick eyebrows clung closely over his eyes and gave him a look of introspection that mitigated the shrewdness of his pointing nose. There was some weakness, but not much, in the full, projecting lower lip and the

slightly receding chin that caused his short, tightened upper lip to look indrawn and strained; and the big, ungainly, jutting ears consorted oddly with the serious look of high purpose that marked his face in repose. It was as though Puck had turned poet and then had turned preacher. One looked at the fleshy lower lip and the jutting ears, and thought of a careless, impish creature; one looked at the shapely, pointing nose and the kindly, unflinching eyes, and thought of a man reckless of himself in the pursuit of some fine purpose.

When the news of his execution was proclaimed, a woman wept in the street.

"Ah, poor Tom MacDonagh," she said, "And he would n't have hurt a fly!"

I do not know what dream these men had in their minds, but this much is certain, there was nothing unclean or mean about their motives. I think they were foolish men, and I think they did incalculable harm to their country; but whatever was their belief, they were prepared to suffer the hardest test for it—the test of death.

"We did not come here to surrender," some of the rebels said to an envoy, carrying a white flag, who came to demand their surrender; "we came here to die." And when their stronghold was subsequently taken, only one man out of twenty-three was still alive, and he died soon afterward.

THE rebellion was virtually over on the Saturday following Easter Monday, but for the best part of the succeeding week there was still some difficult work to be done in rounding up the snipers who had taken to the roofs of houses. In places like Merrion Square they were virtually immune from discovery. They could run along the roofs, hidden by parapets, and fire on the troops with the minimum chance of detection; but their position was a hopeless one. Death or discovery was inevitable, and in a few days the last of the snipers was taken.

About the middle of the second week I was able to get across O'Connell Bridge

into O'Connell Street. The official name of O'Connell Street is Sackville Street. A soldier told me that Ypres was not much worse than O'Connell Street was. An American lady who had seen Louvain said that that town was not more battered and broken than the heart of Dublin. One saw a huddle of torn walls and twisted girders and rusty rails and stones and ashes. I went hurriedly to Marlborough Street, and found that the Abbey Theater had marvelously been untouched, though the houses immediately facing it were in ruins. The Royal Hibernian Academy, where an exhibition of pictures was being held, was a heap of cinders. One had to walk warily because the ground was covered with hot ashes, and if one was not careful, one sank into them and was burned.

One wall of a house near the theater still stood, and it contained the fireplace. There was a kettle sitting on the hob, and on the mantelpiece were two delf ornaments, uninjured, and a clock; and by the side of the fireplace a photograph frame was hanging, a little askew. The post-office was gutted; the Imperial Hotel and the offices of the "Freeman's Journal" were level with the street. One looked around that pitiful pile of broken shops and houses, at the broken wires and burned-out tram-cars and shattered walls, and wondered what was to be the end of it all. High-minded men had led romantic boys to a futile enterprise, and the end of their work was a smashed city and a ruined population.

Thomas MacDonagh, they say, was urgent against the rebellion, and so was The O'Rahilly, but the voting went against them, and they submitted to that overruling and joined their friends. The O'Rahilly was killed in the fighting at the post-office. Thomas MacDonagh died, as he had lived, with a high heart. So did they all.

ONE thinks of three big rebellions in Ireland and of their failures. The first failed because there were no leaders good enough for the followers they had; the second

failed because the followers were not good enough for the leaders they had. In this third rebellion leaders and followers were worthy of one another, matchless in spirit and devotion; but they had not the people behind them, and they had to fight an immeasurably superior force. And the third rebellion is, we pray, the last rebellion. MacDonagh and Pearse and all who followed them had found their highest aspiration in the desire to die for Ireland. There are other Irishmen who turn away from that ambition and look hopefully to a harder fight in which they shall spend themselves not in the hope of dying for Ireland, but in the hope of living for her.

That fortnight of ruin and rebellion was passed in sunshine and sweet mountain airs. One looked at the trees in St. Stephen's Green, and saw them spreading out their fresh foliage, and wondered how men could be content to lurk in their shade with loaded rifles in their hands. Now and then the wild fowl in the lake cluttered in fright; but mostly they flew about their domain, untroubled by the hatreds of humans. The warmth of spring was everywhere except in human things; and when the rebellion was over, suddenly the skies slackened, and there was heavy rain for three days. The end of all that misery has not yet come. A man said to me that MacDonagh had no hope of a military success, but that he had every hope of a spiritual success. One wonders, and, wondering, thinks that so much devotion and generosity of ideal and high purpose might more worthily have been used. There is an old, ignoble phrase which has often been banded about by Irish politicians: England's necessity is Ireland's opportunity. It is hardly an exalted sentiment even when one allows for the circumstances of Irish history, and it is the tragedy of this rebellion that noble-minded men sought to prove the truth of a mean phrase. Perhaps in a different way than that for which they hoped their ideal may be achieved, and Ireland yet come to unity, joined in honorable friendship with England.



Photograph by A. Spencer Beatty

Jean Webster

Jean Webster

THE career of Jean Webster McKinney, who died last June on the day that her little daughter was born, was remarkable for its steady, sure progress. Mourned by hundreds of thousands, her great personal charm, her warm sympathies, and above all her penetrating sense of humor made her toward the last a very potent influence in semi-public life. Absolutely the artist, yet absolutely without the usual vagaries of the artistic temperament, and possessed of an indomitable will, only her untimely death prevented her from reaching her goal—a place in the front rank of American writers.

In all her busy, happy years she realized more completely than most of us the lines of Henley's poem: to the very end she was indeed the master of her fate. As a small child she began to shape her course, to manage her own affairs. Her real name was Alice Jane Chandler Webster, the Jane being after the mother of her great-uncle, Mark Twain. At boarding-school her room-mate was also named Alice, and, to avoid confusion, Alice Webster was asked to take her second name. Girl-like, she objected to the plainness of Jane, and so then and ever after she called herself Jean Webster.

Having chosen her own name, it was not long after that she began more or less consciously to work toward a literary career. It is recorded that Mark Twain as a boy of ten held spellbound his entire family with the simple narrative of his small adventures. Jean Webster seems to have had in common with her uncle this same gift of narration. Her letters from boarding-school and later from Vassar were the delight of her parents, and it was natural that the English courses should claim her chief interest.

It was the daily theme, invented, I believe, by Barrett Wendell of Harvard, that gave her her first real opportunity to develop her natural gifts, and in recognition of them the young freshman was appointed local correspondent to a Pough-

keepsie paper. She very nearly lost this coveted position through a practical joke. Upon the occasion of a visit by a noted astronomer, some fanciful information about him, imparted to her by a guileful junior, created a considerable stir when duly published. Jean Webster swallowed her chagrin, and turned the incident into a short story that was published in a monthly magazine. Other stories of college life followed, and at the end of her senior year she collected them and offered the manuscript for book publication. This volume was soon published under the title of "When Patty Went to College," and stands to-day as the best volume of undergraduate stories that have emanated from a woman's college, a book notable for its spirit of youth and for its shrewd and humorous observation.

At this time Jean Webster was living with her mother in the family home at Fredonia, New York. While negotiations for her first book were pending, she packed her bag and came to New York. She never went back. Like many other young writers, she found both her opportunity and her inspiration in that "step-mother" of American cities, and henceforth she was a part of its life.

In those early days she spent most of her summers abroad, and Italy became the land of her heart's desire. Its great charm for her is reflected in three of her later works: "Jerry, Junior," "The Wheat Princess," and an unpublished comedy, "The Pigs of Palestrina."

Two factors in her success as a writer were her native wit and her genius for hard work. Though all her little comedies have the spontaneous air of being "dashed off," they were the product of months of painstaking labor and much revision. While she was writing her famous "Daddy-Long-Legs" at a friend's home in Greenwich, Connecticut, she spent her leisure moments in talking with an Italian boy named Mario who worked about the house. They usually talked of Italy and

in his native tongue. Once he was asked if he had ever read one of Miss Webster's stories. He said he had. Which one? Why, the one she put in the 'scrap-basket! These were the discarded chapters of "Daddy-Long-Legs"; for it was this author's practice enormously to over-write a story and then cut it to what she deemed its proper proportions, a rare trait in these days of so much per word. So Mario had the honor of reading some passages in the careers of *Daddy* and *Judy* that no one else will ever see.

Jean Webster's large-hearted interest in humanity was always the actuating motive of her pen. There is a pretty play of sentiment in everything she wrote, but her wholesome sense of humor always saved her from sentimentality, and no writer of our time was more skilful than she in those pleasing contrasts of humor and pathos that are characteristic of modern American fiction.

Jean Webster was in no sense a reformer. "Daddy-Long-Legs" was the spontaneous creation of her brain, inspired, no doubt, by her passionate love of children. As a play, even more than in book form, it did more good than a thousand tracts in pointing the need of institutional reforms. Its effect was so immediate and so wide-spread that the author found herself at the center of a reform movement. As a result she wrote

her last published work, "Dear Enemy," which, beneath the light, engaging love-story that plays about the surface, presents the last word in the care of dependent children—a book destined to do more effective service in behalf of these unfortunates than all the treatises yet published. Such is the magic of personality when combined with a seeing eye and a singing pen. The names of her characters, whimsically enough, she usually chose from the telephone-book, but the characters themselves were always taken from life both in her fiction and in her play-writing.

She had evolved a thorough technic; she was master of the tools she wrought with; and at the time of her death she lacked only complete maturity of mind and experience to achieve the great things she was potentially capable of. As it is, what she has left us will stand the test of time, I believe, as the best of its kind.

Only a few intimates know of the wide benefactions and the generous giving of time and thought that filled the days of her busy life. But those who have caught in her writings the friendliness and good humor of her attitude toward life will not be surprised to know that she lived as she wrote. And there is poignant pathos in the fact that this sturdy optimist who did so much in her later years for the cause of childhood should at the last have given her life for a little child. D. Z. D.

To J. W.

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

J EAN WEBSTER went in golden, glowing June,
 Upon a full-pulsed, warm-breathed, vital day,
 With rich achievement luring her to stay,
 Putting her keen, kind pen aside too soon
 In the ripe promise of her ardent noon.
 Yet, sturdy-souled and whimsical and gay,
 I think she would have chosen it that way,
 On the high-hill note of her life's clear tune.
 And while gray hearts grow green again with mirth,
 And wakened joy and beauty go to find
 The small, blue-ginghamed lonely ones of earth,
 While charm and cheer and color work their will
 In the glad gospel that she left behind,
 She will be living, laughing with us still.



A glimpse of Concord. "The "Old Manse""

New England, the National Wallflower

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby

BY reputation a blue-stocking, an aristocrat, a saint, and withal a prude, New England sits alone, the national wallflower. She has ceased to belong. Paris boasts a "Grand Hotel of the Universe and of the United States"; by the same token, behold "the United States of America and of New England!"

Yet Frenchmen love their Bretons, who are the New-Englanders of France, an elder race recalling a dim past and inhabiting a remote corner province; and Americans at least love the province peopled by their own New-Englanders. Delightful it is, with its unpainted farm-houses, eaveless or gambrel-roofed and mossy; its ancient, pillared white churches; its tombstones, leaning awry; its well-sweeps and old oaken buckets; its stone walls; its winding lanes and roadsides blue with

chicory; its pointed firs and wine-glass elms; its mountains, cool and luscious, reëchoing the song of cascading brooks; its shores, a tumble of red rocks or white with shell-strewed sand. As a Brittany, perfect. Every prospect pleases; but, alas! the American goes on to add ungenerously, "and only man is a 'native.'"

Now, it is relatively a simple matter for Frenchmen to love Bretons. No Frenchman thinks of judging a Breton by French standards. Radical, self-confessed differences of blood, speech, tradition, custom, and even costume separate Jean from Jehan, and, consequently, draw them together. Between Americans and New-Englanders no such binding barriers exist. A New-Englander looks like an American, dresses like an American, frequently acts like an American, and almost talks

like one. In the "native" an American feels that he sees a caricature of himself.

This misguided being, so strangely resembling him, believes in "plain living and high thinking," considers a professor of philosophy an attractive person, "applauds anything that 's called a sonata," goes unblushingly to a Unitarian meeting-house, and, when he dies, leaves seventy-four dollars, twelve thousand musty volumes, and an autograph letter from Ibsen to Browning—or so the American fancies. Why? It is difficult to guess.

Every spring and again every autumn, Americans, obsessed with that fallacious prepossession, pour across New England. From what they see, and with their genius for overlooking the distinction between facts and truths, they might as logically think New England illiterate. Tramps, pensioners, curmudgeons, and indigent space-writers overrun her grandest library. Italians, not New-Englanders, most prize Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Her Boston Opera Company perished of inanition. New England villages breathlessly await the next novel by Mr. Harold Bell Wright. Hearst newspapers thrive. Her favorite artist, so an outsider might suspect, is the creator of "Mutt and Jeff," her favorite actor Mr. Charles Chaplin. The boldest defense of the Reverend Billy Sunday is signed by a distinguished Unitarian. Another, when consulted regarding the future of Unitarianism in New England, declares, "It will be extinct in fifty years." Meanwhile, she has her Elijah II, her Holy Rollers, and sects that keep watch for the end of the world.

This, if one naïvely substitutes facts for truths, is the reality back of the mythical New England, whose "much learning hath made her mad," though some, Dr. Rainsford among them, attribute her supposed lunacy to pie, doughnuts, boiled dinner, and baked beans. By recalling manifestly unrepresentative menus, I might feign to support that theory. At breakfast, in a Vermont farm-house, I experienced apple-pie seasoned with catnip. In a Massachusetts farm-house the habitual

Sunday breakfast was oyster-stew. Beans abound, and beans particularly virulent; no authentic New England baked bean has ever yet migrated. Moreover, there is "the clam before the storm." Hence that remarkable definition of New-Englanders as "an insane race to whom Americans intrust the higher education of their young."

Although New England, while undeniably well educated as a whole, is incurably sane and sensible as a whole, Americans are in for a few shocks, nevertheless. I have personally met the New-Englander who enriched the literature of his country with a volume compounded of laundry-lists, astrology, board-bills, and remarks on the fourth dimension; also the New-Englander who reverses the stars and stripes as a flag for the "Nu Tru Ju" nation, of which he is the founder. In every New England city half a dozen of these harmless originals roam at large. Has the West such lunatics? Has the South? Yes, caged. In New England, where wealth is several generations old, it now and then happens that a family can support an unfortunate at home and give him his freedom. This explains. It explains completely.

But what, pray, accounts for the New England intellect as betrayed by its tongue? The broad *a* dominates. The final *r*, silenced where it belongs, recurs where it does not; witness "lawr and awda." Vermont talks "caow." Maine talks "paultics." Quincys are "Quinzys"; Pierces, "Purses." Saco is "Sawco." Billerica becomes "Bill Ricka" and on intimate acquaintance "Bill Ricky." One speaks of a "horse and team." Says the ashman, "I bang the barrel down, like this, on the edge of the team." A long, lean, melancholy omnibus is a "barge." A "lumper," discussing the collapse of a wrecked vessel, declares, "She lasted quick." In rural New England clever means "not over 'n' above bright." One ends by quoting the Earl of Paytucket: "Do you suppose these people *know* they 're foreigners?"

Foreigners they are by inheritance—



“Ancient, pillared white churches”

transplanted Britons, with tongues still hyphenated. That dangerous Anglomaniac, Noah Webster, prescribes the broad *a*. “Caow” is Cockney. “Down in Maine” (whereas the map suggests “up”) recalls the “down” train; in place of “away from London,” read “away from

Boston.” For the rest, the New-Englanders’ provincialism in speech bears witness to their former occupations, seafaring especially. Take a group of six whole States anywhere, make a business of collecting odd locutions, and I dare say you will find as many there as in New Eng-

land, while I doubt if you will find anything like the same number of people who speak good English. As for the English of the Back Bay, it delightfully recalls that of Westminster Abbey, the London stage, and the Houses of Parliament, though a marked difference remains. To my ear, the Back Bay speaks more charmingly. So I acquit New England of verbal affectation and perversity, just as I acquit her of wholesale madness and unpardonable over-intellectuality. Chicago, not Boston, "made culture hum."

With equal cordiality I acquit New England of aristocratic exclusiveness. No one has "wanted to know who my grandfather was." Far from indicating a worship of ancestors, the "Transcript's" genealogical page indicates a tardy and unexcited reaction against a long neglect of ancestors even in the district peppered over with tablets, statues, monuments, and memorial edifices. Unearthing an ancestor at the Genealogical Library, one no more boasts of him than a Virginian boasts of belonging to a "grand old Southern family." Why, bless 'em! they all do.

Nevertheless, there is some pertinence in the observation that a New-Englander dreads being "introduced to any one he has not already met," and squirms when a stranger approaches. In hotel lobbies, what silence! Address a New-Englander across a restaurant table, and, nine chances in ten, you salute a box-turtle. But there are abundant reasons for this. All the adventurous New-Englanders went West. Pioneer life, which breeds a sense of interdependence among mortals and therefore a free-and-easiness sometimes indelicate, vanished from New England generations ago. A stationary population removes the impulse to court new friends lest old friends move away. A New-Englander finds it an undertaking to keep up with those he already has. Yet see how these "exclusive" New-Englanders behave if you take along an Airedale or a fine four-year-old boy. Actually, they pick you up.

Shyness, not pride, makes them appear cold. "Their faces are masks," said a San-Franciscan, unjustly enough; later

on came the fire, and San Francisco thanked Heaven for warm hearts in New England. "They lack bounce," said "Cyclone" Ellis, who has since been fairly lionized for his ebullience, his originality, and his captivating, cantankerous Wild-Westernism. New-Englanders adore flavor. Not long ago there arrived in Boston a gentleman brigand, with cavalry legs, a sombrero, a Belgravia accent, and a habit of barking, "Caramba!" "Me plan," he explained, "is to take Bolivia, smash Ecuador, move upon Peru, and South America is mine. I shall not be king, but I shall be the power behind the throne." Once I heard him remark, "When I see a pretty girl in a window, I simply buy the house." A questionable person, very; yet New-Englanders, for the sheer prank of it, clasped him to their bosoms, wined him, dined him, and bewailed his too sudden departure. Secure in their positions, they could afford to. For real "exclusiveness," armed to the teeth and shaking in its boots, apply to the parvenus of Middle Western cities; for real democratic cordiality, to New-Englanders of blue blood, a formal exterior, and some remnant of the celebrated New England conscience.

"Ah, that conscience!" sighs the American. "How Puritanical!" Mistaking facts for truths, he finds evidence unlimited. In Massachusetts, cow-boy swear-words deleted by censor from a play by Mrs. Beulah Dix Flebbe. At New England book-stores no Boccaccio. At her picture-shops grim memories of Bougueureau and of a dealer heavily fined. In a minor city the Y. M. C. A. debating, "Is bowling a Christian game?" In Connecticut hardly a train on Sunday. And yet, if I myself may substitute facts for truths, there is hope for the New-Englanders despite all this. Under pressure, they make capital smugglers and nimble enough tax-dodgers. Few surpass a New Hampshire farmer at "deaconing" a "caow." Here and there some scapegrace New-Englander turns bandit. Observing the streets of Boston, a philosopher gasped, "These people seem morbidly Puritanical about everything but their vices."



“ Farm-houses, eaveless or gambrel-roofed and mossy ”

New England laughs when you quote from the school-girl's composition, "During that year Whittier made many fast friends. The fastest of these were Alice and Phoebe Cary." Yet are her daugh-

ters all Alices and Phœbes? One, alas! turned a somersault in Copley Square. Another kicks the chandelier. Two more disguised themselves as old ladies and visited burlesque shows. A poetess (name

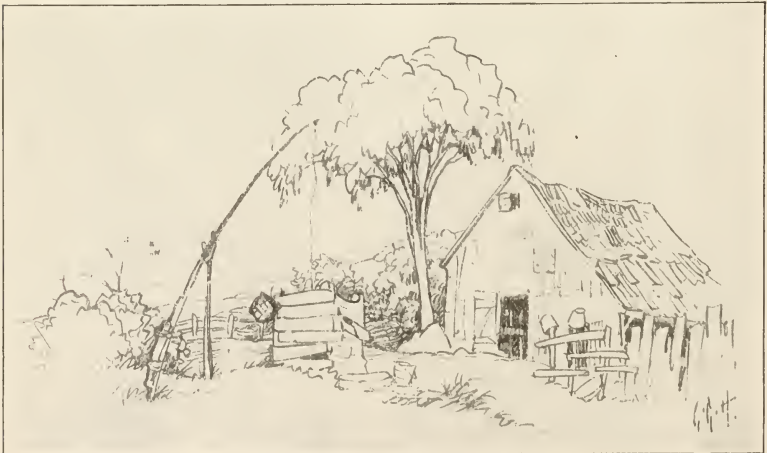
omitted) smokes a pipe. At the shore a Puritan maiden appeared in the one-piece shocker worn by Trouville *demi-mondaines*. Says an acquaintance of mine, "I was quite a prig in the West, but New England has taken it out of me."

I report these highly exceptional phenomena because belief in a frightfully overworked pervasive New England conscience is a sorrow to many and dies hard. Mrs. Wiltshire of Pittsburgh, who has a villa in New England, sends napkins to be laundered as soon as they have been used once. Mrs. Abner Sykes, her New England laundress, irons them without washing, and returns them with bill. Tell this to Mrs. Wiltshire, and it will not alter her idea of the New England conscience. Summer boarders cling tenaciously to that idea, fleeced though they are. It is an *idée fixe*, originating, perhaps, in the fame of New England reformers. Some queer, queer reformers she has at present. In spare moments I myself have reformed things, so I can speak freely.

After signing, but not reading, a petition, a reformer beheld it next morning in the newspaper, where it began, "We, the parents of colored children." Reformers still belaud prohibition; how wisely you

may judge by a recent despatch from Portland, Maine: "As the Republican state convention is in session here, the mayor has ordered the chief of police to close all saloons at five P.M." When a distinguished anti-imperialist was chidden for possessing few facts concerning the Philippines, he replied: "We don't go much on facts. We flatter ourselves that we have got hold of some eternal principles."

In his autobiography the late Charles Francis Adams, who magnificently represented New England in the uprightness of his character, and misrepresented it outrageously with his pen, quotes a letter in which Lowell observed, "The Adamses have a genius for saying even a gracious thing in an ungracious way." Instead of resenting it, Mr. Adams returned thanks for the moral and esthetic gratification it afforded, and there are reformers, I suspect, who glory in their "disagreeable goodness." When a new administration comes in, they "hope for the worst." Cheerfully they protest, "Whatever is, is wrong." Forgive them. They inherit reform from bygone generations. It runs in their blood. By comparison, it runs thin; hardly a great social movement but originated in New England, hardly a



"Well-sweeps and old oaken buckets"



“Unpainted farm-buildings”

great social movement but has progressed more triumphantly outside New England than within it. So a quest of the New England conscience leads to Oklahoma or Kansas, if reform gives the clue, and truth to tell, reform is of many clues the least enlightening. I know a hundred better; let me cite only one.

Not long ago a transplanted Westerner in New England went insane, developing a homicidal tendency along with others as unpleasant. Thereupon a New England Unitarian took the lunatic into his own house. They were friends, it is true, but not intimates. No special responsibility prompted the measure. It was an affair of gratuitous, deliberate, and, as the world views such things, wholly uncalled-for benevolence. Nothing I have ever observed in New England has seemed so representative of the New England character at its best. Show me a New England conscience, and I will show you a sensitiveness to obligation and a courage in fulfilling it that are rare upon earth and as splendid as rare. The same Lowell who twitted the Adamses wrote elsewhere, “Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work—this is the short formula in

which we may sum up the teachings of the founders of New England.” Multitudes are still loyal to those teachings. Charities teem in New England. So do all good deeds. If occasionally her reformers seem a bit wrong-headed, their hearts are right.

Watching New England for twenty-eight years, what have I seen? A blue-stocking? The lady who reads Plato in trolley-cars and whose favorite amusement is pattering with calculus came to New England from Iowa. An aristocrat? On the contrary, a democrat. A prude? The national uprising against “*Une matinée de Septembre*” originated not in New England, but in “gay” New York. A saint? Yes, there is sanctity in New England, if by sanctity you mean devotion to the fine, brave, wholesome ideals of Minnesota, Maryland, Ohio, or Missouri. Also, there is villainy, just as everywhere. There is less ignorance than elsewhere. There is vulgarity, a trace of it. Where is there not? Take her “by and large,” as the New-Englanders say, and you find her—American. Strange, then, that a race that fought and bled to vanquish secession should have secession thrust upon them! It amounts to that. Outsiders

they are, aliens in their own country. New England's "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" no longer hopes to be President. America no longer considers New England. To the West she represents the "effetest East." To the South she is occasionally a plague, the rest of the time a myth. Only by courtesy, not to say chivalry, do we include her in "the United States of America and of New England."

Then is hers a painful plight, and are Americans justified in intoning, "From battle, murder, sudden death, and being a New-Englander, good Lord, deliver us"? For her own part, she is "nicely, thank you," unaware of her isolation, and, in the main, unaware of America. At intervals she visits an overgrown trading-post called New York. Twice in a lifetime she visits Washington. Occasionally she is reminded of the West by the arrival of Mr. Bryan or "101 Ranch" or dividends from some cañon, gulch, or coulée in Nevada. To paraphrase her playful humorist, "Ignorance of America is one of the branches taught in New England's public schools." When she thinks of America, as happens now and then, she marvels at its extreme provincialism. One might imagine her a suburb of Europe, facing east, not west. She goes abroad because she believes in "seeing her own country first." Far from considering herself a Brittany, lost in a forgotten corner of America, New England has rather the sensation of being a Britain, apart from the mainland, praises be! and "a durn sight" better. Happy New England! When I asked an English girl how it felt to be English, she said with warmth, "It feels jolly good."

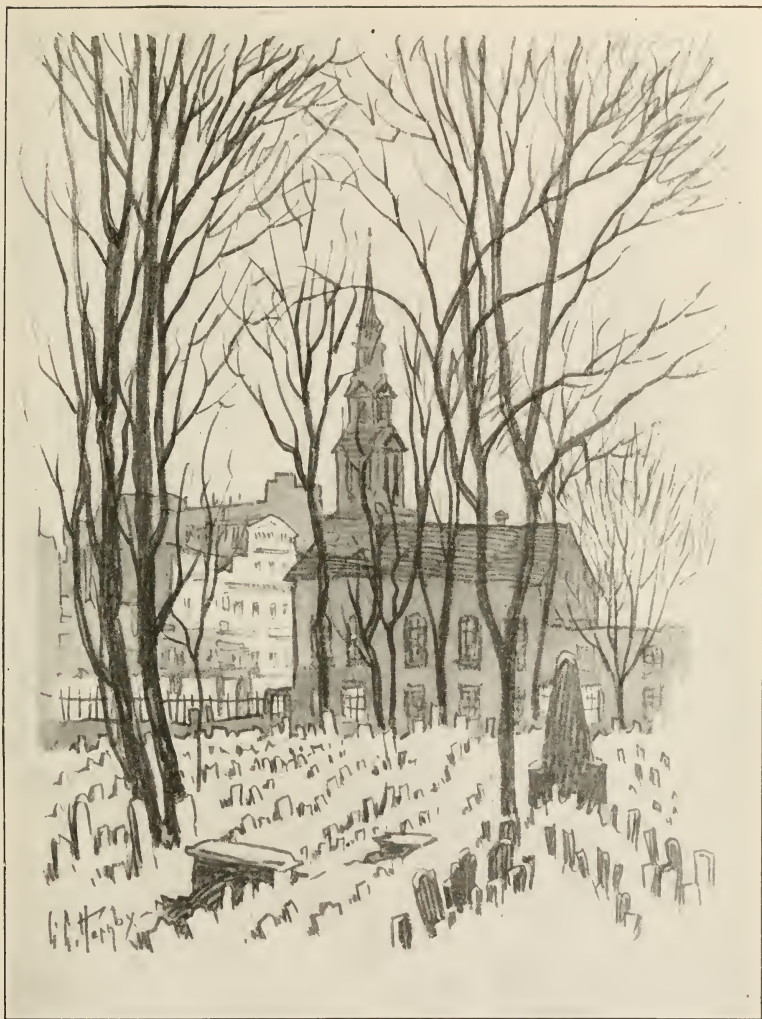
So here. And yet New-Englanders have their anxieties, some merely illusory, some based upon conditions little short of alarming. With age comes decay. After ten generations a community begins to fear that "the stock has run out," and in certain districts of rural New England it would appear that precisely this has befallen. It is less a question of abandoned farms than of abandoned farmers. While no one pretends that such instances are at all broadly representative, there are fish-

ing villages where in forty years no marriage has occurred, and farming villages where couples separate without divorce and form new alliances without the aid of clergy. Here and there inbreeding results in deformity, idiocy, and criminality. This has gone so far that the problem today is, "How to protect the cities against the country?"

Says President Hyde, "Poor land and rich water make New England a manufacturing community." Her hill towns, now decadent, ought never to have been built. Those rocky, infertile upland fields forbade the use of agricultural machinery and presupposed slave labor; that is, boys compelled to work for their fathers without hire. When that ceased, ruin began, increasing as the West outrivaled New England in raising cattle, sheep, hogs, corn, wheat, and what-not besides. Railroads developed her valleys, depleting her hills. Great towns grew up, and thither fled her peasantry. In formerly prosperous rustic hamlets the weak and stupid remained, to breed a race of poor whites. This continues, though optimists have pointed to many a hill town still thriving, and feign to believe that modern innovations—bicycles, trolley-cars, automobiles, telephones, graphophones—will somehow rescue the others.

But what New England faces is not decadence, primarily; it is transition. "If you will have an omelet," said Napoleon, "you must break some eggs," and when poor land and rich water turn a vast farm into a vast mill, some incidental tragedies will occur. For a time, that is; then applied ingenuity steps in. A federation of railroad presidents, bankers, governors, economists, and industrialists has recently undertaken to mend the broken eggs. If poor land exists, so does rich land, with a hopeful outlook for intensive farming. Why dread transition? Like Henry James, New England is "all transitions," and has mostly braved it through.

At New Bedford, note the familiar cartoon: two pictures; a group of whalemén, a group of mill operatives; caption, "Spinning Yarns, Old Style; Spinning Yarns,



“Graveyards still cumber the business portion of a New England city”

New Style.” Salem, once a port, is now a factory. Boston, enriched by its East India trade, has seen a richer trade supplant it. Along the coast of Maine ship-building has declined, yet the lobster has risen in price from a nickel to sometimes a dollar, and the sea is “red with him,” while the shore is green with summer

boarders. In Gloucester, where Kipling’s “captains courageous” have turned Nova-Scotian or Portuguese, New-Englanders find better jobs on land.

This racial transition, as noticeable elsewhere in New England, what will it make her? New France? New Palestine? New Erin? Whole towns seem

French-Canadian. Save for Scotch-Canadian trained nurses, New England would die of her "never-get-overs." Hebrews increase and multiply; one hears of "Harvard Jewniversity." If Germans are rare, Italians, Poles, Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians abound. The Children's Settlement in Boston attracts twenty-two different nationalities. Alien anarchists, hunted out of Paterson, New Jersey, took refuge in New England. Lawrence is a foreign legion, a Midway, a Babel; its device, "No God, no country." Thus far, however, only the Irish have come as conquerors. They are everywhere; as my friend Terence would say, "All the harps from here to heaven, an' divil a native dares touch wan av thim."

Of necessity Boston's mayor is Irish. Among the stately new churches in New England many are Catholic. The lovely new English Gothic tower on University Heights surmounts an Irish college. Socially, a vague barrier separates cultivated Irish families from cultivated New England families; it is vanishing; soon it will be no more. Once cross it, and you find the Irish spirit not only buoyant, but modest. In an old New England town, while dining with an Irish household, I spoke of my adventures in the steerage during a penniless trip abroad years ago. "Don't mention the steerage!" cried my hostess. "*We're too near it!*" There, in her dignified mansion, with all her cultivation and brilliancy and charm, she could say *that!*

New Erin is not impending. It has arrived. Yet, although stimulated somewhat by Irish jollity and pluck and tormented somewhat by Irish politicians, New England remains unchanged. Themselves conquered, the conquerors have become New-Englanders, and here and there the most devout conservators of beans and the broad *a*.

But meanwhile a subtler invasion proceeds from New York City. If Rhode Island has its Newport, the New England hills have a dozen. There are Bostonians whose dream is to dance in pink coats at a hunt ball. A new aristocracy,

with Fifth Avenue ideals, has sprung up alongside the old aristocracy of blue blood. Nor is this all. New York magazines and newspapers, New York plays, and New York fashions tend gradually to undermine New England traditions. Comic weeklies published in New York ridicule New England. Read once, the jokes prompt only some such retort as "You think so, do you? Then the laugh is on you." Read a hundred times, they breed a definite uneasiness. Moreover, renegade New-Englanders return from "the city," and jeer New England's conservatism. That cuts. It is dangerously near "twitting on facts."

True, New England's old-fogy stone walls are fast coming down, to make villas for outsiders. Her ancient farm-houses catch fire and are not rebuilt. Her ancient stage-coaches are being replaced by motors. The village "store," once crammed with everything from Bunker Hill chocolate-drops to beaver hats demoded in the days of Daniel Webster, has fallen victim to the mail-order atrocity. But deer now and then invade her towns. Rattlesnakes still lurk in her hills. Not long ago an owl spent a happy week on the flagstaff over Boston's city hall. Here and there a town-crier survives. Here and there a great, swollen population remains a village, with "selectmen" and an annual town-meeting. Cambridge has not yet outgrown its countless, clamorous fire-bells. Graveyards still cumber the business portion of a New England city. These picturesque antiquities, all told, are a shock and a grief to strangers visiting New England. Oh, logical strangers! Having come for glimpses of Plymouth Rock, Concord, Lexington, and the House of Seven Gables, they rail at a New England somewhat less than up to date and "classy." Logic or no logic, it strikes them that New England, the home of reformers, is of all American or pseudo-American communities the one most needing reform.

Well, perhaps. She treasures some comical enough railways, some scandalous prisons, and, in Massachusetts, a system



“The village ‘store’”

permitting an occasional outlandish quack to practise medicine. She denies her women the vote, is in doubt as to coeducation. In business as “near” as she is “dis-

tant,” she displays “the caution of her convictions.” These are few, the chief being, “Better safe than sorry.”

For an American to settle in New Eng-

land may seem about as placid an adventure as adopting a maiden aunt, but I shall not defend my course by citing the specious fling, "In New England the main thing lacking is New England." Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, and the far Northwest, so one hears, have communities more "New Englandy" than Massachusetts itself. All her life my grandmother was an intense New-Englander, having been exposed to New England for the first time at the age of eighty-seven. Yet if there are colonists more loyal than the king, his Majesty is not on that account a traitor.

"Gumption," humor, "hoss-sense," and principle, with a saving dash of the Old Nick, still thrive in New England. To these add versatility. She wins base-ball pennants and literary prizes, is more and more a factory, more and more a park, more and more a school. Among her notables, what variety! A Charles W. Eliot and a John L. Sullivan; a Brandeis, a Lodge, a Lawson, a Gelett Burgess. She is all ages; where four New-Englanders meet, four centuries may also meet. For, while there are natives living in the days of Increase Mather, of John Hancock, of Tom Reed, or of Ralph Adams Cram, not a few inhabit the twenty-first century. Anywhere in New England talk enlists contributions from Heaven knows how many different periods. Often they unite in the same person, here a Puritan, there a Bohemian, in spots a Briton, with traces of the scholar, the philistine, and the wag; he is a moral and intellectual condensed vaudeville. I love-him.

To an outsider the past speaks loudest. The native, however antiquated temperamentally, regards it but little. When Ponkahasett announces its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, he exclaims, "Where in creation is Ponkahasett?" When a tootle of trumpets from the belfry at "Brimstone Corner" makes pedestrians glance up, they mutter perplexedly, "Is it a hundred years since something?" In New England the historic is a kind of stage scenery, a genial background for living figures. Barring the flies that come down its immense chimneys, I enjoyed my

century-old house; as a student, I enjoyed idling in Thanatopsis Glen; later on, it was pleasant to stroll past a mansion where Dr. Smith wrote "My Country 't is of Thee" and another where Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or to look out on Lowell's "Elmwood" or on the Old South Meeting-house. New England's May baskets, her Christmas waits and Christmas candles, her Hallowe'en witches, her "licensed victuallers," and her "Private Ways, Dangerous," her immemorial proverbs and counting-out rhymes, her family crests, her "shag" cats descended from Persian Tabithas brought home by ancient mariners long dead, her steamboats named for Puritan worthies and characters in Longfellow—fascinating, all that. But I soon ceased to think New England a class in archæology. She is too sizzling a caldron of modern, not to say ultra-modern, American ideas, and some without kindred, date, or country.

A Danish baron (of whom the less told, the better) once remarked to me: "I understand your liking for New England. I, too, prefer to live in another country near my own," yet I withheld the expected "Amen." True, New England is near America. Moreover, Americans flock there, "city" people stoutly repeating "N' York 's the place," plainmen grumbling because hills "shut them in" and the sea "wiggles and makes them nervous," Southerners out of temper with the one Boston hotel that would lodge the maker of Tuskegee. To them New England seems foreign, whereas of all communities it is the most compendiously American, summing up America's whole past, illustrating its whole present, so that every American impulse leaves somewhere its mark upon New England's mind and character. Never once have I felt like an expatriate. And I notice among scoffers a vague envy of the native. Have they an uncle by marriage whose second cousin thrice removed possessed a great-grandfather who was born in New England? The scandal is not concealed.

Step up, gallants! The national wall-flower is past her first youth, I grant you,



“Stone walls and winding lanes”

but there is ginger in her still. A New England dame, eighty-two years old, and lately relieved of lifelong responsibilities, is now learning to swim. Have no fear. The alleged, “blue-stocking, aristocrat, and prude” will be slangy at times and hail-fellow-well-met and more or less a terror. She is everything, plus everything else, and in addition a thing utterly elusive.

In the *ateliers* of the *Quartier Latin* you will hear that an American painter once gathered his fellow-artists around

him and bade them name the defect in his picture. They studied it, debated it, applied this test and that, but reached no verdict until finally one of them cried out: “Ah, I have it! It lacks a certain *Genesee squaw*.” In New England, the “certain *Genesee squaw*” is the chief of many virtues. You value New-Englanders less for what they know than for what they have forgotten, less for what they say and do than for their frequent mastery of the fine and delicate art of being. In New Eng-

land at her best you find an atmosphere of autumnal mellowness and completion deliciously satisfying to the affections, yet teasing the intellect by defying it to arrive at precise definition. It has been my privilege to know New-Englanders of whom the world was not worthy. Still less worthy am I to write their epitaphs.

I have summered the New-Englanders and wintered them; they wear. I have fought with them, and made it up. I have tried Montana—Paris, too—and been willing to return. Nowhere am I freer.

One can spend little or much, dress as he chooses, know whom he will, devour beans or spurn them, dig potatoes, clams, or Greek roots, and be "a man for a' that" among friends somewhat slow to take hold, but incapable of letting go. As warm-hearted as the Montanians, they are as liberal; at moments I have come near saying, "The further East you go, the further West you get." I love the West. I love the South. Accident, not choice, brought me to New England. In her own quaint phrase, I "like here."



"In Gloucester, where Kipling's 'captains courageous' have turned Nova-Scotian or Portuguese"

What is National Spirit?

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "Mediaeval and Modern Times," "The New History," etc.

I

IF one looks up the word "nationality" in the most recent edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he finds twelve lines about a "somewhat vague term" used in international law. He will also find a little about national anthems, more about national workshops, and most about national debts. Beyond this his curiosity will remain unsatisfied.

Suddenly, in August, 1914, this neglected term assumed a terrible significance. Previously the spirit of nationality had been accepted as on the whole a noble thing, although, like other noble things, it appeared to be a nuisance at times; but when all the chief states of Europe rushed at one another's throats in the name of nationality, all thoughtful outsiders began to wonder whether the current favorable estimate of the emotion could be right when it gave rise to such unprecedented woes. Those who had come to regard war as a form of criminal stupidity unworthy of our age could not but question the excuses offered by nationality for perpetuating armed conflicts between civilized peoples. If nationality causes war, they argued, then nationality must be a wicked thing, which should be got rid of altogether, or so far modified as to lose its ugly traits. But, on the other hand, the national spirit is only patriotism in its modern form, and we have been taught from infancy that no sentiment can more safely be encouraged, since none is worthier of man or more pleasing to God, than love of country. All national anthems substantiate this.

There is, however, nothing exceptional in this case of a cherished emotion which produces fearful disasters. Patriotism resembles religion and love in this respect. To the candid historical student the evil workings of religion are, to say the least,

far more conspicuous and far more readily demonstrated than its good results. And as for love, St. Paul's eulogy in I Corinthians, 13, might fairly and squarely be reversed, since we observe in practice that love is unkind, vaunting itself and seeking its own, provoked on the slightest pretense; that it readily imagines all evil, bears little, and behaves itself most unseemly.

National feeling is obviously only a conspicuous instance of those corporate enthusiasms which are spontaneously generated so soon as one recognizes himself to be a member of a group. Whether one belongs to the French Institute, is a Daughter of the Revolution, a brakeman on the B. & O., a delegate to the Eucharistic Congress, is rooting for Harvard, or ascending his genealogical tree, he finds his personality agreeably expanding. Paltry, diffident, and discontented "I" becomes proud and confident "We." So precious is this extension and exaltation of our individual life and achievement that it is commonly quite uncritical. We do not ordinarily ask what merit of ours led to our admission to the group, or what we are doing as a member to justify our taking credit to ourselves for what our fellow-members may accomplish. We share honor and dishonor, success and failure, remote as we may be personally from any influence in bringing them about. Man is invincibly social in his make-up, and his craving for group gratifications and loyalties is so urgent that nothing seems to him more noble in his nature than his corporate joys and sorrows.

The reason that we are invincibly social in our aspirations appears to be a very simple one. By a process extending through hundreds of thousands of years the uncompanionable people have been largely eliminated by what is known in biology as natural selection. While we

know nothing of the social life of our paleolithic ancestors except by inferences from the habits of modern savages, it is safe enough to assume that they lived in groups; for it seems as if otherwise they could not have survived or have developed the beginnings of civilization, since civilization is essentially a product of group existence. For various reasons it is also safe to assume that the groups engaged in sufficiently constant and bloody warfare with one another to forward a process of selection which would in the long run favor the survival of those groups in which the coöperative spirit happened to be best developed and the extinction of the groups which proved deficient in those qualities which hold men together in a common enterprise.¹

Whatever we think of war, I do not see how we can possibly get away from the fundamental historical fact that we are all descended from a long line of savage ancestors who fought well and liked to fight. Modern nations are sprung from groups which developed those social characteristics of coöperation and loyalty which made for successful attack and defense; for this was as essential to their survival and the propagation of their kind as getting enough to eat. This will seem very disheartening to some readers, but it is only another way of saying that, historically, coöperative pugnacity has played a decisive rôle in making us by nature a kind of animal given to ready and enthusiastic social organization.

Man is then a *warring* animal, but this does not mean that he is by nature a *fighting* animal. As Dr. Frederick Woods has recently emphasized, the individual fighting instinct is, from a social point of view, *opposed* to the gregarious warring instinct. The quarrelsome man who readily resorted to personal violence would be

¹ Professor Veblen, "The Instinct of Workmanship," p. 123, urges with force that the old assumption that human tribes have from the first been engaged in chronic warfare cannot be satisfactorily proved, and that the progress of civilization presupposes sufficiently peaceful conditions to generate it. I express myself guardedly on this point, and do not wish to exaggerate the influence of war, which is after all but one aspect of our complex gregarious nature.

promptly recognized as a nuisance. "The natures that have not been willing to adapt themselves to the environment of groups have been weeded out."² Miscellaneous and informal killing within the group could not be tolerated without reducing the chances of the group's victory in the next conflict with its neighbors. I think that this distinction will bring consolation to many who are conscious of the most pacific attitude toward their fellows. Men are ordinarily peaceful within their group, or at least do not exhibit their individual pugnacity in any deadly form; but let the ancient, inherited group spirit be aroused, and the most highly cultivated men will rush to arms, encouraged by the most highly cultivated women.

Defense of one's group is accordingly a human instinct, not a matter of culture, as are most things we call "human nature." "The instinct is there simply because it is an instinct and therefore like all instincts inherited in the germ-plasm of the race. It matters not whether a man's immediate ancestors did or did not actually take part in warfare."³ Most modern biologists hold out no hope of lessening the strength of the gregarious war instinct, for it would still be there in undiminished force should generations pass without indulging in war. Our attitude should be that of full appreciation of the intimate and original connection between group coöperation, so precious and indispensable to man, and the instinct to defend the group or advance its interests by violence, which is war.

II

WE did not start out to discuss war, but nationality. But it is the present great war that has forced nationality on our attention, and the reason for this is now apparent. The group spirit shows itself in two directions: within the group it is marked by friendly coöperation and loyalty, by an exaggerated esteem of the group's achievements and delight in re-

² Woods and Baltzley, "Is War Diminishing?" Introduction.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

calling that one is a member of it; but all these traits are tremendously intensified by conscious rivalry with other groups, especially by actual or apprehended attacks from without. Patriotism is made up of two quite different things, love of one's country and dislike and depreciation of the foreign peoples. Unhappily, the latter is the more vivid and unreasoning sentiment when once aroused. A man who exhibited no public spirit and consistently dodged his taxes in times of peace might find himself hurrying off to the trenches at the bugle's sound, urged on by an innate property of his nature of which he himself had not suspected the existence. The war-dance is in our blood. And this is no mere figure of speech, but a well-authenticated scientific conclusion, backed up by adequate historical and anthropological observation. As Mr. Max Eastman points out: "The disposition of European people, grouped in nations, to wage war when their nation is threatened, and to believe it threatened upon a very light excuse, seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue, like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute a peaceable eight cents to the public weal, drop their cash, credit, and commercial prospects and go toss in their lives like a song at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the state." We should never understand this did we not realize that this abstraction called the state, alien as it may seem to most of our every-day interests and longings, is the modern equivalent of the tribal group in which our hunting ancestors formed the nature which they transmitted to us, their descendants.

On the surface, nationalism, as we meet it to-day, is a highly sophisticated product of theories and assumptions about racial characteristics of particular peoples as deduced from their supposed innate temperaments, their past achievements in war, literature, art, religion, and commerce. Underlying it, however, is the never-dying primitive impulse of tribal solidarity to which it can be traced back step by step, a crude, uncritical, instinctive thing, shared in all probability by all the peoples

now existing on the face of the globe, whatever their stage of civilization, common to Bushmen and aboriginal Australians and to Germans, French, and English of the most highly educated classes. But the fact that nationalism is a manifestation of a compelling instinct in no way detracts from the interest and importance of its historical development. Like the still more ancient and compelling sex instinct, it shows itself in manifold ways, and may be subjected to a process of "sublimation," such as is recommended in our efforts to reduce and control the demoralizing results of sexual attraction.

Patriotism, the love of one's *terra patria*, or natal land, is a recent thing. During far the greater part of his existence man has wandered over the earth's face as a hunter and can hardly have had any sweet and permanent associations with the tree or rock under which he was born. But the forerunners of territorial emotion were the group loyalties of the tribe, clan, family, and totemistic group, in whatever order and with whatever peculiarities these may have originated and come to exist side by side. Even when, ten thousand years ago, agriculture began to hold men to one spot until a crop could be garnered, there were still many reasons beside ancient habit for keeping them moving.

The first records of emotions which may properly be called national are to be found in the Old Testament. The twelve confederated tribes of Israel (or at least what was left of them after the exile) in Judea and the diaspora possessed a lively and varied conviction of common interests, a common origin, and a glorious future. The Greek towns and their colonies, scattered as they were, had not only their local patriotism, but a general feeling of superiority and a certain theoretical solidarity indicated by the comprehensive name Hellenes. Of the love of country the Roman writers have much to say. Cicero declares that of all social bonds those that unite each of us with the commonwealth are the dearest and strongest. "Parents are dear, children are dear, as

are our relatives and friends; but our fatherland embraces in itself all our love for every one" ("De officiis," I, xvii, 57). The writings of the Stoics, together with some passages in the later Hebrew prophets, afford us the earliest conscious protests against patriotism. The vast extension of the Roman Empire and the incoming of cosmopolitan religions, such as Mithraism, proselyting Judaism, Neoplatonism, and Christianity, must have undermined the older patriotism which had grown up in the city states, for this could not fail to suffer from the rivalry of these more inclusive competing loyalties.

The Middle Ages had their special group loyalties, corresponding to the manor and the monastery, the commune and the gild, together with the supreme mystical entity of the Holy Catholic Church. The shifting feudal combinations and the weakness of the kings must have left little scope for anything corresponding to modern national feeling.

III

THERE is, so far as I know, no history of nationalism. If there were, it would have to take into account, by way of introduction, and among other things, the somewhat obvious examples of the manifestations of the group spirit which I have been hastily reviewing. The next step would be to trace the development of the modern national state. This we are wont to distinguish and set off from the fiefs and towns of which it was gradually compounded, from the cosmopolitan Roman Empire, and from the ancient city states, as well as from what we rather vaguely call the Oriental despotisms. It is clear that our present national emotions have to do with the national state, but I am inclined to think that the state came first and then the emotion. For, if we neglect anomalous Switzerland and perhaps Holland, the national states have all grown up about a dynasty. Instead of national feeling, we have to reckon with the subjects' loyalty to their king. Backed by their faithful subjects, the kings fought one another for increased territory. They

did not advance national or racial claims, but put forward the rights of birth or of feudal succession. Regardless of race and language, the English kings subjugated, or sought to subjugate, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the whole of western and southern France. The French kings laid claim to England, and at times sought to extend their dominion over the western German regions and over northern and southern Italy. The rulers of Spain held Portugal for a time, as well as portions of southern Italy. The German Hapsburgs have always shown themselves singularly indifferent to race, language, and historical traditions in building up the mongrel empire over which they now hold sway. Religious schisms have from time to time offered excuses for territorial aggrandizement. The doctrine of the balance of power has had its influence, and the French kings have urged that of "natural boundaries," geographical, however, rather than racial. So it would seem that the national spirit has not been conspicuous among the various forces which have produced the modern system of states. Down to the end of the eighteenth century race, language, and common traditions were not much considered in the actual and attempted redistributions of territory, and they have often enough been neglected since that time. So I conclude that whatever forces may have served to generate the national state, the national spirit can scarcely be one of them;¹ things happened the other way round: large states having come into existence through the enterprises of monarchs and their ministers, due, perhaps, to altering economic conditions, these larger territorial states have served to stimulate the ancient and ever-abiding instinct of tribal solidarity in a novel manner, with novel justifications. I am impressed, however, with the great complexity of the whole situation, which I make no pretense of analyzing. I only want to point out a few historical facts which will have to be considered in at-

¹In the case of the final unification of Germany and Italy, which took place in 1870-71, there can be no doubt that national spirit played an important rôle.

tempting to trace the development of nationalism as we now know it.

So long as states were composed of *subjects* rather than of *citizens*, the modern emotions of nationality could scarcely develop. Nationality, in our meaning of the term, is a concomitant of another mystical entity, democracy. The French Revolution began, it is true, in a period of philosophic cosmopolitanism,—since that was the tradition of the *philosophes*.—and the French armies undertook to liberate other peoples from their tyrants in the name of the rights of *man*, not of *nations*. But Napoleon, in a somewhat incidental and left-handed fashion, did so much to promote the progress of both democratic institutions and of nationality in western Europe that he may, in a sense, be regarded as the putative father of them both. His plebiscites were empty things in practice, but they loudly acknowledged the rights of peoples to decide on vital matters. He was a friend of constitutions—so long as he himself made them. Then his attempt to seat brother Joseph on the Spanish throne produced a really national revolt, and led to the Spanish constitution of 1812 and all its later revivals and imitations. In Italy he stirred a desire for national unity and the expulsion of the foreigner which had been dormant since the days of Machiavelli's hopeless appeal. He is the founder of modern Germany. He succeeded in a task which had baffled German emperors from the days of Otto the Great; for in 1803 he so far consolidated her disrupted territories that the remaining states, enlarged and strengthened, could in time form a strong union and become a great international power. His restrictions on the size of the Prussian army after his victory at Jena suggested to Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Boyne a subterfuge which made Prussia the military schoolmaster of Europe, and is now costing millions of lives offered up in the cause of nationality.

Not only was Prussia modernized by the abolition of serfdom and the old class system, but the first golden-mouthed spokesman of nationality was summoned

from his philosophic speculations to celebrate the glories of *Deutschthum*. In the fourth and fifth of his never-to-be-forgotten addresses delivered after the battle of Jena, Fichte deals with the salient differences between the Germans and the other peoples of western Europe. That portion of the Germans who have remained in their original dwelling-place possess, he contends, an autochthonous strength and potentiality which assures them a natural supremacy. As an *Urvolk* they have an *Ursprache* which can trace its unbroken history back to the first uttered syllable. The German speech alone has from the beginning been a spontaneous outpouring of natural power; in comparison with it all other western European languages are mere corrupt makeshifts. They are dead things compared with the ever-living German, with its roots deep in the original soil from which it sprang. *Zwischen Leben und Todt findet gar keine Vergleichung statt*. Since language makes the man rather than man the language, the studious German can master the other languages of Europe so that he understands them better than those who have spoken them from childhood; he can comprehend the foreigner better than the foreigner understands himself. But the foreigner can hope to understand a German only by most painfully acquiring his language, and no alien will succeed in adequately translating German in its deeper meanings.

This original language, with its fundamental adaptation to express fully all thoughts and aspirations, is the firm bond which holds the Germans together and gives the nation a profound unity and understanding. They alone have the true earnestness and purpose that are essential to realizing a system of national education which will result in the highest morality (*reine Sittlichkeit*). Unlike other nations, its leaders impart all their discoveries to the people at large instead of using their superior ability to exploit the people as a blind instrument for the promotion of their own selfish ends. Thanks to their language and all that it implies, the Germans can look forward to vistas of

future progress, whereas other peoples can do no more than cast their eyes back to golden ages which can never recur for them.

The claims which Fichte makes for inherent German superiority were carried somewhat further in some directions by Hegel in his celebrated "Philosophy of History," based upon a series of lectures first delivered at Berlin during the winter semester of 1822-23. He describes the migrations of the world spirit which found its first incarnation among the ancient Persians, then sought its completer realization among the Greeks and Romans, and finally settled permanently, so to speak, among the Germans. To them, Hegel says in his characteristic manner, it assigned the rôle not merely of possessing the idea of freedom, "but of producing it in free and spontaneous developments from their subjective self-consciousness." "The German spirit," he claims, "is the spirit of the new world. Its aim is the realization of absolute truth as the unlimited self-determination of freedom." The Germans possess, moreover, a peculiar national and seemingly untranslatable quality, *Gemüth*. This the philosopher luminously defines as that "undeveloped, indeterminate totality of spirit in reference to the will, in which satisfaction of soul is attained in a corresponding general and indeterminate way." I infer that he is speaking of something nice and that the tribal instincts of his audience glowed with complacency in the assurance of its possession. A Frenchman has pointed out a German trait which Hegel does not mention, but upon which he always relied; namely, that in Germany the patience of the reader is always expected to outrun the obscurity of the writer. Like Fichte, Hegel assigned to the Germans a peculiar power of leavening the whole lump in which any of their race happened to be placed.

It is impossible here to give further illustrations of the manner in which German confidence in German destiny and *Kultur* have been fostered. I suspect that no other nation equals the Germans in the

Gründlichkeit and *Planmässigkeit* with which the spirit of nationality has been cultivated and wrought into education by intellectual leaders.

In France a less turbid, but perhaps equally wide and deep, stream of national self-assurance could be traced if there were time. It would be hard to outdo Nisard's statement that in his effort to portray the French spirit he finds himself almost depicting reason itself. Honor and glory, wit and clarity—these are always conspicuous among the characteristics which French writers discover in a pre-eminent degree among their fellow-countrymen.

But it is not my intention to call the roll of European peoples, big and little, who either have achieved political independence, like the English, Spanish, Italians, and Russians; or who, like the Poles, Bohemians, Croats, and the discontented among the Irish, aspire to do so in the name of nationality. The histories of the various national spirits might of course be written. They would serve to amuse and sadden the philosophic reader. I venture to forecast that the theories of national peculiarities would be found to be conflicting and mutually exclusive, that they would be based upon many a historical mistake and distortion, upon insolent suppressions and arrogant exaggerations. They would possess exactly the same value as does a blind and ardent lover's description of his mistress. Singing the praises of one's tribe is the natural pastime of a boastful savage. "When Caribs were asked whence they came, they answered: 'We alone are people!' The meaning of the name Kiowa [an Indian tribe now settled in Oklahoma] is 'real or principal people.' The Lapps call themselves 'men' or 'human beings.' . . . The Tunguses call themselves 'men.' As a rule it is found that nature people call themselves 'men.' Others are something else—perhaps not defined—but not real men."¹ The word *Deutsch*, according to Grimm, had this meaning originally, and it is amusing to note a certain complacency in

¹ Sumner, "Folkways," 1911, p. 14.

German writers who point this out. The Franks, from whose name the French derive theirs, appear to have thought they were "the free."

IV

WE have all been shocked by the readiness with which even intellectual persons, especially German professors, lapsed, under the stress of war, into the frame of mind of a Carib or Laplander. But this and other recent occurrences only prove that we have expected too much. Our ancient tribal instinct evidently retains its blind and unreasoning characteristics despite the fact that we are able nowadays, by means of newspapers, periodicals, railroads, and telegraphs, to spread it over vast areas, such as are comprised in modern states like Germany, France, Russia, and the United States.

When, by taking thought, exceptional persons come to realize the facts which we have been recalling and succeed in transcending the Carib point of view, their task is that of convincing their fellow-countrymen that *all* men are really men. Here they meet the great obstacle of difference in language, which cuts peoples off from one another. Then the diplomatic relations of modern states are inherited from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when the diplomats were agents of monarchs, scheming for territorial gains. Moreover, to most of our fellow-men, patriotism is a word that still falls most sweetly on the ear. It may seem a criminal abomination in other tribes, but is a most precious thing as we contemplate it in our own. Many seemingly thoughtful people resent even an analysis of it into primitive pugnacity and gregariousness reinforced by "baby love" of one's earliest environment and associations, together with that agreeable sense of exaltation which, as has been pointed out, the group spirit engenders. Many educated persons are temperamentally indisposed to analyze cherished convictions and sanctified emotions. There are, nevertheless, certain considerations that may serve to cheer those who are cast down by the primitive

workings of the tribal spirit as they exhibit themselves in the present European conflict.

V

THE chief quarrel with patriotism is its innate tendency to precipitate war with other groups upon the most trivial pretenses. It is, in short, touchy and ugly in its most constant and characteristic manifestation. So long as war was accepted by every one as man's noblest preoccupation, this would naturally be no objection to patriotism. War might even be degraded to the status of a necessary evil without leading to any criticism of patriotism, but if warfare is to be viewed as a wholly gratuitous abomination, the way will be opened for a recognition of the common nature and interests of humanity which it is the chief business of patriotism to forget or obscure. Both the Stoics and the Christians accepted in principle the brotherhood of man, but so far as I know this doctrine never checked a war, secular or religious; and it is only in modern times that two or three Christian sects, bitterly persecuted and maligned by the majority of Christians, have stood out against war on principle, the Anabaptists, the gentle Socinians, and, above all, the Quakers.

When, in 1726, Voltaire visited England, he was charmed with the simple religious beliefs of the Quakers and especially with their denunciation of war. His "Letters on the English," published immediately upon his return to France, introduced his readers to the Society of Friends and their pacifist doctrines. I am inclined to think that anti-militarism as a distinct and growing sentiment may be said to date from this time. So it has not yet had two centuries in which to develop plans and devices for countervailing man's inbred bellicosity. The French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century often prided themselves on being citizens of the world. They lauded the institutions of the English, Persians, Chinese, or Fiji Islanders as superior to those of their native land. Their influence af-

fected other European peoples. Voltaire was invited to sojourn at the court of Berlin, and it must fill modern German patriots with chagrin to recollect that the works of their greatest ruler are written entirely in French. Catharine of Russia showed the same eagerness to avail herself of French thought as did Frederick the Great.

The development of the national spirit in the early part of the nineteenth century served to eclipse for a time the rather theoretical cosmopolitan tendencies of the eighteenth. But the progress of mechanical invention was rapidly furnishing new and substantial arguments against tribal isolation by binding the whole world together with railroads, steamship lines, and telegraphs. This in turn produced an unprecedented amount of intercommunication and interdependence and a vast network of commercial and financial relations, embracing all countries, civilized and uncivilized. This is admirably illustrated by a recent writer who has compiled lists of international congresses, conferences, and associations. These have been organized to consider matters which were regarded as of international importance, such as slavery, money, postal service, copyright, opium trade, fur seals, standard of time, bull-fighting, Gregorian chants, and maps of the world. Unofficial conferences have been held by those interested in the grain trade, hats, shoes, printing, glass-blowing, Alpine gardens, indecent pictures, rhinolaryngology, and protection against hail. "Intellectuals," abstinent priests, short-hand writers, feminists, anti-vivisectionists, theosophists, and pigeon fanciers have found their needs of mutual solace and support transcending the borders of their particular states. Such congresses and conferences occurred rarely before 1870. Their ever-increasing

frequency since the opening of the present century is probably the most striking index of the strengthening sense of international solidarity.¹

The first peace conference was held in 1899. The Hague Tribunal, organized in the same year, included representatives of forty-one states. Here we have a direct attack on the problem of reducing the chances of war. It is noteworthy that the Hague Conference did not have the nerve to make questions of *national honor* matters subject to arbitration. Yet it is just this particular kind of excuse for war which should be most carefully considered before mobilization.

It is not the purpose of this article to offer suggestions as to means for controlling and sublimating the ancient instinct of patriotism. I am inclined, however, to think that any one who really acknowledged and believed in the bottom of his heart all the things which I have been recalling would scarcely be swept off his feet by a wave of national emotion. If that be true, then much can be accomplished through education. Of course the native tendency cannot be eliminated, but rival corporate enthusiasms can be established to compete with the old, crude tribal solidarity. If there were a general realization of the coöperative nature of civilization and of the incalculable debt of each generation to all preceding generations back to the very beginnings of human culture, it would serve to chasten our national conceit. To the modern historical student, somewhat familiar with man's long past and aware of the possibilities of the next five hundred thousand years, national arrogance appears well nigh as farcical as the pomposity of an individual man.

¹ Faries, "The Rise of Internationalism," 1915, Appendix.





Four Camera Studies

By the late

F. Benedict Herzog







The Persistent Little Fool

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "They Both Needed It," "The Master of his Fate," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

A WILD, soft rush as of some one sliding down the baluster-rail, a faint whirl as of quail rising from green coverts, a presence not to be ignored in the doorway.

Hobson, taking his afternoon ease on the porch, threw Mrs. Roderick Ivor, his hostess, and third cousin on the mother's side, a glance of pained astonishment as he rose to greet her niece Bina, his fourth cousin, also on the mother's side.

"Why, this is a pleasant surprise, Bina," said Hobson, gloomily. "I thought you would n't be here before August. You've grown a lot. I suppose you still think you want to be a trained nurse, hey?"

Bina was seventeen. She possessed to overflowing all the glow, the color, the music, of that incomparable age. She came forward and put out her hand with a touching mixture of womanly assurance and girlish timidity.

"How do you do, Cousin Hobson?" said Bina, with the utmost propriety.

Hobson proffered his nice, comfortable chair to Bina. He seemed about to cry. He was reflecting on the fact that he, a poor, city-distracted genealogist, had come to Cedarecliff hoping to find there peace and quiet wherein to complete his great work, "The Harrison Family."

"Pen's crazy to see you, Bina," it came to him to say; "I believe he's down by the creek hunting you up."

"Oh," cried Bina, eagerly, "did you bring little Pen with you, Cousin Hob?"

She turned her face, brimming with color and light, on them for a brief moment as she ran down the steps. Her smooth hand shone rosy in the sunlight as she flung it up to hail Cousin Hob's little boy.

He came tearing, almost as vivid a thing as Bina herself, all red cheeks,

bronze curls, and naked brown legs and arms. Hobson and Kathy watched him embracing Bina with rapture, two creatures of deeper kin than that created by simple family ties. After a long moment of suspense for Hobson, little Pen drew Bina toward the creek. She threw them a longing glance as she went. She loved to talk with Cousin Hobson; but how sweetly she went to play with Cousin Hobson's little boy instead!

Hobson grinned, and sank back in his nice, comfortable chair with a sigh of relief mingled with apprehension.

"I'll have your writing things taken to the office," said Bina's thoughtful Aunt Kathy.

"What good would that do?" asked Hobson. Still, he considered the suggestion, and said presently, "Well—suppose you do, Kath."

Kathy said soothingly:

"Poor old Hob! But never mind; she won't be here next summer to upset you."

Hobson sat erect.

"Do you mean that her mother has consented to let that child enter a hospital?"

Kathy nodded.

"An innocent child—it's indecent. It should n't be allowed."

"Oh, goodness, Hobson!" cried Kathy.

"MAY I come in?" asked Bina next morning.

Hobson, from his place at Ivor's desk in the ancient, octagonal brick office near the creek, blinked up at the peeping brightness that was Bina's face; then he leaned back and removed his eye-glasses.

"Have you got me in the book?" asked Bina, advancing joyously.

"Could I keep you out of it?" asked Cousin Hobson, with the deadliest pessimism.

"Oh, do show me!" cried Bina. "Do let me see, Cousin Hob!"

With an ill-considered and desperate gesture he snatched pages and pages of his precious "Harrison Family" (his mother had been a Miss Harrison) out of Bina's grasp. She stood still. The suns clouded over in her gray eyes; her eager hands dropped dead; her color stormed.

Hobson felt like the meanest man he had ever heard of. He pretended to be searching among the sheets he had rescued.

"Here you are," he said, affecting heartiness. "*You* come in here."

With precision and lucidity he explained the position of the tiny, fluttering leaf which represented Bina on the wide-spreading Harrison family tree.

He was effusively kind, to make up for having been a brute. Bina immediately came on in and settled herself among the vine shadows flecking the window-seat.

Past eleven, too late to be of any real assistance, his young cousin, Roderick Ivor, Jr., wandered by with his new setter pup, and, in response to an imploring glance from Hobson, invited Bina to come and play with the pup. Hobson looked after them as he settled the glasses back on his fine Roman nose.

"Persistent little fool!" he said. He bent to salvage the wreck of his morning.

Scarcely waiting to get Bina outside the office, Roddy asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Why don't you let old Hob alone?"

"But I love to talk to persons older than myself," said Bina. "All my best friends are older than myself. My very best girl friend is thirty-six years old."

"I would n't bother Hob too much, though," said Roddy, staring. "He came down here to be quiet, you know, and finish his genealogy."

Roddy's tone evinced that respect for literature, as applied to family history, proper to his twenty years.

"Did you ever know," asked Bina, not appearing to hear a word Roddy said, "that we had a doctor in our family, oh, about two hundred years ago, who kept a private graveyard for his patients?"

"Hob's stringing you."

"He's not. He showed it to me in the book. It was really all right. Persons came to him in their carriages from a hundred miles around. And when they died, as of course some of them did, he just used to bury them in his graveyard to save their families a whole lot of trouble. You can see for yourself that it would, Roddy—in those days."

"All I say is," said Roddy, "that, relative or no relative, no doctor with a private graveyard could ever have had *my* patronage."

Bina continued enthusiastically:

"And we had another doctor, an awfully young one, who cut off a man's leg when there was n't the least need of it just because he was perfectly crazy to try a fine set of instruments he'd won for a prize. He told the man about it a long time afterward, and they both thought it a great joke."

"I hope," said Roddy, in his best elder-brother manner, "that *you* did n't think it a great joke, Bina?"

"No—just a l-little one," murmured Bina, with a deprecating, sidewise glance. She struggled with laughter.

"Bina," said Roddy,—twin elder brothers could not have said it more gravely or affectionately,—"you are a splendid girl, but you are too flippant about serious things. I don't like it in you." He stooped, picking up a stick and throwing it for the puppy to bring.

Bina appeared rebuffed. They walked along in silence. Presently Roddy looked at her. She met the look with an eager, wistful smile.

"But I've no business preaching to you," said Roddy, coloring a bit. "It's just because you *are* splendid, and I think the world of you, that I've got the nerve to do it." He added, sniffing, "Smells good, does n't it?"

Delectable odors were floating toward them from the kitchen, where Miss Lizzie, the housekeeper at Cedarcliff these twenty years, sampled a kettle of blackberry-jam. Roddy's sister Mary sat in a stately pose on a flour barrel and stirred and stirred.



“ He was effusively kind, to make up for having been a brute. Bina immediately came on in and settled herself among the vine shadows flecking the window-seat ”

The sunshine spilled brilliantly on the brass rim of the big kettle and along the freshly scoured white boards of the floor. On a napkin in the window-seat reposed a fresh baking of salt-rising bread.

"No, you don't, darling!" said Roddy. He whisked off the second napkin, which Miss Lizzie was carelessly casting over her baking, and glanced around. "Where's some butter?"

"Don't be such a kid, Roddy!" said Mary. "That bread is for to-morrow."

"And jam," said Roddy.

"I would n't humor them that way, Miss Lizzie," said Mary.

"There, Honey," said Miss Lizzie to Roddy.

"And do go away with it," said Mary, "before you get crumbs all over the floor."

"Murry," said Roddy, "you are getting to be a regular Miss Prim."

"I'd rather be a Miss Prim than a baby," said Mary. She said it with an eye on Bina, who stood munching bread and jam and gazing with absent-minded rapture into the bubbling depths of the kettle. Tiny dark-red craters appeared and disappeared fascinatingly as Mary's stirrer advanced and receded. Faint red reflections glowed and faded. The beautiful odor grew so thick you could have sliced it.

"Let me stir!" begged Bina, suddenly.

Mary pretended not to hear.

Bina's warm, insinuating hand curled gently just above Mary's on the long handle of the stirrer.

"Please, Bina!" said Mary, coldly. She, too, glanced imploringly at Roddy; but Mary was not a distracted visiting generalist. With a wicked grin, Roddy walked off.

"I wish you would n't persist, Bina," said Mary, still more coldly.

"What harm can the child do?" asked Kathy, strolling through on her way in from a morning walk.

There it was again, thought Mary, looking after her vanishing mother. Bina did n't act in the least like company; but if you did n't treat her like company, older persons took that tone with you.

While she thought thus, her hold on the handle involuntarily relaxed, and it was delivered into Bina's hands.

Bina invented a childish dance for herself as she retreated and advanced with the stirrer. She hummed an air to do the dance by.

"If you *will* stir, Bina," said Mary, "get up on the barrel and stir properly."

Bina obediently clambered up on the barrel.

"It's getting thick now," said Mary. "If you stop stirring for a moment it's liable to burn."

"Murry," called Roddy from the yard, "Geoff wants you on the 'phone."

Mary blushed slowly and with dignity. "Run along, Mistress Mary," sang Bina.

Miss Lizzie had gone down into the cellar to look up jars, and Mary hated to leave Bina alone with the jam. She moved reluctantly toward the door, looking back the while.

"Bina," she began.

"Murry," mocked Bina.

"All the same," warned Mary, "don't you let anything happen to my jam, Bina Harrison."

Mary was gone for a considerable time. As she hung up the receiver she was aware of a faintly different smell in the air. She stalked to the kitchen, scorning to hurry; besides, the mischief was done.

Bina looked up at Mary like a scared little girl as she stood her ground to be scolded.

"You *would* be a persistent little fool, Bina," said Mary. There was that in her tone which sent Bina shivering out into the July sunshine.

Later Roddy came on Bina moping in the old school-room in the yard. She leaned her elbows on a scarred deal table, and gazed disconsolately on the cracked and peeling globe which still had place there.

"Oh," said Roddy, "does the world look *that* bad to her?"

He pushed away the globe, sat on the table edge, and patted her shoulder.

"How did it happen?" he asked in a comforting tone.

"I got to thinking out a patent stirrer," confessed Bina, unhappily; "one you could wind up, and set going while you read. And I guess I must have stopped stirring—for just a minute."

Roddy's head went back. His empty masculine mirth echoed to Mary, very hot just then as she scraped the kettle. What made the whole thing the more inexcusable was that the jam was not really badly burned; just enough to spoil it, that was all. Some persons would have poured it into jars all the same. Mary thanked Heaven she was not one of these. Irked by Roddy's continuing laughter, she looked across the yard to the old school-room, and wondered how a girl could live seventeen years and a boy twenty and yet have as little common sense as Roddy and Bina.

"I SEE father down at the pasture," said Roddy. "Shall we go and have a look at June-bug, too?"

They strolled together to the pasture, where Bina leaned over a bar and made instant friends with June-bug, the little brown mare with the temper.

"I don't believe she 's bad-tempered at all," said Bina. She swung herself up on the bar, and put out a coaxing hand. "Are you so wicked as all that, June-bug?" asked Bina, caressingly.

June-bug appeared to shake her head. She came nearer and nibbled at Bina's pink fingers.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Bina to June-bug. She turned to Roderick Ivor, Sr.

"Oh, Uncle Rod, do let me ride her this evening. See, we've fallen in love with each other."

"Not safe for you," said Ivor. He smiled at her indulgently. Horsemanship was not Bina's chief accomplishment.

"Do take my part, Roddy. See how she loves me."

"Bina," said Roddy, "in every situation of this sort there should always be at least one disinterested observer—for witness later on." Ivor and Roddy grinned at each other.

"Old Lil 's safer for you," said Ivor.

"I 'll tell you what, Uncle Rod," said Bina, not appearing to hear a word Ivor was saying. "Let 's get her up to the house, and I 'll ride her around the lawn. If she does n't behave, I won't ask you again."

Ivor walked firmly forth from the inclosure.

Roddy watched him with interest, not yet ready to bet on Bina. Ivor certainly looked very determined. Bina said nothing more. She merely slipped down from the bar, and hung on Uncle Rod's arm, and looked up at him. Bina's eyes were liquid. They pleaded as a baby's might plead for the moon and the eternal stars. And she only wanted to ride a pretty horse instead of an ugly one. It was a desire that seemed reasonable to Ivor, who would not have ridden old Lil himself for five hundred dollars. He looked at June-bug stretching her silken neck after the departing Bina. There they were, lovely feminine creatures imploring a favor.

"What about it, Roddy?" asked Ivor, suddenly.

Roddy turned away to conceal a smile and get a bridle.

Mary and Kathy were on the porch as the small procession approached.

"Papa," cried Mary, incredulously, "you're not going to let *Bina* ride June-bug? Why, you would n't let *me* ride her yesterday."

"Well, they've taken a shine to each other," said Ivor, placatingly.

Mary presented a severe girlish profile to her father as she walked into the house.

"Mary has entirely too pronounced a manner for so young a person," said he, reprovingly, to Mary's mother.

"Don't take it out on me," said that astonishingly young and pretty lady.

In the enigmatic silence which ensued Bina rode June-bug around the lawn several times with entire success.

A prettier picture than Bina on June-bug, with Roddy guarding at her stirrup, it would be hard to conceive. Ivor's face showed marked patriarchal pride in the girl, the boy, and the brown mare.

"That will do," he called to them presently, and Bina trotted up, glowing like a rose in full sunshine.

"Still," said Ivor, "I think I 'll escort you myself this evening, Bina."

OVER the red road through the green hills rode Bina and Ivor. To an observer from a point of vantage the July sun would have turned Ivor's white flannels into silver and Bina's gray habit to a rich purple, and have set both figures, on their little black shapes of horses, as sharply against the strange, scarlet effect of the road as if they had been but cut-out paper dolls. To such an observer it would have seemed odd and pretty to see them moving rapidly along through the many-shaded green of wood and field.

But to themselves Bina and Ivor appeared life-size, and each the center of a universe.

"Oh," exclaimed Bina, "do see those early black-eyed Susans!"

She whisked June-bug into a fence-corner, and half rose in her stirrup to get a better view of the creek-bank of black-eyed Susans.

"*Look out!*" shouted Ivor.

He wheeled his beautiful Bon away from June-bug's wicked newly shod little heels, but not quite in time.

Bina gazed dismayed at an ugly gash on Bon's ebony foreleg, from which blood was welling slowly. Ivor dismounted, and swore not altogether beneath his breath.

"It 's back home for you, Bina," he said grimly.

Bon, out of pure malice, it seemed to Bina, presently began to limp. Ivor got off and led him. Bina drooped after. As they came up the lawn, Mary, at her window, took them in ironically.

Ivor jumped Bina to the ground and led Bon stableward. Bina followed unnoticed, and stood at the stable doorway watching Ivor as he tended the wound.

"I 'm so sorry about it," she said.

"It was my fault," said Ivor, glancing up. "I 'd no business trusting that little devil. Don't you bother, child."

She stepped forward, uttering a cry.

"It looks ugly, of course; but just so it does n't leave a scar—run along, Bina."

He began winding a bandage in what seemed a fearfully fumbling way to the future trained nurse. Her fingers reached out of their own volition.

"Do let me do that for you, Uncle Roderick!" she pleaded passionately.

She had actually laid a hand on Bon's wincing foreleg when Ivor, pale with impatience, took her firmly by the shoulders and faced her toward the house.

"Bina," he said, "don't be a persistent little fool."

BINA was extremely subdued for several days. She wore a meek, blue lawn dress with wide, white Priscilla collar, and did crochet-work. One afternoon she sat on the porch steps with little Pen and Roddy. Little Pen blew at a blue balloon until his red-brown cheeks looked like the cheeks of a portly cherub. Bina listened dreamily to Cousin Polly Winston, who had driven over that morning, and who was conversing with Cousin Hobson on his favorite subject. Cousin Polly was a left-over in the refrigerator of Life. Life did not like to throw her away, but did n't in the least know what to do with her. Her parted hair was the neatest thing in the county, and her spine the straightest, and she considered every reference to reality to be unrefined, if not improper. She was precisely the person to be interesting to a genealogist, and Cousin Hob was having a good time.

"*She comes in?*" he asked in an excited tone.

"She was your Step-aunt Sarah's first cousin on her father's side; not your Step-aunt Sarah Dallas, Hobson, but your Step-aunt Sarah Aftonbury."

Hobson's face lighted. It seemed illuminating to him. But Roddy, though, as has been indicated, respecting his forebears, jumped up somewhat abruptly and strolled stableward. Bina felt deserted. She seized the blue balloon, now expanded to unbelievable proportions, and tossed it after Roddy. Whirling about, he tossed it back. *Spang!* Bina sent it soaring, mid-



“How did it happen?” he asked in a comforting tone

night blue against a pale-blue sky. It hovered among the branches of a young maple for a breathless moment before Roddy, with a beautiful leap into the air, had it back to Bina. The little blue dress, no longer meek, swirled about Bina as she ran out on the lawn with the blue balloon held high in air for a toss.

All this time the experienced little Pen was tugging at her skirts and shrieking:

"Give it back to me! You 'll burst it. You hit it too hard. Oh, I want my balloon, Bina! You and Roddy will burst my balloon, Bina!"

Snap!

He stooped, weeping bitterly, and picked up a scrap of black rubber from the grass at Bina's feet. Bina swooped to him with open arms.

"O Pen, I 'm so sorry! I would n't have broken it for anything—not for *anything*."

"You *would* play with it!" wailed Pen, loudly. He pulled away from Bina.

Roddy grinned. Little Pen was only five. He did the best he could with his limited vocabulary; but, oh, how the poor child needed a word of three syllables just then!

"Stop that howling, son!" called the annoyed Hobson.

"Bina broke my balloon," shrilled little Pen.

"Well, what if she did?" said Hobson, heartlessly, and went on tossing his own apparently unexplodable old balloon for Cousin Polly's return. Little Pen subsided into low, but sustained, laments.

"Stow it, Pen!" said Roddy. "I 'll bring you a pocketful of balloons when I go to town Thursday."

The pocketful of balloons could not have seemed farther away to little Pen if Halley's Comet had promised to bring them the next time it came around. He flung himself to the ground and sobbed in the most terrific hopelessness.

With a glance at Bina's stricken face, Roddy continued his interrupted progress stableward.

"Where you going?" asked Ivor, meeting him near the river-landing some fifteen minutes later.

Roddy looked funnily self-conscious.

"Oh, across," he said.

"Girl?" queried Ivor, teasingly. He liked to see the big boy blush. But this time Roddy merely looked a bit annoyed. Then he smiled back.

"Yes," he said. Ivor reined in his horse for a moment that he might enjoy the splendid sight of Roddy riding on.

Roddy did not get back until after one.

"See here, you," Ivor hailed him from his room off the back porch—"you be in by twelve after this." His tone was sharp.

"Sorry, sir," said Roddy. "All right, sir." He came on in and talked a bit, to show that he was n't sulky about being called down. When he continued up-stairs he paused half-way down the hall and produced from his pocket a small packet, which he hung like a May-basket to Bina's door-knob.

He descended, rather late next morning to find the breakfast-table deserted. Outside, Pen played gloriously with a scarlet balloon; within, Bina ran and hugged Roddy.

"You 're choking me," said Roddy. "Do you suppose there are any hot biscuits in the kitchen, Bina?"

Mary glanced up from her sewing as Bina ran off to see.

"You spoil those children dreadfully, Roddy," said Mary. "I never heard of anything so ridiculous as riding twenty miles to buy a toy balloon."

"I did n't," said Roddy, imperturbably, "go to town to buy a toy balloon, Murry."

"May I ask what you did go for, then?" inquired Mary, scornfully.

Kathy turned from where she arranged flowers by the bright window.

"Why, to buy happiness, of course," said Kathy, in a charming matter-of-fact tone. She threw Roddy a rosebud, and he threw her back a kiss.

"WHAT a pretty suit!" said Mary.

"Like it?" asked Roddy. He turned about and about.

"Better than any you ever had. I do wish the best-looking boy in the county was n't my own brother."

"Piffle!" said Roddy, blushing violently.

The parlors were also in party trim. A crowd of youngsters was due for a dance. Geoff's call had already echoed across the ferry.

"Roddy's scrumptious," said Bina. She did the newest dance-step known in her far-away home town as she approached the two. "And so are you, Mary."

Mary gave her an indulgent smile, examining her appearance the while.

Bina held out her soft white skirts to show herself off the better. She was as brilliant as the rose-flushed moon of the poets emerging from silver river mists. All her edges were filmy ruffles.

"Run up and ask mama to fasten those folds on the shoulder with her pearl pin," said Mary. She added, being in a normal girlish humor over the dance, "You look good enough to eat, Bina."

"You look good enough to kiss," said Bina. She gave Mary a headlong embrace and ran up-stairs.

"Shut the door, darling," said Kathy. "How sweet you are to-night!"

"Mary said to fasten these folds with your pearl pin, Aunt Kathy." As she spoke, Bina took up a trinket from the dressing-table and tried it against her folds, peeping around Kathy in the pier-glass. "How would this do?"

"The catch is n't good, I'm afraid," said Kathy.

It was a fine old cameo, a wedding gift to Kathy's mother, a delicious Hebe offering a vine-garlanded cup to an entrancing young god. Holding it to her shoulder, Bina turned her head sidewise. She looked the loveliest of little Greeks.

"It just suits," she yearned.

"I'd hate to have it lost," objected Kathy, seeking in vain for the pearl pin. "Where can it have got to?" she wondered. "Yes, that suits you, Bina—if only the catch were safe."

"Darling, sweet Aunt Kath, do let me wear it!" begged Bina, dancing out of the room. "I'll be so careful. I'll think of it every single minute." She called this last from the hall.

"Oh, well," said Kathy. She smiled

vexedly, listening to Bina's soft downward rush.

It was an extremely young crowd. Toward midnight they thought it would be a lark to go down to the island and pretend to raid Roddy's melon-patch.

It must have been in the sand of the island that Bina lost Kathy's beautiful heirloom brooch.

At dawn Roddy and Bina went back and searched until breakfast-time, but Hebe and her god had apparently vanished away forever. After breakfast Kathy hunted with Roddy. She was particularly fond of that cameo for a dozen good reasons. When Kathy, too, gave it up and returned to the house, Bina watched for them, unseen in a porch corner.

"It's too bad," Roddy was saying as they slowly mounted the steps.

"It would never have happened," answered Kathy, almost vindictively, "if Bina had not been a persistent little fool." She went on in, not noticing that Bina was there. But Roddy deflected his course toward the corner. Bina was hiding her eyes in the crook of her elbow and wetting her little pink gingham sleeve with bitter tears. Somehow she minded Aunt Kathy more than any one else.

"Everybody calls me that," said Bina, gaspingly.

"I don't call you that," consoled Roddy.

"But you—*will*," sobbed Bina. A tearing burst of tears ended speech on her part.

"You be in by sunset with your cousin," said Ivor to Roddy.

"Sure," said Roddy. He gave a final pull to the strap which fastened the lunch-basket to his saddle-bow and called, "Come along, Bina."

They rode off smartly. Morning rides were tremendously becoming to the two. They lighted Roddy up until he made one think of the line.

And Phæbus 'gins arise,

and they set Bina's rich hair rioting and her eyes shining with some special joy of life.

She halted her mare in the mountain creek, where it was wide and shallow and musical over many-toned stones.

"I feel good as an angel this morning," said Bina.

Roddy felt that way himself, only, being a boy, he was n't so frank about it.

"But we must n't loaf too long," he said, breaking the heavenly silence.

Hanging Rock was truly a place to go to see. The mountain came together as sharply as a shingle roof, with one edge overlapping a lot. Hanging Rock itself overlapped amazingly. You jumped to it across a narrow chasm, and had the thrill of risking your life every time you did it. But risking their lives at Hanging Rock was so old a story to the county people that they made nothing of it. Bina and Roddy sprang lightly over the chasm, splashing up the water in the natural bird fountain hollowed out in the top of the rock by the ages and the ages, and poised carelessly where a misstep would have landed them a mile below on the top of a pine forest, and said how pretty the green-plaided landscape was, and pointed out to each other the houses they recognized—houses which looked near enough to be picked up and small enough to be carried home in Roddy's pocket.

Bina drew her deepest breath yet.

"O Roddy, would n't you just love to live up here?"

"I 'd just love to have something to eat," teased Roddy.

Roddy's watch had provokingly stopped, and they got started home a trifle late on that account. Bina continued as good as an angel until, one third of the way down, she insisted on exploring an unfamiliar road. She danced her impish little Dolly mare just ahead of Roddy's heavier mount. He reached forth a restraining hand, and Dolly broke into a lope. Now Dolly ran if she thought another horse was trying to catch up with her, and horsemanship was not Bina's strong point. Roddy was afraid to pursue. He followed in angry, sober-gaited silence. It is astonishing how time flies in these fooleries. When Bina tired of mocking at Roddy it really was

late. The road had long since ended. It was not even a path now, or, rather, there were multitudinous paths stretching in every direction. A cloud-shadow menaced the forest. Faint thunders reverberated. Bina and Roddy gazed at each other.

"I've not the least idea where we are," said Roddy. He added coldly, "I hope it's not anywhere near the Drop."

To ride over the Drop would be not unlike riding off Hanging Rock. Bina gazed fearfully about her.

"I 'd better lead the horses," said Roddy, peering into the darkening woods, trying to get the right direction. One might wander all night among those folded ridges rippling along the backbone of the mountain. They wandered until ten o'clock or thereabout, Roddy guessed. It was pitch dark, a cloudy dark without stars, when he halted and looked back at the blur that was Bina on Dolly.

"We 'll have to camp for the rest of the night," said Roddy. He said it with careful kindness of manner, but if he had known the truth about Bina he might not have been so considerate. Bina had always wanted to spend a night in the mountains under thrilling conditions. Despite her conscious guilt, she could not help humming happily as she helped gather twigs for a fire. When it blazed up, she sat by it and thought contentedly that it would n't be daylight for hours and hours. And she had all that time, with the romantic, leaf-embroidered darkness clasping them about, in which to have a confidential talk with Roddy. She meant to tell him of her ambitions, meant to listen to his. Perhaps he would even confide in her concerning the beautiful Miss Marye, who had treated him so badly the summer before; she had had hints here and there as she hovered on the edges of family conclaves. She glanced across the firelit space at Roddy, clasping his knees and staring off into the forest. It might have been a mere effect of light, but she had never before noticed how much alike Roddy and Marye really were.

"Roddy," she began timidly.

He gave a start.

"I 'll tell you what," he said as Bina failed to follow up her opening. "I 'll just pull together a lot of these dry leaves, and make you up a bed, Bina. You 'll go to sleep in a jiffy in this air, and it will be morning before you know it."

Bina said not a word. She merely watched Roddy with a hopeless feeling. He heaped the leaves very neatly. Robins could not have arranged them in a more professional manner. Over the heap, which horridly suggested a woodland grave to Bina, he spread the gay saddle-blankets. He then pulled off his coat and tossed it to her.

"Button that around you, Bina," he said in the tone of a conscientious nurse. "It gets cold toward morning."

There ensued half an hour of intense silence, bewildered on Bina's part. Roddy merely did not feel like talking, and was grateful to Bina for keeping quiet.

As he stared so steadily ahead, he was neither admiring the stars, which now glinted through an opening in the clouds, nor the effects of firelight among the leaves. He was reflecting on the scrape Bina had got him into with Ivor, who in an old-fashioned way was exigent where the women of his family were in question. He knew perfectly well how he was going to appear to his father as a stupid fellow who did n't know his own mountains and who could n't take decent care of a little girl. Wincing inwardly, Roddy bent to throw more twigs on the fire.

"Better try to sleep, Bina," he advised.

"I—I don't want to go to sleep," said Bina in a grieved voice. Her eyes brimmed. Two tears rolled heavily down her cheeks.

"What *do* you want, then?" asked Roddy in a puzzled way.

"To—to t-talk," quivered Bina.

"All right," said Roddy, making the effort of his life to be reasonable and kind. "All right." And after a wait he added, "Why don't you go ahead?"

"I don't want to," said Bina, almost violently. She lay back on the bed of leaves and gazed up at the chilly stars,

which seemed not quite so far away as Roddy.

Roddy kept casting thoughtful glances at Bina. He concluded that she was tired, and nervous about being lost, and that the sooner she got off to sleep the better for them both. He drew a long breath of relief when her soft, regular breathing convinced him that she was off at last. He went back to his own thoughts, and for the most part forgot the little curled-up figure opposite. Toward morning he must have dozed, head on arms, for he roused at some breaking of bushes, and looked, to find his horse gone. As he stood glancing about him, a barking of dogs assailed his ears. He climbed a small ridge to the right and saw that it came from a cabin close at hand—old Chittum's cabin. Roddy got red all to himself there in the stealing dawn. Had they ridden on for ten minutes they would have reached the cabin and have been put in their way. Everything was conspiring to make him look like a perfect fool.

"Dolt!" he muttered to himself. "Chump!"

He turned at a sound to see Bina peeping at him like a dryad newly emerged from her oak.

"What in the world are you talking to yourself for, Roddy?" asked Bina.

Without replying, Roddy descended the little ridge and saddled Dolly and put Bina into her saddle.

"My horse got loose," he told her then. He added, "See if there is n't an apple for your breakfast in one of my pockets there."

Bina found the apple, broke it in half, and proffered one of the halves to Roddy. He colored with annoyance and made a vexed gesture of rejection. With a swing of the arm which expressed many emotions, Bina flung both halves high and far. One fell short of the world's edge and rolled back toward them. Roddy picked it up and gave it to Dolly.

As they neared the highway, they sighted Roddy's white horse a mile ahead. Beyond him appeared some sort of procession of which they failed to sense the significance. They slid on down, Roddy lead-

ing Dolly at arm's-length. At the opening into the main road they met the procession. Roddy flared scarlet as he took it in.

Ivor headed it, in the cart, with his gun between his knees; there had been tales of bears seen in the mountains not long before. Behind rode half the neighborhood, it seemed to Roddy, though there were only a few youngsters who had ridden over to Cedarcliff the evening before for an impromptu frolic. The dogs and Roddy's captured mount made a tail to the procession, which dissolved and gathered about Bina and Roddy.

A look from Ivor brought Roddy to the side of the cart.

"I thought you could be trusted to take care of a girl," said Ivor. His contemptuous tone carried cruelly.

Roddy turned away, white to the clamped lips, from which wild horses could have dragged no explanation after that injustice from Ivor. Every one talked kindly and loudly and all together. Roddy's eyes were hard as he watched them put Bina into the cart and give her a spectacular and totally unnecessary sip of brandy. He held his head high as he went to get his horse from Geoff.

"It was every bit my fault, Uncle Rodrick," Bina was saying. Her voice came clearly.

"That 's all very well *now*," said Geoff, scornfully. But Roddy was n't going to tell Geoff anything. Not even when they had quite separated themselves from the procession and fallen far behind was he going to tell Geoff anything.

Geoff glanced at Roddy's profile. He had never before noticed how much alike Roddy and Mary were.

"Still," said Geoff, "what 's a fellow to do about it?"

Roddy did look at him then gratefully and jeeringly.

"First aid to an idiot," said Roddy. "Thank you, Geoff."

Late that evening, as he wandered in the back way from having a solitary row on the creek, his father hailed him.

Roddy came and stood at attention just

within Ivor's door. His hard look had been replaced by a patient one.

"I thought I told you to be in by twelve every night," said Ivor, glancing up at his old clock, always the best part of an hour fast, to put it without exaggeration. "Staying out all night seems to be getting a habit with you."

If Roddy had been a girl his lips would have quivered at this shameless unfairness. There was a perceptible pause before he answered:

"Sorry, sir. It sha'n't happen again."

He went on out, disdaining the slightest glance at the lying, leering clock-face.

At the head of the steps Bina rose up before him, and clasped his arm with both her eager hands.

"Roddy," said Bina, "I would n't blame you a bit for saying—*it*—to me now." Her voice quivered.

"I don't want to say it to you, dear," said Roddy. "You meant no harm, I know. For goodness' sake, go to bed!"

"I told Uncle Rod it was all my fault; but he would n't listen to a word from me. He is perfectly unreas—"

"Sh-h!" said Roddy. His eyes on her flushed, remorseful, adorable face were jesting, sweet. "I forgive you," said Roddy.

He took her by the shoulders and turned her bedward.

LITTLE Pen was lonesome that hot, windy August afternoon. His father, never a person to be depended on for companionship, pounded away on the type-writer in the office. Bina sat in the office door, and read her great-grandmother's love-letters, taking them one by one from an inexhaustible yellow bundle on her knees. Into her absorption Pen could pry no wedge of a plea to come and play. Uncle Rod was off somewhere. Aunt Kathy and Mary had driven to town that morning. Miss Lizzie had gone visiting.

But even as little Pen stood in the middle of the lawn and looked hopelessly about him he caught sight of the orange edges of Roddy's jersey under the willows by the creek.



“Go on!” she ordered Wayne. She looked like a young Clotho daring Atropos to use her shears on Roddy’s thread of life”

"Take me in swimming, Roddy!" he shrieked. He tore at the buttons of his blue Dutch waist as he ran.

It was splendid sport to get on Roddy's back, and feel him forging strongly up the creek with you, thought Pen; all the better sport if you were really afraid a bit.

"Now you do exactly as I tell you," said Roddy, taking him on board. Little Pen promised faithfully that he would do exactly as Roddy told him.

In the long, quiet stretch of water between the house and the old disused water-mill Pen had a good time. He pretended all the way that Roddy was a whale carrying him far out to sea, never to be seen again by the neglectful Bina.

"Here, you," said Roddy, turning about to go back, "don't squeeze me like that!"

Pen's arms relaxed. He pretended now that he had relented, and ordered the whale to take him home because Bina was crying.

Suddenly he slipped and grabbed tighter.

"Don't hold me by the neck, Pen!" said Roddy, hurriedly and urgently. "Catch me under the arms—*quick!*"

Pen got rattled by Roddy's strange tone, and hugged the tighter.

Like all good swimmers, Roddy had imagined that he alone of all the world was immune against drowning; but he changed his mind with horrible suddenness as he sank with little Pen's arms in a strangle-hold around his throat. When he rose he was making a frantic effort to free himself. All at once, at a shout from the bank, the child's arms loosed, and somewhere in the deep hole by the big rock Roddy lost the incubus which had dragged him down for the second time. But on again reaching surface he clawed ineffectively at air, and his breast and his brain were bursting. The third time Roddy came up a rope lay floating across his face; but though he would have been grateful for it earlier in this game of life and death, he felt quite comfortable and contented now, and he did not want their silly old rope. As he sank peacefully for the last time he kept noticing the rope swaying in the water above his face.

After he got little Pen out, Hobson dived again after Roddy. Some one from the stables had come by then, and between them they carried Roddy to the office.

Half an hour later Hobson and the cousin doctor, whom Bina had been able to summon quickly, straightened up and stood looking at the inert figure prone on the floor over the old cushion off the lounge. The arms dangled. The bright head sank. It seemed asking piteously to be let alone. Their cessation of effort made an ominous hush in the room, which roused Bina from her still pose in the doorway.

"You are not going to give up *yet?*" she cried, turning on them. Her incredulous tone made them stoop instantly, and pretend that they had never thought of giving up.

She watched them now, suspicious of their every movement. Sometimes she looked from the door, hoping to see Ivor, whom a boy had gone to find; but mostly she fastened her intent gaze on that inert figure, so strangely Roddy. Only the dazzling dark head had any semblance of life. The eyelashes brushed marble. The lips breathed no more than the lips of a statue. The temples were faint hollows in pale stone.

"Let me rub a while," said Bina to Hobson, noting his air of exhaustion. "I've strong wrists."

"Let her," nodded Wayne to Hobson.

Bina looked steadily from the window in front of her as she strove, trying to draw back to Roddy one little breath of that life all about them, in the sun-flooded air, in the carelessly onward-flowing water, in the wide, beloved landscape, wherein vivid memory images of Roddy and Bina moved as she looked. They rode through cool forests, walked quietly in flower-edged meadows, stood dumbly together on high mountain places, and grew toward heaven as they gazed, or played, like the children they were, on old stretches of shadowed lawn. Yet all the while she was intensely aware of that inertness with which her will strove blindly.

When next she glanced around, Ivor had taken Wayne's place over Roddy. He was asking Hobson about it, and Hobson was telling him in low tones, as if Roddy were dead.

Presently Hobson relieved Ivor. Now that he was inactive, Ivor had time to despair. He kept taking out his watch. After a while he went to the door to listen. It was growing late, and he expected momentarily to hear Mary's call at the ferry.

On turning back into the room he got the full effect of the tormented helplessness of the prone young body. The brilliant August afternoon sunlight poured over it. The wind lifted its shining hair. But it was a dead thing for the sunlight to pour along, for the wind to play with. It was a desecrated thing whereon blundering grief destroyed the dignity of Death's dreadful handiwork.

Ivor strode forward with an arresting gesture.

"I can't bear that any longer," he said in a choked voice.

Hobson and Wayne exchanged glances, and Wayne stood up.

"Well, we've been at it for an hour and a half now," said Wayne. He would speak in that hushed way, as if Roddy were dead.

Bina ran and caught Ivor's arm.

"Go on!" she ordered Wayne. She looked like a young Clotho daring Atropos to use her shears on Roddy's thread of life.

Again Hobson and Wayne exchanged glances.

"Get Ivor out of here, then," muttered Wayne.

"You won't stop?" asked Bina. Wayne promised Bina that they would not stop.

Ivor went with Bina dazedly. He was mulling over the last week in his miserable mind. He had not given Roddy a decently kind word since the Hanging Rock episode. He felt that he might stand what was happening better if he had not been so unjust to Roddy, his one good boy. Yet he knew, and could not help feeling that Roddy, too, had known, the injustice to be only the expression of an

exacting love and pride— Where was the poor child taking him?

He glanced, bewildered, about the old school-room. Still mothering him with an arm, Bina was taking down a battered school-book. She opened it deftly with her free hand to a page picturing drowned manikins being restored to consciousness.

"*Do not give up hope.*" read Bina, looking up in Ivor's face to see if he was listening. "*Keep up artificial respiration for three hours, if necessary, for persons have been revived after showing no signs of life for that length of time.*"

Bina was saying this by heart, still looking anxiously up in Ivor's face. Ivor made a shamed and fearful effort to get hold of himself. He could not help hoping again.

"I see," he said. "Let us go back. I won't make a fool of myself again. It was—just—watching them at him."

Bina understood that. Her arm around Ivor shook.

When they returned Hobson was standing, watch in hand. He put it in his pocket with a guilty start, and took Wayne's place at the lifting, while Ivor again knelt and rubbed, always upward, to get the blood back to the heart. Ivor tried not to think. It was indeed easy not to think, with his heart bursting within him, as if he drowned and suffocated in sorrow.

The sunlight turned pink, and slid with strange suddenness off Roddy and on to Hobson's manuscript, which the wind, now laid, had blown to the floor. In the thick, hot sunset silence they heard Mary's call at the ferry.

"Oh, my God!" said Ivor. His hands dropped with a gesture which yielded. He rose, and stood looking across the river. And Roddy had promised never to give Ivor and Kathy any more trouble.

With a stealthy glance at Bina, Wayne straightened on his knees, and shook his cramped wrists. Hobson stooped and picked up his manuscript, though he did not in the least know that he did this. Nor did he know that a subconscious devil in his brain was whispering, "d. Roderick

Ivor, Jr., August 22, 19—." Hobson gave a violent start, and threw the manuscript from him in amazed horror. As it fluttered down, Wayne got to his feet, and moved to Ivor's side.

For the moment the figure on the floor lay deserted. An advancing shadow stole away even the brightness from the hair. Very quietly Bina went and stood near, gazing down, her hands clasped laxly, touched for the first time with the utter hopelessness which obsessed the men. Then her heart cried once more that it could not be, and she fell to her knees and began to lift at Roddy herself. Her arms felt pulled from their sockets. Her long hair came down and got in her eyes and her way. She panted with supreme effort. Finally her tears of helplessness streamed.

"Oh, I 'm not strong enough!" she gasped, looking up at the group of men standing darkly in the doorway.

Ivor left the group with a sudden movement of resolution.

"Get up!" he said gently to Bina.

And it appeared to Ivor as he again began lifting that there was some difference, some resistance, some lack, however slight, of that terrible inertia which so destroyed his power of hoping. His startled glance said all this to Wayne, who stooped quickly.

"By George!" cried Wayne. His tone rang.

WHEN Roddy opened his eyes from where they had put him on the old lounge, his first thought was that a strand of Bina's hair, as she bent, helping to wind hot blankets about him, was Hob's silly old rope. Then her face, wet with joyful tears, came clear, and he spoke a word weakly.

"Pen?" said Wayne. "Oh, he 's all right. Go get him, Bina."

As Bina ran to get little Pen, Roddy looked about him. Absurdly enough, every one seemed on the verge of tears.

"What 's it all about?" asked Roddy in a more natural tone.

They told him.

"*Two hours and a half—stuff!*"

Then his eyes took in the late slant of sunlight on the floor, and filled with belated comprehension.

"And you kept at me all that time?" he said in a quite different tone.

The three men stole glances at one another. They were abashed by that praise of high wonderment in Roddy's voice and look.

Roddy kept watching them. It seemed to him that the three of them had a look in common, a queer, shamefaced expression. And what was Hob mumbling about Bina?

A great light blazed in on Roddy. He grinned angelically.

"Oh, I *believe* you," he said; "*I believe* you. I 'll bet old Wayne would n't have kept at me any two hours and a half if it had n't been for *Bina*."

He struggled feebly with Ivor's arms and the wound blanket, and managed to sit up as Bina entered, lugging little Pen.

"Come here," said Roddy, reaching out both hands to her, "and get the compliment of your life."

He drew her down until her long brown hair bathed their clasping hands. His lifted eyes shone with deep, spiritual mischief.

"Bina," said Roddy. He found that his voice was not quite steady. He waited a moment before going on. "Bina, you are a persistent little fool."





A birthday dance in Santiago de Chiquitos, with one German and an Englishman

On Foot across Bolivia

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," etc.

Photographs by the author

WHEN I reached Cochabamba¹ nothing was more certain than that I should continue my tramp down the Andes through Sucre and Potosí into the Argentine. But plans do not always keep well in so warm a climate. As I sat musing one afternoon on the "gringo bench" in a shady corner of the main plaza, Sampson, the cockney miner without a mine, cut in:

"Why don't you shoot across Bolivia through Santa Cruz to the Paraguay River, and down that to Asunción and B. A.? Then you'd really be doing something new."

The idea sprouted. I suddenly discov-

¹ Cochabamba is almost in the center of Bolivia; Mr. Franck's easterly walk thence to Brazil was of six hundred miles.—THE EDITOR.

ered that I was weary of high altitudes and treeless *punas*, of the drear sameness of the Andes I had followed from Bogotá, in the far-distant north. The *montaña* promised a new type of people, a new style of life; and a knowledge of South America would be only half complete without including in the itinerary the immense hot lands and river-webbed wilderness spreading eastward from the Andes. To these arguments there was added another even more potent. When I began to make inquiries I learned that the trip was "impossible." My informants even quoted letters recently received to prove it. The last hundred leagues would be entirely under water, and the Indians of the Monte Grande would take care that I should not get so far; to say noth-

ing of miles of chest-deep mud-holes, wild animals, and clouds of even more savage insects, and many days without food or human habitation. That settled it. The impossibility of tramping the Andes had long since faded away, and with it half the charm of the journey. I decided to strike eastward in quest of the Paraguay.

"I would n't mind tackling it myself," said Tommy Cox, when I carried my decision to the "gringo bench" that afternoon. "I'm badly needed in B. A.; but I'm stony broke. Of course if you could carry a steamer-trunk-size man as excess baggage—"

I concluded I could, though I was not overstocked with *bolivianos*, and the nearest possible source of supply would be Buenos Aires. Tommy was to carry his proportionate share of such baggage as I could not throw away, including the tin kitchenette and the half-liter of forty per cent. alcohol that went with it, if experience proved I could trust him with that, leaving me a moderate load. We should have bought a donkey or an Andean pony and saved turning ourselves into pack-animals but for two reasons: first, because such a purchase would have relieved me of about all the *billetes* I had left, and secondly, because no four-footed animal could have endured the journey.

It was mid-December when we swung on our packs in Punata, at the end of the toy railroad that screeches a little way eastward from Cochabamba. Tommy carried his share in the half of a hectic table-cloth tied across his chest, as an Indian woman carries her latest offspring. Though Canadian born, he was a Liverpool dock walloper in accent and appearance, wearing a heavy cap, a kerchief à la Whitechapel about his neck, and could not be induced to be seen publicly without a heavy winter waistcoat,—that is, "w'stco't,"—whatever the tropical temperature. He had given Cochabamba an opportunity to show its gratitude at his departure, but the fourteen *bolivianos* of his last eleemosynary gleanings would barely keep him in cigarettes during the journey. His only personal possession

was a large, sharp-pointed, proudly scoured trowel; for Tommy was by profession a bricklayer and mason. This general convenience, weapon, sign of caste, and hope of better days to come, he wore through the band of his trousers, as a Bolivian peon carries his long knife, and the services it performed were without limit. I never was more nearly minded to throw my kodak into a mud-hole than when it failed to catch Tommy solemnly eating soft-boiled eggs with the point of his faithful trowel.

For the next seven or eight days the going was not unlike that down the crest of the Andes, though gradually growing lower as the endless ridges calmed down slowly, like the waves of some tempestuous sea. The meanness of the Bolivian as contrasted with the sometimes kindly rural Peruvian was daily in evidence. At Duraznillo, for instance, a short day beyond Totora, chief city of that region, there was a public "rest-house" that had once been an adobe chapel; but the local "authority" to whom my government papers were addressed successfully kept himself among the missing, as often happened in the towns of the Andes. It was December 21, the longest day of the Bolivian year, and the sun had not yet set when I boiled oatmeal in the water Tommy brought from a stagnant pool not far away. As the shades of night spread at last, the cement, or, more exactly, baked mud divans of the bare adobe room looked ever harder and less inviting, and in nosing about we were astonished to come upon several imported mattresses covering a pile of adobe bricks on the back *corredor* of the chief, and apparently uninhabited, house of the village. Still, it was possible that the "authority" would come out of his hiding, and we lolled patiently, if road-weary, in the moonlight.

We had waited until perhaps nine, though, without a watch, it seemed hours later, when patience evaporated, and we slipped through a hole in the mud fence, each to embrace a mattress. It may be that a trap had been laid for us. As we



An impromptu Christmas eve celebration in Pampa Grande

approached the wall again an unusually large half-Indian wrapped in a poncho loomed up in the darkness on the other side and bellowed in an authoritative voice:

"What are you doing inside that wall?"

Now, I do not like any man to address me in that tone, least of all a South American Indian, for it is neither good training for his own primitive character nor advantageous to other gringos who may come in contact with him later. Wherefore I drew up to my full height, which did not overtop this extraordinarily large Indian by more than an inch or two, and shouted back at him:

"Speaking to me, Indio?"

"I am *corregidor* of Duraznillo, also guardian of this house."

"Indeed! Then you are the very fellow we have been looking for these last five hours. You will kindly lend us two mattresses to sleep on."

"I will not lend you *one* mattress to sleep on. What are you doing—"

His belligerent attitude showed his blood was Aymará rather than that of the meek Quichua; but to have bowed to his will would have been proportionately as fatal as for a lion-tamer to quail before

his pets. I thrust my chin in his face and echoed his own tone:

"And where have you been hiding yourself ever since we got here? I have a letter for you from the Government, my man."

"Huh!" he snorted, with a crude attempt at sarcasm. "Let 's see that letter from the Government."

"It is in my pack in the chapel any time you want to come for it."

"Bring it over here."

"Since when have *caballeros* run after Indians to show them government orders? Are you going to lend us two mattresses?"

"Nor one!"

"Tommy, chuck over those mattresses."

He did so with trembling hands, for something had given him an unwholesome respect for "authorities." The *corregidor* followed at our heels, bellowing occasionally, as we carried our finds into the ex-chapel and spread one on each of the adobe couches. Not long after a stocky youth and a woman with a flickering candle appeared in the doorway, and the Indian again demanded my papers.

"Can you read?" I asked, sending another shiver of rage down his spine.

"I can," he snarled, which he could, to

the extent of spelling out the order from the prefect of Cochabamba at about a line a minute.

"Very well," he growled at last; "but you are to ask for things, not take them."

"From a *corregidor* that hides himself?"

"And the prefect orders that we furnish what you need *at a just price*," he added triumphantly.

"Exactly."

"Then you will pay two bolivianos each for the use of the mattresses."

"Very well; but you will first make out a receipt for that amount that I can send back to the prefect."

It was not the first time I had played this unflinching card against an Andean "authority" attempting extortion. He knew he was beaten; for though he could read, after a Bolivian fashion, he probably could not write, and moreover would not dare let such a paper reach the prefect. He faded away into the night and was heard no more, though I was not so certain of his Aymará blood as not to prop against the half-open door a heavy beam that would have seemed of lead to any one attempting to sneak in upon us asleep.

But I was disturbed only once. Some time in the darkest hours I was for a long while half aware of some hubbub, and at last woke entirely. The tropical sun seemed to have gone to Tommy's head, for he was tossing back and forth on his couch, beating the wall with his precious trowel and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Mortar! mortar! How in —— can I lay bricks if you don't keep me in mortar?"

ALL the blazing day that followed we tramped stonily between ever-lower cactus-grown hills, the rare huts huddled in scant patches of shade now of mere open-work poles. To sleep in them was far less inviting than in the open jungle. The first gnats and giant-jawed insects we were doomed to endure more and more as we advanced to the eastward began to

annoy us. For hours only the mournful note of the jungle dove broke the silence. But as scrub trees thickened, bird life became more numerous; bands of parakeets screamed by overhead, and now and then appeared a parrot and his mate, forerunners of many to come.

But the Andes did not subside so easily. Next morning the trail shook off the river and struck upward through dry hills, only to drop again headlong into another cañon, with a muddy, lukewarm brook snaking through it. Rarely among the spiny scrub trees we came upon a miserable hut of poles and sticks, in each of which lounged a dozen or more of the mongrel people of the region. *Rancho* was being cooked in one such, and though the natives showed no joy or any other species of activity at our presence, when the meal was ready, a tin wash-basin of rice, *charqui*, and pepper stew was set on the ground before us, and a wooden spoon was silently handed to each of us. There was of course no bread, but a gourd bowl of *mote*, or shelled ripe corn boiled soft, was added for our friendly competition. This was one contest in which Tommy was easily my superior. The languid yellow woman would not accept payment for the food, though she did readily enough for the chicha we had drunk, recalling to my companion far-off memories of "free lunch," so that several times during the blazing afternoon I heard his sheet-iron voice torturing the wilderness behind me with his own version of a one-time Broadway favorite:

"Stake me back to New York town—"

Several times every day we sweated to a lofty hilltop and stretched out in the welcome breeze, with range back of blue range spreading away into ever-bluer distance. Between the ridges we undulated over half-sandy country, completely deserted. At a scattered cluster of jungle huts that we came upon one afternoon a band of drunken half-Indians, male and female, were celebrating the customary wake in and about a hut where a baby had died. The corpse of the *angelito* lay pale-yellow and half naked on a crude,



An *alcalde* of the lower eastern Andes, and his family and home

bare table, a lighted candle on each side of its head, its nostrils stuffed with cotton, while in and about the premises rolled maudlin, fishy-eyed half-breeds only too glad of any excuse for consuming gallons of overripe chicha. The priest's assurance that baptized infants go directly to heaven makes such a death almost cause for rejoicing among the ignorant population of Bolivia, even if it leads to nothing worse than passive infanticide.

One morning not long afterward we came out on the wonderful vista of tropical South America, a world of dense-wooded hills spreading out in every direction to the purple haze of distance, the unbroken green sea of the *montaña*, rolling and more nearly hilly than I had expected, stretching endlessly away as far as the world was to be seen. We had come to the edge of the Andes at last.

Bananas and palms appeared, and insects bit us from hair to ankles. Dense woods crowded the trail, heavy in sand, close on each hand. That care-free attitude of the tropics came upon us, for the first time bringing full realization of the strain on the system of living and tramping two or three miles up in the air. Night now had no terrors, for we could

lie down anywhere; and if food was scarce and tasteless, complaint was too troublesome to be indulged in in so apathetic a climate. Fruit of all kinds grew, —plantains, bananas, melons, oranges green in color, papayas—and eggs, but could rarely be had. A warlike attitude might have obtained more, but that is indigenous to the bleak highlands rather than to the lazy tropics. Anyway, through it all Tommy would have hung on my coat-tail, had I worn one, shuddering in his English laboring-class voice: "Don't! Oh, don't tyke it! The police!" But once anything had been obtained, he would have made way with it so rapidly that I should have caught little more than the vagrant aroma. The craving for sweets was alarming. We ate great chunks of the crude first product of the crushed sugar-cane, here called *empanisado*, and fifteen minutes after the best meal of the journey we would have jumped to accept an invitation to a fifteen-course dinner, had any such been imminent.

Beyond La Guardia the country was more open, and the deep sand trail in which the constant slap of our feet sounded monotonously led across half-open meadows, with single trees and graz-

ing cattle here and there. In time the forest opened out so that a breeze drifted across to temper the midsummer heat. The way lay so straight across the floor-flat country that the line of telegraph-poles looked like a single one clear to the horizon. There were many huts now, roofed and even entirely made of palm-trees. The jungle ahead was so flat and green, and banked by clouds beyond, that one constantly had the feeling that the sea was about to open up ahead. Ponderous ox-carts crawled by noiselessly through the deep sand, solid wooden wheels behind three and even four pairs of drowsy oxen. Once in passing a hut I was startled by a cry of "Se vende pan!" and went in to buy of two females whose faces were a patchwork of gnat-bites some tiny, soggy biscuits at a price still to be wondered at when one knew that the flour came all the way from Tacoma, and paid duty not only to enter the republic, but every department. Everything moved leisurely now, even the breeze, as is proper and fitting to the tropics, where even the white man finds it a task to wash; and a week's lack of shave veiled our sun-toasted features. We loafed languidly on, yet though there were other evidences that we were approaching a city, there were no more visible signs of it than in approaching Port Saïd from the sea.

At last, so gradually that we were some time in distinguishing it from a tree-top, a dull-colored church tower grew up down the green lane just in line with the vista of telegraph-poles, and finally, amid gusts of Scotch mist and under heavy skies, we drifted inertly into a sand-paved, silent, tropical city street, past rows of languid stares, and on the last afternoon of the year, with Cochabamba 335 miles behind us, we sat down dripping and sun-burned in the central plaza of Santa Cruz de la Sierra.

The capital of all the vast tropical department of eastern Bolivia owes its fame largely to its isolation. Far away one hears much of it; once there, one finds little. Like the eminent men of many secluded corners of South America, it is

important only through the exceeding unimportance of its neighbors. Tommy had heard so many stories of the unrivaled generosity of the *Cruceños* that he was astonished to get clear to the plaza without being invited from some doorway to come in and make his home there. It is a city of silence. Not only its bare feet, but its primitive ox-carts, make not a sound in the sand streets. There is no industry to add its strident voice, and every street fades away at each end into the trackless, whispering, jungled *montaña*.

In this rainy season, which begins in earnest with the new year and lasts through April, it had many muddy pools and ponds, along the edges of some of which the streets crawled by on long heaps of the skulls of cattle, bleached snow-white by the sun. The larger ponds were almost lakes, and carried the mind back to Kandy, Ceylon. Frequently the streets were flooded deep for an hour or more until the thirsty sand had drunk up the tropical deluge. For these eventualities the town has a system of its own. At every street corner four rows of weather-blackened piles protrude a foot or more above the sand, and along these stepping-stones the shod minority passes from one roofed sidewalk to another.

The houses invariably consist of a large room, by day opening directly on the porch sidewalk, though the best of them are rather bare in appearance despite a small forest of frail cane chairs, black in color, as the best provided *cruceño* family is not rich by our standards. From the dull whitewashed mud walls protrude several pairs of hammock-hooks, for beds are virtually unknown in Santa Cruz. Many have a little hand sewing-machine set on or near the floor, and all but invariably a few crude wooden tubs of bananas, tropical fruits, soggy bread cakes, and native sugar of all kinds except refined white sit near the door; for there are few even of the "best families" that do not patch out their existence with a bit of amateur shop-keeping.

The rumors that seep up out of Santa Cruz of her beautiful pure-white types



A typical kitchen of Chiquitos

are largely of artificial propagation. It is true that she has a larger percentage of Spanish blood than any other Bolivian city; but this is rarely found in its unadulterated form. A mongrel mixture is all but general, thanks largely to a lack of social tautness and to the overstock of one sex, due chiefly to the young men going down into the rubber districts of the Beni and not so frequently returning, that makes the percentage of *Cruceños* born out of legal wedlock high even for Bolivia.

HERE Tommy fell victim to that loathsome ailment popularly known as "cold feet." An attack of fever and the nebulous promise of occupation for his trusty trowel may have been among the causes, but the inoculation was chiefly due to the replies to our inquiries about the road ahead. These were not exactly reassuring. There is one of the sand streets of Santa Cruz de la Sierra that does not run out to nothing in the surrounding jungle, but dwindles to what is locally known as the "camino de Chiquitos," and pushes on to the eastward more than four hundred miles to the Paraguay, forming an important, but little known, exit from Bolivia

since she has been cut off from the Pacific. But "road" in this case does not mean anything like a traveled route. For the first week travelers must carry all supplies; stories were legion of the unending pest of insects, of the danger of snakes and "tigers"; the route was said to abound in chest-deep mud-holes and mile-long swamps, and in this rainy season the last twenty leagues or more nearest the Paraguay was commonly completely inundated. Moreover, beyond the Rio Guapay, a day east of the capital, stretched the famous Monte Grande, the densest of unbroken forest, where roam a tribe of wild Indians that, seated, shoot with their feet a six-foot arrow of *chonta*, or black-palm, from a bow of the same material, with such force that it passes entirely through the body of the victim. This was said to be quite unpleasant. Nor could this information be treated as an idle rumor, for we had only to drop in on any one of several men in town, some gringos among them, to see relics of recent attacks in which even horsemen traveling in parties had been lost.

The first indispensable requirement of preparation was to get a cloth hammock,

with a *mosquitero* of a material finer than cheese-cloth as a protection against tiny, but powerful, gnats; for the only sleeping-place on most of the journey was that which the traveler carried with him. In addition I must *hacer tapeque*, as they say in Santa Cruz, or "pack" a bag of rice of ten pounds and a few sheets of *charqui*, or sun-dried beef. Add to this the indispensable clothing, sealed tins of salt and matches, kitchenette, photographic and writing materials, and various unavoidable odds and ends and it will be readily understood why I staggered heavily across town on January 8 to begin the longest single leg of my South American journey.

But it was my good fortune to find another traveler bound in the same direction. Heinrich Konanz, born in Karlsruhe, had served the last of his three years of military service in the expedition against the Chinese Boxers, and had since worked as a carpenter in China and California until he had concluded to seek a permanent home as a colonist in some region where population was less numerous. He was largely innocent of geography, spoke habitually a painful cross between his once native tongue and what he fancied was English, with a peppering of Chinese, and knew virtually no Spanish. The mule that had carried him from Cochabamba he found it necessary to turn into a pack-animal for the tools, provisions, and materials purchased in Santa Cruz, and was to continue on foot. He had placidly been making plans to push on alone until suddenly rumors reached him in his own tongue of the Monte Grande and its playful Indians. His first inclination was to return to Cochabamba; but his hotel room was heaped with the supplies sold to him by his wily local fellow-countrymen, who would not take them back at a fourth of the original cost. In the end he made a virtue of necessity, added a new rifle to the revolver and shot-gun he already carried, and found room on his mule for the heavier of my baggage in return for the reassurance of my company.

It was a brilliant day when I shouldered the German's rifle, my own revolver

well oiled and freshly loaded, and led the way out of town. Mud-holes along which we picked our way on rows of whitened cattle skulls soon gave place to a great pampa, with tall, coarse grass and scattered trees, across which lay a silent sand road so utterly dry that we had already suffered considerably from thirst before we reached at noon the first "well," a slimy mud-hole in a clump of trees. In the afternoon the forest closed in tightly about us except for the deep-sand cart-road, with frequent long stretches of watery mud. Twice during the day we met a train of heavy, crude ox-carts roofed with sun-dried hides that recalled the "prairie schooners" of pioneer days, eight oxen to each, creaking slowly westward. Soon all the forest about us was screaming like a dozen suffragette meetings in full session, and fancying the uproar came from edible wild fowls, I crept in upon them rifle in hand. To my surprise, I found a band of small monkeys in a huge tree-top shrieking together in a sort of incessant Greek chorus. A monkey steak would have been highly acceptable, and I fired my revolver into the branches. Instantly there fell, not the ingredients of a sumptuous evening repast, but the most absolute silence. The little creatures did not flee, however, but each sprang a limb or two higher, and watched my slightest movement with brilliant, roving eyes.

We pushed on through incessant forest, punctuated with mud-holes. On the afternoon of the second day a yellow youth overtook us and asked if we needed a *pelota*. We did, and he stopped at a hut some distance on, to reappear carrying on his head an entire ox-hide, sun-dried and still covered with the long red hair of its original owner, folded like a sheet of writing-paper. For a mile or more he plodded noiselessly behind, until suddenly the notorious Rio Grande, or Guapay, opened out before us. It was a yellow-brown stream as wide as the lower Connecticut, flowing swiftly northward to join the Marmoré and Madeira on their way to the Amazon. We splashed half a mile or more up along its edge to offset the dis-

tance we should be carried down-stream before striking a landing opposite. Here two brown men, completely naked but for a palm-leaf hat securely tied on, relieved the youth of his burden and set to turning it into a boat. These *pelotas de cuero* (leather balls) are the ferries of all this region, being transportable, whereas a wooden boat, left behind, would be stolen by wild Indians. Around the edge of the hide were a dozen or more loop-holes through which was threaded a cord that drew it up in the form of a rude tub. To obtain firmness, the hat-wearers laid a corduroy of sticks in the bottom, then piled our entire baggage into it, set the German atop, and dragged it down the sloping mud-bank into the water, while the youth coaxed the mule into the stream and swam with it to the opposite shore. This would have seemed load enough and to spare, but when I had fulfilled my duties as official photographer of the expedition, I, too, was lifted in, as they no

doubt would have piled in Tommy also, had he been with us, and away we went, easily five hundred pounds, speeding down the hurrying yellow stream, the naked pair first wading, then swimming beside us, clutching the *pelota*, the gunwales of which were in places by no means an inch above the water. Had the none-too-stout cord broken, the hide must instantly have flattened out and left us for an all-too-brief moment, like passengers on the magic carpet of Oriental fairy-tales.

Before and high above us, where the craft was coaxed ashore, stretching like an endless green, giant wall farther than the eye could follow in either direction, stood an impenetrable forest, the famous Monte Grande, or "Great Wilderness," of Bolivia. Here was the chief haunt of the wild Indians of the penetrating arrow, a



Jim and "Hughtie" Powell, who immigrated from Texas as children and live as Bolivian peons

region otherwise absolutely uninhabited, through which the endless "road" squeezes its way for hundreds of miles without a break and almost without a shift of direction. We swung our hammocks under saplings in the extreme edge of it, for the journey through the Monte Grande is fixed in its itinerary, by the sites of the four "garrisons" maintained by the Bolivian Government some five leagues apart as a theoretical protection against the nomadic Indians.

In the morning we deployed in campaign formation. With our revolvers loose in their holsters, the German marched ahead with his shot-gun, closely followed by his affectionate "mool," while I brought up the rear with the new Winchester. This was the place of honor and most promise, for the Indians do not face their intended victims, but spring from

behind a tree to shoot the traveler in the back, and jump back out of sight again. But this was not our lucky day, for though I glanced not infrequently over my shoulder, I did not once catch even a kodak-shot at one of their feather clouts.

But if the savages failed us, there were other things to make up for them. Every instant of the day we were fighting swarms of gnats and mosquitos, and though the sun rarely got a peep in upon us, the heavy, damp heat that pervaded even the shade of the unbroken forest walls above kept us half blinded with the salt sweat in our eyes. The region being utterly flat, the waters of the rainy season gather in the faintest depression, which passing ox-carts churn into a slough beyond description, while the barest suggestion of a stream inundates to a swamp the entire surrounding region. All day long mud-holes, often waist-deep for long distances, completely occupied the narrow road. In the first miles we sought, in our inexperience, to escape these by attempting to tear our way around them through the forest, but so dense was this that passage was commonly impossible and forced us to turn back and take to wading. Now and then we slipped into unseen cart-ruts and plunged to the shoulders into noisome slime.

At sunset we waded through a barred gate into the *pascana*, or tiny natural clearing, of Cañada Larga, the first of the *fortines* with which Bolivia garrisons the Monte Grande. Five miserable thatched huts, some without walls and the others of open-work poles set upright, were occupied by half a dozen boyish conscripts in faded rags of khaki and one slattern female. Our government order called upon the commander to "give us all facilities, wood and water, and sell us supplies *provided they had any.*" But the Government had so long forgotten their existence that the soldiers themselves had barely a scant ration of rice, which each cooked in his own tin pot lest a fellow rob him of a grain or two. They were too apathetic to dig a well or plant anything, however heavily time hung on their hands,

preferring to starve on half-rations and to choke in the dry season and to drink liquid mud in the wet.

The gnats quickly got wind of the arrival of fresh supplies and attacked us in veritable platoons. Known to the natives as *jejenes*, they are almost invisible, yet can bite through a woollen garment so effectively that the mosquito's puny efforts pass entirely unnoticed in comparison, and leave a tiny red spot that itches cruelly for days to come. In no circumstances did they give a moment of respite. We could not leave off fighting them long enough to lift a kettle off the fire without a hundred instantly stinging us in as many spots, and to lie in a hammock was next to impossible, as they soon found their way through the *mosquitero* even when they did not bite up through the bottom of our swinging beds. Born though they were in this region, or at least accustomed to the pests for a year or more of military service, the soldiers one and all ate their food marching constantly up and down the "parade-ground," striking viciously at themselves with the free hand.

Day after day we slushed on through endless forest and mud swamps, halting every night at one of the "fortresses," each of which grew worse, if possible, as the distance from the capital increased. Frequently after walking all day we paced back and forth half the night in vain attempts to escape the torturing *jejenes*, and continued in the morning with an all but unconquerable tendency to fall on our faces from sleepiness while in full march. On the afternoon of the fifth day beyond the Guapay, we sighted a little wooded hill bulging slightly above the forest ahead, and at nightfall took possession of a *galpón*, or roof on legs, in the hamlet of El Cerro, the first suggestion of civil habitation. But the long-anticipated feast was scanty. El Cerro had little to sell and less desire to sell it. Konanz was so worn out that he threw himself down supperless without even swinging his hammock, and only after a long hut-to-hut canvass did I coax a native to sell a pound of freshly killed beef and an *empanisado*, or huge

block of crude, dark-brown unpurified sugar. It was the second day thereafter that I got Konanz started eastward again.

From El Cerro the landscape changed, leaving the dense Monte Grande, with its glue-like loam, behind, and showing the first palm-trees and frondous vegetation characteristic of Chiquitos. The forest thinned somewhat, and birds large and small, from herons to parrakeets, enlivened the often-flooded wilderness. The road was wider, so that the sun beat in upon us incessantly, and though we paused to drink from any cart-rut or stagnant swamp pool and to wash the sweat out of our eyes, these quickly filled again. Twice we halted at collections of huts for the night, but commonly reached only some gnat-inhabited *pascana*, these small natural clearings being so important on the trans-Bolivia route that each has a name solemnly engraved on the map of the republic. The natives built all-night smudge-fires before the small open doors of their mud huts, forming a curtain of smoke through which few gnats passed. All the night through they swung incessantly in their hammocks. What secret process the people of this region have to keep swinging while to all appearances they are sleeping soundly I was never able to learn; but more than once I watched a full hour their constant movement, lying all but on their backs, one bare leg hanging over the leg of the *hamaca*, as if these children of the wilderness had long since solved the problem of perpetual motion that civilization has so far sought in vain. The early Spaniards named the region Chiquitos because the low doors as a protection against insects and other pests forced the inhabitants to make themselves *chiquitos* (tiny) to crawl through them.

ONE day late in January we left the main road and struck off by a trail through a half-open country to visit the ranch of Henry Halsey, an American dwelling in complete isolation in almost the exact geographic center of South America. The day was brilliant, and I let the German and his mule draw on



Manuel Abasto, a native of Santa Cruz
de la Sierra

ahead until they were lost to view. That morning we had hung on the pack a whole bunch of the fat, silky little bananas of the region. Gradually hunger intruded itself through my dreams, and almost at the instant it grew tangible a fresh banana appeared in the trail before me. For an hour or two I came upon one of them as often as hunger returned, as nicely proportioned to my requirements as manna to the Israelites. But hour after hour passed without a sight of Konanz. He was not accustomed to lead the way for so prolonged a period, and I pushed on more rapidly, not entirely free from visions of savages falling upon him. The sun stood high overhead, casting down its rays like the contents of an overturned melting-pot, when I at last sighted him some distance ahead. He lay, running with sweat and panting, in the scant shade of a bush, to another of which the mule stood tied, eying him suspiciously. It was

some time before he gathered breath to relieve my anxiety.

"O you — — mool!" he gasped at last, shaking his fist at the animal so savagely that it all but tore itself loose. "Ven I don't haf to carry der pack I right away now shoot you through der head. You —"

Expurgated of its adjectives, his bitter tale ran that, having been beaten and kicked during all the loading that morning, the animal had suddenly taken fright when the German started up from a log on which he had rested a moment and had run away. For hours he had pursued her, losing sight of her entirely, and tracking her only by the trail of bananas she had dropped at intervals for my benefit. Finally, frightened no doubt at finding herself completely alone in the trackless wilderness, "she come valking pack against me, chust like a vomans, py Gott; rhunned away, an' den gum schneaking pack pegause she haf to haf der home un' der master. Oh, you—"

Beyond the rancho of Pablo Rojo the pampa gave place to *monte*, dense jungle and tangled growth some ten feet high, not tall enough to shade us from the blazing afternoon sun, yet high enough to cut us off in the trough-like trail from every breath of breeze until our tongues and throats were parched and as dry as *charqui*, and the sand burned our feet through our worn shoes. Konanz could only be coaxed along a mile at a time, but the sun was still above the horizon when the endless jungle was broken by the welcome sight of a thatched house set in corn and bananas, before which were working three apparent natives in long-uncut hair and beards, barefoot, in leather *jojotas*, and with the native dress of two thin and faded cotton garments, topped by sun-faded straw hats of local weave.

But all were Americans, Halsey himself and two of the sons of a couple that had immigrated to Chiquitos from Texas not long after the Civil War. These youths were as truly peons as any of the natives, subject to the same "slavery" of all the region, in that they took an advance in

hiring out, and continued to get themselves deeper and deeper into debt to their employer. One was then "working out" a rifle and the other a saddle-steer. Born in the region, they had all the diffidence of the native peon, spoke English, of the "white trash" sort, only when forced to lamely and without self-confidence, and ending every sentence with an appeal to their aged and bedraggled old mother, "Ain't thet right, Maw?"

Four days I swung in my hammock under one of the great trees of Halsey's estate, reading belated magazines of the light-weight order, the neurotic artificiality of which seemed particularly ridiculous against this background of primitive nature. It was easy to understand how even the white man can drop out of the race here in the perfect tropics and let life drift on without him. Halsey pointed out the beginning of a trail that led some fifteen miles back to the Bolivian cross-country road, and I prepared to push on alone; for the German would go no farther, but planned to explore the country round about until he found a spot worth settling upon as soon as the fever that now racked his bones daily had left him.

THE faint path through thick prairie-grass and low bush died out even sooner than I had feared. I pushed on in the direction I knew I must go, south and a shade east. A big wooded bluff standing above the jungle landscape like the Irish coast from the sea gave an objective point.

But to keep a due course in the trackless jungle is not so easy as to set it. I was soon among heavier bushes that cut down my progress as a head wind cuts that of a sailing-vessel, then head high in undergrowth that made every step a struggle, then in thick forest, with the densest jungle overrunning everything and snatching, clinging, tearing at me for all the world like living beings determined to stop my advance at any cost. Vines in-wrapped my head, chest, waist, and feet at every step, requiring as often a wild struggle to tear my way through; countless thorns and brambles gashed and rended



“ Don Cupertino ” (third from left), one of the chief residents and officials of eastern Bolivia, with his family and two servants. The man on the right is a German

my sweat-rotted clothing; a bush reached forth and snatched a sleeve out of my shirt; wild pineapple-leaves tore at my legs, laying bare my knees through my breeches; the entangled growth poured blinding sweat into my eyes, broke my boot-laces, and treacherously tripped me, so that I fell, smashing headlong into jungle bushes where no one knew what might be sleeping or lurking. Every such plunge left me so breathless from the incessant struggle that I was several minutes gathering strength to crawl to my feet and tear my way onward. The scent of wild animals was pungent, and signs of their passing and lairs were frequent, but not one did I see or hear. Now and then I fell into a short path or the recent sleeping-place of some beast. Half dead with thirst, noon found me still fighting nature with might and main and with the growing conviction that I should still be struggling when night came upon me. The blue headland of Ypias had long since been lost to view, and I found I was indeed going around in a circle, like the heroes of fiction, until I drew out my compass and insisted that nature let me through the way it indicated.

At last, when thirst seemed no longer endurable, I broke out into a small space clear of jungle, though the giant grass made the going almost as laborious, and finding a small swamp in its center, I threw myself down to drink half dry the first pool of it. From it radiated in all directions through the tall grass the paths by which the wild animals came down to drink, and every inch of the wet sand was marked with their footprints, as fresh as if they had that moment passed. I recognized those of the deer, the heavy anta, the cat-clawed jaguar, while those of at least a score of smaller species were plainly visible.

To cut short an endless story, I tore on all the blazing afternoon, hunger completely lost beneath the weight of a thirst like a raging furnace within me. Then suddenly, toward sunset, when I had concluded the jungle had no end, I fell out of it into a broad, sandy road, sprawling on hands and knees, for it was worn several feet deep into the sandy soil of the dense wilderness through which its way had been chopped. It soon brought me to the uninhabited *pascana* of Ypias.

Luckily the rains had been delayed, or

I might have been held for months in the hilltop hamlet of Santiago until the floods common to the twenty leagues or more west of the Paraguay subsided. As it was we passed day after uninhabited day through the same succession of mud-holes and clouds of *jejenes*, swinging our hammocks at night in tiny *pascanas*. I say "we" because I had fallen in with two American surveyors, returning from Santiago, mounted on huge mules, the extra one of which I bestrode. But such a route was harder mule-back than afoot. On the last morning we awoke at two to find the moon brilliant, and pulling on our soggy garments, we pushed eagerly on. On the right the Southern Cross stood forth brightly whenever a fleck of cloud veiled the moon. Away in the forest monkeys wailed their everlasting plaint. Great masses of green vines, covering irregular giant bushes, looked like German castles in the moonlight. The first flush of dawn showed in the V-shaped opening ahead the shoulders of the advance horseman cutting into the paling sky. Then day "came up like thunder" out of the endless wilderness, and somehow it seemed wasteful to keep the moon still burning after the tropical sun had flooded all the scene. Tall, slender palms, all possible forms of trees, festooned and draped with vines in fantastic web and lace effects, stood out against the sky. Masses of pink morning-glories soon shrunk under the sun's glare; lively, brown moor-hens, flicking their black tails saucily, foraged about mud-holes and flew clumsily, like chickens, with little half-jumps, as we passed. Beyond the *pascana* Tacuaral, with its myriads of slim *tacuara* palms, the coun-

try that should have been flooded at this season was waterless, though our thirsty animals all but fell down in the enormous sun-dried cart-ruts in the road. Hour after sun-baked hour we jogged on. An occasional hut with a banana-grove appeared in a tiny place shaved out of the hirsute forest; in mid-afternoon we sighted through the heat rays ahead a wide street, with red-tiled buildings and open water beyond, backed far away by more low wooded ridges, and the Port of Suarez and the end of Bolivia was at hand. It was two months to a day since Tommy and I had set out from Cochabamba.

Dawn was just beginning to paint red the humid air between jungle and sky across the lagoon of Cáceres, formed by the river Paraguay, when I descended to its edge and by dint of acrobatic feats of equilibrium managed a bath and left in the mud and slime, like fallen and abandoned heroes of many a campaign, the remnants of my tramping garb. As I climbed the bank new-clad, there persisted the subconscious feeling that I had heartlessly left behind some faithful friend of long standing. The gasolene launch chugged more than two hours across the muddy lagoon until there rose from the jungle, on a bit of knoll, the modern city of Corumbá, in the State of Matto Grosso, Brazil, to the residents of which the appearance of a lone traveler from out the ferocious wilds and haunts of *bugres* beyond the lagoon that ends their world was little less wonder-provoking than the arrival of one from a distant planet. Here at last was civilization—expensive civilization—and steamers every few days to Asunción and Buenos Aires.



Olivia Mist

By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

Author of "The Good Girl," "The Burned House," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

LAST week I chanced to read in a Cincinnati paper that Mrs.—well, it does not matter about her present name; she was Olivia Mist when I knew her—had "thrown open the spacious saloons of her large and handsome residence" to an audience who listened while an eminent English author discoursed about Post-impressionism, Cubism, the gasping school in poetry, the Russian novel, with a side glance at Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley, and others of the eighteen-nineties. I was interested by this announcement, but hardly surprised. Still, I permitted myself a little sardonic smile at Olivia, out there in her "spacious saloons," and this, when you have read my account, you will agree I had a perfect right to do.

I have a passion for places which have a "season" out of the season. There, if anywhere, you touch romance and you see ghosts. You see all the history of a crowd that has vanished and the fate of a crowd that has not yet arrived. You stroll through the empty casino, and come upon a lady's glove, a faded flower, a torn dance-card, an odd playing-card, a bill of fare, a concert program, left there to be swept away to the dust-heap. Signs and announcements, meant for crowds on the beach or promenade, or on the alley-walk leading to the spring, stare blindly and impotently at the solitary passenger. In front of the theater the placard of a troupe of actors who came and vanished two months ago is lashed by the dreary winter rain. All the places which are so much sought after, which cost immense sums to reach in the season, are now wide open to the pensive stroller. He can now lounge in the paddock of the race-course for hours if he wishes, undisturbed by anything but the wind howling round the grand stand; and on some day when the

caretaker is airing the theater, he can seat himself comfortably in the principal box and watch the ghosts of old actors perform fantastically.

I have always had this passion; I have it now; and if my shade inhabits anywhere, it will doubtless be at some San Sebastian or Trouville or Atlantic City—though I hope not Atlantic City—out of the season. In the middle of the eighteen-nineties, when I was still what may be called a youth, this passion of mine already burned with a "hard gem-like flame," and I carefully tended it. So it was that I was led to Mont Dore, in the Puy-de-Dôme, at the end of October, when everybody had gone, and the Hotel Sarciron was on the point of closing. I settled down to stay as long as the hotel people were disposed to keep me—to maintain a chef, a head-waiter, a page, and three or four chambermaids all for my benefit.

As a matter of fact, I was very little in the hotel. I went to hotels from a timidity in dealing with life, and a kind of helplessness in solving problems of residence, arising from the tradition that if you arrived at a place where you were unknown, you ought to make at once for the leading hotel. I had been taught that in any place below the leading hotel you were likely to be robbed, or poisoned by bad food, or catch infectious diseases. But there was always some feeling of shame inside me as I entered the safe portals of the large hotel, as if I had condescended to a degrading compromise, because the large hotel somewhat conflicted with the artistic scheme of life then pursued. That postulated the tavern and the café as the only possible habitat for the true artist when on his travels; just as it postulated, as the only possible alternative to the society of

artists, the society of circus-people, and failing them, of tramps and even of criminals. It also postulated a mistress, another piece of artistic baggage in which I was shamefully lacking. Many of the artists I admired resided, from choice rather than from necessity, in some sunless, rat-ridden house in a narrow, smelly street; and after I had climbed innumerable stairs, meeting with a fresh smell on every landing, I used to gaze uneasily at those I had come to visit, apprehensive lest at any moment they should tumble down at my feet, felled by some dread malady arising from unsanitary dwelling. They, on the other hand, I felt, regarded me with some disdain as one who, dwelling amid the gilt and marble of the modern hotel, could not possibly do anything worth while. Remember, I speak of the eighteen-nineties. Nowadays it is the other way about. But at that time this feeling was very rigid. If poets or painters had relatives—mothers or aunts or suchlike—who lived in opulent conditions, they did their best to conceal them. It almost labeled a man as an amateur at once if it came out that his uncle had a country estate or that his aunt was the wife of a wealthy lawyer.

In the same way there was only one excuse for living in luxurious quarters, and that was to be in debt. There was something daredevil and Balzacian about that which tended to enhance a man's artistic qualities. But at a hotel you cannot very well be in debt; they won't allow it. Very well then.

So I generally shunned the hotel I happened to be staying at except to swallow occasional sullen meals there and to go to bed. In a city, if any prepossessing lady happened to be stepping out of the hotel at the same time that I was, I would walk as close to her as I could, so that any of my friends who might be passing would take the impression that I had been in there reveling, and I would thus find grace in their sight. But no prepossessing lady, no lady at all, in fact, seemed to be in the hotel at Mont Dore when I arrived there. And none of my acquaintance, ar-

tistic or other, was likely to be in Mont Dore at the end of October.

Nevertheless, I sought out a café in which to spend most of my waking hours. I found one up a little street, paved with cobbles, which ended in a stable for cattle. Grass grew between the cobbles, and the afternoon sun used to fall very sweetly in the quiet place. There were about four tables in the little café, and the floor was sanded. I usually had it entirely to myself; the owners were elsewhere about their business. In fine weather the door stood wide open. Occasionally some farm-hand from the mountains would come in, bid me good day, go to the counter, and after drinking off a glass of wine that he had poured from one of the bottles, put down the price, and go his way. As the sunlight stole across the floor, and touched the old gray cat dozing in a chair and the geraniums in pots in the windows, a tinkle of bells would be heard, and the cows coming down from the mountains would go by, driven by a barefoot girl holding a long stick. Now and then one of the cows would stop and put her moist nose round the door, and give me a half-friendly look from her wide, distrustful eyes. The chickens, too, which on and off all day were seeking treasure between the cobbles, would sometimes venture over the threshold and stroll across the floor. I had orders from the goodwife to drive them out, but it was too much trouble. Oh, place divine! Give me to live, to dream away my days, in that or a like quiet place! Grant me this, and all the fame and notoriety in the world anybody else can have for me.

The sun-shadows would turn yellow and gold, and then die on the floor. The clock in the corner, after incredible wheezing, would clamp out five o'clock. The cat would rise, stretch herself back and forth, and walk off daintily. And I too would put the finishing touches on a poem called, perhaps, "City Fever," and take myself peacefully back to the hotel, pausing now and then to watch the shadows muffling the mountain-tops. But it was another iron rule in my school of art not



"There I found them both again, looking, as it seemed to me, a little forlorn"

to take poetical inspiration from rural scenes or vegetables, or from anything, in fact, which had not been touched to a different beauty by artifice.

One afternoon, seated thus placidly in the little café, listening to the bells softly tinkling as the cows and the goats came home, I was aroused by a most unexpected occurrence. A young lady of the foreign-tourist type—quite the last kind of person I should have expected to see there—rushed into the room, and stood panting and terrified in the middle of the floor.

"*Vauche!*" she shouted. "*Ally-von-song.*" She glared at me imperiously. "*Comprenny-voo?*"

"Perfectly," I replied as I rose. "What is it you want done?"

"Oh, you speak English?" Considerable relief was in her face. "I'm really glad. I speak English myself."

Her accent, however, was decidedly American.

"Those cows," she went on hurriedly, "are coming up the street. They're quite wild. They're as dangerous as they can be. Can't you send for the police?"

I assured her that the cows were quiet. Even as I spoke, the cow that was accustomed to say how d'ye do to me put her head in at the door. Immediately the girl shrieked.

"Quiet! It's a mad bull!"

I shooed at the cow, which regarded me with pained astonishment at this exhibition of bad manners. Thereupon the little cow-driver came along and hit her a resounding thwack on her flank with the long stick. For an instant the cow gazed at me in deep reproach, and then moved slowly on, with less faith in humankind than ever.

"It's an outrage," said the young lady. "The law would not allow it anywhere else but in France. Why, in America if a cow did *that*—"

Words failed her. She was now recovering her poise, and felt it was time to give an eye to her dignity.

"I am not afraid of *quiet* cows," she said deliberately; "but all French cows are mad, like most of the people."

Then she asked me the shortest way to the Hotel Sarciron.

"I am going there myself," I said, gathering up the leaves of a story I was trying to write about a worn sinner who lived in a tower beside a graveyard.

Before we had gone far, a voice called "Olivia!" and we saw a white-haired and extremely dry-looking lady standing in the door of a hardware shop across the street beside the amiable proprietor, who smiled widely and made reassuring signs to us.

"Why, Olivia Mist," repeated the lady, querulously, "wherever did you get to? I've been just frightened to death."

"That's my aunt," said Olivia. "When we saw the cows coming we ran in different directions. I'm glad she's safe."

At dinner that evening the head-waiter, imagining that with only ourselves in the hotel three compatriots would like to be friendly, had placed my table near that of Miss Mist and her aunt. We met, however, as perfect strangers. I do not know whether Olivia desired to talk to me or not; but I at least had no idea of allowing my reveries about the haggard sinner in the tower to be disturbed by the gabble of females. Except for some objection that Olivia made to the head-waiter about one of the dishes,—a rather lengthy objection which at one point seemed like brightening into a row,—the meal proceeded in silence. They left the dining-room first, and I could hear Olivia's voice at the other side of the hotel shouting at her deaf aunt. The word "cow" came to me very clearly.

Later I was obliged to go into the reading-room. It was the inevitable reading-room of a French hotel, one of those rooms which seem to be never aired, with an atmosphere as special as a church, and furnished with fragile plush-and-gilt chairs and a huge table covered with a great number of newspapers devoid of interest. There I found them both again, looking, as it seemed to me, a little forlorn. The aunt was sewing; Olivia was reading a copy of a Paris New York paper several days old. Two Tauchnitz

volumes were on the table beside her. I felt that in common decency I must speak. I asked her if she felt any ill effects from her panic that afternoon.

Americans are popularly supposed to be sociable and easy of access. In this respect they are sometimes compared favorably with the English. My experience, however, leads me to doubt whether this characteristic is uppermost when they fall in with their own countrypeople in foreign parts. They seem to be afraid that one does not know their precise importance, or that one does. Here we were, the only foreigners in a small town, thrown together in the same hotel, yet we chose to address each other with extreme stiffness and even with an undertone of hostility. Not the aunt, poor dear,—her infirmity prevented anything like social intercourse,—but if the head-waiter, who spoke very fair English, happened to overhear Miss Mist and me, he must have come to the conclusion that there was some hidden cause of rancor between us.

They had come to Mont Dore so that her aunt could take the waters. Why they had come so late in the season she did not explain. I believe that the place she first encountered me had something to do with the frigidity of her address. She was by no means sure that I was a fit person to unbend to. Before long she inquired shamelessly what my business was. I replied with some consequence that I was an author. In those days a few rags of hierarchy still fluttered about this profession.

"And are you on a holiday?" pursued Miss Mist.

"Holiday? Nothing of the kind."

"Oh," she said detachedly, "I thought, seeing where you were this afternoon—I guess you don't do much work here."

"On the contrary," I replied with some heat. Although I thoroughly despised her, I thought it worth while to explain my theory of places to work in. She listened with a most irritating smile of pity and contempt.

"I guess it is only bums and loafers," she said at last, "who hang about saloons.

It 's pretty much the same in all countries, believe me. You won't find great writers—the really important, I mean—in such places." She took up one of the Tauchnitz volumes. "You would n't be likely to find William Black or Mrs. Henry Wood or E. P. Roe in a saloon."

Although I wanted to get away, I would at that time have started a dispute with St. Paul himself if he had put forward these names as masters of literature.

"I dare say," I said with utter disdain; "but how can anything be inferred from what such people do? They are not artists."

She stared at me.

"No, of course not. I guess you don't know much. They are authors."

"Yes," I replied dryly; "that is just where it is."

"However did you get it into your head," she continued, "that Mrs. Henry Wood and William Black were painters? Do you know any of the great authors? Do you know Conan Doyle or Mrs. Humphry Ward or Marie Corelli?"

I answered briefly that I did not. Inside me I felt rather ashamed that I had to deny all acquaintance with these lights of English literature. By way of getting the balance a little more even, I informed her rather pompously that I had seen Max Beerbohm in the High at Oxford.

"Who is he?" asked Olivia. "I 've never heard of him."

I mentioned Arthur Symons, Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson. I also mentioned the "Yellow Book." At this last a gleam of intelligence came into her face.

"Oh, yes, that 's the thing all the papers in England and New York laugh at. I 've seen that name; I 've seen jokes about it. It must be a pretty mean little affair. I don't think," she added with a tight smile, "that any of the great authors would write for that, would they?"

I could not honestly say that they would, for this was in the good period of the "Yellow Book"—the Beardsley period. Instead, I observed that there might be different opinions about the great authors.

"Well," she drawled, "you don't seem to know them, anyway. Come on, Aunt; it's bedtime."

After that I avoided her for a few days. I persuaded the head-waiter to put my table at the other end of the room; and across the wide space Miss Mist and I self-consciously ignored each other. Then one afternoon I met her face to face in the hotel entrance as she was coming out and I was going in.

"Well," she said, "have you been at the saloon again?"

Although she neither liked nor approved of me, it was evident from this that she had given me some thought. I answered gruffly that I had.

"In America," she said, "there are millions of young men who never put their foot in a saloon and are leading perfectly pure lives—"

"And reading E. P. Roe," I put in morosely.

She colored, and looked at me with a little surprise, a little uncertainty, too, I thought.

"Now, who do *you* call a great living novelist, I wonder."

Her tone was mocking and condescending, intended to convey that no wisdom could possibly come from such a silly young ass as I; but underneath it I perceived a real curiosity.

"Well," I said slowly, "there are George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James—"

"Wait a minute." She took a silver pencil from her belt and wrote these names down inside the cover of her Tauchnitz volume. "I may look at their books some time," she said, "just to see what your opinion is worth."

A few days later I missed them at lunch, and was told they had gone to Paris.

It must have been quite two years afterward that I was taken, on one of those June days when London is the most beautiful city in the world, to lunch at a ladies' club somewhere in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square, I think. When

we entered the dining-room, my friend stopped to talk to an acquaintance at a table where there was a large luncheon party. I have an excellent memory for faces, and I found myself looking with some attention at another of the guests. Where had I seen that face before? Then the little gray town of Mont Dore, basked in the harsh Auvergne Mountains, with the large empty hotel at the end of the season, suddenly came back to me. It was—surely it must be Olivia Mist! But how changed! So changed that there was every excuse for my failure at first to recognize her. Instead of a very dowdy girl whose good looks were killed by ugly clothes made in some small American town, and by particularly repellent provincial manners, she might now really and truly be called the pink of fashion in all the force of that phrase. She was dressed very well indeed, and looked extremely pretty, even handsome. She was evidently very much at her ease, and appeared as if she was enjoying life. I believe she knew me from the first; she glanced at me quickly once or twice. Finally she decided to recognize me.

"How do you do?" she said. "Did n't I see you at Mont Dore when my aunt was taking the waters there?"

I replied that she did, and added that we had had some conversations upon literary topics.

"Here is a man," said Olivia, blandly, turning to her neighbor, a very well-known actress, "who had never heard of George Meredith till I told him."

At this point my friend moved on to our own table, and I bowed to Olivia without another word. I could hardly have spoken: I was too flabbergasted. My friend mentioned to me the names of some of those in Olivia's party. They were rather a celebrated lot, the kind of people whose names are wont to be seen in the newspapers.

Afterward in the smoking-room, as I was standing alone while my friend was writing a note, Olivia, from the far side of the room, where she was sitting with another lady and a man, beckoned to me,



“It was—surely it must be Olivia Mist! But how changed!”

and I went over to her. There was considerably more graciousness in her manner to me now than there had been a little while ago; perhaps she was reassured by the name of the member I had come in with.

"We have just been this morning to an exhibition of Max Beerbohm's caricatures. They are awfully interesting. Do you know about him?"

"No," I said. "Not in the least."

Olivia exclaimed.

"Oh, but you *ought* to. You are quite behind the times not to. So awfully interesting."

She proceeded to give me her views on the arts. She had covered a good deal of ground since the Mont Dore days, but I was no more abreast of her now than I had been then. She had reached John Lane, so to speak, while I was at Leonard Smithers. For the "Yellow Book" in the post-Beardsley period she had praise, but the "Savoy," she thought, should be suppressed by the police, for all the world like those cows at Mont Dore. The gentleman who was sitting there agreed with her. She no longer spoke of William Black and Mrs. Henry Wood. For them she substituted George Meredith and Mrs. Craigie. She asked me if I had read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"I have not," I replied. "The only novelist I can stick is E. P. Roe."

Olivia uttered a cry of horror.

"That quaint American person! You must know that we never mention him even at home. He is not a bit of an artist."

I wondered how far she had really got, and just how much she was able and willing to stand.

"Do you know Hubert Crackanthorpe's stories?" I asked casually.

"Crackanthorpe?" she repeated. She

paused, and then said, "I *seem* to know him."


"Do let me lend you his book," I urged.

And I sent it to her hotel that same afternoon.

THAT settled it. A few days later the Crackanthorpe volume came back with an acidulous little note. I forget now the contents of the note, and I am sorry I do. I can only recall the final sentence, which was to the effect that Crackanthorpe's book was a book no gentleman would write and no gentleman approve of, and that it could have no circulation in the society of real ladies and gentlemen. It was a very scathing note indeed.

Since I read the notice in the Cincinnati paper a few days ago, I have been tempted to send her the Crackanthorpe volume again. She has got to him by now. But, alas! I, too, have moved. I am nearer to William Black and Mrs. Henry Wood than I was then; I can even toy with E. P. Roe. Olivia is far more advanced and modern than I am at present. She would force on me new painters and poets and prose writers who do not interest me at all, who, in fact, give me the creeps far worse than E. P. Roe used to do. She would hurl at me people who may perhaps some day be great geniuses, but who are in the meantime pretentious and tiresome. But even if they be authentic geniuses, I have no desire to add to my stock of geniuses. What is the use? Beardsley is a good enough artist for me, Symons a good enough critic, Dowson a good enough poet, Crackanthorpe a good enough tale-teller. To the persuasions and incantations of Olivia I could reply only as the pagans in St. Augustine's time used to reply to the Christians: "Why trouble? Why follow us about? We don't want to be saved."





“Both had an unswelled sense of their own dignity”

The Sea-Green Incorruptible

By E. F. BENSON

Author of “Dodo,” “Dodo’s Daughter,” etc.

Illustrations by John Walecott Adams

CONSTANCE LADY WHITTLE-
MERE lives in a huge, gloomy house in the very center of Mayfair, has a majestic appearance, and is perfectly ready for the day of judgment to come whenever it likes. From the time when she learned French in the school-room—she talks it with a certain sonorous air, as if she were preaching a sermon in a cathedral—and played Diabelli’s celebrated duet in D with the same gifted instructress, she has always done her duty in every state of life. If she sat down to think, she could not hit upon any point in which she has not invariably behaved like a Christian and a lady, particularly a lady. Yet she is not exactly pharisaical; she never enumerates even in her own mind her manifold excellencies, simply because they are so much a matter of course with her. And that is precisely why she is so perfectly hopeless. She expects it of herself to do her duty and behave as a lady should behave, and she never has the smallest misgiving as to her complete success in living up to this ideal. That being so, she does not give it another thought, knowing quite

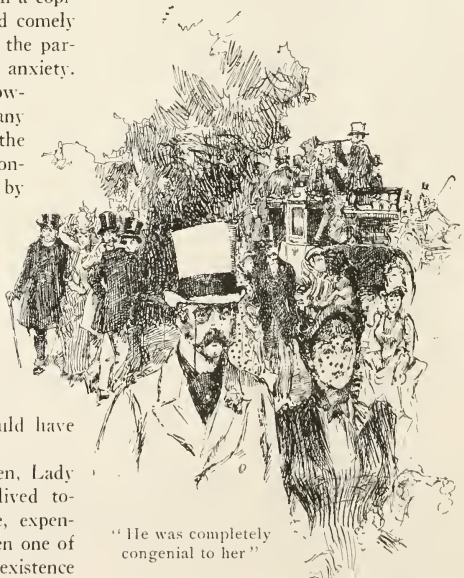
well that whoever else may do doubtful or disagreeable things, Constance Whittlemere will move undeviatingly on in her flawless courses, just as the moon, without any diminution of her light and serenity, looks down on slums or battle-fields, strewn with the corpses of the morally or physically slain. And Lady Whittlemere, like the moon, does not even think of saying, “Poor things!” She is much too lunar.

At the age of twenty-two (to trace her distressing history) her mother informed her, at the close of her fourth irreproachable London season, that she was going to marry Lord Whittlemere. She was very glad to hear it, for he was completely congenial to her, though even if she had been very sorry to hear it, her sense of duty would probably have led her to do as she was told. But having committed that final act of filial obedience, she realized that she had a duty to perform to herself in the person of the new Lady Whittlemere, and climbed up on a lofty foursquare pedestal of her own. Her duty toward herself was as imperative as

her duty toward Miss Green had been, when she learned the Diabelli duet in D, and was no doubt derived from the sense of position that she, as her husband's wife, enjoyed. Yet perhaps she hardly "enjoyed" it, for it was not in her nature to enjoy anything. She had a perfectly clear idea, as always, of what her own sense of fitness entailed on her, and she did it rigidly. "The thing," in fact, was her rule in life. Just as it was the thing to obey her governess and obey her mother, so, when she blossomed out into wifehood, the thing was to be a perfect and complete Lady Whittlemere. Success, as always, attended her conscientious realization of this. Luckily,—or unluckily, since her hope of salvation was thereby utterly forfeited,—she had married a husband whose general attitude toward life, whose sense of duty and hidebound instincts, equaled her own, and they lived together after that literal solemnization of holy matrimony in St. Peter's Eaton Square for thirty-four years in unbroken harmony. Both had an unswelled sense of their own dignity, never disagreed on any topic under the sun, and saw grow up round them a copious family of plain solid sons and comely daughters, none of whom caused the parents a single moment's salutary anxiety. The three daughters, amply dowered, married into stiff mahogany families at an early age, and the sons continued to prop up the conservative interests of the nation by becoming severally a soldier, a clergyman, a member of Parliament, a diplomatist, and they took into all these liberal walks of life the traditions and proprieties of genuine Whittlemeres. They were all honorable and all honorable and all dull and all completely aware of who they were. Nothing could have been nicer.

For these thirty-four years, then, Lady Whittlemere and her husband lived together in harmony and exquisite, expensive pomposity. Had Genesis been one of the prophetic books, their existence

might be considered as adumbrated by that of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Only there was no serpent of any kind, and their great house in shelter of the Wiltshire downs had probably a far pleasanter climate than that of Mesopotamia. Their sons grew up plain, but strong, they all got into the cricket eleven at Eton, and had no queer, cranky leanings toward vegetarianism, like Abel, or to homicide, like Cain; while the daughters, until the time of their mahogany marriages, grew daily more expert in the knowledge of how to be Whittlemeres. Three months of the year they spent in London, three more in their large property in the Highlands of Scotland, and the remaining six were devoted to home life at Whittlemere, where the hunting season and the shooting season, with their large, solid parties, ushered in the old English Christmas, and were succeeded by the quietness of Lent. Then after Easter the whole household, from majordomo to steward's room-boy, went second-class to London, while for two days Lord and Lady Whittlemere "picnicked," as they



"He was completely congenial to her"

called it, at Whittlemere, with only his lordship's valet and her ladyship's maid and the third and fourth footmen and the first kitchen-maid and the still-room maid and one housemaid to supply their wants, and made their state entry in the train of their establishment to Whittlemere House, Belgrave Square, where they spent May, June, and July.

But while they were in the country no distraction consequent on hunting or shooting parties diverted them from their mission in life, which was to behave like Whittlemeres. About two hundred and thirty years ago, it is true, a certain Lord Whittlemere had had "passages," so to speak, with a female who was not Lady Whittlemere, but since then the whole efforts of the family had been devoted to wiping out this deplorable lapse. Wet or fine, hunting and shooting notwithstanding, Lord Whittlemere gave audience every Thursday to his estate-manager, who laid before him accounts and submitted reports. Nothing diverted him from this duty, any more than it did from distributing the honors of his shooting lunches among the big farmer-tenants of the neighborhood. There was a regular cycle of these, and duly Lord Whittlemere and his guests lunched (the lunch in its entirety being brought out in hampers from the house) at Farmer Jones's and Farmer Smith's and Farmer Robertson's, complimented Mrs. Jones, Smith, and Robertson on the neatness of their gardens and the rosy-facedness of their children, and gave each of them a pheasant or a hare.

Similarly, whatever highnesses and duchesses were staying at the house, Lady Whittlemere went every Wednesday morning to the mothers' meeting at the vicarage, and every Thursday afternoon to pay a call in rotation on three of the lodge-keepers' and tenants' wives. This did not bore her in the least; nothing in the cold shape of duty ever bored her. Conjointly they went to church on Sun-



"Nothing in the cold shape of duty ever bored her"

day morning, when Lord Whittlemere stood up before the service began and prayed into his hat, subsequently reading the lessons, and giving a sovereign into the plate, while Lady Whittlemere, after a choir practice on Saturday afternoon, played the organ. It was the custom for the congregation to wait in their pews till they had left the church, exactly as if it was in honor of Lord and Lady Whittlemere that they had assembled here. This impression was borne out by the fact that as the family walked down the aisle the congregation rose to their feet. Only the footman who was on duty that day preceded their exit, and he held the door of the landau open until Lady Whittlemere and three daughters had got in. Lord

Whittlemere and such sons as were present then took off their hats to their wife, mother, sisters, and daughters and strode home across the park.

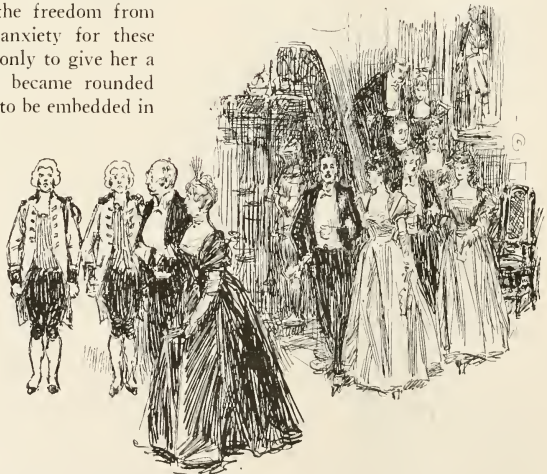
And as if this was not enough propriety for one day, every Sunday evening the vicar of the parish came to dine with the family directly after evening service. He was bidden to come straight back from even-song without dressing, and in order to make him quite comfortable, Lord Whittlemere never dressed on Sunday evening, and made a point of reading the "Guardian" and the "Church Family Newspaper" in the interval between tea and dinner, so as to be able to initiate Sabbatical subjects. This fortunate clergyman was permitted to say grace both before and after meat, and Lord Whittlemere always thanked him for "looking in on us." To crown all, he invariably sent him two pheasants and a hare during the month of November and an immense cinnamon-turkey at Christmas.

In this way Constance Whittlemere's married life was just the flower of her maiden bud. The same sense of duty that had inspired her school-room days presided like some wooden-eyed Juggernaut over her wifehood, and all the freedom from any sort of worry or anxiety for these thirty-four years served only to give her a shell to her soul. She became rounded and water-tight, she got to be embedded in the jelly of comfort and security and curt-seying lodge-keepers' wives, and "yes-my-lady" Sunday-schools. Such rudiments of humanity as she might possibly have once been possessed of shriveled like a barren nut-kernel, and when at the end of these thirty-four years her husband died, she was already too proper, too shell-bound, to be human any longer. Naturally his death was an extremely satisfactory sort of

death, and there was no sudden stroke, or any catching of vulgar disease. He had a bad cold on Saturday, and, with a rising temperature, insisted on going to church on Sunday. Not content with that, in the pursuance of perfect duty, he went to the stables as usual on Sunday afternoon, and fed his hunters with lumps of sugar and carrots. It is true that he sent the second footman down to the church about the time of even-song to say that he was exceedingly unwell, and would have to forego the pleasure of having Mr. Armine to dinner, but the damage was already done. He developed pneumonia, lingered a decorous week, and then succumbed. All was extremely proper.

It is idle to pretend that his wife felt any sense of desolation, for she was impervious to everything except dignity. But she decided to call herself Constance Lady Whittlemere rather than adopt the ugly name of dowager. There was a magnificent funeral, and she was left very well off.

Le roi est mort; vive le roi: Captain Lord Whittlemere took the reins of government into his feudal grasp, and his mother, with four rows of pearls for her



"Half a dozen times in the season Lady Whittlemere had a dinner-party"

life, two carriages and a pair of carriage-horses, and a jointure of six thousand pounds a year, entered into the most characteristic phase of her existence. She was fifty-six years old, and since she purposed to live till at least eighty, she bought the lease of a great chocolate-colored house in Mayfair, with thirty years to run, for it would be very tiresome to have to turn out at the age of seventy-nine. As befitted her station, it was very large and gloomy and dignified, and had five best spare bedrooms, which were just five more than she needed, since she never asked anybody to stay with her except her children's governess, poor Miss Lyall, for whom a dressing-room was far more suitable: Miss Lyall would certainly be more used to a small room than a large one. She came originally to help Lady Whittlemere



“They invariably drove for two hours in the summer and for an hour and a half in the winter.”

to keep her promise as set forth in the “Morning Post” to answer the letters of condolence that had poured in upon her in her bereavement; but before that gigantic task was over, Lady Whittlemere had determined to give her a permanent home here, in other words, to secure for herself some one who was duly aware of the greatness of Whittlemeres and would read to her or talk to her, drive with her, and fetch and carry for her. She did not purpose to give Miss Lyall any remuneration for her services, as is usual in the case of a companion, for it was surely remuneration enough to provide her with a comfortable home and all found, while Miss Lyall's own property of a hundred pounds a year would amply clothe her and enable her to lay something by. Lady Whittlemere thought that everybody should lay something by, even if, like herself, nothing but the total extinction of the British Empire would deprive her of the certainty of having six thousand pounds a year as long as she lived. But thrift being a duty, she found that five

thousand a year enabled her to procure every comfort and luxury that her limited imagination could suggest to her, and instead of spending the remaining thousand pounds a year on charity or things she did not want, she laid it by. Miss Lyall, in the same way, could be neat and tidy on fifty pounds a year and lay by fifty more.

For a year of mourning Constance Whittlemere lived in the greatest seclusion, and when that year was out she continued to do so. She spent Christmas at her son's house, where there was always a pompous family gathering, and stayed for a fortnight at Easter in a hotel at Hastings for the sake of sea breezes. She spent August in Scotland, again with her son, and September at Buxton, where, further to fortify her perfect health, she drank waters, and went for two walks a day with Miss Lyall, whose hotel bills she of course was answerable for. Miss Lyall similarly accompanied her to Hastings, but was left behind in London at Christmas and during August.



"They then had the tea, with the cakes and the scones, from the still-room"

A large establishment was of course necessary in order to maintain the Whittlemere tradition. Half a dozen times in the season Lady Whittlemere had a dinner-party, which assembled at eight, and broke up with the utmost punctuality at half-past ten, but otherwise the two ladies were almost invariably alone at breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner. But a cook, a kitchen-maid, and a scullery maid were indispensable to prepare those meals; a still-room maid to provide cakes and rolls for tea and breakfast; a butler and two footmen to serve them; a lady's maid to look after Lady Whittlemere; a steward's room-boy to wait on the cook, the butler, and the lady's maid; two housemaids to dust and tidy; a coachman to drive Lady Whittlemere; and a groom and a stable-boy to look after the horses and carriages. It was impossible to do with less, and thus fourteen lives were spent in maintaining the Whittlemere dignity down-stairs, and Miss Lyall did the same up-stairs.

With such an establishment Lady Whittlemere felt that she was enabled to do her duty to herself and keep the flag of tradition flying. But the merest tyro in dignity could see that this could not be done with fewer upholders, and sometimes

Lady Whittlemere had grave doubts whether she ought not to have a hall-boy as well. One of the footmen or the butler of course opened the front door as she went in and out, and the hall-boy, with a quantity of buttons, would stand up as she passed him with fixed set face, and then presumably sit down again.

The hours of the day were mapped out with a regularity borrowed from the orbits of the stars. At half-past nine precisely Lady Whittlemere entered the dining-room, where Miss Lyall was waiting for her, and extended to her companion the tips of

four cool fingers. Breakfast was eaten mostly in silence, and if there were any letters for her (there usually were not), Lady Whittlemere read them, and as soon as breakfast was over answered them. After these literary labors were accomplished, Miss Lyall read items from the "Morning Post" aloud, omitting the leading articles, but going conscientiously through the smaller paragraphs. Often Lady Whittlemere would stop her.

"Lady Cammerham is back in town, is she?" she would say. "She was a Miss Pulton, a distant cousin of my husband's. Yes, Miss Lyall?"

This reading of the paper lasted till eleven, at which hour, if fine, the two ladies walked in the Green Park till half-past. If wet, they looked out of the window to see if it was going to clear. At half-past eleven the landau was announced (shut if wet, open if fine) and they drove round and round and round and round the park till one. At one they returned and retired till half-past, when the butler and two footmen gave them lunch.

"Any orders for the carriage, my lady?" the butler would ask. And every day Lady Whittlemere said:

"The brougham at half-past two. Is there anywhere particular you would like to go, Miss Lyall?"

Miss Lyall always tried to summon up her courage at this and say that she would like to go to the Zoölogical Gardens. She had done so once, but that had not been a great success, for Lady Whittlemere had thought the animals very strange and rude. So since then she always replied:

"No, I think not, thank you, Lady Whittlemere."

They invariably drove for two hours in the summer and for an hour and a half in the winter, and this change of hours began when Lady Whittlemere came back from Harrogate at the end of September, and from Hastings after Easter. Little was said during the drive, it being enough for Lady Whittlemere to sit very straight up in her seat and look loftily about her, so that any chance passer-by who knew her by sight would be aware that she was behaving as befitted Constance Lady Whittlemere. Opposite her, not by her side, sat poor Miss Lyall, ready with a parasol or a fur boa or a cape or something in case her patroness felt cold, while on the box beside Brendon, the coachman, sat the other footman who had not been out round and round and round the park in the morning, and so in the afternoon went down Piccadilly and up Regent Street and through Portland Place and round and round Regent's Park, and looked on to the back of the two fat, lolling horses, which also had not been out that morning. There they all went, the horses and Brendon and William and Miss Lyall, in attendance on Constance Lady Whittlemere, as dreary and pompous and expensive and joyless a carriage-load as could be seen in all London with the exception perhaps of the Black Maria.

They returned home in time for Miss Lyall to skim through the evening paper aloud, and then had the tea, with the cakes and the scones, from the still-room. After tea Miss Lyall read for two hours some book from the circulating-library, while Lady Whittlemere did wool-work. These gloomy tapestries were

made into screens and chair-seats and cushions, and annually one (the one begun in the middle of November) was solemnly presented to Miss Lyall on the day that Lady Whittlemere went out of town for Christmas. And annually she said:

"Oh, thank you, Lady Whittlemere. Is it really for me?"

It was; and she was permitted to have it mounted as she chose at her own expense.

At 7:15 P.M. a sonorous gong echoed through the house; Miss Lyall finished the sentence she was reading, and Lady Whittlemere put her needle into her work, and said it was time to dress. At dinner, though both were teetotalers, wine was offered them by the butler, and both refused it, and course after course was presented to them by the two footmen in white stockings and Whittlemere livery



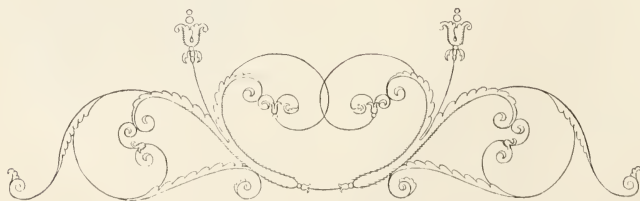
"And there she played Patience till 10:30"

and worsted gloves. Port also was put on the table with dessert, this being the bottle which had been opened at the last dinner-party; and when Lady Whittlemere had eaten a gingerbread and drunk half a glass of water, they went not into the morning-room, which they had used during the day, but to the large drawing-room up-stairs, with the Louis Seize furniture and its cut-glass chandeliers. Every evening it was all ablaze with lights, and the fire roared up the chimney; the tables were bright with flowers, and rows of chairs were set against the wall. Majestically Lady Whittlemere marched into it, followed by Miss Lyall, and there she played Patience till 10:30, while Miss Lyall looked on with sycophantic congratulations at her success, and murmured sympathy if the cards were unkind. At 10:30 Branksome, the butler, threw open the door, and a footman brought in a tray of lemonade and biscuits. This refreshment was invariably refused by both ladies, and at eleven the house was dark.

Now, the foregoing catalogue of events accurately describes Lady Whittlemere's day, and in it is comprised the sum of the material that makes up her mental life. But it is all enacted in front of the background that she is Lady Whittlemere. The sight of the London streets, with their million comedies and tragedies, arouses in her no sympathetic or human current; all she knows is that Lady Whittlemere is driving down Piccadilly. When the almond-blossom comes out in Regent's Park, and the grass is young with the flowering of the spring bulbs, her heart

never dances with the daffodils; all that happens is that Lady Whittlemere sees that they are there. She subscribes to no charities, for she is aware that her husband left her this ample jointure for herself, and she spends such part of it as she does not save on herself, on her food, and her house and her horses and the fifteen people whose business it is to make her quite comfortable. She has no regrets and no longings, because she has always lived perfectly correctly, and does not want anything. She is totally without friends or enemies, and she is never surprised or enthusiastic or vexed. About six times a year, on the day preceding one of her dinners, Miss Lyall does not read aloud after tea, but puts the names of her guests on pieces of cardboard, and makes a map of the table, while the evening before she leaves London for Hastings or Scotland she stops playing Patience at ten in order to get a good long night before her journey. She does the same on her arrival in town again to get a good long night after her journey. She takes no interest in politics, music, drama, or pictures, but goes to the private view of the academy as May comes round because the thing recommends it. And when she comes to die, the lifelong consciousness of the thing will enable her to meet the King of Terrors with fortitude and composure. He will not frighten her at all.

And what on earth will the recording angel find to write in his book about her? He cannot put down all those drives round the park and all those games of Patience, and really there is nothing else.



The Agricultural Revolution

By CARL VROOMAN

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture

AGRICULTURE, though one of the oldest of the arts, is the youngest of the sciences. Less than two years ago, for the first time, the American Academy for the Advancement of Science admitted agriculture into the family circle by giving it a place on its program and in its organization. Thus agriculture has become a sort of modern Cinderella. For thousands of years the servant and drudge of civilization, at last she has found the magic slipper and is making her debut as a veritable and acknowledged princess, a royal dispenser of bounty and happiness.

As a result of recent scientific and economic developments along agricultural lines, we are to-day in the midst of an agricultural revolution that seems destined to be as significant and as far-reaching in its effects upon civilization as was the industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the light of these developments, agriculture appears not only as the youngest of the sciences, but also as the most important.

What this new science will do for the world ultimately it would be inexpedient to attempt to prophesy. Therefore I shall endeavor to confine myself to a discussion of what the new agriculture may confidently be expected to do for this country in the near future; that is, when our farmers in general have learned to make a profitable application of the principles of scientific agriculture that already have stood the test of experience. From data as unquestionable as the multiplication table we may affirm that the new agriculture will accomplish certain definite results:

First, it will show the farmer how to increase his yields of standard crops anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred per cent., and, what is almost equally important, the percentage of such possible increase as will yield him a maximum profit.

Second, it will show the farmer how to market his produce to better advantage while at the same time reducing the relative cost of farm produce to the consumer.

Third, it will show the farmer how to make his purchases more advantageously.

Fourth, upon a solid foundation of increased yields, increased profits upon what he has to sell, and lower costs for what he has to buy, it will enable the farmer to build a splendid superstructure of more intelligent, more enjoyable, and more purposeful living.

It is indeed highly important that the farmer learn the agronomic lesson of how to increase his yields and the economic and business lesson of how to buy and sell to advantage, but in a larger sense these matters are important only as stepping-stones to a realization of the higher possibilities of life. A scientific success has little importance to the farmer unless it can be made the basis for a business success, and a business success in turn has little real significance unless it can be translated into terms of life. I know farmers who have broad fields, great herds, huge barns, and large bank-accounts, but whose successes end right there; who live narrow, dull, purposeless lives—lives devoid of aspiration, happiness, or public spirit. The wealth of such men is like much of the fertility in our soil: it is not available. These men need instruction in the art of living as much as their less-prosperous neighbors need instruction in the art of growing and marketing crops. For, after all, it is only the wealth that we dominate and dedicate to some useful or noble purpose that we can be said actually to possess. All other wealth that stands to our credit is either inert or actively sinister, and in the latter event it often gains the upper hand and finally comes actually to possess us.

The agricultural possibilities that open

out before the American farmer in bewildering profusion are for the most part yet unrealized. The lot of the up-to-date, scientific, and businesslike farmer has improved greatly during the last few years, but the lot of the average farmer still leaves much to be desired, still lacks much that has been chronically lacking to the tiller of the soil for thousands of years. On a western Iowa farm there was a young boy who plowed corn and did divers other things from dawn to dusk. When asked what he got for all his hard work, a momentary fire of revolt flared up in his brain, and he said: "Get? Get? Nothin' if I do, and hell if I don't."

That boy summed up in one terse phrase the annals of husbandry for all the centuries before the advent of the science of agriculture. He is Millet's "Man with the Hoe" before he grew up. From time immemorial civilization has rested on the broad shoulders of the agricultural workers of the world, but before their eyes has opened up no vista of opportunity or of hope for them or for their children. Theirs has been the bitter choice between a life of unending drudgery on the one hand and the hell of starvation on the other.

In the last half-century the Department of Agriculture has spent some two hundred and fifty million dollars largely in research and experiment, to the end that American agriculture might be put on a high plane of efficiency. The results of this research and experiment have been agronomy and animal industry, a vast, but largely undigested and uncoördinated, mass of information about how to grow crops and "critters." During this entire period the department has been accumulating and hoarding a vast store of facts about how to increase production.

Thus during the first fifty years of its existence the department was chiefly a bureau of scientific research that gave the farmer from time to time an assortment of miscellaneous scientific information that he might or might not be able to utilize to his financial advantage. Unfortunately, a world of practical problems that de-

stroy the farmer's peace of mind and involve the success or failure of his business—namely, his business and economic problems—were virtually ignored. In other words, for the first fifty years of its life the department hopped along on one leg, the scientific leg. Happily, during the last three years a miraculous thing has happened: the department has grown another leg, the leg of business and economic efficiency. Now it begins to walk, and we confidently expect in the near future to see it going forward with giant strides.

During the last three years, for the first time in its history, the Department of Agriculture has had at its head an economist. Under the direction of Secretary Houston it has achieved a new point of view and a new conception of its mission. For half a century the department has used its utmost endeavors to show the farmer how to fight the chinch-bug and the army-worm, the cattle tick and the Hessian fly and other insect pests, but had not even so much as attempted to show him how to protect himself from the yearly toll levied upon the fruits of his toil by such human pests as the usurer, commercial pirates posing as legitimate middlemen, and the other business parasites of the agricultural world.

The farmer who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before may be a good agronomist, but if he cannot sell his second blades at a profit, he is a poor farmer. In other words, farming is primarily a business. Very few practical farmers till the soil to demonstrate principles of agronomy. They produce crops to live rather than live to produce crops. Even more than large production they want *profitable* production. Upon the realization of this fundamental fact is founded the agricultural renaissance which recently has been begun.

It seems strange that a fact as simple as this should have been overlooked for many years. Every farmer, at one time or another, has been brought face to face with the paradox of big crops and small returns. He has often been forced to the conclusion that the larger crops you raise

the less money you make. And statistics all too frequently have backed up this conclusion. In 1912, for example, the country produced 677,758,000 more bushels of corn than in 1913, and yet the farmers received \$171,638,000 less. In 1906 a wheat crop 101,174,000 bushels larger than that of 1907 brought \$64,104,000 less. In 1906 the corn crop, too, was unusually large,—more than 150,000,000 bushels larger than in 1909,—and it brought the farmers \$500,000,000 less.

In order to find a solution for this and a host of other problems in agricultural economics that involve the farmers' financial success or failure, the present administration created a new bureau, called the Office of Markets and Rural Organization. It has been in operation only two years, and has not yet solved any large number of these problems, but the very fact of its creation, the fact that the Department of Agriculture at last has undertaken the stupendous task of charting for the farmer the treacherous and tempestuous economic sea and of pointing out to him the shoals and reefs, the tides and undertows which have brought shipwreck to many thousands in the past, is a matter of historic moment. It will take years to get this work satisfactorily in hand, but it is a momentous achievement to have begun it. Some people have criticized the Office of Markets and Rural Organization for not having rounded out its life-work during its teething period. It would be almost as intelligent to belittle the work of Columbus because, having discovered America, he failed to populate and develop it.

In addition to the creation of the Office of Markets and Rural Organization in the Department of Agriculture, Congress has passed a number of laws, and is now in process of passing several more, dealing with the farmers' economic and business problems. Among these may be mentioned the Cotton Futures Act. Before this law went into effect the producer was virtually at the mercy not only of the local buyer, but also of the big operators on the cotton exchanges, who were able

to boost or depress the market at will through the exertion of undue influence within the exchange. Since the act became effective, such manipulation would involve the control of the price of cotton on the leading future exchanges of the country, a manifest impossibility. The establishment of official cotton standards for grade, promulgated under the provisions of this act, has worked also to the decided advantage of the producer, since it gives a definite basis for bargaining, whereas under the old system, with its multiplicity of standards, the grade was frequently a matter of guesswork, with the buyer in the habit of guessing to promote his own ends.

The Warehouse Bill, which was recently attached as an amendment to the appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture, will probably become a law within a few days. The purpose of this measure is to enhance the value of warehouse receipts in order to facilitate the obtaining of loans thereon, and thus enable the farmers to market their crops more slowly, thereby securing better and more even prices for their commodities. This act was designed originally to apply solely to cotton, but it has been broadened to cover virtually all the other leading staple and non-perishable agricultural products, and its enactment will greatly aid in the equitable disposition of our chief farm products.

A matter of great importance to the grain farmer is the recent establishment of official grades for corn. This action is to be followed up as fast as practicable by the establishment of grades of wheat and other cereals. Moreover, there is now pending in Congress a bill which has passed the House and has been favorably reported by the Senate agricultural committee providing for Federal regulation of state grain inspection. This will provide farmers' elevators, individual farmers shipping in car-load lots, and groups of farmers shipping in car-load lots, the right of appeal to a Federal official whenever they feel that state grain-inspectors have not given them a square deal.

Another law of interest to farmers and consumers alike is that granting the secretary of agriculture authority to provide the same inspection for imported meats as for domestic meats.

Among the important measures in the interest of the farmer now pending in Congress that probably will be enacted into law during the present session, the most important is the so-called Rural Credits Bill, providing for the establishment of a system of land banks. This law does not attempt to provide additional personal credit facilities for farmers. That is a distinctly different problem, and one which ought to be and no doubt will be taken up by Congress at its next session. The Rural Credits Bill has a definite object, to furnish the farmer having the proper security to offer, first, more money, secondly, money on longer time loans, and thirdly, money at a lower rate of interest than he has been able to get it in the past. Every farmer will realize the vital importance of these three features of the bill. Every farmer will realize that a bill which furnishes him with these three things is an invaluable single step in the direction of a complete system of rural credits.

Another highly important piece of legislation now pending in Congress is the Good Roads Bill. If enacted into law, this measure will do more to provide our country with good roads than has all past legislation on that subject put together. This is a matter of primary economic importance to the farmer. At present it costs the average farmer more to haul his produce to his local market than to ship it to the nearest terminal market. The heaviest tax he pays is the penalty extorted from him for having bad roads.

Another recent achievement of prime importance has been the working out of a system of direct retail distribution to the farmer of the accumulated results of the scientific research of the last half-century. While each of the older bureaus of the department has many years of honest and invaluable research work to its credit, in the main little has been done until recently toward putting the results of the

work of the department's scientific men before the farmer properly condensed, correlated, and couched in terms easily understood. Fewer than a dozen years ago the Department of Agriculture was almost as far removed from actual contact with the masses of our farmers as the State Department or the Coast and Geodetic Survey. No wide-spread, continuous, and systematic effort has yet been made to carry agricultural education to the farmer by word of mouth or by demonstration; the Office of Farm Management was a minor appendage of one of the older bureaus; the publications of the department were lucky if they escaped being still-born, so little was the effort made to popularize them and to interest the farmers in them by means of the press. It is difficult to realize that a major government department, established for the specific purpose of informing the people, spending millions of dollars of the people's money every year for research work, could ever have been so indifferent to the practical application of the results of its research as the Department of Agriculture seemed to be until a few years ago. Yet one has only to glance over the current list of farmers' bulletins to find evidence of that seeming indifference.

Many of the so-called farmers' bulletins are really technical papers. Much of the information published on vitally important practical problems is scattered about in so many bulletins as to be entirely unget-at-able by the average farmer. The teachings of the department with regard to a number of the most vital farm problems have not been properly differentiated regionally and special bulletins prepared for the different important agricultural regions in the United States. Some of the most fundamental features of every-day farming have been almost entirely ignored. Indeed, here and there appears a most astonishing hiatus. For example, we find listed a bulletin on guinea-pigs, but no satisfactory popular bulletin on the rearing of the colt; a treatise on silver-fox farming, but until this year no farmers' bulletin containing all the available prac-

tical information on the feeding of the dairy cow; a compendium of information on raising pheasants, but no thoroughly worked out popular bulletins on possible profitable rotations of crops for each region; a bulletin on Natal grass, but no simple, concise instructions covering the important subject of timothy as a hay crop. Thus, even to-day, with the agricultural renaissance well on foot in many respects, the department still labors under an embarrassing handicap in the matter of simple, concise bulletins on fundamental farming operations. But this situation is being remedied as rapidly as possible. The best brains in the department are now being devoted to the preparation of concise popular bulletins on the essentials of practical farming. However, it takes time to produce simple, concise bulletins, much more time than it takes to produce technical, verbose bulletins, and as a consequence the available practical literature of the agricultural renaissance is as yet meager.

Another step in this same direction was the creation in 1913 of the Office of Information. This office summarizes and popularizes for newspapers and periodicals the various bulletins issued by the department. It also gives to the farmers of the country, through the daily and weekly press, all available information on such critical situations as threatened injury to seed corn by frost, or the appearance in a given region of the Hessian fly or other insect pests. As a result of recent efforts to popularize the teachings of scientific agriculture, the total output of farmers' bulletins increased from 9,680,-850 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, to 14,795,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915.

An even more important popular educational movement has been instituted by means of the Smith-Lever Bill. This bill has set in motion a plan which within a few years will place in every county in the United States that is willing to cooperate with the State and Federal governments an agricultural county agent, an official who is really a species of deputy secretary

of agriculture. This work is modeled on the agricultural demonstration work started several years ago by the late Seaman A. Knapp in the Southern States, and within a very few years will result in an annual expenditure of anywhere from ten to twenty million dollars, and is planning to bring the latest and most successful scientific methods directly to the door of the American farmers. This is the greatest university extension campaign the world has ever seen. It is learning democratized, learning brought out of the laboratories and the libraries, out of the experiment fields and the bulletins, adapted to local conditions, mixed with horse-sense and business gumption, and explained to the individual farmer by a man who lives in his community and understands intimately the needs both of its soil and of its people.

I was told the other day by a banker from central New York that in two short years one of our county agents located in his county had done more for the farmers of that county than the entire Department of Agriculture had done during the fifty years preceding. This same miracle is being wrought to-day in over a thousand counties in this country, though the Smith-Lever Bill is not yet three years old.

The business of the county agent, who must of course have practical as well as theoretical knowledge of farming in its various aspects, is to get in personal touch with the farmers of his district, to secure the coöperation of the more progressive among them in practical demonstrations of new and profitable methods of farm operation, and to offer concrete suggestions and practical assistance to the farmer or to the community whenever opportunity presents itself. In his efforts to answer the questions and supply the needs of the farmers of his county, he has not only his own knowledge and experience to draw upon, but can as well invoke the aid of any of the numerous experts in the state experiment station, the state agricultural college, or the Department of Agriculture. He is thus able to focus upon

any given local problem all the latest available agricultural information of the entire nation.

There are women county agents, too—hundreds of them. These women, working under the home demonstration branch of the department, are doing a great work, especially among women and children of the mountain districts of the South.

Thus in a number of ways the Government is trying to help the farmer to increase his legitimate profits. The future of American agriculture hangs upon that. Not until the average farmer makes an income comparable with his endeavor and in keeping with his contribution to the well-being of society will he be in a position to enter into his own as regards the larger issues of life. Purely sociological problems begin where economic problems end, hence the vital importance of first solving the farmers' economic problems if we would lay a foundation from which to work out a solution of his higher problems. Thus a discussion of the fundamentals of the new agriculture becomes largely a discussion of the problem of how to make the science of agriculture boost the business of farming.

The capital that the average farmer has invested in this country now pays him a return, in addition to the mere wages he gets for his labor, of anywhere from nothing to five per cent. per annum. If the apostles of the new agriculture could not promise the farmers any larger returns than that on the additional capital they are advising him to invest, it is hardly probable that their new gospel would strike any responsive chord in the farmer's heart. However, it has been demonstrated repeatedly that for the additional capital which the farmer is advised to put into lime, phosphate, or potassium, into better seed, pure-bred bulls and boars, into silos, tile, and hog-tight fence, he can realize not only the five or six per cent. that farmers ordinarily hope to get on their money, but the ten or fifteen per cent. that business men usually expect on their investments, or even considerably more.

Take, for example, the results of farm

demonstrations carried on under the direction of one of our county agents in New York. There fifteen field tests, made in 1915, showed a profit of 169 per cent. on an investment in limestone and acid phosphate used on oats, without charging any of the cost of application to future crops. It is estimated that if only twenty-five per cent. of the farmers who grow oats in that county would follow this practice, the oat crop of the county would increase in value \$87,000 in a year. On one farm in that county the increase in one crop of hay attributable to an application of lime yielded a profit of 257 per cent. on investment in lime. These dividends are exceptional, since they represent the initial gain due to the application of fertilizers to comparatively neglected land, but they serve to indicate the tremendous possibilities of legitimate profits from applied scientific agriculture.

Another way to increase the farmer's profits is by grading his crops so as to give the consumer a better and more attractive product. As an illustration of the advantages to be derived from this process, take the story of the potato-board. A year or so ago a county agent representing the department went before the farmers of a county in southern New York exhibiting a board about six inches wide and two and a half feet long, containing oblong holes of different sizes. This board was a sorting apparatus for grading the potato crop. Before it was introduced most farmers used to sell their potatoes in much the same fashion that coal dealers sell "run-of-the-mine" coal, hit or miss, the big potatoes with the little ones. They receive prices depending upon the obviousness of the percentage of the little potatoes and the whim of the buyer. As a result of proper grading, they now sell their big standard-shaped potatoes at a top-notch price to the metropolitan hotels, getting virtually as much for that one grade as they used to get for the entire crop, and having the small and odd-shaped tubers left for less-exacting markets, for home use, or for seed.

The profits of the farmer can also be

increased by various other legitimate devices for increasing the efficiency of his marketing methods. For example, in the past a large proportion of the poultry of this country was shipped to market alive. The result was a heavy transportation charge, heavy shrinkage en route, and other attendant evils, such as deterioration in the quality of the poultry. The Department of Agriculture worked out an entirely new system, in accordance with which the poultry is killed and chilled before shipping. The new method improves the quality of the product for the consumer, prevents any loss of weight in transit, and cuts down the cost of transportation. Thus the farmer is enabled to get a larger price for his product, the consumer is required to pay no more than before for the same quality of poultry, and the middleman who performs a useful social function is allowed to receive his legitimate profit as before. No one is injured, and every one connected with this industry is benefited.

One of many possible illustrations of the financial advantages to be derived from the standardization of crops is the case of the cotton crop of Caldwell County, Texas. For a number of years nearly all the farmers there have grown Triumph cotton, a variety which originated in that county. As a result there is a great demand for the pure-strain Triumph cotton-seed from that county at an average price of a dollar a bushel, or two or three times the ordinary mill prices paid for ordinary cotton-seed. Every year for the last ten years there has been shipped from the town of Lockhart from 250 to 500 car-loads of this seed destined for distribution throughout five or six neighboring States. In addition to the handsome profit made on this seed, the fact that virtually only one variety of cotton is grown in that county has enabled farmers there to obtain a premium for their cotton also, owing to the fact that cotton of a uniform quality can always be secured there in large lots.

As another illustration of the value to the farmer of efficiency in the handling

and marketing of his products may be cited the revolution in methods of picking and packing that has taken place in the orange and lemon industry of the Pacific Coast. Until 1905 the annual decay of oranges and lemons in transit often amounted to a million and a half dollars per annum. The cause of the trouble had been believed to be due to lack of icing and to other abuses in the transportation service; but after a careful investigation the Department of Agriculture discovered, to the surprise of everybody, that it was due to improper handling of the fruit in picking and packing. As a result the fruit is now usually picked by associations of trained gangs of labor paid by the day rather than by the box, care in handling rather than speed being the object aimed at. The depreciation of oranges in transit prior to the investigations of the Department of Agriculture amounted to from twenty to fifty per cent. of the crop. Now the California Fruit Growers Exchange reports that the loss is not over one to two per cent. annually. When we consider that the California orange crop is valued at twenty-five million dollars a year, it becomes clear how important this one improvement in the method of handling the fruit has been to producer and consumer alike.

Such illustrations could be multiplied almost without limit. One of the admirable features of this method of building up the prosperity of the farmer is that it is not done at the expense of any other legitimate interest. It is a creative, not a predatory, process, one that works a direct benefit to the farmer and an indirect benefit to the entire community. Efficiency in crop handling and crop distribution and marketing is just as important to the farmer, to the business man, and to the consumer as is efficiency in crop production. As a matter of fact, it is generally believed by many agriculturists that more than fifty per cent. of the cost to the consumer of farm products is added after these crops are grown, or, in other words, that it costs more to handle and market farm products than to raise them.

When the problem of securing higher prices to the farmer for his products is discussed, most people at once jump to the conclusion that this can be done only by eliminating in whole or in part the profits of the middleman, or by increasing the cost of farm produce to the consumer. Wherever the charges of the middleman are excessive or illegitimate, they can and will be either reduced or eliminated; but where the middleman is performing a necessary economic function for a legitimate profit, that profit cannot be tampered with unless the farmer stands ready to perform the same function for himself with equal efficiency and at less cost. The Department of Agriculture is not attempting to make the honest middleman the "goat" of our present cumbersome, costly, and thoroughly antiquated system of marketing farm products. That some middlemen take advantage of the farmer is common knowledge. That some farmers also "do their darndest" to take advantage of one another, of the middlemen, and of the consuming public is also common knowledge, although it is only fair to add that the percentage of successful exploiters among business men is larger than it is among farmers. The Department of Agriculture is endeavoring, first of all, to do a constructive piece of work that will eliminate these evil practices. It is trying to get the maximum of scientific efficiency into the distribution as well as into the production of farm products. As a result of a proper organization of the marketing end of the farmer's work, those middlemen and farmers who are not on the square gradually, but inevitably, will be penalized out of business.

In the past most people labored under the mistaken notion that the best and perhaps the only practical way to acquire wealth was to take it away from some one else. The average middleman believed that the rate of his dividends depended primarily on the measure in which he could reduce the profits of the farmer and add to the price that the consumer could be induced to pay. In other words, until very recently farmers and business

men alike have been led astray by the primitive, predatory economic conceptions of the nomad and the cave-man. This conception was the outgrowth of the economic conditions of life on our planet some thousands of years ago, when economic advantage was to be gained only by outfighting or outwitting one's fellowmen. But our slowly developing civilization is a result of the gradual dawning on the minds of men, and the gradual incorporation into laws and institutions, of a new and inspiring truth, namely, that it is easier to gain wealth by coöperating to increase the productivity of nature and of human labor than it is by devoting our energies and abilities to the lamentably wasteful and harmful game of exploiting one another.

If the new science of agriculture and the movement toward scientific business efficiency can be developed in the light of this truth, capital and labor will become so much more productive than ever before that there will be plenty and to spare for every one who is willing to perform a real economic service to society for a legitimate remuneration. It is high time for both farmers and business men to learn that it is more profitable to work together for their common interests than to squabble with one another over conflicting interests, real or imaginary. This means coöperation.

The true spirit of coöperation is the most vital need of the day in the agricultural world, and indeed in the world at large. Without that spirit no considerable advance along the lines of the new agriculture is possible. Here and there a person will be able to apply some of its teachings on his own hook, but nobody can carry into effect all or even a majority of those teachings unless he is able to work together with his neighbors in some of the many possible varieties of coöperative community effort. The coöperative spirit is as necessary to the realization of the possibilities of the new agriculture as is cement or mortar to the erection of a gigantic edifice of brick or stone. I believe that this spirit will prevail, that even now it is

prevailing, and that we are on the threshold of a new and more splendid epoch.

It is not easy to convey with words a sense of the splendor of the vistas that open up as a result of the transforming influence of these new forces upon rural life. It is easy, indeed, to see how increased efficiency in farm operations, genuine coöperation in rural community life, and wide-spread organization for the distribution of farm products may have a tremendous bearing upon the current of American life, urban as well as rural. It is not so easy, however, to set forth specifically all that these things seem to foreshadow. In the light of what already has been undertaken we may dimly project a vision of a new civilization, a more natural and clement civilization than this, a civilization admittedly agrarian and which glories in the fact that its roots are in the soil, a civilization in which the essentiality and dignity of agriculture are realized by those who follow it, and recognized and respected by those who follow subsidiary vocations,—as, indeed, all other vocations are,—a civilization in which the wholesome strength of the soil will avail to heal the canker of unbridled industrialism.

I am quite aware that all this sounds chimerical, that these are, after all, mere generalities, glittering or otherwise. Let me be more specific.

I have in mind a certain town in the Middle West. This town, to the casual observer, is like many another prairie town of its type. It has no unique beauty of situation or of architecture. Its elevator looks like the average elevator; its depot is painted the same color that other depots on the same line are painted; its stores have more or less ugly fronts of brick or frame or stamped steel, as the case may be, just as have the business blocks of hundreds of other little American towns. But this town, in the essentials of its economic life, is unique, wholly different from any other town that I know of. There are indeed a few other towns in this country where there are manifestations of this difference in kind,

but none, so far as I know, where it exists in the degree in which it exists here.

This is the essence of the difference: the chief store of the town, the elevator, and the creamery are owned jointly by the farmers of the community and operated coöperatively for the benefit of the entire community. The bank is controlled by the farmers of the community and run on a basis as nearly coöperative as the state laws will allow. The store in question dominates the general merchandise trade of the community. It is big and diverse, "handles everything from a needle to a threshing-machine," its manager will tell you with pardonable pride. Groceries, drugs, clothing, hardware, farm implements, virtually everything needed on farm or in home, may be bought at the farmers' store. The elevator handles not merely the grain of the farmers of the community, but also coal, feed, flour, fertilizer, hay, salt, and other bulky commodities.

These enterprises, including the creamery, are run on a straight coöperative basis. The system followed is virtually the Rochdale system, which has been applied successfully throughout the British Isles. Take the store, for example. Every stock-holder is allowed to buy one hundred-dollar share, and no more, which gives him one vote in the management of the affairs of the enterprise. He gets six per cent. interest on this investment, and in addition a dividend on all his individual transactions with the store. He pays the current market price for everything he buys, but gets back as a periodical rebate ten per cent. profit on his purchases. Thus he gets his groceries and other supplies at virtually wholesale rates, and at the same time the store escapes the odium and enmity that are wont to embarrass the coöperative concern that cuts rates. Furthermore—and this is as important as any other feature of the plan—the non-member who buys of the coöperative store gets something in the way of a bonus, too, five per cent. on all purchases. Thus interest in the coöperative ideal is fostered.

This is agrarian democracy of a high

type, simple, effective community organization for buying and selling. Everybody involved is personally concerned in the conduct of the business. Every division of profits saved is an object-lesson in economics; every meeting of stock-holders is an object-lesson in sociology. There is hope for democratic civilization in such organization.

However, communities like this are rare in the United States, not from any logical necessity, but because of psychological reasons. When one hears of new potatoes being sold by the Long Island producer at twenty-five cents a barrel, and resold to the consumer in New York City, only a few miles away, at thirty cents for a small basket, or when one hears of apples rotting on the ground on farms a few miles from Boston, and the same quality of apples selling to the consumer in Boston at fancy prices, one is apt to jump to the conclusion that there must be some simple and effective device for preventing such appalling commercial incongruities. But there is not, and never has been, any such device. Successful coöperative effort involves a combination of several equally necessary factors. As I have said before, the most important of these factors are psychological.

If the people in a given community have the coöperative spirit, if they appreciate the permanent economic benefits as well as the temporary financial benefits to be derived from coöperation, and if they are interested in the social and moral benefits that are certain to come in the train of a coöperative movement, their chances of success are excellent. If to this appreciation of the higher possibilities involved in a genuine coöperative movement there be added the element of determination or a willingness, when necessary, as it sometimes is necessary, to sacrifice temporary personal advantage to permanent personal and community well-being, the movement has a vastly better chance of success.

For a year and a half the Department of Agriculture has been carrying on the most scientific and painstaking first-hand

study of the coöperative movement ever undertaken in the United States. While the department's investigations are not yet complete, certain basic facts stand out in clear relief:

First, there are certain vitally important things that a coöperative marketing society can do for its members better than they can do for themselves. It can assemble berries, garden produce, or whatever its specialty may be, in sufficiently large quantities to have them properly graded and shipped in refrigerated car-load lots by freight instead of by express, and at a comparatively slight cost it can make it worth while for some first-class distributing and selling agency to dispose of them at top prices.

Second, necessity, which is the mother of invention, is also, in the vast majority of cases, the mother of coöperation. Experience shows that as long as farmers are able to make a fairly good profit marketing their own products they are inclined to go it alone. Serious financial difficulties usually have to be experienced before they become convinced that going it alone is not good business.

Third, coöperation is not a magical word that transmutes stupidity and inefficiency into success. Business ability is as essential to successful coöperative effort as to any other form of business enterprise.

Fourth, the surest road to success for a coöperative marketing organization is along the line of a highly specialized business handled as well as is humanly possible. A coöperative society that does a general business is apt, with fatal results, to neglect necessary details in the handling of perishable commodities.

Fifth, small coöperative societies which do not do a large enough business to enable them to employ skilful marketing agents at terminal points generally find it hard sledding unless they are able to connect up with some central coöperative selling agency such as the Ozark Fruit Growers Association and allow it to distribute and sell their produce for them.

Sixth, lack of sufficient capital has been

a prolific source of danger and disaster to coöperative associations. It is a serious blunder to attempt to start a coöperative enterprise without sufficient permanent capital to see the infant society successfully through its teething period; moreover, members must be willing to allow the association a reasonable commission or expense assessment, in order that it may thrive and develop properly and provide a reserve fund against lean years.

Seventh, very few States in the Union have satisfactory laws providing for the organization of coöperative societies. This is a serious handicap to the coöperative movement, and one which the Federal department is doing its utmost to remedy. For more than a year our experts have been working in conjunction with economists, lawyers, and coöperative managers from the different States in the Union in an attempt to draw up a model state law providing for the incorporation of coöperative societies on a sound financial basis.

While detailed figures are not yet available as to the extent of the coöperative movement among American farmers, it is probably safe to say that despite all the handicaps of the past, coöperative agricultural organizations in this country are doing over a billion dollars' worth of business a year. Manifestly this is only a beginning, as the movement in the United States is still in its infancy; but I think it will be generally recognized that it is a lusty infant, possibly an infant Hercules.

In the past farmers have regarded coöperation as merely a means of protection from the wiles of the middleman, but it is destined to be something of vastly greater moment than that. By means of coöperative effort the farmer not only can protect himself from the superior business ability of sinister business organizations, but, what is of greater importance, can increase his own efficiency enormously both as a scientific farmer and as a business manager, to the ultimate benefit of every one concerned.

Moreover, before the farmers in the country or the business men in the towns

can obtain the maximum benefit from our improved agricultural methods, farmers and business men must learn to coöperate for their mutual advantage. There are some farmers to whom this will sound like advising the lamb to lie down with the lion. They will have a fear that in case it is done, it will not be long before the lamb will be inside the lion. Indeed, for a long time there has been a wide-spread suspicion on the part of the farmer that the city business man regarded the farmers very much as the farmers regard their sheep, as creatures to be sheared, and occasionally even to be skinned. In the past this suspicion has not been without foundation, but the more enlightened among our business men are coming to see that their future welfare is indissolubly bound up with the welfare of the farmer, and that it is not only good morals, but good business, to help the farmer not only to make a scientific success of crop production, but to make as well a business success of crop disposition.

That there are and will continue to be middlemen who are unscrupulous can be taken for granted, that there are and will continue to be farmers who are likewise minded is beyond dispute; but that the more intelligent business men and farmers are rapidly learning that they have more interests in common than interests that conflict no longer admits of a doubt. The progress toward closer coöperation between the farmer and the business man depends more largely than upon any other single factor upon the attitude taken by the business man toward the farmer in this better farming movement. If the business man will recognize that this movement for the new agriculture is primarily a farmer's movement, and that the business man can help and not hinder this movement only in so far as he learns to play second fiddle to the farmer, to back up the farmer, to offer the farmer advice and assistance, without in any way attempting to control the farmer or the farmer's organization, then rapid progress can be made. If, however, the business man attempts to get control of this move-

ment and exploit it by any political or business manipulation, and attempt to dictate who the officers of farm organizations shall be or what their policies shall be, they will cut off the limb on which they are sitting.

It is obvious that in the near future the farmers are going to do coöperatively a number of things which to-day are done for them by the business men of the towns. The movement in this direction is inevitable and irresistible. It is every day gaining in momentum. The wise business man will recognize this fact and trim his sails accordingly. If he is engaged in an elevator business or a creamery business, and it becomes apparent that the farmers of the neighborhood are about to assume that function of the community, he will do well to say frankly to them: "If you think you can handle this business better and more economically than I can, I will sell it to you in a friendly way. There are plenty of other places where I can utilize my capital and trained business ability advantageously." That will be good business, for it is folly to fight the inevitable.

If the business men will take this attitude, they and the farmers will prosper in the future as neither of them has prospered in the past, and the entire nation will prosper with them. I have spoken to bodies of business men in a number of our States, and I find that more and more this reasonable and sympathetic spirit is gaining headway among them. They recognize that if the American people pull together, there will be prosperity enough to go around; but that if we squabble and squirm, each one striving for a mean personal advantage at the expense of his fellows and the community in general, there will be very little real and abiding prosperity for anybody.

There has been circulated a deal of eloquent misinformation as to the supposed *identity* of interest between various commercial and industrial groups—between the farmer and the railroads, for example, or the farmer and the banks, the stockyards and various other corporate interests

with which of necessity he must do business. That there is a *community* of interest between the farmer and these interests does not admit of a doubt, but that there is an *identity* of interest does not follow. After the farmer, the railroad, the bank, the commission man, the storekeeper, have worked together for their common advantage as far as they know how in the light of the old ideals, there is still left a twilight zone of opportunity where some men by stealth or craft can still profit at the expense of others. It is this commercial war zone that the spirit of coöperation is gradually encroaching upon.

The supposition that natural economic law will prevent all illegitimate profits is one of the strangest delusions ever harbored in the minds of intelligent men. Despite economic laws, reinforced by man-made laws, the cunning and unscrupulous sometimes gain larger profits than do men who conduct their business in a strictly legitimate way. If a man's controlling ambition in life is to pile up unearned millions regardless alike of private rights and public welfare, one could not truthfully tell him that the quickest way to the realization of this sordid dream always lies along the paths of legitimate business enterprise. We may as well recognize frankly and fully the wide gulf that yawns between men who are trying to earn money and men who are trying by hook or crook to possess themselves of money that other men have earned.

The paramount issue before the American people to-day is not the tariff or corporation control or any of those other political or economic problems which newspapers and politicians discuss glibly; the real issue is not political or even economic. It is moral.

Is the individual citizen willing to produce all the wealth he acquires and to work and vote to render it impossible henceforth for any one, by any financial hocus-pocus, to acquire wealth that others have produced? That's the issue. Along that line will be fought the battle for control of that twilight zone in business

where "dog eats dog" is still too often the rule. When a coherent and masterful majority of our people "gets" the full significance of this issue and insists that he who produces more than he acquires is a public benefactor, but that he who acquires more than he produces is an economic parasite, then means will be found of ridding our civilization of the predatory business type, and of giving each person the full product of his toil of brawn or brain. It is to this end that all the beneficent social forces of our day are trending.

Regulated competition is unquestionably better than irresponsible and uncontrolled competition. Moreover, by the slow, sure means of experience, Federal and state control of business is becoming at once more elastic and more effective. But no perfecting of the mechanism of such control can ever overcome the inherent limitations of this method of promoting social and economic justice. To realize the higher possibilities of civilization fuller recourse must be had to the principle of coöperation.

As far back as history goes we find civilization developing as fast as and no faster than men have developed the capacity to work together with their fellow-men to a common end. The day of hybrid, involuntary coöperation by means of slavery, serfdom, or economic exploita-

tion is past. As President Wilson has indicated, the time is ripe for a coöperation that is not exclusive or oppressive, but rather inclusive and beneficent, founded on the principle of the open door, and dispensing its profits among all who participate in its activities according to the measure of such participation.

Manifestly, one of the best ways to develop this spirit of coöperation during our present transition period is for the business man and the farmer to get together in spirit and in purpose, to forget old antagonisms, and, as far as possible, to infuse into the present era something of the creative, beneficent spirit of the future. Thus the business man who is on the square and anxious for better things should not only refuse to make common cause with business men who stand for the ethics of the jungle, but should line up actively with like-minded men among all classes of his fellow-citizens in an endeavor to bring about a general realization of the fact that our maximum of national efficiency and prosperity can come only when every citizen, business man as well as farmer or wage-earner, is able to feel that his success will be in proportion not to his craft and Machiavellian ability to outwit and spoil his fellow-men, but rather in proportion to the intelligence, determination, and industry that he puts into productive work.

Driven

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WHAT swords have clashed between us! Yes,
What blows, forgotten and forgiven!

With what a storm of stubbornness

We thought we drove, when we were driven!

Down to what wars we two have gone

Toward peace, that cool and quiet splendor!

And shall we still go fighting on

After the ultimate surrender?

Well, let it whirl about our lives

Through breathless days and thundering weather;

I do not fear, whatever drives,

As long as we are driven together.

A Transit of Venus

By MARJORY MORTEN

Author of "Krujer Hobbs"

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

"IT'S not that people change," said Peters, suddenly; "they just look at life one day with what painters call a fresh eye and see for the first time real values and proportions." He flung this at me with violence, as if he were called upon to contradict a very stupid remark of mine. We had been sitting on the narrow balcony of my fourteenth-story hotel room, smoking in silence for an hour or more.

There was nothing at that height to break the sweeping line of the Palisades to the west of us but one tall building, topped by a water-tank, on spidery legs, as black as a witches' caldron against the sky. And between the thicket of chimney-stacks below and the bluffs beyond, the dim river lay like mist in a valley.

"It is n't always a great experience. Love or anguish does n't necessarily do the trick," he went on savagely. "Often it's a thing that touches us only remotely; some one else's tragedy—not close enough for us to see distinctly. Well, we follow it up, and squint our eyes trying to get the focus. Suddenly we see it plain, and we see life, too, for the first time since we were born."

He pointed to the west, where Venus shone, a white point pricked in a sky deeply and luminously blue. "I've a case in mind now. I never look at the stars without thinking of an hour in a kitchen—a kitchen in Gramercy Park it was. I had gone down to the north shore one hot glittering day last June, with a crowd of acquaintances, for an affair rather inappropriately called a housewarming. It was the usual sort of thing—music, a marquee on the lawn for dancing, pretty women in sharply tinted gowns, food, and clamor. I was n't amused. I was irritated by the too-muchness of the whole place; the house was too big, the verandas

were too wide, the drives too broad. Certainly too much of everything for this middle-aged, childless couple who had opened their doors to a multitude.

"One hates spaciousness that's meant to be impressive. If a family decides to make the driveway large enough for the big car to pass the pony-cart comfortably, the result is somehow all right. But that sort of thing—

"I was dragged about to inspect stables and dairies, squash-courts and tennis-courts, and finally the swimming-pool, where I eluded the party. This imitation-marble pool was filled with water as green as if it had been colored, was flanked by pseudo-Greek benches and stupid little trees in tubs, poor shrubs, box or privet or what-not. Cropped in the form of cheeses and cones, they looked as if they'd come out of molds; as if they'd been so cruelly used that they'd not dare to send out another shoot as long as they lived. And all this, mind you, within plain sight of the good salt sea.

"Well, we all know which is the pet god of this age: here was a new and costly temple, and now his votaries were going through noisy rites, bowing the knee before Henrietta's black bath-room, with its sunken tub and dolphin faucets; uttering shrill pæans in the living-room, which was full of the poisonous colors the new decorators are using.

"There is n't an antique or a period room in the house," I heard Henrietta say proudly, and I caught a glimpse of a checkered floor and a green couch piled with cushions in nightmare shapes—strange cushions inviting dreadful dreams. And Henrietta herself! Here was a healthy, homely, capable woman housed as softly as Caligula's horse. She'd as much beyond her needs and normal desires as



“She stood half paralyzed with fear, her eyes fixed on the shrouded rack”

that odious animal, with his crystal and ivory manger.

“All this to explain why I went finally in search of the kitchen gardens, longing for the sight of a row of honest cabbages.

and found there a real human being who had a tale to tell. No, not a kitchen-maid with a tearful romance. Romance is either dark or bright, and you know I 'm interested in half-tones. No, this was a

young lady who 'd had enough of Henrietta's housewarming, and I found her sitting in the shade of a smoke-bush, at the foot of the vegetable garden, as still as any image. Presently she looked up at me from under one of those enormous hats that let the sun splash through the brim and spatter the face with light. I had seen her before somewhere, and I made a remark about the view as I tried to place her. She was pretty enough and young-ish; I could n't tell how young. Between twenty-five and thirty-eight women look about the same nowadays. She had the usual slim figure, smooth face, and tired eyes, a familiar type in the East; but there was about her something different, an expression wistful and puzzled, tired, and at the same time eager. She looked tired not because of having had too much of everything, but of never having had at all the things she wanted and did n't know how to look for. Then I realized that she was saying: 'You used to know me when I was little. I was Jessica Tatum.' And I remembered a quiet, rather colorless little girl of ten. Perhaps she had seemed mousy only because of the violent conditions that surrounded her; no child's personality makes itself heard in the din of slamming doors and tearful recriminations.

"I had known the parents well, handsome, hot-tempered, spoiled young creatures who quarreled violently. I think they even threw things at times; but they were so charming that people did n't mind. Of course it could n't have lasted forever, but they both died when Jessica was a child. They had left each other several times, and once they had come to me with tears and vociferous complaints. I did what I could; of course it was n't possible to bring about a lasting peace. I don't think they wanted it really. To some natures trouble acts as a stimulant, and, just as drunkards react only to enormous quantities of alcohol, so such people live in an atmosphere that would kill any ordinary mortal.

"After they died somebody, I 'd forgotten whom, took the child and brought

her up and out. Then she had married. I remembered vaguely that it was the sort of marriage about which people added some word of explanation, and I had forgotten, if I ever knew it, her husband's name and why they had granted him a distinctly qualified approval.

"All this came back to me in an instant as I sat down beside her on the grass, and I said:

"'Of course, of course; only your hair was much lighter in those days, and where are your freckles? Well, what has life done to you, and what, my dear, have you done with life in all these years?'

"She hesitated and looked at me so thoughtfully that I felt the way you do when you say 'How are you?' to an acquaintance and he begins to tell you how he is. I thought she was going to bore me with names and dates, but after a long pause she brought out:

"'I don't know. I 've never thought about life at all before last week, and now everything seems different. I don't know what to do.'

"I looked at her sharply. I cannot endure the person who makes a morbid study of her inhibitions. But Jessica did n't apparently consider herself a 'case,' and she was honestly troubled.

"I asked her if she 'd rather be alone. She shook her head at that, and said plaintively:

"'I don't seem to have happy things inside me to keep me company when I 'm by myself. It never makes me lonely to watch a crowd of people having a good time, but it makes me awfully desolate to see one person going off by himself with a contented, turned-in look. You had that look when you came down here a minute ago.'

"She was very appealing as she sat there under the rosy, amber cloud of the smoke-bush, hugging her knees and looking up at me anxiously. One saw that her distress was not immediate; I thought it seemed sufficiently remote to make it safe to stay and talk without having presently to jump up and minister in some way to her comfort or happiness. And I



“It is n’t necessary, it is n’t right. You’re good!”

said encouragingly, as if she were still a child:

“Well, well, we’ll have a good talk; you must give me an account of yourself.” She shook her head again.

“You won’t be interested if we talk.

I have n’t got any theories about things. I bore people; they expect me either to agree or contradict. They don’t much care which. I have n’t got any ideas about how society should be put in order or what is wrong. I’m not even sure, as

they all seem to be, that the world *is* all wrong.' Then she repeated, 'I've never thought about life at all before last week.'

"While I was wondering whether I should urge her to tell me what had changed the complexion of her universe, she blurted out, as if she feared her courage might fail:

"I wish I could tell you about it. If I told my husband, he'd think me crazy; if I told any of my friends, they'd run around asking, 'Oh, have you heard about Jessica's electrician?' They'd make a joke or a scandal out of it. May I tell you?' And then as I nodded, 'How funny that I should tell you here!'

"You mean it's comic to be driven to kitchen-middens to talk?"

"Oh, not only that, but, you see, this thing happened in the kitchen—in my kitchen the other night, and now I'm telling you about it in a vegetable garden! We smiled at each other then, and I assumed the attentive immobility of your true listener.

"She told her tale without the slightest affectation. No interpolations or explanations or opinions of her own; I always prefer to supply that sort of thing in my telling. Anything that impressed her she repeated as she had heard it, word for word. It was n't, of course, the sort of story that would have satisfied a jury; not explicit or detailed enough, and not especially coherent. It was just real; an accurate report would have left one quite cold. That's the difference between reality and actuality. There's nothing, you'll admit, so ludicrously stationary as a snap-shot of a person running or walking. That foot thrust forward in the act of taking a step seems turned to stone. Have n't you noticed it? In order to give a sense of real motion the literal image of a moving being won't do. It's the same way with a tale.

"I got the core of the whole thing from her telling then, but I built it out a bit later after a walk about the little park and a talk with an old telescope-man in Fourteenth Street, a strange old chap with a face as round as a moon and roughly

pitted, like the moon's surface in a photograph.

"I'll give you the tale, if you like, just as I have it now in my head.

"Jessica and her husband had been out walking in the park with their two chows. It was a June evening, about ten o'clock. They had left their door ajar, as they often did in warm weather, and Jessica had run in ahead to telephore. All the servants had gone to bed but one maid, who was dozing in the pantry. Jessica called to her that she would close the doors, and sent her off to bed. Now, the telephone on that floor was in a corner between the dining-room and the basement stairway, very dark and inconvenient, the 'phone on a high shelf, no chair, and close to it, so close that one was always knocking things off it, stood a clothes-tree bulgy with mackintoshes and sweaters and rough coats. Every household, unless it's dominated by a domestic-efficiency expert, has some such corner. One says, 'I really must get at this and do so and so,' but one does n't.

"The wire was busy, and as Jessica waited, she tried to push the clothes-tree farther into the corner. It would n't budge, though she pushed with all her might, and then a voice, very low and very anxious, came from behind it, 'Please don't be frightened!'

"Well, she was frightened, and she stepped back quickly, knocking the telephone off the shelf. It struck her hand as it fell, and she must have uttered a cry, for the voice went on in an urgent whisper:

"I'm so sorry! *Don't* be frightened! Let me stay here for a few minutes. Please!

"She stood half paralyzed with fear, her eyes fixed on the shrouded rack. A hat had been perched on the top of it, and it looked for all the world like an overdressed scarecrow. The voice, the plaintive whisper, seemed to come out of this bulky body, and she half expected to see the thing lurch forward, waving all its horribly empty sleeves in her face. And at her feet, as if issuing from the bowels



“You could see Broadway blazing off to the west, and she'd stare at the lights.”

of the earth, sounded the faint, insistent, impersonal query of the telephone operator: ‘Number, please! Number, please! Number, please!’ Then her husband came in with the dogs,—the poor things had been named Pell and Mell,—and one of them—Mell it was—came scampering through the hall. Jessica caught her by the collar and said sharply: ‘Down, Mell! Quiet! It’s all right!’

“Do you know chows? They’re vigorous, amiable, well-behaved animals, not too sensitive or imaginative, and not at all suspicious, and they’re so well balanced they’re not always making a bid for approbation like most dogs. This one sniffed about for a minute, whined interroga-

tively, and then squatted close to the wall, waiting for developments. She knew something was wrong, but she took her mistress’s word for it that she would not be held responsible.

“Well, there Jessica crouched in the corner holding the dog by the collar. Then came her husband’s sleepy voice, ‘Coming, Jess?’ and she found herself replying carelessly:

“‘I’ll be up later. Don’t wait. I’ve not got my number; then I must go down and find something for Mell. Poor Mell! you shall have a bone in a minute!’ and she waited with a shaking heart until she heard a door close on an upper floor. She realized that she should have fled

from the corner and left her husband to deal with the intruder. She was not venturesome, she had never knowingly taken a risk in her life; but there had been a quality, something, in that whispered appeal that she could not resist. Twice she tried to speak; then came a strange tone, flat, expressionless. She hardly recognized her own voice:

"I am going down into the kitchen; you may come with me. I am not frightened." And to prove that she was not afraid, she felt for the baluster and started down the narrow stairway, pushing Mell in front of her; and behind her came clumsy, cautious footsteps and loud, anxious breathing. She decided that this was not a sneak-thief.

"Now, Jessica was n't a housekeeper of the old school. She did n't know her way about the kitchen. She had n't a notion where to find the lights. She groped helplessly for a moment, and then said sternly and almost defiantly:

"Please strike a match!"

"A low voice answered:

"I've a pocket torch. I'll find the switch," and in an instant the room was flooded with light, and she was facing the intruder across the kitchen table. He stood there quietly, blinking, smiling timidly, clutching his cap—a mere boy, hardly more than two or three and twenty, she thought. He looked so little like a villain that she smiled back at him.

"Now, what do you want? Are you hungry?"

"Hungry? No; but you promised your dog a bone." He stooped and patted Mell, who was sniffing at his legs. "Can I sit down? I'm played out."

"Jessica nodded, and went to the ice-box to find a bone. Then she stood listening for a moment in the doorway. Everything was quiet.

"The young man had seated himself in the cook's rocking-chair by the stove. It had a turkey-red cushion tied in the back of it, and against it his face looked gray. It was a thin, ugly, gentle face, hollowed about the eyes and cheek-bones, and the line from ear to chin was unnaturally

sharp. He had no coat, and his collar was open at the throat; but there was not a suggestion of the tramp about him. He looked like a respectable young mechanic tired after his day's work. Jessica slipped into a chair, and leaned her elbows on the table.

"What were you doing up-stairs? You don't look like a burglar," she said evenly.

"He shook his head.

"I did n't come to steal; I just saw the door open and thought I'd slip in and hide somewhere until I got my bearings. I felt as if the whole town was after me. My wife—she fell off a roof a little while ago. I pushed her off."

"Jessica held her breath. For several minutes there was no sound in the kitchen but the crunch, crunch of the dog gnawing her bone under the table and a distressed, wheezing sputter in the sink-pipe.

"So this was a murderer, a wife-killer. Could criminals look like this, timid, tired, gentle? They were, she had always thought, a class apart, shifty-eyed, leering, low-browed ruffians. Children and dogs ran from them in a panic. Decent people very rightly locked them out; and here she was talking to one in her own kitchen, not a bit afraid of him! More than that, she found herself saying:

"Oh, you poor soul!" And then as he sat motionless, his head against the red-cotton cushion, his eyes closed, she went on, "Oh, *what* made you do it?"

"Presently he leaned forward in his chair and began to speak. Of course, under ordinary conditions the boy would have been abashed to find himself alone with this woman of another world, would have stood before her awkwardly, stammering, 'Yes, ma'am; I don't know, ma'am.' Now the violent shock of his tragedy had anesthetized him to almost complete unconsciousness of his surroundings. He was over the border-line, beyond constraint and embarrassment. As he talked he relived moments of the brief life of his passionate attachment, his disillusion, his bewilderment, his pain. He revealed himself in snatches as vivid, as detached, as fragmentary as the ramblings

of a man under ether. Some of the things he said meant nothing to Jessica, but she understood that he was an electrician and that, working in some small theater, he had met and adored and married a girl named Ruby. It is easy to picture the type of chorus girl who calls herself Ruby, is n't it? But she had evidently completely dazzled him. He kept repeating:

"'I don't know—I don't know what it was made her so wonderful,' and then: 'You know how, when you look at an electric bulb and it goes out, you see it plain after it's dark,—it fixes itself on your eyeballs somehow,—and just before it fades you see the loop of the wire, like a gilt thread on black. Well, she was like that. When she went out of the room or round a corner I'd see her for a full minute after she'd gone, and when she said good-by I'd hear good-by, good-by, good-by over and over, sort of like an echo getting fainter and fainter—hear it with my ears, mind you, not imagination. What was it, do you suppose, made her like that?'"

"Jessica said something feeble about personality, but he did not hear her. He went on:

"'We had a nice little place—three rooms. I fixed it all up before we got married. She loved red, and I bought a lot of red cushions and a Morris chair with a red-plush cover. I read somewhere in the paper that electricity had contributed more to human happiness than anything else in civilization. I told her I'd make electricity do her work for her, so she'd have it easy. I ran wires all over the place, a reading-light by the sofa, and hair-curling tongs and electric irons, and a neat little toaster for the dining-room table, a vacuum-sweeper, too; and at Christmas I fixed up a little tree with colored bulbs on it. I thought she'd think it was fine, housekeeping like that. She said she'd rather live in a boarding-house and have people to talk to; I'm not much of a talker. Well, I could n't afford that. She knew I could n't."

"'My! she was the prettiest thing ever created. I could have sat and looked at her all day long without saying a word.

She must have thought I was ugly as sin; she never looked at me.

"'When it was hot I'd take a couple of chairs and a cushion up to the roof, and I'd fix some lemonade for her or maybe I'd go out and get a pitcher of beer. She'd rock and rock faster and faster and make the tin roof crackle and snap. You could see Broadway blazing off to the west, and she'd stare at the lights. I'd sit back and look up at the sky—lights up there worth watching. When I thought what a job it was to build and keep going enough of a plant to light New York, why I had a lot of respect for the One who managed that great old plant up there. It's a great old plant,' he repeated, his eyes fixed on the drop-light over the kitchen table, as if it, too, were a tiny, an infinitesimal part of the solar system. And after a moment of silence he brought out bitterly, 'There she'd sit rocking and humming to herself, and whenever I'd ask her a question, she'd give me a lie.

"'She liked to go to the movies in Fourteenth Street. There was an old fellow on the street corner had a telescope. Every time we'd go down I'd slip out and have a look at the stars. Five cents a look he charged; he'd talk just like a storekeeper, as if the stars were his to sell.

"'Good evening, sir, what will you have to-night? Venus, that lovely luminary, is not with us, but we have Jupiter, as usual. I suppose you would not care to have a look at Mars? He's not so showy through this telescope, but very nice and homelike. No? Well, here is Jupiter; this belted monarch of the skies has four attendant moons.'" Such a line of talk you never heard.

"'Sometimes Ruby'd go out at night with friends, and I'd walk down there and listen to the old chap by the hour. He certainly was hipped on Mars. Knew all about life there; said the people were enormous, but that an elephant there would jump as dainty as a gazelle, and, the gravity being so much less, they could dig a canal as easy as a squirrel would dig a hole to hide a nut; and everything being

so slow and light, if a man fell off a roof in Mars, he 'd just sort of flutter down like a bit of paper. Even knew how long it takes water to boil up there. Did you ever?' He seemed lost in wonder at this astonishing atom of information, then he added: 'I myself did n't want to think about the stars like worlds. If I thought of 'em as lights, I got a much clearer idea of the whole system and the One who 's running it.' He stiffened in his chair and looked again at the drop-light as if it were a symbol of some unimaginable force.

"The dog, having finished her bone, came out from under the table, shook herself, and trotted out into the hallway. Somewhere in an adjoining house a bell began to ring. The man got to his feet painfully as if every muscle was cramped, and looked about the kitchen, seeing it for the first time.

"'Well, I got to clear out,' he said slowly; 'I don't know where to go, what to do. I suppose I could make an end to myself; perhaps that 's the thing to do. I don't seem to have the heart to find a way, but I suppose right here in this room there are things I could use.' He turned to a shelf in a corner by the stove and read aloud the labels on a row of jars: 'Split peas, beans, rice, lentils, barley, vermicelli.' Jessica wondered fearfully if he would find some deadly poison there on her pantry shelves. She seemed somehow aware of death as a tangible presence in the room, and she felt a sudden chill stronger than the icy breath that had enveloped her when she opened the doors of the refrigerator to look for a bone for her dog.

"'You must n't do that—you must not!' she urged breathlessly, and she ran over to him, put her hand on his arm, tugged at his sleeve, forced him to face her. 'It is n't necessary, it is n't right! You 're *good*. You must go away. Nobody saw this thing; they 'll think it was entirely accidental.'

"He shook his head.

"'There was the janitor, a sneaky Swede; I did n't like the way he looked at Ruby. I told him I 'd wring his



"'Very early the next morning she went out and peered through the park railings'"

stringy neck for him if he laid eyes on her again. I think he was up there to-

night. I—I thought I smelled his filthy pipe. He 'd sneak up and skulk about behind chimneys; twice I caught him peeking out at us. I don't know if he saw anything, it was all so quick. We were sitting right by the edge of the roof, and she tilted her chair sideways when I jumped at her. She did n't scream. She threw up her hands and tried to clutch me as she toppled over. I stepped back. I just let her go. That 's murder, is n't it? And you know what was in my head that minute? What that old fellow said about a man falling off a roof in Mars. I had a sort of crazy idea that she 'd flutter down, down as light as paper.'

"'Never mind the janitor,' pleaded Jessica. 'What can he do? Perhaps he did n't see. Don't think of that. You must get away and begin over again. Think of this as a terrible dream.'

"She remembered that she had sent down some money that evening to pay for a package she expected in the morning, and she began to search frantically, pulling out drawers, opening cupboards, until she found it and thrust the bills into his hands. Then as he still stood before her, silent, bewildered, she went on insistently:

"'You must go away at once. You can't stay here any longer. But I 'll give you the key of the little park. It 's locked, you know, and it has high railings round it. It 's the stillest spot, the loneliest place in the city. You can sit under a tree near the fountain, hidden from the street. You can sit there all night and look at Mars and decide where you 'll go. And you will go on. Promise me, please!'

"She gave him the key. He looked at it curiously, turning it over and over, and then he looked at her and smiled timidly as he had when they first faced each other across the kitchen table.

"Well, she opened the basement door, and out he went, still clutching his cap and the key, to a few quiet hours; and after she shut the iron grille he stood still for a minute in the areaway, with his head thrown back, looking up at the lights.

"THAT 's about all. I suppose you 'd like to know what Ruby did that finally drove her young husband to violence. He did n't tell, you see. Jessica said he made her feel that it was something way beyond jealousy that moved him. Perhaps something in her that would not only kill his love, but her own loveliness as well. Who knows? Is it ever possible to put one's fingers on the cause of a tragedy? Those things are cumulative, of course; anger, resentment, revenge, even righteous indignation, all follow the same course, slowly gathering momentum, moving with the inevitability of time itself. You can't retard or evade the final crash, and you can't say it was caused by so and so. You might as well say that a mountain-goat stamped, and brought about a landslide.

"And, anyway, Jessica was doubtful in the end if he had intended what happened. I think he did, myself; still—

"Poor Jessica! She crept up to bed that night quaking in the grip of new emotions. Suddenly in an eye's blink she realized that humans are penned from one another by purely imaginary barriers, and she knew what death was; she had a vague idea what love might be, and she was at once timorous and eager to know more.

"Very early the next morning she went out and peered through the park railings. She had no key to open the gate, but she walked slowly around outside, looking into every corner.

"There was no one there. And as she looked, it seemed impossible that in the night a despairing intruder had invaded the snug inclosure, disturbing its green quiet, its neat security.

"You know the little park? It 's incredibly fresh, incredibly neat. In the middle is a fountain presided over by a decorous white nymph with a little hat on her head and very voluminous mid-Victorian draperies; a sort of sublimated nurse-maid in marble; very suitable.

"Every night Jessica walks there with her husband and the two chows, and her new thoughts."

The Real Thing¹

By A BRITISH OFFICER

THE major commanding 809th Battery R.F.A. picked his way in the rain along the cabbage-patch, looking for his dugout. It was two A.M. and a blind moon, and all the dugouts looked the same, little tunnels in the ground into which one crept like a rabbit. The cabbage-patch was the major's own idea. Instead of digging along hedge-rows, where the aeroplanes were accustomed by now to look for signs of habitation, he had dug boldly in the cabbage-patch in the middle of the field, and replanted the cabbages on the roofs of the dugouts. In aeroplane photographs of the field the dugouts were virtually invisible, and "what really is a bit of luck," the major used to say, "there are those two shell-holes on the edge of the cabbages to divert attention." In the dark the major peered into one of the dugouts, and switched on his electric torch. A large, white porcelain bath was let in flush with the ground. "Carey's got that bath, I see," he said to himself. "Good!" The absurdity of a porcelain bath in a hole in a field tickled him. "What a rum thing this war is!" was the way he put it to himself. A moment later he was in his own dugout, had wriggled out of his gumboots, wound his wrist-watch, glanced at his wife's photograph on the roof just above him, and within thirty seconds of pulling the blankets over him had passed into deep, dreamless slumber. God bless the sleep of all soldiers! Be sure they have need of it.

"MESSAGE from brigade headquarters, sir!" suddenly said a voice at the entry of the dugout.

"Well, you'd better read it out," said the major, sitting up.

"Following received from Lieut. Leslie begins: *Germans thickly collected each side railway behind second barrier be-*

tween Y7 and Y8. All their communications are down by side of railway. Can you turn on? 405th Brigade.'"

"Tell sergeant-major to carry on on yesterday's register. Do that first. Then call Mr. Drummond, and say I want to see him at once. I shall observe from F2. I will go up there at once and take the trumpeter, and one telephonist will be wanted for Mr. Drummond. Mr. Drummond will probably be in F7. Tell my servant to have some lunch strapped on to my bicycle."

As he came out of his dugout the major looked at his watch. It was four A.M., and that odd sense of change which comes just before the dawn was in the air. It was still raining. A subaltern came up in the dark.

"Is that you, Major?" he said.

"Good morning, Drummond," said the other. "I wanted you. Leslie says there's a collection of Boches in Railway Wood. I want you to go up to F7. You'd better tap into Leslie's wire. We may as well go up together on the bicycles as far as the cross-roads."

Field-artillery are not "entitled" to bicycles in the British army; but 809th Battery had large ideas, and the sergeant-major had a knack of "finding" things that the battery wanted. They now possessed over and above their "establishment" eight bicycles; two limbered wagons, made up from debris in the rubbish-heaps of Ypres and painted regulation color so as to escape the notice of inspecting generals; fifteen miles of D3 telephone wire, and two miles of captured German wire,—this was better than the English wire; they wished they had more of it,—a motor-cycle, on which the subalterns used to ride enormous distances, and return with bottles of Cointreau or cherry brandy for the mess; two acetylene lamps; a large supply of carbide; and, as already

¹ This narrative, while it is a combination and rearrangement of actual facts, is substantially true, and the documents reproduced are genuine.—THE EDITOR.

mentioned, a full-size porcelain bath "big enough," as Captain Carey, who had conveyed it out of Ypres under the very nose of the town major, said—"big enough for six policemen."

The volume of the enemy's bombardment had appreciably increased as the four bicycles bumped and rattled through the debris-strewn streets of Ypres.

"Why do they want to attack at Railway Wood, sir?" said Drummond. "They would n't be any better off if they got through here, would they?"

"I expect the real attack is at Hooge and Belleward," said the major, absently. "We shall probably switch on to Hooge before long. By the way, you know—" He proceeded to discuss the technic of fire direction as it is being studied on fifty battle-fields from the North Sea to the Vosges.

Behind the two officers two other bicycles could be seen through the darkness. The rider of one of them, 07456 Trumpeter Timothy Bradby, was profoundly miserable. He was a tall, slight boy, rather overgrown. Officially he was entered on the pay-sheet of the battery as eighteen years old, and in general he affected a fiercely virile demeanor and bitterly resented any reference to his age. But at the moment there was no fierceness left in him. Tired nature had relaxed the lines of his face, and he looked—what in point of fact he was—a few weeks short of seventeen. He had not had much more sleep than the major that night, and his young body was crying aloud for it. His hands, one of which grasped the handlebar of the bicycle, while the other steadied the telephone equipment that was slung round his shoulder to prevent its being shaken to pieces, were numb with the cold. Boy-like, he had lost his gloves, or, as he himself was inclined to think, "some barstard had pinched them." He hated the early morning. He hated the rain, which was trickling off his cap down inside the collar of his coat. He thought this here "abroad" which they talked so much about was a beastly place. As for the war, it was the fair limit. Before

trench warfare was invented, the function of the trumpeter was to gallop ahead with the major to some commanding eminence, where the major would shout, "Action front!" and the guns would gallop up, and unlimber in front of the foe. But right at the outset of this war the major had begun to train him as a telephonist. That was all very well. It meant extra pay as soon as ever he ceased to be rated as a boy, and with any luck he would get a bombardier's stripe early and have a sensational rise to be a sergeant, perhaps to be an officer, like so many others in this here war. No, on second thoughts he would rather not be an officer; but if they offered him the job of battery sergeant-major, he did n't mind if he took that—

"Come along, Trumpeter!" said the major.

They had reached the cross-roads, and the night was breaking up. At the side of the road was the entry to a communication trench. Down this the major and the trumpeter turned, having first hidden their bicycles in a shell-hole concealed from the road by a fold in the ground. For half an hour they plashed along in the mud; by the time they reached F2 the dawn had broken. The bombardment was at its height.

F2 was a ruined farm-house in the first-line trenches. The building had been so battered that only one corner of it was standing; but by great luck this corner was so placed that if one climbed up to the roof and looked through the gaps in the tiles, he commanded a view of half the Ypres salient. Three beer barrels constituted the observer's platform. Up these the major mounted, and very gingerly began to insert his telescope through the special gap contrived for it. If the enemy observers on the ridge two miles away were to see a glint of sunlight on the lens of the telescope as it moved, it would infallibly bring a shell to the farm-house. This the major knew very well, because he spent his days looking for similar opportunities to place his own shells. But fortunately there was little sun as yet, and perhaps the enemy observers were too busy

observing their own fire, which was now intense. The attack at Railway Wood had been launched and had been successful. The British were now preparing their counter-attack.

"Through to the battery, sir," said the trumpeter, who had been busy with his telephone. "Brigade just sent through, 'All artillery to keep fire east of Y14, Y17, Y20.'"

"Just in time for the counter-push," said the major. "Very well; say I will take over now. All guns lift one hundred."

"The major says 'e will take over. All guns lift one hundred.'"

For the next five hours the major did not leave his telescope or the boy his instrument. The battery fired continuously. Every time a gun fired, the telephonist at the battery end reported:

"Number One gun fired. Number Two gun fired," and the trumpeter called up to the major:

"Number One gun fired. Number Two gun fired." Then the major called down his directions:

"Number One gun ten degrees more left. Number Two gun fifty minutes more right."

In between the constant interchange of fire direction there were messages from the brigade to be taken down. To prevent confusion, the trumpeter wrote the latter on slips of paper, with which he had filled his pockets. When there was a lull for half a minute, he lighted a cigarette, but he never had the chance to smoke one out. The counter-attack at Railway Wood was successful, but at the moment that the English re-occupied the lost trench the Germans delivered a much bigger attack, as the major had foretold to Drummond, all along the line to the south of the railway. The artillery fire was at once switched southward. At 4:50 the brigade telephoned:

"Quicken up fire on Dead Man's Bottom front, as our men seem to be coming back."

The 809th and 810th batteries endeavored to create a barrage of fire in front of the threatened position. 809th Battery

concentrated the fire of all six guns on the ground in front of the Bellewarde ridge, one of those slight elevations of ground, ten yards difference of contour at the most, for the possession of which each side is prepared to kill the other in Flanders. The trenches were about two hundred yards apart here, and the ruins of Bellewarde Farm lay half-way between the two. Half a dozen times in as many minutes the German bombers dashed from their trenches, about ten men at a time, but each successive party was stretched out by the artillery fire before it could reach the farm.

The major had developed a habit of talking aloud while observing. It seemed quite natural to the trumpeter, as indeed did everything else that the major did, and he paid little attention to it.

"What brave fellows they are!" the major suddenly exclaimed. He remembered vaguely—it was the first time his thoughts had strayed that morning—how the last time he was on leave in England a woman had said to him:

"I know for a fact their officers have to beat the men with whips to get them to attack. I was told it by an officer who had been to the front."

"And whereabouts was your officer friend?" the major had asked politely.

"Oh, Boulogne, I think," she had replied.

The major brought his thoughts back with a jerk; his eye had never wandered from the glass.

"Message, sir," the trumpeter was saying from below. "'To 809th Battery. Can you inform who now holds Bellewarde Farm and line Y8, Y11, Y14? From 405th Brigade.'"

At ten o'clock the major for the first time took his eye off the telescope. "You 'd better get something to eat, Bradby," he said. "You might have done worse work than you did this morning; I think you kept the messages pretty clear."

Had any one else been present, the boy would have scorned to show satisfaction at the commendation of his superior of-

ficer; as it was, he flushed with pleasure. The major had never said words of praise to him before. Indeed, the major rarely spoke on subjects other than duty to any of his men. They respected him immensely, understood him through and through, and thought him "a proper officer." To Tim Bradby the major was the central point of the firmament, round which all other planets revolved. As he put down the telephone-receiver and began to open a tin of bully-beef, he felt repaid for any number of toilsome days and sleepless nights.

The major had resumed his position at the glass.

"Great mistake to tell them when they do well," he was saying to himself; "they always do worse afterward. That boy had done good work this morning, though," he added illogically.

CRASH! The sky rocked, and the ruins of the farm seemed to rise up under them. The major was swept off the beer barrels, and fell in the wreckage of the building. For a few seconds the debris flung into the air by the shell's explosion continued to fall, and by a sort of instinct the major lay still. Then he raised his head.

"Trumpeter! Trumpeter!" he called. "Have they hurt you?"

He crawled out of the wreckage. He noticed that he could crawl only on his right side. "Must have bruised myself pretty badly on my left," he thought. At first he did not know which way to look for the trumpeter, as the destruction of the observation-post had changed the aspect of the site. Then he got his bearings, and caught sight of the trumpeter. The trumpeter's head had been crushed into his neck, and was not to be seen; blood was spurting from the trunk. The scraps of paper on which the boy had written down the telephone-messages were scattered over the body like a pall of leaves.

The major was transformed by the sight.

"Brutes! Brutes! Murderers!" he shouted to the empty ruins. He looked

round. The telephone lay there. He took up the receiver. "Battery! Battery! Is that you, Battery?" By a miracle the line was not cut. "All guns on Y14!"

His one thought now was to kill Germans while he could. He dropped the receiver, and with great effort propped himself against a fragment of wall that was still standing. The telescope had disappeared, but his field-glasses, which were slung round him, were still unhurt, and he was able to make out a party of the enemy leaving their trenches for another assault on Bellewarde Farm. The fire of his battery caught them as they left the trench. He saw them fall. He reached for the telephone again, lost his balance, and fell. Another shell burst close by. When he picked up the receiver again, the wire was cut.

THE desire to kill had gone from him now. He felt that great weakness was coming over him, and looking down at his left leg, he saw that the blood was coming from his thigh in thick jets. "That looks like an artery," he said to himself, and tried to bind the leg with his handkerchief; but with only one hand he could not tie a knot, and after a while he gave up the attempt. There was something else he wanted to do, and it was getting harder every minute to do anything. He felt in his pocket for something to write with. He found a Signals and Messages Book, and, what luck! there was a pencil lying by the trumpeter. He rolled to the pencil and picked it up. Then he wrote two letters. The first was to his wife. It was as follows:

Dearest:

Poor trumpeter was killed beside me by a H. E. He was a real good boy. His name is Bradby. [Here he felt for the trumpeter's pay-book] His number is 07456. Please find out about his people and do what we can. Good-by, my dear. I think you will know what I am thinking about now. Good-by!

CECIL.

The second letter was as follows:

Dear Battery:

Will whoever finds this please send attached to my wife, Cloanden House, Wilts? Trumpeter was doing very good work. I meant to put him in for the D. C. M. Tell his people.

C. ALINGHAM,
Major.

When he had finished the letters he put them in the outside pocket of his service-jacket, where they would be seen. Then

he laid his head on the body of the trumpeter. The serge of the trumpeter's jacket was rough to his cheek, so he laid one of the boy's cold hands under his head for a pillow.

THE British official communiqué next morning ran as follows:

Considerable artillery activity all along our front. At one point east of Ypres the enemy left his trenches, but did not succeed in obtaining a footing in our positions.

Anthony Crundle

By JOHN DRINKWATER

*Here lies the body of
Anthony Crundle,
Farmer, of this parish,
Who died in 1849 at the age of 82.
"He delighted in music."
R. I. P.
And of
Susan,
For fifty-three years his wife,
Who died in 1860, aged 86.*

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree—
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
With cattle afield and laboring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue—
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day,
May Providence do no worse by me—
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Part VIII. Chapter XIX

THE meetings of the Little Flock had continued ever since the reappearance of Dylks, and in the earlier spirit. But the spring was broken, and since he had said that the New Jerusalem would not come down at Leatherwood, many had lost not faith, but hope. Few could have the hope of following him as far as far-off Philadelphia, and sharing the glories which he promised them there. For a pioneer community, the people were none of them poor; some were accounted rich, and among the richest were many followers of Dylks. But most of the Flock were hard-working farmers who could not spare the time or the money for that long journey Over-the-Mountains, even with the prospect of the heavenly city at the end. Yet certain of the poorest set their houses in order, and mortgaged their lands, and went with the richest, when on a morning after the last great meeting in the Temple the Little Flock assembled for parting, some to go and some to stay.

Nancy did not come with her boy for the farewell. They had kissed each other at the cabin door, and then he had run light-heartedly away, full of wild expectation, to find Benny Hingston at the Cross Roads and race with him to join the crowd before the Temple, where the Little Flock stood listening to the last words which the Good Old Man would speak to them in Leatherwood. Many wept; Dylks himself was crying. The enemies of their faith did not molest them except for a yelp of derision now and then, and a long-drawn howl from the Hounds, kept well back by the Herd of the Lost, under the command of Redfield. He stood in the chief place among these, and at his right hand Matthew Braille leaned on his stick.

When the last prayer had been said, and they who were going had kissed, or shaken hands with, those who were staying, and friends and foes had both scattered, Braille said to the young man, whom he now faced:

"Well, that 's the last of him."

Redfield's jaw was still set from the effort of seeing the affair through in as much decency as he had been able to enforce.

"It ain't the last of *them*. But I reckon, now he 's gone, they 'll behave themselves. None of the saints that are left will make trouble."

"No, with Enraghty out of the way, and that kind old fool Hingston, with his example of mistaken righteousness, we can get along fairly enough with the old dispensation. Well, Abel," he called to Reverdy, who was lounging about in the empty space which the crowd had left, unwilling to leave the scene of so much excitement for the dull labors of the field, "you thought you would n't go to see the New Jerusalem come down, after all. How 's the Good Old Man goin' to work it without you?"

"He 's had to work things 'thout me for a good while now, Squire," Abel returned, not with perfect satisfaction in the part assigned him by the irony of the squire. "Ever sence that night at Mr. Enraghty's, I been poortty much done with him. A god that could n't help hisself in a little trouble like that, he ain't no god for me."

"Oh, I remember. But what about Sally? She did n't go with the Little Flock, either?"

"I reckon me 'n' Sally thinks poortty much alike about the Little Flock," Abel said with as much hauteur as a man in his

bare feet could command. "We hain't either of us got any use for Little Flocks any more."

"Well, I 'm glad of it. But I thought she might have come to see them off."

Abel relented.

"Sally ain't very well this mornin'. Up all night with the toothache." Redfield had turned from them, and Abel now remarked: "I *was* wonderin' whether I could n't borry a little coffee from Mis' Braile for breakfast. I been so took up 'ith all these goun's on that I hain't had no time to go to the store."

"Why, certainly," the squire replied; "and you 'd better come and have breakfast with us on the way home. I came down without mine, so as to see the Ancient of Days off, and make sure of it."

"Pshaw, Squire, it don't seem quite right to have you usun' them old Bible sayun's so common-like."

"Well, Abel, perhaps it is n't quite the thing. But you must make allowance for my being in such high spirits. I have n't breathed so free in a coon's age. I *would* like to have stowed Dylks for a little while in the loft with ours. But Mis' Braile would n't hear of it. Well, we 've seen the last of him, I hope. And now we 're hearing the last of him." He halted Abel in their walk at a rise in the ground where they caught the sound of the hymn which the Little Flock, following Dylks for a certain way, were singing. "Sounds weel at a distance," as the Scotchman said of the bagpipes. And the farther the better. I don't believe I should care if I *never* heard that tune again." They reached Braile's cabin, and he said, "Well, now come in and have something to stay your stomach while you 're waiting for Sally to make the coffee you 're going to borrow."

"No, I reckon not, Squire," Abel loyally held out.

"Well, then, come in and get the coffee, anyhow."

"I reckon that 's a good idea, Squire." Abel assented, with a laugh for the joke at his cost. As they mounted the steps, Braile stopped him at the sound of voices in the kitchen.

A prevalent voice was the voice of Sally.

"Well, just one *sup* more, Mis' Braile. You do make the *best* coffee! I believe in my heart that it 's took my toothache all away a'ready, and I suppose poor Abel 'll be goun' up home with some of that miser'ble stuff he gits at the store, and expectun' to find me there in bed yit. I thought I 'd jest slip down and borry a little o' yourn to surprise him with; but when I smelt it, I jest could n't hold out. I don't suppose but what he stayed to see the Little Flock off, anyway, and you say Squire Braile went. Well, I reckon he had to, justice o' the peace, that way. I 'm thankful the Good Old Man 's gone, for one, and I don't never want to see hide or hair of him ag'in in Leatherwood. There 's such a thing as gittun' enough of a thing, and I 've got enough of strange gods for one while."

Murmurs of reply came from Mrs. Braile at times, but Sally mainly kept the word.

"Well, and what do you think of Nancy Billun's lettun' her Joey go off with the Little Flock, her talkun' the way she always done about 'em? Of course he 's safe with Mr. Hingston and Benny, and they 'll bring him back all right, but don't you think she 'd be afear'd 'ut he might be took up in the New Jerusalem when it riz ag'in?"

"Abel," the squire said, "I don't like this. We seem to be listening. I don't believe Sally will like our overhearing her, and we ought to warn her. It 's no use your stamping your bare feet, for they would n't make any noise. I 'll rap my stick on the floor." He also called out, "Hello, the house!" and Sally herself came to the kitchen door. She burst into her large laugh. "Well, I declare to goodness, if it ain't Abel and the squire! Well, if this ain't the best joke on *me*! Did you see Dylks off, Squire Braile? And a good riddance to bad rubbage, I say."

Nancy's cabin, where she sat with her little girl playing in the weedy turf at her foot. The late October weather was sometimes hot at noon, but the evenings were cool and the evening air was sweet with the scent of the ripened corn and the faint odor of the fallen leaves. The grasshoppers still hissed; at moments the crickets within and without the cabin creaked plaintively.

"I just come," Hughey said, "to see if you thought she would n't go to the Temple with me to-night. The Flock lets us have our turn reg'lar now, and we 're goin' to have Thursday evenin' meetin' like we used to." In a discouraging silence from Nancy he went on, "I 'm just on my way home now, and I 'll git my shoes there; and I don't expect to wear this hickory shirt—and no coat—"

"Yes, I know, Hughey, but I don't believe it 'll be any use. You can try; but I don't believe it will. I reckon you 'd find out that she 's goin' with Jim Redfield, if anybody. She 's been off with him 'most the whole afternoon, gatherin' paw-paws—he knows the best places; I should think they could have got all the paw-paws in Leatherwood by this time. You know I 've always liked you, Hughey, and so has her father, and you 've played together ever since you was babies, and you 've always been her beau from childern up. There ain't a person in Leatherwood that don't respect you and feel to think that any girl might be glad to get you; but I 'm afraid it 's just your cleverness and bein' so gentle-like—"

"Do you s'pose, Nancy," the young man faltered disconsolately, "it 's had anything to do with my not gettin' her that hair? I could 'a' done it as easy as Jim Redfield; but to tear it right out of his head, that way, I could n't; it went ag'in' my stommick."

"I don't believe it 's that, Hughey. If you must know, I believe it 's just Jim Redfield himself. He 's bewitched her, and she 's got to be bewitched by somebody. If it ain't one, it 's another; it was *him* then, and it 's Jim now."

"I see," the young man assented sadly.

"She ain't good enough for you; that 's the truth, Hughey, though I say it, her own kith and kin. I can't make you understand, I know; but she 's got to have somebody that she can feel the power of."

"I 'd do anything for her, Nancy."

"That 's just it! She don't want that kind of lovin', as you may call it. I don't believe my brother 's a very easy man to turn, but Jane has always done as she pleased with him; he 's been like clay in the hands of the potter with her. Many another girl would have been broken into bits before now; but she 's just as tough as so much hickory. I don't say but what she 's a good girl; there ain't a better in Leatherwood or anywheres. She 's as true as a die, and tender as anything in sickness, and 'u'd lay down and die where she saw her duty, and 'u'd work till she dropped if need be; but, no, she ain't one that wants softness in her friends. Well, she won't git any too much of it in Jim Redfield. They 're of a piece, and she *may* find out that she 's made a mistake, after all."

"Has she—she hain't promised to marry him yit?"

"No, I don't say that. But ever since that night at the Temple he 's been round after her. He 's been here, and he 's been at her father's, and she can't go down to the Corners for anything but what he comes home, helpin' her to bring it. You seen yourself how he always gets her to come home from meetin'."

"Yes," Hughey assented forlornly. "I 'm always too late at the door; he 's with her before a body can git the words out."

"Well, that 's it. I don't say she ain't a good-girl, one of the very best, but she 's hard, hard, hard; and I don't see what 's ever to break her."

The girl's voice came from round the cabin, calling, "Honey! Honey! Honey!" and the little one started from her play at her mother's feet, and ran toward the voice, which Jane now brought with her at the corner, and chuckling and jug-jugging, birdlike, for joy, threw herself at Jane's knees.

"See what I brought you, Honey. It 's good and ripe, but it ain't half as good as my Honey, Honey, Honey!" She put the paw-paw into the child's hands, and mumbled her, with kisses of her eyes, cheeks, hair, and neck. "Oh, I could eat you, *cat* you!"

She must have seen the young fellow waiting for her notice, but Nancy had to say, "Here 's Hughey, Jane," before she spoke to him.

"Oh, Hughey," she said not unkindly, but as if he did not matter.

He stood awkward, and Nancy judged it best for all the reasons to add:

"Hughey wants you to go to the Temple with him to-night," and the young fellow smiled gratefully, if not hopefully, at her.

The girl stiffened herself to her full height from the child she was stooping over. She haughtily mounted the steps beside Nancy, and without other recognition of Hughey in the matter she said:

"I 've *got* company," and disappeared into the cabin.

"Well, Hughey?" Nancy pityingly questioned.

"No, Nancy," he replied, with a manful struggle for manfulness, "I—I—it 's meant, I reckon," and slunk away from the girl's brutality as if it were his own shame.

Nancy picked up her little one, and followed indoors.

"Don't you talk to me, Aunt Nancy!" the girl cried at her. "What does he keep askin' me for?"

"He won't ask you any more, Jane," the woman quietly returned.

They joined in putting the little one to bed. Then, without more words, Jane kissed the child, and came back to kiss her again when she had got to the door.

"Aunt Nancy, I hate you," she said as she went out and left the woman alone.

Ever since Joey went away with the believers to see the New Jerusalem come down in Philadelphia, Jane had been sleeping at her father's cabin in resentful duty to his years and solitude. She got him his breakfast, and left it for him before she went to take her own with Nancy,

and she had his dinner and supper ready for his return from the field; but she did not eat with him, and he was abed before she came home at night.

Joey had been gone nearly a month, and no word had come back from any of the Little Flock who went with Dylks. It was not the day of letters by mail; if some of the pilgrims had sent messages by the wagoners returning from their trips Over-the-Mountains, they had not reached the families left behind, and no angel-borne tidings came to testify of the wonder at Philadelphia. Those left behind waited in patience rather than in anxiety; where life was often hard, people did not borrow trouble, and add that needless debt to their load of daily cares. Nancy said to others that she did not know what to think, and others said the same to her, and they got what comfort they could out of that.

Now she did not light the little rag-lamp which she and Jane sometimes sat by with their belated sewing or darning if they had not kept the hearth-fire burning. She went to bed in the dark, and slept with the work-weariness which keeps the heart-heavy from waking. She had work in her tobacco-patch to do, as well as in the house, where Jane helped her; she would not let the girl help her get the logs and brush together on the clearing which Laban had begun burning to enrich the soil for the planting of the next year's crop with the ashes.

She must have slept long hours when she heard the sound of a cry from the dark without.

"Mother! Mother! *O* Mother!" It came nearer and nearer, till it beat with the sound of a fist on the cabin door. In the piecing out of the instant dream which she started from, she thought, as that night when Dylks called her, that it must be Laban; he sometimes called her mother after the baby came, and now she called back:

"Laban! Laban!" But the voice said: "It ain't father; it 's me, Mother; it 's Joey!"

"Oh, dear heart!" she joyfully lamented, and flung herself from her bed,



“And before I knowed what to think, he sunk, and when he come up, I was there in the water puttin’ out for him.”

and reeled, still drunk with slumber, and pulled up the latch, and flung open the door, and caught her boy to her breast.

"O Mother!" he said, laughing and crying, "I 'm so hungry!"

"To be sure you 're hungry, child; and I 'll have you your supper in half a minute, as soon as I can rake the fire open. Lay down on mother's bed there and rest while I 'm gettin' ready for you. The baby won't wake, and I don't care if she does."

"I s'pose she 's grown a good deal. But I *am* tired," the boy said, stretching himself out. "Me 'n' Benny run all the way as soon as we come in sight of the crick, and him 'n' Mis' Hingston wanted me to stay all night, but I would n't. I wanted to see you so much, Mother!"

"Did Mr. Hingston come back with you? Or, don't tell me anything, don't speak, till you 've had something to eat."

"I woon't, Mother," the boy promised, and then he said: "But you ought to see Philadelphia, Mother. It 's twenty times as big as Wheeling, Benny says, and all red brick houses and white marble steps." He was sitting up and talking now; his mother flew about in the lank linsey-woolsey dress she had thrown over her nightgown in some unrealized interval of her labors and had got the skillet of bacon hissing over the coals.

"And to think," she bleated in self-reproach, "that I 'll have to give you *rye-coffee*! You know, Joey dear, there hain't very much cash about this house, and the store won't take truck for coffee. But with good cream in it, the rye tastes 'most as good. Set up to the table now," she bade him when she had put the rye-coffee with the bacon and some warmed-up pone on the leaf lifted from the wall.

She let the boy silently glut himself till he glanced round between mouthfuls and said:

"It all looks so funny and little in here after Philadelphia."

Then she said:

"But you don't say anything about the New Jerusalem. Did n't it come down, after all?" She smiled, but sadly, rather than gladly, in her skepticism.

"No, Mother," the boy answered solemnly. Then after a moment he said: "I got something to tell you, Mother. But I don't know whether I had n't better wait till morning."

"It 's 'most morning, now, Joey, I reckon, if it ain't already. That 's the twilight comin' in at the door. If you would n't rather get your sleep first—"

"No, I can't sleep till I tell you now. It 's about the Good Old Man."

"Did he—did he go up?" she asked fearfully.

"No, Mother, he did n't. Some of them say he was took up, but, Mother, I believe he was drowned!"

XXI

"DROWNED?" the boy's mother echoed. "What do you mean, Joey? What makes you believe he was drowned?"

"I seen him."

"Seen him?"

"In the water. We was all walkin' along the river-bank, and some o' the Flock got to complainin' because he had n't fetched the New Jerusalem down yit, and wantin' to know when he was goin' to do it, and sayin' this was Philadelphia, and why did n't he; and Mr. Hingston he was tryin' to pacify 'em, and Mr. Enraghty he scolded 'em, and told 'em to hesh up, or they 'd be in danger of hell-fire: but they did n't, and the Good Old Man he begun to cry. It was awful, Mother."

"Go on, Joey. Don't stop."

"Well, he 'd been prayin' a good deal off and on and actin' like he was n't in his right senses sometimes, talkin' to hisself and singin' his hymn—that one, you know—"

"Never mind, Joey dear," his mother said; "keep on."

"And all at once he up and says, 'If I want to, I can turn this river into a river of gold,' and one o' the Flock, about the worst one, he hollers back, 'Well, why don't you do it, then?' and Mr. Enraghty—well, they call him Saint Paul, you know—he told the other one to shut his mouth; and they got to jawin', and I heard a rattlin' of gravel, like it was slip-

pin' down the bank, and then there was the Good Old Man in the water, hollerin' for help, and his hat off, floatin' downstream, and his hair all over his shoulders. And before I knowed what to think, he sunk, and when he come up, I was there in the water puttin' out for him."

"Yes, Joey—"

"I can't remember how I got there; must 'a' jumped in without thinkin'; he 'd been so good to me all along, and used to come to me in the night-time when he s'posed I was asleep, and kiss me and cry. But I 'd 'a' done it for anybody, anyway, Mother."

"Yes. Go—"

"Some of 'em was takin' their shoes and coats off to jump in, and some jest standin' still, and hollerin' to me not to let him ketch holt o' me, or he 'd pull me under. But I knowed he could n't do that, becuz I could ketch him by one arm and hold him off,—me 'n' Benny 's practised it in the crick,—and I swum up to him; and he went down ag'in, and when he come up ag'in his face was all soakin' wet, like he 'd been cryin' under the water, and he says, kind o' bubblin'—like this," the boy made the sound. "He says, 'Oh, my son, God help—bub-ub—bless you!' and then he went down, and I swum round and round, expectin' he 'd come up somewhere; but he did n't come up no more. It was awful, Mother, becuz that did n't seem to be the end of it; and it was. Just did n't come up no more. They jawed some before they *got* over the mountains," the boy said reminiscently. "They had n't brung much money; even Mr. Hingston had n't, becuz they expected the Good Old Man to work miracles, and make silver and gold money out of red cents, like he said he would. All the nights we slep' out o' doors, and sometimes we had to ast for victuals; but the Good Old Man he always found places to sleep, nice caves in the banks and holler trees, and wherever he ast for victuals they give plenty. And Mr. Enraghty he said it was a miracle if he always knowed the best places to sleep and the kindest women to ast for victuals. Do you believe it was, Mother?"

Nancy said, after an effort for her voice:

"He might have been there before, Joey dear."

"Well, that 's so; but none of 'em think o' that. And what Mr. Enraghty said stopped the jawin' at the time. It all begun ag'in worse than ever when we got almost to Philadelpy; and he said some of 'em must take the south fork of the road with Saint Paul and keep on till they saw a big light over Philadelpy, where the New Jerusalem was swellin' up, and the rest would meet 'em there with him and Saint Peter. They said, 'Why could n't we all go together?' And it was pretty soon after that that he slipped into the river. Stumbled on a round stone, I reckon."

The woman sat slowly smoothing the handle of the coffee-pot up and down, and staring at the boy; but she did not speak.

"Benny jumped in by that time, but it was n't any use. Oh, I seen the ocean, Mother! Mr. Hingston took me 'n' Benny down on a boat; and I seen a stuffed elephant in a show, or a museum, they called it. Benny said it was just like the real one in the circus at Wheeling. Mother, do you believe he throwed hisself in?"

"Who, Joey?" she faintly asked.

"Why, the Good Old Man. That 's what some of 'em said—them that was disappointed about the New Jerusalem. But some said he did fetch it down, and they seen it, with the black horses and silver gates and velvet streets, and everything just the way he promised. And the others said he 'd fooled 'em, or else they was just lyin'. And they said he 'd got to the end of his string, and that was why he throwed himself in, and when he got in, he was scared of drowndin', and that was why he hollered for help. But I believe he just slipped in. Don't you, Mother?"

"Yes, Joey."

"Mother, I don't believe the Good Old Man had a grea' deal of courage. All the way Over-the-Mountains he 'd seem to scare at any little noise, even in broad daylight. Oncet, when we was goin' along through the woods, a pig jumped

out of some hazelnut bushes, and scared him so that he yelled and fell down in a fit, and they was a good while fetchin' him to. Do *you* think he was God, Mother?"

"No, Joey."

"Well, that 's what I think, too. If he was God, he would n't been afeared, would he? And in the night sometimes he 'd come and git me to come and lay by him where he could put his arm round my neck, and feel me, like as if he wanted comp'ny. Well, now, that was n't much like God, was it? And when he thought I was asleep, I could hear him prayin', 'O merciful Saviour!' and things like that; and if he was God, who could he pray *to*? It was n't sense, was it? Well, I just believe he fell in, and he was afeared he was drownin', and that 's why he hollered out. Don't you, Mother?"

"Yes, I do, Joey."

"And you think I done right, don't you, to try to help him, even if it *was* some resk?"

"Oh, yes."

"I knowed it was *some* resk, but I did n't believe it was much, and I kind of thought you 'd want me to."

"Oh, yes, yes," his mother said. "You did right, Joey. And you 're a good boy, and— Joey dear,"—and she rose from the bench where she was sitting with him,—"I believe I 'll go and lay down on the bed a minute. Bein' up so—"

"Why, yes, Mother. You lay down, and I 'll clear up the breakfast, or supper, if it 's it. It 'll be like old times," he said in the pride of his long absence from home. His mother lay down on the bed, with her face to the wall, and he went very quietly about his work so as not to wake the baby. But after a moment he went to his mother and whispered hoarsely: "You don't suppose I could go and see Benny a minute, after I 've got done? It 's 'most broad day, and I know he 'll be up, too."

"Yes, go," she said, without turning her face to him.

He kept tiptoeing about, and when he had finished, he stood waiting to be sure whether she was sleeping before he opened

the door. Now she turned her face and spoke:

"Joey?"

"Yes, Mother?" he whispered back, and ran to her softly in his bare feet.

"Did you get to like him any better?"

He seemed not to take her question as anything strange or to be in doubt of whom she meant.

"Why, there in the water, at the very last, when he kep' goin' down, I liked him. Yes, I must have. But all along I felt more like sorry for him. He seemed so miser'ble all the time, and so—well—scared."

"Yes." She had got the boy's hand, and without turning her body with her face, she held his hand in hers closely under her arm. "Joey, I told you he was a wicked man. I can't tell you any different now, but I 'm glad you was sorry for him. I am sorry, too. Joey—he was your father." She pressed his hand harder.

"Goodness!" he said, but he did not suffer himself to say more.

"He went away and left me when you was a little baby, and he never come back till he come back here. I never had any word from him. For all I could tell, he was dead. I never wanted him to be dead," she defended herself to herself in something above the intelligence of the boy. "I married Laban, who 's been more of a father to you than what *he* was."

"Oh, *yes*, Mother!"

"When your *real* father came here, I made your *true* father go away." Now she turned and faced her son, keeping his hand tighter in hers. "Joey, I want to have you go and tell him to come back."

"Right away, Mother?"

"Why, yes?" she said with question in her answer.

"I thought maybe you 'd let me see Benny first," he suggested a little wistfully.

She almost laughed.

"You dear boy! Go and see Benny on your way. Take him with you, if his father will let him go. You 're both such great travelers. Your father 's at the Wilkines' yit, I reckon; they hain't finished

with their cider, I don't believe. Go now."

The boy had been poising as if on winged feet, and now he flew. He came back to say at the door:

"I don't believe I'll want any breakfast, Mother, we had such a late supper."

It was a thoughtful suggestion, and she said, "No"; but before her answer came, he had flown again.

The baby woke, and she cooed to it, and she went about the one room of the little cabin, trying to put it more in order than before. Some pieces of the moss in the chinking of the round logs near the chimney seemed loose, and she packed them tighter. As she worked, she sang. She sang a hymn, but it was a hymn of thanksgiving.

The doorway darkened, and she turned to see the figure of her brother black in the light.

"I see, you've heard the news," he said grimly. "I was afraid I might find you making a show of mourning. I don't pretend to any. I have n't had such a load off me since that rascal first come back."

She answered resentfully:

"What makes *you* so glad, David? He did n't come back to make *you* drive *your* husband away!"

"I was always afraid he might make me kill him. He tried hard enough, and sometimes I thought he might. But blessed be the Lord, he's dead! They're holding a funeral for him in the Temple. The news is all through the Creek. I suppose you know how Jane has fixed it up with James Redfield. I feel to be sorry for Hughey Blake; but he never could have mastered her. She's got an awful will, Jane has. But James has got an awful will, too, as strong as Jane—"

Nancy cut him short:

"David, I don't care anything about Jane—now."

"No," he assented. "Where's Joey?" he asked, leaning inward, with his hands resting on either jamb of the door.

"Gone for Laban."

"Well," David said, with something like grudge, "you hain't lost much time.

But I don't know as I blame you," he relented.

"I would n't care if you did, David," she answered.

XXII

LATE in the long twilight of the early spring day a stranger who was traveling in the old fashion on horseback, with his legs swathed in green baize against the mud of the streaming roads, and with his spattered saddle-bags hung over the pommel before him, was riding into Leatherwood. He paused in a puddle of the lane that left the turnpike not far off, and curved between the new-plowed fields in front of a double log cabin, which had the air of being one of the best habitations of its time, though its time was long past: the logs it was built of were squared; the chimneys at each end were of stone masonry instead of notched sticks laid in clay. Against the wall of the porch between the two rooms of the cabin an old man sat tilted back in his chair, smoking a pipe, which he took from his mouth at sight of the stranger's arrest.

"Can you tell me, please, which is my way to the tavern, or some place where I can find a night's lodging?"

The old man dropped his chair forward, and got somewhat painfully out of it to toddle to the edge of his porch.

"Why, there is n't a tavern, rightly speaking, in Leatherwood now, though for the backwoods we had a very passable one once. I wish," he said after a moment, "that we could offer you a lodging here; but if you'll light and throw your horse's rein over the peg in this post, I would be pleased to have you stay to supper with us. My wife is just getting it."

"Why, thank you, thank you," the stranger said. "I must n't think of troubling you. I dare say I can get something to eat at your tavern. I've often been over night in worse places, no doubt. I've been traveling through your State, and I've turned a little out of my way to stop at Leatherwood, because I've been interested in a peculiar incident of your local history."



“ ‘And he went down ag’in, and when he come up ag’in, his face was all soakin’ wet,
like he ’d been cryin’ under the water.’ ”

The two men perceived from something in each other's parlance, though one spoke with the neat accent of the countries beyond the Alleghanies and the other with the soft slurring Ohio River utterance, that they were in the presence of men different by thinking, if not by learning, from most men in the belated region of a new country.

"Oh, yes," the old man said with instant intelligence, "the Leatherwood God."

"Yes," the other eagerly assented. "I was told at your county-seat that I could learn all about it if I asked for Squire Braile, here."

"I am Matthew Braile," the old man said with dignity, and the stranger returned with a certain apology in his laugh:

"I must confess that I suspected as much, and I'm ashamed not to have frankly asked at once."

"Better light." The squire condoned whatever offense there might have been in the uncandor. "I don't often get the chance to talk of our famous imposture, and I can't let one slip through my fingers. You must come in to supper, and if you smoke, I can give you a pipe of our yellow tobacco afterward, and we can talk—"

"But I should tire you with my questions. In the morning—"

"We old men sometimes have a trick of not living till morning. You'd better take me while you can get me."

"Well, if you put it in that way," the stranger said, and he slipped down from his saddle.

The old man called out:

"Here, Abel!" and the figure of what seemed an elderly boy came lurching and paddling round the corner of the cabin, and ducked his gray head hospitably toward the stranger. "Give this horse a feed while we're taking ours."

"All right, Squire. Jest helpin' Sally put the turkey-chicks to bed out o' the cold, or I'd 'a' been round at the first splashin' in the road."

"And now come in," the squire said, reaching a hand of welcome from the edge of the porch to the stranger as he mounted

the steps. "Old neighbors of ours," he explained Abel and the unseen Sally. "We've known them, boy and girl, from the beginning, and when their old cabin fell down in the tail-end of a tornado a few years back, we got them here in a new one behind ours, to take care of them and let them take care of us. They don't eat with us," he added, setting open the kitchen door, and ushering the stranger into the warm glow and smell of the interior. "Mis' Braile," he said for introduction to his wife, and explained to her, "a friend that I caught on the wing. I don't know that I *did* get your name?"

"Manderville—T. J. Manderville; I'm from Cambridge."

"Thomas Jefferson, I suppose. Cambridge, Ohio—back here?"

"Massachusetts."

"Well, you did n't sound like Ohio. I always like to make sure. Well, you must pull up. Mother, have you got anything fit to eat this evening?"

"You might try and see," Mrs. Braile responded in what seemed their habitual banter.

"Well, don't brag," the squire returned, and between them they welcomed the stranger to a meal that he said he had not tasted the like of in all his Western travel.

It seemed that their guest did not smoke, and the squire alone lighted his pipe. Then he joked his wife.

"Mother, will you let us stay by the fire here—it's a little chilly outdoors, and those young frogs do take the heart of you with their peeping—if we don't mind your bothering round? Mr. Manderville wants to hear all about our Leatherwood God."

"He'll hear more about him than he wants to if he listens to all you tell. Matthew," Mrs. Braile retorted.

"Oh, no; oh, no," the stranger protested, and the squire laughed.

"You wanted to know," he said, well after the beginning of their talk, "whether there were many of the Little Flock left. Well, some; and to answer your other question, they're as strong in the faith as ever. The dead died in the faith; the living that were young in it in the late eigh-

teen-twenties are old in it now in the first of the fifties. It 's rather curious," the squire said, with a long sigh of satisfaction in the anomaly, "but after the arrest of Dylks, and his trial and acquittal before this court,"—the squire smiled,—“when he came out of the tall timber, and had his scalp mended, and got into a whole suit of Saint Peter's clothes, he did n't find the Little Flock fallen off a great deal. They were a good deal scared, and so was he. That was the worst of the lookout for Dylks—his habit of being afraid; it was about the best thing, too—kept him from playing the *very* devil. There 's no telling how far he might have gone if he had n't been afraid—I mean, gone in personal mischief.”

“Yes,” the stranger assented. “And his failure in all his miracles had no effect on his followers?”

The squire laughed, with a rattling of loose teeth on his pipe-stem.

“Why, he did n't fail, according to the Little Flock; it was only the unbelievers that disbelieved in the miracles. Even those that went with him Over-the-Mountains to see the New Jerusalem come down got to having seen it as time went on, though some had their doubts when they first came back. Before they died, they 'd all seen him go up in a chariot of fire with two black horses and no driver. Nobody but those two purblind ignorant boys that tried to keep him from drowning, when he fell into the river, could be got to say that the heavenly city did n't come down and suck him up. Why, seven or eight years after he left there was a preacher who was one of his followers came back here and preached in the Dylks Temple—the old Temple burned down long ago and was never rebuilt—preached the divinity of Dylks, and said there was no true religion that did n't recognize him as God. As for Christianity, he said it was just a hotchpotch of Judaism and heathenism. *He* saw the Good Old Man go right up into heaven, and said he was going to come back to earth before long and set up his kingdom here. He 's never done it, and that slick preacher never came back,

either, after the first. He was very well dressed, and looked as if he had been living on the fat of the land, somewhere among the faithful Over-the-Mountains, I reckon. Knew where the fried chickens roosted. Excuse me, Mother. She 's heard that joke before,” he explained to their guest.

“I 've heard it too often to mind it,” Mrs. Braile mocked back.

“Well, it seems to be new to our friend here.”

Mr. Manderville was laughing, but he controlled himself to ask:

“And had the fellow no progressive doctrine, no steps of belief, no logical formulation of his claims? He could n't have been merely a dunderheaded, impudent charlatan who expected to convince by the miracles he did n't do?”

“Oh, no; oh, no. I did n't mean to imply that,” the squire explained. “He was a cunning rascal in his way, and he had the sort of brain that has served the purpose of the impostor in all ages. He had a plan of belief, as you may call it, which he must have thought out before he came here, if he had n't begged, borrowed, or stolen it from somebody else. At first he called himself a humble teacher of Christianity, but it was n't a great while before he pretended to be Jesus Christ, who died on Calvary. That did n't satisfy him long, though. When he had convinced some that he was Christ, he began to teach that the Christ who was crucified, though he was a *real* Messiah, was not a *perfect* Messiah, because he had died and been buried, and death had had power over him just as it has over any mortal. But the real Messiah would never taste death, and he was that Messiah. Dylks would never taste death, and as the real Messiah he would be one with God, and in fact he was the one and only God. These were the steps, and the way to belief in the godhead was clear to the meanest understanding. The meaner the understanding the clearer,” the squire summed up, with another tattoo on his pipe-stem. “You see,” he resumed after a moment, “life is hard in a new country, and anybody that prom-

ises salvation on easy terms has got a strong hold at the very start. People will accept anything from him. Somewhere, tucked away in us, is the longing to know whether we 'll live again, and the hope that we 'll live happy. I 've got fun out of that fact in a community where I 've had the reputation of an infidel for fifty years; but all along I 've felt it in myself. We want to be good, and we want to be safe, even if we are not good; and the first fellow that comes along and tells us to have faith in him, and he 'll make it all right, why, we have faith in him, that 's all."

"Well, then," the stranger said, holding him to the logic of the facts as he leaned toward him from his side of the fireplace and fixed him with an eager eye, "I can't see why he did n't establish his superstition in universal acceptance, as, say, Mahomet did."

"I 'm glad you came to that," the squire blandly submitted. "For one thing, and the main thing, because he was a coward. He had plenty of audacity, but mighty little courage, and his courage gave out just when he needed it the most. And perhaps he had n't perfect faith in himself; he was a fool, but he was n't a crazy fool. Then, again, my idea is that the scale was too small, or the scene, or the field, or whatever you call it. The backwoods, as Leatherwood was then, was not the right starting-point for a world-wide imposture. Then, again, as I said, Dylks was timid. He was not ready to shed blood for his lie, neither other people's nor his own, and when it came to fighting for his doctrine, he was afraid; he wanted to run. And, in fact, he did run, first and last. No liar ever had such a hold on them that believed his lie; they 'd have followed him any lengths: but he had n't the heart to lead them. When Redfield and I got hold of him, after he had tasted the *fear* of death there that week in the tall timber, he was willing to promise anything we said. And he kept his promise; he would n't if he could have helped it, but he knew Jim Redfield would hold him to it if he squeezed his life out doing it."

The stranger was silent, but not appar-

ently convinced, and meanwhile he took up another point of interest in the story which he heard from the squire.

"And whatever became of his wife and her 'true' husband?"

"Oh, they lived on together. Not very long, though. They died within a week of each other, did n't they, Mother?"

"Just a week," Mrs. Braile said, animated by the human touch in the discussion. "They lived mighty happy together, and it was as good a death as a body could want to die. It was that summer when the fever mowed the people down so. They took their little girl with them." She sighed from a source of hidden sorrow. "They all went together."

Braile took his pipe out and gulped before he could answer the stranger's next question.

"And the boy, Dylks's son, is he living?"

"Oh, yes." At the pleasant thought of the boy the squire began to smile. "He and Hingston's son took over the mill from Hingston after he got too old for it, and carried it on together. Hingston was n't one that hung on to the faith in Dylks, but he never made any fuss about giving it up. Just stayed away from the Temple that the Little Flock built for themselves."

"And is young Dylks still carrying on the milling business?"

"Who? Joey? Oh, yes. He married Benny Hingston's sister. Benny's wife died, and he lives with them."

"And there ain't a better man in the whole of Leatherwood than Joey Billings, as we always call him," Mrs. Braile put in. "He was the best boy anywhere, and he 's the best man."

"Well, it 's likely to come out that way sometimes," the squire said with tender irony.

The stranger looked at his watch; he jumped to his feet.

"And you can't say," Mrs. Braile continued, with a certain note of indignation as for unjust neglect of the pair, "but what James Redfield and Jane has got along very well together."

"Oh, yes, they 've got along," the squire

asserted. "He 's got along with her, and she 's got along with the children—plenty of them. I reckon she 's what he wanted, and they 're what she did."

The stranger looked a little puzzled.

"That instinct of maternity," the squire explained. "You may have noticed it in women—some of them."

"Oh! Oh, yes," Mr. Manderville assented.

"It was the best thing, or at least the strongest thing, in Jane. I don't say anything against it, Mother," he said tenderly to his wife. "Jane was a good girl, especially after she got over her faith in Dylks, and she 's a good woman. At least Jim thinks so."

Mrs. Braile contented herself as she could with this.

"Nine o'clock! Mrs. Braile, I 'm ashamed. But you must blame your husband partly. Good night, ma'am; good—Why, look here, Squire Braile,"—he arrested himself in offering his hand,—“how about the obscure scene where Joe Smith founded his superstition, which bids fair to live right along with the other false religions? Was Leatherwood, Ohio, a narrower stage than Manchester, New York? And in point of time the two cults were only four years apart.”

"Well, that 's a thing that 's occurred to me since we 've been talking. Suppose we look into it to-morrow? Come round to breakfast—about six o'clock. One point, though: Joe Smith only claimed to be a prophet, and Dylks claimed to be a god. That made it harder maybe."

THE END.



Come, Captain Age

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

COME, Captain Age,
 With your great sea-chest full of treasure!
 Under the yellow and wrinkled tarpaulin
 Disclose the carved ivory
 And the sandalwood inlaid with pearl,
 Riches of wisdom and years.
 Unfold the India shawl,
 With the border of emerald and orange and crimson and blue,
 Weave of a lifetime.
 I shall be warm and splendid
 With the spoils of the Indies of age.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Fable of the Three Artists

By DEEMS TAYLOR

ONCE upon a time there were three artists, a poet, a painter, and a musician. They lived in garrets, and every night they sat around a table in a small restaurant and discussed art. They had a friend who sat with them, a philistine person who worked on a newspaper; they tolerated him, for he was a good listener, and often paid for the refreshments.

One night when they met the poet seemed strangely excited. No sooner had the other three taken their places than he cried exultantly:

"To-day I wrote my masterpiece! Listen!" And drawing a paper from his pocket, he read as follows:

EROUILLARD

Upwards.....
And yet ever in the damp night
I hardly know.
Through wild, familiar forests
You--
And on the misty hill the curlew screams.
I, too, sometimes.
Lust and laughter--
Ah.....

Why did you never tell me?
Ah.....

Ah.....

"Tremendous!" cried the painter. "My congratulations, old fellow."

"A very moving piece of work," commented the musician.

"But," said the philistine, diffidently, "it has neither rhyme, rhythm, nor sense. How can you call it poetry?"

"Who said I did?" retorted the poet. "It is a word-painting."

And the philistine was silent. Though the others sat late, talking of life and art, he said nothing.

Upon his face was a look of great bewilderment and dawning uneasiness.

The next night, when the friends met again, the philistine seemed anxious to atone for his tactless remark of the night before. He insisted upon ordering and paying for the finest dinner the restaurant afforded, together with four bottles of the best wine. So his friends forgave him, for he was a decent sort, after all.

This time it was the painter who seemed unduly restless. Finally he laid a flat package upon the table, and spoke as follows:

"To-day I painted my masterpiece! Look!" And opening the package, he displayed a square of painted canvas. It looked like this:



"Remarkable!" cried the poet. "My congratulations, old fellow."

"A very interesting piece of work," commented the musician.

"But," stammered the philistine, "it is ugly as the devil, and does n't look like anything. How can you call it painting?"

"Who said I did?" retorted the painter. "It is a color-symphony."

And again the philistine was silent.

Though the others sat late, discussing art, he spoke no word.

His puzzled look had returned; he seemed to ponder some intricate problem.

On the third night the musician was late. While they waited, the philistine apologized to the poet and the painter for his lack of comprehension of their work, and again ordered the dinner and the wine. And again they forgave him. But the philistine, though he cheered up somewhat, still seemed a little puzzled and uneasy.

At last the musician burst into the restaurant. He was radiant, and waved a manuscript in his hand as he rushed to the table.

"I have just finished my masterpiece!" he cried. "Listen!" And going to the piano near by, he played the following:



"Superb!" cried the poet and the painter in unison. "Congratulations, old fellow."

"But," protested the philistine, "it has neither melody nor rhythm, and the harmony sounds awful. How can you call it music?"

"Who said I did?" retorted the musician. "It is a sound-poem."

The philistine seemed more puzzled than ever. "Are n't you fellows getting your trades mixed?" he murmured.

Forthwith the three arose indignantly and left him, declaring that they could waste no further time upon such a low-brow.

Oh, Shining Shoes!

By RALPH BERGENGREN

IN a democracy it is fitting that a man should sit on a throne to have his shoes polished or, to use a brighter, gayer word, shined. We are all kings, and this happy conceit of popular government is nicely symbolized by being, for these shining moments, so many kings together, each on his similar throne and with a slave at his feet. The democratic idea suffers a little from the difficulty of realizing that the slave is also a king, yet gains a little from the fair custom of the livelier monarchs to turn from left foot to right and from right to left, so that, within human limits, neither shoe shall be undemocratically shined first. Nor is it uncommon for the kings on the thrones to be symbolically and inexpensively served by yet other sovereign servants. Newspapers in hand, they receive the reports of their high lord chancellors, digest the social gossip of their realm, review its crimes, politics, discoveries, and inventions, and are entertained by their jesters, who, I have it on the authority of a current advertisement, all democratically smoke the same kind of tobacco. "You know 'em all, the great fun-makers of the daily press, agile-brained and nimble-witted, creators of world-famed characters who put laughter into life. Such live, virile humans as they *must* have a live, virile pipe-smoke." There are, to be sure, some who find in this agile-brained and nimble-witted mirth an element of profound melancholy; it seems often a de-based coin of humor that rings false on the counter of intelligence; yet at its worse it is far better than many of the waggeries that once stirred laughter in medieval monarchs. The thought renders then bearable, these live, virile humans, that only a few centuries ago would have been too handicapped by their refinement to compete successfully with contemporary humorists.

But there are a good many of us, possessors of patience, self-control, and a sponge in a bottle, who rarely enjoy this

royal prerogative. We shine our own shoes. Alone, and, if one may argue from the particular to the general, simply dressed in the intermediate costume, more or less becoming, that is between getting up and going out, we wear a shoe on our left hand, and with the other manipulate the helpful sponge. Sometimes, too anxious, it polka dots our white garments, sometimes the floor; it is safe only in the bottle, and the wisest shiner will perhaps approach the job as an Adamite, bestriding, like a colossus, a wide-spread newspaper, and taking a bath afterward. Or it may be that instead of the bottle we have a little tin box, wedded to its cover,—how often have we not exclaimed between clenched teeth, "What man hath joined together man can pull asunder!"—and containing a kind of black mud, which we apply with an unfortunate rag or with a brush appropriately called the "dauber." Having daubed, we polish, breathing our precious breath on the luminous surface for ever greater luminosity. The time is passing when we performed this task of pure lustration, as Keats might have called it, in the cellar or the back hall, more fully, but not completely, dressed, coatless, our waistcoats rakishly unbuttoned or vulgarly up-stairs, our innocent trousers hanging on their gallowses, our shoes on our feet, and our physical activity not altogether unlike that demanded by a home exerciser to reduce the abdomen. Men of girth have been advised to saw wood; I wonder that they have never been advised to shine their own shoes—twenty-five times in the morning and twenty-five times just before going to bed.

My own observation, although not continuous enough to have scientific value, leads me to think that stout men are the more inveterate patrons of the shoeblacking-parlor,—Cæsar should have run one,—and that the present popularity of the sponge in a bottle may derive from superfluous girth. Invented as a dainty toilet accessory for women, and at first regarded by men as effeminate, it is easy to see how insidiously the sponge in a bottle would have attracted a stout husband ac-

customed to shine his own shoes in the earlier, contortionist manner. By degrees, first one stout husband and then another, men took to the bottle; the curse of effeminacy was lifted; the habit grew on men of all sizes. It was not a perfect method,—it blacked too many other things besides shoes and provided an undesirable plaything for baby,—but it was a step forward. There was a refinement, a *je ne sais quoi*, an "easier way," about this sponge in a bottle, and, perhaps more than all, a delusive promise that the stuff would dry shiny without friction that appealed to the imagination. Then began to disappear a household familiar, that upholstered, deceptive, utilitarian, hassock kind of thing which, when opened, revealed an iron foot-rest, a box of blacking (I will not *say* how some moistened that blacking, but you and I, gentle male reader, brought water in a crystal glass from the kitchen), and an ingenious tool which combined the offices of dauber and shiner, so that one never knew how to put it away right side up. This tool still exists, an honest, good-sized brush carrying a round baby brush pickaback, and I dare say an occasional old-fashioned gentleman shines his shoes with it; but in the broader sense of that pernicious and descriptive phrase it is no longer used "by the best people." Of late, I am told by shopkeepers, the tin box with the pervicacious cover is becoming popular, but I remain true to my sponge in a bottle; for, unlike the leopard, I am able to change my spots.

Looking along the ages from the vantage of a throne in the shoeblacking-parlor, it is a matter of pleased wonder to observe what the mind has found to do with the feet; nor is the late invention of shoe polish (hardly earlier than the Declaration of Independence) the least surprising item. For the greater part of his journey man has gone about his businesses in unshined footwear, beginning, it would appear, with a pair of foot-bags, or foot-purses, each containing a valuable foot, and tied round the ankle. Thus we see him, far down the vista of time, a tiny figure stopping on his way to tie up his

shoe-strings. Captivated with form and color, he exhausted his invention in shapes and materials before ever he thought of polish: he cut his toes square; he cut his toes so long and pointed that he must needs tie them to his knee to keep from falling over them; he wore soles without uppers,—alas! poor devil, how often in all ages has he approximated wearing uppers without soles!—and he went in for top-boots splendidly belegged and coquettishly beautified with what, had he been a lady, he might have described as an insertion of lace. At last came the bootblacking-parlor, late nineteenth century, commercial, practical, convenient, and an important factor in civic esthetics. Not that the parlor is beautiful in itself. It is a cave without architectural pretensions, but it accomplishes unwittingly an important mission: it removes from public view the man who is having his shoes shined.

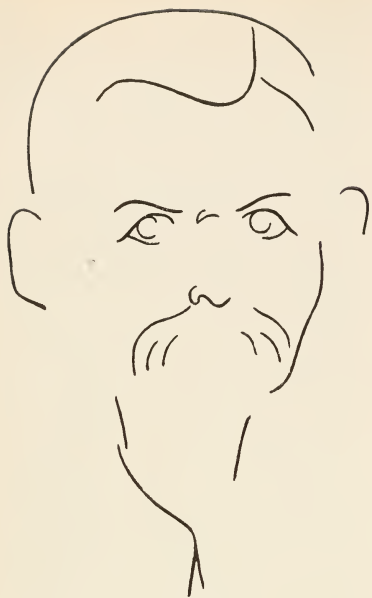
You know him, as the advertisement says of the live, virile humans who *must* have the live, virile pipe-smoke; but happily you know him nowadays chiefly by effort of memory. Yet only a little while ago average, kindly, well-intentioned men thought nothing of having their shoes shined in the full glare of the sun. The man having his shoes shined was a common spectacle. He sat or stood where anybody might see him, almost as immobile as a cigar-store Indian and much less decorative, with a peripatetic shoeblack busy at his feet. His standing attitude was a little like Washington crossing the Delaware; and when he sat down he was not wholly unlike the picture of Jupiter in Mr. Bulfinch's well-known "Age of Fable." He had his shoes shined on the sidewalk, congesting traffic; he had them shined in the park, with the birds singing; wherever he had them shined he was as lacking in self-consciousness as a baby sucking its thumb. Peripatetic shoeblacks pursued pedestrians, and no sensitive gentleman was safe from them merely because he had carefully and well shined his

own shoes before he came out. But how rarely nowadays do we see this peripatetic shoeblack! Soon he will be as extinct as the buffalo, and the shoeblacking-parlor is his Buffalo Bill.

In the shoeblacking-parlor we are all tarred with the same brush, all daubed with the same dauber; we have nothing, as the rather enigmatical phrase goes, *on* one another. Indeed, we hardly look at one another, and are as remote as strangers sitting side by side in a theater. Individually, in a steady, subconscious way. I think we are all wondering how we are going to get down when the time comes. One will hop, like a great sparrow; another will turn round and descend backward; another will come down with an absent-minded little wave of the foot, as if he were quite used to having his shoes shined and already thinking of more serious business; another—but this is sheer nervousness and lack of *savoir-faire*—will step off desperately, as if into an abyss, and come down with a thump. Sometimes, but rarely, a man will fall off. It is a throne—and perhaps this is true of all thrones—from which no altogether self-satisfactory descent is possible; and we all know it, sitting behind our newspapers, or staring down on decadent Greece shining at our feet, or examining with curious, furtive glances those calendars the feminine beauty of which seems peculiar to shoeblacking-parlors, and has sometimes led us to wonder whether the late Mr. Comstock ever had his shoes shined.

And now, behold! the slave-king at my feet has found a long, narrow strip of linen, not, I fear, antiseptic, but otherwise suggestive of a preparedness course in first aid to the injured. He breathes on my shoes (O unhygienic shoeblack!), dulling them to make them brighter with his strip of linen.

It is my notice of abdication; he turns down the bottoms of my trousers. I do not know how I get down from the throne.



Four
Conspicuous
Politicians

Messrs. Marshall,
Hughes, Fairbanks,
and Daniels

Indicated by Gluyas Williams

FINANCE AND BANKING

The War and Foreign Trade

By H. V. CANN

IMPLANTED in nearly every man is a strong desire to possess the fruits of the labor of his fellow-men. To gratify this longing, mankind from the earliest times has been ready to barter, to steal, or even to slay. Countless generations have followed alternately one or more of these methods. The first communities of human beings satisfied their acquisitive instincts by barter among themselves, and a common effort against the lives and property of other communities. But it became plain even to those early raiders that a *continuing* supply of the things they wanted could be had only by an exchange of services and not by violence. This conviction, growing through the ages, seemed gradually to be leading humanity away from theft and slaughter until the reversion in A.D. 1914 to primitive methods.

Coveting the products of distant lands, men long ago braved the wilderness and the desert and sailed the uncharted seas. Things not greatly valued where they were made or grown, but highly prized elsewhere, were carried to far-off buyers, first on beasts of burden, then in argosies; and now modern trade crowds every means of transportation—steamships, railroads, and even submarines and air-craft.

Barter nowadays is on an enormous scale, but no more than ever does the constantly increasing volume satisfy the appetites, appease the curiosity, or lessen the vanity and selfishness of the human family. People in all lands display a common weakness for imported goods. Many values depend not upon the service involved but upon capricious fashion.

When this country was young the John Company captains and Hudson Bay factors sailed out of London to India and Canada with cargoes of glass beads, colored cloths, and muskets to barter in the East for silks, spices, and pearls, and in the West for furs. Indian women liked

beads and gaudy blankets; English women wanted silks and sables. On either side there were no troublesome questions of supply. The manufacture and transportation of goods placed the greater portion of work upon the traders, but they laughed at the simplicity and ignorance of the Indians in that exchange of services.

Ideas of values are even stranger today. The labor of thousands of people represented by several shiploads of goods may be sent abroad in exchange for an old painting or piece of tapestry. After great toil, coal and flour are produced, and it is not so unusual to see enough to warm and feed a household many days bartered for a quart of wine from a certain vineyard in France or a pound or two of tobacco leaves from a certain valley in Cuba.

Turning, however, from unprofitable abstractions to a matter-of-fact view of American exports, we see an almost involuntary development of business which has placed the United States, for the time being at least, in the leadership of the world's trade. In a short twelvemonth America moved from third to first place, with a volume of exports far greater than Britain's advantages ever secured or Germany's intense and scientific efforts ever achieved. From the first quarter of the nineteenth century American exports began to grow at the rate of about fifty per cent. every ten years. The movement was stimulated by the revival of business after the Civil War, but quieted down during the ten years preceding 1896. After the decision on the question of the gold standard, the great industrial and commercial expansion which followed and the new markets which opened in colonial possessions and protectorates caused a rapid growth in the foreign trade. The percentage of manufactured goods sent abroad became larger every year.

A normal growth continued until the

autumn of 1914. The country was then recovering from the first shock and the short but extreme depression caused by the great war. Neutral markets, cut off from their accustomed supplies, began to buy here. Enormous demands for goods and materials came from the warring nations. An entire change came in the character of the exports. Many of the things sent abroad in normal times were no longer wanted. But food, clothing, horses, motor-cars, metals, guns, and explosives could not be shipped fast enough. In the thirty-six months before the war exports amounted to \$7,034,000,000. These figures were exceeded in the two fiscal years following the outbreak of the war; the movement for that period totaled \$7,102,000,000, of which last year's proportion was the world's-record-breaking sum of \$4,333,000,000, an amount nearly equal to the combined figures of the five years from 1891 to 1895 inclusive. No less than seventy-five per cent. of the whole was sent to the Allies. Blockades cut off the German market. England controlled most of the ocean freighters and removed them from usual trade routes for purposes of the war. Such heavy increases occurred in freight rates that shipments of certain classes of goods were virtually prohibited. These conditions, and in addition the congestion of freight at terminals, inadequate loading facilities, scarcity of labor and materials, and the strained credit situation in South America and elsewhere, undoubtedly kept the volume of exports from reaching even more extraordinary totals.

In recent years *Norte Americanos* have followed the lead of the British and Germans in assiduous cultivation of Latin-American markets. Pan-Americanism has been carefully fostered by historic conferences, associations, a flood of books and pamphlets, and much speechmaking. Distinguished statesmen and many prominent business men have made the long journey through those interesting countries. Exporters and manufacturers have been

given much gratuitous advice. All this has resulted in a mutual increase in trade. Thus far Latin America has the lion's share of the increase. Considering the heavy indebtedness of some of the governments and importers in South America, their position must have been embarrassing when European support was no longer available. The loans and goods and markets furnished by the United States have been a great help to South America during a trying time.

The Russian, Italian, and Peninsular markets are engaging a great deal of attention at the present time. Very great developments of benefit to America are expected, particularly in Russia.

At the time of the last change in the Government of Canada there was a lot of political claptrap against trade with the United States. Although the party responsible for that sentiment came into power, the trade has grown faster than ever. Canada still holds its place as the second largest customer of the United States, and is one of the safest, most convenient, and most promising markets for American goods. With a population of fewer than eight million inhabitants, that country buys more goods here than the combined millions of people in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, all the other South and Central American countries, Mexico, and Cuba.

Having sold to other countries since July 1, 1914, goods worth over seven billion dollars, the United States used something over half this enormous credit to settle for things imported. With the balance it made at various times foreign loans aggregating fifteen hundred millions, and bought back American securities for a similar amount. It was also able to keep most of its own production of gold and to collect from abroad about six hundred millions as well. Many forecasts have been made of the conditions that will confront American domestic and foreign trade when peace is declared in Europe. Some of these predictions are rather alarm-

(Continued on page 54 following)



The Christmas dinner at Bracebridge Hall

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by

George Wright

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An Awkward Turn

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower"

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

SHE had made the great surrender; she had given up—it was probably only for a short time; still, she had given up—all that she had been trained to think a woman must have. Her husband was fishing in Norway, and she was in Cornwall with the man she loved.

No one knew that she was there; she could go back if she grew tired of it, but at present she was n't in the least tired of it. She became surer each day that she had been meant for the real things of life: simplicity, love, ideal companionship, the spiritual value of ideas.

Edward Lockett was full of ideas. His tiny bungalow on the headland of the cliff, with the rocks and the sea in the garden, was one of them. A long time ago the farm in which his wife lived, a mile away, was another. He had not been able to unite the two. His wife was one of those capable women, without sympathy, who fall by accident into marriages with literary men.

She made him comfortable, but it is a great mistake to suppose that comfort is all that a man of Edward Lockett's type needs. He needed a woman to make him uncomfortable as well.

Rosamund fulfilled this further need. When she first met him in London she

was tired of everything—of yachting, of motoring, of the Russian dancers, even of her dressmaker; for several years she had been extremely tired of her husband. She thought her life was very unreal, and she assured Edward Lockett that there was nothing she found so unbearable as unreality. Edward Lockett believed her, though there were moments when he had his doubts.

The worst of these came after he had inadvertently kissed her and she wrote that they must part. "Petrarch and Laura had done it," Rosamund wrote, "and they must do it, too." Edward Lockett whistled when he read about Petrarch and Laura; however, they did n't part.

There were inconveniences attached to their situation, and the question was simply whether the inconveniences would grow greater than the situation or the situation become so absorbing as to overcome the inconveniences.

In the first place, there was always Petrarch and Laura to fall back upon, and in the second, Edward told her of his bungalow by the sea. His wife never came near it, and his daily attendant had never spoken since the day she saw her husband and two sons drowned before her eyes.

It was an intensely romantic idea. Rosamund hesitated, because she was eight and twenty and she had never yet been romantic. It was like eating a new kind of fruit and not being quite sure if it would n't poison you. Edward, however, assured her that it would n't. He had experienced romances before, and he knew that they were extremely nourishing; he always did his best work after them. He did not tell her this, because the great thing about romance is that it should n't be in the plural. Still, perhaps she guessed it.

They said it would be for ever; it had already lasted a week. The weather was wonderful for June; the air was full of the scent of the short wild thyme.

All night long they heard at the foot of the lawn the summer music of the sea; all day the heavy bees blundered in and out of the tiny garden. The narrow, empty glen, with its soft-blue summit of sky, was as much their own as if they had made it, untenanted, serene, and brimful of their love.

Rosamund was amazed at the immensity of her own feelings. Of course she had always said that love was the strongest force in the world; but still it was a little surprising that, with nothing going on, she was n't in the least bored. It seemed to her as if she and the earth and Lockett had all been made for this one perfect consummation.

Lockett was clever with her despite their solitude; she did not see too much of him. He wrote for three hours every morning, and when he joined her she had to use all her skill to win him back from his imaginary world. She said to him before she came there:

"Sha'n't I interfere with your work?" And he answered:

"The woman one loves always interferes."

But he had taken every precaution to prevent her interference. When he had finished writing he came out to her on the rocks. This morning he seemed longer than usual. The sea's soft, pearly blue turned hard and flat; deep shadows fell on

the gray rocks; the air grew heavy and drowsy with the summer noon. Rosamund slept; she woke with a start at the sound of sea-gulls laughing overhead. They shook the silence out of the glen; but after they had passed it came back again oppressively, as if it were the herald of something uneasy and sinister. She looked at her watch and sprang to her feet. It was one o'clock; Edward had never been so late before. It was Sunday, and the woman who looked after the house had cleaned up early and left them for the day; she must have passed close by Rosamund while she slept.

The first change in a definite habit is terrible to lovers. Rosamund felt as if her perfect world had suddenly been guilty of a flaw; but she was not a young girl to cry out at the signal for retreat. Perhaps his work was harder than usual, or perhaps, like herself, the drowsy summer stillness had sent him to sleep.

She crept noiselessly toward the window of the room where he wrote. At first she still thought he was asleep. He was sitting huddled up in an arm-chair by the window, with his head fallen forward. It was a very uncomfortable position in which to go to sleep. Then he raised his eyes, and she saw that he was in pain. He looked like a creature caught in a trap; his mouth was open; there were blue lines round it; and his chest shook as if something had got hold of it and was dragging it to and fro. But it was his eyes that were most terrible, they were like nothing Rosamund had ever seen. They were like the eyes of some one who is drowning, and cannot drown. They were fighting, but they did not want to fight; the struggle was compulsory and hopeless.

She ran forward into the room and bent over him. He moved then; a strange voice croaked at her:

"Don't! Air!"

She stepped back, half offended and half terrified. His eyes seemed weighing her; there was nothing in them but a kind of violent prayer, neither recognition nor acceptance of the presence that had stirred him to passionate delight. In the same



“ Her husband was fishing in Norway, and she was in Cornwall with the man she loved ”

strange, tortured voice he said, “Go—Ellen—quick!”

Her brain registered the words, but it was some time before she understood what he meant. She had never had anything to do with ill people before. In her world there were always trained nurses, eau de Cologne, and darkened rooms. If people were in too much pain, you did not see them.

The merciless summer sunshine poured through the little bungalow, and the man before her, dressed in his usual clothes, helpless and expecting something from her, was presumably dying—dying in this unsuitable, exacting way on her hands!

He had nothing whatever to do with Edward Lockett. His face had changed in a few hours; he looked like some old, shivering wretch outside a public house on a winter's morning, come to the end of his tether; only there was no ambulance to drive up and take him away.

Ellen was his wife. It was manifestly impossible that Rosamund could go up to the farm and reveal herself to Mrs. Lockett, the one person she must not meet.

Rosamund did not feel so aware of fear now as she did of being aggravated, on edge, utterly uncomfortable, and at a loss. She wanted to put a cushion behind Edward's head, but she was afraid to touch

him, he was shaken so; she was afraid that if she touched him he might break. Why had n't he told her that he had attacks like these? Surely there was something he could take? Was n't there always something that people could take?

She asked him; she spoke very calmly and plainly. She felt vaguely that she ought to speak in a whisper in a sick-room, but this hardly resembled a sick-room. Besides, his breathing was so loud that he could n't have heard her if she had whispered. His breathing was a most peculiar sound; it reminded her of the night-jar they had listened to the evening before in the pines.

He moved his hand out toward the window in the direction of the farm. There was a long silence except for the quick, soft rattle of his breath. Lockett did not look at Rosamund again; he seemed taken up with staring at one of his hands that pulled unceasingly at the chair-cover. A peculiar dark shadow came over his face, like the deep noon shadows Rosamund had just been watching on the rocks outside.

She became suddenly terrified. What she was afraid of was that he would go on like this for hours without dying; she would have given anything in the world to see him die.

She turned and ran out of the room into the open sunshine. The little glen lay there, serene and empty, like a lovely golden trap. The silence pressed down upon her, and she realized that she could n't get rid of it. She could n't get rid of anything; she must act. She had never been in a position before where one has to act, when one can't ring a bell or send for a servant or go into another room. The nearest house was the farm, a mile away.

There was nothing else for it; she must sacrifice her reputation, she must meet his wife. She felt an intense relief at this decision, and as she set off by the white ribbon of road her mind became exalted with a rush of ideas. She saw all that she must say to this hard woman to melt her and save the man she loved (the moment she was out of sight of Lockett he was still the man she loved). Words came to her with an ease and clarity which was almost miraculous. She would begin: "We are two women—" Far away across the cliffs the church bells were ringing. The sound of them reminded her of her childhood. She used to think angels rang them. Rosamund had always had beautiful thoughts.

A woman stood at the gate in front of her leading to the farm.

"This is private ground," the young woman said briefly. "What do you want?"

They looked at each other, and it occurred to Rosamund that this was Lockett's wife. Nothing else occurred to her; it was as if speech had ceased to exist. The woman before her had evidently just returned from church; she was dressed in black and had a prayer-book in her hand. She was good-looking and had very thick hair.

"What is it?" she repeated, frowning impatiently. "I suppose you want something?"

Then Rosamund heard her own voice; it sounded strangely flat and weak.

"There 's a man down there at the bungalow taken very ill," she gasped. "I want help."

"Go back and set the big kettle to boil-

ing," said Mrs. Lockett. "I 'll be with you in a few minutes." She hurriedly opened the gate, gathered up her black skirts, and ran swiftly along the path toward the farmhouse. Rosamund called after her, but the woman did not stop or even turn her head. The world was just as empty as it had been before. It did not seem possible to Rosamund to go back to the bungalow. Why had n't she gone to Norway with her husband? Then this would never have happened. Nothing ever did happen in Norway (that was why she had not gone there, but she did not remember that now), and certainly she would not have been told to go back and boil a big kettle.

Nevertheless, there was a feeling in her that she must go back. Perhaps Lockett would be better or perhaps he would be dead.

He was neither; he was just the same. She heard as she approached the house the same steady rattle of his breathing; she did not dare go into the room, but through the open window she saw the gray shadow of his face. She hurried into the kitchen and hunted for the big kettle; the old woman had left them a good fire. It took an interminable, terrifying time to find the kettle, and she was still looking for the tap to fill it from when she heard the swift approaching steps of Mrs. Lockett. Mrs. Lockett knew where everything was. She went at once to her husband, but she called out in a businesslike way where Rosamund would find the tap.

She hardly gave her time to fill the kettle before she called her again. Rosamund would have given any great, unreasonable thing to have been spared going into the room of the man she loved, but the woman's voice took her coming profoundly for granted. Rosamund had meant to plead with her to forgive Edward, but she found herself fully occupied in helping Mrs. Lockett move him to the sofa. Mrs. Lockett was apparently not afraid that he would break, but before she moved him she had slit up his sleeve and given him an injection. The strange sound of his breathing altered a little. There were great drops of perspiration on his face,



"She had never had anything to do with ill people before. In her world there were always trained nurses, eau de Cologne, and darkened rooms"

and his wife wiped them methodically away. Once she said, "There, then," very quietly, as if she were speaking to a child. He did not push her away or tell her that he wanted air. He did not speak to her at all, but his eyes looked less hopelessly urgent.

"As soon as the water boils, fill all those bottles you 'll find under the dresser and bring them in," said Mrs. Lockett. "There 's some oxygen in the scullery, too; I always keep some handy. Before it gets too hot pour some of that water into the cylinder; here it is in the cupboard." Rosamund obeyed her. It occurred to her now that Edward was n't, after all, so very ill. A moment later she heard the bubbling sound of the oxygen.

The water took a long while to boil. She sat on the edge of the kitchen table, and felt very sorry for herself. Edward ought to have warned her. She remembered that he had once said that he had something the matter with his heart, and she had said, "What an awful nuisance!" And he had said, "Yes, it is rather a nuisance," but he had n't gone on with the subject. He had n't at all explained how awful it might be for her.

She took the bottles in one by one. Mrs. Lockett did not say that he was better; she did not say anything at all. She seemed always doing something, very quietly, and without the slightest sign of hurry; and Edward was not breathing nearly so loudly. He was lying much lower on the cushions, but his face had a strange, sunken look, and all his features stood out with a curious sharpness. His eyes were shut. Rosamund wondered if he was asleep. She looked at her watch, and found it was only three o'clock. It seemed to her that time had literally stood quite still.

Then she heard Mrs. Lockett's voice. She was not talking to Edward; she was speaking to her.

"Have you had anything to eat?" asked Mrs. Lockett. Then she added, "There ought to be something in the larder."

Rosamund went into the larder. It seemed to her as if the food would choke

her; but it did not choke her. After she had eaten as well as she could, she filled a plate and took it out to Mrs. Lockett. She hardly knew which of them was the hostess, and she was afraid Mrs. Lockett might be angry; but Mrs. Lockett merely looked up and said, "I 'll eat later."

Time again stood still for half an hour. Then Mrs. Lockett said through the open door:

"It 's no use; the injections won't act."

Rosamund stared at her, she had been so sure Edward was getting better; she could hardly hear his breathing at all now.

Mrs. Lockett looked at her curiously, then she said:

"Would n't you like to come in and sit the other side of him? He might know you presently."

Rosamund hung her head; she did not want to go in. Mrs. Lockett still looked at her; then she said gently, "It 's all right now, you know; he 's not suffering."

Rosamund came in and sat down on the other side of the sofa. The flowers on the table shook in the light air; through the windows she could hear the soft lap-lapping of the little summer waves. This time yesterday he had been writing her a poem about their love. Their love? This great possession seemed now like the forgotten hum of yesterday's gnat.

"You see, he might or he might not come round again," said Mrs. Lockett. "Anyway, we can't do any more. I sent for the doctor up along, but he must be out. Still, there 's nothing he could do if he was here. When was he taken bad?"

"I don't know," stammered Rosamund. "He was writing; he did n't come out, and I came back and—and found him."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Lockett, but she did not say to which of the two she was referring.

Edward stirred a little; the faint jerking of his chest stopped. "Now!" said Mrs. Lockett, quickly. The two women leaned forward. He raised his wide blue eyes and stared straight in front of him.

"Clara," he said distinctly; then he fell back, and his eyes wavered as if something that was in them was going away.



“There’s a man down there at the bungalow taken very ill,” she gasped. “I want help!”

"He 's gone," said Mrs. Lockett; then she added conscientiously, "My name is not Clara."

Rosamund covered her face with her hands. She tried to faint; but she could not faint.

"You 'd better leave him with me," said Mrs. Lockett, kindly, "unless you 'd like to help me lay him out."

Rosamund sprang to her feet and ran to her room. She stood aghast and trembling at the open doorway. It was her room and his; but it seemed all his now. Then she forced herself into action; she drove her will power like an unwilling horse.

It was terrible to pack her things in that room, full of memory; but it was more terrible to stay there listening to Mrs. Lockett's footsteps in the next room, and doing nothing. It was strange how the consciousness kept being forced back on her that there is sometimes no alternative to terrible things.

The doctor came, and she held her breath with a new fear. Surely Mrs. Lockett would give her away? Force her forward into some new position of shame and exposure? Did n't the injured wife always take her revenge? And yet even while Rosamund stood there trembling, she could n't see Mrs. Lockett playing the injured wife.

The doctor pushed back his chair and went to the door.

"Just such another attack as usual, I suppose?" she heard him say, and Mrs. Lockett's quiet, "Yes; more severe, but the same kind."

"It was a mercy you happened to be here with him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lockett; "I 'm glad I came."

"Well, well," said the doctor, getting into his trap, "I 'm sorry for you."

Mrs. Lockett said nothing.

When Rosamund rejoined her, Mrs. Lockett had finished all that she had to

do. She was sitting opposite the body; there was a curious, unseeing look in her eyes.

Rosamund was afraid to speak; it was as if she was not sure which of them was dead. It was the first time that she had seriously acknowledged the existence of Edward's wife. The woman who sat by him now was his wife: there was a bond between them deeper than a casual affinity. They had not suited each other, but they had gone deep into the law of possession, and as Rosamund looked at them, living and dead, it seemed to her as if they were one being, and as if she had no place with them at all.

Mrs. Lockett turned her head and saw Rosamund.

"I 've sent for a cart for you," she said quietly. "It will carry you to the junction in time for the London train." As she spoke she drew a sheet forward and covered Edward's face.

Rosamund heard the approaching wheels from the farm; her heart beat with joy at the sound of her escape into freedom. Life had taken her measure, and she knew that reality was not for her. This was the end of romance.

Mrs. Lockett helped the carter lift Rosamund's trunk into the trap.

"You 've got such little hands," she said to Rosamund in explanation.

Then she stepped back quickly. It did not seem to Rosamund as if Mrs. Lockett wanted to touch her hand.

She got into the trap, and while the driver seated himself, Mrs. Lockett moved toward her again.

She spoke in a low tone and flushed a little, like an anxious hostess who is afraid a visit has not been a success. For the first time that day she appeared a little embarrassed and confused.

"I 'm sure I 'm very sorry," she said, "things happened the way they did. Edward would have been sorry, too. It was an awkward turn."



Wheat-fields

Middle-Westerners and that Sort of People

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Author of "New England, the National Wallflower," etc.

Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby

SIXTEEN years ago Professor Granville witnessed the outbreak of culture in the Corn Belt, and was ideally the man to discuss it. Readers of good books know him well, though not as Granville, and will understand my soliciting on behalf of a Boston paper his "appreciation" of the Middle West. Less Eastern than Western, myself, I looked for a genial response, as I had lately returned from the Corn Belt glowing with enthusiasm.

After considerable delay came the professor's reply. It was written in his own hand. It was signed with his full and true name. This is what it said, "I love and admire the Middle West, but Heaven help the civilization of it!"

Clearly, some one had blundered, either Granville, I, or the Middle West. After sixteen years' reflection, I absolve the Middle West. I absolved it then, despite

certain shocking enough things that I had seen in that vast region.

A Middle-Western *savant* pronounced Mr. Carnegie a more exalted genius than Shakspeare. A Middle-Western library reserved space for art treasures, and filled it with Christy posters. A celebrated Middle-Western *grande dame* enlivened a fancy-dress ball in Chicago by exclaiming, "Here comes my husband in the garbage of a monk!" Worse, a Middle-Western state superintendent of education wore a diamond stud in a negligée shirt. While discussing the cultural value of Horace and Sophocles, this arch-pedagogue spat on the rug. I saw him. But pray note what else I had seen: Middle-Westerners standing up boldly for "the swan of Avon" as against Mr. Carnegie; Middle-Westerners laughing at Chicago's *Mrs. Malaprop*; a Middle-Western li-

brarian (curator of Christys) allotting me a private study, with private key, and the services of a most capable young woman, who ransacked literature in quest of everything even distantly related to the matter I happened to be investigating. As for the arch-pedagogue, his scholarly defense of classical learning would have satisfied Mahaffy, Jowett, or the elder Arnold himself.

Naturally, I was in no mere apologetic mood regarding the Middle West when I dictated that letter to Granville; I was excited. I had found villagers reading "The Atlantic," Cleveland planning a Place de la Concorde, Chicago acquiring old masters. Music thrived. Collegians scorned to "pony" their Greek. Although Mr. Howells had fled his native Ohio, two Middle-Westerners, Mrs. Peattie and Mr. Henry B. Fuller, rivaled his finished grace. James Whitcomb Riley was at the very height of his inspiration. In Alpena, Michigan, the cub reporter, who served also as newsboy, memorized Omar while trudging the sawdust streets.

Oh, well, prepossessions die hard, and perhaps Granville remembered those dowdy Middle-Westerners at the World's Fair who gasped at nudes, and worshiped that sentimental picture, "Breaking the Home Ties"; or possibly he recalled Mrs. Lease's declaration that Kansas ought to raise "less corn and more hell"—not a pretty remark, I confess. There is also a chance—vague, at least—that he harked back unconsciously to poor Washington Irving's prediction that the Middle West would "form a lawless interval between the abodes of civilized man, like the wastes of the ocean or the deserts of Arabia." In any event, he had lately seen all that I had seen—and "Heaven help the civilization of it!"

What is he saying to-day? Detroit has Whistler's "Peacock Room." Pittsburgh the loveliest of Mr. Cram's Gothic churches, Buffalo an art-palace that would make a worthy abode for an Olympian god if you could find an Olympian god worthy to live in it. The Omaha Exposition, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition,

and the Pan-American were festivals of beauty. The Corn Belt attracts Calvé and Caruso. Mr. Crothers, "raised" in Illinois, ranks with our most accomplished essayists. Not long ago a poet lay in state at the capitol in Indianapolis. Eastern universities complain that the Middle West is enticing their ablest professors. Every summer vacationists come east. Does Granville find them less cultivated—the majority—than Bostonians and New-Yorkers?

Still, the East retains a somewhat condescending attitude, and in its friendliest moments speaks of the plainmen as "first-rate raw material," as if the Middle West existed and had somehow a local habitation and a name. The Middle West itself is by no means so sure about that. Although the prairies begin at Batavia, New York, Buffalonians resent being termed Middle-Westerners. Omaha, I should describe as unquestionably Middle-Western, yet there are Middle-Westerners who repudiate Nebraska, and only tepidly accept Kansas, while St. Louis and Kansas City belong to the Middle West according to some authorities, to the South according to others as vociferous. By general consent Minnesota belongs to the Northwest. However, if you go half-way from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, all of Minnesota lies behind you. In Chicago they say, "Why, man alive, there 's nothing Western about us! This is the interior." A dear soul in Montana remarked to me: "How jolly to hear that you came from the East! I 'm an Easterner, myself. I lived in Iowa."

Where, then, *is* the Middle West? In the words of the immortal Artemus, I answer, "Nowheres—nor anywheres else." So I can speak freely; with a kind of blanket alibi conclusively established, no Middle-Westerner will be hit. Meanwhile Easterners cannot hide, though their nutshell epitomization of the Middle West not only challenges criticism, but teases for it. Think of epitomizing those vast spaces, those millions of Middle-Westerners, heirs of so varied a past!

Their lands once belonged partly to the



"The cub reporter, who served also as newsboy, memorized Omar"

old Northwest Territory, partly to New France. Migration tramped in mixed columns; also in parallel columns, each from a different region. Take Ohio. She is an ethnological layer-cake: New-Englanders for frosting, then a Pennsylvania Dutch stratum, then Virginians, West Virginians, and Kentuckians, who greet "you-all" with a hearty "Good evening" at two in the afternoon.

Moreover, the frontier summoned

every conceivable stamp of character. Cracked saints went along with cut-throats, demireps, horse-thieves, and the salt of the earth. The first explorers burned to "explain hell to the savages." Later arrivals were more directly attentive to one another. In Illinois they enjoyed a Mormon-hunt, killing the Prophet Joseph and expelling his disciples. In Michigan they engaged in a boundary dispute with the Ohioans, and sprang to

arms. In Kansas the early governors barely got off alive, while fire-eaters from Missouri fought with jayhawkers from Connecticut. A pioneer wrote, "I, Andrew H. Reeder, in danger of being murdered by a set of wild ruffians and outlaws who are below the savages in all virtues of civilization, . . . in view of my death, which may happen to-day or to-morrow, make this last will and testament." But if the Middle West smelled of tar and feathers and bristled with bowie-knives, pepper-box pistols, squirrel-guns, and Sharpe's rifles, it also resounded with hymn-tunes. Circuit-riders galloped hither and yon. Slab churches popped up. In Ohio a pious coterie, "lamenting the deplorable condition of our perishing world," renounced tea, coffee, meat, tobacco, and tight-lacing. Presently violence subsided. Fur-traders, Indian-fighters, stump-grubbers, and hardy empire-builders settled down to a humdrum monotony punctuated with revivals.

It was easy then to heed Greeley's advice and go West. One reaped where others had sown. The ambitious went; likewise the discouraged. To-day, while your Middle-Westerner may perhaps be descended from a bravo who slept in a log cabin and made his bed with a hoe, it is as possible that he traces his lineage to some third-assistant bookkeeper whose services in Albany were "no longer required."

Furthermore, the chatter about "first-rate raw material" raises the question, "Material for what?" What, indeed, *Easterners?* The Middle West, thank you, is not posing as a half-drilled imitation of the East. Like Private McFadden, it has "a shtep iv its own," and has forged a civilization distinctively Middle-Western. The thing is there. It is not finished; no civilization ever is. Yet do you call an Englishman raw because he is not a Frenchman, never set up to be, and would blow out his brains if he felt it coming on? Methinks "raw," when applied to Middle-Westerners, betrays a singular crudity in Easterners, who hark back to a Middle West long since extinct

or judge the Middle West of to-day by its speech.

"What vulgarians!" exclaimed a New-Englander. "When they mean 'dawla,' they say 'dollar,' and Elbert Hubbard pronounced Ali Baba 'Alla Babba'! They fish in 'cricks,' smash baggage in 'deeps,' fill lamps with 'coal-oil,' 'drop' eggs instead of poaching them, eat 'pie-plant' for rhubarb, and 'fried cakes' for doughnuts." Worse things happen; beautiful foreign names become "Deetroyt" and "Dum-moyn," and in Boston a girl from the Middle West glanced across the trolley-car, read a head-line, blurted, "O Ma, the Cam-pa-nyle has fallen!" and burst into tears. Nothing I ever saw or heard more completely explained "rawness." It is merely rusticity. There was a Middle-Westerner who split rails and wrote the Gettysburg address. Another could say "Campanyle," and weep.

In the East rusticity occurs so seldom that no one takes pains to understand it. You look out from your Pullman upon cities, with brief interludes of rocky hillside, wild forest, and meadow-lands where dwellings lie far apart. In the Middle West it is the other way about. The prairie grows wearisome in its endless, unremitted productivity. Cities you find, but few and relatively small. For one Chicago, dozens where the inhabitant whispers, "Don't let on that I told you, but this town is just a great, big overgrown village." Retired farmers abound there. In a state capitol my guide said, "Every man here was born on a farm." A magazine edited for communities of two thousand souls each has a circulation of two million. It is not cities that have prompted the phrase, "Out in the Middle West, where the people are," and the politician's cry of "Wait till the Middle West has spoken!" It is the country.

Mining regions there are, and timbered regions where "moss-back," "habitaw," and "lumber-jack" still flourish. Nor do I intend any slight to the cities. They roar. In Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo black cinders grace my nose. A collar lasts fifteen minutes, generally



In the Middle West

less. But what are mining, logging, and manufacturing, all told? Islets of exception in an ocean of rule. Corn is king. The hog, a corn-field on legs, made Chicago. Scratch a Middle-Westerner, and you find a farmer. Either he lives on a farm or in a farming village or in a city that was a farming village only yesterday. To catch the most broadly typical Middle-Westerners, drop off at some painfully prosaic-seeming way-station where a grain-elevator looms gaunt and hideous next to the tracks and passenger says to passenger, "How 'd you like to live in *that* town?"

Whereas life in "*that* town" is a perfect sizzle of hilarities, festivities, jocosities, and cultural fandangoes. On Hallowe'en youngsters patiently rearrange gates and sometimes cows. A marriage courts a visitation "via the hay-ladder route" and "an old-fashioned charivari." Elks, Owls, Eagles, Woodmen, Red Men, and Odd Fellows have badged every male. A humorous organization, obviously, is the Ancient and Honorable Horse-Thief Detective Society; not so the Young Old Timers and those feminine enthusiasts, the Elysians and the Sonatina Club. Lo! what reference works on Browning in Elysium, what instructive papers at "the Sonatina"! Wrote Mrs. "Lafe" Sawyer, "The febrile unrest, the neurotic striving of the hour all find their musical equivalent in Richard Strauss." Additional felicities rain in from outside. The porta-

ble roller-rink comes. Medicine troupes bring comedians, acrobats, and sure cures for "what ails you." Strolling players erect a huge tent; in their own inspired verbiage, "The show goes over big." For a week every summer the populace of half a country assembles for the feast of tabernacles and of reason known as a Chautauqua. Never were there orators more silver-tongued, yodelers more instructive, fiddlers with longer hair, or vocalists more divine! And how biddable! You merely organize a committee and write to the National Lincoln System, jobbers in sweetness and light.

Nevertheless, I should hardly advise Professor Granville to take up his abode in "*that* town." It abhors "frills." Despite its "automobile for each child," its dapper, billboard-looking, ready-to-wear young men, and its dames arrayed in accordance with the latest fashion number of the woman's magazine, democracy stalks unchecked. No one puts on airs. Says a Middle-Western newspaper, "Our idea of an ideal man is one who does n't wear a wrist watch and carry a cane." A cane is a symptom of frills, as troublous to a plainsman as "the dying words of Ward MacAllister, 'Everything that *can* be eaten with a fork *must* be.'"

A few Middle-Western cities, to be sure, have gone in desperately for frills. Their clergy wear gowns. Silk hats increase and multiply. A college commence-

ment blazes with academic regalia. Domestic architecture sings high tenor, not to say falsetto. And behold the new passion for ancestors! "Ours came by the first prairie-schooner." "Ours by the first train." Tribal crests gleam resplendent, while there rages an "exclusiveness" at once bellicose and scared. Aristocracy feels anything but secure when, save for the dignity of old French families in Detroit and St. Louis and old Southern families in Cincinnati, it bases its pretensions on new-made wealth. Notice, please, I am not telling which cities have gone in desperately for frills. I am not holding the Middle West responsible for those cities. They belong a hundred and fifty leagues east of the Atlantic seaboard. The real Middle West excludes no one, not even Granville.

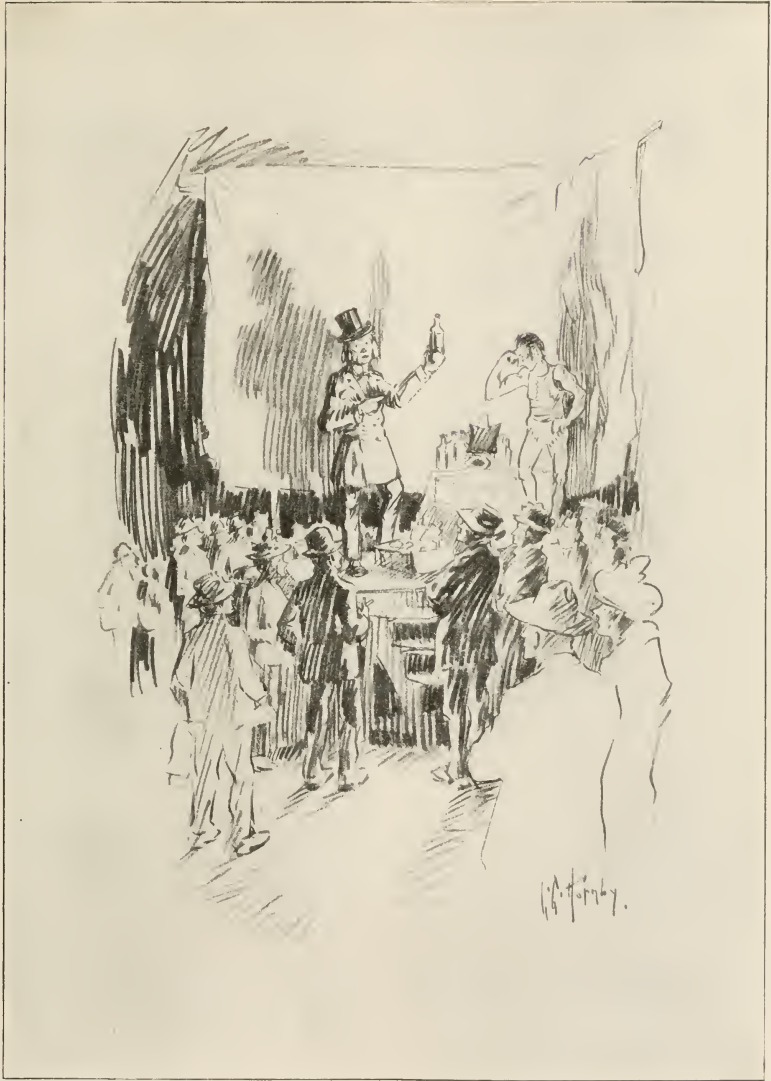
Thanks to cut-rate excursions on Sunday, even the least adventurous Middle-Westerners have "been about some." Many tour the Grand Cañon. Many go East, hungering for clam-chowder, fresh-opened oysters, "broiled live," and a glimpse of the Great White Way. Now and then a Middle-Westerner feigns delight in Eastern scenery. It is a chivalrous concession; prairie-dwellers prefer the prairie. I tramped the White Mountains with an Iowan. His indifference was superb. A Kansan in New England admitted that the East might perhaps be "a fine country," but complained that it "could not be seen." It was "all hidden" under a malignant growth known as trees. As for Eastern ways—ridiculous! A distinguished Middle-Westerner went home and wrote a confession entitled "Rubbering around the Hub," and concluding, "All right for a visit, but live there—nit! nit!"

Nothing Middle-Western tends to kindle the fancy. In nature there is a blunt and almost eager frankness. No mysteries lurk in a prairie-land. Overhead the sky, beneath its sheer realism. One lives in the *here* and the *now*. Indians have fled, the bison likewise, and even the prairie-dog. As a rule, what was old, and therefore suggestive, has either vanished of its own

accord or been ruthlessly demolished. St. Louis destroyed its prehistoric mound. Log cabins have perished. Quaint sayings, quaint customs, and quaint counting-out rhymes, beloved by Eastern children, failed to survive the stress of pioneer hardship. Life sloughed them off, along with all merely playful superfluities. Fact reigned. It still reigns, even in fiction. To commend a novel, declare, "It photographs a Middle-Western small town; is crowded with characters you instantly recognize."

Wholly natural, this self-centered, self-limited posture of farmers and farmers' sons; harmless, too, except in a crisis, when they cannot think either internationally or nationally. Talk of coast defense, of a merchant marine, or of America's duty in a world at war, and they are in somewhat the mood of the philosopher who said, "I object to going down cellar at midnight without a candle to look for a black cat that is n't there." What a hysterical race, the Easterners, to want coast defense when there is no risk at all that foreign dreadnoughts will bombard the Middle West! How "sectional" of the East to want ships when there is not one drop of salt water in the entire Middle West! How "narrow" to side feverishly with the Allies in a war as remote as a flood in China or a famine in India! A Middle-Westerner could hardly imagine the Allies. He could vividly imagine Germans, having lived with Germans in the Middle West, and liked them. So he suspended judgment or ignored the whole matter. That was easy. West of Buffalo and outside Chicago the Middle-Western press was printing only a column of war news a day, sometimes less, and without colossal head-lines. It was the Easterner in me, not the Middle-Westerner, that declared, "In 1914 America discovered the world."

Thus far the Middle West has discovered only the Middle West, and is abundantly satisfied. An Iowan, Mr. Herbert Quick, writes confidently, "In the gradual ascent to the apex of perfections, in uncovering the varied regions to His chil-



"Medicine troupes bring comedians, acrobats, and sure cures"

dren, the All-Father's masterpiece is Iowa."

While there are Easterners who find a certain "smugness" in this rapturous laudation of *la petite patrie*, I notice that

those same Easterners will sentimentalize over Mistral's affection for his native Provence. Whereas, Mistral was a fairly late comer in Provence. He had not made it. He had not seen it made. In the

Middle West pioneers and sons of pioneers still glory in the fruit of their labors. They made the Middle West. They have not ceased making it, nor has the third generation. What passes for smugness is an incitement to further exertion. For "Halleluiah!" read "Giddap!" In Middle-Western parlance it is the outward sign of an inward grace. The grace they call "boost"; its opposite, "knocking." Says a Middle-Western editor, "Any man who knocks the town he feels at home in would find fault with his own mother's cherry-pie."

In Cincinnati note the daily column, "Cincinnati's Industries Grow." In Springfield hear the phrases, "Onward sweep" and "Forging ahead." In Wichita observe how the disinterested real-estate barons have set out to "make Wichita known as the Hub of"—I forget just what. From the window, as your train pulls up at some severely monohippic "tank town," read the notice, "This piece of land free to any concern that will build a factory here."

Taught by his chamber of commerce, the citizen volunteers information wondrous, joyous, and effulgent. Welcome to our city! She boasts the biggest this in the world, the largest that in the world, the grandest the other in the world, and three times her own population. Thinking in italics, talking in capitals, he knows only cosmic superlatives. One such town boasts "the shortest mile-track in the world." Chicago, when termed the wickedest of cities, replied, "We 're bound to lead." Chicago even brags of her suburbs—"with one exception." That is St. Louis! In the usual prairie town the newspapers never allow people to die. Instead, they "pass." Anything as depressing as a death would be a form of applied "knocking."

Throughout the Middle West the citizen memorizes interminable statistics proving the "onward sweep" of his community during the last three years, the last five, the last ten. At this rate a mere dullard can calculate how suddenly it will overhaul New York City and joggle the universe. In six dozen particulars—

he names them offhand—it has already joggled Christendom and dismayed the marts of Ormus and of Ind.

At first glance "boost" appears to exhibit imagination, but it is in reality prosaic. It takes facts, then proceeds as in multiplication. Nevertheless, it exhibits sentiment, and America has as yet produced no more charmingly sentimental creature than the plainsman. His surroundings, his education, his religion, his secretiveness, and his jocosity unite to kill sentiment. Nothing can. Horrible droughts may burn sentiment to a cinder; plagues of locusts may devour it; floods may drown it; tornadoes, misnamed "cyclones," may blow it flat. Invariably it comes up smiling.

To be candid, these pranks of water, wind, sun, and the "insect youth" amount to relatively little. Locusts nibbled Kansas bare once; they are gone; and while an occasional hot wind scorches that eventful region till farmers perceive clearly that Congress is to blame, consider the Kansas crops, how they grow, and the Kansans, how they prosper. Dayton has its flood, to be sure, and here and there a village that was on one bank of the Mississippi yesterday is on the other bank to-day; yet the average Middle-Westerner never sees the "Big Muddy" or, for that matter, the Ohio. Cyclones, when by some rare chance they collide with a city, wreak havoc incalculable; as a rule, they waste their vivacity in the rural glades. All his life a distinguished Middle-Western meteorologist has been ambitious to get in with a cyclone. All his life he has failed. There is a wistful melancholy about the man as he shows you other people's snap-shots of cyclones or relates his observations along a cyclone's trail. Alas! the play of "Casar" with *Casar* left out—chickens defeathered on one side only, straws stuck into oaken posts, mud from Jones's swamp nicely plastered over the First Baptist Church, a locomotive standing on end in a rose garden and a single rose left petal-perfect, but the cyclone itself gone kiting. By dint of much patience I have found cyclone sur-



“Hotel lobbies roar with conversation”

vivors. Most Middle-Westerners never get that near a “green-bordered twister” and its works. Quite uniformly serene, they have leisure to sentimentalize.

They do it in college; yes, despite co-education, and despite their blatantly un-sentimental attitude toward learning. No Middle-Western university puts faith in “atmosphere.” No Middle-Westerner regards culture as a prize to be obtained by sniffing some zephyr from Parnassus. If things must be learned, go learn them.

Indeed, the Middle West has illumined the dull lexicon of pedagogy with a new and quite startling definition. “Student: one who studies.”

In the East I have been told that “from eighteen to twenty-two a boy is no good, and college offers the best pound in which to stable him”; in the Middle West, never. Nothing so dumfounds a Middle-Westerner as beholding the indifference among Eastern undergraduates, their hostility toward the faculty, their contempt

for a "grind," their general pose of "This place would be all right were it not for the curriculum." Some observers say Middle-Western youngsters study because they are in contact with embryo engineers, physicians, and lawyers, to whom one paragraph unlearned might eventually mean a railway wreck, a patient invalided for life, or a client hanged. Others trace it to a sink-or-swim desperation, as the average Middle-Western youngster has his own way to make, and knows it. For myself, I call it an evidence of Middle-Western straightforwardness and energy. On a steamer a Middle-Westerner declared, "I 'm taking the family abroad for culture, and, by George! we 're going to get culture if we have to stay six months!" I smiled at the six months, but respected the by George! Culture is elusive. It cometh not by observation. On the other hand, it is equally true that it cometh not by indifference and assuredly not without work.

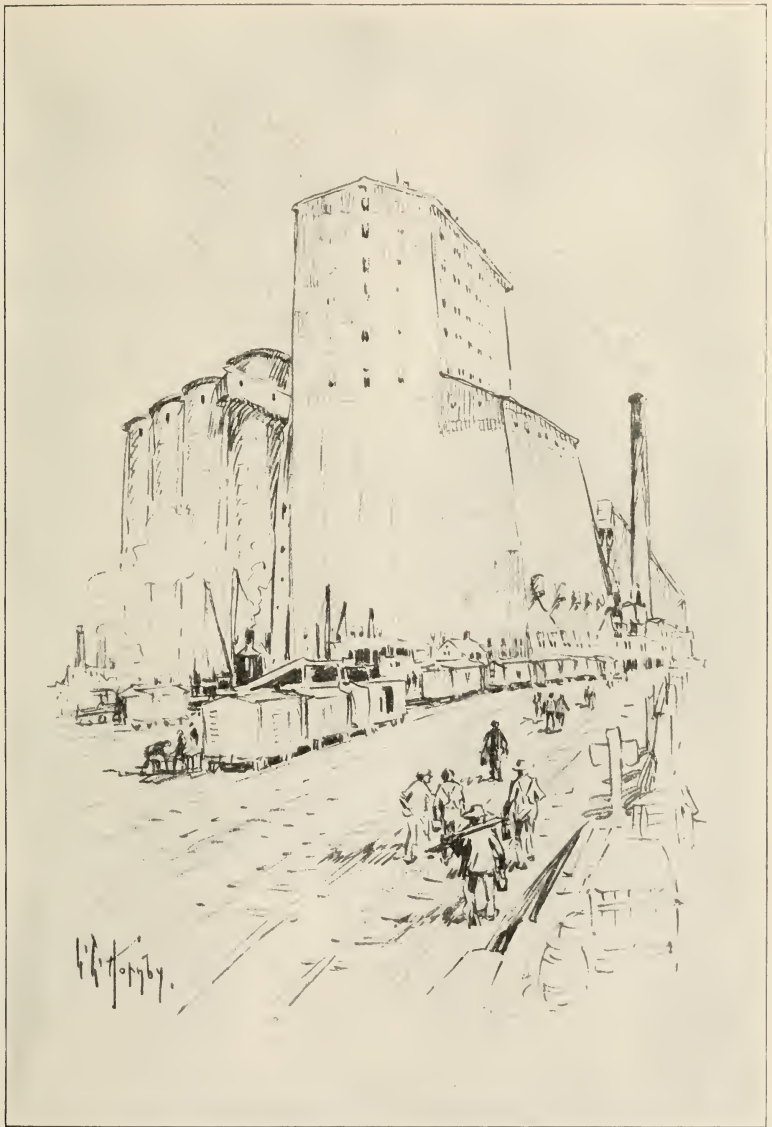
In Europe and parts of the East a perpetual well-spring of sentiment is the church. Its mysticism and serene beauty touch the heart with a refining tenderness. As a rule, Middle-Westerners distrust all that. Churchliness might replace spirituality with mere ecclesiastical estheticism. At the one extreme they worship in buildings vaguely resembling opera-houses; at the other they court an informality the last extreme of which has given us that highly interesting Middle-Westerner, the Rev. "Billy" Sunday.

A breezy person, undeniably. So are they all—by repute. Hotel lobbies roar with conversation. In a railway carriage your ticket is your introduction. There are Middle-Westerners who slap you on the back after an hour's acquaintance. Next day you rise to the dignity of "old horse." Some pick you up, present their cards, and relate their family histories. It is a "low-church" custom handed down from the pioneer days, when all were strangers, hungering for sociability and dependent upon one another for defense against savages, wild beasts, and starvation. To-day it seems to imply, "The less

form outwardly, the more warmth inwardly." I like it.

I could even wish it a shade franker. I have a feeling that sentiment feeds on expression, and the rashest Middle-Westerner fears to express sentiment, and will not suffer you to express it. The Eastern husband of a Middle-Western woman began by addressing her as "Dear." She made him stop. Your Middle-Western friend, far from clasping you to his bosom, "guys" you within an inch of your life. Beware! They are ferocious humorists, the plainsmen. The Middle West produced Mr. George Ade, now a college trustee, and Mr. Finley Peter Dunne. It produced George Fitch. It produced Mr. Julian Street, Mr. Booth Tarkington, and, in an earlier day, the incomparable Eugene Field. Fun gambols and frisks out there so joyously, indeed, that sentiment, assailed by half a dozen other destructive forces at once, might well have cut for cover. Instead, it rules. Never be deceived by a Middle-Westerner's hard-headed practicality or a Middle-Westerner's prosiness or a Middle-Westerner's jeers at sentiment. Underneath, he is poetical.

Varied are his ways of proving it. John Brown went forth from the Middle West, alone—almost—to free the slaves. A little Middle-Western old lady undertook to deliver humanity from intemperance—with a little hatchet. Mr. Joe Chapple advertised, "I will pay \$10,000 for heart-throbs," and the Middle West responded; Volume II has since appeared. Mr. Bryan, with rainbows for timber, builds a new heaven and a new earth; until of late, the Middle West has idolized Mr. Bryan. Mr. Ford institutes a Children's Crusade (of adult pacifists), and two Middle-Western States have demanded him for President. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay preaches his gospel of beauty in Middle-Western farm-houses; the farmers relish it. Oh, they do such things and they say such things on the prairie! Bravo! Their hearts are right, and right tender. Try them with "There, Little Girl, don't Cry!" or "An Old Sweetheart of Mine,"



“Where a grain-elevator looms gaunt and hideous next to the tracks”

or look on while a sweet lass of twelve at a Sunday-school festival recites “Nothing to Say, My Daughter.”

They have their follies, their weaknesses, their sins. They confess them. They are not “smug.” They recognize

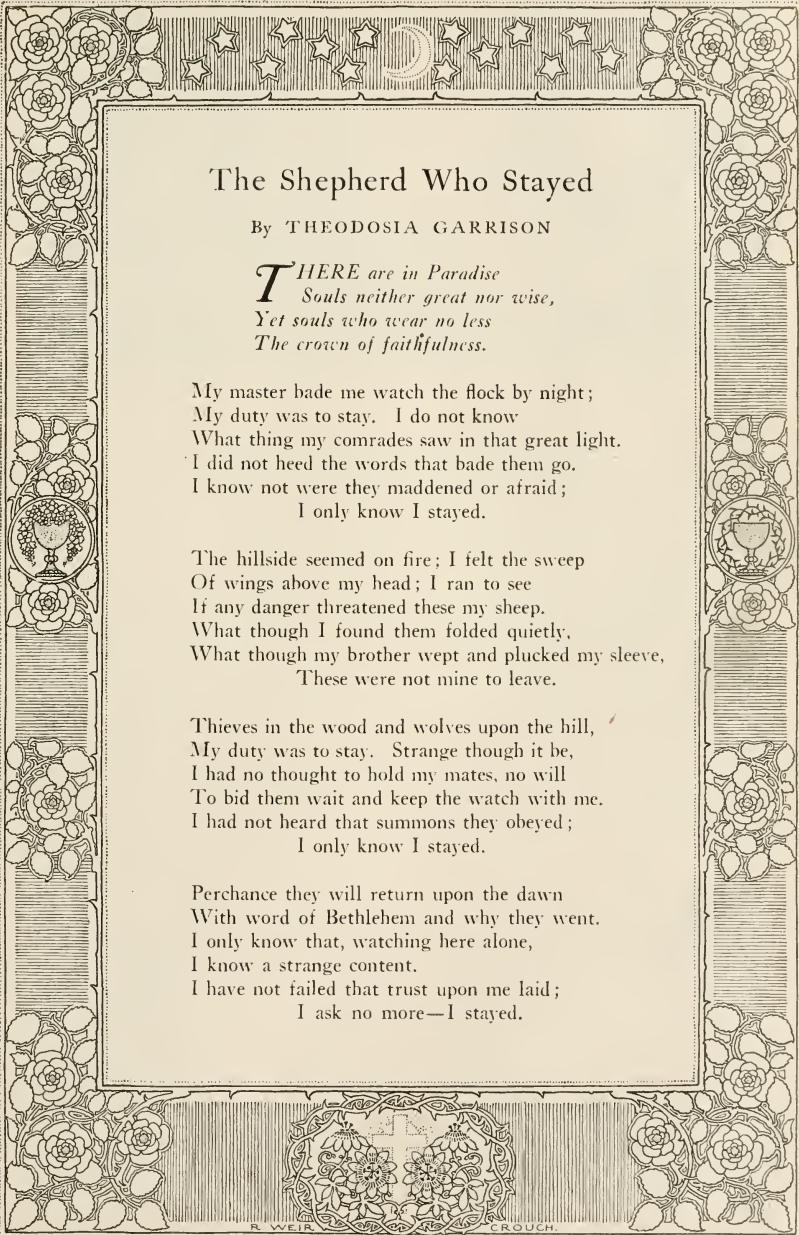
even the defects of their qualities; for example, of their progressiveness. The Spoon River Anthologist has convinced himself that the Middle West already shows symptoms of decay; yet what is this I read? "Ripon, Wisconsin, was down in the public building bill for a \$75,000 post-office, but asked Congress to take back the gift and apply the money to national defense." The elder generation would hardly have done that. In those perfect days a Middle-Western senator wrote, "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream," adding, "The ten commandments and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign." Only yesterday a young Middle-Westerner told me his belief that the young Middle West had lost the fine, heroic hardihood of the pioneers. He himself is the very personification of hardihood, as good as his fathers, and in many ways better.

What a paradox, this Middle West! How self-deceived! How deceptive! It appears to ache with monotonous, prosaic unpicturesqueness: standardized cities, standardized villages, standardized country-side, standardized Middle-Westerners,

whose existence painfully lacks color. In New England life wears a Puritan blue, or so they say; in the South a patrician purple; in the far West "any color as long as it 's red"; here, to the alien eye, no hue whatever, or at best a torpid brown. Recently a Middle-Westerner unpacked his soul regarding why he adored the Middle West. Said he (anonymously, because the outburst seemed to him so ebullient), "I own my house, I sport a Ford, and I go to the theater twice a month, all on an income of fifteen hundred dollars." Gammon! He loves the Middle West because he loves Middle-Westerners. He loves Middle-Westerners because of their boundless genius for sentiment. The most prosaic of regions, theirs is the most romantic. The Middle West narrowly escapes quixotism. It has more than once failed to escape. It is inartistic sometimes, inarticulate often, and, like farmer-folk the world over, of rarer make inside than outside. It is never insincere except toward itself. It is a little ashamed of its leading virtue, and worships just that. Its keenest interpreter was James Whitcomb Riley.



"The most prosaic of regions, theirs is the most romantic"



The Shepherd Who Stayed

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

*T*HERE are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
Yet souls who wear no less
The crown of faithfulness.

My master bade me watch the flock by night;
My duty was to stay. I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light.
I did not heed the words that bade them go.
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,
What though my brother wept and plucked my sleeve,
These were not mine to leave.

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill,
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates, no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me.
I had not heard that summons they obeyed;
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went.
I only know that, watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed that trust upon me laid;
I ask no more—I stayed.



The Future of Poland

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," etc.

The Poles no longer have a common country, but they have a common language. They will remain, then, united by the strongest and most durable of all bonds. They will arrive, under foreign domination, to the age of manhood, and the moment they reach that age will not be far from that in which, emancipated, they will all be attached once more to one center.—TALLEYRAND, after his return from the Congress of Vienna, 1815.

GREAT BRITAIN and France, as well as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were signatories of the Treaty of Vienna, and were bound by their signatures to enforce its provisions. The first article of the final act of the Congress of Vienna declared solemnly, "The Poles, subjects respectively of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, will obtain national representation and national institutions." Russia, in addition, undertook to preserve separate and autonomous the kingdom of Poland, which was to enjoy its own laws, language, and constitution. During the hundred years that Europe lived under the

régime established by the Congress of Vienna, Russia, Austria, and Prussia constantly and consistently regarded their international obligation toward the Poles as a "scrap of paper." British and French diplomats of successive ministries never lifted a finger to help the Poles to retain those rights guaranteed to them at Vienna. They were content to send notes of mild remonstrance to Russia after the disgraceful events of 1831 and 1863, and to Austria when the republic of Cracow was suppressed in 1846. It is only since the beginning of the present war that the surprising thesis has been developed in London and Paris that a nation is materialistic and has no sense of honor when it does not rush into war over questions of principle and humanity which do not vitally affect its own national interests, and that it is a sign of weakness, pusillanimity, and indecision for statesmen to send notes!

Among enlightened liberals in all nations, and especially in France, there has been deep sympathy for the martyrdom of Poland, and a desire to see her historic wrongs righted. But during the decade

preceding the outbreak of the European War the Poles learned that they had no friends anywhere among the nations. For when Germany and Russia entered into a new era of persecution, more formidable than any experienced in the past, there was no protest except from Austria-Hungary, who had manifestly an ax to grind. More than that, old friends in Great Britain and France, with an eye to conciliating Russia, not only became indifferent in the hour of trial, but even attempted to justify, or at least condone, the crimes of Russia. Long before the events of August, 1914, proved the reality of the Triple Entente, the approaching Anglo-Russo-French alliance was foreshadowed by the way London and Paris journalism handled the Polish question. If there is one lesson for Americans in the European War and the events which preceded it, it is that we must write our own history and do our own reporting. Otherwise we are sure to be misinformed about what has been done and is being done in Europe. Prejudice, hopeless bias, insincerity, special pleading are the order of the day among European writers.

The violation of Russia's international obligations to Poland and Finland have been explained on the ground that the old Russian policy was dictated by the bureaucracy, and that all would be changed when the will of enlightened Russian liberalism began to make itself felt. The institution of the Duma was hailed as the beginning of a new era for Russia, just as the reestablishment of Abdul-Hamid's constitution was hailed as the beginning of a new era for Turkey. There seemed to be a curious failure, and there still is, on the part of Occidental observers to realize that the attempt to graft our constitutionalism upon these two Oriental organisms could not bring forth the fruit confidently predicted and immediately expected. The democracy of western Europe is a slow growth, born of Rome, the Renaissance, and the Reformation, nurtured by the tears and blood of our ancestors through many generations, and made secure through general education.

What can we hope for in eastern Europe and Asia in less than a decade?

Poland and Finland have fared far worse at the hands of Russia since the Duma came into being than before. The Russian liberals are nationalists of the most virulent type, and they believe that the full play of constitutionalism is possible only after the entire empire has undergone thorough Russification. So they have waged a bitter war against the Poles by reducing Polish representation in the Duma, by opposing local self-government for municipalities, by refusing the Poles the privilege of being educated in their own language, and by searching for the development of existing laws and the invention of new laws to ruin the Poles economically. It is the fashion to-day to hold up Austria-Hungary under the Hapsburgs as the shining example of the oppressor of small nationalities that have been seeking to lead their own lives. Certainly none can deny the oppression of the Slavic nationalities in the dual monarchy by the German and Magyar bureaucrats of Vienna and Budapest. I was in Agram, the capital of Croatia, during that memorable spring of 1912, when the iniquity of Austro-Hungarian officialdom was laid bare before the world. Only three months later I was in Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, and it was while I was investigating the Russian persecution of the Finns that I read an "inspired" news article from Petrograd which attempted to justify the separation of the province of Khelm from the kingdom of Poland. Never, in the worst days of the iron heel, had the old Russian despotism gone so far as to impair the territorial integrity of the Poland intrusted to Russia by the Congress of Vienna.

During the last decade the Prussian Government, also, without interference from the imperial Reichstag, has carried on a brutal and cynical war against the Poles of Posnania and eastern Prussia. The aim of German statesmen, like those of Russia, has been to stamp out Polish nationality by every possible means. Some Socialists and a certain section of the

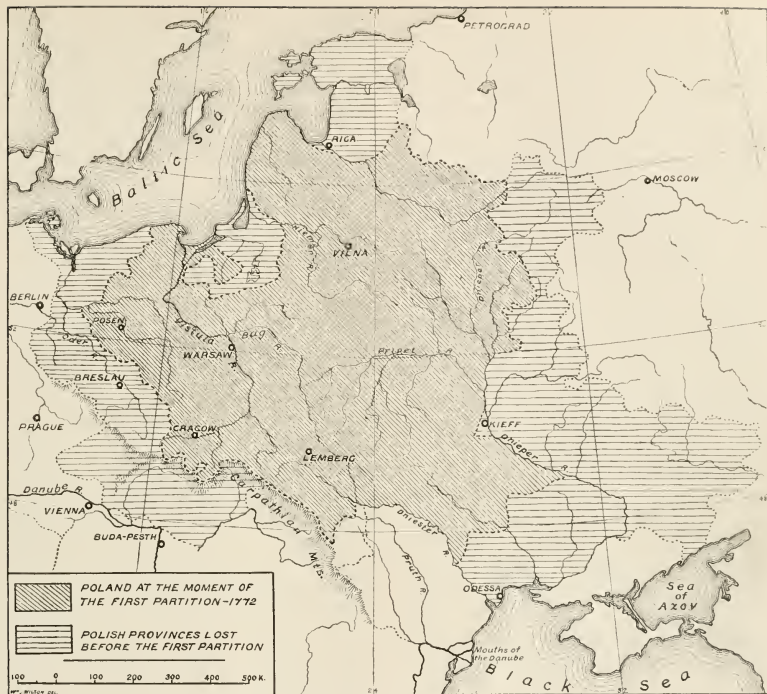
Catholic Center protested in the Reichstag and in the press against Prussia's anti-Polish measures, pointing out their folly as well as their illegality; but the great bulk of the German lawmakers profess the same narrow nationalism as the Russian lawmakers. They are determined to give no quarter to Poles who have the misfortune to be German subjects until they abandon their nationality and their language. From 1848 until the outbreak of the present war Germany has displayed complete solidarity with Russia in her treatment of the Polish question. The dictum has been: "Poland is dead. She must never be resuscitated."

Of the partitioners, Austria alone gave the Poles autonomy, and allowed them freedom in the development of their national life and their national institutions. Galicia has enjoyed a peculiarly fortunate geographical and political position since the formation of the dual monarchy in 1867. To keep the Bohemians in check, to prevent the spread of Russian propaganda, to forestall the possibility of the German element being put in a minority

in the Vienna Reichsrath by a Panslavic combination, Austrian statesmen have consistently carried favor with the Poles. Thanks to the exigencies of Austrian internal politics, Galicia has become the *foyer* of Polish nationalism, and from Cracow and Lemberg has gone forth the light that has kept alive and fostered the hope of the ultimate realization of the aspirations of the Polish people. Many Poles have resented deeply what they call the Galicians' indifference to, or, as it is sometimes more strongly put, betrayal of, the Pan-Polish ideal. But it is not because they refuse to put themselves in the other man's place and to realize that he who gets must give. It would be strange indeed if the Galicians, comparing their lot with that of Poles under the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns, should remain uncompromising and unwilling, if only for policy's sake, to give a certain measure of loyalty and show a certain measure of appreciation to the Hapsburgs.

But from an economic point of view the Poles under the Hapsburgs have suffered serious handicaps for which political autonomy was only a partial recompense. If





we believe in the principle that all subjects of a state have a right to free and unrestricted enjoyment of the advantages accruing from membership in that state, and are not to be discriminated against or exploited for the profits of others, there is ground for a serious indictment against the Austro-Hungarian dual monarchy in the treatment of the Poles, however favored they may have been politically. Nearly one third of Austria's grain, more than two fifths of her potatoes, one half of her horses, and one fourth of her cattle are raised in Galicia. Hungary and portions of Austria specialize in the same products, so that the agriculture and stock-raising of Galicia are not essential to the well-being of the empire. And by refusing logical railways and canal construction, Austria and Hungary have kept Galicia in a position of inferiority for export of agricultural products and stock.

There has been equal malevolence in the way Austria has blocked the development of Galicia's salt to prevent competition with Salzburg, and Galicia's coal and iron to prevent industrial competition. Austria, enjoying free trade with Galicia, has forced her manufactured products upon the Poles, and they have been powerless to compel her to take from Galicia a full equivalent in Galician products. Only the discovery of petroleum, which is not found elsewhere in the dual monarchy, has enabled Galicia to prosper in the face of artificial economic disadvantages.

FROM the point of view of intention, and in execution, the Russian exploitation of Poland has been far worse. Since 1865. Polish proprietors in Ruthenia and Lithuania have been compelled to pay into the Russian treasury a super-tax of ten per cent. on their incomes. The kingdom of

Poland, with only one fifteenth of the population, has of recent years been mulcted for nearly one fourth of the entire revenue of the Russian Empire. Besides supporting between two and three hundred thousand foreign functionaries, oppressors, and criminals, the Poles have furnished a large part of the funds for Russia's activities in Siberia and central Asia, for the money raised by taxes is not spent in the country. The Poles, powerless to legislate for themselves and to control the expenditures of the tremendous taxes wrung from them, have had to struggle against the handicap of the most miserable roads in Europe. In this day of international commerce, when transportation facilities mean much, Russian Poland, both in proportion to inhabitants and to area, has fewer railways than any other country in Europe. Taking wagon-roads and railways together, Russian Poland holds the lowest place among the civilized countries of the world. Russian Poland is perhaps also the only country of the world where public primary education has fallen off in the last four hundred years. The Russian exploiters, filling their treasury with Polish money, maintained, according to the census of 1912, only 4641 primary schools in Poland, with 282,000 pupils. This means one school for every 2750 inhabitants, while the rest of Russia enjoys a school for every 1430 inhabitants. In the same territory, in the year 1500, the Poles had a primary school for every 2250 inhabitants. The most sweeping suppression of public education in Poland has come since the establishment of the Duma. In 1906 nearly a thousand primary schools were closed in Poland without explanation or justification. In the kingdom of Poland, right down to the opening of the present war, the régime of bitter oppression continued. There was no liberty of speech, of association, of teaching, of press, and even the private expression of one's opinion led to banishment, imprisonment, or death.

Despite the ill will and incompetency of the bureaucracy, Russian Poland has prospered wonderfully from the industrial

point of view, and has gained steadily in importance as a manufacturing country. Warsaw has grown to over a million inhabitants, and the growth of Łódź is comparable to that of the great industrial cities of Germany, England, and America. In their industrial life the people of Poland have benefited by the union with Russia, for they have been able to develop their manufactures with the view of supplying the needs of the greatest country of Europe—a country in which industry is far behind that of other nations. It is not surprising that those who have benefited by the open door to Russian markets have been willing to submit to political persecution and even to economic discrimination. What matters it if railway rates are so arranged that freight from Warsaw to Moscow pays a considerably higher tariff than freight from Moscow to Warsaw? As long as Russia cannot compete with Poland in manufactures, the industrial element in Poland is willing to grin and bear this discrimination. But it is not the same for agriculture, which is, after all, the chief source of wealth of every country. Russian Poland is marvelously rich, and its inhabitants are as industrious as any in the world. They get along. But how much better they could do if they had a fair chance! Under Russian rule Poles have emigrated in great numbers, and hundreds of thousands who ought to have plenty to do at home must go every year to Germany to find work at living wages.

From the purely material point of view the Poles cannot claim to be badly off under German rule. They have benefited fully as much as the Germans themselves by the prosperity of the German Empire since its unification. Roads are good and well kept up. Railways are abundant. The economic organization is superb. One has only to study the figures of Polish bank balances in Prussia to see that the Poles have received their full share of the prosperity which has come to Germany in the last thirty years. More than this, despite hostile legislation, they have personally enjoyed the protection and privi-

leges of the German laws. There are schools for all in Prussian Poland. Polish working-men share in the benefits of enlightened German social legislation. The press is free. For this reason Posen, and not Warsaw, has become the center for books, magazines, and newspapers in the Polish language. German Poles have everything but the right to be Poles and govern themselves. The attitude of the Prussian Junker to the Pole is very similar to that of the English Tory to the Irishman: "You have the full dinner-pail. Your union with us is of enormous benefit to you. Why, in the name of Heaven, are you not satisfied?"

UP to the outbreak of the war in 1914, Russia, Germany, and to a certain extent Austria, ignored the possibility of the resurrection of the Polish nation. They had declared so repeatedly that the independence of Poland was a chimera, that "agitators" who kept alive the feeling of nationality among their Poles were criminals and working against the best interest of their people, that the rest of Europe, the whole world, in fact, had ended by believing that the Polish question was dead. No more striking illustration of this can be found than in the simple fact that three years ago a writer could not get published in a big newspaper, much less in a leading magazine or review, any article dealing with the possibility of the resurrection of Poland. I know, for I have tried. The invariable answer was that there was no interest in the Polish question or that the Polish question did not exist.

But when the participants of Poland came to blows among themselves, the world awoke suddenly to the fact that the Polish question was not dead, that the Poles had kept alive through a century of martyrdom their consciousness of race, and that they were numerous enough to have a decisive effect upon the issue of the war. How bitterly the Germans must have rued the Prussian policy of antagonizing the Poles! What an advantage the Central Powers would have enjoyed

had the Prussian Landtag shown toward the Poles in the last decade the same liberal spirit as the Austrian Reichsrath! If Germany and Austria-Hungary had been able to get together at the very beginning of the war, and had announced to *all* the Poles that they intended to restore Poland as an independent nation, Russia would have been powerless to strike a blow on the eastern front. But chickens came home to roost for Germany immediately. In view of the bitter Prussian persecution during the last decade, how could the Poles be expected to have more faith in German promises than in the words of the Grand Duke Nicholas? The Poles did not know where they stood, and had little reason to put any faith at all in the fair promises of either side.

The first months of the war were a period of enthusiasm, when clear, detached thinking was virtually impossible for any one. No man with red blood in his veins could be really neutral. One simply had to take sides, and the fact that Russia was the ally of France, and that the offensive movement of the Russian armies relieved the pressure upon Paris, was sufficient for men of liberal thought throughout the whole world to do their very best to accept and believe the Russian promises made to Poland in the Grand Duke Nicholas's proclamation. Even in August, 1914, however, it was very difficult to take at face-value this stirring appeal for Polish friendship. The Russian change of heart lay under the natural suspicion of being due to expediency and determined by the military exigencies of the moment. This suspicion grew when the grand duke's promises were not confirmed by an imperial ukase. Then came the temporary Russian successes in Galicia and the capture of Lemberg. Russia had her moment of great opportunity. But instead of conserving Polish liberties enjoyed under Austrian rule in this historic Polish city, Russian officials, military and civil, started right in on the old policy of sweeping Russification, and let the Poles understand clearly that there was no hope of emanci-

pation from Russia. It is not too much to say that had Russia been successful in her initial campaign and kept the Germans out of Poland, we should have heard no more of the promises of August, 1914.

Hard a blow as it was, then, to the cause of the Allies, the entry of the Germans into Warsaw was a distinct step forward for the realization of Polish aspirations; while the failure of the Russians to capture Cracow and their debacle in eastern Galicia could not be looked upon by the Poles in any other light than as rescue from a great danger.

I do not mean to infer by this that the success of the Central Powers, if permanent, would have resulted in the restoration of Poland to independence or autonomy. The decisive success of either group of belligerents, *in a short war*, would have meant for the Poles merely the passing from Scylla to Charybdis. Victorious Germany would not have needed to conciliate the Poles any more than victorious Russia. In fact, had the war lasted only one or two years, the question of Poland and her aspirations would easily and quickly have been forgotten in the peace conference. Had Germany been victorious, no voice would have been raised to compel her to settle the destinies of central and eastern Europe in any other way than in accordance with her own selfish desires. Certainly a protest in behalf of Poland would never have come from the German people. Is not the impotence of liberal sentiment in the imperial Reichstag to prevent the execution of Prussian iniquitous measures in Posen during the last decade sufficient proof of this? On the other hand, had Russia been immediately and overwhelmingly successful, could liberal public sentiment in France and England have forced the czar's government to do the square thing by the Poles? We cannot forget the remarkable words of Lord Castlereagh to the House of Commons after his return from the Congress of Vienna in 1815. His comment upon the failure to resuscitate Poland was simply this: "There was undoubtedly a strong feeling

in England upon the subject of independence and a separate government of Poland; indeed, there was, I believe, but one feeling, and, as far as I was able, I exerted myself to obtain that object." Nothing was ever done for Poland, even at the time of the events of 1831, 1846, and 1863, by the British Government and the British people.

BUT now that the Great War has entered its third winter, and the destinies of Europe are still in the balance, the question of Poland is more acute than ever before, and Poland has at last her opportunity to reappear upon the map of Europe. Both groups of belligerents have come to the realization that complete and overwhelming victory, even if they cherish the hope that it is still possible, will be too dearly purchased by the indefinite continuation of straight fighting. They are paying much more attention to scoring moves by manœuvres of diplomacy than they did before the failure of the Verdun and Somme offensives. No field for conciliation and bargaining seems more profitable than that of Poland.

On the principle that when the whole loaf cannot be obtained half a loaf is better than nothing, tremendous pressure is being brought upon Russia by France and Great Britain to speak out plainly and unreservedly on the question of the future of Poland. It is being represented to Russia that the errors which followed the Galician victories of 1914 be not repeated after the Galician victories of 1916. Above all, the Poles must be offered the union, fully safeguarded, of Russia's Polish territories with whatever Polish territory may be wrested from Austria-Hungary and Germany. Germany has reached a similar conclusion in regard to the Poles, and has taken advantage of the Austro-Hungarian reverses at the hands of Russia and Italy to force the Austrians and Hungarians to reason. The Central Powers will undoubtedly establish an autonomous régime for reconstituted Poland in the very near future. If, through the stubbornness of Russia, the Allied Gov-

ernments are foolish enough to allow themselves to be anticipated in making such an offer to the Poles, they will in self-defense have to match the proposal of the Central Powers. Otherwise, not only will they antagonize the Poles, but they will also alienate the sympathy of neutrals and of the genuinely liberal elements of their own electorates. For have they not proclaimed from the housetops that they are waging this war for the freeing of oppressed and subject nationalities?

The Poles are undoubtedly placed in an extremely embarrassing and delicate situation. For nearly one and one half million Poles are fighting on opposing sides, and another half-million of military age are within the spheres of influence of the two groups of belligerents, and are being called upon to take arms "against the oppressor" in "liberating" armies. What Sir Roger Casement did in Germany is being done to-day among prisoners of war in all the prison camps of Europe. The invitation to treason (for it is treason to fight with the enemy against the nation of which one is a subject) is being given to Poles everywhere. The invitation is coupled with a threat. Both sides tell the unhappy Poles that if they do not now choose to "fight for Poland," the promises will naturally be withdrawn. As Germany and Austria have the greatest number of Polish prisoners and hold virtually all of what is ethnographically Polish territory, the danger is greatest to Poles of Russian subjection who are at present at the mercy of the Central Powers. There is only one way of safety, and that is for the Poles to stick resolutely, on technical grounds, to their present allegiance, and not to spoil the future by acting for one or the other of the belligerent groups. The people of Russian Poland may suffer at the hands of Germany by such a stand, but they will not lose in the long run. For if they are loyal to Russia during this period of trial, the self-respect of the Allies will never tolerate putting them back again under Russian slavery when the war is ended. Similarly, after what has happened in Ire-

land, the English people cannot hold against the Poles of Galicia and Posnania the fact that they remain loyal for the duration of the war to Austria and Germany.

All the world is longing for peace. We must begin now to prepare for the difficult task of making peace. A durable peace can come only through the determination of enlightened men throughout the whole world to see that justice is done to every race involved in the struggle. Otherwise, another treaty of Vienna or of Berlin will impose upon our children and our grandchildren a sacrifice of blood and treasure and a burden of human suffering similar to that which we are making and bearing during these years of horror.

Foremost among the problems to be solved is that of the future of Poland. There is only one satisfactory solution—the renaissance of Poland as an independent state. Lovers of justice and friends of peace must work for this object with all their heart and soul. To this end it behooves us to establish a propaganda of information, free from bias and prejudice, so that the reasons for this only safe and just solution of the Polish problem be put clearly before those who are fighting, those who are paying the price of the fighting, and those whose sympathy goes out to the fighters and the sufferers.

THERE are four considerations that we would do well to comprehend and ponder over in connection with the future of Poland.

1. The reconstituted Polish state must not be made subject in any way to Russia.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of ink that is being used these days to prove that Russia is the "big sister" of the Slavs, it is certainly not true in connection with the Poles, and it is doubtful if it is true in connection with any Slavic nation. We cannot bank on what Russia some day may become. To-day she is far behind other European nations in civilization, and will remain so as long as eighty per cent. of her population is illiterate. Her Government is a corrupt Ori-

ental despotism. The blood of her people is mixed, and the Asiatic strain is large and recent. During the approaching period of constitutional development her leaders are bound to show a narrow and fanatical nationalism, which makes impossible understanding of or proper relations with a subject nationality. The Poles, on the other hand, are a pure Slavic race who have received their culture and laws and religion from the West. They have nothing in common with the Russians. As a part of the Russian Empire they would prove the same thorn in the flesh to the Russians of the twentieth century as they have been to the Russians of the nineteenth century. After the experiment of the last hundred years it is unwise to yoke together again two nations in a different stage of development, of different background, and with different ideals, making the more advanced nation the political inferior of its social inferior. It may be advanced that the "guaranty of Europe" would protect autonomous Poland from Russian bad faith and aggression. But is bitter experience no teacher? In a great political organism only the relative feebleness of the predominant nationality safeguards the autonomy of other nationalities.

It is unsafe for the future of Europe to increase the dominions of Russia toward the west by the extension of the czar's sovereignty over German and Austrian Poland. This statement needs neither amplification nor argument to thinking man.

2. The reconstituted Polish state must not be made subject in any way to Germany.

Germany, with less excuse than Russia (for she pretends to, and actually does, enjoy a far higher degree of civilization and enlightenment), has a black record of arrogance toward and intolerance of other nations whose legitimate aspirations have stood in the path of her political and commercial expansion. Her good faith cannot be depended upon. If Poland, either as a semi-independent or autonomous state, is placed under the tutelage

of Germany, the Germans will leave no stone unturned to bind the Poles hand and foot. Although the new Polish state would have about fifteen million inhabitants, it would stand little chance of resisting German aggression. For ninety per cent. of the Poles follow agricultural pursuits. Their industries and commerce are almost entirely in the hands of Germans and Jews; so they would be powerless to use the weapon of economic boycott against Germany, and would gradually be assimilated by their powerful Western neighbor. German statesmen and publicists know this fatal weakness of Poland, which can be remedied only by a wholly independent national life. The Germans have studied their trump-cards, and do not hesitate to undertake the management of a united Poland.

The suggestion that reunited Poland be made a constituent member of the Hapsburg dominions is equally inimical to the realization of Polish aspirations. The present war has irrevocably committed Austria-Hungary to a common destiny with Teutonic Europe. Vienna and Budapest will continue to act with Berlin.

3. The boundaries of the reconstituted state must be determined not on historical grounds, but solely by conservative, unsentimental ethnological considerations, and by sound economic and political considerations.

In this the Polish question is similar to many other questions that will come before the makers of the new map of Europe. The most perplexing problem of forming national boundaries, of reconciling conflicting national aspirations, is that of irredentism. Irredentism is a term used to describe the desire of states which have come into existence in the nineteenth century to extend their boundaries so as to include adjacent populations of the same race and language and adjacent territories which were in the past historically theirs. Most of the later states that have appeared on the map of Europe are strongly influenced by irredentism. Irredentism is the cause of the antagonism and rivalry

between the Balkan States. Irredentism is the cause of Italy's and Rumania's intervention in the war. It is the disease which has denatured the German people. It is the rock upon which Poland may be shipwrecked.

In solving irredentist difficulties, it is important to keep two facts in mind: that nationalism is a product of the nineteenth century, and that the formation and evolution of political organisms have been, and always will be, influenced fully as much by economic as by racial considerations. In dealing with the Balkan problem one must emphasize the cardinal fact that the various races of the Balkan peninsula were subjected to the Ottoman yoke centuries before the feeling of nationality was born in the European races. Therefore any attempt to go back to tradition and historic claims in the formation of a modern state is illogical and mischievous. The Germans found this to their cost when they annexed Alsace and Lorraine on the ground of irredentism. They sowed the seed for another war. Will Italy attempt to saddle herself with a similar cause for inevitable future conflict with Teuton and Slav by trying to annex the territories at the head of the Adriatic? Will Rumania try to cross the Carpathians?

One reads the abundant literature of Polish nationalists with misgiving and sinking of the heart. Poland went to her downfall as an independent nation by refusing to recognize the loss of territories on the west and northwest through the working of economic laws, and by diffusing her energies and making herself vulnerable to the extension of her political system over eastern and southeastern territories that could not be assimilated. In the last generations of her existence she went on the principle of all or nothing. The result was two partitions and nothing. It is altogether hopeless for the Poles of to-day to believe that they can include in their new Poland all their historic territories. No cataclysm of defeat, whichever way the fortune of war turns, is going to compel Germany and Russia to give up Silesia, the Prussian Baltic coast-

line, Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia, and it is doubtful if the Poles can make good their claim to the eastern portion of Galicia. Even if economic and political considerations do not militate against the Polish claims to these territories, the hard facts of present ethnological conditions are not in favor of the Poles.

Many patriotic Poles who read these words will think either that I am misinformed and an ignoramus or that I have at heart no real sympathy with or understanding of Polish aspirations. The limits of a magazine article do not permit me to elaborate the arguments against unreasonable Polish irredentism. But how can you argue with the man who, when you point out to him that the population of Dantsic is only four per cent. Polish, replies, "We have been under the German yoke: now they must taste ours"? His mind is fixed not only upon unrealities, but also upon impossibilities. Who is going to force Russia and Germany to give up historic Polish territories, and some of them lost centuries before the first partition? Certainly not the Poles, or the rest of Europe combined. Never in the history of the world has it been more imperative for us all to face cold facts than it is to-day. Irredentism, except where it is a question of a homogeneous population whose economic interests would be favored by union with the mother country, has nothing in common with facts and logic.

Possible independent Poland would include about two thirds of Posnania from Germany; the kingdom of Poland, including Khelm, from Russia; and Galicia, excluding the eastern territory known as Red Ruthenia, from Austria. It is conceivable that the issue of the war may compel or persuade the three partitioners of Poland to yield these territories to an independent Polish state.

4. The reconstitution of Poland as an independent state is not only a wise political step in establishing a durable peace, but is also an act of justice to one of the largest and best races of Europe, which has purchased the right to be free by

heroic sacrifices willingly made and by the ability amply demonstrated to survive and thrive through four generations of persecution.

Poland is the best example of the wisdom of the buffer-state theory. Russia and Germany, the largest and most powerful states in Europe, have been endeavoring to expand each in the direction of the other. The partition of Poland was long held to be the bond that kept peace between them, for they were partners in crime. But their common frontier eventually brought them into conflict. German statesmen and publicists have frequently told me since the beginning of the war that the underlying, as well as the direct, cause of the present conflict was the ever-present nightmare of the Pan-Slavic "Westward ho!" and that the Germans were fighting for European civilization against Asiatic invasion. On the other hand Russian polemicists claim that the Teutonic *Drang nach Osten* is the basic cause of the war from the point of view of their particular national interest. If this is true as far as the issue between Germany and Russia is concerned, why not restore Poland to her traditional historic post as the defender of Slavs against Teutons, and the outpost of Occidental Europe against invasion from the East?

The creation of an artificial buffer state closely allied in race and sympathies with one of the other of the rival powers or too weak to resist her neighbors would be a makeshift and a farce. But the Poles are neither pro-German nor pro-Russian, nor are they weak. In numbers, in brains, in vitality, in wealth, in unity of spirit, they are stronger to-day than ever in their history, and as an independent nation would very rapidly become the seventh great power of Europe. In considering the fitness of the Poles for independence it is just as absurd to hark back to the weakness and the faults of Poland of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as to judge Germany and Italy of to-day by the Germans and Italians of two hundred

years ago. It is what the Poles are to-day that counts. Poland was partitioned before the Poles became a nation. Their birth as a nation has come in the period of bondage. Now they are ready to break the bonds, for they have arrived at that age of manhood which Talleyrand prophesied.

The Poles were once as enlightened and cultivated a people as any in Europe. They have come back to their former place in Galicia. In Posnania they have confounded every effort of German Kultur and organization to assimilate them, and in the face of Prussian Landtag, Prussian officials, and Prussian schoolmasters, they have gained in lands, in wealth, and in knowledge of their own language and literature since 1896. In Russian Poland economic and political handicaps have brought an increasing degree of superiority in wealth and culture to their oppressors.

There are more Poles to-day in the world than ever before, and their fecundity is unrivaled. Their national feeling was never deeper-rooted and more intelligent. If a Pole tells you he is in favor of autonomy under Germany or Russia or Austria, he is lying for expediency's sake or he is a Jew or he has some narrow selfish business interest stronger than patriotism. The Poles want only one thing, and that is independence. In this are they not like every other nation worth its salt? Would you not despise them if they did not long for that which you yourself hold to be the most precious thing in the world?

"Are you a patriot?" said Napoleon in 1810 to John Sniadecki, rector of the University of Vilna.

"Sire," answered the rector, "from my birth I have learned to love my country, and her misfortunes have only strengthened the love I bear for her." After an additional century of Poland's misfortunes, her children, scattered over the whole world, would give the same answer. And there are seven times as many of them now as there were then.

Christmas at Bracebridge Hall

Studies illustrating Washington Irving's "Old Christmas"

Made for THE CENTURY

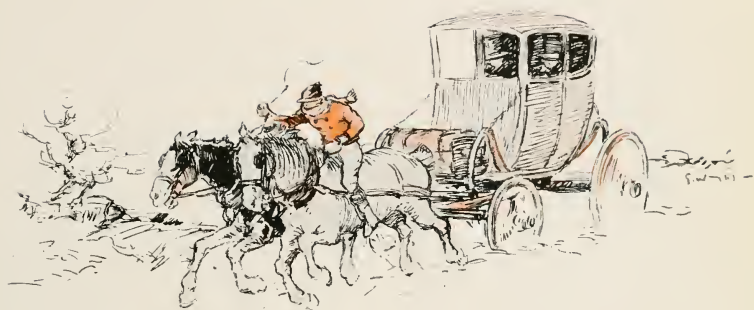
By George Wright



“He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, the old English country gentleman”



“ I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner ”



“ It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold ; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground ; the post-boy smacked his whip incessantly ”



“ The squire himself mingled among the rustics, and
was received with awkward demonstrations
of deference and regard ”



“The village tailor, a pale fellow with a retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarinet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point”

“The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humours of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon”



“ The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master



Simon was in as chirping a humour as a grasshopper filled with dew”



“The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity, in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school”

Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-IV—Two young American women, Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne and Miss Estelle Madison, appear in Florence, Italy, and beg the good offices of Mr. Foss, the American consul, in setting up an expensive establishment in the city. They have money, no culture, but Aurora especially has a vast fund of kindness, and the consul's wife and eldest daughter assist them in their plans and introduce them into society. At a ball at the house of the consul, Gerald Fane, an unsuccessful young American artist, long a resident of Italy, much against his own wish is drawn by the consul into offering to guide Aurora about Florence.

It is clear from their conversation in private that Aurora and Estelle are charming social impostors, and have not disclosed their true names and origin.

Chapter I

AFTER the Fosses had helped the lessees of the Haughty Hermitage to make it habitable; found for them a coachman who had a little French and, when told what they desired to buy, would take them to the proper shops; provided them with a butler to the same extent a linguist, through whom Estelle, who in Paris had ambitiously studied a manual of conversation, could give her orders, they not unnaturally became less generous of their company.

But they were not permitted to make the intervals long between visits. The coachman wise in French was perpetually driving his spanking pair to their gates, delivering a message, and waiting to take them down for lunch or dinner with their joyfully welcoming and grateful friends. It was not at all unpleasant. It was not prized preciously,—there was too much of it and too urgently lavished,—but the lavishers were loved for it by two women neither dry-hearted nor world-hardened. Leslie fell into the way, when she was in town and had time, of running in to Aurora's, where it would be cheerful and she looked for a laugh.

Leslie, having reached, as she considered, years of discretion, thought fit to disregard the Florentine rule that young

unmarried women must not walk in the streets unattended. She had balanced the two inconveniences, that of staying at home unless some one could go out with her, and that of being spoken to in the street, and decided that it was less unpleasant to hear a strange young man murmur as she passed, "Angel of paradise!" or "Beautiful eyes!"—no grosser insult had ever been offered her,—than to be bothered by a servant at her heels. The fact that she looked American and was understood to be following the custom of her own country secured her against any real misinterpretation.

It was chilly, Novemberish, and within the doors of Florentine domiciles rather colder, for some reason, than in the open air. The Fosses kept their house at a more human temperature than most people, but yet after years of Italy did not warm very thoroughly: one drops into the way of doing as others do, and grows accustomed to putting up with cold in winter. Leslie often expressed the opinion that in America people really exaggerate in the matter of heating their houses. Nevertheless, just for the joy of the eyes and, through the eyes, of the depressed spirit, she was glad to-day of the big fire dancing and crackling in Aurora's chimney-place.

The up-stairs sitting-room, where the ladies generally sat, might look rather like a day-nursery; yet after one had accepted it, with its chintz of big red flowers and green foliage, its rich strawberry rug and new gold picture-frames, it did seem to brighten one's mood. How think grayly amid that dazzle and glow any more than feel cold before that fire?

Leslie held her hands to the blaze, and with an amiable display of interest inquired of their affairs, the progress made in "getting settled." There was still a good deal to do of a minor sort.

Accounts were given her in a merry duet; purchases were shown; she was told all that had happened since they last saw her, who had called, whom they had been to see.

CASTING about in her mind for further things to communicate, Aurora was reminded of a small grievance.

"I thought your friend Mr. Fane was going to come and take us sight-seeing," she said.

"Was it so arranged?"

"So I supposed."

"And he has n't been?"

"Hide nor hair of him have we seen."

"I meant, has n't he perhaps called while you were out?"

"He has n't."

"Strange. It's not like him to be rude. But, then, he's not like himself these days. You must excuse him."

"What's the matter with him? Is n't he well?"

"He's not ill in the usual sense. If he were, we should make him have a doctor and hope to see him cured. It's worse than an illness. He is blue—chronically blue."

"Why?"

"Oh, he has reasons. But the same reasons, of course, would not have made a person of a different temperament change as he has changed."

"I don't suppose you want to tell us what the reasons are?" Very tentatively this was said.

"Why—ordinarily one would not feel free to do so, but you are sure to hear

about it before you have been here long. In Florence, you know, everybody knows everything about everybody else. Not always the truth, but in any case an interesting version. Oh, it behooves one to be careful in Florence if one does n't wish one's affairs known and talked about. But in the case of Gerald there was nothing secret. Everybody knows him, everybody knew when he was engaged to Violet Van Zandt, everybody knows that she married some one else."

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"It's very simple, you see, as commonplace as possible. But it's like the old story of the poem: an old story, yet forever new. And the one to whom it happens has his heart broken, one way or the other."

"And she married some one else?"

Both Aurora and Estelle were craning toward the speaker in a curiosity full of sympathy.

"Violet," Leslie began, like a grown person willing to indulge children with a story, "is Madame Balm de Brézé's sister. You saw Madame de Brézé that Friday evening at our house. Violet is very like her, only much younger and a blonde. Amabel is—let us call things by their names in the seclusion of this snug fireside—Amabel is scrawny; Violet was ethereal. Amabel is sharp-featured; Violet's face was delicate and clear-cut. I say *was*, because she has grown much stouter. We have known them since they first came to Florence, and have been friends without being passionately attached. They are Americans, but had lived in Paris since Violet was a baby. They came here, orphans, because it is cheaper. They used to live on the top floor of a stony old palace in Via de' Servi, where they painted fans on silk, sending them to a firm in Paris. Amabel did them exquisitely; shepherds and shepherdesses, corners of old gardens, Cupids—Watteau effects, veritable miniature work. The little sister was beginning to do them well, too; she painted only flowers. Amabel had no objection to Violet marrying Gerald. He was as far as possible from being a good



"'I thought,' said Mrs. Hawthorne, 'that you were going to come and take us sight-seeing'"

match, but in those days both Amabel and Violet seemed to live in an atmosphere that excluded the consideration of things from a vulgar, material point of view. Violet and Gerald were alike in that, and so very much alike in their superfine tastes and ways of thinking. Gerald has an income, simply tiny. You would hardly believe how small. We supposed that now he would paint a little more than he ever has done with the idea of pleasing the general public and securing patronage. They were to wait until she was twenty-one, when a crumb of money in trust for her would fall due. Then Amabel surprises us all by marrying De Brézé. Violet of course lives with them, and with them goes to Paris. And in Paris she becomes Madame Pfaffenheim. *Tout bonnement!*"

"Oh, the wretch, the bad-hearted minx!"

"No," said Leslie, reflectively. She turned from the warmth of the fire and let her eyes rest on the gray sky seen in wide patches through the three great windows, arched at the top and blocked at the bottom by wrought-iron guards, that admitted into the red-and-green room such very floods of light—"no," Leslie repeated. "One is the sort of person one is. The sin is to pretend. I don't believe Violet knew the sort of person she was until it came to the test. She thought, very likely, that she was all composed of poetry and fine sentiments and eternal love. She was n't; and there it is. When she had the chance actually to choose, she preferred money, a fine establishment, luxury, and she took them. How ghastly if, with that nature concealed in her, behind the pearl and pale roses, she had married poor Gerald! It 's much better as it is, don't you agree with me? I call him fortunate beyond words."

"Well, of course; that 's one way of putting it."

"It 's his way. Gerald knows just how fortunate he has been, and it 's exactly that which makes him so miserable. At first, you understand, he could lay the entire blame on the De Brézés. But a

year or two ago she came to Florence with Pfaffenheim on a visit to her sister. I don't know how Gerald felt, whether he tried to avoid her or tried to see her. That he saw her, however, is certain. She is perfectly happy, my dears, in her marriage! And that she should love Pfaffenheim, or be proud of him, is inconceivable. So her happiness rests entirely upon the fact of her riches and worldly consequence."

"Say what you please, I call her a nasty, mean thing!" exclaimed Aurora.

Leslie shrugged her shoulders, as if saying, "Have it your way; but a more philosophical view is possible."

"She was looking very beautiful," she went on. "Much more beautiful than before, but in such a different way! From diaphanous she has become opaque; from airy, solid. She brought a most wonderful wardrobe and, kept in the background, with her husband, two fat babies."

"I should think she would have been ashamed to come back here."

"Oh, no; not Violet. She was enchanted to show herself in her glory to those who remembered her in the modest plumage of her girlhood. Florence did not really like it, because she affected toward Florence the attitude of one who comes to it from places immeasurably grander. You would have thought Florence an amusing little hole where she long ago, by some accident, had spent a month or two. She found us quaint, provincial, old-fashioned. She was witty about us. She criticized us with a freedom and publicity that made her funnier to us than we were funny to her. It was not an endearing thing to do or a very intelligent one. It was, in fact, rather antipathetic."

"Antip—I call it the actions of a *bug!*"

"You can see how it all left Gerald. The Violet he cared for was obviously no more. Worse than that, she had probably never been."

"I should think he would just despise her, and shake it off, and forget her as she deserves."

"Your simple device, dear Aurora, is

the one he adopted. But to have an empty hollow where your beautiful hoard of pure gold was stored is a thing it takes time to grow used to. He is not an unhappy lover now, certainly; but he is a man who has been robbed, and he has fallen into the habit of low spirits. It is a thousand pities his poor mother and sister could not have been spared to make a home for him. Being too much alone is bad for any one. He shuts himself in with his blues, and they are growing more and more confirmed. Love is a curious thing." Leslie said the latter separately and after a pause, as if from a particular case she had been led to reviewing the whole subject. "It complicates life so," she added, and rose to go.

They teased her to remain and lunch with them. But Leslie was suddenly more tired at the contemplation of life than she had been when she came. The total result of her call had not been to cheer her, for by an uncomfortable stirring within, as soon as she had finished, she was made to repent having talked to outsiders about things so personal, so private, regarding Gerald—Gerald, who was abnormally reserved. It seemed a crime against friendship. That somebody else would have been sure to tell his story did not excuse her.

Leslie's mood to talk was over for that morning and she went home, but not before she had been forced to take a bottle of perfume which she had carelessly picked up off Aurora's toilet-table, sniffed, and praised; also, lifted out of their vase, a bunch of orchids for her mother; and for Lily the box of sweets that had stood invitingly open on the sitting-room table.

NEXT time Aurora saw Gerald—it was on Viale Principe Amedeo—she waved to him.

He did not see it. He was just aware of a victoria coming down the middle of the street he was preparing to cross and of something fluttering, but that it concerned him he did not suspect.

Then suddenly the victoria, like a huge jack-in-the-box, shot up a figure, and he

recognized Mrs. Hawthorne standing at full height in the moving carriage and waving both hands, as he must suppose, nobody else being near, to him.

He lifted his hat. He saw her reach for the coachman and by touch make him aware that she wished to stop. The horses were pulled up. Mrs. Hawthorne, from the seat into which the jerk had thrown her, made beckoning signs to him, laughing the while, and calling, "Mr. Fane! Mr. Fane!"

He went to stand at the carriage-step.

"I thought," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "that you were going to come and take us sight-seeing."

"I thought I was," said Gerald, with that scant smile of his; "but I was not so fortunate as to find you at home."

It was true that he had gone to her door one afternoon, having previously caught a glimpse of her in the heart of the city, shopping.

"You mean to say you came?"

"You did not find my card?"

"No; but it 's all right. This is Miss Madison—Mr. Fane. We are together. What have you got to do?"

Gerald looked as if the question had not been quite clear, and he waited for some amplification of it before he could answer.

"Have you got anything very important to do? Are n't you lonesome? Don't you want to jump in and come home with us? Wish you would."

Gerald smiled again in his remote way, and looked as if he knew, as any one would know, that this was not meant to be taken seriously.

"The days are becoming very short, are they not?" he said.

"Yes. Jump in and come home with us. Tell you what we 'll do. I 'll go down into the kitchen and make some soda biscuits that we 'll have hot for supper—with maple-syrup. We 've had a big box of sugar come."

Gerald again smiled his civil, but joyless, smile, and after another vague headshake that thanked, but eluded the question, he said: "They are very indigestible;

hot bread is not good for the health. At least, that is what they tell us over here. We keep our bread two days before eating it, or longer. But I am afraid I am detaining you."

The horses were jingling their bits, frisking their docked tails. The driver, checking their restless attempts to start, was giving them smothered thunder in Italian. Gerald withdrew by a step from the danger to his shins.

"Oh, jump in!" said Mrs. Hawthorne for the third time. And because his choice lay between saying curtly, "Impossible!" and letting the impatient horses proceed, or else obeying, Gerald, who hated being rude to women, found himself irresolutely climbing in, just long enough, as he intended, to explain that he could not and must not go home with them to the hot biscuits and syrup.

The little third seat had been let down for him; his knees were snugly wedged in between those of the ladies. Aurora was beaming over at him; Estelle was beaming, too. Aurora's smile was a blandishment; Estelle's was a light. The horses were flying toward the Lungarno. And he gave up; he helplessly gave up trying to find an excuse for asking to be set down again and allowed to go his lonely way.

It might be entertaining, he tried to think, to see what they had done to the Hermitage. But, no! That was very sure to be revolting. If the evening was to afford entertainment, it must be found in watching this healthy and unhampered being who, just as certain fishes color the water around them, seemed to affect the air in such a way that, coming near enough, you were forced to like her without ceasing to think her the most impossible person that had ever found her way into cultivated society.

The carriage-wheels crunched gravel; the horses' hoofs rang on the pavement of a columned portico; the door was opened by a man in blue livery.

Entering the wide hall, they faced a wide double staircase, between the converging flights of which stood, closed, a great stately white-and-gold door.

Gerald, as bidden, followed the ladies up the stairs to the cozier sitting-room, where a fire, they hoped, had been kept up. In the beginning dimness of an early twilight he first saw the big red flowers and green, green leaves. He was left a moment alone while the ladies took off their hats, and he sent his eyes traveling around him, prepared really for something worse than they found, though the pictures on the wall called from him the gesture of trying to sweep away an unpleasant dream.

Aurora reappeared from her room in a businesslike white apron.

"Now I 'm going down to make the biscuit. Oh, no trouble. No trouble at all. I want them myself. I 'm homesick for some food that tastes like home. Estelle will entertain you while I 'm gone. I sha'n't be but a minute."

Estelle sat in a low arm-chair close to the fire.

Gerald, to whom it did not seem cold enough for a fire, took a seat nearer the windows, whence he could watch the fading sunset-end beyond garden and street, river and hill.

He would have cared less, no doubt, to make himself not too dull company for this stranger, had he known that there, before that fireplace, a few days before, she had been placed in possession of the most intimate facts of his humiliating destiny. Unsuspecting, in a mood rather more amiable than usual, he asked, by way of entering into conversation, whether she and her friend were not New-Englanders. It established the sense of a bond, however light, to find that they and he were almost townsmen. He had been born in Boston, or, at least, near it. His parents had owned a house in Charlestown, where he had lived till he was ten years old. They talked of Boston.

A maid brought in a lighted lamp, and, as is the pleasant custom of the country, wished them a happy evening.

Very soon after it came Aurora, with a dab of flour on one cheek, which the kitchen fire had warmed to a deeper pink.

"There," she said, "they 're in the

oven. When we took the house, all the stove we had was a big stone block thing with little square holes. The cook fanned them with a turkey-wing. But now we've got a range. Don't you want me to show you over the house? There'll be just time before supper."

"I'm afraid it's all dark," said Estelle. "Let me ring and have them light up. Think of a city house without gas!"

"No, they'd be too long. I can take a lamp."

She went for it to her dressing-room, and came back with one easy to carry, long in the stem and small in the tank, from which, to make it brighter, she had lifted off the shade. Gerald reached to take it from her, but she refused his help.

"The weight's nothing. I want you to be free to look around. Coming, Estelle?"

"I'll join you in a minute."

They went down the wide stairs side by side. She led through a door, at the right, as you entered the house, of the main door.

"Here's one of the parlors. We have four on this floor, between big and little. Four parlors and a dining-room. Does n't that seem a good many for two lone women?"

The unshaded lamplight showed a crowd of furniture, modern, muffled, expensive, the lack of simplicity in design of which was further rendered dreadful to the artist by every device to make it still less simple: embroidered scarfs thrown over chair-backs, varicolored textiles depending from the mantel-shelf, drooping over the mirror; down pillows of every shape and tint piled in sofa-corners. Nothing was left undecorated. The waste-basket even wore a fat satin bow, like a pet poodle. Every horizontal surface was encumbered with knickknacks.

"This is where we have people come when we don't know them very well," said Mrs. Hawthorne, hardly concealing her pride. "We could n't ask the minister to come right up-stairs, as we did you. How do you—"

"Mrs. Hawthorne," came hurriedly

from Gerald, "I beg you will not ask me how I like it! It is a peculiarity like—like not liking oysters. I can't bear to be asked how I like things."

"How funny! But, then, you're different from other people, are n't you? That's what makes you so interesting."

She preceded him into the next room, which was not so bad as the first for the reason that, she explained, "they had n't yet finished with it." He seized the occasion almost eagerly to praise the chairs.

"We found them here when we came," she informed him. "There was a good lot of furniture of this big, bare sort; clumsy, I call it. We stored some of it in the top rooms, but Leslie Foss begged me so to let these stay that we just had the seats covered over with something new and left them."

When she opened the next door and stepped into the space beyond it seemed as if her lamp had dwindled to a taper, the room was so vast. It had nine great windows, five in an unbroken row on the front of the house, the entire width of which it occupied. Aurora's light was faintly reflected in a polished floor; it twinkled in the myriad motionless drops of two great crystal chandeliers.

"Ah," exclaimed Gerald in a long sigh, "this is superb!"

"Yes," she said, "but you might as well try to furnish all outdoors. You see that we have n't done anything beyond putting up curtains. We never use it. All those chairs along the walls are going to be regilded when we can get them to come and fetch them. Things move awfully slowly over here, don't they, even if you're willing to pay."

"What a ball-room!"

"Yes. Wish we could give a ball; but we only know about a dozen people. We've got to wait till we know enough at least for two sets of a quadrille."

She was moving across the wide floor, holding her torch-like lamp high the better to illumine the great pale, silent emptiness. No longer hearing his footsteps echoing behind hers, she looked over her shoulder; whereupon he hurriedly joined

her, without explaining why he had lagged.

"This," she said, as turning to the left they passed from the ball-room into a small oval room the domed ceiling of which was all tenderly bepainted with Cupids and garlands—"this is almost my favorite."

She set down her lamp on a table of rose-tinged marble, and dropped for a minute on to a little rococo settee.

"The things in here we found just as you see them."

"So I imagined."

"All but the ornaments on the mantel."

"Very astute in me; I divined that, too."

"We liked it, so we left it. Pretty, ain't it? Oh, beg pardon!" She blushed and looked at him sidelong, laughing. "That was a bad break! That came mighty near to being the forbidden question how you like it. All the same, it is pretty, *is it not?*"

"Extremely. Extremely pretty."

"There are going to be some tapestries presently. Oh, don't be afraid! Not those old worsted things full of maggots, but beautiful new ones, painted by hand, all in these same delicate colors. A story in four scenes, one for each panel. The 'Fountain of Love' is the subject. It sounds to me like something Biblical, Sunday-schoolish; but Mr. Hunt says no, *it is not.*"

"Mr. Hunt—"

"The nephew, Charlie. You know him, don't you? He's getting them done for me. He's a great friend of mine. He's helped me a lot to buy things."

"Did he help you to buy the pictures?"

"Yes. He knows the dealers, and gets them to make fair prices. I think it perfectly wonderful how cheap everything is over here. He helped me to buy these, too." She lifted the chain of pink corals, graduated from the size of a pea to that of a hazelnut, which with their delicate living color brightened her winter dress. "I can't say, though," she dropped, "that I found these particularly cheap. Hush!" she broke off. "It's Hat! Quick!" she

whispered, "let's get behind the door and say 'Boo!' as she comes in."

Amazingly, incredibly to him, this grown woman appeared about to ensconce herself.

"But won't it make her jump?" he asked, supposing it to be Miss Madison for whom the little surprise was intended.

"Of course it'll make her jump. No matter how often I do it, she jumps. That's the fun."

"Mrs. Hawthorne, please!" he begged nervously. "As a very special favor to me, don't! It would make me jump, too—horribly."

She stood listening while the footsteps turned away and faded fruitlessly. With a look of disappointment, as at opportunity missed, she took up her lamp and moved on.

"And here," she said, leaving the oval room by the door opposite to the one they had come through, "is the dining-room. Which takes us back to the hall and completes the circle."

This room, of a fine new Pompeian red, was lighted. The table was set, and a butler busy at the sideboard. Gerald's eye was caught by the brightness of a china basket piled high with sumptuous fruit, and similarly caught the next moment by the pattern of the curtains, in which the same rampant red lion was innumera- bly repeated on a ground of wide-meshed lace.

"Would n't it be a lovely house to give a party in?" she asked him. "Is n't it exactly right to give a party in? There are two big spare chambers up-stairs at the back that would do, one for gentlemen, one for ladies, to lay off their things in. No use; we shall have to give a party."

Having returned up-stairs, he was without any false delicacy shown her bedroom and her friend's bedroom and their dressing-rooms, as well as given a peep into the two spare rooms, as yet incompletely furnished, that he might get an idea how beautiful these were going to be when finally industry and good taste had been brought to bear on them.

At dinner, which Mrs. Hawthorne seemed to have a fixed preference for calling supper, it was Gerald who did most of the talking. The ladies abandoned the lead to him, and listened with flattering attention while he called into use his not too sadly rusted social gifts.

Whenever he stopped there was silence, which he hastened again to break.

"You talk like Leslie," suddenly remarked Mrs. Hawthorne.

But now came the hot biscuits and the syrup, borne in by the mystified butler at the same time as the more conventional dessert prepared by the cook.

Aurora smiled at the biscuits' beautiful brown and, having broken one to test its lightness, nodded in self-approval.

"They 're all right. Now you want to put on lots of butter," she said. "Here, that 's not near enough," she reproved him. She reached over, took his biscuit, buttered it as she thought it should be buttered, and returned it to his plate; then, while eating, watched him eat with eyes that expressed her simple love of feeding up any one, man or animal, as lean as he.

There had been shining in Aurora's eyes all this evening, when they rested on him, a look of great kindness, the consequence of knowing how badly life had treated him, and desiring that compensation should be made. He could not fail to feel that warm ray playing over his bleak surface. He could not but think what nice eyes Mrs. Hawthorne had.

When he asked her if she knew how to make many other such delicious things, it became her turn to talk. Estelle here joined in, and they exalted the fare of home, affecting the fiction of having found nothing but frogs' legs, cocks' combs, and snails to feed upon since they struck Italy. Blueberry-pie—did Mr. Fane remember it? Fried oysters! Buckwheat cakes!

He said he remembered, but did not confess to any great emotion.

"You wait till Thursday," said Aurora. "It 's Thanksgiving. We 're going to have chicken-pie, roast turkey, mince-pie, squash-pie, everything but cranberry

sauce. We can't get the cranberries. Will you come?"

In haste and confusion he said, alas! it would be impossible, wholly impossible, intimating that he was a man of a thousand engagements and occupations.

But after an interval, and talk of other things, he inquired, with an effect of enormous discretion, whether he might without too great impertinence ask who was coming to eat that wonderful Thanksgiving dinner which her own hands, he must suppose, would largely have to prepare.

"Just the Fosses. All the Fosses."

"Ah, Mr. Foss will feel agreeably like the Great Turk."

"You mean he 'll be the only man? I guess he can stand it. We thought of asking Charlie Hunt, too, but he 's English and would seem an outsider at this particular gathering. Wish you 'd come. You 're such a friend of theirs. Come on, come!"

"Mrs. Hawthorne, you are so very unusually kind. If you would leave it open, and then when the day arrives, if I should find I could do so without—without—"

"Oh, yes. Come if you can. And be sure, now, you come!"

THEY were still sitting at the table—dinner had been retarded by the circumstantial round of the house—when music resounding through the echoing rooms stopped the talk.

It was the piano across the hall that had been briskly and powerfully attacked. The "Royal March" of Italy was played, first baldly, then with manifold clinging and wreathing variations.

Aurora signed to the servant to open the dining-room door. All three at the table sat in silence till the end of the piece.

Gerald wondered what the evening caller could be who made the moments of waiting light to himself in this fanciful manner.

"It 's Italo," said Mrs. Hawthorne, rising. "I call him Italo because I never can remember his other name. Come, let 's go into the parlor."

It was all rosilily lighted. Candles set

on the piano at each side of the music-rest enkindled glossy high lights on the nose-bump and forehead bosses of Signor Ceccherelli, who at Mrs. Hawthorne's appearance sprang up to salute. She reached him her hand, over which he deeply bowed.

"You 're to play all those lovely things I'm so fond of," she directed him. "The Swallow and the Prisoner,' 'The Butterflies,' 'The Cascade of Pearls.' And don't forget the 'Souvenir of Saint Helena.' Then the one of the soldiers marching off and the soldiers coming home again. All our favorites. Mr. Fane—are you acquainted with each other? Italo—you'll have to tell him your name yourself. All I can think of is Checkerberry."

"Yes, yes, we are acquainted," said Gerald, hurriedly; "We have seen each other many times. *Come sta?*"

"Oh, he can speak English."

"A leetle," Ceccherelli modestly admitted.

"He understands everything I say. We have great conversations. He comes every evening when he is n't engaged to play somewhere else."

She went to sit on the gorgeous brocade sofa, arranging herself amid the multitude of cushions so as to listen long and happily. Estelle preferring a straight-backed chair, Gerald took the other corner of Aurora's sofa. Immediately Ceccherelli opened with "Souvenir de Sainte-Hélène." Aurora, respectful to the artist, talked in a whisper.

"He 's so talented! You simply could n't count the pieces he can play. We do enjoy it so! We have n't anything in particular to do evenings if no one calls. We don't often go out. We have n't been here long enough to know many people. And aside from his magnificent playing, the little man is such good company! We do have fun! There, I must n't talk. I'm keeping you from listening."

Gerald settled back, too, as if to listen, but to do the contrary was his fixed purpose, even though the pianist, at last appreciated, put into his playing much feeling and force. Gerald's eyes went wan-

dering among the clutter of bric-à-brac, from a green bronze lizard to a mosaic picture of Roman peasants, from a leaning tower of Pisa to a Sorrento box. Then his eyes rose to the paintings. He closed them.

The music was describing a hero's death-bed, besieged by dreams of battle, at moments so noisy that Gerald had to open his eyes again for a look of curiosity at the person who could produce so much sound. As he watched him and his nose, which was like the magnified beak of a hen,—the nose of a man who loves to talk,—he tried a little to imagine those merry evenings spoken of by Aurora. The fellow looked almost ludicrously solemn at this moment. He took himself and his art right seriously, there could be no doubt of it. His face was a map of the emotions expressed by the music, and wore, besides, according to his conception of the part, the look of a great man unacclaimed by his own generation.

Dio! what an ugly little man!

Gerald closed his eyes again.

He was dimly troubled, knowing that there is no hope of an Italian ever really understanding the ways of being and doing of American women, and especially an Italian of that class. But then it would be equally difficult to make this American woman understand just how the Italian might misunderstand her.

He permitted himself a direct look at her, where she rested among the cushions, with eyes closed again and a smile diffused all over her face; her whole person, indeed, permeated with the essence of a smile. Extraordinary that, loving music so much, one could so much love such music.

She surprised him by opening her eyes and whispering:

"Don't you want to smoke?" showing that for a moment at least she had not been thinking of music. "You can, if you want to. Here, we've got some. Don't go and think, now, that Estelle and I have taken to smoking. Heavens above! We sent out for them the other night when Charlie Hunt was here."

She reached across the table near her and handed him a box of cigarettes.

He was very glad to light one. To smoke is soothing, and he felt the need of it. Added to his vague distress at the spectacle of such familiarity from these ladies to that impossible little Italian, a ferment of resentment was disquieting him apropos of Hunt—those works of art of which Hunt had facilitated the purchase.

Hunt, of a truth, ever since the first mention of him that evening had been like a fishbone in Gerald's throat.

He checked his thoughts, recognizing that it is not sane or safe to permit oneself to interpret the conduct of a person whom one does not like. The chances of being misled are too great. He uprooted a suspicion dishonoring to both.

Let it be taken for assured, then, that Hunt had in this case no interest to forward beyond his love for making himself important. After all, if the ladies liked bad pictures! Yet it was a shame that he should frequent their house, be accepted as their friend, invited by them, made much of in their innocent and generous way, then should make fun of them, as Gerald felt that Hunt was doing.

Singularly, when next the music stopped, Mrs. Hawthorne, after she with true politeness had taken the box of cigarettes to the other of her guests, spoke of Hunt. Perhaps her thoughts, too, had gone straying, and mysteriously encountered some straying thought of his.

"Charlie Hunt," she said, "is coming on Sunday morning to take us to the picture-galleries. We 're going to play hooky from church. His work, don't you see, keeps him at the bank on week-days till everything of that sort is closed."

"Mrs. Hawthorne," cried Gerald, and sat up in unaffected indignation, while mustache, beard, hair, everything about him appeared to bristle, "I thought *I* had been engaged to take you sight-seeing! I thought it was to be *my* honor and privilege! Mrs. Hawthorne, my dear friend, if you do not wish deeply to hurt me, deeply to hurt me, you will write to Mr. Hunt at once, this evening, and I will post the let-

ter, that you have thought better of that immoral plan for Sunday morning, and are going to church like a good Christian woman. And to-morrow, Mrs. Hawthorne, at whatever time will be convenient for you, I will come and take you to the Uffizi."

CHAPTER VI

LENDING her spacious front room for the Christmas bazaar in aid of the church, and beholding it full of bustle and brightness, was the thing that brought to the acute stage Mrs. Hawthorne's longing to see her whole house the scene of some huge good time: she sent out innumerable invitations to a ball. Mrs. Foss's card was inclosed with hers. It was a farewell party given for Brenda, whose day of sailing was very near. The frequent inquiry how Brenda should be crossing the ocean so late in the year met with the answer that her traveling companions had a brother whose wedding had been timed thus awkwardly for them.

On the morning of the day before the ball Gerald came to see Mrs. Hawthorne. He was still intrusting the servant with his message when Aurora, leaning over the railing of the hallway above, called down to him, "Come right up-stairs!"

He was aware of unusual activities all around—workmen, the sound of hammering, housemaids plying brooms and brushes. Leslie Foss, with her hat on, looked from the dining-room and said, "Hello, Gerald!" too busy for anything more. Fräulein seemed to be with her, helping at something.

The great central white-and-gold door, to-day open, permitted a glimpse, as he started up the stairs, of a man on a step-ladder fitting tall wax-candles into one of the great chandeliers. From unseen quarters floated Estelle's voice, saying, "*Ploo bah! Nong, ploohoe!*"

Mrs. Hawthorne met him at the head of the stairs. The slight disorder of her hair, usually so tidy, pointed to unusual exertions on her part, also. Her face was flushed with excitement and, to judge by her wreathing smiles, with happiness.

"I saw you coming," she greeted him. "*Riverisco! Beata Lei! Mamma mia!* And do you know how I saw you? Come here."

She led the way to the back, where the window-door stood open on to the roof of the portico, which formed a terrace.

"See? I've had it glassed in for to-morrow night. We could n't say we had n't plenty of rooms before, and plenty of room in them. That's just the trouble: there are n't any nooks in this big, square house. So I've made one. This is Flirtation Alcove."

"You are very busy, I am afraid, Mrs. Hawthorne. I ought not to take your time."

"Can't you sit down a minute?"

"I have come to ask a favor."

"I guess I can say it's granted even before you ask."

"I should like to retract my refusal of your very kind invitation for to-morrow evening. I have explained to you my weak avoidance of crowds. I have determined to overcome it in this case, and I want your permission to bring a friend with me."

"That? How can you ask? Bring ten! Bring twenty! Bring as many as you've got! As for coming yourself, I'm tickled to death that you've reconsidered."

"It's not quite as simple as it seems, Mrs. Hawthorne. I shall have to tell you more."

At her indication, he took the other half of the little dumpling sofa which had seemed to her an appropriate piece of furniture for Flirtation Alcove, and which, with a rug on the floor, formed so far its only decoration. In the clear, bare morning light of outdoors, which bathed them, she still looked triumphantly fresh, but he looked tired.

"It is Lieutenant Giglioli for whom I have come to beg an invitation. You perhaps know whom I mean."

"Let me see. I can't tell. Quite a few officers have been introduced, but I never can get their names."

"Has n't Mrs. Foss or Leslie ever spoken of him?"

"Not so far as I can remember. In what way do you mean?"

"They evidently have not." He seemed to be given pause by this and need to gather force from reflection before going on, as he did after a moment, overcoming his repugnance. "He is the reason for poor Brenda being packed off to America."

"Oh, is that it?"

"He came to see me last evening and spent most of the night talking of her. We were barely acquainted before; but he knew I am a close friend of the Fosses, and in that necessity to ease their hearts with talk which Italians seem to feel he chose me. I felt sorry for him."

"She's turned him down?"

"No; she loves him."

Again Gerald stopped, as after making a communication of great gravity. Mrs. Hawthorne, listening with breathless interest, made no sound that urged him to go on.

"But he has nothing beside his officer's pay," Gerald went on when the surprise of his revelation had been allowed time to pass, "and she on her side has nothing but what her parents might give her, who, you probably know, have no great abundance. His proposals were made to them, as is the custom in this country, and have been formally declined."

"They are both too poor. I see," said Mrs. Hawthorne; but added quickly, as if she had not really seen, "It seems sort of funny, though, does n't it, to let that keep them, if they're fond of each other?"

"Oh, it's not that. However fond, they could n't marry without her bringing her husband a fixed portion. It is the law in this country, in the case of officers of the army, to keep up the dignity of that impressive body, you understand. In the case of a lieutenant the *dote*, or dowry, must be forty thousand francs. I learned the exact sum for the first time last night."

"How much is that? Let me see,—" Mrs. Hawthorne did mental arithmetic rather quickly for a woman,—"eight thousand dollars. And the Fosses can't give it."

"Of their ability to give it if they



"He frowned at the pattern on the rug, and suddenly cut at it impatiently with his stick."

wished to I am no judge. But they are not convinced that the sacrifice ought to be made." He frowned at the pattern on the rug, and suddenly cut at it impatiently with his stick. "It is a singular story, in which everybody is right and the result wrong, horribly wrong!"

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Hawthorne, feeling with him even before understanding.

"I ought perhaps to say," he corrected, "everybody is good and well-meaning, but has been unwise. And everybody now has to pay."

"I've thought right along that the Fosses had some reason for not being very happy," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "and I guessed it was something about Brenda. But they never said anything, and I did n't try to make out. Brenda does n't take to me, somehow, as the others do. I'm not her kind, of course; but I do adore her from afar. She's so beautiful! She's like a person in a story-book, who at the end dies, looking at the sunset over the sea, or else marries the prince."

"Yes, Brenda is wonderful."

"I never should take her for an American."

"She's not like one, and yet she is. She has grown up in this country and breathed in its ideas and feelings till she even looks Italian. Her parents are the sort of Americans that fifty years of foreign countries would n't budge; but they began later. Still, it is because Brenda is American, after all, that cruelties are being committed. Her family have taken it for granted that one of them could n't really be in love with an Italian, least of all that joke, a dapper and decorative Italian officer that a girl buys at a fixed price for her husband. And Brenda can't say to them: 'But I am. I am in love with just such a man. The happiness of my life depends upon your finding the vulgar sum of money with which to buy him for me.' Because of the American-ness all round, Brenda can't say that to them, and because she does n't say it, they are in doubt, they only half apprehend, they don't understand. The one thing they are

sure of is that to marry a foreigner is a mistake. And the one safe thing they see to do, when Brenda's face, combined with her entire reserve toward them, has begun to torment them seriously, is to send her away, where, if the truth be that she mysteriously is 'interested in' an Italian, the change of scene may help to put him out of her head."

"So that's why they're sending her home!"

"There are no better or dearer people in the world, kind, true, just; but—" Gerald held in, and showed how much he hated to make any sort of reservation—"in this they have been to blame. They bring growing girls to Italy, where, such is their confidence in I don't know what quality supposed to be inherent and to produce immunity from love of Italian men, they never dream that there may happen to them an Italian son-in-law."

He gave her a moment to realize how rash this was; then hurried, as if wishing to get through as quickly as possible with the disagreeable, if not disgraceful, task of criticizing his friends and of gossiping:

"During the progress of the affair Mrs. Foss lets all go on as the little affairs and flirtations of her own youth were allowed to go on at home. She likes her daughters to be admired. With Mrs. Foss's knowledge, Brenda, during a whole summer at the seaside, receives Giglioli's letters, written at first, or partly, in English, which he is learning with her help. With this excuse of English, it is a correspondence and courtship *dans toutes les règles*. Brenda is not asked by an American mother to show her letters or his. Giglioli, with his traditions, could not have imagined such a thing if the parents were unwilling to receive him as a suitor. Brenda herself—one will never know about Brenda, how it began, what she thought or hoped. She is very young; no doubt she did hope. Children seldom know much about their parents' means. She very likely thought hers could make her the present of a dowry, as they had made her other presents. But when she discovered their attitude toward the whole matter, with dig-

nity and delicacy she let all be as they desired, incapable of pressing them to tax their resources to give her a thing their prejudice is so strongly set against."

For a moment Mrs. Hawthorne had nothing to say, busy with pondering what she had heard. In conclusion, "I don't see how, if she really loves this Italian, she could give him up so gracefully," she said.

"She has not given him up, Mrs. Hawthorne," said Gerald. "Believe me, she has not. She has some plan, some dream, for bringing about the good end in time without aid from her parents. I am sure of it. No, she has not given him up." He had before him, vivid in memory, the image of Brenda in the little church, and was looking at that, though his eyes were on Mrs. Hawthorne's friendly and attentive face. "She is at the wonderful hour of her love," he said, "when the world is transfigured and life lifted above the every-day into regions of poetry. When to wait a hundred years for him would seem no more difficult than to wait a day. She is sure of him, the immortality of his passion, as she is sure of herself."

"How wonderful!" breathed Mrs. Hawthorne, after a little silence in which Gerald had been thinking with a very sickness of sympathy of Brenda and the sinister propensity of the Fates for bringing to nothing the most valiant dreams and hopes; and Mrs. Hawthorne had been thinking entirely of Gerald, whose own heart was so much more certainly revealed by what he said than could be anybody else's.

"Unfortunately,"—he turned abruptly to another part of his subject,—“he is not of the same temperament. She has some project, I imagine, for earning the money for her dowry, poor child, by music, singing, painting. But he does not know her vows of fidelity, because her parents did use their authority so far as gently to request her not to write to him or see him; and she promised, and a promise with Brenda is binding. And he has felt his honor involved in not writing or meeting her. But, though separated, they have been in the same city; they could hope to

catch a glimpse of each other now and then. I dare say, too, he cherished the hope of some miracle,—it is so natural to hope. But now they are sending her away, and it seems to him the black end of everything."

"I see. And what you want is—"

"To be driven half a world apart for indefinite periods, more than probably forever, without one look, one word of leave-taking, is truly too much. Granted that they are not to have each other, they ought not to be torn in two like a bleeding body. Let them have to remember a few last beautiful moments!"

Mrs. Hawthorne had become pensive. He watched her sidewise, trying to divine what turn her thoughts were taking. Her prolonged silence made him uneasy.

"It would n't be wrong, you think?" she asked finally. "Mrs. Foss would n't be cross with us?"

"If it is wrong, my dear Mrs. Hawthorne, let it be wrong!" he cried impetuously. "If any one is cross, we will bow our heads meekly—after having done what we regarded as merciful. Let us not permit a cruelty it was in our power to prevent!"

But Mrs. Hawthorne continued to disquiet him by hesitating, while her face suggested the travels of her thought all around and in and out of the question under consideration.

"You don't think it would perhaps be cruel to Brenda?" she laid before him another difficulty in the way of making up her mind. "Might n't it just ruin the evening for her, with the painfulness of good-bys? Or, if she does n't in the least expect him, the shock of the surprise?"

"If I know that beautiful girl, passionate as an Italian under her American self-control, it will be the blessed shock of an answered prayer."

He was growing afraid of the calm common sense that tried to see the thing from every side and weigh the merits of each person's point of view. Feeling it intolerable to be refused, he suddenly appealed to her pity, away from her justice.

"O Mrs. Hawthorne, life is so unkind,

and to be always wise simply deadly! A few memories to treasure is all the good we finally have of our miserable days, and to catch at a moment of gold without care that it will have to be paid for is the only way to have in our hands in all our lives anything but copper and lead; yes, dull lead, common copper." He covered his face and pressed his eyes in a way he had when the world seemed too hopeless and baffling; then as suddenly straightened out, remarking more quietly, "The Fosses are too wise."

"They have my sympathy, I must say, Mr. Fane." Mrs. Hawthorne hurriedly defended herself against being moved. "I should be just as much afraid as they to have my daughter marry a foreigner."

"Mrs. Hawthorne, you ought to be afraid to have your daughter marry anybody." He gathered heat again and vehemence. "As regards Italians, we are all one mass of superstitions. We are always comparing our best with their bad. As a matter of truth, our best and their best and the best the world over are one as good as the other, and our worst can't be exceeded by anything Italy can show. If you make the difficulty that we are different, our point of view different, I object that Brenda's is not so different. The international marriages that turn out well make no noise, but there are plenty of them. I have seen any number in the ordinary middle classes. No, parents are twice as old as their children; that is the trouble and always will be. The older people by prudence secure a certain thing, but it's not the thing youth wanted. The older see a certain thing as preferable, because they are old; but the young were right for themselves, for a time, at least, until they, too, grew old and saw a long peace and comfort as superior to a brief love and rapture. Brenda is not shallow or changeable; it may be her one chance of happiness that her parents in their anxious affection are trying to remove her from, and which she will cling to with every invisible fiber of her being until she conquers, or turns into a dismal old maid."

"You seem to like him. Is he such a fine man really?"

"I don't know a finer, in his way."

"Good looking?"

"Mrs. Hawthorne, what a frivolous question! But he is. He is one of the most completely handsome men I know. Rather short, that's all."

"Oh, what a pity!"

"But, if you must insist on that sort of symmetry, Brenda is not tall. He is a kind of Italian, more common than one thinks, that does n't get into literature, having nothing exciting, mysterious, wicked, or even conspicuously picturesque about him. After being a good son,—they are very often good sons,—he will be a good husband and a good father, like his own father before him. He is without vanity, while looking like a square-built, stocky, responsible *Roméo*. Devoted to duty, passionate for order, absolutely punctilious in matters of honor and courtesy, he is a good citizen, a good soldier. He belongs to excellent people, I gathered, whose fortune, once larger, is very small. They live in the Abruzzi, I think he said. He is the eldest son and hope of the house. His gratitude to them comes first of all, he made me understand. He would be an *indegno*, unworthy of esteem and love, if that were not so. He had never cared for pleasures, he told me; even in the time not demanded by the service he studied. He wished to be useful to his country; he looked for the advancement to be gained by solid capacity in military things. But he had friends, for he is of a manly, modest sort. One evening during Carnival last year certain of these friends dropped in on their way to a dance, a costume-party at the house of Americans, and seeing him so absorbed by duties and studies, thought it a lark to tempt him from these and take him along. And he, to astonish them for once, he says, let it happen, they assuring him that he would be well received if presented as their friend. One of them had on two costumes, one on top of the other, of which he lent him one, a monk's frock and cowl. So they went. At the ball was Brenda as the Snow-

queen. And the fatal thing happened at very first sight of her. It is a repetition of *Romeo and Juliet*, as you see. These things he told me with actual tears in the finest dark eyes I have perhaps ever seen, and without seeming any the less manly for them. He told me, and I believed him. He came to me, poor fellow, because it was the nearest he could come to Brenda, and he trusted, I suppose, that I would tell her he had been."

Mrs. Hawthorne looked soft and sympathetic, but far away, and when he stopped, did not speak, engrossed, it was to be hoped, by the story just told.

He continued, though discouraged:

"He wanted to know if I thought he would be guilty of an unpardonable breach should he ask permission to write her one letter before she left. This parting without farewell is the last bitter touch to his tragedy. Brenda, when it had been decided that she should leave, sent word to him by that little pianist who comes here. Again through the same channel he received word that the day of departure was fixed. Can you think what it means, Mrs. Hawthorne? Have you in your experience or imagination the wherewith to form any conception, dear Mrs. Hawthorne, of what it means?"

"All right, Mr. Fane; bring him!" she said in haste. "You've made me want to cry. I must n't let myself cry; it makes my nose red. What did you say his name is?"

"Giglioli."

"Spell it. Gig—no, it's no use. What's the other part of his name?"

"Manlio."

"That's a little better. I guess he'll have to be Manlio to me. Bring him along, whatever happens, and then let's pray hard to have everything happen right."

Not much later on the same day Mrs. Hawthorne's brougham might have been seen climbing Viale dei Colli, with the lady inside, alone, engaged in meditation.

"It would be a pity," she was thinking, as she alighted before Villa Foss, "that a little matter of eight thousand dollars should stand in the way of perfect bliss!"

CHAPTER VII

So many forces had been enlisted, into so many hands the white card given, to make Mrs. Hawthorne's ball a success, that it could hardly fail to be somewhat splendid. On a platform raised in one corner of the ball-room sat the little orchestra assembled and conducted by Signor Ceccherelli, who, from his mien, might have been the creator of these musicians and originator of all music.

Charlie Hunt was floor-master, and busy enough. Another might perhaps have done as much and not appeared so busy. The cotillion especially gave him a great deal to do. Everybody understood that he had planned all the figures and bought the favors. Some received an impression that the ball was entirely managed by him, who was such a very great friend of the hostess. Some even carried home an idea that the hostess never did anything without consulting him, and more often than not besought him to do it for her.

Mrs. Foss stood near the central door with Mrs. Hawthorne, receiving. She had not omitted from her list one acquaintance in Florence of the suitable class. Everybody was there; the style of invitation-card sent had suggested a grand occasion.

All the persons she had seen at the Fosses' on the first Friday evening at their house Mrs. Hawthorne saw again, and many more. Balm de Brézé, with a gallantry of old style, bent his black-lacquer mustache over her glove. The dark Landini pressed her hand with a pinch the warmth of which pricked her attention, and she found his eyes fixed on her with more the air of seeing her than is common at a first meeting.

Suddenly her heart thumped like a school-girl's. Gerald was coming, and with him an officer who must surely be Manlio. She tried to keep down her emotion, but the pink of her face deepened, a trembling seized her smile.

The Italian was as white as paper, his mustache and brows made spots of ink on

it; his eyes were as deep and still as wells in the night. She could hardly doubt that his heart was in a tumult, but he spoke without disaster to his voice, thanking her in a formal phrase. She perceived, from a distinct advantage over him in height, how faultlessly handsome he was in a quiet, unmagnetic way. Never had she seen anything to equal the whiteness of his teeth except her pearls in their black velvet case.

After having paid his duty to her, he remained for some minutes speaking with Mrs. Foss, who appeared as kind, while he appeared as calm and natural, as if time had moved back, and they were still at last spring and the beginning of his visits. Of all concerned Aurora was the least collected.

"I can't help it!" she murmured to Gerald, while the other two were talking together. "I'm all of a tremble. I feel as if I were Brenda; and at the same time I feel as if I were him—or he."

Mrs. Foss turned to them to say she believed everybody had arrived, and with Giglioli moved away from the door. Gerald asked Mrs. Hawthorne if they should waltz, but she refused, because she ought to be looking after the people who were not dancing and seeing that every one had a good time. She should dance only once that evening, she told him, and it should be with Mr. Foss, who had promised to dance at her party if she would promise to dance with him.

Gerald sent his eyes around the room to see if any one was free whom it would be a sort of duty to ask to dance. In a doorway, and not quite as festive in looks as the majority, which gave to the room the effect of an animated flower-bed, he perceived a figure in snuff-brown silk, just in front of which, soberly watching the dancers, was a little girl in a short dress of embroidered white, a blue hair-ribbon, and blue enamel locket. At once dropping his search for a partner, Gerald went to join this pair.

"O Gerald!"—the little girl snatched his hand without ceasing for more than a second to watch the ball-room floor,—“I

have promised to go home willingly at ten o'clock!" It was spoken in a gentle wail.

"My child," said Fräulein, "you must begin to prepare, for I fear it cannot be far from ten."

"O Fräulein, don't keep talking about it! *Please!*"

"When you leave this pleasure, Lily, remember there will be still that other pleasure of the long ride home in the night and the moonlight."

"Yes." Lily, glad again, turned wholly to Gerald, the music having stopped. "Mrs. Hawthorne told mother that if she would let me come I should be taken home in her own carriage, with all the furs around us and a hot water-box for our feet, so that we never could catch cold. Was n't it sweet of her? And we've both already had ices and cakes, before anybody else, because she said we must. Don't you think she's sweet, Gerald?"

"Sweet as honey," he said.

"O Gerald,"—Lily's tone was fairly lamentable,—“have you seen the baskets of favors that are going to be given away by and by? And I have to go home willingly, cheerfully, promptly, at ten o'clock!"

"Lily, if any lady is so good and so misguided as to honor me with a favor, I will bring it to you in my pocket to-morrow or soon after, I promise."

"What hour is it, Herr Fane?" asked Fräulein over Lily's head.

Gerald drew out his watch and hesitated, sincerely sorry.

"To be exact, it is three minutes and three quarters to ten," he said.

Lily's mouth dropped open, and out of the small dark hollow one could fear for a second that a cry of protest or revolt might come; but the very next moment it was seen that Lily had returned to be the best child in the world and the most honorable.

"Good night, Gerald!" she said, with a wistfully willing, cheerful, ready face. "You won't forget?"

The ball had been raging, if one may so express it, for several hours, the feast was at its height, when Aurora, confused

with the richness and multiplicity of her impressions, and aware of a happy fatigue, withdrew from her guests to be for a few minutes just a quiet looker-on.

She could see a little way into the ball-room, where certain younger couples, mad for dancing, were making the most of the time when the floor was relatively empty, the supper-room being proportionately full. Supper over, the cotillion would begin. She could hear the merry sound of spoons and glasses, and knew what good things were being consumed. All the house was involved in festivity, and resounding with it. In the up-stairs sitting-room were card-tables. In the improvised conservatory opposite to it one large dim lantern glowed softly amid palms and flowers.

All evening it had seemed to her rather as if she walked in a dream. More than ever now, as she stopped to take account of all the wonderfulness surrounding her, it felt to her like a dream; so that she said to herself, "This is I, Nell—is it possible? Is it possible that this is I—Nell?"

And no doubt because she had been too excitedly happy and was tired, and the time had come for some degree of reaction, her joy fell, withered like a child's collapsing balloon, when, contrasting the present with the past for the sake of seeing the things before her as more rarely full of wonder and charm, she saw those other things. Memories she did not willingly call up rose of themselves, and forced her to give them her attention in the midst of that scene of flowers, light, music. The brightness, the flavor, went out of these as if under an unkind magic.

"It's a wonder," she thought, "that I can ever be as happy as I am. I do wonder at myself how I can do it to rejoice."

But the next minute she was smiling again, sweetly, heart-wholly, forgetfully. She had caught sight of Gerald looking at her as if about to approach.

"Who are you going to dance the cotillion with?" she asked gaily.

"You, Mrs. Hawthorne, with your kind consent."

"No, I could n't do it. I only dance a

little bit, just what Estelle has taught me since we've been here. I don't keep step very well; I walk all over my partner's feet. Besides, it would n't do, because I've already refused to dance with Mr. Landini."

"Sit it out with me, then, I beg you will, if you positively do not wish to dance."

"Oh, but you must dance! I want you to. I want to behold you all stuck over with favors."

"It's true that I must have a few favors for Lily; but could n't a good fairy arrange it, and then we let the others heat themselves while we keep cool and rest? I feared a moment ago that you were feeling tired, Mrs. Hawthorne."

"Look!" she whispered, interrupting him.

He imperceptibly turned in the direction of her stolen glance. Two figures were ascending the opposite flight of stairs, looking at each other while they inaudibly talked: Brenda, in filmy white diversified by a thread of silver; Manlio, carrying over his arm, and in his absorption letting trail a little, a white scarf beautiful with silver embroideries, in his hand a white pearl fan. Slowly the pair mounted and were lost to sight.

Neither Gerald nor Mrs. Hawthorne made any comment. Gerald, after a silence, spoke of Lily's increasing resemblance to her sister. Mrs. Hawthorne was reminded that they must go and select some favors for Lily, and led the way.

They sat together through the cotillion, and Gerald more than usual tried to be a sympathetic companion, easy to talk to, easy to get on with. Because he had seen the shadow of sadness on Mrs. Hawthorne's face. He was always quick to see such things.

No trace of it remained. Her dimples were in full play, but he found it according to his humor to continue uncritical, inexpressively tender, toward this big, bonny child who never curbed the expression of a complete kindness toward himself.

More interesting to them than any

other dancers were naturally Brenda and Manlio, partners for the cotillion. Certainly the plot for giving those two a few beautiful last hours together was proving a success. Brenda was calmly, collectedly luminous; Manlio, uplifted to the point of not quite knowing what he did. Radiant and desperate, he looked to Gerald, who found his state explained by the facts as he knew them.

He had been glad to find the Fosses sharing his point of view that to forbid Giglioli a sight of Brenda before the long parting would have been unnecessarily cruel. Mrs. Hawthorne, it seemed to him, had lost sight of what was to follow. She was exclusively delighted with their joy of the evening, she gave no thought to their misery next day. It was amazing to him, the extent to which she had forgotten.

So he said aloud, "Poor things! Poor dears!" and discovered that it was not forgetfulness exactly in Mrs. Hawthorne, but that general optimism which insists on believing in a loophole of possibility through which things can slip and somehow turn out right after all.

THE party was over. The last half-dozen people were standing and laughing with Mrs. Hawthorne and Miss Madison around Percy Lavin while he told a final good story, when one of the guests who had departed some time before returned.

Mrs. Hawthorne caught sight of the figure in closed coat, tall hat, and white silk muffler as soon as it entered the house, for the group of laughers stood near the ball-room door, and this was only separated from the inner house door by the wide hall. Without waiting for the end of the comic story Mrs. Hawthorne hurried to the guest, whose reason for returning she naturally wished to know, though it easily might have been only his forgotten cane.

That it was nothing of the kind she at once perceived. He looked upset.

"May I speak with you a moment?" he asked at once.

They stepped into the nearest room, still brightly lighted, but deserted.

"What 's the matter?" she inquired, prepared by his face for news of trouble.

"Mrs. Hawthorne, we 've done it!" said Gerald. "Giglioli tells me that he 's giving up the army, and Brenda has promised to marry him!" He was on the verge of laughing hysterically.

"Oh!" Mrs. Hawthorne paused to watch him, and wonder why they should not without further to-do rejoice and triumph. "Well? What 's wrong with that?"

"O Mrs. Hawthorne, it 's deadly!" he exclaimed with conviction. "If it were a simple solution, why should n't it have been suggested before?"

"It did suggest itself to me, in the quiet of my inside, you know."

"But you, dear lady, can't be supposed to understand. Oh, it 's either too, too beautiful, or else too, too bad! And in this dear world of ours the probability is that it 's too bad. He was taken off his feet by his emotion; he offered her what he will feel later he had no right to offer—a good deal more than his life. But it shows, does n't it, that he does immensely love her. To throw into the balance everything—his career, his family, his country—and offer them up! To cut his throat for a kiss."

"You 're quite right; I can't understand," she hurried in. "What makes you say 'cut his throat'? Could n't he go into some other business just as well as the army?"

"All in the world he 's fitted for is the army. Do you see that beautiful fellow going to America, for instance, and earning a living as a teacher of Italian, or as the representative of some tobacco interest? There is no way of earning a proper living over here, you know. Oh, I 'm afraid he will feel, when he wakes up, like a deserter toward his country and an ingrate toward his family and even toward Brenda like a misguider of her youth."

"But, look here, is n't there a chance that having each other will make up to them for everything else?"

"That of course was their sentiment at the moment of doing it. We did the work so well, Mrs. Hawthorne, that their passion, raised to a beautiful madness, would make them see anything as possible to be done so long as it gave them to each other, obviated the horrible necessity to part. Oh, it is touching, but dreadful! What were we dreaming? The thing I so greatly fear is that when he comes to himself he will feel dishonored, and Italians do not bear that easily, if at all."

"Now see here, don't you go imagining things, and worry. And don't you let that young man worry. He is n't leaving the army to-morrow or the day after, is he?"

"No. In the natural course of things, I suppose, it will take some time."

"Well, I don't at all relish, myself, the idea of seeing that beautiful fellow, as you say, in every-day clothes—the sort they wear over here—after seeing him all glorious in silver braid and stars. No, I just can't bear to think of him giving them up. At the same time I don't agree with you that he had better have given up his girl than them. And I don't believe she will mind about his clothes one way or the other."

"But there is his family, a thousand obligations—he spoke of them himself."

"Perhaps the Fosses, now this has happened and they see how much in earnest the blessed creatures are, will sell some of

their stock in California gold-mines and afford the dowry you spoke of."

"But Giglioli will blush at this forcing of their hand."

"Now, see here, you keep that young man cool. He has n't done anything to be ashamed of. Brenda knows her own mind, and I don't believe her father and mother would stand in the way of her marrying a tramp if he was honest and her heart set on him. You tell that young man, in your own way, to sit tight and put his trust in the Lord."

Gerald's nervous laughter for a moment got the better of him. He covered his face to check it, then, tearing away his hands, made the gesture of releasing a pack of tugging hounds too strong for him to hold. Let them be off and at the devil!

"I did n't come here looking for comfort, dear Mrs. Hawthorne. Your optimism is constitutional, you know, rather than enlightened. I merely came to tell my accomplice the result of our meddling with destiny. 'Accomplice' is a manner of speaking. Don't suppose I forget that I alone am to blame. Good night. I must go back to him where I left him, with his head among the stars and clouds, and his feet perhaps beginning to burn already with the heat of the nether fire. As you say, let 's be cheerful, let 's hope for the best! Ha!"

(To be continued)



Three Persian Miniatures

By H. G. DWIGHT

Author of "Stamboul Nights," "Like Michael," etc.

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones



THE CARAVAN

With my own eyes I saw in the desert
That the deliberate man outstripped him
who had hurried on.

The wind-footed steed is broken down in
his course,

While the camel-driver jogs on with his
beast to the end of the journey.

—SADI: "The Flower-Garden."

ONE of my study windows, catching all the sun of the south, faces a narrow, tilted country of gardens, darkly walled by a semicircle of mountains. One of my bedroom windows gives me a glimpse of sparser gardens and the clay-colored town and the plain that dips and rises delicately against the north. But both rooms look east, into the desert.

It is the kind of desert that the Persians call *biaban*, not the vaster and more desolate *lut*. Beyond our own, however, no garden wall ventures into it. Neither house nor poplar breaks the simplicity of its flowing lines. The empty land droops away toward the left, intercepted only by the Musalla, that barren bluff which archaeologists like to fancy the site of seven-walled Ecbatana. Not quite opposite my windows a smaller hill,

bare and pointed like a cone, pricks the horizon. Beyond it lies an invisible hollow, the farther edge of which marks the limit of my visible world.

Of the sights to be seen from the four sides of our house this view offers least. Yet because it is mine I like it, and because it is so open and solitary, and because the faithful Persian sun rarely disappoints me there of his morning miracle, and because at night stars hang there of a brilliancy I have never seen, and so low that I can watch them from my bed. And I am new enough from the West never to forget that those windows look into Asia. Beyond that uneven rim of the east lies Kum. Beyond Kum is the *lut*, that great desert which has small reason to be less renowned than Gobi and the Sahara. Beyond the *lut* are Afghanistan, and Kashmir, and Tibet.

In the morning the sun looks strange to me, because he is fresh from Tibet and Kashmir and Afghanistan. At night the stars make me wonder what other watchers see them—what riders of camels, what prowlers of the dark, what sitters by red embers. How many times have I made in imagination that journey eastward from my window, across



wastes of salt and sand and poisoned water, through forests and glaciers that prop the sky, into valleys the wildest and most secret of the earth, that journey which no man of the West could make alone or undisguised and come alive into the uplands of China. And if he did, no man of all he met could understand the reason of his coming. They have no curiosity about us, the lands we live in, the things we live for. Why have we so continuing a curiosity about them? Is it that in those distant and silent places we would not once hear a factory whistle or see a railroad track? Is it the lure of their jealous seclusion? Of their cloudy antiquity? Is it a simple astonishment that men can be content with so little, find the sight of the sun enough, and the sound of known voices? Who knows but there might be in it some vague ancestral stirring of nostalgia or a secret question of our own unrest? What if, after all, they of the East see the end from the beginning, and live a life more intense than we? But even there whistles begin to sound. Nearer and nearer creep the rails that thread the ends of the world. And what then? I could never tell all I see in the desert at night.

In the daytime I am more concerned with what passes between our garden wall and the crumpled rim of the horizon. There is no great passing on that tawny slope save of light and shadow, for the highways all march out of the town in other directions. Runnels of

water flash in the sun at their seasons. In the autumn and in the spring oxen tickle the earth with the little wooden plow of Asia. There is a time when I watch the rippling of wheat like a lake. That is also the time when I may hear, heightened by distance, a melancholy singing. Peasants occasionally pass, with russet rags flapping about bare knees. A rare horseman gallops afar, his dark mantle eddying behind him. Mules and donkeys are less rare, tinkling from nowhere to nowhere.

Silence is so much the note of the place that I was astonished one winter afternoon to hear a new sound, a *jingle-jangle* that grew louder as I listened. I was the more astonished because snow was deep on the ground, and passers had been fewer than ever. I went to the window to look. Camels! Out of the crack between Musalla and the town they came, the dark line of them lengthening obliquely across the snow till it reached the corner of the garden above ours. I am a child about camels. I shall never see enough of them. It is not only their strangeness, however, which for us of the West makes them the symbol of Asia. They are immensely decorative in themselves, though they are so much the color of the lands they live in that they have a curious power of invisibility, for creatures so large, unless you catch them against the sky. But the snow brought out the silhouettes of these the more fantastically because of the loads lashed on each side of their humps. I caught glimpses of sad-



dle-cloths and big saddle-bags woven like the precious rugs of the country. Necklaces of bright beads made another touch of color, or dangling plaques of beads, with much blue in them to ward off the evil eye. And the camels wore almost as many bells as beads. Some carried them around their necks in strings. A few beasts, bigger than the rest, had one great copper bell slung from the saddle, which rang out a slow *ding-dong* amid the general *jingle-jangle*. It made me think of Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie," and the way he suggests the tinkling of mule-bells. But this was something deeper and wilder, and evoked the endless marches of the desert.

There were more camels in that caravan than I had ever seen before. It did not occur to me to count them until many of them were out of sight; then I counted nearly three hundred. They marched in single file in groups of six or seven, each group roped together like barges in a tow and led by a man. Many of the men had an odd Mongolian look in their little, round fur caps, with the skin outside. The eyes of almost all of them were inflamed from the glare of the sun on the snow. Where had they come from? Where were they going? I had no tongue to ask, nor could I have understood if they told me. They disappeared at last among the bare gardens. But that strange, complicated music, punctuated by the deep notes of the big copper bells, sounded so long in the thin winter air that I could not be sure when it ceased to sound. Indeed, I often hear it now at night when I look at the low stars of the desert, and think of Afghanistan and Kashmir and Tibet.



BELOW-STAIRS

THE most characteristic color of our house, to my inquisitive eye, is imparted

by its retainers. You of the effete West are wont to the soft ministrations of the eternal feminine. To us of Ecbatana is permitted no such luxury. I may note, however, the exceptional case of *firengis* with young children. A lady of the land may then risk her reputation by entering the presence of corrupt Christian men. She does so barefooted, in full trousers of a figured red print, loosely swathed in a length of black or white cloth covering her head and held for decency's sake in front of her mouth. Custom, of course, will make her less meticulous; but when a stranger is present and her duties require the use of both her hands, it is astonishing how ingenious she is in holding her veil in her teeth and in keeping her back on the quarter of peril.

There is another exceptional case to be noted of a country where laundresses are more than likely to have smallpox in their houses. They answer to the most romantic names: Deer, Sugar, Angel, Peacock, Parrot. To you, however, they are generically known as Sister. They carry on their operations in big blue-glazed bowls, preferably set on the ground near the clothes-lines, beside which they squat on their heels. I remember one of them who sent us one week a substitute. Inquiring into the matter, the *khanum* (that is, the mistress of the house) was told: "She makes a petition: she will have a child. But she will come next week." And she did.

The milking of a cow is one more ex-



ceptional case, since such duties are too ignoble for man. Here again a blue-glazed bowl comes into use, being held between the knees of the operator. I might add that for the complete success of the operation it is considered necessary for the calf to be tied in sight of the cow. Otherwise the sacred fount infallibly goes dry. We had the greatest trouble to induce our underlings even to try the experiment of milking when no calf was in sight. That, I suppose, is why the Persians are so unwilling to sell or to kill a calf, and why they are so tender of the little creatures. The first time the stork visited our stable, a small animal wrapped up against the cold in green felt was brought blinking into the dining-room for us to admire. And we learned that the calf spent its first night with the servants in their quarters.

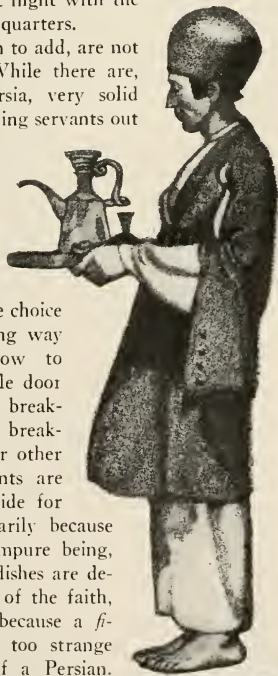
These, I hasten to add, are not in the house. While there are, especially in Persia, very solid advantages in having servants out of the house at night, there are also disadvantages, as will appear most plainly on a winter morning after a party.

We then have the choice of walking a long way through the snow to bang on the stable door or of waiting for breakfast. Their own breakfast, and all their other meals, the servants are supposed to provide for themselves, primarily because a *firengi* is an impure being, whose food and dishes are defilement to those of the faith, and secondarily because a *firengi* eats meats too strange for the palate of a Persian.

We have reason to believe, however, that at least in our house the Persians are not too fastidious about our purity or our menu. They have quarters at one

end of the stable, with a fireplace of their own, and rugs to cover the mud floor. That is why there are so many rugs in Persia—the mud floors. And there is another good reason why so many rugs are a little more or a little less than six feet long. A *do-zar* (two yards) is all that your Persian needs in the way of a bed, and if you have such a rug that is not brand-new, you may be sure that some very picturesque-looking customer has dreamed upon it the dreams of Asia. I fear that the dreams of our dependents are sometimes interrupted, for the roof over their heads is a mud one, and being new, it is leaky. After a rain or a thaw, therefore, we hire the youth of the neighborhood to play tag on it in order to pack the mud the harder with their bare feet.

The *sahib*—to my unpractised ear that classic word sounds more like *sah'b*—complains that he never knows how many servants we have. One of his diversions is to ask the *khanum* how many more she has taken on. Persia follows the rest of Asia in this regard, though as a matter of fact we are not so dreadfully attended as most of our neighbors. Servants work for longer hours with fewer outings than in America, but each one does much less. The only one of ours who makes us feel that he earns every *shahi* of his somewhat sketchy stipend is a youngster whose voice just begins to crack, a laborious, quick-witted, and picturesque infant named Abbas, after the uncle of the prophet. None of them is much more than a boy, for that matter. It surprises me to see how quickly they pick up our ways, which to them must seem capricious and inexplicable beyond reason. I often wish I knew what their comments are. We sometimes catch rumors, however, through confidences made to the masters of other servants. When we go out to dinner our cook, our butler, or both, usually go, too, to help in the kitchen or the dining-room. In fact, it is not good form for a person of





such consequence as a *firengi* to leave his door at all without a servant or two at his heels, though I have to confess that we rather scandalize Hamadan by our unreadiness to conform to usage in this regard. But the servants of the *firengis*, at any rate, form a society apart, and you may be sure that among them no news is allowed to escape. Thus it has come to our ears that the *sah'b* is known to an inner few as the Head of the Desert, because our house stands by itself outside the town. And I have lived to learn that I, having come to Persia without wives, children, valets, employments, or other visible human ties, am decorated with the picturesque title of Prince All Alone.

What to an alien eye is most striking about these gentry is their dress. To be served at dinner by a butler in bare or stockinged feet, according to the season, bearing upon his head a pontifical-looking miter of black or brown felt, not unlike the tall, brimless hat of Greek monks and Russian priests, is an experience which I shall never live long enough in Persia to take as a matter of course. It makes no difference that I myself am perfectly capable of balancing upon my brow an even more fantastic erection, eaved like a house, shinier than satin, and garnished with a coquettish ribbon. What catches my eye is the extraordinary fact that any human being can cherish a head-dress different from my own, and account himself dis-

graced ever to be seen without it. Tall hats, however, are not all that distinguish our serving-men. Between their *kola* and their unshod feet flap trousers not so full as those of the country Turk, but giving no hint of the leg it contains, and a succession of tailed or kilted coats. Persians think that *firengi* men dress as indecently as *firengi* women in permitting our clothes to follow closely the lines of our bodies. The fit of their own coats stops at the waist. From there hangs to the knee, or below, an amply pleated skirt which even a traveled Persian unwillingly exchanges for a Prince Albert, while a morning or evening coat is to him a thing of shame. Under his outer garment, with which he usually dispenses indoors, he wears a shorter and thinner one, less amply kilted, the tight sleeves of which are slit to the elbow, and dangle decoratively.

if inconveniently enough, when not buttoned up or turned back. This tunic is also more gaily hued.

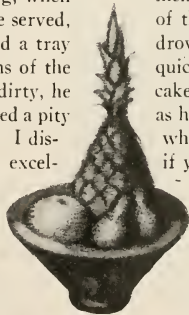
The chief virtue of Habib, our butler, is that he possesses a beautiful emerald undercoat in which, when there is no company, he is sometimes good enough to pass, and eke to break, our plates. He is the official chief of our establishment, being technically known as the head of the service. He always receives an order with the words, "On my eye!" and when he knows not how to answer you he will say,



"What petition shall I make?" He is a youth of twenty or thereabouts, married to a young person of twelve or thirteen who stays with his mother. The society of neither of these ladies seems to interest him too intensely. He prefers to live in the stable with the other boys and the calf; he also loves to harden the mouth of the *sah'b's* horse; and when the time comes to work in the garden is he most in his element. We finally had to hide from him a pruning-knife we had obtained from abroad, so vastly did he prefer that toy to a dish-rag or a duster. I can't say that I blame him. He is much slower and stupider than is common in his quick-witted race; but it takes a great deal to ruffle his temper, and the later we keep him up at night the better pleased he seems to be. He it was who during a period of interregnum spread the table for the *sah'b's* first bachelor dinner-party with one of the *khanum's* sheets, and not one of the best. Later in the evening, when supplementary refreshments were served, I noticed that Habib had covered a tray with one of the discarded napkins of the dinner-table. It was not really dirty, he afterward explained, and it seemed a pity to risk spoiling a new lace doily! I discovered, though, that he was an excellent hand at decorating a dinner-table. Without any orders he once picked a lot of hyacinths to pieces and traced with the single flowers so pretty a pattern on the table-cloth that

I had n't the heart to affront him by changing it, though it was a little more feminine than I would have chosen for bachelors' hall. So does the genius of his race for design come out even in his humble fingers. On the whole I have learned more from him than he from me; as when he will politely take the store-room key in both hands, or ceremoniously call one aside in consultation, saying, "Without trouble, bring your honor here," or on state occasions serve tea on his knees. And he has given us strange glimpses of the world he lives in by speaking darkly of jinn in connection with some one's illness, and by telling us, when a lost watch was found in the house, that he had burned candles for its recovery.

The true head of the service is Mehmet Ali, the cook. Mehmet Ali was brought up as a butler, and an excellent one he is, though afflicted with a slight disfigurement of the mouth and a stammering of the tongue. But a domestic crisis drove him into the kitchen, where he quickly learned to make pancakes and cakes much more complicated as well as he did sauces and curries for *pilau*, which really sounds more like *pileu*, if you will pronounce it in the Italian way. Consequently there are times when we are moved to call Mehmet Ali out of his kitchen and to say to him, with due ceremony, "Mehmet Ali, may your hand feel no pain." A



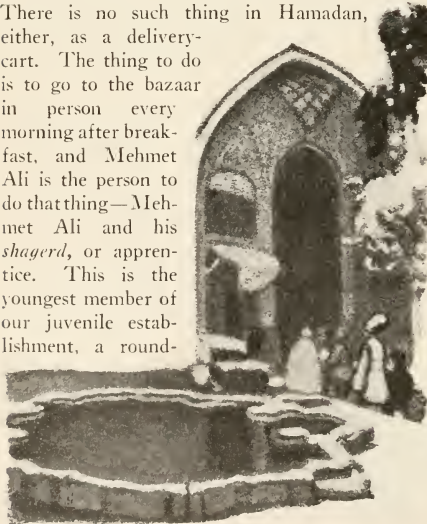
white-capped chef or a darky Dinah might not know how to take so cryptic a pronouncement, but the black-hatted Mehmet Ali understands it for the highest possible compliment. And being no more than nineteen, though already old enough to have been married and divorced, he hides his blushes in a low bow, stammering in reply, "May honey be to your soul." The desire of Mehmet Ali's heart is to possess a wrist-watch. And he serves us with a credit that only seldom lapses for six *tomans* a month, which is a little less than six dollars.

I am bound to add that Mehmet Ali would be less clever than he is if he did not make out of us considerably more than that. For, being cook, he does the marketing. I was astounded to find telephones in Hamadan, a convenience at that time strange to imperial Constantinople. But very few Hamadanis have one. We do not, for instance. Neither does any butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker with whom we deal. So there is no sitting comfortably at home and ordering what we want from the bazaar. Nor do people from the bazaar peddle their wares about the streets to any such degree as do the people of the Mediterranean. There is no such thing in Hamadan, either, as a delivery-cart. The thing to do is to go to the bazaar in person every morning after breakfast, and Mehmet Ali is the person to do that thing—Mehmet Ali and his *shagerd*, or apprentice. This is the youngest member of our juvenile establishment, a round-

faced, bright-eyed, russet-colored ragamuffin who totes Mehmet Ali's flexible market-basket, peels Mehmet Ali's potatoes, scours Mehmet Ali's earthenware pots, and eats Mehmet Ali's bread. Which is to say that Mehmet Ali engaged and theoretically maintains him, though I suspect that the urchin's face would be neither so round nor so rosy were it not for the crumbs from our infidel table.

Going to the bazaar is evidently the great affair of the day.

It is amazing how long it takes Mehmet Ali to bargain for the toasted wafers of bread or the scarcely thicker flaps of *sangak* which fill in the chinks between Mehmet Ali's own white loaves; for the eternal mutton of the country, for the frequent hare and partridge or francolin, for the famous melons of Ispahan, which taste to us like a flatter kind of squash; for the dubious bunches of grapes, which look fit only for the scavenger, but have merely begun to change into raisins and, as a matter of fact, are very good. Beef is far rarer than game, vegetables are neither varied nor appetizing unless they come out of our own garden, while such rarities as fish or strawberries are precious as pounded pearls and nightingales' tongues. Certain small fish, it is true, are indigenous to our neighborhood; but as the Persians catch them by the simple expedient of poisoning the water, and sometimes die afterward, we think twice before in-





dulging in them. Once in a while a runner brings to some member of our colony, from a river near Kirmanshahan or from the far-away Caspian, a real fish, which at once becomes the foundation of a state dinner-party.

Mehmet Ali is so happy as to possess, in addition to his other attainments, the art of letters. He accordingly keeps strict tale of his purchases, rendering an account of them every day to the *khanum*. I have, however, to record a day of despair when the *khanum* temporarily shook off from her feet the dust of Hamadan, leaving the hapless Head of the Desert and the Prince All Alone to shift for themselves. The Head of the Desert, being a man of affairs, therefore handed over the house-keeping to the very incompetent hands of the Prince All Alone. The beauty of this arrangement was that the Prince All Alone knew scarcely a word of Persian, despite Habib's flattering comment that his progress in it was so rapid as to crack the air! Nevertheless I gravely pretended to take Mehmet Ali's accounts. And when I could n't get it through my thick *firengi* head what Mehmet Ali was driving at, Mehmet Ali would draw little pictures in my account-book to illustrate his expenditures. Even then I sometimes hesitated between an egg and a turnip or a hen and a partridge.

It was that latter fowl of calamity which at last ruffled our relations. The *sah'b* one day brought home some partridges. It so happened that Mehmet Ali also bought partridges that day; and, lo! the price of them was twice that of the

sah'b's partridges. My vocabulary being too limited to do justice to the occasion, the *sah'b* took Mehmet Ali over. I don't know whether he called upon the washers of the dead to carry Mehmet Ali out, but he named Mehmet Ali the son of a burned father, and he cast in Mehmet Ali's teeth that last of all insults, "Mehmet Ali, you have no zeal." He also docked Mehmet Ali one *tooman* of his pay, which Mehmet Ali took very much to heart. No cook in Hamadan, he stammered in wrath, bought more cheaply than he.

It chanced that there was to be football that afternoon,—behold the Anglo-Saxon in foreign parts!—and after football the neighboring *firengis* were to come to us for tea. Cakes, therefore, were to be made, loaves baked, samovars lighted, china and silver set forth. When I hurried home at the end of the game to receive the hungry host, not a cake did I find, not a loaf, not even a single servant. Your Anglo-Saxon, however, is not so easily stumped. The *firengis* had their tea, if a little late and not quite so plentiful as we had planned. But the subtle Mehmet Ali, although failing to blacken our faces to the degree we hoped, after all made his point. He knew, and we knew, and each of us knew the other knew, that another cook capable of making both *pilau* and pancakes was not to be picked up in Hamadan—outside of some one else's kitchen. For the sake of the greater good, therefore, we that day learned the lesson of not insisting upon a lesser. And the next day Mehmet Ali treated us to

quite the most magnificent chocolate-cake in his repertory. When we looked at it our mouths watered. When we tasted it we sent for Mehmet Ali.

"Mehmet Ali," said the *sah'b* in all gravity, "may your hand feel no pain."

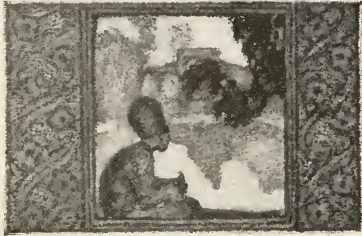
"*Sah'b*," replied Mehmet Ali, "may honey be to your soul."

Do you know, partridges grew a little cheaper after that!

lously dusty. Who knows how many thousand years people have passed that way between the city and a certain happy valley in the mountain—Darius, Xerxes the Great, kings, the horsemen and peasants of to-day, strollers from afar, like Alexander of Macedon or me, jingling mules, dejected donkeys, flocks and herds that late in the afternoon or early in the morning move to and from the town, as it were in a pillar of cloud?

The broken curve of the river-bank is a more popular part of the tea-garden, especially in the spring. Then is a short season when a chocolate-colored torrent foams past the place of poplars with an uproar that we in our far-away compound can hear across the open fields at night. As the snow recedes toward the top of the mountain, however, and as the mills and gardens at its foot need more and more water, the river becomes nothing but a gully of sand and boulders. But a trickle in the bottom of it seldom fails to make an illusion of coolness, even when coolness is most an illusion. The tall trees are able to add to the illusion, and the fields of wheat and poppy on the farther bank, where other poplars stroll at random with pollarded willows.

I, too, like to stroll there of a late afternoon, admiring and envying the patrons of the tea-garden, who sit on their rugs along the edge of the river. What I most envy them is a certain *cabinet particulier* near the tea-house, carpeted with grass and inclosed by four walls of poplar-trees. Whether a special price is charged for this private room I do not know, but I have never seen more than one party in it at a time. They always remind me, those Persian tea-parties, of the gay little painted pictures which it is now so much the fashion for us *firengis* to collect. The guests do not wear quite such beautiful clothes, it is true. The Persians dress very soberly compared with un-Europeanized Turks, if with better taste and a truer sense of color. But the green of the tea-garden, the dark lower purple and upper white of the mountain seen through its trees, the miraculous overarching blue,



THE TEA-GARDEN

Be generous, O my friend, and avail thyself of life

Before they proclaim it as an event that such a person is not.

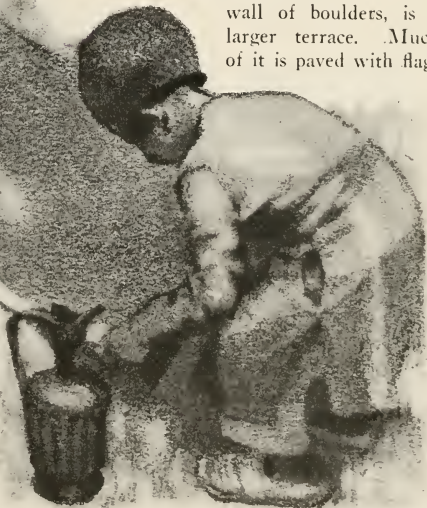
—SADI: "The Flower-Garden."

THE road and the river part company at the tip of the tea-garden. A sort of widening green island is there, between a crook of the stream and a wall of boulders that would not be Persian if it were perfectly straight. Yet the tall poplars of the garden would not be Persian if they were not planted in perfectly straight lines. Transversely or obliquely, however, the trees keep to one another no such relation as they might in the West. They stand very close together, making privacies between aisle and aisle. This is the quieter and roomier part of the tea-garden, where men come to enjoy the leisure of the East. A boy brings them a rug, a samovar, a jug of water, and some tiny tea-glasses, and there underneath the bough they sit hour after hour. They generally escape my prying eye, I notice, by eschewing the neighborhood of the wall. I do not blame them, for the road on the outer side of that low wall is fabu-

struments and of the voices that accompany them. Most of my readers, I fear, would be content to have it so. That music is of a school apart from ours. It moves within the briefest gamut of half, perhaps of quarter, tones, and characteristic of Persian singing is the yodeler's break into or out of falsetto. Most Westerners profess to hear in it nothing but a monotonous screech. But in the distance, or at dusk, across the rush of the river, there is for me something strangely disturbing in those high, endless, melancholy songs.

The tea-house stands in the middle of the long, narrow tea-garden, neighborly to the road and the river. Like every other house in Persia, it is made of mud, cunningly shaped, whitened, and decorated out of all resemblance to its native element. On the ground floor, arcades give upon the garden. Above, open galleries survey the mountain and the river, the gardens at its foot, the flat-topped, tawny town, the hollow plain. Behind the tea-house a fountain splashes on a narrow terrace, which looks into the long aisles between the poplar-trees of which I have spoken. In front, approached by a hospitable gap in the wall of boulders, is a larger terrace. Much of it is paved with flag-

give the picture the characteristic Persian liveliness. Then my tea-drinkers sit on the very rugs, in the very posture, of portraits by Behzad or Ustad Mohammed. About them are grouped the selfsame jugs and bowls, and sometimes they play the same quaint musical instruments. Wherein the miniatures of a museum fail in vividness is suggesting the sound of those in-



stones; more of it is paved with clear, green water, set oblong between two bands of turf and two rows of tall poplars. This great pool is longer than it is wide, but it is wide enough to hold a picture of the arcaded tea-house and of the slim bordering tree-trunks. The water of the pool runs away through a little stone channel at the farther end, pouring into a smaller pool on a lower level. This is where roses and cucumbers keep one another company under apricot-trees. Beyond is an open stable of boulders. Horses stamp and neigh there while their riders sip glass after glass of tea. You should see the magnificent saddle-cloths, the saddles with a high pommel and a strapped leather cushion, the bridles of bright and jingling things. And the cruel bits! And the shovel stirrups! And the clouds of flies!

But the pool—that is the place. That is where rugs make a frame for the still water, when shadows grow long in summer. That is where, in the warm dusk, through whole nights of Ramazan, candles flicker in small glass globes or white accordion lanterns hang, writing fanciful things on the dark mirror below. That is where turbans and felt caps bob most

together, and where talk goes forward that I would give—well, not quite the world to hear, since the world does not happen to be mine. What tales must go about that quiet pool—of Assad, of Habib's sudden journey to Kazvin, of Fat'h Ali's mix of a wife, of the governor and his grain, of the highwayman Abbas and that affair with the Swede! What miracles must be recorded of afrit and of jinn! What stories told of the mad *firengi*! What lies believed of Russian or Englishman, of German or Turk! But they who believe them would never believe anything so strange as that in the land of a certain foreigner who sometimes moons along the river there is no such thing as a tea-house or a garden with rooms of poplar-trees or a pool where rich and poor may sit side by side on rugs in the cool of the day and sip the amber of content.

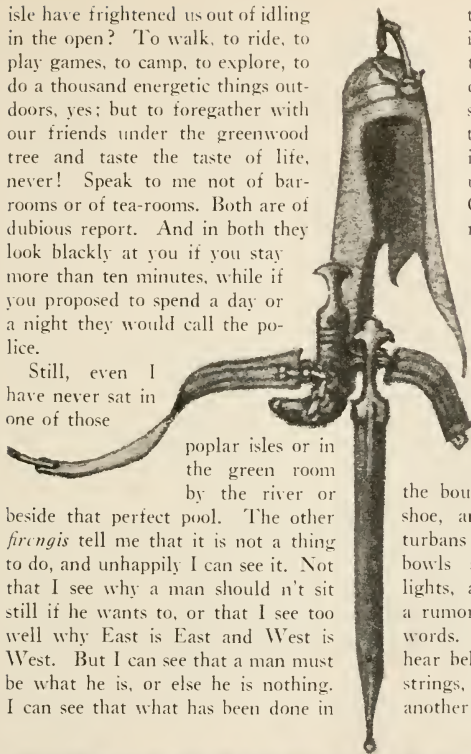
I smile when I remember how in that astonishing land the inhabitants, lacking park benches, are driven to sit in hotel lobbies and the waiting-rooms of railway stations. The Latin and the Teuton have very fair equivalents for a tea-garden. Why was that grain of simplicity left out of the simple Anglo-Saxon? Is it that long centuries of a rainy mother



isle have frightened us out of idling in the open? To walk, to ride, to play games, to camp, to explore, to do a thousand energetic things outdoors, yes; but to foregather with our friends under the greenwood tree and taste the taste of life, never! Speak to me not of bar-rooms or of tea-rooms. Both are of dubious report. And in both they look blackly at you if you stay more than ten minutes, while if you proposed to spend a day or a night they would call the police.

Still, even I have never sat in one of those

poplar isles or in the green room by the river or beside that perfect pool. The other *firngis* tell me that it is not a thing to do, and unhappily I can see it. Not that I see why a man should n't sit still if he wants to, or that I see too well why East is East and West is West. But I can see that a man must be what he is, or else he is nothing. I can see that what has been done in



this world has been done by carrying on your own tradition. I can see that in vain does a Lafcadio Hearn dress himself in alien silks. I can see, too, that it would not please the other patrons of the tea-garden if I sat among them. They look upon me as unclean, a man of no God, sojourning among them for reasons dark and dire. So, having

strolled at sunset in the wheat- and poppy-fields of the farther bank, I follow the river to a certain bridge, or jump across it from rock to rock, and come down the dusty road in the twilight. When I reach the tip of the tea-garden I walk as slowly as I can, looking over the low wall. In front of that gap in the boulders I drop my stick or tie my shoe, and snatch a glimpse of ghostly turbans grouped around the pool, of pipe bowls suddenly reddening, of sunken lights, and one unsteady star. I catch a rumor of water or of incomprehensible words. And as I go home in the dark I hear behind me the plucking of dolorous strings, voices uplifted like a cry from another world.





Marriage

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

BACK from the dusty church,
The words all said
And the strange kiss given,
We walked down the long lane of Fourteenth Street,
Our shoulders touching home-bound clerks
And shoppers, straggly shawls about their heads,
To the Hungarian restaurant where for weeks
You had courted me between the soup and steak.
To-night
The mirrors all about the walls seemed only
To show your face to me, and mine to you.
Wherever I might look, I found your eyes,
You mine, and as we gazed,
We quite forgot that earth held other things
Until our friendly waiter, twinkling-eyed,
As happy as if he were himself the groom,
Came bustling back, a link from heaven to earth.

Four blocks of windy street,
Four flights of stairs,
And then we stood
Before your studio door.
You turned the key,
And groping in the dark, you found a candle
And pouring tallow in a little pool
Upon the mantelpiece, you stood it there
In its tall whiteness.

There was rain outside;
The skylight hummed and rattled with its coming.
A few faint sounds blew up from the loud distance;
The grunt of a Salvation Army's drum
Blent with the noise
Of women's voices, roughened by the night,
Singing from hearts the night has roughened, too,
And softened.

The street flung up its stones against our window,
But could not force the fortress of our thoughts—
Your thoughts of me and mine of you, old, new,
And riotous
And frightened.

We who had always been such open comrades
 Now were half afraid
 To touch each other's hands,
 To see each other's faces in the dim
 And holy dusk.

We thought of God. I prayed to Him,
 As I had prayed when first you said, "I love you."
 The same quick, breathless, little broken prayer:
 'God, oh, don't let us hurt each other ever!'

The portraits you had painted were about us,
 A ghostly company of friends.
 Life seemed all ends—
 Ends of things finished, ends of things begun,
 Ends, ends,
 No safe and placid middles.

Because the silence choked from utterance
 All other words, we talked of daily things:
 Your order for a cartoon, and the story,
 Long overdue, that I must mail to-morrow.

And then the silence
 Laid its hands even on these commonplaces.

We looked at one another gravely,
 Shy children that our mothers, Youth and Life,
 Had brought to see each other and to play
 Together.

Two startled children
 Permitted by the gold ring on my hand
 To stay and talk there in the dusk alone,
 And for the first time not to think of clocks,
 But, if we liked, watch night's dark bud bloom dawn.

The silence grew and filled the room's dark corners.

The candle on the table burned its life out,
 And its flame died, and all the room was dark;
 And on the skylight fell the black, loud rain;
 And in the world there was no other sound
 But your breathing
 And the beating of my heart.

Then in the dark
 You stumbled to me
 And caught me by the shoulders
 And laid your mouth on mine.
 And all the hunger of our lives for life,
 And all my hunger for you, yours for me,
 Surged up in us. Love caught us as a storm
 A ship, and beat upon us; joy
 Rose like a tossing sea and swallowed us.

The Ticket-of-Leave Angel

By OSCAR GRAEVE

Author of "The Keys of the City"

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

IT is of course extraordinarily difficult to put any faith in the existence of Ambrose Strange, but during the winter he lived in the house in West Sixteenth Street people besides me saw him; more than that, people besides me came to know him. Of them all, however, I knew him best, or perhaps I should amend that by saying I knew him better than did any other man; for Emily Thorp's knowledge must have gone deeper than mine. She loved him.

Nevertheless, it was I who first saw him and, for that matter, who last saw him. It was I, too, who furnished him with the name "Ambrose Strange," just as I helped furnish him with hats and shoes, suits and overcoats, and all those other intimate things that a man must have on earth even though he is an angel.

But let me tell you first of all of his advent, for this is, I suppose, the only suitable noun to use in describing the coming of an angel.

Six hundred West Sixteenth Street (I am purposely using a fictitious number) is a huge old private dwelling made over into studio apartments. It is a most comfortable old place, roomy beyond belief, with wide doorways and winding stairs, with spacious halls and deep-set windows. Chief of its comforts is the feeling of freedom that comes to you once you set foot within its capacious white doorway; you know you can come and go there without question or objection from any one. This house has never known the stigma of a peeping lodger or a grinning hall-boy. In making it over the renovators had left a double row of bells and letter-boxes within the doorway; over each box nestled a lodger's name. But no one except tradesmen ever thought of using these bells. Visitors plunged directly from the

sunlight of the street into the twilight of the great hallway and, running up the stairs, assailed the door of the person they came to see.

It was, I know, rather a free crowd who took refuge within those walls: men and women who tried to give expression to radical views in painting or writing, in advocating one cause or another, in doing what they could to defy the god of convention. It was the last place on earth which you would expect an angel to select for his habitation. But, then, Ambrose Strange was not at all the sort of creature one expects an angel to be.

The night that he descended upon West Sixteenth Street was one of those colorless evenings of early autumn that lack warmth and yet are without the vigorous chill of autumn. It had been a gray day, vaporous and mildly depressing, the kind of day on which one does not notice when the sun disappears. I had tried to shake off the lethargy which possessed me by walking briskly up the avenue, but the close mistiness of the evening enshrouded me, enervated me, and I returned home ill prepared for the work I must do.

Shortly after twelve there came a knock on my door, and I welcomed the interruption with a cordial, "Come in."

The door swung open and revealed a heroic figure, white against the darkness of the hall. Around him was draped loosely a garment that looked as much like a Roman toga as anything else, and on his feet were sandals rather worn and shabby. Apparently that was all he wore. I must confess that I was astounded. I thought he must have strayed from one of those madcap costume-parties which are held frequently in that neighborhood.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

With a sweep of his draperies he

stepped abruptly into the room, closing the door behind him.

"I have come to live here for a little while," he announced, and he sounded each word as if it were a note struck upon an instrument of splendid tone, deep, resonant, musical.

But I was not so overcome with the beauty of his voice and the strangeness of his appearance that I could not protest.

"Live here! In my apartment? Not much! I'll give you a drink and a cigarette, but further than that I sha'n't go." And I eyed him closely, expecting to see him lurch or otherwise betray the liquor that was in him.

But he stood there immobile, with the repose of a perfectly balanced statue.

"You must help me," he said slowly. "It is long since I have lived upon the earth. I have forgotten many of the customs and habits of men. You must teach me them. If you refuse, I can command you,—" he smiled slightly, almost apologetically,—and with hesitation added, "I—I have certain powers."

Drunk or mad, which was he? Slouched down in my chair, I took his measure. He would not be easy to handle. I could not imagine myself a victor in any tussle with him, and as for calling for help, arousing the house at that hour, it was too ignominious. Besides, there was a certain compelling charm about him. It is hard to describe. He was cold, aloof, quite beyond the reach of one's sympathies, and yet he was magnetic. I have always contended that people when called upon did what was demanded of them. This explains heroism in many cases where otherwise it is inexplicable. And he had that power—of demanding things and of obtaining them simply because he demanded with such an intense and tremendous belief in receiving them. And he was so—so clean! So shining! As clean and shining as a man in an allegorical painting, one of those supermen that some artists are successful at depicting. And he was handsome. Perhaps I should more accurately call him beautiful—too beautiful. Not a bit effeminate, you under-

stand; simply large and white and splendid. He looked like a Greek god come to life. Any minute I expected him to strike the pose of a Hermes or an Apollo. Meanwhile his gaze upon me never faltered; he took my scrutiny with the utmost aplomb; he had no decency at all about it; he simply threw full-beamed upon me a mild, persuasive gaze that made me squirm—the sort of gaze that a child sometimes fastens upon you, steady, soft, searching, and absolutely unwavering. Altogether it was a most uncomfortable situation.

"Who the devil are you?" I asked finally, and with considerable irritation.

He winced.

"An angel," he replied.

"A what?"

"An angel."

"Oh, come," I said, "let 's be sensible. Sit down and have a drink and tell me what you really want."

He sat down in a green wicker chair while I crossed to my tiny ice-box, mixed him a high-ball, set it before him, and placed one at my own elbow.

"Here 's how!" I said, and lifted the glass to my lips.

He watched me closely, followed my movements accurately; but he barely touched his own drink, distorting his chiselled lips in a grimace.

Even so I felt more comfortable.

"Now tell me why you came here," I urged.

"I was restless up in heaven," he began with never the ghost of a smile. "I was what you call bored. It was always the same thing. They were gracious enough to grant me six months' leave of absence. Six months to an hour from to-night—" he sighed heavily—"I must return."

Do you know, I felt a small chill begin to creep over me as if some one were touching my spine with an icy feather. Somehow I began faintly to believe him, realizing the while how utterly preposterous it was to believe him. And of course it was not what he said. I was not so credulous as to be convinced by that. But it was he himself, this strange being. You might have no faith in a winged horse;

but if one moved and breathed before you, if one soared into the blue bowl of the sky from the very ground before you, belief would be beaten into you. So it was with him. It was the very sight of him that routed your common sense. There was something heavenly about my visitor—conventionally heavenly, if you will. He looked exactly the way you imagined an angel would look if you were ever given to imagining anything so outlandish. Presently I rose, walked to the window, and clutched at reassurance by gazing out at the familiar street: the row of ordinary New York houses opposite, a lighted window showing here and there; the lamp-post at the corner, with a policeman standing beneath it swinging his night stick; a belated taxicab limping down the avenue. The sight of these common things did restore me, gave me back some calm and quietude. I turned again to the stranger.

"Then if you are from heaven," I said lightly, "probably you can tell me some interesting things about it. As a child, when I believed in heaven, I used to wonder what it was like."

"No, I cannot speak to you of heaven. In granting me a leave of absence, they laid that command upon me: I must tell nothing of heaven. It is not well for men to know too much of the ways of the angels."

"For fear they 'll imitate them?" I suggested flippantly.

"No, there is no fear of that," he answered a little sadly.

I flung myself in my chair again both interested and amused.

"Why did you select this particular spot in which to alight?" I asked.

"I descended very quickly. There was not much time in which to select any place. I had determined to come to New York because here, it seemed to me, all the races of men flow together and mingle, and yet go their ways separately according to their custom and nature. Here I could best study these men of various habits and speeches and ways of thinking." He leaned forward, intent. "We often look

down on this country of yours and wonder," he said, "for it is written that one day all the races of men shall be one race, and because of that, much strife and hatred shall be done away with. And here in America the first phase of that is coming to pass."

He paused, and I sat quite breathless, slightly choked, tingling, afraid to speak. But when he resumed it was to say in a more ordinary voice, if you could ever call his voice ordinary:

"As I descended I saw the vacant apartment next to yours. I knew this house was one where there is a great deal of freedom, where I could best settle without provoking comment. No one is to know I am an angel except you. I had to have you. You must help me in many ways."

"But how are you going to live?" I asked impatiently. "What are you going to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"One cannot live on earth without money. Have you any money?"

He shook his head slowly, and then again he fixed upon me that full and expectant gaze.

"One of the reasons I selected you was that you have more money than you will ever need."

I rose impatiently.

"Oh, say, this is going a little bit strong," I said. "I'm not going to give you enough money to last for six months. On earth it is not considered honorable for one man to live on another."

He did not reply; he simply sat there, expectant, with a terrifically meek expectancy that tore at the roots of me. If he had said something, it would have been better. I could have argued with him, and, arguing, convinced myself that I must not give him any money; but I could do nothing against his silence. I felt as if I were standing on a bank of sand, and the sand were rapidly slipping away. So my resolution was slipping. I sat down heavily.

"How much money do you want?" I asked dully.

"I need little," he said. "I must live



"I thought he must have strayed from one of those madcap costume-parties which are held frequently in that neighborhood"

simply and with care. Rent that vacant apartment for me; see that I am properly clothed and habited to go among men—that is all.”

We sat silent. I was angry, feeling that I had made a superlative fool of myself. How could I believe his impossible story, I asked myself; and yet, cursing myself, I believed. And I was tired, dead tired, as if I had been engaged in some overwhelming effort.

The angel spoke suddenly, and his voice was deeply sympathetic.

“You are weary. Shall I go now? Shall I go to the vacant apartment and stay there until morning?”

“Better stay here,” I said. “You may take the couch.”

“I am not tired. I shall sit here until daylight.”

“As you will,” I said with some misgivings.

He reached across and laid the full clasp of his hand on mine for a minute, and it had a curious effect, that touch. It could, I imagine, have quieted a sufferer tortured with pain or cooled one tossing with fever.

“Believe in me,” he said, “and be not afraid.”

There is a wide doorway between my sitting-room and my bedroom, and through it, lying on my couch, I could see him sitting there in the chair. I awakened uneasily at intervals throughout the night, and every time I saw him in exactly the same position, with no hint of fatigue in his monumental patience.

As I look back upon it, I cannot understand how the angel won me so easily. It is incredible. It rests entirely, you see, upon something I cannot describe—the effect he had upon me, or some power he exercised without any visible symptom of that power. It is not so remarkable, however, when you analyze it, that an angel had such power when you consider the power some men wield over others. I awakened the next morning keen and enthusiastic for my angel, and I no longer entertained a doubt of him. I claim that

for myself. What I gave him I gave without stint, and I plunged willingly and magnificently into extravagances for him.

That very morning I set out to purchase him clothes and habiliments while he awaited me in my locked rooms. I also bought furniture for his apartment. It was when it came to signing the lease of the apartment that I discovered he was nameless.

“Is a name necessary?” he asked, and this was the first thing that seemed to trouble him. “Is it not enough to know people, have them know you?”

I explained how essential a name is.

“But it will be an easy matter to invent one,” I reassured him. “Why would n’t Strange make an appropriate surname for you? And for a Christian name”—I turned to the dictionary and ran over the list. One of the first was Ambrose, and its meaning was given as “immortal, divine.” Naturally I did n’t like the name Ambrose, but what could be more fitting? “Ambrose Strange.” I sounded it to get the effect.

“I like it,” said the angel.

So it was settled.

That first day I sent him home a ready-made suit, together with other things, and the suit happened to fit him very well. It changed his appearance amazingly. He looked quite like a human being—a most strikingly handsome human being. I began to take a keen pride in his appearance. That night I carried him down to Eighth Street to my favorite restaurant for dinner, and more than one woman’s eyes turned to follow his valiant figure. He looked a Sir Galahad, a Parsifal, everything that was chivalrous and unspoiled and—and all-conquering. He walked with the air of one about to fly. Fair prey for the Kundries, perhaps the fairest they had ever seen. Poor Ambrose! He did not seem to realize his danger. He wanted to talk to every one; it was with difficulty that I kept him in his seat.

“Wait till you get on to the ropes,” I said impatiently.

“The ropes?”

“Wait till you get more accustomed to

the ways and manners of men," I translated.

"Yes, I suppose I shall have to do that," he agreed.

But when I was called out of the room for a minute, on my return I found him talking earnestly to a butterfly who had been attracted to his side. She looked rather frightened, rather aghast, and was glad enough to escape as I approached.

"What were you saying to her?" I demanded.

"I was looking for her soul."

"And telling her its faults?"

"No, I could not find her soul," he answered sadly. We ate our salad in silence; then he announced suddenly, "There is a woman with a soul."

I followed his gaze, and saw Emily Thorp sitting with a party of friends. She returned my bow gaily, and in her eyes there was invitation.

"She wants to know me," said the angel.

"Well, she can't know you—not yet."

"Why not?"

"You don't want any one to suspect your identity, do you?"

"No."

"Then keep away from Emily Thorp for a while. She has a tremendous talent for learning people's secrets. She would have your history within half an hour."

"She is very beautiful," he said.

I looked at him sharply.

"Are angels supposed to notice whether women are beautiful or not?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I suppose not. It has never occurred to me before."

You know, doubts came to me occasionally even after I had accepted Ambrose. Every little while I was harassed by a doubt, but I took comfort in the fact that he was giving me the most unusual experience of my life, and the biggest. Angel or not, that was enough to ask of him. I don't suppose I was ever to complete an unquestioning faith in him until the very end of the adventure.

Extraordinary as were these first few days, he was at times rather trying. He

had no sense of humor. Benign and sympathetic as he was, he never let me forget he was an angel. And one cannot associate with a superior being very long without some degree of irritation. Yet while he was stolid in many ways, he also did the most unexpected things. No guardian with a refractory child ever had a more arduous task than mine. Once, for instance, we were walking along Fifth Avenue when suddenly he said, "I should like to ride," and he stepped directly before an appallingly expensive motor, forced the chauffeur to stop, and stepped into a tonneau full of languid women. Then, to my amazement, the car drove on, and one languid woman moved so that Ambrose could sit beside her. When I saw him at home an hour later, he was maddeningly serene about it. "I explained to them that I had never ridden in an automobile," was all he would say.

But Ambrose learned quickly. He had more imitative ability than the cleverest social climber, and as he learned, he showed an aggressive desire to dismiss me as his guide. He went foraging alone. I found myself wondering terrifically what he did in these forages.

"What is your mission on earth?" I once asked him. "Have you a purpose? Have you come to reform us?"

He shook his head vehemently.

"No! No, indeed! People should be left to work out their own salvation. No one should interfere. Within every man lies the well of truth, and each must see to it himself that the well is kept clean and pure. Every man's soul is the guardian of the well, the only guardian. No outsider can help or hinder him."

"Oh, I think you're wrong," I answered hotly. "Surely, if you have a base impulse, some one else can help you to stifle it, or, on the other hand, if you have a noble aim, some one else can help that aim to blossom and flower."

"Perhaps." He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not claim to have an all-seeing wisdom. In heaven we are taught to be modest about our prescience. But do not let us talk of such abstract things. I have

come to earth simply to observe and to be amused. I have only six months,—only five and a half now,—and there is so much to see!”

Later on he took to disappearing for a week or two at a time. He went to Boston, to New Orleans, to Cleveland; he was as restless as a tourist. One week he spent in Atlantic City. He returned from that sojourn quite morose and distraught.

“I cannot understand these pleasures of the body,” he confided to me, “gross eating, gross drinking, gross indulgences of a sadder kind. Why do men not keep fine? Why do they not look more up to the stars? There is as much satisfaction in it, and there is rapture, too. When the soul enters into these pleasures, one can understand, for the soul sets the body on fire, burns it away, purifies it; but when it is the body alone—ugh!” he shuddered.

These trips of his bring me to another inexplicable thing about Ambrose. He always came back from them well supplied with money. Upon whom he practised his meek and expectant gaze Heaven alone knows. I did not dare ask him. I think it was upon his return from Cleveland that he threw down a roll of banknotes before me.

“I shall repay you some of the money you have given me,” he said. And indeed he did, for there were several hundred dollars in that careless tumble of notes.

It was while Ambrose was in Atlantic City that Emily Thorp telephoned me one afternoon.

“I’m giving a party at my house next Wednesday,” she said. “Will you come?” There was an abrupt pause in the buoyant flow of her speech; then she plunged on: “Will you bring that man with whom I saw you dining in Eighth Street a little while ago? Who is he?” I told her the angel’s name,—the name that I had invented,—and she said:

“I don’t know the name, but his face was familiar. Be sure to bring him, will you?”

I promised to do my best, and when I spoke to the angel about it I found him immediately eager to go.

“The woman in the restaurant!” he exclaimed. “The woman with the soul!”

“Don’t speak to her of her soul!” I warned him.

“Why not?”

“It’s dangerous, and it is n’t good form for an angel. It’s like a millionaire talking of his money.”

“I shall try to remember,” he answered with docility.

I find I must explain Emily. She’s rather remarkable. The descendant of an old New York family, Emily had long since, so to speak, thrown her cap over the social windmill. Whenever there was a fight for a reform going on, whenever the struggle of the workers against the employing class was at its height, there you found Emily, a picturesque and anachronistic figure. For she was always dressed according to the latest dictate of fashion; except for a certain fiery alertness in her bearing she looked like one of those impossibly smart illustrations in a fashion journal, and she was slimly, fragilely beautiful. Even her bitterest enemies, and she had many, never tried to deny her beauty.

She lived in her grandfather’s house on Fifth Avenue, half a block above Washington Square. There she gathered around her a heterogeneous crew: Jewish intellectuals from the East Side; radical poets and writers of varying degrees of talent; labor leaders, gruff and burly and loud; a sprinkling of society people with liberal ideas and adventurous impulses, and there at her parties they babbled incessantly, without fear of God or the police, while devouring Emily’s cigarettes and sandwiches and the Thorp punch, famous for three generations.

We arrived that Wednesday night at the height of the party. I pushed the angel into the room before me, and a hush fell over that hubbub. Perhaps the sight of him, splendid, large, and uncompromising, with his classic head, with its shining, close-cropped blond hair, put a little of the fear of God in them. From a low divan Emily arose and flew straight toward us. She carried Ambrose away

from me, introducing him to various people, but before very long capturing him completely for herself. They sat in a far corner, Emily talking vivaciously, rippling away at him, while the angel sat quite still and engrossed, his hands clasped and dropped between his knees, his eyes never leaving her face. So I found them all evening at every uneasy glance that I stole at them. Once I was astounded to see the angel throw back his head and laugh; I had never seen him laugh before. I had not the courage to intervene, and yet I was worried at this sudden intimacy of theirs. I did not want to see Emily fall in love with a being who was scheduled to evaporate in something like four months' time.

Going home that night, in the silence of lower Fifth Avenue, he laughed again. His laugh rose clear and musical on the hush of night, like a peal of deep-toned bells, striking slowly upon the silence.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I am practising," he explained. "Miss Thorp said I was too solemn. She taught me to laugh."

Much to my annoyance, he continued to practise the entire way home.

The next day Emily telephoned me again.

"You must have tea with me," she commanded.

At tea it was soon evident why she was so imperative.

She wanted to know all I knew about Ambrose Strange. Her very first question alarmed me.

"Is he as much younger than I as he seems?" she asked vividly.

I told her with discretion what I could. He was a comparative stranger to me; he had the apartment next to mine, and so we had become acquainted.

"I would n't let myself become too greatly interested in him," I advised tamely.

"Why?" she asked, immediately on the defensive.

The objections I could raise against him she dismissed contemptuously.

"He is so—absolutely sweet!" she said.

"I know it 's an absurd word to use for a man, but it answers better than any other I can think of. He 's so unspoiled and naïve, and yet withal so wise—so vastly and unpresumptuously wise."

There was nothing I could do with Emily; naturally I could not tell her the truth. I did not want her to think me mad, so I decided to attack the angel. But here I fared no better.

"You must not fall in love with Miss Thorp," I told him as we sat in my room one night.

He answered with dignity:

"I am not permitted to fall in love."

"Men fall in love whether they 're permitted or not, especially when they 're not," I said.

He grew reflective over that.

"Miss Thorp can teach me much of the ways of modern men and women," he finally replied irrelevantly.

I eyed him coldly, and he returned my gaze with an enigmatic smile.

"Look here, Ambrose," I cried hotly, "there 's Miss Thorp to think of. You 're all right; you 'll have to disappear in three months. Do you intend to leave her puzzled and heartsick at your disappearance, her faith in men smashed? If you do, all I can say is, give me a decent man instead of an angel. A decent man would n't act in that way."

He leaped to his feet and walked to the window. He did not answer me, but I heard him sigh once or twice, sigh heavily.

The angel obviously avoided me after that. Although he no longer took his out-of-town trips, I saw less of him than ever, but I knew that he spent much time with Emily Thorp. Of her I saw nothing till one afternoon two months after the fatal party. I had paused in front of the window of an expensive haberdasher on Fifth Avenue, and as I stood there she burst forth, stuffing a package into the hand-bag she carried.

She gave me a quick, disconcerted nod, made as if to hurry on, then swung impulsively around and gave me her hand.

"Hello," she said blithely. "Are you walking home?"

It was an ideal day for walking, a crisp February day, icy-blue and icy-clear.

"I'll be glad to walk down with you," I replied.

We fell into step together, and rather maliciously I asked:

"What were you doing in a man's shop?"

"Buying neckties," she volunteered.

"Who is the fortunate man?"

"Ambrose," she returned, a little defiantly.

Ambrose! She used his first name, and he had only a month more on earth.

"When a man lets a woman buy his neckties, it's significant. You and he must be getting along awfully well together."

"Yes, we are. I might add, despite our friends' efforts."

"What do you mean, Emily?"

"He told me that you had warned him not to fall in love with me."

"I don't believe him capable of falling in love."

She smiled.

"Don't you?" she parried.

"Besides, I had an excellent reason for telling him what I did."

She turned her eyes, glistening angrily upon me. "What was your excellent reason?"

"I was thinking of your happiness."

"Pshaw!" she cried, and walked swiftly along beside me, her head turned away in a manner that suggested how much displeased she was.

"You don't know anything about the man, Emily," I cried. "I admit he's terribly attractive and quite extraordinary, but do you know he's going away in a month—going for good? Did he tell you that?"

"He told me he might have to go," she announced triumphantly, "but that he would move heaven and earth to stay."

"He did!" I answered, and I did not try to conceal how surprised I was. Then as the full significance of the phrase he had used thrust itself upon me, I added, "Good Lord! does he dare?"

"I wish you were n't so beastly mysteri-

ous," she said, flashing again that angry glance upon me.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" I ventured.

"No, he has n't," she answered; "but if he does n't, I shall ask him."

That evening I intercepted the angel as he was about to leave the house.

"I want a few minutes' talk with you," I demanded.

"Will it not be time enough when I return?" he asked. "I am dining with Miss Thorp. I shall be back at ten."

"At ten, then, I'll be waiting for you. Please don't forget it."

"I am not permitted to forget a promise," he said with dignity.

I think I gave vent to some exclamation of disgust. His superiority really was becoming intolerable. But he was already beyond hearing me.

At ten I was waiting for him in my rooms, and I waited till eleven before he appeared, meanwhile screwing up my resolution the tighter with the waiting.

Presently he stepped into my room, and I was glad to see that he had lost a little of his godlike calm. The boisterous February wind had whipped color into his face, so that it looked less like marble than usual; his hair was ruffled, and for once his large-eyed gaze was not quite as benign as it had been. In fact, I fancied a trace of uneasiness in his manner.

I eyed him moodily as he sat there patiently waiting for me to speak.

"You know why I want to see you?" I asked at last.

He nodded.

"Yes. You want me to say I shall see no more of Emily Thorp."

Frankly, I did not like this habit of his of knowing what I was thinking, and I said somewhat angrily:

"The affair must not go on any longer. You've got to let Miss Thorp know who you are. If you don't, I shall."

"She would believe neither you nor me," he answered. "Have you thought of that? I have been on earth long enough to know that the truth is the last thing men accept."



"He had become a man again—the man he had really been on earth"

"Don't be platitudinous," I said wearily.

"Forgive me." He bowed his head, and for a moment was silent, brooding. He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. When he looked at me again it was to say quietly, "I shall never return to heaven."

"The devil you won't!" was forced from me.

"The devil I won't," he repeated after me, "and I am wondering how many devils I shall have to combat in order to stay. When I first met Emily I had no idea—" he broke off suddenly— "Do men never become involved in situations they have not foreseen," he asked, "or is that left to the innocence of angels?"

"Men are often involved in unexpected situations," I conceded.

"You know I did not realize I had within me the capacity—to love," he said.

"And now you have discovered you have that capacity?"

He looked at me as if bewildered.

"Yes," he whispered huskily. "And I must stay on earth. I must be a man again, no matter what the cost."

"But how?"

"By breaking the laws that were given me. I have already transgressed. I had no right to fall in love, and I have fallen."

"Are you condemned, then, to become a mortal again?"

"I am not sure, but I shall make sure. Do you remember that which I told you when I first arrived? That the strictest order given me was not to tell anything of heaven? Well, I shall tell. I have still a month, but the night on which my leave of absence expires I shall begin to talk of heaven."

"To whom will you talk? To every one?"

"No; to you alone. I have until midnight, the eighth of March. At ten o'clock I shall begin to tell you things about heaven; at midnight we shall know whether I am summoned back or whether I stay."

"Have you no fear of the consequences?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, I have fear, but I care enough for Emily to risk the danger. What is the expression which she so frequently uses? 'Take a sporting chance.' That is what I shall do—take a sporting chance. If I must return, well, I must. If I stay, if I am permitted to become a man again,—oh, but I will stay! They will never permit me to return after I have broken their strictest law."

"Perhaps they'll neither permit you to stay nor return. Perhaps you'll be sent direct to the devil."

He actually laughed.

"How antiquated you have become. The devil reigns on earth, nowhere else."

"But then there will be no punishment for your transgressions."

"They will think it punishment sufficient to condemn me to be a man again. They will probably take away all my memory of heaven. And how glorious it will be to be a man again, no scruples, no inhibitions, how wonderfully glorious!"

I found after the conversation that I felt quite differently toward Ambrose. I sympathized with him. And he needed sympathy. Lightly as he had expressed his intentions to me, I could see that he was worried. Often late at night I heard him pacing his room. And once I came across Emily and him having dinner together; they did not see me, nor any one else, for that matter. They were utterly absorbed in each other, and in their eyes was that look which makes one a little ashamed, a little sad, never to have experienced it oneself. Angel or no angel, Ambrose was doing the decent thing by Emily.

The last month of the angel's leave sped by. It was signaled by only one thing. The last week in February I received an invitation to the wedding of Miss Emily Thorp and Mr. Ambrose Strange. "At the home of the bride, — Fifth Avenue," I read, with a little misgiving, "on Thursday, the tenth of March." Evidently, Ambrose was not going to lose any time after he knew that he was permitted to become a man again.

Meanwhile the night of the eighth of March drew near. That night I dined alone in Eighth Street. I must confess I found myself in a highly nervous state. What would happen to Emily if Ambrose simply disappeared? What would she ask me? And what in the world could I answer? Perhaps I took a glass of wine too much wondering and puzzling over these questions. I found myself clutching frantically at self-control. That morning the angel had come to my rooms and requested me to be at his apartment in the evening sharp at ten. "I shall need some money for my honeymoon," he said casually.

"But if you're here to go on that honeymoon, you'll no longer be an angel, but a man. Perhaps then you'll feel a little reluctant about accepting money from people in the way you have."

"Do you think I shall change as much as that?" he asked, regarding me anxiously.

"Well, of course I don't know as yet what your character will be, but it seems to me you had better begin planning to make your own living in some way."

"I am planning, or, rather, Emily is. She thinks I should take up singing. She says I have a remarkable voice. I used to sing in the chorus up in heaven, you know; but I must not tell you anything of that until to-night. Be sure to be there at ten, will you?"

I promised faithfully.

I arrived at his rooms that night, indeed, exactly at ten, with the clock on the mantel chiming my punctuality. Ambrose took my hat and coat as if he were receiving me on some very formal occasion. He laid them carefully upon a divan, motioned me to a chair in the middle of the room, and sat down directly opposite me. From a distant part of the house came the sound of a mandolin, faintly strummed, but otherwise it was quiet, appallingly quiet. Except for the dim glow of a yellow-globed light the room was dark. I sat hushed with expectation. I felt much as one feels at a séance where, half in mockery, half in fear, one waits for inex-

pliable things to happen. And Ambrose was as quietly excited as I. I noticed that his hands, each one clutching at a knee, were trembling; his face was white. Even in the dim light I could see that. It looked more like marble than ever—like marble carved by some great, clean-souled sculptor with a vision of how beautiful man could be. Then with his eye on the clock he began in his deep, musical voice to tell me things about heaven.

I know that I am going to disappoint you immensely, for I am not going to repeat any of the things that Ambrose told me that night. It does not seem quite fair to repeat them; furthermore, I must confess a little cowardice. I do not think it would be altogether safe.

Those two hours passed like the flight of a bird; never have two hours passed so quickly. I was amazed when Ambrose ceased to speak, and following his gaze, I saw that the hands of the clock pointed to twelve.

"Now we shall see," he said quietly, with a sigh that seemed torn from the depths of him, and immediately the clock began to strike.

I riveted my eyes upon him. Would he vanish or would he stay? And as I thought that, I could see Emily's vivid face, her burning eyes, as if she, too, were watching and praying.

And then the most horrible thing happened. With the clock still continuing to strike, Ambrose began to shrink. I could see him actually grow smaller by inches. His splendid body became thin and small and emaciated; his splendid Greek head was transformed into the head of an old man, a meek old man with white side-whiskers and the pallid, waxy flesh of old age, and the eyes that gazed at me, frightened, were a little furtive and a little mean.

Suddenly I felt unable to stand it any longer.

"Ambrose!" I cried in a suffocated voice. "My God! What has happened to you?"

The old man, the small and mean stranger, rose from his chair and drew

away from me in distaste. And as he stood up I saw that he was dressed in curiously old-fashioned clothes such as we see in daguerreotypes: tight-striped trousers and a short black coat; a high white collar encircled his wrinkled neck, and a large black silk necktie of the "puff" variety covered his shirt-front. Abruptly I realized that Ambrose had taken on mortal form again. His wish had been granted, hideously granted: he had become a man again—the man he had really been on earth.

"Ambrose," I called again, "why don't you answer me? Don't you know me?"

"Why do you yell so at me?" the old man asked querulously in a thin, quavering voice. "Who are you? I don't know you."

"Are n't you Ambrose Strange?" I demanded.

"I don't know any Ambrose Strange," he replied, backing still farther away from me, making stealthily for the door.

Suddenly he darted out of it. I leaped after him, catching his arm, and he uttered a sharp cry like the cry of a trapped rat.

"Let me go! Let me go!" he pleaded. "I have n't done you any harm. I have no money. Let me go!"

"First tell me what I am to say to

Emily," I said, shaking him as if that might restore his memory.

His eyes, still frightened, remained perfectly blank.

"I don't know any Emily," he muttered. "Let me go!"

He tore himself from my grasp, and I heard the swift, scurrying patter of his feet on the wide stairway of the old house. I made no attempt to follow him. I never saw him again.

EMILY continues to regard me with the greatest suspicion, and with hatred, too. She rather imagines, I think, that I did away with Ambrose in some evil manner. Therefore I wrote this complete account of Ambrose Strange, telling all I knew about him, all I ever hope to know. And I sent the manuscript to Emily. It came back two days later with a curt note.

"It is kind of you to try to comfort me in such an ingenious way," she wrote. "You have more imagination than I ever dreamed. But as for believing it! I am convinced that some day Ambrose will return to me and himself clear up this mystery, this awful mystery. Until that time I can only suffer and hope and pray."

Well, perhaps Ambrose will return to her. I find now that I am quite convinced that anything can happen.





Notre Dame, Paris

From a painting by
Jules Guérin

Selling Out Alaska

By A NAVAL EXPERT

ALASKA is an outlying possession. Mr. Seward bought it of Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000. He and it became a national joke for that generation, and further than to refer to it as "Seward's Ice-box" it attracted but little attention. Having more than half a million square miles of area, it is more than ten times larger than any State east of the Mississippi, and contains mountain systems, valleys, and mighty rivers. Switzerland could be lost around the base of Mount McKinley.

Seward was a statesman and held great visions concerning the Pacific Ocean. In his day its expanse must have appeared to him, as to others, a vast solitude. Yet he predicted that it was an ocean destined to bear a traffic that would beggar all the argosies of all the seas of all the past, and that the islands situated therein would form convenient stepping-stones for us to occupy and dominate that traffic. And only a few weeks ago we sold the last of our ships on the Pacific! Mr. Seward's breadth of vision is brought out all the sharper by remembering that at that time our country was only emerging from the Civil War and deeply engrossed in internal affairs. No wonder they laughed at Seward and his dreams, so far removed from questions of reconstruction. In England they laughed at the younger Pitt, who, when the empire was engaged in the back-breaking task of coping with Napoleonic problems, they said, seemed to think of nothing else but acquiring "sugar islands," a term applied in a collective sense to the hundred and odd islands in all parts of the world that were captured or simply annexed in that period. They seemed to have little to do with the great questions at home. No one, possibly except Pitt, foresaw how valuable they would become to the empire. It was England's good fortune, however, to have successors to Pitt who accepted the blazings

on his trails as guide-posts to go by. As to us, it might appear at first as if our successors to Seward were entirely worthy of the class, for have we not since his day acquired the many stepping-stones in the Pacific? Should we not be in a position to dominate the trade of this great ocean? Would that this could be asked in all seriousness!

For us the Pacific Ocean is the great problem of the day. But before we go to that, let us bring Alaska up to date. At present it is paying nine hundred per cent. annually upon the purchase price. The reports for the fiscal year ending with June itemize as follows: copper leads the list, being \$26,500,000; next comes fish, chiefly salmon, valued at \$18,000,000, followed by gold to the value of \$16,000,000. Silver mining yielded \$1,000,000. All other returns, including furs, bring the total annual yield to \$67,000,000.

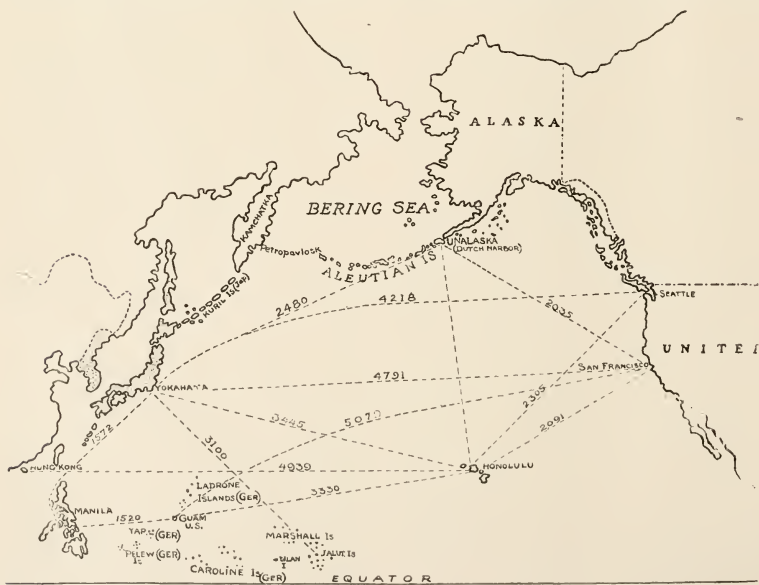
It is only since Klondike days that Alaska has at all been taken seriously, and even from that date the development has come slowly. For instance, the \$26,000,000 of copper produced last year amounted to only \$4,600,000 in 1912. But the point in all this is that Alaska has hardly been scratched. Government experts estimate that it contains deposits of coal worth billions of dollars, besides much tin and petroleum. Here it is well to remember that this is the only coal for ten thousand miles along the Pacific Coast. It is entirely within conservative bounds to say that Alaska will be producing \$100,000,000 annually within ten years. A New York daily, commenting in August on the wealth of Alaska, could find nothing more apropos to say than to express a humorous regret that its climate of forty degrees below zero, or a modification of the same, could not be imported to Manhattan at a time when much needed. In other words, the general reader hardly appreciates what we have in Alaska. And as for a serious

thought for its future safety, such a thing must have been far from the editor's mind.

Two points come to the front now. The first is that Alaska is the biggest prize in the Pacific Ocean. Such fact can be established to the satisfaction of any one by simple comparisons. The next point requires that we rub our eyes a little and awaken to the fact that the cards are now being shuffled for a mighty play as to who is to control this expanse of water. Two years ago it might have been difficult to understand fully just what was meant by the control of an ocean. Probably there are many pacifists who do not grasp the idea yet. But those who have followed the war in Europe for the last two years should have some ideas on the subject. Again, who is shuffling the cards, and who wants the Pacific? The answer to this is that to statesmen there is no uncertainty in determining a nation's probable adversaries within given periods of time and spheres of locality. To them it is all a game of chess, and the unending problem is, What move is the other side likely to

make? When this is understood, the reasons for preparedness in any given time or place become apparent.

Let us compare such a situation with problems in private life. Will this or that neighbor's chickens come into the flower garden to-morrow or next week? They should not, for they have no right there; but all we can say is that they may, and so we fence for them. Does the fence cast suspicion on the next neighbor or on the one twice removed? Neither; we fence against them collectively. Also, against our neighbors collectively we lock our doors. We establish our property lines with good and proper markings. He is a good neighbor next door, and we know he will never bother; nevertheless, to be prepared for contingencies is good business, and to let matters go is poor business. The relations of nations to one another are nothing more than this. We do not have to imagine that this or that king of the South Seas is going to spring at us on a certain date. It is merely good business, now called statesmanship, to consider and



The North Pacific Ocean on Mercator's projection

provide that in case he does spring the situation will be in hand. Therefore, when statesmen take up the map of any given region, it is no more than part of their training and duty to consider the possible and probable contingencies with reference to each and all of the neighbors in that region.

We may now turn to a map of Alaska and the Pacific Ocean on page 242. The first point to notice is that it is an outlying possession, or non-contiguous territory. Had we really put energy into the "fifty-four-forty or fight" political slogan of seventy-five years ago, when the Northwest was almost a *terra incognita* and nothing but a little diplomatic energy was needed for success, we would to-day be owning right up to Alaska. But to get to Alaska now we must go by sea. The sea is not owned by anybody, but it can be controlled, which is just the same thing.

The control of the sea is based on ships,—that is, war-ships,—but just as important as ships is the possession of control-points where ships may ensconce themselves in advantageous positions. Thus, if we wish to know who controls the Mediterranean, we consider Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and the fortifications at Aden lying back of the Suez Canal.

Great Britain, needless to say, has too many trained diplomats in her government to permit any breach of international good taste by announcing that she owns or controls this body of water. And in time of peace even the hint of such a suggestion would be ridiculed. War, however, unfolds the plans of peace.

Once at sea and bound for Alaska, we have, before reaching there, to pass through the Aleutian Islands. It is important to notice their location on the map. Every school-boy knows that we own them. As can be seen, they form a curtain, or barrier, stretching all the way across to Asia, and separate the Bering Sea, which washes Alaska, from the Pacific Ocean. This string of islands is not much more than a series of insignificant rocks jutting out of the water, but as such they are dangerous to ships, as fogs and mists surround them

a great part of the time. In the theory of control-points for defensive purposes they are tremendously important in that they compel ships to pass through certain channels. Near the most important passage through the Aleutians on the road to Alaska there is one of these islands that contains an ice-free port known as Dutch Harbor. It constitutes an excellent control-point, as Malta controls the Mediterranean, or the Falkland Islands control the route around Cape Horn.

Control-points, to be effective, must contain gifts of nature. Their location on the map is the first requisite; next come natural harbors and defensive possibilities. But though nature gives the greater part of a control-point, it expects that he who would use it to its greatest advantage would add to it by the work of man. In this day, as ever, harbors need docks, machine-shops, fortifications, and so forth. Dutch Harbor, out of our hands, would be as effective a barrier against us as is Gibraltar against Spain while out of her hands. For the want of foresight and the adoption of necessary measures, the other fellow will, in war, have a good chance of beating us to Dutch Harbor, and, putting into effect what we have neglected all these years of our golden dividends, bar the way to us ever after.

All this is very serious. Alaska is valuable, and we run great risk of losing it. There is no question that in a struggle for the realm of the Pacific Alaska's fate will be just what Korea's fate was in the Manchurian war of a decade or so ago.

But suppose Dutch Harbor is defended and made into a naval base, what proof is there that Alaska can be saved? We go to the map again. A naval force in Dutch Harbor would be to Alaska and all its sea approaches like a spider in the hiding-part of his web, ready to leap upon anything that appeared. Due to the conformation and size of this little island, there is probably not a naval port in all the world that could be put into a state of defense so thoroughly and so cheaply as Dutch Harbor. In addition to its form, nature seems to have picked a spot for it so that it

should be just as far in distance from San Francisco as it is from Hawaii, which greatly enhances its value as a control-point for sea-power. In such a triangle of forces the attacked or threatened point can be reinforced from the other two. In other words, the attacker, or enemy, thinks twice before breaking into such a combination, and probably comes to the conclusion that it is wiser to hold off.

Geometric values, as in the triangle Dutch Harbor, Honolulu, and San Francisco, are of immense importance in sea problems. Suppose, with this triangle of forces, that Honolulu is attacked. Forces from San Francisco and Dutch Harbor speed down the legs of the triangle in equal time and converge upon the attacker. This convergence of forces is supposed to be superior to the strength of the attacker. That is what a big navy affords. But suppose that this triangle was not equal, and that one point, like Dutch Harbor, was two or three times farther away than from Honolulu to San Francisco. Then, in case Honolulu was attacked, the San Francisco forces, though they could arrive quicker, would nevertheless have to wait till the Dutch Harbor ships arrived.

Waiting in war may cost an empire its fate. If San Francisco sailed in without waiting, then the enemy would be given the opportunity of catching us with divided forces. To fight with forces divided is the sin of all sins in war, and countless thousands of innocent souls have gone down into early graves because their leaders erred in this principle. It was Napoleon's favorite trick to catch the other fellow divided, and then proceed to destroy him, first one half and then the other.

Dutch Harbor possesses other factors of much value and essentially important to us that become apparent with a little further study of the map. For the purpose of stating a problem, we may suppose that a strong hostile sea force based on Hong-Kong or Yokohama intends an attack on our coast. It would be rather foolish for such a force to pass in between

Dutch Harbor and Honolulu, with the opportunity open to our forces to close in behind this hostile force and surround it. It would hardly take such risk. Also, it would be too dangerous to go south and around Honolulu, for, as soon as it touched on our coast its position would be as before.

Now we should have a point in sea-control pictured very clearly: that the line of Dutch Harbor and Honolulu forms a barrier two thousand miles out in front of our coast, and that as long as we have more ships than are likely to assail that line it is impregnable. If Honolulu and Dutch Harbor did not exist, no such line could exist, as ships cannot rest out in the ocean indefinitely. They must have harbors and docks, or naval bases, where they may lie in readiness, saving their strength for the great moment when a naval battle may come, and, coming, seldom lasts more than a few hours.

In problems of sea-power the mind of the admiral has great play for ingenuity, ability, and skill. In such a triangle as we have pictured the admiral might and might not divide his forces among these three points. Let us say that from the known conditions in a war he surmised that an attack from the Asiatic coast was most likely. He knows where the naval bases of the other side are located as well as they know our bases. He expects, say, that Yokohama will attack Honolulu, and the scouts and wireless bring him news that the hostile fleet is headed that way. Had he concentrated in Dutch Harbor in anticipation of such a course, he would now be free to sail for Yokohama to attack that place, being a thousand miles nearer to it than Yokohama is from Honolulu. The Yokohama fellow might now be confronted with the predicament of not being able to get back home.

If any of the readers of this article have observed prairie-dogs and gophers foraging away from their holes, they will have observed how difficult, if not impossible, it is to get between one and his hole. This principle applies strongly in sea strategy. You are lost if you let the other

fellow cut you off from your base. Notice that in the recent battle off Jutland the opposing admirals so manœvered that neither was able to cut the other off his route back home. When a force does cut loose from its base and lets the other fellow intervene, as did the German Admiral von Spee, remembered for sinking a small British fleet under Sir Christopher Craddock off the coast of Chile, such force merely becomes a roving unit and ceases to have any further decisive influence on the ultimate fate of the war. In this case Admiral von Spee was soon sunk.

If we were at peace with Yokohama, but at war with an enemy based on Hong-Kong, our forces in Dutch Harbor would still have the same thousand miles of advantage, and their manœvering would have to be for distances less than the distance between Dutch Harbor and Hong-Kong. In other words, the map shows that he could not get within three thousand miles of San Francisco. But Manila would be easy prey for Hong-Kong, as the distance there is only seven hundred miles, and there would be slight danger in keeping the road back home safe.

Again, should Yokohama direct itself toward Manila instead of toward our side of the ocean, we can grant our enemy as much acumen as we have. We see that it would be too risky for him to go fifteen hundred miles south and leave the road open from Dutch Harbor unless our strength in Manila was, as it is, so insignificant that he might detach so small a force for its conquest as not materially to weaken him in maintaining a front against Dutch Harbor. Cervera's fleet, sailing from Spain for Cuba in 1898, violated this principle, and paid the penalty of never getting back. No doubt the Spanish admiralty understood the points involved, but, notwithstanding, were sent out in obedience to public opinion. This phrase serves for purposes of excuse as well as to cover the great fact that the directing arms of a government are not coördinated with its muscular, that is, military, arms. Such a nation is like a person with loco-

motor ataxia. Its strength, being uncoördinated, is therefore dissipated. Or, putting it the other way round, when public opinion has to step in and direct a government in critical issues, the government is already tottering. The strength of the governments in the present war in Europe is well illustrated through the working of this principle.

But had Cervera been in greatly superior strength, his movement from Spain to Cuba would have been justified, and would have opened possibilities of success against our naval strength. Our fleet would have avoided him; an army could not have been landed in Cuba without involving crazy risks; and even if landed, would ultimately have been lost. Such is the meaning of a fleet, and justifies governments in spending the last dollar in having their fleets superior to that of a probable antagonist. If the fleet is overmatched by the enemy, it had better stay home, for it can do but little and that with odds always against it. The handling of the British and German fleets in the present war plainly illustrates the point involved.

Since the war in Europe started, two matters of great importance have occurred that affect questions of the Pacific. Let us turn to the map again and look at the positions of the Caroline, Ladrone and Marshall islands. They happen to belong to Germany, but were promptly occupied by Japan shortly after the war started. It should be highly objectionable to us that any power based on the Pacific, as is Japan, should retain these islands. If they are to change hands, they should go to an European power, where, as in Germany's hands, they would be as harmless as in the old days of Spanish ownership. This should be apparent to the reader, as a European power, Great Britain excepted, would not control the sea-routes between these points and her home bases. We must always remember that metamorphically a fleet is a prairie-dog.

In the Marshall group Jalut Island is the most important, with possibilities of a base. What steps have already been taken to convert it into a base we do not know.

But even as a rendezvous it is important. The distance from Yokohama is thirty-one hundred miles, and it is readily seen how a force based on it would be in a position to interpose on our route from Honolulu to Manila. Jalut is just three thousand miles east of the Philippines, and it would be a blunder of the first magnitude in time of peace if we permitted a base to be built in our rear in any such location. However, no great strength could be based on Jalut, due to the all-protecting Dutch Harbor position and its short distance to Yokohama. Nevertheless, it is still dangerous, as no great strength would be needed there, as we in turn would hardly develop great strength on our Honolulu-Manila-Guam route. They would merely have to be just strong enough at Jalut to overcome our light voyaging in that direction. In short, they could always be just so strong, with the result that the Philippines would be cut off at the very beginning of hostilities.

Yap, the next island of importance, near Guam, has also been occupied. As can be seen from the map, it lies virtually across the Guam-Manila route, and all that has been said about Jalut applies in similar force to this island. Guam and Manila are now seen to be weak except as they can be defended by the Dutch Harbor-Honolulu force. In fact, any place is weak that projects far out on a single line. The word "far" is referable to the practicable cruising distances of modern fleets, which, for best efficiency, prefer to hold around two thousand miles. From Yokohama to San Francisco is forty-eight hundred miles, or six hundred miles less than to Seattle. This is too great a distance to steam and then attack at the end of such a trip.

Dutch Harbor being only a potential base and in no sense fitted up for naval offense and defense, we may eliminate for the time being. This would enable Yokohama to move by easy stages first to Jalut, which, of course, would be fitted for its needs. From here it would move against Honolulu, which it would attack. Honolulu without Dutch Harbor is only a point

now, and therefore weak. It is as Cuba was to Spain in the Spanish War. We might send the fleet to Honolulu and risk a general engagement, but most likely not. The end is that Honolulu would be left to its fate, and after its fall the road to the coast would be open. It is not until Honolulu falls that the menace of an army being landed on our coast or on the peninsula of southern California confronts us.

On the other hand, the coast might never be more than a theoretical objective for the conquerors of Honolulu. It is highly probable that after it fell, or even before, Dutch Harbor would be moved against, and, as it has no defense whatever, would be simply occupied. A general engagement with our fleet has not yet taken place. Who knows but that the fleet might be retained in the Atlantic, or, a more likely matter, it, being inferior to the attackers, would keep under cover and avoid a general engagement? For the sake of the argument we must presume that if the enemy gets far enough to capture Honolulu he is doing so in the confidence that his fleet is far superior. Thus the meaning of a fleet is again brought before the reader.

It is now time to recall that Alaska is the great prize of the Pacific, and a hostile force once in Dutch Harbor, Alaska falls of its own weight. The reader must not neglect the distance from Yokohama to Dutch Harbor, and bear well in mind that there is very little difference in cruising efficiency between it and our distance from San Francisco to Dutch Harbor. Dutch Harbor to-day is to us what Gibraltar was to Spain in the Armada days. Like her, we have failed to realize potential value. Once out of our hands, we, like Spain, will have impressed upon us its tremendous significance.

The second important matter to affect the Pacific is the recent secret treaty between Japan and Russia. The natural object of a secret treaty is to record points of agreement that outside parties should not know. We, being such an outside party, are of course in the dark about it.

But in turn we draw the perfect right to interpret such a treaty as we please, and to our greatest disadvantage. In diplomacy such is the usual procedure. The treaty in question may have an hundred articles covering all points under the sun, but what interests the present discussion is that by this treaty Yokohama may have, and likely has, secured the right to use Petropavlovsk for war purposes. It is a rather commodious harbor in Russian Kamchatka, and lies about fourteen hundred miles due west of Dutch Harbor, and forms a convenient half-way point between the latter and Yokohama. It freezes in winter, but for a summer campaign it would prove most convenient.

Dutch Harbor and Honolulu, once in hostile hands, would hold an offensive line facing our coast, just as we did in the opposite direction when we held the line. In such a case not only Alaska, but the Philippines and Samoa fall without a shot, and the strategical slate is made clear for an attack against our coast by the landing of troops or by just blocking us in by sea-power. In other words, if this line falls out of our hands, then the new owners will own the ocean right up to the three-mile limit of our coast. And the reader will be only grasping at straws if he now pictures a belated fleet coming to the rescue by way of Panama. The distance from Panama to Honolulu is just as far as from Honolulu to Manila, and therefore too long to make with efficiency and assurance of success after the bases at the end of the route have been lost.

Now we come to sum up by saying that the fact of a secret treaty, the occupation of new control-points, and the feverish haste with which a powerful offensive navy is being built on this ocean is what is meant by the sentence in the early part of the article that the cards are now being shuffled for a mighty play to determine who is to control the Pacific Ocean.

If this is so, why are we not at work on Dutch Harbor, and why has not the Government thought out a comprehensive plan of action that will square with the importance of our future? The answer,

and only answer, is that nationally we are still in the locomotor ataxia stage of uncoördinated thought or action. We have an army and a navy, to be sure. But the army thinks one way, the navy thinks along some other, and, most important, the state department, beautifully oblivious of all, thinks about other things. As far as getting the most of an established policy goes, we are a sort of Spain all over again. But with this difference: our stumbling along is of a lucky form, and, without much thinking, we have generally been able in the past to compliment ourselves that nothing succeeds like success.

An instance in point is that the present European War is frightening us into building a proper fleet. This will probably enable us to appear in the Pacific with a possibly superior force just in the nick of time. If we get our fleet built first, and it is recognized as decidedly superior, there may be no game in the Pacific at all. In other words, if the other side does not see its way clear to win, it will not feel like playing. Such is the meaning of sea-power and such is the insurance that it brings.

These remarks should give an idea to the composite everybody that it is such matter as this that would come to be the chief business before the "National Council of Defense," if Congress ever comes to enact that most important body into existence. Experts among the official classes in the government services understand such questions as these well enough, but they are without the necessary prestige to meet public opinion and have nothing to do with establishing national policies, without which nothing of great importance can be done.

Until such a body comes into existence we remain only half a factor in treating that great catalogue of questions intimately connected with policy and manifest destiny, and which can be treated properly only by a body drawn largely from the highest political representatives of the country, assisted and supplemented by the technical and professional officials of the Government.

It is the only way in which national policies, as separated from the internal affairs of the country, can become established, and allied questions lifted out of the maze of incoherence in which they now float. It is to be noted, and it is highly gratifying, that we are attaining some progress in this regard. For ten years or so the proposition to create a Council of National Defense has been before Congress. The Baltimore Democratic Convention of 1912 adopted a plank in its platform favoring the creation of such a body. After four years, and just as the administration is about to close, the present Congress brings forth a provision as a rider to the army appropriation act. It has nothing to do with the army, but as that bill carried a mass of extraneous legislation, it was incorporated as one of a numerous list of riders.

The section in question prescribes that a Council of National Defense is established for coördination of industries and resources for the national security and welfare, to consist of the secretaries of war, navy, interior, agriculture, commerce, and labor, and to be assisted by an advisory commission of not more than seven persons, each of whom shall have special knowledge of some industry, public utility, or development of some natural resource, or be otherwise specially qualified, in the opinion of the council, for performance of the duties provided, the commission to serve without compensation, etc.

For a Council of National Defense the measure means nothing. Why it was prepared in this emasculated form by Mr. Hay, the chairman of the military committee of the House, in whose hands it was, is due to several reasons. The first probable reason is that in the minds of congressmen and our general public the belief is strong that there is such a thing as passive defense. Thus this new body is authorized to study and evolve a plan how best to munition or feed armies to repel Asiatic hordes, if such were landed on our

Pacific coast. The reader, it seems sure, must clearly comprehend by now that if an enemy is so much as even able to land on that coast he has the struggle mostly won. The advantage of position is all with him.

Another probable reason for the bill taking the form it has is that Congress may have been uncertain what such a council might do, and so, to avoid being embarrassed by it, first, they clipped its wings, by taking away the Secretary of State, whose presence is absolutely necessary if this body is to have the necessary prestige in matters of national policy; and, second, in limiting the functions of the council to matters far removed from questions of policy. The reader of current events of the last two years must realize how painfully lacking we are in not having such a body to furnish correlated data and to furnish a plan for the harmonizing of the departments of the Government. Not only do we lose in prestige by not having such, but in treasure we waste tens of millions through each of the government departments working in its own separate way. Just a point for proof: the chamber of commerce of Galveston, Texas, applied to a congressman that the city should be defended from sea attack, and he introduced a bill for a fort to cost half a million or more, which the war department built and garrisoned. No other government in the world could afford to be so wasteful as to carry out such a measure when the obvious solution would be to decide that the defense of this place from the sea rested upon the control of the Gulf of Mexico, a matter entirely within the keeping of the navy. But there is no coördinating department of the Government to make just such decision except the President himself, who is already too overwhelmed with just such details.

The result is that where not a cent was needed, a half a million or more was spent because there was no other way of meeting the matter. All this is the folly of an uncoördinated government.

Feud

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

TO-DAY he lives in Bokhara, in the old quarter of the desert town that the natives call *Bokhara-i-Shereef*. He has a store in a bazaar not far from the Samarkand Gate, where he sells the gold-threaded brocades of Khiva and the striped Bokhariot belts that the caravan-exchange for brick-pressed tea across the border in Chinese Turkestan, and where, methodically filling his pipe with tobacco from the carved pumpkin-shell at his elbow, he praises the greatness of Russia and the wisdom of the czar.

There, at noon every day, his ten-year-old son comes to him, bringing clean and well-splendid food from the market.

"Look at him!" he says often, proudly pinching the supple arms of the lad, and exhibiting him as he would a pedigreed stallion. "Sinews and muscles and a far-seeing eye, and no nerves—none at all. Because of which I give thanks to Allah the Wise-judging, the opener of the door of knowledge with the key of His mercy. For one day my son will wear a plaited, green coat and a tall *chugerma* cap of white fur, and serve the czar. He will learn to shoot straight, *very* straight, and then," he adds, with a meaning smile, if he happens to be speaking to one of the three men whom he trusts,—“then he will desert. But he will return, perhaps,”—rapidly snapping his fingers to ward off misfortunes,—“he will return to his regiment, and he will not be very much punished.”

A true Russian man he calls himself, and his name, too, has a Russian purring and deep ringing to it—“Pavel Alikhanski.” Also there is talk in the town that he is in the pay of that great Bokharan magnate, the *kushbegi*, friend of the czar, bringing tales to him about his Highness the ameer, and receiving milled gold for the telling of them. And why cannot the *kushbegi* be the future Ameer of Bokhara

if, indeed, the tales be cunningly woven and Russia willing?

But ten years ago, when I called him friend, his name was not Alikhanski. Then he called himself Wazir Ali-Khan Sulaymani, that last name giving clue to his nation and race; for “Sulaymani” means “descendant of King Solomon,” and it is known in half the world that the Afghans claim this resplendent Hebrew potentate as their breed’s remote sire.

In those days he lived in a certain gray and turbulent city not far from the north-eastern foot-hills of the Himalayas, where three great empires link elbows and swap lies and intrigues and occasional murders, and where the Afghan mist falls down like a veil of purple-gray chiffon. In those days neither Russia nor the czar was on his lips, and he called himself an Herati, an Afghan from Herat, city-bred and city-courteous, but with a strain of maternal blood that linked him to the mountains and the sharp, red feuds of the mountains. But city-bred he was, and as such he lisped Persian, sipped coffee flavored with musk, and gave soft answer to harsh word.

He did not keep shop then, and none knew his business, though we all tried to find out, chiefly I, serving the Ameer of Afghanistan in that far city, and retailing the gossip of the inner bazaars from the border to the rose gardens of Kabul, where the governor sits in state and holds durbar.

But money he had, also breeding, also a certain winsome gentleness of spirit and speech, a soft moving of high-veined hands, well-kept, and finger-nails darkened with henna in an effeminate manner.

He spent many a day in the hills, the Khwadja Hills, called poetically Hill A12, C5, K-K67, and so forth, in the Russian and British survey-maps. There

he would shoot bighorns and an occasional northern tiger that had drifted down in the wake of the outer Mongolian snows. This was strange, for an Afghan does not kill for the sake of killing, the sake of sport. He kills only for the sake of food or of feud.

Nor could he explain even to himself why three or four times every month he left his comfortable town house and went into the hills, up and down, following the call of the wilderness; through the gut of the deep-cleft Nadakshi Pass; up beyond the table-lands, pleasant with apricot- and mulberry-trees; still farther up to the smoke-dimmed height of the Salt Hills, where he stained his soft, city-bred hands with the dirt of the tent-peg and the oily soot of his rifle.

Once I asked him, and he laughed gently.

"My mother came from the hills," he replied, "and it is perhaps her blood screaming in my veins which makes me take to the hills, to kill bighorn and snow-tiger instead of killing brother Afghans."

"You do not believe in feuds?" I was astonished, for I was young in those days.

Again he laughed.

"I *do* believe in feud," he said; "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. A true saying, and a wise one. But what worth is there to me in killing my enemy if my enemy's son will kill me in the course of time? An unfinished feud is a useless thing. For, tell me, can even the fleetest horse escape its own tail? Can the naked tear their clothes? Can a dead horse eat grass?"

So month after month he went into the hills, and he came back, his soul filled with the sights he had seen, his spirit peopled with the tales and the memories of the hills. Often I spent the evening with him, and he would digest his experiences in the acrid fumes of his bamboo pipe. He smoked opium in those days.

Then one day he came back from the hills a married man.

She was a hillwoman of the Moustaffa-Khel tribe, and her name was Bibi Halima. She was a distant cousin of his on

his mother's side, and thus the marriage had been a proper thing, since we of Afghanistan do not believe in mating with strangers.

Tall, hook-nosed, white-skinned, with gray-black, flashing eyes and the build of a lean she-panther, not unbeautiful, and fit mother for a strong man's sons, I saw her often. For these hillwomen despise the customs of the sheltered towns; they will not cover their bodies with the swathing *farandjés*, nor their faces with the *chasband*, the horsehair veil of the city women.

Ali-Khan loved her. He loved her with that love which comes to fortunate men once in a lifetime—once and not oftener. His spoken love was as his hands, soft and smooth and courtly and slightly scented. He would fill those hands with gifts for her adornment, and he would write poems to her in the Persian manner.

And she? Did she love him?

Assuredly, though she was silent. The women of Afghanistan do not speak of love unless they are courtezans. They bear children,—sons, if Allah wills,—and what else is there for woman in the eyes of woman or of man? Also, since love is sacrifice, can there be greater proof of love than the pain of giving birth?

No, Bibi Halima did not weave words of love, cunning and soft. Perhaps she thought her husband's spoken love-words in keeping with his henna-stained fingernails, an effeminacy of the city, smacking of soft Persia and softer Stamboul, the famed town of the West.

She did not speak of love, but the time was near when she was about to give answer, lusty, screaming answer. She expected a child.

"May Allah grant that it be a man-child," she said to her husband and to her mother, a strong-boned, hook-nosed old hag of a hillwoman who had come down into the city to soothe her daughter's pains with her knowledge—"a man-child, broad-bodied and without a blemish!"

"Aye, by God, the holder of the scale of law! A man-child, a twirler of



"Then the terrible rage of the Afghans rose suddenly in Ebrahim Asif's throat."

strength, a breaker of stones, a proud stepper in the councils of fighting men!" chimed in the old woman, using a tribal saying of the Moustaffa-Khel.

Ali-Khan, as was his wont, snapped his fingers rapidly to ward off the winds of misfortune. He bent over Bibi Halima's hands, and kissed them very gently, for you must remember that he was a soft man, city-bred, very like a Persian.

"Let it be a man-child," he said in his turn, and his voice was as deep and holy as the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. "Allah, give me a son, a little son, to complete my house, to give meaning and strength to my life; and to yours, blood of my soul," he added, again kissing Bibi Halima's hands. "And you, beloved," he continued haltingly, for a great fear was in his heart—"but you, pearl tree of delight—you must live to—"

"Silence, babble-mouth!" the old mother interrupted with a shriek. "Do not speak aloud with naked heart and tongue! You will bring ill luck on your house! Of course she will live. She is my daughter, blood of my blood and bone of my bone. She is of the hills. And I—" she laughed— "Seven sons have I borne to my lord, and still I live." And she pushed Ali-Khan toward the door, mumbling bitter words about foolish men of Persian manners sporting with the jinn of misfortune. "Go now!"

"I go," Ali-Khan said submissively; and he returned, half an hour later, bearing many gifts, silk and bracelets and sweetmeats and perfume from Ispahan.

But Bibi Halima waved them aside with a short, impatient gesture. No, no, no, she did not want these man-made things. She wanted him to go to the hills to bring back to her the flowers of the hills, purple rhododendrons, soft-colored mimosas, and wild hibiscus smelling strongly of summer.

"Go to the hills, O pilgrim," added the old woman as she saw his anxious face. "We women need no man around in the hour of trial. Ho!" she spat out her betel through blackened, stumpy teeth, "let women do women's business. Men in the

house are as useless as barren spinsters, fit only to break the household pots. Go to the hills, my lord, and bring back the flowers of the hills. On your return, with the help of Allah, there will be a little son strengthening the house."

And so he went to the hills, his rifle in his arm. Up to the high hills he went to pick flowers for his beloved, a song on his lips.

"O Peacock, cry again," I heard his voice as he passed my house.

Early the next morning Ebrahim Asif came to town. He also was of the Moustaffa-Khel, and a first cousin to Bibi Halima, and upon the blue-misted Salt Hills he was known as a brawler and a swashbuckler. A year before, so I heard afterward, following the custom of the hills, which does not make marriage a matter of jingling silver, he had spoken to her of love, and had been refused. She had married Ali-Khan instead a few months later.

Now he came to her house, bearing gifts, and the old mother stood in the doorway.

"Go away!" she shrilled; for being an Afghan herself, she did not trust the Afghan, her sister's son.

Ebrahim Asif laughed.

"I have come to see my cousin and Ali-Khan. See, I have come bringing gifts."

But still the old woman was suspicious.

"Trust a snake before an Afghan," she replied. "Ali-Khan is away to the hills. Go away, filthy spawn of much evil!"

"Spawn of your sister's blood, you mean," he replied banteringly; and the old woman laughed, for this was a jest after her own heart. "Let me in!" he continued. "Once your daughter blinded my soul with a glance of her eye. Once the fringe of her eyelids took me into captivity without ransom. But time and distance have set me free from the shackles of my love. It is forgotten. Let me bring these gifts to her."

So the old woman let him into the zenana, where the windows were darkened to shut out the strong Northern sun. Bibi Halima gave him pleasant greeting from

where she lay on the couch in the corner of the room.

And he also spoke to her with kindly words.

"Live forever, most excellent cousin!" he said, bowing with clasped hands. "Live in the shadow of happiness during the times of day, whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills, and during the hours of night, whilst the bird of the tamarisk moaneth like the childless mother!" He took a step nearer. "I have brought you presents, dispenser of delights."

Bibi Halima laughed, knowing of old Ebrahim Asif's facility for turning cunning words. She spoke to her mother.

"Open the blinds, Mother, and let me see what my cousin has brought from the hills."

The old woman drew up the blinds, and Bibi Halima looked.

"See, see, Mother!" she exclaimed with delight, "see the gifts which my cousin has brought me—gifts to adorn the house!"

"Aye, Daughter," the old woman replied, "gifts to adorn the house." And then she added, with the pride of age greedy for grandchildren, "but there will be a gift yet more fit to adorn this house when you lay a man-child into your lord's arms."

Then the terrible rage of the Afghans rose suddenly in Ebrahim Asif's throat. He had come in peace, bearing gifts, as I said; but when he heard that the woman whom once he had loved would give birth to a child, the other man's child, he drew his *chery*.

A slashing, downward thrust, and he was out of the house and off to the hills again.

The blow had struck Bibi Halima's temple with full force. She was half dead, but she forced back her ebbing strength because she wanted to hold a man-child in her arms before she died.

"Stop your crying!" She turned to her mother, who had fallen into a moaning heap at the foot of the couch. "Allah el-Mumit—God the dispenser of justice—will not let me die before I have laid a

son into my lord's arms. Call a doctor of the English."

So the old woman came to my door, giving word to me of what had occurred. I hurried to the Street of the Mutton Butchers, where the English *hakim* lived, and together we went to the house of Bibi Halima.

He examined her, dressed her wound, and said:

"A child will be born, but the mother will assuredly die."

The old woman broke into a storm of tears, but Bibi Halima silenced her with a gesture.

"It is as God wills," she said, and the doctor marveled at her vitality. "Let but the child be born first, and let that child be a man-child. The rest matters not. And you"—she turned to me—"and you, my friend, go to the hills and fetch me my lord."

I bowed assent, and went to the door.

"Wait!" Her voice was firm despite her loss of blood. "If on the way you should meet Ebrahim Asif, you must not kill him. Let him be safe against my husband's claiming."

"I shall not touch him," I promised, though the sword at my side was whinnying in its scabbard like a Balkh stallion in the riot of young spring.

All that day and the following night, making no halt, I traveled, crossing the Nadakshi Pass at the lifting of dawn, and smelling the clean snow of the higher range the following noon. Here and there, from mountaineers and the Afghan ameer's rowdy soldiers, I asked if aught had been seen of the two men, both being well known in the land.

Yes, I asked for *both* men; for while I was hurrying to my friend with the message which was about my heart like a heel-ropes of grief, it was also in my soul to keep track of Ebrahim Asif. Kill him I could not, because of the promise I had given to Bibi Halima; but perhaps I could reach Ali-Khan before the other had a chance to make the rock-perched villages of the Moustaffa-Khel, and thus comparative safety.

It was late in the afternoon, with the lights of the camp-fires already twinkling in the gut of the Nadakshi, when I heard the noise of tent-peg speaking to hammer-nose, and the squealing of pack-ponies, free of their burdens, rolling in the snow. It was a caravan of Bokhara *tadjiks* going south to Kabul with wool and salt and embroidered silks, and perhaps a golden bribe for the governor.

They had halted for a day and a night to rest the sore feet of their animals, and the head-man gave me ready answer.

"Yes, Pilgrim," he said; "two men passed here this day, both going in the same direction," and he pointed it out to me. "I did not know them, being myself a stranger in these parts; but the first was a courteous man who was singing as he walked. He gave us pleasant greeting, speaking in Persian, and dipped hands in our morning meal. Two hours later, traveling on the trail of the first man, another man passed the *kafilah*, a hillman, with the manners of the hills, and the red lust of killing in his eyes, nosing the ground like a jackal. We did not speak to him, for we do not hold with hillmen and hill-feuds. We be peaceful men, trading into Kabul."

It was clear to me that the hillman intended to forestall just fate by killing Ali-Khan before the latter had heard of what had befallen Bibi Halima. So I thanked the *tadjik*, and redoubled my speed; and late that evening I saw Ebrahim Asif around the bend of a stone spur in the higher Salt Range, walking carefully, using the shelter of each granite boulder, like a man afraid of breech-bolt snicking from ambush. For a mile I followed him, and he did not see me or hear me. He knew that his enemy was in front, and he did not look behind. Again the sword was whinnying at my side, and the barrel of my rifle throbbed with desire. For Ali-Khan was friend to me, and we of Afghanistan are loyal in living, loyal also in taking life. Thus was there a choking rage in my heart; the young moon above me was bloated and crimson, like a slaugh-

tered soul crying for vengeance; and in my mouth was the taste of dirt.

But there was my promise to Bibi Halima to keep Ebrahim Asif safe against her husband's claiming.

And I kept him safe, *quite* safe, by Allah, the holder of the balance of right. For using a short cut which I knew, having once had a blood-feud in those very hills, I appeared suddenly in front of Ebrahim Asif, covering him with my rifle.

He did not show fight, for no hillman will battle against impossible odds. Doubtless he thought me a robber of the highways; and so, obeying my command, he dropped his rifle and his *cheray*, and he suffered me to bind his hands behind his back with my waistband.

But when I spoke to him, when I pronounced the name of Ali-Khan and Bibi Halima, he turned as yellow as a dead man's bones. His knees shook. The fear of death came into his eyes, and also a great cunning; for these Moustaffa-Khel are gray wolves among wolves.

"Walk ahead of me, son of Shaitan and of a she-jackal," I said, gently rubbing his heart with the muzzle of my rifle. "Together you and I shall visit Ali-Khan. Walk ahead of me, son of a swine-fed bazaara-woman."

He looked at me mockingly.

"Bitter words," he said casually, "and they, too, will be washed out in blood."

"A dead jackal does not bite," I said, and laughed; "or do you think that perhaps Ali-Khan will show you mercy? Yes, yes," I added, still laughing, "he is a soft man, with the manners of a Persian. Assuredly he will show you mercy."

"Yes," he replied, "perhaps he will show me mercy." Again the cunning look shone in his eyes, and a second later he broke into riotous, high-shrilling laughter.

"Why the laughter?" I asked, astonished.

"Because you shall behold the impossible."

"What?"

"When the impossible happens, it is seen," he answered, using the Sufi saying; "for eyes and ears prove the existence of



“The tiny hand gripped it, while the blade, point down, shone in the rays of the afternoon sun”

that which cannot exist: a stone swims in the water; an ape sings a Kabuli love-song—"

"Go on!" I interrupted him impatiently, rubbing his side with my rifle.

So we walked along, and every few seconds he would break into mad laughter, and the look of cunning would shine in his gray eyes. Suddenly he was quiet. Only he breathed noisily through his nostrils, and he rolled his head from side to side like a man who has taken too much *bhang*. And that also was strange, for, with his hands tied behind his back, he could not reach for his opium-box, and I could not make it out at all.

A few minutes later we came in sight of Ali-Khan. He was sitting on a stone ledge near a bend of the road, flowers about him, carefully wrapped in moist, yellow moss so that they would keep fresh for the longing of his beloved, and singing his old song, "O Peacock, cry again—"

Then he saw us, and broke off. Astonishment was in his eyes, and he turned a little pale.

"Ebrahim Asif," he stammered, "what is the meaning of this?" And then to me, who was still covering the hillman with my rifle: "Take away your weapon from Ebrahim! He is blood-cousin to Bibi Halima, distant cousin to me."

"Ho!" Ebrahim's shout cut in as sharp as the point of an Ulwar saber. "Ho! ho! ho!" he shouted again and again. Once more the mad, high-shrilling laughter, and then suddenly he broke into droning chant.

I shivered a little, and so did Ali-Khan. We were both speechless. For it was the epic, impromptu chanting which bubbles to the lips of the Afghan hillmen in moments of too great emotion, the chanting which precedes madness, which in itself is madness—the madness of the she-wolf, heavy with young, which has licked blood.

"Listen to the song of Ebrahim Asif, the Sulaymani, the Moustaffa-Khel," he droned, dancing in front of us with mincing steps, doubly grotesque because his hands were tied behind his back; "listen to the song of Ebrahim Asif, son of Abu

Salih Musa, grandson of Abdullah el-Jayli, great-grandson of the Imam Hasan Abu Talib, great-great-grandson of Abd al-Muttalib al-Mahz! I have taken my rifle and my *cheray*, and I have gone into the plains to kill. I descended into the plains like a whirlwind of destruction, leaving behind me desolation and grief. Blood is on my hands, blood of feud justly taken, and therefore I praise Allah, opener of the locks of hearts with His name, and—"

The words died in his throat, and he threw himself on the ground, mouthing the dirt like a jackal hunting for a buried corpse.

For a moment I stood aghast. Was the man really mad?

But no; I remembered the cunning look which had crept into his eyes when he had said that perhaps Ali-Khan would show him mercy. He was *playing* at being mad. There was no other way of saving his life, for in the hills madmen are considered especially beloved by Allah, and thus sacrosanct.

"Blood has reddened the palms of my hands," came the droning chant as Ebrahim Asif jumped up again from the ground and began again his whirling dance.

"What has happened?" Ali-Khan whispered in my ear. "Has there been killing? Where? When?"

Instead of replying, I pressed my rifle into his hands.

"Shoot him!" I cried. "Shoot!"

He looked at me, utterly amazed.

"But why? Why should I shoot him?"

Again the droning chant of Ebrahim rose, swelling and decreasing in turns, dying away in a thin, quavery tremolo, then bursting forth thick and palpable.

"I give thanks to Allah the Just, the withdrawer of the veils of hidden things, the raiser of the flag of beneficence! For He guided my footsteps! He led me into the plains. And there I took toll, red toll!" There came a shriek of mad laughter, then very softly he chanted: "Once a nightingale warbled in the villages of the Moustaffa-Khel, and now she is dead.

The death-gongs are ringing in the city of the plains—”

“Shoot him,” I shouted again to Ali-Khan, “or, by Allah, I myself will shoot him.” And I picked up the rifle.

But he put his hand across its muzzle.

“But why, why?” he asked. “He is blood-cousin to Bibi Halima. Also does it seem that reason has departed his mind. He is a madman, a man beloved by Allah. Shall I thus burden my soul with a double sin because of your bidding?”

“But—but—” I stammered. The words choked between my lips. My duty to tell him of what had happened in his house while he was away picking flowers for his beloved! My duty to dim the mirror of his life with the breath of bitter news!

“Why should I shoot him?” he asked again.

And then, before I found speech, the answer came, stark, crimson, in the hillman’s mad chant:

“Bibi Halima was her name, and she mated with a rat of the cities, a rat of an Herati speaking Persian. Now she is dead. I drew my *cheray*, and I struck. The blade is red with the blood of my loved one; the death-gongs are ringing—”

Then Ali-Khan understood. He shivered and swayed like a tree cut away from its supporting roots.

“Allah!” he shouted. And the long, lean Afghan knife leaped to his hand like a sentient being. “Allah!” he said again, and a deep rattle was in his throat.

The grief in the man’s eyes was horrible to see. I put my hand on his arm.

“She is not dead,” I said.

“Is that the truth?” he asked; then, pitifully, as I did not reply, “we have spoken together with naked hearts before this. Tell me, is the tale true?”

“The child will be born,” I said, quoting the English doctor’s words, “but Bibi Halima will assuredly die.”

And then—and at the time it seemed to me that the great sorrow had snatched at the reins of his reason—Ali-Khan sheathed his knife, with a little dry metallic click of finality.

“It is even as Allah wills,” he said, and

he bowed his head. “Even as Allah wills,” he repeated. He turned toward the east, spread out his long, narrow hands, and continued with a low voice, speaking to himself, alone in the presence of God, as it were:

“Against the blackness of the night, when it overtaketh me, I betake me for refuge to Allah, the lord of daybreak.”

There came a long silence, the hillman again rolling on the ground, mouthing the dirt after the manner of jackals.

Finally I spoke:

“Kill him, my friend; kill him slowly while I hold him. Let us finish this business, so that we may return to the city.”

“Kill him?” he asked, and there was in his voice that which resembled laughter. “Kill a madman, a man beloved by Allah the Just?” He walked over to Ebrahim Asif, touching him gently with the point of his shoe. “Kill a madman?” he repeated, and he smiled sweetly at the prostrate hillman, as a mother smiles at a prattling babe.

“The man is not mad,” I interrupted roughly: “he is playing at being mad.”

“No! no!” Ali-Khan said with an even voice as passionless as fate; but there was a light in his eyes like a high-eddying flame. “Assuredly the man is mad—mad by the forty-seven true saints. For who but a madman would kill a woman? And so you, being my friend, will take this madman to the villages of the Moustaffa-Khel. See him safely home. For it is not good that harm should come to those whom Allah loves. Tell the head-man of the village, tell the priest, tell the elders, tell everybody, that there is no feud. Tell them that Ebrahim Asif can live out his life in peace. Also his sons, and the sons which the future will bring him. Safe they are in God’s keeping because of their father’s madness!”

I drew him to one side, and whispered to him:

“What is the meaning of this? What—what—”

He interrupted me with a gesture, speaking close to my ear:

“Do as I bid you for the sake of our

friendship; for it is said that the mind of a friend is the well of trust, and the stone of confidence sinks therein and is no more seen." He was silent for a moment, then he continued in yet lower voice: "Hold him safe against my claiming? Assuredly him and his sons—and—" then suddenly, "O Allah, send me a man-child!"

And he strode down the hill into the purple dusk, while I, turning over his last words in my mind, said to myself that he was a soft man indeed; but that there is also the softness of forged steel, which bends to the strength of the sword-arm, and which kills on the rebound.

So, obeying my friend's command, I went to the villages of the Moustaffa-Khel. I delivered Ebrahim Asif safe into the hands of the *jirgahs*, giving them the message with which Ali-Khan had intrusted me.

There was a little laughter, a little cutting banter hard to bear, and some talk of cowards, of city-bred Heratis turning the other cheek after the manner of the *feringhees*, of blind men wanting nothing but their eyes; but I kept my tongue safe between my teeth. For I remembered the softness of steel; I remembered Ali-Khan's love for Bibi Halima; and thirdly I remembered that there is no love as deep as hate.

Four days later I knocked at the door of Ali-Khan's house, and there was the moaning of women, and the ringing of the death-gong.

Ali-Khan was alone in his room, smoking opium.

"A son has been born me, praise Allah!" was his greeting.

"Praise Allah and the prophet and the prophet's family, and peace and many blessings on them all!" I laid my left hand against his, palm to palm, and kissed him on both cheeks.

There was no need to ask after Bibi Halima, for still from the inner rooms came the moaning of women and the ringing of the death-gong. But another question was in my heart, and he must have read it. For he turned to me, smiling gently, and said:

"Heart speaks naked to heart, and the head answers for both. And I am an Herati and a soft man."

There was peace in his eyes, at which I wondered, and he continued:

"Once I spoke to you of feud. I said that an unfinished feud is a useless thing, as useless as horns on a cat or flowers of air. For, if I kill my enemy, my enemy's son, knowing my name and race, will kill me, and thus through the many generations. A life for a life, and yet again a life for a life. And where, then, is the balancing of lives? Where, then, is the profit to me and mine? So I have made peace between Ebrahim Asif and myself, cunningly, declaring him a madman, beloved by Allah, thus sacrosanct. And I shall sell my house here, and take my little son and go north to Bokhara. I shall sit under the shadow of the Russian czar, and I shall prosper exceedingly; for I know central Asia and the intrigues of central Asia, and I shall sell my knowledge to the czar. I shall be not without honor."

"Do you, then, love the bear of the North that you are willing to serve him?"

"Love is of the mind and not of the heart,"—he flung out a bare palm,—"unless it be the love of woman. And Bibi Halima is dead."

"Then why serve the czar?" For he it remembered that in those days I served the Ameer of Afghanistan, and that there was talk in the bazaars of a railway being built from Bokhara to Merv, within striking distance of Herat.

Again he smiled.

"Because I said that love is of the mind. What does me weal, that I love and serve. What does me harm, that I hate and fight. See? Years from now, if it be so written, my son, thanks to the honor which shall be mine under the shadow of the czar, will be a soldier of the czar in the north, in Bokhara. He will be trained after the manner of the North, and he will shoot as straight as a hawk's flight. He will be the pride of the regiment, and he will wear the little silver medal on a green ribbon which is given to the best marksman in the army. And one day the

young soldier, bearing a Russian name, even as will his father, will desert from his regiment for a week or a month, and the tale will be spread that he has gone north to Moscow because of his young blood's desire to see new sights and kiss strange women. But he will not have gone north at all. No, by the teeth of God and mine own honor! He will have gone south, to these very hills, and there will be no desire in his heart but the desire to kill. He will kill Ebrahim Asif and his sons—may he have as many as there are hairs in my beard!—and also the women, at night, when they go to the brook to fetch water for the evening meal. He will kill from ambush, wasting no shots, being a soldier trained to war. *Ahi!* the carrion of the clan of Ebrahim Asif will feed the kites of the Salt Hills, and for many a day to come the jackals of the Nadakshi will not feel the belly-pinch of hunger. And the family of Ebrahim Asif shall be no more, and thus will the feud be stanch'd, if God be willing. And then

my son will return to the north, to Bokhara. And tracking him will be like tracking the mists of dawn to their home. For what is one soldier more or less in the great land of the czar, where there are thousands and thousands and thousands of them? Also, will not the Government's protection be his, since I, his father, too, will be serving the czar not without honor?"

He left the room and returned, a moment later, holding in his arms a little bundle of silk and linen.

"Look," he said, baring carefully the head of the new-born infant. "See the eagle profile, the hooded brow, the creamy skin, the black, curly hair! An Afghan of Afghans! And see,—he opens his right eye,—has he not the eye of the killer?"

The child twisted and gave a little cry. Ali-Khan took a long, lean knife from the wall, offering its hilt to his son. The tiny hand gripped it, while the blade, point down, shone in the rays of the afternoon sun.



The Economic Heresy of the Allies

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "Imperiled Holland," "Rome Rampant," etc.

THE Allies' recent economic conference at Paris is a melancholy example of war's perverting influence upon the intellect of man. The conference's decisions fall under three main heads: (1) measures to be taken by the Allied governments during the war; (2) transitory measures for the reconstruction period immediately after the war; (3) permanent measures of mutual aid and collaboration. All these, of course, are of an economic character.

To the first of these categories, looking toward the complete economic isolation of the Central Powers during the continuance of hostilities, no logical objection can be offered, however high-handed some of the clauses may appear to neutrals. Before war's categorical imperative all other considerations must bow, and many things intolerable in times of peace become natural and even inevitable with the first clash of arms.

But with the other two categories the situation is quite different. These measures aim at nothing less than a permanent economic combine of the Allied nations, directed specifically against the Central Powers, yet unpleasantly hinting at possible discrimination against neutrals. Here at last we have official indorsement of all that war-after-the-war talk freely indulged in by publicists of both sides; a truly alarming encouragement to those who would crystallize present enmities past all hope of reconciliation, split the world permanently asunder, and open up a vista of chronic war fatal to modern civilization.

Weighty as are these latter objections, however, we will exclude all such humanitarian considerations from our present discussion and will confine ourselves to the strictly economic aspect of the question. Fortunately for man's future, the projected Allied combine seems doomed to

failure as flying squarely in the face of the most elementary principles of economic theory and practice. The pity of it is that it should be even tried, for it will certainly work much mischief during its short and stormy existence. Many of the wisest voices in the Allied camp itself are to-day protesting against the attempt. Financial organs like the London "Economist," commercial leaders like the presidents of the Moscow bourse and the Paris chamber of commerce, and statesmen like Lord Bryce, dissent vigorously from the scheme. But the myopia of fear and passion has so blinded the warring peoples that the plan seems certain to be tried. Such being the case, it remains for us only to analyze the project's elements of strength and weakness.

Seen upon a Mercator's projection map of the world, the Allied combine certainly does look formidable enough. England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, and Portugal, with all their vast colonial possessions, not to mention Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, together produce every conceivable variety of raw material or manufactured article, and might theoretically form a perfectly self-sufficient economic whole. But they could do so only by a thoroughgoing division of labor which would revolutionize every one of their economic lives. And this is just where the trouble will begin, for none of these nations is prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to the common cause. History is strewn with the wrecks of attempts to subordinate economic realities to political desires, but no such utopian concept as the present has ever yet seriously engaged the mind of man. Every known type of economic system is represented in this strange fellowship, from free-trade England to rock-ribbed protectionist France, infant-industry protectionist Russia, and monopolistic Japan. The only conceivable method of

really overcoming these divergencies would be the institution of mutual free trade between all the Allied nations. This would certainly involve no change in England's economic system. But would any of the other parties assent to the arrangement? Let us see.

Russia might, at first sight, appear amenable to conversion. A vast country of almost limitless agricultural possibilities, she is capable of feeding all western Europe with her cereals. Indeed, her grain-trade is her economic life, and the stoppage of that trade since the beginning of the war to-day threatens her with economic strangulation. Yet who in 1914 was her best customer? Germany, who took one third of all Russia's exports. If Russia now enters upon permanent economic war with the Central Powers, she must resign herself to the loss of this German market, not to mention those of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and the Ottoman Empire. How will Russia recoup herself? Obviously she must find new markets equal to the old, and that right speedily, for her financial condition is to-day so bad that failure to keep up her exports will mean bankruptcy. The answer is self-evident: her allies must find her these new markets by opening their own doors to her grain, timber, and other staple products.

This is just what the Russians are now demanding in no uncertain terms. "In agreeing to fight Germany," recently wrote M. Bublikov, a member of the Duma and one of Russia's most eminent financial specialists, "we must demand of our allies the assurance that our interests will be respected, and that this struggle against the recovery of Germany will not be conducted at the price of our own impoverishment." Another noted Russian economist, Professor Miguline, in a special report to the Russian minister of finance, complains strongly of the prohibitory French and Italian tariffs on food-stuffs and lumber, and asserts categorically that such barriers must be lowered before Russia can think of committing herself to an economic war with the Teu-

tonic empires. Before the Russian agricultural congress held last March, M. Boradaievski, the grain-trade expert, declared flatly that unless the Allies took care of Russia's cereal exports she would have to make a commercial treaty with Germany containing even a most-favored-nation clause. Indeed, M. Rostovtsev, member of the Duma committee on commerce, demands nothing short of a de facto monopoly for Russian cereals on the British market, to the exclusion even of Canada, and also asks similar favors in all the Allied markets for Russian lumber, to the exclusion of such competitors as Canada and the Scandinavian countries.

Such are Russia's demands. Yet what possible chance have they of being acceded to? Would England, to-day, obviously veering toward "imperial preference," dare thus to flout her great overseas dominions? As to France, agriculturally self-sufficient, thanks to high protection, let any one who knows the temper and political power of the French peasant imagine a French ministry venturing to sacrifice Jacques Bonhomme in such cavalier fashion!

But this is only the beginning of the story. For poor and backward Russia it is not sufficient to sell dearly; she must buy cheaply as well. The outstanding feature in Russian economic life to-day is the frightful rise in the cost of living. Russian economists are seriously alarmed on this score, and many draw therefrom the gloomiest deductions. Before the war German goods virtually dominated the Russian market. In part this was due to the favorable Russo-German commercial treaty of 1904, but Russian economic writers themselves admit that other prime causes were geographical proximity, ease of intercommunication, and Teutonic ability to meet Russian wants. "However desirable may be the commercial boycotting of Germany after the war," remarks M. Bublikov, "we must not overlook the difficult situation in which Russia would thereby be placed. Why did Russia buy so much from Germany? Evidently be-

cause she could get things cheaper or on better terms from Germany than from England or France. It is therefore clear that the cessation of commercial relations with Germany would mean for Russian consumers a rise in the cost of living and a tightening of credits. Can weak Russia bear such a burden? There can be but one answer to that question." And M. Titov, an influential member of the Duma and editor of the Petrograd "Financial Gazette," admits frankly that unless these difficulties are solved, "the old economic relations will be reestablished, however undesirable that might be from the political point of view."

And even this is not all. Granting for the sake of argument that the Western Allies would throw open their markets to Russian produce and that they could manage to supply Russian needs as cheaply and advantageously as the Germans, would Russia resign herself to play the part of farmer and lumberman to the Allied economic combine? Certainly not. Russia has long yearned to become economically a second United States, to supplement her agricultural existence by a flourishing industrial life. About twenty years ago the late Count Witte took the first step in this direction by the institution of a high protective tariff. Behind the shelter of this tariff wall a vast industrial edifice has arisen, absorbing billions of capital and supporting millions of workers. Most of these undertakings have not, however, as yet emerged from the infant-industry stage of economic development, and without the present tariff protection they could not maintain themselves against the older and more efficient industrial systems of the West. It is obvious that if England, France, and Italy were to make the requisite concessions to Russian agriculture, Russia would have to grant corresponding privileges to her allies' manufactured products. Does any one imagine that Russia would ever bring herself thus virtually to scrap her hard-earned industrial system? Most assuredly not. On the contrary, never before have Russians been so determined to strengthen and ex-

pand their industrial life. The terrible lessons of the war have driven home into their minds the perils of industrial backwardness, and they are resolved to free themselves from economic dependence upon any nation whatsoever as soon as it is humanly possible to do so.

Far-sighted persons in western Europe see this clearly. "What the predominant interests in Russia want," recently remarked the London "Economist," "is more capital in order to acquire what is called industrial independence. To attract capital it is quite possible that the already high Russian tariff will be raised after the war." The Russians themselves make no bones of the matter. Says the Petrograd "Bourse Gazette," "The aims of French and English commercialism have nothing whatever to do with those of Germany, but from a purely economic point of view there is no difference between them." And M. Krestovnikov, member of the Council of the Empire and president of the Moscow stock exchange, declares significantly, "We must take care to defend ourselves not only against our enemies, but also against our friends."

All this will give some idea of the difficulties involved in bringing Russia solidly into line on any such permanent economic foundation as the Paris conference has laid down. And of course, with Russia recalcitrant, the whole affair would become a mockery. It would be another case of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out.

Turning to France, we find cognate difficulties. For many decades France (including, of course, her extensive colonies) has lived under a system of all-round high protection, and the throwing down of these tariff walls would involve a revolution in her whole economic life intolerable to the cautious, routine business sense of the French people. We have already noted the acute opposition which the French rural elements would offer to any diminution of their present protected status. But a like opposition would be awakened among her industrial classes were the French markets to be opened to, say, the vast flood of English commodities,

especially since the terrible losses and devastations which France's leading industrial districts have suffered in the present war must leave French industry weak and hypersensitive to foreign competition for many years to come.

Furthermore, economic war with Germany would impose upon France much greater sacrifices than are generally known. Despite all current talk about Germany's "commercial conquest" of France, statistics show that up to the last few years the balance of Franco-German trade stood in France's favor. This was uninterruptedly true for the twenty-year period from 1889 to 1909. Only in 1910 did the balance swing over to Germany, and even so, for the entire twenty-five-year period from 1889 to 1914, the net trade balance still runs in France's favor. Germany has, in fact, averaged France's third best customer. Not to mention Germany's allies, where will France find markets to replace the German market destined to be lost?

France's prospective sacrifices show even more clearly when we remember that she has been vitally dependent upon certain German products, notably coal and dye-stuffs. How France could surmount the coal difficulty it is almost impossible to see. At present she is getting her coal from England, but while as a war measure this may suffice, the cost of carriage is so high that, if long persisted in, it would fatally raise producing costs and threaten the whole fabric of French industry with ruin. The same is in lesser degree true of the dye-stuff problem. The Lyons chamber of commerce recently investigated the causes of German supremacy in this field, and its verdict is, "The causes are purely economic." Of course France can henceforth manufacture her own dye-stuffs, but she will thereby raise production costs in her most vital export industries and thus handicap them in the markets of the world.

What have France's allies to offer in return for all these sacrifices which she must make if the projected economic combine is to become a reality? Will not

France, repeating the words of the Russian economist previously quoted, say frankly: "We must demand of our allies the assurance that our interests will be respected and that this struggle against the recovery of Germany will not be conducted at the price of our own impoverishment"? But what can France expect in the way of special favors? From Russia, as we have seen, not very much. From rising industrial Italy, fast becoming more a rival than a client, still less. From distant and monopolistic Japan nothing at all.

There remains the British Empire. The British Isles have long been France's best customer, taking French exports to the value of one and one half milliards of francs in the year 1913. But everything points to the probability that after the war Great Britain will have rather less to offer her allies than she did before. England is at present a free-trade country, but to-day, for several reasons, she appears to be drifting fast toward protection.

First among these stands the movement for "imperial preference." The splendid loyalty of the dominions in the present war, and the unstinted sacrifices of blood and treasure offered up on the altar of the empire, make it absolutely certain that the colonies will henceforth have an important say in all imperial affairs, and also that the fabric of the empire will be much closer knit than heretofore. This will probably react upon the economic quite as much as upon the political sphere. The result will be perhaps not a regular imperial "Zollverein," or customs-union, but at the very least a complicated system of preferential tariff agreements between the various parts of the empire. But since in any such system England must give as well as take, she will automatically cease to be a free-trade area, because preferential tariffs patently cannot go with free trade. Undoubtedly large portions of British public opinion will oppose the change, but the tide is plainly running against them. Even before the war the partisans of protection and imperial pref-

erence were gaining ground. To-day the protectionist dominions sit in the high places of the empire, and their voices, added to those of Englishmen converted by the lessons of the war, must soon turn the scale. Unless all the omens are at fault, the British Empire will emerge from the present struggle an economic as well as a political entity.

But how must all this react upon Britain's allies? They will obviously expect England to grant them favors commensurate with the sacrifices which they must make for the success of the common cause. Yet how can Britain fulfil their expectations and those of her colonies at one and the same time? How square, for example, M. Rostovtsev's demand for a de facto monopoly for Russian grain and lumber on the British market, to the detriment even of Canada, with Canada's demand for British preference of these same commodities as against the whole world? The thing simply cannot be done. But unless it is done, England is faced with the dilemma of offending either her allies or her colonies or possibly both.

By this time we can see pretty clearly that free trade between the various parties to the projected Allied economic combine is impossible. What will doubtless happen will be a complicated series of reciprocal tariff agreements, half-measures involving endless dickering and pregnant with the germs of possible tariff conflicts. Certainly that is not a pleasant prospect for the future.

Another unfortunate result of the Paris conference is the encouragement it will afford to the analogous movement developing among the Central Powers, the movement best exemplified by the German Friedrich Naumann's recent book, "Mitteleuropa." This counterblast to the Allied scheme looks to the formation of an economic block embracing Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, avowedly at economic war with the Allied nations. The Teutonic project is thus inspired by the same motives of fear and passion as the Allies' projected dispensation. It also reposes upon equally grave

economic fallacies. Space forbids any detailed analysis of the special perplexities for each of the respective parties to such a mid-European combine. Suffice it to say that the scheme is cursed by one insuperable difficulty: the ground-plan is too small for the house. Even if Austrian manufactures could be induced to immolate themselves upon the altar of German industry, the whole economic area is still not nearly large enough to support the huge economic superstructure which Germany has raised during the last two generations. A "Mitteleuropa" attempting to be permanently self-sufficing would be like a man trying to lift himself by his boot-straps. The unfortunate inhabitants would ultimately have to emulate the fabled shipwrecked sailors on the desert island who sustained life by eating each other up.

As a matter of fact, if these rival economic Frankensteins ever do actually take practical shape, it will not be long before they both begin to suffer from their congenital defects. And right here is where the most dangerous possibilities may be expected to develop. In their desperation both will concentrate upon the neutrals and will exert every possible means of enticement or coercion to drag the neutrals into the fray. It is even possible that to this pressure the minor European states and perhaps China may succumb.

But neither combine can long endure if those vast economic areas, the United States and Latin America, stand resolutely aloof. And they must so stand. Such monstrosities as the proposed combines, based as they are upon vicious economic fallacies and inspired by the sinister concepts of permanent hatreds and chronic warfare, are a menace to both the material and moral future of mankind. A high duty rests upon the Americas not to prolong the existence of such inimical organisms by a single day. No matter how unpleasant things may be made for us, we must hold out.

There need be no fear of the result. If we do our duty, the time of trial will be short. Should the Allied combine pe-

nalize us in their markets, we must forthwith retaliate in kind. They will suffer more than we, for in tariff wars the producer of manufactured goods is always hit harder than the exporter of raw materials. If the Central Powers attempt to swamp our markets by a combination of cartelism and "dumping," we must instantly clamp down the flood-gates by strict anti-dumping and anti-subsidy regulations such as have already been proposed by our present administration. Above all, we must resist inflexibly any attempt to coerce our Latin-American neighbors. We have the weapon ready to our hand. The very existence of these rival combines presupposes a readiness to supplement economic by military warfare if changed conditions should make either party reasonably cer-

tain of success. Should, therefore, either the Central Powers or the Allies venture to threaten coercion in this hemisphere, all we should have to do would be to give the offending party to understand that such conduct would be answered by the swinging over of the United Americas into the opposite camp. The knowledge that we meant what we said would settle the matter. Neither combine would dare to drive virtually the whole Western World into the ranks of its enemies.

Such are the possibilities disclosed by the economic conference of Paris and the correlative scheme now germinating among the mid-European nations. The prospects are not pleasant, but they will be evanescent if the neutrals, particularly the Americas, do their duty.



The Floor-walker

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

TO himself he seems essentially elegant,
 Yet ordinary persons with little perception
 Call him a mere floor-walker.

They are wrong.

Once on a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon
 He attended the wedding of the boss's daughter,
 And as he watched the slim young men
 In tail coats, immaculate gray gloves,
 And perfect cravats and shoes
 Guiding the wedding guests to appropriate places
 With unquestionable urbanity,
 He knew at once that their efforts were like his.

Ever since he has thought of himself as an usher,
 And as, with unquestionable urbanity,
 He directs the seething customers
 Through the long aisles of the big emporium,
 He sees himself as one guiding happy guests
 Down the aisles of a temple.



"It was a poor season when his rifle did not earn at least one fox-pelt"

Mince-pie

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Author of "Little Pig Pork," etc.

Illustrations by J. R. Shaver

WHEN Sam Woodruff was alive there was always a barrel of flour in the pantry. One year he stored fifty bushels of potatoes in the cellar, grown on his patch of land. Not a winter passed without a string of traps along the river, and it was a poor season when his rifle did not earn at least one fox-pelt. All this was in the last fragment of life, when age clogged his steps and sapped his arm. Before that he had been young and conquering.

Now there was corn-meal and salt in the pantry. Deb, widow of Sam, sat in the kitchen smoking her clay pipe and thinking of the contrast. She was not mourning. There was no probability that she would starve. Pretty soon somebody would come after her to do a day's scrub-

bing or a week's nursing. The woodshed was full, and she was warm despite December.

Two things irked her to-day, and set her mouth watering at the memory of Sam's lifetime. She had a long-accumulated and increasing desire for something sweet, and she was faced by the arrival of one of those moments when she must borrow or try to borrow. There was no kerosene oil, and she could not buy any until work came. That meant darkness that evening or borrowing of Martha Griggs, her only near neighbor. These were the inexorable alternatives, for the fierce pride she had learned from Sam forbade her to borrow of any but the poor. Borrowing from the well-off might look like begging. Stealing was unwise merely

because of the risk; begging was impossible because of itself. Certainly it was a bad day.

"I s'pose I 'd oughter be thankful I got tobacker." Deb rose, and knocked out her pipe, adding, as a kind of precaution, "I be."

In a closet she found an empty quart bottle. She put on an old coat and a cap that had once been worn by Sam, and stepped out into a world of beauty. Snow hid all the ugliness that had been done by men. The valley was like a white bowl with a blue border, Deb thought as she shaded her eyes and swung her glance around the encompassing ranges of mighty mountains. She did that every time she went out, because Sam had done it.

From the winter sunlight and the keen air Deb entered the Griggs kitchen, filled

with the ghosts of long-gone meals. Martha Griggs, whose pale-red hair was drawn straight back from a pale and puckered face, looked with frank suspicion at the bottle. She was paring potatoes. She motioned toward a chair with her knife.

"Mornin'," greeted Deb as she sat down. "How be you all?"

"Lem 's to work, and I 'm to work, and Petey 's gettin' worse about the same as usual."

"Huh!" Deb pondered. It would be wiser to see Petey and express sympathy before mentioning the oil. "Worse, hey? Can I see him?"

"If you want to," answered Martha, without interest. "He 's in there."

Deb moved into what had been the parlor before they put Petey in there to die. The half-grown son of Lem and



"I s'pose I 'd oughter be thankful I got tobacker'"

Martha Griggs lay on a sofa, propped up by pillows. Deb, who had seen the gray coming of death many times, knew that it was drawing close to that place.

Petey's parents had done what they thought best for him. Since September the windows had been nailed down, in order that no breath of deadly fresh air might reach his affected lungs. With the door leading to the kitchen closed, his room was virtually sealed. A wood-stove kept it at a varying, but always high, temperature. Here he slept and lived in as much neatness as Martha Griggs could spare time to provide. Nevertheless, the end marched upon him.

"Feelin' any better?" asked Deb.

"No; I feel bad, Mis' Woodruff." His skeleton fingers worked among the knots of the home-made comfortable that was spread over him.

"Huh!" Deb appraised him with an experienced eye. He might last a week or he might go at any hour. The funeral

would be a big expense for people like the Griggses, not poor enough to let the town bury him and too poor to afford it themselves.

"I want something good to eat," he whispered. "Seems as though if I could have a piece of mince-pie I 'd get some strength into me."

Mince-pie! Deb brightened. Now she knew that the taste of mince-pie was the elusive savor that had been haunting her palate for days—mince-pie with lots of sugar in it. She licked her lips and swallowed.

"I 'd walk five mile' for a piece of mince-pie, myself," she said.

"I don't s'pose ma would let me have it," whispered the boy.

"Prob'ly not," answered Deb, cautiously. It was none of her business. She rose to go.

"You ask ma about the pie; she won't listen to me."

"Aw right."



"Snow hid all the ugliness that had been done by men"



“‘Got enough to eat, ain’t you?’ demanded Deb”

“He ’s askin’ for mince-pie,” she began tentatively. She hoped, against virtual certainty, that Martha Griggs would make some. If she did, perhaps—

“’T would upset his stummick,” replied Mrs. Griggs, firmly.

“Shucks! He ’s so far gone it don’t make no difference.”

“Well,” Martha Griggs sighed, “I ain’t got the mince-meat, anyway.”

“Huh!” So Deb had thought. She rattled her bottle against the floor.

“You got any oil to spare till I can send to the village for some?”

“No, I ain’t.” It was a peevish outburst. “There ’s only enough for to-night; have to keep a lamp burning all night in Petey’s room now, because he ’s afraid. It takes all Lem can earn to keep things going here, I can tell you. Funeral expenses coming on, too, most likely. I don’t know how we ’ll manage.”

“Got enough to eat, ain’t you?” de-

manded Deb. She knew that the Griggses’ five-gallon oil-can had gone to the village two days before.

“Yes; but I don’t know how long we will have,” snapped Martha.

“That ’s what I thought,” said Deb, calmly. She went out, swinging her bottle. The desires of the old resemble those of children. Deb was little interested in the oil now; what she wanted was mince-pie. She could smell it as she stepped into her own kitchen—smell the delicious richness of it floating to her from that oven of her stove in which many a mince-pie had been baked before Sam died. It was not likely that the oven would ever bake another.

She must find something to do and forget her craving. It came to her memory that this was churning-day at the Sanders farm, across the valley. Buttermilk was invariably given away, and therefore it was no disgrace to ask for it.

It would take the place of tea with her corn-meal mush. She could have borrowed oil there without difficulty save that the code of Sam forbade it. The Sanders were well-off and higher caste than the Woodruffs and the Griggses.

It was a two-mile walk each way over roads not well broken out, but Deb thought of this as no hardship. It was because circumstances forced her to take such walks that she lived on and on in steady health. She thought it was because her pipe kept disease away.

All during the trip to the Sanders place the memories of past mince-pies tormented her. She visualized them and smelled and tasted them, and she was mumbling to herself about their goodness as she kicked the snow from her feet and stamped into the Sanders kitchen. Mrs. Sanders, fat, kindly, and permanently flurried, greeted her with a cheerful voice.

"Hello, Deb! I s'pose you come for buttermilk."

"You bet I did." Deb held out her pail. "How be you?"

"Goodness!" Mrs. Sanders puffed into the pantry and talked from there. "I 'm all upset with churning. First it 's one

thing and then it 's another. Say, don't you want some sour milk for cookin'?"

"I don't care," answered Deb, meaning, in the vernacular, friendly acceptance. She had nothing to cook with sour milk, but the years had taught her never to refuse anything. Moreover, she did not want to get the Sanderses out of the habit of giving her things. When they butchered they always gave her a piece of meat. A voluntary gift could be accepted, as from one neighbor to another.

"There!" Mrs. Sanders came forth, breathing as though she had achieved a gigantic task. "There 's your buttermilk, and there 's the sour milk. Don't forget to bring back my pail the next time you come over after buttermilk."

"I won't, Mis' Sanders. Much obliged to you."

Deb took the two pails and started homeward, still tantalized by the mince-pies of the decades of her life. She realized that she must get such thoughts out of her mind, for her small earnings would never be more than enough to keep her in flour and tobacco, tea and fire-wood, potatoes and salt. She might, indeed, meet with mince-pie at her next place of



"She lifted it out, and pressed the flaky crust with an inquiring finger"

employment, but that was uncertain, and it was also uncertain whether the mince-pie would be good. The vague prospect served in no smallest particular to mitigate her desire for the sweet toothsome-ness of one of those pies she had baked for Sam.

She reached home. She turned the buttermilk out into a pitcher and pried the cover from the other pail.

Deb, who seldom moved quickly, started back. Was it one of her ancient memories, or was it a real mince-turnover that she smelled and saw, resting on a plate in the bottom of the pail? She lifted it out, and pressed the flaky crust with an inquiring finger. It was real. She sat down to contemplate that epitome of deliciousness, from which brown juices had broken forth here and there. Her jaws and tongue moved in anticipatory tastings. This was one of Mrs. Sanders's jokes, like the time she said she was giving Deb a pail of soft soap, which turned out to be pork sparerib. Deb drew in a breath of admiration for the turnover and gratitude toward her who had given it.

Then, as a cloud moves before the sun, came the gray-white face of Petey Griggs between Deb and her pie. She was stunned. The meaning of that swift picture, flung up by her memory, was unmistakable. She thought the idea over for a long time with increasing bitterness.

"He 's as good as dead, anyway," she argued. "I ain't. Not yet."

It was a good argument; good until she remembered that Sam had wanted ice-cream all the last week of his life. He had wanted it the day he died. Ice-cream! Who ever heard of such a fool idea for a dying man! Yet she remembered, also, that she had walked to the village and borrowed a freezer, only to learn, upon her return home, that the Sanderses' supply of ice had been used, to the last cake. Sam had died without his ice-cream.

Sam had been her own folks; the Griggs brat was nothing to her. Well she remembered how, five years ago come summer, he had stoned her hen and chick-

ens out of the Griggs garden. His mother had put him up to it, of course. Martha Griggs was as mean then as she was now. Only enough oil for Petey's lamp! Some folks might believe that, maybe.

"He 'll be in heaven or the other place in a day or two, and he won't care a sour apple about pie. Me—I got to live."

Deb got up and busied herself about unnecessary work. The waste of giving him that pie would be wicked. If mince-pie could cure him, it would be another matter. But neither mince-pies nor doctors nor any other earthly thing could change the number of his hours now. Gray death was marching.

Suddenly she walked fiercely up to the kitchen table and seized the turnover.

"Take the dam' pie!" she growled, and went out of doors.

Martha Griggs was doing her never-finished housework when Deb entered the Griggs kitchen for the second time that day.

"What you got?" she asked suspiciously.

In silence the old woman opened Petey's door and walked into his room. She saw his features twitch; light shone from his half-opened eyes. His hands rose from the comfortable and fell quickly back.

"Mince-pie!" he whispered.

Deb nodded as she put the turnover on a chair beside him.

"There it is," she barked; "now eat it!"

"Ma! Ma!" The boy raised his whisper to a hoarse cry. "Get me a knife quick!"

Mrs. Griggs peered into the room, withdrew, and entered, bearing a steel knife.

"Mince-turnover!" She sniffed at it. "Where did *you* get mince-turnover?"

"Found it growin' on a fence-post," answered Deb, reaching out to take the knife from Petey's strengthless grasp. She cut the turnover into small squares of a size to fit the human mouth. The odors of the luscious, brown mince-meat filled her nose. Her eyes filmed. She turned away and moved toward the door, unable to see another eat that pie.

"You 're awful good to me, Mis' Woodruff!"

His whisper followed her, but she did not go back. Her path led straight to her own kitchen, where she could sit down and smoke. She had n't been *good* to him; he had nagged her into it. She filled her pipe and lighted it, drawing in drafts of bitterness. It was unlikely that Mrs. Sanders would ever think to give her another mince-turnover. Little dainty, delightful wisps of its smell lingered in the kitchen.

So Deb sat through the hours, her corn-meal mush forgotten, thinking only to refill the stove and her pipe at intervals, and this mechanically. She was far back in that year when Sam Woodruff, with no more possessions than a muzzle-loading rifle and a handful of bullets, had come down from the mountains. He licked both the Jenkins boys, bullies of the valley, at a dance, and the next day he married her.

She reached toward the stove to knock

out her pipe, and paused with arm in mid-air. Somebody was screaming. Was it the Jenkins boys' sister, running out of old Pete Abare's kitchen to try to stop the fight? No; it sounded as though it might come from the Griggs house. Deb got up, and went leisurely out to the back steps.

Martha Griggs stood in the doorway of her own kitchen, frantically pumping her arms up and down.

"He 's gone!" she shrieked. "Petey 's gone!"

"Aw right," called Deb. "I 'll be over there in a minute."

She had answered many cries of that kind, more than she could remember, and there was nothing to get excited about. She went into the house and carefully closed the drafts in the stove.

"I 'm darned glad I give him that pie," she mumbled, but with the trembling of sincerity in her old voice. "Them that 's dead is almighty dead; you can't do nothin' for 'em no more."



Pedometer

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MY thoughts beat out in sonnets while I walk,
 And every evening on the homeward street
 I find the rhythm of my marching feet
 Throbs into verses (though the rhyme may balk).
 I think the sonneteers were walking men.
 The form is dour and rigid, like a clamp;
 But with the swing of legs the *tramp, tramp, tramp*
 Of syllables begins to thud, and then,
 Lo! while you seek a rhyme for *hook* or *crook*,
 Vanished your shabby coat, and you are kith
 To all great walk-and-singers—Meredith,
 And Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Keats, and Rupert Brooke.
 Free verse is poor for walking, but a sonnet,
 Oh, marvelous to stride and brood upon it!



A ridge made in a Tunisian olive orchard to keep water from flowing to the right from the left-hand row of trees

The New Farmer and his New Water-supply

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "Two-story Farming," "The Dry Farmers of Rome," etc.

SWEET are the rains of heaven, a great blessing, and quite indispensable; yet they have ever harassed us. In the time of Noah they came too thick and fast, and in the time of Joseph they were too few and far between; nor have they changed their habits one iota since those ancient days. In an age of science they obey none of our laws, and the would-be rain-maker is a jest. Always at some place arise the lament of drought and the prayer for rain, while in some other place poor man bewails the wetness of the soil and the flood.

Some sunshiny morning the man in Boston or San Francisco gives a moment's attention to the head-line narrative of water in city streets and the drowning of a dozen men or more in a distant State, along with the loss of millions of property. In times of stunning calamity such as befell Johnstown in 1889 and Dayton in 1913 we think about the matter for several days, and give some money to relieve

the sufferers for a week or two; but the river rolls on.

The episode has passed, but the problem remains quite untouched, increased, indeed, by the works of man. A great river in flood is the most appalling problem that man has yet essayed to conquer, and thus far he has not conquered it; at best he has made only poor and temporary truce. We are failing at flood control because of our almost complete dependence upon mere structures, engineering constructions. This is a great oversight, for flood control is in large part an agricultural question. Fortunately, some yet little-known discoveries in agriculture give an easy and at the same time a profitable solution.

The engineers offer only two devices and two serious recommendations: one, the building of levees to hold the water in bank, and the other the building of reservoirs on head-water streams to hold the water back for a time. Both are most dis-



A typical gullied hillside, of which America has millions

couraging, for both contain the essence of failure, and at times display the fact of failure convincingly.

The levee is the most tempting, yet the worse of these two devices. It is doubly bad in that the longer it succeeds, the worse it fails. Man builds up the bank of the river to keep it from overflowing the wide, rich lowlands. The river accepts the challenge, and as the banks rise it builds up its bottom by dropping mud and sand. The race is on. Man builds. The river builds. The river-bottom piles up naturally as the river-bank is built up by sweat and toil. If man lasts a century, the river lasts one hundred and one years. If man lasts a millennium, the river is certainly good for two. There is little that is new about this device of man. Julius Caesar was familiar with it, and on some of the rivers of Lombardy it has been kept up since his time, with the result that the beds of the streams are higher than the tops of the houses alongside. These inverted rivers can be seen from afar as mysterious low ridges stretching across a flat flood plain. China, too, has tried it, with results that are crystallized in the name "China's Sorrow," applied to the great river Hwang-ho. At intervals this muddy river breaks out of its high-

walled prison and spreads itself over the rich plain, thick with the homes of men whom it drowns by hundreds of thousands and even by millions. This has occurred nine times during the Christian era. Sometimes the river flows far to the northward of the Shan-tung Peninsula into the Gulf of Petchili, near Peking. Sometimes it reaches the ocean level on the shore of the Yellow Sea, hundreds of miles to the south.

Our great Mississippi flood plain, unlike that of the Hwang-ho, is mostly undrained and unsettled, but drainage and settlement are beginning. With this incipient empire at stake, and with the Chinese object-lesson before us, the United States Government and various States are calmly spending millions every year in building levees from Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico, and on many of the branch streams. This action is probably in response to that impulse which makes us, when we are in pain, do something, regardless of whether the thing done helps or hinders. Certainly the Mississippi does flood; certainly we must do something; certainly the levee will hold the water back for a while. So we go with our thousands of men and our millions of money to build a levee, although we know that the ever-



The gullied lower part of this hill furnishes tons of material for the stream below to carry off

winding river will sooner or later eat under the levee, causing it to fall into the river. Even though we have the second levee already prepared, like the second trench of an army, we know that if floods keep coming down, in the future, as in the past, they will break through at times and flood areas bigger than many American States. The more this plain along the Mississippi is settled, the greater becomes the flood menace, and levee-building man is only a calamity-preparer. Levee-building, as a sole dependence, is quite irrational, a kind of frenzy, a peculiar dependence in an age of science.

Meanwhile Pittsburgh calls for reservoirs to hold back the waters. Upon the occasion of a recent hard March rain a Pittsburgh flood reached the unprecedented height of thirty-five feet above danger-line, destroying lives and millions of property. The citizens felt that something must be done, for the floods are increasing both in frequency and height, owing chiefly to deforestation and bad farming. A flood commission was appointed, money was given, and engineers went to work seeking knowledge. After many months of work they reported that the floods could be so tamed as to be made harmless—as harmless as steam in a boiler. There are defiles in the Appa-

lachians along the head-waters of the streams that pass Pittsburgh. Some of these defiles are in West Virginia, some in Maryland, some in New York, some in Pennsylvania. The engineers reported that the building of dams across forty-three of these defiles, and turning the forty-three valleys above these forty-three dams into forty-three reservoirs, would create storage space sufficient to hold the surplus water until the hour of danger had passed and the flood menace was over.

These forty-three reservoirs recommended by the flood commission are estimated to cost \$34,000,000, and since every city and farm along the whole river system clear down to the Gulf of Mexico would also benefit, Pittsburgh hesitates about building the reservoirs even if she had an enabling act from Congress that will permit her to bury farms, villages, towns, highways, and railroads beneath the waters of a series of artificial lakes scattered over several States. Plainly it is a national enterprise; but will it succeed? As now planned, it will not be a permanent cure. The engineers forget the little rills. The reservoirs will fill up with mud, and things will be as they are now.

Nearly all of us have taken a walk along some Eastern stream and noted the

series of small mill-dams filled or filling with mud. These little mill-dams, with their rapidly moving water, are very poor mud-catchers indeed in comparison with the fine, large, still-water reservoirs of the flood commissioners. In a few decades a fine reservoir system built by the French in Algeria has become worthless because the reservoirs became level plains of washed-in earth. The same thing has already happened in some of our Southern States, and it will happen on any stream along which farmers expose considerable areas of bare, sloping fields to that great dirt-carrier, the American thunder-storm.

Unfortunately for soil conservation and river control by reservoirs, we have in America two factors strange to Europe, whence most of our reservoir philosophy comes. One is the bare, tilled field required for our monopoly crops of corn, cotton, and tobacco, and the other is the torrential downpour of the thunder-

shower, which removes from these bare fields astounding amounts of soil. In the United States we cannot put our hills to the plow and then with levees and storage reservoirs cure the flood problem by dealing with the streams as streams.

Fortunately, relief is to be had from an agricultural invention which is beneficial alike to the farmer, to the farm, and to the great river. The rain can be kept where it falls in little "water-pockets," or field reservoirs. They can be made twenty or one hundred to the acre, according to the needs of agriculture, and the water made to do us its greatest possible service at the same time that it is made harmless. Before it ever gets to a stream it will have done three things: watered the plants that are near, entered the subsoil to increase the supply of wells and springs, and enriched the moisture supply of the air by direct evaporation,

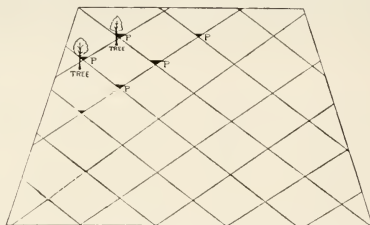
and indirectly through the expiration of the better-watered plants. This is not a dream, nor can it be dismissed as a pretty theory. I have found it working in three places as widely separated as Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and northern Africa.

At Susa, in northeastern Tunis, where the uncertain rainfall averages only fifteen inches a year, and where the sirocco blows out of the Sahara, the Arab has had abundant opportunity these last thousand years to observe closely the value of an inch or two of rain. He knows that one or two good rains at a critical time make all the difference between olives and no olives, barley and no barley. If water is so valuable, why let it run away? There is no answer but "Don't," and he does not.

There are plots of ground near Susa from which it is probably true that there has been no surface run-off for several centuries. Such is the belief of agricultural scientists who have given the matter

some investigation. This economical end is attained by the very simple device of piling up a ridge of earth a foot high around a plat of nearly level ground. Often the plat is about the size of a tennis-court, with an olive-tree or two standing in the middle. As no water can flow over the little embankment, it must lie within the inclosure until it soaks into the hard-baked desert earth, and the olive-tree gets a chance at every drop of it. This is a great contrast to the swift run-off and surprising flood that often accompany the dashing rainfall of the desert's edge, when it falls on soil as dry as dust, but as hard as a pavement.

It is plain that a flood or even a gully is impossible where such a water-pocket system is in use. Centuries of experience prove it to be a good farm practice in Tunis, and I suspect from glimpses I have had from car-windows and from chance



How hillsides should be treated. The diagonal lines represent furrows, the water-pockets being built at their intersections



The tree is on a little ridge; each of the men is standing in a shallow water-pot

passages in books that this practice will be found in many foreign countries. After all, it is only a kind of irrigation. Fortunately, the American people have evidence at home—good evidence, and well tried.

Thirty years ago a physician, Dr. J. H. Mayer of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, turned his attention to farming, and planted an orchard on a gullied hillside. In the fight with these gullies he built barriers across them. At times water stood behind these barriers, and the physician-farmer observed that the near-by trees grew better than their neighbors. The reason was simple. The doctor took the hint, and made more of these water-pockets in the gullies. The trees continued to wave green leaves and long shoots in appreciation, and finally the doctor adopted the policy of putting his men at digging "water-pots," as he calls them, all over his hillsides. He uses it as a kind of knitting job for his labor force whenever there is nothing else to do.

The further he goes, the more enthusiastic he becomes. In the dry year of 1914 a survey of the orchard convinced Dr. Mayer that if he had had the proper number of water-pots on all of it, there would have been a thousand bushels more

of fruit on his peach- and apple-trees. The soil is a micaceous clay, and "many of the water-pots retain water a week or ten days after a rain. Most of the water-pots are on a rather steep hillside, and we think we can easily notice the effects of the retained water-supply upon trees thirty, sixty, and even a hundred feet or more below the pots. We have failed to note any injury to any trees, although the pots in some cases happen to be within a few feet of the trees and are as much as two and a half feet deep."

In Minnesota, more than a thousand miles from Dr. Mayer, and entirely unknown to him, another man, Colonel Freeman Thorp, a portrait-painter with an interest in the earth, has adopted similar methods of water conservation, and attained similar results—a great increase in productivity of the soil by so shaping the earth that water must stay upon it and soak into it rather than run away to waste, to flood, and to destroy.

This water-pocket system is fine for pasture, fine for trees, but open to question as a feasible device for the grain crops on some soils and under some conditions. Its excellence and adaptation to trees, however, make a strong argument for the development of a tree-crop agriculture, by



A hillside orchard. The man is standing in one water-pot and another is visible to the right

which we may utilize this new power. We do not have to depend solely upon grains. It is merely the accident of an early start that we improved the wild grains rather than the wild trees. Colonel Thorp finds by experiment that acorns fed to swine are eighty per cent. as valuable as corn. The swine knew this before Noah led them into the ark. It is only man that is slow. Colonel Thorp's experiments convince him further that he can grow a hundred bushels of acorns to the acre on Minnesota sandy soil that will not naturally make twenty bushels of corn per acre. One of his experiments with oaks is most suggestive. He took two acorns from the same black oak-tree (*Quercus velutina*) and planted them fifty feet apart on a hillside. One took its natural course, and the other had a water-pocket to hold for it all the rain that fell on a few square rods. In seventeen years the natural one was six inches in diameter, the other twelve. This means virtually four times as great in cross section or wood content per foot of trunk, and a total wood content about six times that of the smaller and shorter tree. The natural tree produced acorns in fourteen years. The water-conservation tree produced at seven years one half bushel of acorns; at

ten years, one bushel; at seventeen years, two and one half bushels. Pigs, goats, and sheep are glad to harvest such a crop at no expense whatever, a process which in its economic aspect bears so close a resemblance to perpetual motion as to be decidedly interesting. It suggests the need of developing more forage and food-yielding trees. It gives a new vision for the hills. Instead of burned slopes, gullies, poor corn-fields, bare pastures, unprosperous cabins, and an outrush of flood waters to desolate two thousand miles of needed valley, I see the hills green with spreading and fruitful black walnut-trees, hickory-trees, pecan-trees, Japanese walnut-trees, Persian walnut-trees, hazelnut-trees, apple-trees, peach-trees, cherry-trees, mulberry-trees, persimmon-trees, oak-trees (many varieties), honey-locusts, and trees of many other varieties, each one of a selected strain producing a food crop for man or his beasts, or some raw material to send off to market. Near the bases of these trees are the basins, or water-pockets, that double their growth by preventing loss of rain-water. This removes the necessity of cultivation, prevents soil destruction, and wipes out floods so far as that particular tract of land is concerned.

Forty-eight thousand five hundred

square miles of land with water-pockets capable of holding the water of a two-inch rain would store an amount equal to all the water above danger-line in the worst flood the Ohio River ever had at Cincinnati. That flood occurred in 1884, and lasted for nineteen days.

The conventional reservoirs of the engineers would not fill up if the watersheds above them were in forest, or water-pocket tree crops. Thus the field water-pocket system gives new lease of life to the storage reservoir, and probably duplicates it as a storage factor, because it not only holds water, but also sends it into the earth to come out months later in springs. With field or forest water-pockets or both, and with storage reservoirs along the upper courses, the Missis-

sippi would never break its levees, for it is the second half of the flood rush that does the damage. With such a water-pocket system stuffing water into the earth, the upland springs would have water to discharge long after rains had ceased, and the disastrous low stages of our rivers would be of the past.

In an hour you can make an experimental water-pocket with a pick and shovel or a plow. It is good exercise and an interesting experiment. I have one in my side yard, where I can watch it from the window. It is surprising how it sends water into the subsoil. As a serious experiment I commend it to every agricultural experiment station, to every forester, and to the thinkers of every city that suffers from flood or water shortage.



The Hopeless Passion

By BERTON BRALEY

WANTON and cheat and liar,
 Wrecker of rosy schemes,
 Balking my heart's desire,
 Spoiling my fondest dreams,
 Bringing, with woe and sorrow,
 Little of joy to bless,
 Promising for the morrow
 Less;

False as an empty vision,
 Harsh as a cruel spell,
 You with the face elysian,
 You with the heart of hell,
 Jade, I am sickened of you,
 Maker of pain and strife,
 Nevertheless I love you,
 Life!

Japan and the Open Door

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

TO understand Japan's course of action in China, it is of the utmost importance to remember that the island empire endeavored for years to keep herself free from European entanglements over the Chinese question. As early as 1884 France offered her hand to Japan and proposed that the two nations should enter into an alliance with a view to co-ercing China. The Japanese politely declined the overture. They had long been imbued with the idea that their relations with the "celestials" were, to use a Chinese metaphor, the "relations of the lips to the teeth." Destroy the lips, and the teeth are cold. To strengthen this traditional belief, General Ulysses S. Grant in 1879 advised the mikado to beware of European intrigues and to foster friendly relations with the court at Peking. In those days it was Japan's sincere desire to cement friendship with China, and, if possible, to declare the doctrine of "Asia for Asiatics."

Fate, however, decreed that the two nations should come to blows over the disposition of Korea, the country which China had been scheming to annex. Japan regarded the independence of Korea, lying within gunshot of her archipelago, as essential to her own existence. At any rate, she went to war with the conviction that China was the aggressor, and that she was forced to fight a war of self-defense against a foe believed by the world to be far more powerful than herself. When Japan brought China to her knees, the Government at Peking unfortunately invited European interference with the peace terms which it had been negotiating with the victorious foe. The result was the triple interference of Germany, Russia, and France, compelling Japan to abandon the Liao-tung Peninsula, which she had just secured from China as the chief spoils of war. For the time being Chinese diplomacy seemed to have won. The

glamour of its victory, however, soon vanished, and in the course of a few years China's blunder in having invited European interference became obvious. When, toward the end of the nineties, the powers of Europe began to vie with one another in establishing footholds in China, Japan's traditional policy of aloofness became no longer feasible. The doctrine of "Asia for Asiatics," which she had once dreamed of enunciating, was no longer practicable. The only course open to her was to coöperate with such European powers as might be friendly to her, and thus preserve the balance of power against the intruders of Europe. In plain language, Japan had to play the game as Europe played it. The result was the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

The record of European intrusion upon China is indeed appalling. We may begin with the classic event of the British annexation of Hong-Kong in 1841 as the result of the Opium War. In 1860, Russia swindled China out of the vast maritime territory lying to the north of the Amur River. In the same year the allied forces of England and France pillaged Peking and laid the magnificent Summer Palace in ashes. In 1874, France wrested Annam from China, and in 1885, Tonquin was also taken by the same power. In 1887 even Portugal cut Macao out of the huge pie.

All this was alarming enough to the Japanese, but the infant nation, having just been lifted out of the cradle of seclusion, was still directing its unsteady steps along untried roads, and was in no position to raise a voice against Western encroachment upon China.

With the German seizure of Kiao-chau in November, 1897, the political horizon of China assumed an aspect more menacing to the Japanese. This ominous move on the part of Germany was followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur in

December, 1897; the British lease of Wei-hai-wei on April 3, 1898; the French lease of Kwan-chow Bay on April 10, 1898; and the British lease of Kau-lung Peninsula on June 3, 1898. Even Italy demanded, on February 28, 1899, the lease of San-mun Bay, on the coast of Chekiang province, as a coaling-station and naval base, as well as the right to construct a railway from San-mun Bay to Po-yang-hu Lake.

In this international rivalry for the establishment of spheres of influence, the outstanding fact is that the European powers were actuated by sheer lust for territory. They had no real grievance to justify their action in China. Toward them China never assumed an aggressive attitude, as she did toward Japan over the Korean dispute. Situated thousands of miles away from the far East, these European countries could not possibly contend, as Japan reasonably could, that the unstable condition in China was a menace to them. The plain fact is that they took advantage of China's weakness and were bent upon exploiting the country to satisfy their own greed. Had Japan been strong enough to call a halt to them, she would have unequivocally enunciated an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine before Europe's scramble for Chinese territory began. But Japan was weak, and when she at last began to awaken to the consciousness of her prowess she found European nations already firmly fortified in Chinese territory.

After the German seizure of Kiao-chau it was no secret that the chancelleries of Europe began seriously to talk of the break-up of China. Not satisfied with obtaining leases of territory on the Chinese coast, they immediately entered into sharp competition for railway, mining, and various other concessions. China was divided into various spheres of interest or influence, and the huge empire seemed quivering upon the verge of disruption. Confronted by this ominous situation, Secretary Hay addressed, in September, 1899, a circular note to the leading powers, setting forth the American attitude toward

China, which has come to be known as the "open-door" policy.

It may be unpleasant for the Americans to learn, but it is well to admit, that it was not Secretary Hay's note which prevented the disruption of Chinese territory and the closing of the open door. My knowledge of far-Eastern diplomacy in the last score of years leads me to the conclusion that it was not the American Government, but Japan, which made earnest efforts to enforce Mr. Hay's doctrine of the open door. But before attempting to prove this contention, let us define the meaning of this celebrated doctrine.

The term "open door" has become the slogan and watchword of writers on the Chinese situation. Strangely enough, few have attempted to define it. Even so distinguished an authority on China as Mr. George Bronson Rea has failed to give the American public a clear definition of the term. Mr. Hay issued two different circular notes on two different occasions. The first was dated September 8, 1899, and the second July 3, 1900. In the first note Mr. Hay's aim was simply to secure equal commercial opportunities for all nations. In his own language the so-called open door was defined as follows:

First. "That no power will in any way interfere with any treaty port or vested interest within any so-called sphere of influence or interest or leased territory it may have in China."

Second. "That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within said sphere of influence (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government."

Third. "That no power shall levy any higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, or any higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its sphere, on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through

such sphere than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances."

In the second note, dated July 3, 1900, however, Mr. Hay enlarged the scope of the first note and came out squarely for the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China. The principles enunciated both in the first note and in the second are just and incontrovertible, but the American public must not permit itself to be flattered into believing that these notes of Secretary Hay's really accomplished the purpose for which they were written. To one European power—Russia—at least, the American notes were not worth the paper on which they were written. Upon receipt of Secretary Hay's first note Russia not only expressed herself in favor of reserving for herself the right to levy customs duties on foreign imports in her sphere, but demurred upon the American proposal with regard to harbor duties and railway charges. With characteristic audacity she hoisted, on August 4, 1900, the Russian flag over the Chinese custom-house in New-Chwang. She poured her troops into Manchuria, and was preparing her way for the immediate absorption of a territory of 363,700 square miles. Russia, in short, completely ignored Mr. Hay's open-door note.

Alarmed by this critical situation, Japan, in the early spring of 1901, approached Germany, England, and the United States with a view to securing their coöperation in checkmating the Russian absorption of Manchuria, but none would render any assistance to Japan. Even the United States, the very sponsor of the "open-door" policy, declined to help her. It is the old story: to the living in their need we measure out neglect, reserving our praises for the dead, who are beyond our charity. So Japan earned after the Manchurian war more aspersions than praises mainly because she did not perish a martyr in the herculean struggle with Russia. Yet the world must admit that had it not been for Japan's determination to fight Russia single-handed, the much-heralded open-door proclamation would

have become a "scrap of paper." Had this come to pass, other European powers would immediately have followed Russia's suit, and sliced for themselves large sections of China. In challenging Russia in 1904, Japan, therefore, fought not only for her own existence, but for the integrity of China and for the open-door doctrine of America.

It must, however, be frankly admitted, what the Japanese are reluctant to admit, that the prowess of Japanese arms failed to attain the end for which it was employed against Russia. Blinded by the successive victories they had scored on land and sea, the Japanese entertained an exaggerated idea of their military successes and believed that they had effectively shielded the open door. This was a great delusion. When the smoke cleared away from the fields of battle, they found Russia just as strongly intrenched in Manchuria as before the war. Although in Korea they succeeded in destroying Russian domination, in Manchuria they were too weak to cope with the Northern colossus. It had been their avowed purpose to drive Russia from Manchuria, and thus realize the open door in China; but before they had reached anywhere near the goal their resources were exhausted, with no nation pledged to the open door coming to their rescue.

In diplomatic language Japan succeeded in maintaining against Russian intrusion the open door and the integrity of China; in reality her efforts were a failure. After the signing of the peace treaty of Portsmouth no one realized this more keenly than Japanese statesmen. They saw Russia not only occupying by far the largest portion of Manchuria, but scheming to include Mongolia in her sphere of influence. Far from abandoning her empire scheme in the far East, Russia only diverted her activities into Mongolia, through which she hoped to reach and dominate Peking. After the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives and \$100,000,000 in the titanic struggle that had just ended, Japan's position with regard to Russia appeared as precarious as ever. Especially



The spheres of influence in China

were the militarists, who had faced the brunt of the Russian onslaught in Manchuria, fearful of the Muscovite revenge, which they thought not only possible, but probable. What could Japan do but accept the inevitable, and strengthen her foothold in Manchuria to prepare herself against Russia's fresh aggression? Today not only has Russia strengthened her position in Manchuria, but she has become the virtual mistress of Mongolia, measuring a million square miles. Her activities in the khanates began immediately after the war with Japan, and in the Chinese Revolution of 1911 she saw a golden opportunity to push her interests in that country. The result was the Russo-Mongolian treaty of October 3, 1912, establishing a Russian suzerainty over Mongolia.

England, ever on the alert to counteract the Russian advance, at once took action in Tibet. Beginning with Colonel Younghusband's spectacular expedition to Lhasa in 1905, she was busy fostering her influence in Tibet, and by 1912 there

were stationed in that country at least five thousand British troops. In the same year she entered into a secret agreement with Russia, the two countries dividing Mongolia and Tibet as their respective spheres of influence. In February, 1913, England persuaded the Dalai Lama to borrow ten million dollars from her and to purchase from her manufacturers all the arms and ammunition Tibet might need. The Lama also agreed to confer upon British capitalists the exclusive right to exploit the mining and other natural resources in Tibet.

In the meantime China, rent by revolution, was powerless to safeguard her interests in her outlying territories. She made only a feint of protest, which was, of course, completely ignored. Here it must be emphasized once more that neither England nor Russia had any conceivable pretext for utilizing China's internal trouble and establishing a suzerainty over Tibet or Mongolia. Their only reason was their greed. And yet the press of America and Europe was virtu-

ally silent on the British and Russian intrusion upon China. Can it be that Christian Europe can do no wrong? To our benighted souls it is a puzzle that European powers may perpetrate any crime in Asia with impunity, while an Asiatic nation must be execrated and condemned for taking the necessary steps to prepare itself against their further encroachment upon its backward neighbors.

To know something of the portentous possibilities of the British and Russian policies in China, one need only think of the vastness of the territories which they have staked out for themselves. Russia claims as her sphere of influence outer Mongolia (1,000,000 square miles), Sinkiang (548,000 square miles), and more than three fourths of Manchuria (273,000 square miles). These total an area of 1,821,000 square miles. On the other hand, Great Britain claims Tibet (533,000 square miles), Szechuen (218,000 square miles), Kwantung (86,800 square miles), and the provinces along the lower reaches of the Yang-tse River (about 362,000 square miles), making a total of 1,199,800 square miles for the British sphere of influence. In the south, France claims Yunnan (146,700 square miles) as her sphere of interest. Before the war Germany claimed Shan-tung (55,900 square miles), whence she was scheming to expand in various directions.

The chief source of misconception on the part of Americans concerning far-Eastern affairs lies in their ignorance of Chinese geography. Open the map of China, mark out the spheres of influence established by European powers, and compare them with the Japanese sphere. Then you will begin to wonder why it is you make so much ado about Japan's activities in China. As against England's 1,199,800 square miles and Russia's 1,821,000 square miles, Japan's sphere of influence, consisting of southern Manchuria (90,000 square miles), eastern inner Mongolia (50,000 square miles), Fu-kien (46,000 square miles), and a portion of Shan-tung (18,600 square miles), totals 204,600 square miles. Remember

that it was not Japan that originated the idea of sphere of influence. It was because European powers were bent upon dividing China into so many spheres of influence that Japan was obliged to step in and take such measures as might be necessary to safeguard her position in the far East against any emergency that might arise from the unhappy condition of China.

We have seen that Japan's war with Russia failed, or, at any rate, only partly succeeded, to enforce the open door, if we understand by that term the maintenance of China's territorial integrity. On the other hand, if the open door means equal commercial opportunities for all nations, as defined in Secretary Hay's first note, Japan has not only compelled Russia to observe the doctrine, but has herself strictly adhered to it. In the light of Mr. Hay's definition we have already quoted, it is difficult to see how Western critics can accuse Japan of closing the open door. In her spheres of influence she has never interfered with any "treaty port or vested interest," never "levied higher harbor dues" or "charged higher railway rates" on foreign ships or merchandise, and has never interfered with the "treaty tariff" of China. What more do Western critics expect from Japan? Do they mean something different from Secretary Hay's definition when they speak of the open door?

Considering that every inch of Manchurian soil was soaked with Japanese blood and that their coffers were left sadly depleted by the war, it would not have been surprising had the Japanese, in the wake of the great conflict, been tempted to regard Manchuria as their own territory by right of conquest, and to adopt there discriminatory measures calculated to advance their trade. Yet, on the whole, they showed themselves remarkably considerate in dealing with foreign commercial interests. As soon as military rule was withdrawn, foreign merchants were freely admitted into Manchuria, and the Japanese railways there carried all goods at the same rates.

True, Japan was loath to see foreign capital construct railways in southern Manchuria, but here again she was simply following the example set by other powers. Germany, for instance, reserved the following right with regard to Shan-tung:

"The Chinese Government binds itself, in all cases where foreign assistance, in persons, capital, or material, may be needed for any purpose whatever within the province of Shan-tung, to offer the said work or supplying of materials in the first instance to German manufacturers and merchants engaged in the undertakings of the kind in question."

Nor is this peculiar to Germany. Similar provisions are found in all treaties of concession which the Occidental powers had wrested from China long before the Japanese debut in Manchuria. That this was a bad example is no reason why Japan alone should be made a target of censure for following it.

Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks is authority for the widely circulated statement that "goods entering China over the Japanese railway through Korea enjoy a preference of one third of the customs charges." Unfortunately, Professor Jenks does not tell the whole story, and is, therefore, misleading. True, a preferential tariff is applied to the goods entering Manchuria from the Korean border, but this privilege is extended to all trading nations. Moreover, Japan was not the nation which initiated this special arrangement. As early as 1862, Russia obliged China to sign the "Convention for the Land Trade between China and Russia," in virtue of which no duties were levied within the limit of thirty miles on either side of the Chino-Siberian boundary-line. In October, 1907, Russia secured a new convention enlarging the scope of the convention of 1862. By this new agreement goods transported by rail into Manchuria were to pay only two thirds of regular import duty as long as such goods remained within the prescribed area around the railway station. At Harbin, Russia's Manchurian metropolis, this special area extends to all points within a radius of

three miles from the station. At other minor stations the area extends to a radius of a mile or a mile and a half. In October, 1910, Russia secured further advantage by completely exempting from duty almost all important merchandise exported to Manchuria through the Siberian border. In such circumstances the Japanese traders in Manchuria had been restive and had been urging the Government at Tokio to take the necessary steps to protect their interests against Russia's unfair competition. As a consequence, Japan in 1913 at last persuaded China to extend a preference of one third of the customs charges to goods entering Manchuria by rail from the Korean border. She was, however, considerate enough not to demand, as Russia had demanded, immunity from duty for any of her exports to Manchuria. Now, the important thing we must remember is that the above privilege is not exclusive to Japanese and Russian goods. All goods, no matter from what country, enjoy the same privilege if brought by rail across the Korean or Siberian border. If Russia and Japan derive any special advantage from the above arrangement, it is due only to the fact that Russian and Japanese goods make up by far the largest portion of import that pass across the Siberian and Korean boundaries.

Another misconception prevailing among Americans relates to a certain railway schedule in Manchuria temporarily adopted by Japan. In March, 1914, the Japanese Railway Bureau, in conference with the Korean Railway and the South Manchuria Railway, adopted a measure by which all goods, Japanese and foreign, entering Manchuria via the Antung-Mukden line, were to be carried at rates thirty per cent. less than the regular rates. The underlying motive was to make the Korean and the Antung-Mukden railways the main artery of trade and communication between Japan and Manchuria, and thus bring the two countries into closer touch. When this schedule for the Antung-Mukden route became applicable, American cotton merchants complained a

great deal not because the new rates were not applicable to their goods, but because American goods, on account of more convenient steamship service, were accustomed to enter Manchuria through the port of Dairen, and not through Korea, and thence by the Antung-Mukden railway. The Japanese railway authorities argued that the new schedule did not discriminate against American merchandise, and that it was through no fault of theirs that the Americans could not avail themselves of the advantages equally offered to all traders. Yet the Americans continued to protest, urging that the South Manchuria Railway should adopt the same low rates for the Dairen-Mukden line, so that American cottons, preferring to enter Manchuria through Dairen, would not be brought to unfair competition with Japanese cottons transported over the Antung-Mukden line. After much parley the American merchants, in March, 1915, finally won the point, and to-day there exists no cause of complaint for American merchants.

As an example of the effect of Japanese influence upon American trade, we may point to Korean commerce. Soon after the advent of the Japanese régime in Korea, there was a plethora of literature charging Japan with the closing of the doors of the peninsula. Yet what were the facts? Prior to the establishment of the Japanese protectorate American export to Korea was insignificant, that for 1903 having amounted to only \$199,188. In the following year, with the advent of Japanese rule, American exports to the country suddenly swelled to \$906,557. Since then the progress of American exports to Korea has been both steady and rapid, until in 1913 it reached the handsome figures of \$3,924,811. In other words, American trade increased twenty times in the decade from 1903 to 1913. This is all the more remarkable when we consider that America buys virtually nothing from Korea.

Turning to Manchuria, we have a somewhat different story to tell, for here the American cotton trade has suffered considerably. Yet its decline was due to

no unfair competition on the part of the Japanese. As Mr. Robert P. Porter of the London "Times," in his recent book, "The New World Power," says:

Japan has fulfilled all her obligations, and continues to do so, in the development of Manchuria, and woe betide the day if the country comes under Russian influence or if it is handed back to the control of China. . . . The conveniences and facilities afforded by the Japanese to one and all in regard to banking institutions, railway communications, postal and telegraph services, are far and away superior to those afforded by the Russian and the Chinese institutions.

In her rivalry with America in Manchuria she has benefited herself simply by taking advantage of natural laws of trade. Japan's geographical situation, the abundant supply of cheap labor at her disposal, her familiarity with the use of the Manchurian pulse, a certain similarity between the Chinese language and her own—these are the conditions which have been instrumental in the advancement of Japanese trade in Manchuria.

From the fact that American cottons have lost their supremacy in Manchuria it does not follow that America as a whole has been a loser, for the raw material that feeds Japan's spinning factories is imported from the cotton-fields of America. Moreover, America has sold no small amount of railway material to the Japanese railway company in Manchuria. Prior to the war Russia built her Manchurian railways mostly with her own material, while the imperial railways of northern China used exclusively British material. But in the reconstruction of the Dairen-Changchung line and its branches (500 miles), in the building of the Antung-Mukden line (186 miles), and of the Kirin-Changchung line (90 miles), Japan used exclusively American rails and rolling stock. The other leading American exports to Manchuria—flour, kerosene, and tobacco—are still holding their own against the competition offered by other countries.

Taking it by and large, we can see no reason why America should complain of the trade situation in Manchuria. As no other than Mr. George Bronson Rea once fitly admitted, the real cause of Japan's commercial success in Manchuria lies in the operation of the fundamental economic law that the country consuming the major portion of the exports of another country holds the most advantageous position in supplying its necessary imports. Now, Japan has for many years been the almost sole consumer of Manchuria's principal exports, beans and bean-cake. In Mr. Rea's own language:

Under these conditions the foreign merchants and their agents in the interior were placed at a disadvantage from the outset. As they could not penetrate into the interior and purchase beans by an exchange of commodities, they were reduced to selling their wares for cash—the one thing the natives were short on. The decadence of American and European imports followed as a natural consequence. A few venturesome American and British piece-goods agents established themselves in the interior, firmly determined to win back their lost trade; but acting solely as sellers and unable to reciprocate by purchasing the products of the farmers, results were discouraging, and they finally had to abandon the field as unprofitable. This, in short, is the real reason for Japan's success in Manchuria.

Americans, with the furor created by the Japanese demands upon China last year still ringing in their ears, may be reluctant to accept the conclusions I have reached in the foregoing passages. But have they ever stopped to think what those demands really meant? The trouble with the average American is that he permits the non-essential details of Japan's recent diplomatic negotiations with China to obscure the main point upon which Japan's policy hinges. That point is her desire to become the dominant factor in the molding of China's destiny. Call it an Asiatic super-Monroe Doctrine if you will. The name is immaterial. The im-

portant thing is that Japan, the only Asiatic nation efficient enough to escape the yoke of European domination, is aspiring to the leadership of other Asiatic nations. To me this is a laudable ambition, with which America, whose traditional policy has been to keep Europe at arm's-length, must sympathize. Once this point is frankly conceded, even the apparently obnoxious group five of the Japanese demands is easily understood.

The ways of diplomacy, no matter of what power, are always devious. In submitting the now celebrated twenty-one demands to China in January last year, Japan resorted to the usual methods of dickering. The so-called group five was included in the demands unquestionably for the purpose of driving the best bargain. The evidence of this is found in the following instruction which Foreign Minister Baron Kato handed to Eki Hioki, the Japanese minister at Peking, on December 3, 1914, that is, forty-six days before the submission of the demands to the Chinese Government:

As regards the proposals contained in the fifth group, they are presented as the wishes of the Imperial Government. The matters which are dealt with under this category are entirely different in character from those which are included in the first four groups. An adjustment, at this time, of these matters, some of which have been pending between the two countries, being nevertheless highly desirable for the advancement of the friendly relations between Japan and China as well as for safeguarding their common interests, you are also requested to exercise your best efforts to have our wishes carried out.

Even if group five were not "wishes," but real "demands," I see no cause for excitement. Take, for instance, the proposition concerning the supply of arms. China's urgent need to-day is not only an efficient civil administration, but an effective system of defense. In the organization of an effective military power the unification of arms is as essential as the

training of officers and men. Can we not understand why Japan expressed her wish for the establishment of Chino-Japanese arsenals or the purchase of Japanese arms? Japan believes that China's military organization, if not guided and rehabilitated by her, will eventually be controlled by some European nation by no means congenial to her. Signs of this unhappy tendency were clearly discernible before the outbreak of the European War. Germany had established an arsenal not far from Peking, and German officers were increasingly employed by the Chinese army.

Again, the employment of foreign advisers is unmistakably one of China's sovereign rights, which under normal conditions does not permit of foreign interference. But when a nation proves so wayward in the management of its own affairs as to jeopardize the welfare and safety of its neighbors, it becomes the right and duty of the neighbors to urge upon that nation such measures as will remove the cause of such embarrassment. Did not the United States play an important part in the secession of Panama from Colombia? Has she not assumed the control of the finances and police power of Haiti when Haiti has become troublesome to her? And are not Americans urging their Government to deal rigorously with Mexico? With the Monroe Doctrine firmly established, and endowed with enormous potential power to back that doctrine, the United States may remain equanimous with regard to Mexico, while Japan, enjoying no such advantage, is compelled to act promptly and decisively in China.

It is obvious that China, left to her own resources, will eventually become the Turkey of the far East, if it has not already become such. Students of near-Eastern affairs all know what a hotbed of plots and intrigues the Turkish capital has been in the last half-century. Russia, Germany, England, France, Austria, and Italy all played more or less important parts in the great tragi-comedy staged for the alien control of the Ottoman Empire. In their zeal to push their selfish interests

they disregarded all decency in their diplomacy. They employed women of dubious character, bribed eunuchs, corrupted officials, and spread over the whole country a network of espionage. In this rivalry for the control of the Sublime Porte Germany proved a winner. What is the result? Not only has the Turkish Government become a tool in the hands of Germany, but the Turkish army and navy have been dominated by the kaiser's officers. The fate of Constantinople is a vivid lesson to China and to Japan.

To Americans, unable to understand Japan's singular position in the far East, it perhaps makes but little difference whether China is dominated by England, Germany, France, Russia, or Japan. From the Japanese point of view it is different. With the history of European diplomacy in the near and far East before them, the Japanese cannot but shudder to think of the day when China shall be held fast in the grip of Europe. To-day she employs 1105 Englishmen as advisers and minor officials, 1003 Frenchmen, 530 Germans, 463 Russians, and 174 Americans. Japan, whose destiny is intricately interwoven with that of China, has only 207 advisers and officials employed by the Chinese Government.

The substance of the Chino-Japanese agreement of last year is briefly told. Japan agreed to return Kiao-chau to China provided the powers will, after the war, permit Japan to dispose of it in this manner. In eastern inner Mongolia Japan, in order to offset the Russian domination of outer Mongolia, proposes to establish a foothold. In southern Manchuria Japan secured the extension of the lease of Port Arthur and of the concession of the South Manchuria Railway. She has also obtained for Japanese subjects the privilege to travel, reside, and engage in agricultural and commercial pursuits in any part of southern Manchuria. This will greatly facilitate the industrial development of Manchuria. With all the limitations she had to contend with in the past, the Japanese have already created in Manchuria a vast new

industry, the bean industry, benefiting not only the natives of Manchuria, but tens of thousands of coolies of Shan-tung province. Where ten years ago Manchurian farmers barely eked out a living, they are to-day exporting \$40,000,000 worth of beans and bean-cake. This increased prosperity is entirely due to Japanese enterprise.

One may find an objectionable feature in the provision that the Chinese police regulations and Chinese taxation measures in Manchuria to be applied to the Japanese must be approved by the Japanese consul. This is a penalty which a backward nation with no efficient modern law or administration must usually pay.

With regard to Fu-kien province, close to the Japanese island of Formosa, China engages not to grant any foreign power the right to build any shipyard or military or naval station. Finally, China promises to safeguard the Japanese investment, amounting to more than \$10,000,000, in the Han-yeh-ping Company, and not to

contract for it any foreign loan other than Japanese.

This, then, is the sum total of the new privileges which Japan secured from China. The demands as a whole are modest rather than extravagant. What Japan was trying to do in China was to prepare herself against any emergency that might at any moment arise in that agitated country. Armageddon in Europe has for the time being stopped the powers' onslaught upon China. After the war, however, a sharp international rivalry will be resumed for the control of China, both politically and commercially. Which ever side may win in the war, I cannot but apprehend that China will be the next bone of contention among the European powers. It was, therefore, both wise and necessary that Japan should attempt to intrench herself in China at the moment when such a move was most effective. In the light of Europe's past dealings with China, this was not only justifiable, but imperative.



In the Reading-room at the Public Library

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

“SILENCE” they post upon the lintel here,
 Yet surely speech is rife. Loud in the hush,
 Who listens marks a pentecostal rush
 Of fervent tongues lost to the common ear.
 To-day, to-morrow, yesterday have word:
 Love in an ancient tale of chivalry;
 Clamor of coast to coast; far prophecy;
 Din of old bugles; trumpets newly stirred;
 A bell rung slow at sea on a strange ship;
 Winds on an aching desert, hot and spare;
 Cheers for a breathless runner near his goal;
 And at each shoulder, finger mute to lip,
 A sentinel angel, each man unaware,
 In a tumultuous silence with his soul.



“What do you mean by knocking my hat off, sir?”

A Rag-time Hero

By GILBERT FRANKAU

Illustrations by Norman Price

ADJUTANTS are the curse of the new armies, artillery adjutants being the rule rather than the exception. It is a legend that in the days before war, when the army was still "the service," the adjutant was an imposing and efficient soldier at whose frown subalterns quaked and even regimental sergeant majors trembled; but this is only a legend. Now, at any rate, the adjutant is known as the "colonel's head clerk," which, although not entirely accurate, the colonel's clerk being usually an honest corporal who does all the work for which the adjutant draws the pay, is nevertheless sufficiently apt.

Lieutenant and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy, R. F. A., had occupied a "cushy" corner of France nearly four months; he had played a long-distance rôle in one minor operation, written "Passed to you for immediate action, please," not fewer than four thousand times, and procured fish for his colonel's dinner at least once a fortnight. *Ergo et propter hoc*, he was the first subaltern in the 777th Brigade to be granted leave.

Isobel Gracefield, before she married and took a retiring maisonette in Brightmouth-on-Sea, had been—but this is a short story, not a problem novel. She was an auburn-haired attraction with a talent for letter-writing and a genius for the fox-trot. In the happy days when neither horses nor guns yet marred the tranquillity of its existence, the 777th Brigade billeted in Brightmouth; and there John Egerton, in the glossiest of unserviceable field-boots, had esquired Isobel more than once to the leading hotel. The rest, from the first "Dear boy, I can hardly realize you are out there and in danger" to the penultimate "And I am really going to see you again in ten days?" underlined, had been accomplished through the Army Postal Corps. As a result, John Egerton

Molesworthy's leave came to its official end in a Hampshire village on the last day of December, and his father gave him a check, and his mother said, "They might at least have let him see New-year in with me," and Isobel Gracefield took an Embankment suite at a great hotel. All of which was, it is sincerely to be hoped, much more innocent than it really appeared to be.

JOHN EGERTON MOLESWORTHY was still young enough at twenty-two to take tea in the lounge of the hotel, and to take it in khaki.

"Tell me," murmured Isobel as her slim, white hands played with the china cups—"tell me all your adventures, dear boy."

John Egerton told her, modestly as befits a hero, fully as befits a lover. Fired by the spark of his lady's eyes, shells hurled through his sentences, bullets punctuated each disingenuous paragraph. Under the glamour of her admiration the "cook's cart" with which he fetched the colonel's fish and vegetables became a gun; the ambling remount, a galloping team; the quiet *pavé* road, a blood-red pathway to death or glory.

"And you must go back—to that!" The violet eyes darkled, the low voice trembled on the practised minor thirds.

"It is my duty," said the hero.

They dined early, laughed through a revue. In the taxi their hands met; she said:

"Dearest boy, you ought n't to." It is possible that she had read "Phrynette's Letters to Lonely Soldiers." And so they came to supper-time.

Isobel had taken a prominent table, and Isobel was staying in the hotel. So disgruntled parties, in the no-man's-land north of the glass screen where the band plays, caught the glint of a gold-foiled bottle among the flowers, and complained

fruitlessly over their orange-cups. John Egerton's eyes met his lady-love's across the bubbles of real wine. He was glazed, white-waistcoated, glorious; she, radiant in clinging *écru*, short-skirted for the dance. War economy was rampant around them; from the windows overlooking the Embankment to the revolving-doors where the motors hummed ceaselessly the hotel was crammed. England had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry, and England's capital, as England's income, flowed golden from their idle fingers. In single file, between the packed tables, khaki and *crêpe de chine* edged their way danceward to the strain of an Austrian waltz.

"YOU must miss all this so dreadfully out there!" she said.

"One remembers sometimes." He was stoical. "But it will be harder now, Isobel."

She saw the pain in his young eyes; had she not read a thousand war-stories?

"I know, dear," she whispered, and then: "Let us go and dance. It will help you to forget."

Her hand on his arm, the sheen of her throat where the pearls nestled, the wine he had drunk, were as fire to John Egerton's dreams. As they slid through the clumsy dancers to the beat and tap of the rag-time he knew himself a hero. *He* had been out there; to-morrow he was going back again—back to the daily risk, the fret, and the grind of it all, to the mud and the shells. The colonel's fish and the colonel's type-writer faded gloriously from his imagination. He held Isobel closer, whispered "Darling!" as the last thump proclaimed the end of the dance.

It was almost midnight when they came back to their chill coffee, their cigarettes.

"More wine?" asked the soldier; and when Isobel demurred prettily, drank the last glass in the bottle himself.

"Let 's wander," he said, and led her proudly through the foyer, up the staircase. The lights went out as her foot touched the top step. Then came the

blare of bagpipes; laughter rang out, and confetti were showered. They kissed unseen as New-year broke; their hands clung to "Auld Lang Syne." Wine and the touch of Isobel's lips had made John Egerton a demigod; he knew himself a demigod as the lights blazed again, and he leaned against the rails, her hand through his arm, gazing down at the cheering throng below. To him this was life, and he stood above life, a stern, strong deity in a confetti heaven. Isobel, looking up at the brown hair brushed back from his unwrinkled forehead, sighed for her lost youth and the bitterness of things; for even many magazine stories had left her fairly human.

Suddenly the bandsmen rose, laughter was hushed; the first bars of the national anthem lifted the revelers to their feet. Lieutenant and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy, R. F. A., sprang to attention. Even in mufti, he prided himself, every one must know him for a soldier. He stood there stiffly, fingering an imaginary sword, his heart thrilling to the many voices. Loyalty or swank, the effect was there, held him taut.

But it is not easy to stand at attention when a supper crowd insists on singing "God Save the King" through all its verses; John Egerton's eyes wandered, even as his thoughts. He saw Isobel, very desirable, looking up at him; smiled at her, dreamed of her whiteness, the thrill of her lips. He turned ever so slightly to watch the singing throng below. How gorgeous it all was! And then he thought of himself, of his heroism; of how, in a few hours, he would be back on the firing-line, a fighter, while all these shirkers and home-service officers, all these flappers and super-flappers, would go on enjoying themselves, dancing and singing. And then, out of the tail of his eye, he glimpsed sacrilege unspeakable. Scarcely believing, he turned right round, took in the stupendous insult of it all.

A man—was it a man?—a civilian old man in a black evening coat was slinking out of the hotel *with his hat on*. John Egerton's eyes blazed; his blood throbbed



“ Lingered till the sun was nearly at the rim of the sea ”

in his temples. It was a German; it must be a German. And was he, an officer and a gentleman who had been through Hell, with a big H, out there—was he going to stand by and permit this outrage? Isobel, his dreams, the Widow Clicquot shrieked, "No!"

Meanwhile others had noticed the little gray man. A girl called, "Take your hat off!" A man's voice took up the cry, "Take your hat off!" "Hat off!" they chorused. The man stopped. He knew, as the deaf know, that they were trying to say something; cursed for the hundredth time in a weary month the eight-inch shell that had sent him back to a silent world where dumb people danced and gorged and did n't give a tinker's damn for what went on "out there." Then he walked on.

Into John Egerton's mind flashed another scene: Paris, the night of *Reveillon*, himself crying, "*Chapeau! chapeau!*" at every one who dared come in with his hat on, shying peaches, crackers, confetti at the offending toppers.

It was all done in a second; three swift steps, a sweep of the arm, and the silk cylinder was sailing through the air, rolling ungainly among the confetti on the scarlet carpet.

The gray man swung round; the boy faced him in the expectant ring of chorus girls and their cavaliers. He was rather flushed, very pleased with himself. He heard voices saying, "Bravo, sir!" "Well done!" a bejeweled hand patted him on the back.

"What do you mean by knocking my hat off, sir?" The gray man's voice was quiet, as quiet as the gray world to which the stretcher-bearers had brought him back; only the tiniest flame of anger lighted in his steady eyes.

"And what the devil do you mean, sir,"—the boy spoke loudly; he was missing no chance of publicity,—“what do you mean, sir, by keeping your hat on during the national anthem?” They were good words, and John Egerton repeated them to the gathering crowd. Somehow they made their way to the other man's brain.

"Did I do that?" he said slowly, and stooped to pick up his ruffled hat. Then as he turned to go, "I 'm sorry," for Major Henderson happened to be both an officer and a gentleman.

But John Egerton Molesworthy, who was not of the school which takes its wine and its women separately, preened himself ecstatically among the cheering supercats.

"How splendid of you!" whispered Isobel as they went back for the last dance.

LIEUTENANT and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy sank back in his seat as the leave-train rolled out of Victoria Station. His tired mind played languidly round the glories of his last day in England. It had all been wonderful, Isobel, the dance, that dim sitting-room above the Embankment; but best of all was the recollection of his triumphant moment in the foyer. How they had cheered him! That girl who patted him on the back, now, she was good-looking, if you like, prettier than Isobel, younger, with pale hair and dark eyes with a laugh in their depths. John Egerton slept.

He told the story of his New-year's eve to an infantry officer he met on the boat, told it again at the officers' club; repeated it interminably on interminable railway journeys, for his division was on the move, and none knew whither. There were rumors of Verdun, of Salonica. Three days he chased the fugitives, pestered and cursed uncaring transport officers, was decanted shivering on empty platforms to wait for supply-trains that never materialized. At last in a village where rumors of war came scarcely and A. S. C. officers led lives of ease and plenty, he struck trail, and waited seven hours in a warm estaminet, gossiping with two almost clean maidens, for the only train of the day. The following morning, at a darkling two A.M., he groped his way through blinded streets to his last real night of rest, his last morning bath.

There are places on the firing-line where even gunner adjutants live in dug-outs, have shells for their daily portion.

It was in such a place, in the very City of Fear itself, that John Egerton found his brigade. Gone were the pleasant morning canters round the hidden batteries; gone the afternoon rides in search of provender; gone the dreamless slumbers between linen sheets. Here the horses lived seven perilous miles away; here the telephone buzzed ceaselessly through the throbbing night.

John Egerton Molesworthy was no more a coward than a hundred thousand others, only he had been brought up to rag-time. His very patriotism had been the product of it, a quick plant blossoming at the touch of flappers' fingers. He had outgrown flappers; he had not outgrown rag-time. And the city is no place of drawn swords, of gallant heroes leading galloping guns against a panic foe. No applauding chorus girls cheered John Egerton as he hurried through the battered streets: only, the whirring shells buzzed overhead; the roaring salvos crashed in the deserted squares. In six weeks even the boy's vanity, which might have served him for courage, began to wear thin. He caught himself thinking at night in his sodden dug-out of wounds, ugly wounds, and of how much they hurt; of death and what might come after.

It was all horrible to him, but worst of all was the long road between the scarred poplars, the road whereon endless transport-wheels clink in the gloaming, and terror grins in every shadow, and knees tighten instinctively on the saddle-flap to the least whistle of the wind through the bare branches.

The *Bosche* was shelling that road the first time John Egerton came into the City of Fear, and ever afterward the memory of black fountains spurting death, of a horse kicking convulsively, of the headless rider beneath it, and the blood on the *pavé*, was with him, sleeping or waking. It stood at his shoulder, leering, as he wrote to Isobel Gracefield of dangers faced unafraid, of discomforts uncomplainingly endured.

On the very day he had decided, come what might, to tell his colonel he could

bear things no longer, a fortunate splinter in the right shoulder sent him back to England.

MRS. GRACEFIELD swished into the Portland Place nursing-home. She looked an angel; she had not forgotten to bring lilies.

"Oh, you poor dear!" she said when the nurse left them alone. "Was it dreadfully painful?"

"Not very," the pale boy with the bandaged arm said, and smiled back at her. Already the memory of his fears, of the "nervous breakdown" he had planned for himself, was fading. And as she talked, made invalid love to him, wounded vanity began to heal even as wounded shoulder. The recollection of his self-contempt—so much worse than the recollection of the little pain he had suffered—receded into that vague world wherein real men did real jobs, the world to which he did not belong. He stretched a thin, white hand from the bed-clothes, raised Isobel's fingers to his lips. She bent over him; the perfume and the lace of her drove away the last clouds from his young sky. He was a hero again! For it takes more than six weeks in the City of Fear and a shrapnel splinter in the right shoulder to cure youth of rag-time.

"You must come down to Brightmouth, Jack. The air is so wonderful down there, and I will nurse you," Isobel said as she kissed him good-by.

But John Egerton's people decreed differently; he was whisked away to Hampshire, to dinner-parties and tea-parties and admiring maidens in brogued shoes and tailor-made skirts. It was not even of his asking that a far-seeing medical board decreed "light duty," and a kindly War Office sent him to 14 C Reserve Brigade, Brightmouth-on-Sea.

It was the old John Egerton Molesworthy who left his valise at Brightmouth Station, hailed a taxi languidly, and purred up the hill to Isobel's maisonette. He was on light duty, and the reserve brigade could wait his presence until after

tea-time. It was the old John Egerton who lingered till the sun was nearly at the rim of the sea, holding Isobel's hand, kissing the white ear nestling among the auburn curls. It was the old John Egerton, in the old unserviceable field-boots, who tapped at the orderly-room door, clicked spurred heels, saluted his new colonel. The colonel looked up from his writing, rose, shook hands.

"So you 're for light duty, Molesworthy. Hope the wound 's better. Let me see, you 're an adjutant, are n't you? I could have help in the orderly-room."

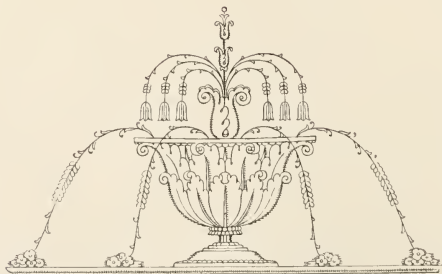
But John Egerton could scarcely answer. He was seeing not the be-ribboned colonel, but another little gray man, in undistinguished evening dress, picking up a ruffled top hat!

He was seeing himself, rather flushed, standing triumphantly among his cheering supper-cats. Could it be true? And just when life looked rosier, too; when everything was going his way! The fear of being found out, which is deeper than the fear of death, held him almost dumb. The steady eyes frightened him. Was it the same man? Was it? All the pleasure of coming back to England, to Brightmouth, to Isobel, lay withered. He heard a half-remembered voice saying:

"So that 's settled then. You 'll report here at nine to-morrow," and caught himself forgetting to salute.

John Egerton Molesworthy, R. F. A., is still lieutenant and adjutant, but there is no happiness in him. In the bare orderly-room of 14 C Reserve Brigade, on the windy cemented gun-park, at mess, or church parade, the gray figure of his commanding officer is an accusation, a menace. In the midst of some thrilling story, told joyously to the newly joined, who have never been "out there," he catches those steady eyes at the end of the long table, and the story dies tamely on his lips. As he sits writing "passed to you" on endless slips of buff paper, he sees that gray head bent over the littered table, and the pen shakes. Is it the very man? Is it only an amazing likeness? He does not know, he cannot be certain. The discreetest questions fail to help him. But always he is haunted by the fear—the fear of being found out. If indeed his colonel is the man whose hat he smote off in the madness of that memorable evening, and if his colonel remembers, what will happen to Lieutenant and Adjutant John Egerton Molesworthy? Were it not better to escape before the deluge, even if escape means the front and all the horrors of that long road between the scarred poplars? Or is it all only a dream, the figment of a nervous brain?

Isobel believes, but then Isobel would believe almost anything. Has she not read a thousand war-stories?



The Last Rally

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

(UNDER England's new Conscription Act, the last of the married men joined her colors on June 24, 1916.)

IN the midnight, in the rain,
That drenches every sooty roof and licks each window-pane,
The bugles blow for the last rally
Once again.

Through the horror of the night,
Where glimmers yet northwestward one ghostly strip of white,
Squelching with heavy boots through the untrodden plowlands,
The troops set out. Eyes right!

These are the last who go because they must,
Who toiled for years at something leveled now in dust:
Men of thirty, married, settled, who had built up walls of comfort
That crumbled at a thrust.

Now they have naked steel,
And the heavy, sopping rain that the clammy skin can feel,
And the leaden weight of rifle and the pack that grinds the entrails,
Wrestling with a half-cooked meal.

And there are oaths and blows,
The mud that sticks and flows,
The bad and smoky billet, and the aching legs at morning,
And the frost that numbs the toes;

And the senseless, changeless grind,
And the pettifogging mass of orders muddling every mind,
And the dull-red smudge of mutiny half rising up and burning,
Till they choke and stagger blind.

But for them no bugle flares;
No bright flags leap, no gay horizon glares;
They are conscripts, middle-aged, rheumatic, cautious, weary,
With slowly thinning hairs:

Only for one to-night
A woman weeps and moans and tries to smite
Her head against a table, and another rocks a cradle,
And another laughs with flashing eyes, sitting bolt upright.



Shakspeare and the Movies

By BRIAN HOOKER

AMONG many revenges brought in by the whirligig of time, not least surprising is the similarity of form and structure between the plays of Shakspeare and the modern photodrama. To some readers there may even seem a shade of blasphemy in the comparison; almost deifying the Poet of Avon, they will not readily so far let down their brows as to accord the three reels' traffic of the screen the place and title of art. But letting pass this incongruity, as the great Elizabethan himself would have been the first to do, certainly no two arts could at first sight appear more opposite. In Shakspeare the spoken poetry is all, the visual action and setting are almost eliminated; whereas the moving-picture by its very name eliminates the spoken word and tells its tale in pantomime. The one dramatizes for the ear, the other for the eye; yet the two nevertheless attain their end by strangely similar means, through a form and structure and system of technical devices closely parallel in each, and sharply in contrast with the methods of the modern stage.

The theater of our time, through the development of scenic construction and the use of the electric light, has arrived at a high degree of realism. The illusion of a given setting is almost perfect; but such an illusion takes time and money to produce. The audience must wait while scenes are shifted, the management must pay for scenery; and the play is accordingly constructed in three or four acts, with no more changes of scene than are necessary. The story is told in a few solid blocks of action, each with a climax of its own and each carrying forward by one stride the major action of the piece; each one, moreover, such as may reasonably be supposed to happen continuously and in the same place. Shakspeare and the photoplay, on the other hand, construct not in acts, but in scenes; in short and freely shifted episodes, as many and as

diverse as may be, and strung together along the narrative thread of the story rather than focused fanwise into one dramatic knot. Both alike are free from the limitations of stage mechanism, and both alike derive from originals essentially narrative—Shakspeare from the old moralities, in which the whole story must be acted out unaltered because of its Biblical sacredness, and the photoplay from the earlier representations of actual events, the primitive "moving-pictures," which were thrown upon the screen unmodified for sheer interest in the mechanical reproduction. Shakspeare makes a kaleidoscope of the unities, and shifts his scene when and where he will because he has no scenery to shift. The photoplay does the like because its scenes are photographed anywhere and beforehand, to flash upon the screen at will.

Perhaps the simplest illustration of this kind of structure is the device known in moving-picture parlance as the "cut-back." A burglar, for example, is shown approaching a house; the scene shifts to a bedchamber within, showing the sleeper there; and then cuts back to the burglar outside, in the act of breaking open a window; then to the sleeper hearing the noise and arousing. Thus two simultaneous lines of action may be shown converging to a climax by means of alternating scenes. It is of course a favorite device with Shakspeare: the whole last act of "*Macbeth*," for instance, is developed in this way. First, the sleep-walking scene; then the country near Dunsinane, where the Scottish insurgents are marching to join the English force at Birnam; then a cut-back to Dunsinane Castle, where *Macbeth* is advised of the approach of his enemies, but defies fate until the prophecy shall be fulfilled; then the cut-back to the insurgent army near Birnam Wood—"Let every soldier hew him down a bough"; another cut-back to the castle, where *Macbeth*



Photograph by the Lasky Feature Play Co. Scene from the "Carmen" photoplay

Neither this scene nor the three following would be possible on the stage

learns of the Queen's death, and immediately afterward of the approach of the moving forest. And so the act proceeds, alternating from *Macbeth* to his enemies and back again, until the two are brought to grips, and the concluding battle is shown in a rapid succession of short scenes here and there about the field. For the modern theater these scenes would be collected and combined, the locality changed only once or twice, and the device of alternation minimized. Shakspeare develops it to a maximum, and the camera would show the act as he made it, because it is typically photoplay structure. Nor is this an unusual, as it is a striking, case of structural correspondence between the two forms. To reduce almost any play of Shakspeare to a brief scenario is to make the same similarity appear. The scene of *Fortinbras* and his army on the march, the third act of "*Lear*," the opening of "*Twelfth Night*," the forest scenes in "*As You Like It*" are notable examples. One must remember, indeed, that the familiar

division into acts and scenes was not made by Shakspeare, but by his editors. To himself, his plays were continuous action, sometimes not localized at all, but with instantaneous change of locality at convenience. And here again we recognize the characteristic form of the photoplay.

But the likeness does not end with the strategy of the forms, the ordering of the story into a certain series of scenes; it is a matter of tactics also, equally noticeable in the nature of the individual scenes themselves. Of the wandering action in the forest of Arden and the battle at the close of "*Macbeth*" I have already spoken. The latter, like nearly all of Shakspeare's battle-scenes, corresponds closely to the practice of representing a wide-spread action by moving the camera from place to place, giving a detail here and an episode there. Upon the modern stage these alarums and excursions are inevitably trivial and ineffective: the verisimilitude of so huge and extended an event is not to be achieved by off-stage noises and the shouts and bustle



Photograph from Fine Arts Studio

Scene from the "Macbeth" photoplay

of a few shambling supernumeraries. We may imagine that Shakspeare did better by mere suggestion, without attempting realism; certainly his audience approved, or he would not have made so many of these scenes. And the parallel is no further to seek than the nearest set of war-films. From actual battle, indeed, the extreme villainy of our saltpeter bids the camera keep its distance; but fictitious warfare is quite presentable. So with that essentially narrative material the action of which physically moves along as it proceeds: the scene of pedestrians upon the street, wayfarers riding a journey, ships at sea, or the like. Such action was the original material of the moving-picture, and remains peculiarly suited to it; and of such action, avoided by the theater of to-day, the Elizabethans made free use. The wayside encounters of *Katharina* and *Petruchio* during their return to Padua, the procession in "Julius Caesar," the hunting of the drunken conspirators by *Ariel* and his elfin hounds, and the street scenes in "The

Comedy of Errors" are only a few out of many cases. Shakspeare could do these things because the convention of his stage demanded no visual illusion; the photoplay possesses the one means whereby the visual illusion of these things can be produced.

So also with scenes the unfitness of which for presentation on the stage is no mere matter of locality, but of the nature of the scene itself. The eye of Shakspeare in its range over earth and heaven bodied forth many imaginations too large for any theater to encompass and too fanciful for any theatric devices at our command to present with such verisimilitude as our audiences require. He will suggest a whole battle-field by a series of alarms and excursions, but the actual clash of arms no drama can more than suggest. Fighting upon the stage becomes grotesque the moment it exceeds the dimensions of the duel. Upon the screen, men can smite hideously with harmless weapons, topple from towering battle-



Photograph from Fine Arts Studio

Scene from the "Macbeth" photoplay

ments into safe nets five feet below, or drown to admiration in shallow water. The reason is, of course, that the camera does not discriminate: it accepts and renders alike whatever is presented to it under its own optical laws; and the credulity of the machine in turn deceives the eye. The shipwreck in "The Tempest," the thunder-smitten wandering of *Lear*, the apparitions in "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar," the dainty fantasies of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," are so difficult of theatrical accomplishment that Maeterlinck protests against their being enacted at all. For him and the meticulous like of him it is better to read and to imagine than to suffer the intrusion of mechanism, the subconsciousness of literal and visible make-believe, between his fancy and the poet's vision. Certainly these things in their original presentation must have depended largely upon the imagination of the audience; but all such matters in the photoplay succeed precisely because of the lack of imagination in the

camera. There is no speculation in its eye; wherefore even the ironic modern, gazing upon the retina of that innocent Cyclops, forbears to speculate.

And the parallel between the forms carries out curiously into some of their lesser details and devices. The soliloquy has disappeared from the theater together with the aside, and the kindred practices of reading letters needlessly aloud and confiding in friends for the information of the audience are fast following them. In Shakespeare's time audiences had not learned any disfavor of these simplicities, nor had the general management of the stage grown so realistic as to make them incongruous; they were therefore frankly accepted as conventions. In very similar case is the photoplay device of throwing words upon the screen, technically known as an "insert." Audiences do not object to being informed in this way of the contents of documents or of what is passing in the minds of the characters; and as a means of visualizing spoken words, which, except



Photograph from Fine Arts Studio

Scene from the "Macbeth" photoplay

to lip-readers, the camera cannot otherwise represent, it is wholly congruous with the technic of the art as a whole. Artists in this form, accordingly, do not even attempt to avoid it altogether, but rather to employ it effectively. And this is just what Shakspeare did with the soliloquy. Used constructively to explain or to forecast action, as in the famous speeches of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Iago*, the Shaksperian soliloquy corresponds to the "insert." Used for the display of character, to apprise the audience of a character's unspoken thought, it corresponds more closely to another familiar device of the photoplay, the "close-up": that is, the temporary placing of the camera close to the actors in order that intimacies of gesture or expression may be clearly seen. *Ophelia's* mad scene, *Othello's* dying speech, and the tirades of *Romeo* and *Juliet* in the tomb, are of this latter kind. And yet another practice of Shakspeare and his contemporaries which finds curiously its counterpart in the photoplay is the nota-

ble use of descriptive passages. What he achieves in *Oberon's*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, in *Hamlet's* lines about his father's portrait, or in the gorgeous account of *Cleopatra's* barge, the wordless drama answers by those interpolations of ordinary motionless photographs called in its own argot "stills." Each gets an effect quite foreign to the nature of his art, and long since relinquished by the theater. The old dramatist drops for a moment into sheer unacted poetry, and the moving-picture displays a picture that does not move; in both cases the object is pure description.

Now it must be that under so minute a parallel between the most and the least literary of dramatic forms there lies some deeper and more fundamental likeness conditioning all these minor similarities. Coincidence has a long arm, it is true, but hardly so many fingers. And that fundamental likeness is not far to seek. The modern dramatist must conceive his story



Photograph from Fine Arts Studio

Scene from the "Macbeth" photoplay

more or less in terms of the modern theater: he must see it compressed naturally into simple and unbroken action, close to the old unities of time and place, capable of effective and illusive preparation by theatrical means, and, at best, of actually taking place within the three walls of the stage. Both Shakspeare and the photoplay writer, on the other hand, conceive their stories in terms of actuality, as happening where and how they would have happened had their fictions been literally true. Shakspeare knew that he could not make the boards of the Globe look like the battlements of Elsinore; he had no optical means for producing to the eyes of the groundlings the mystic illusion of a ghost; and the impossibility absolves him from the attempt. He thinks not of these things, but of the very ghost itself, seen through the startled eyes of *Hamlet* and his friends. For him "The Tempest" is enacted upon the veritable island of *Prospero*; under the green and sunlit arches of Arden do *Rosalind* and *Orlando* weave their arabesque of merry loves; and *Flori-*

zel discovers *Perdita* in a desert country by the sea. It is a local habitation that he gives to his imaginings, not an habitation enforced within the possibilities of the playhouse. And having so envisaged them, he trusts his art of poetry to make an audience not unaccustomed to the task imagine likewise. He works for a mental illusion, being without power or desire of a visual one; and in so doing, makes a profusion of images which the modern theater, with all its magic of mechanism, labors in vain to visualize. His frank inaccuracies of time and costume and local color in general do but prove the point; for he creates within his knowledge, careless of even what visible accuracies he knows. He did not think that there were British clowns in Athens, or fairies in Greek mythology; but for the purposes of his art, he did not care, and he did so imagine them.

Shakspeare conceives his action as literally taking place, and brings it home to his audience by sheer writing; the maker of photoplays in like manner conceives his

story literally, and brings it home upon the screen by photography. There is no restriction of time or space within the limits of the theater: scenes which have been presented months or miles apart may be represented in a moment and together. There is no limitation of visual illusion, for a scene may be enacted at will wherever it is supposed to happen. The practical stage becomes all out of doors, the actuality of the episode a mere matter of expediency; and whether it is done in fact or played in the studio depends only upon whether it is easier to deceive the camera or to bring it into the presence of the thing itself. The theatrical producer cannot burn down a house upon the stage: with difficulty can he pretend to do so deceptively enough to satisfy his audience; and this laborious and expensive pretense must be repeated at every performance. The producer of a photoplay can burn a real house if he chooses; it may well be worth his while, since he need do it but once for any number of representations; or, if he elects a simulated conflagration, that may be done by any means and upon any scale, once for all, and before a single spectator mechanically incapable of doubt, whose inevitable illusion will appear to audiences

precisely like the fact. It is this which brings back upon the screen the lost scope and freedom of the old literary drama. The action may leap in a flash from Broadway to Borneo and back again; horsemen may gallop across country, or ships plow leagues of foam, and the spectator in his chair will follow every foot of the way; storm or battle-field, the crowded street or the elaborate spectacle, may be brought in for momentary emphasis and cast aside; Troy may be taken or Pompeii overwhelmed. Nor need impossibility itself impose any narrower bounds than fact or fiction; magic and the supernatural, always balancing at the edge of absurdity upon the stage, are here no less than visible since very fact can be no more. The visitation of Joan by angels, the turning of a pumpkin into *Cinderella's* coach, appear equally veritable with John Smith lighting a cigar; for the machine which turns all substances to shadows will show as readily any shadow for the substance. And a public grown slowly dull to verbal suggestion remains easily suggestible by sight. The Elizabethan audience was trained to imagine what it heard; the modern audience is accustomed to believe its eyes.

Hyphen-bearers

By NEWELL MARTIN

WITH deep interest I have been studying an old Telephone Directory to learn what sort of people make the greatness of New York. Our chauvinists should do the same, and learn something about the newest Americans. At every stage of our progress, narrow-minded people and crooked-minded people have had much to say against the latest arrivals. Some profound student of social movements has always stepped forward, with the air of a scientific discoverer, to say, "The immigrants of fifty years ago enriched the nation, but these new immigrants are undesirable." There are also, always, everywhere, ardent ex-

clusionists, and expulsionists. One well-known magazine has hinted that some way should be found to induce German-Americans to go back to their old home after the war, and it is obvious that some of our prominent publicists are of the same opinion. In London, Herbert Samuel, a prosperous Hebrew, threatens to send back to Russia some thousands of less fortunate Hebrews.

But, aware as I am of the shortcomings of our new competitors, I suspect that it is a fallacy to pretend that our immigration is falling off in quality. Study of the recondite sources of information that lie before me indicates that immigrants of

late years are of better stock than we used to get.

It is true that in my grandfather's time there were among us descendants of patriots who had left England for lack of liberty, or who had been exiled from Ireland, or who had fled from Continental Europe to get away from the Inquisition or the Holy Alliance; but we used to import great numbers of negro slaves and transported convicts. Now among the immigrants who come to us are descendants of the Italians, who built up the civil law, of the Jews, who founded all our religions, and of the Turks, who set Constantinople free from the effete Byzantines.

We used to be as insular as our English founders. In my college class there was not one student whose name indicated an ancestry from outside of the British Islands. The New York Directory of 1850 was a slim, shabby little book, full of English names. But we have gloriously ceased to be provincial. I turn to the Telephone Directory for May, with its 850 pages and 350,000 addresses, and see that New York is no longer an English colony. I open it at random, and read two dozen names in succession, one from the head of each column, and find this:

Runkle, Ruskay, Russell, Russian Volunteer Fleet, Ruten, Ryan, Rybakoff, S. & S. Delicatessen, Saccoccio, Sackin, Saffertone and Salb, St. Andrew's Society, St. Vincent Ferrer Literary Society, Salinger, Salomon, Saltzseider, Samberg, Samson, Samuels, Sand, Sanders, Sanes. Only two of those names are English.

Turning now to the "Times," I find among the advertisements the official list of the dazzling boys and girls who took the highest marks this summer in graduating from the high schools of New York and its suburbs, and are qualified for college scholarships from the treasury of one hundred dollars a year. There are more than three hundred of these marvels, five columns of these wonder-children, battalions of intellect. Louisa Viggeani is the foremost of them all, with the impressive mark of 95.99. The first girl after

her has 94.92. Of course seven of the first ten are girls. Twenty of the first twenty-five are German-Americans, Hebrew-Americans, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans. They have all risen to the dizzy height of a mark of over 90. Here are their names, and of such is the kingdom of this world:

Louisa Viggeani	J. S. Orliansky
A. Greenberg	C. H. Tobias
Melanie Rohrer	Lydia Felder
Ruth Harr	B. Mack
Elsie Hoertel	Hermine Schaff
Jacob Kabak	F. M. Sommerfield
Bertha Shoenberg	Ellen Ahern
S. B. Fishkind	A. F. A. Ziegler
Helen Meyer	Sam Saretsky
Victorine K. Mayer	M. M. Polsenski

I turn to the second column of prize-winners and read:

Bertha Silberberg	Jonas Massims
Julia Keegan	Naum Shamroy
Rose Sperber	Marie Zadoorian
Morris Bunsis	Ruth Biegeleisen
M. W. Feinberg	Rebecca Shub
Mary B. Cowley	John Hanselman
Nora Mulvey	Louis Holl
Kathryn Noone	Sydney Heimer
Susette Burns	F. H. Villaume
Ada Isaacs	Florence Flynn
Herman Zazele	M. Skolnik
	Sophie Sachatoff

The Telephone Directory is itself a sort of prize-list. The submerged nine tenths do not hire telephones.

And as to the school-list, every child on that list is one out of a thousand, a survivor from the competition of myriads.

On that last list all but two are hyphen-bearers, Hebrew-Americans, German-Americans, French-Americans, Irish-Americans, Syro-Americans, Armenian-Americans. Among these boys and girls are governors and governesses, mayors and alderwomen, of the near future. When you see an editorial about the "Inefficiency of the Melting-pot," or "America for the Americans," remember this list of honors and be glad that the stream of the elect has not ceased to flow westward.



The boat-landing at the Maison Chevillon, where Stevenson kept his canoe

With Stevenson at Grez

By BIRGE HARRISON

IT was a memorable day for Stevenson when the *Cigarette* and the *Arctusa* moored at the foot of the narrow little garden which leads from the shores of the Loing up to the old Pension Chevillon at Grez. Could he have foreseen that the apparently simple act of tying his canoe-rope to the landing-post that morning was to make of him a world-wanderer, that it would cut him off definitely from his beloved Scotland and all that Scotland meant to him, that it would lead him as an "Amateur Immigrant" to California, that it would start him on that year-long cruise of the Pacific, and waft him at last, like a piece of driftwood, to far-off Samoa—could he have foreseen all this, would he, I wonder, have set foot ashore that warm summer morning, or, turning his prow once more to the current, paddled on down-stream to Paris and the sea? Truly I believe that he would have landed only the more joyously, for Stevenson was nothing if not a true sport. Despite a

frail physique, he sought adventure eagerly and stood always ready to meet it more than half-way. Nothing ever daunted him, and nothing so roused him to anger as any suggestion that his own health should be allowed to weigh in the balance when there was question of adventure by flood or by field. As a matter of fact, and as time proved, he possessed an astonishing reserve of nervous energy, and in certain cases where other stronger men went to pieces, his high spirits seemed to serve him adequately in lieu of physical strength.

But he well knew, and has himself said, that *the* great adventure is not that which we go forth to seek in far places, but that which comes to seek us by the fireside. And this was more than half true in his own case, for it was not upon any business of his own that he came to Grez, but rather because our fellow-art-student and comrade Willie Simpson was a brother to Sir Walter Simpson, who was the *Cigar-*

ette of Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage" and his present companion.

It was a gay, picturesque, and genuinely Bohemian community in which he found himself at Grez, and it has seemed to me that it might be well worth while to describe it in some detail, in view of the fact that it was destined to form the background of Stevenson's life for many months to come.

The nucleus of the colony was Anglo-Saxon, and the majority of its members were either English or Americans; but there was a sufficient sprinkling of French and Scandinavians to give a cosmopolitan quality to the gathering, and an occasional Spaniard or Italian added a touch of Southern color. All of its members were either artists, artists' models *en villégiateure*, or students of art in painting and sculpture, or in music, literature, or the drama.

The one who always stands out most vividly in my own mind and memory is my beloved chum and studio-companion Theodore Robinson, who is now taking his place beside Inness, Wyant, and Winslow Homer as one of our American old masters. Robinson, like Stevenson, was a semi-invalid, a great sufferer from asthma, which never gave him a moment's respite; but, like Stevenson again, he never allowed his weakness to interfere in any way with the main business of life or to intrude itself upon others. His infectious laugh I can hear to this day, and the subdued chuckle with which he met the little daily contretemps of existence was a tonic and an inspiration to those about him. Robinson was far from handsome in the classic sense. An enormous head, with goggle-eyes and a whopper-jaw, was balanced on a frail body by means of a neck of extreme tenuity; and stooping shoulders, with a long, slouching gait, did not add anything of grace or of beauty to his general appearance. But when one of the French comrades threw an arm about his shoulders, and casting a sidewise and puzzled glance upon him remarked, "Tu es vilain, Robinson; mais je t'aime," we all understood, for out of those goggle-eyes

shone the courage of a Bayard, and in their depths brooded the soul of a poet and dreamer, while his whole person radiated a delightful and ineffable sense of humor. Stevenson and he at once became bosom friends and companions, for they were hewn out of the same block.

I shall not forget Stevenson's joy at the manner in which Robinson once put an end to a rather tiresome rainy-day discussion on the subject of genealogy, during which we had been treated to more or less colorful accounts of the distinguished lineage of most of those present.

Robinson had remained silent throughout the discussion, with only an occasional subterranean chuckle to indicate that he was listening to the conversation. Finally some one called out:

"Bobbie, we have not yet heard from you. Who were your noble ancestors, anyway?"

With a subdued twinkle he replied:

"Well, if you really wish to know, I will tell you. My father was a farmer, and my grandparents were both very respectable and deserving domestic servants. I have never carried my investigation any further up the family-tree."

There was a short, somewhat embarrassed silence, and then Stevenson threw his arms about Robinson's shoulders with a shout of joy.

"Tu es vilain, Robinson," he cried; "mais je t'aime."

It has always been a source of regret to me that no one of us painter-men ever thought of making a double portrait of the pair in that pose, for, if successful, it would have been a psychological document of surpassing interest. It would have been a failure indeed did it not demonstrate the profound fact that mere physical ugliness is no bar to the expression of spiritual beauty in the human countenance; for the almost Gothic mask of Robinson's features could and did radiate sweetness and light as readily as the nearly classic beauty of Stevenson's own profile.

Another member of our little colony who has left an indelible mark upon my memory is Robert Mowbray Stevenson,

Louis's cousin, the *Bob* of the "Vailima Letters," who came down from Paris shortly after Stevenson's own arrival. Years later, as professor of art at Oxford and as the author of a remarkable monograph upon Velasquez, he was destined to become widely known throughout the world. At that time, however, he was endeavoring to demonstrate to himself and to others his right to be ranked seriously as a landscape-painter, and wasting considerable quantities of perfectly good pigment in the effort, which before many months he was frankly to abandon as a mistake. But although his talent did not lie in the direction of pictorial expression, Bob Stevenson was, more nearly than any other mortal I have ever met, a genius in the true sense of the word; unfortunately for himself, however, and still more unfortunately for the world at large, his genius could expand only under conditions which precluded its finding permanent expression. Just as those of us who have heard Edwin Booth play *Hamlet* know that there never was or never could be such another *Hamlet*, so those of us who have heard Bob Stevenson converse know that, in this generation at least, there never has been or could be such another talker. But for its fullest and best expression, his special talent demanded an interlocutor, or at least the figment of an opponent in the scintillating monologue which he was pleased to style a discussion. If it comes to a mere question of genius pure and simple, no one who knew the two cousins intimately would have hesitated for an instant to award the primacy to Bob, and Louis himself would have been the first to concur in the justice of this decision. When the after-dinner coffee was on the table in the old *salle à manger*, it was Louis's custom to stir up a discussion upon some subject connected with ethics or morals or the general conduct of life, and then, if he succeeded in getting Bob started, to sit back and enjoy the intellectual feast which was sure to follow, just dropping in a word of dissent now and then in order to keep the stream flowing.

On these occasions Bob's flights of imagination were not only brilliant to a degree, but they were often humorous and most entertaining. Not infrequently they took the form of a story, with a complicated plot evolved on the spur of the moment, and with characters who by their acts and words gave living form to the abstraction which he had set out to ride to earth. Louis, being the artist that he was, made notes, and several of the stories which later appeared in the "New Arabian Nights" and are there duly accredited to "my cousin Robert Mowbray Stevenson," were thrown off by the latter during one of these impromptu symposia. First among these was the famous "Suicide Club," to which, however, Stevenson himself added what was perhaps the most original and telling touch—the incident of the young man with the cream tarts. The gruesome idea of the main story grew out of an indignant protest on the part of Bob to an opinion set forth by his cousin to the effect that in the domain of morals men were in no sense free agents, and that no man had the right to dispose of his own life any more than he had the right to dispose of the life of his friend or neighbor. Bob in reply quoted the verse from Omar:

What, without asking, hither hurried

Whence?

And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!

Ah! contrite heaven endowed us with the
vine

To drug the memory of that insolence!

contending hotly that inasmuch as we had not been consulted when we were thus rudely and without our own consent dumped into life, the option was surely ours as to the time and the manner of leaving it.

Then followed the inevitable monologue, which gradually developed into the plot of the "Suicide Club" as printed in the "New Arabian Nights," and in which Bob set forth his own ideas as to the most agreeable mode of shuffling off this mortal coil. But not quite content with his first effort, he proceeded to evolve an alternate

plot, which, while not so dramatic as the original, was at least not quite so distressing. In this second story the device of the executioner who is selected by chance is replaced by a train which is scheduled to start once a month at midnight from Charing Cross, and is to carry all those who during the month have decided that life has no further attractions for them. The train is to be the last word in modern luxury, with a dancing-car for those who would dance and a dining-car for those who would dine, furnished with the most dainty and delectable dishes, and provided with champagne and fine liqueurs of the most expensive brands. The track is to be cleared, and the train started, without an engineer or a train crew, direct for the cliff of Dover, over which it is supposed to plunge at a moment unknown to any of the passengers, and when the revelry is at its height.

The mutual admiration of the two Stevensons was a delight to see, and that it was destined to be a lifelong affection is shown by the long series of "Vailima Letters" addressed to Bob. Fundamentally, of course, their mutual attraction for each other was due to the fact that both were true *men*; but it was doubtless partly attributable to the added fact that the quality of their genius was as different as was their outward appearance. Louis, as we all know, was of the blond, appealing Northern type, but Bob was as black and as fiery as an Andalusian. One could not help feeling that one of his ancestors at least must have been a Spaniard—one of those Spanish adventurers perchance who were wrecked upon the coast of Scotland at the time when the last ships of the Spanish Armada were dispersed in that historic storm which, with the assistance of Lord Howard and Drake, saved England. Legend has it that the daughters of the isles were kind to the handsome and unfortunate waifs from the sea, and that the black Highlanders of the Scottish Hebrides have more than a little Spanish blood in their veins.

At this time Stevenson was publishing a series of studies of men and things in

"The Cornhill Magazine," and he was also engaged upon "An Inland Voyage" and parts of the "New Arabian Nights." As if this were not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the greediest of workers, he was also writing various stories and essays which he called "Studies," but which he afterward destroyed.

I have a vivid recollection of a most interesting shop-talk with him about this time which occurred during a long walk to Fontainebleau. As we tramped along under the shade of the tall poplars, he outlined to me the writer's *credo* as he knew it, and explained his own methods of work.

"You painter-chaps make lots of studies, don't you?" he exclaimed. "And you don't frame them all and send them to the Salon, do you? You just stick them up on the studio wall for a bit, and presently you tear them up and make more. And you copy Velasquez and Rembrandt and Vandyke and Corot; and from each you learn some little trick of the brush, some obscure little point in technic. And you know damn well that it is the knowledge thus acquired that will enable you later on to deliver your own message with a fine and confident bravado. You are simply learning your *métier*; and believe me, *mon cher*, an artist in any line without the *métier* is just a blind man with a stick. Now, in the literary line I am simply doing what you painter-men are doing in the pictorial line—learning the *métier*."

"Yes, but how do you work the game?" I inquired. "We artists use paint and canvas and brushes precisely as the masters did."

"Well, I use pen and ink and paper precisely as did the masters of the pen," laughed Stevenson, "only a pencil is quite good enough for me at present. Just now I am making a story *à la* Balzac, with a French plot, French local color, and every little touch and detail as close to the old boy as I can possibly make it. And *is n't* he a wizard! Look at 'Cousine Bette' and 'Peau de chagrin' and the 'Médecin de campagne.' Are n't they just marvels of literary perfection! Really, I believe that

Balzac held up to nature a more wonderful mirror than even the great W. S. himself. And dear old *Père Goriot*, don't you just *know* him better even than if you had met him right here on the *grande route* and had an hour's chat with him? I like to swallow a great master whole as it were, to read everything he's written at one go, and then have a try myself at something in his manner. The only way to become a master is to study the masters, take my word for it. It's all one whether it's in paint or clay or words. And then, if you are humble enough and keep an open mind *and* have something of your own to say, you may one of these long days learn how to say it. I have at various periods thus sat at the feet of Sir Walter Scott and Smollett and Fielding and Dickens and Poe and Baudelaire, and the number of things which I have written in the style of each would fill a clothes-basket."

I have since occasionally regretted that some of the contents of this basket had not been rescued and given to us in a discreet little *sub-rosa* book, if only for an example to future students of art and of literature. Yet the master probably knew best, and pursued the wise course in destroying his tentative experiments. Upon another occasion, certainly, it befell me to regret still more poignantly that the studies of a great master had *not* been destroyed, for they stood like a blurring mist between the public and the finished masterpieces of the greatest sculptor of modern times.

Among the regular members of our artist band I remember Henley, a brother of the poet; Metcalf; Joe Heseltine; Enfield; Weldon Hawkins; and Walter Ullman, all English; Frank O'Meara, the handsome, debonaire young Irishman who was to die before his great talent as a painter made its mark; Carl Larson and Shredswig, both now famous abroad as well as in their native Sweden; Will Low; Bentz; Walter Palmer; and Jameson, a young Scotch painter of talent, and a brother of Dr. Jameson of Kimberly, South Africa, who, as the author of the Jameson Raid, caused some little trouble in South Africa later on. This reminds

me that one day the young doctor turned up at the Pension Chevillon with the statement that, with the help and advice of a certain Cecil Rhodes, who was a chum of his down there, he had cleaned up the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, which sum he had brought back with him to defray the expenses of a Continental trip, he having neglected to do the grand tour before going to South Africa. He kindly invited the whole colony to join him as guests in the proposed round of Europe, promising that everything should be first-class, and that no wine more plebeian than champagne should be served on the trip. Accordingly, after a symposium which lasted from daylight to daylight, a gay band of a dozen young and brave men started off upon this first Jameson Raid, which has hitherto been unchronicled and unknown to fame. Stevenson was not of the party, he having at the time other interests in Grez which were of a more absorbing nature and of which more anon. Perhaps it was just as well, on the whole, that he remained behind, for something under a month later a hollow-eyed, worn, bedraggled band limped into Grez, explaining that their condition was due to the fact that they had ended up the tour three days previously by climbing Mont Blanc!

One of the most picturesque and at the same time one of the most mysterious members of our group was a young Frenchman named Salis, who threw himself upon our mercy by explaining that he was an escaped convict, and that he did not dare return to his old haunts in Paris or even venture to live among French people elsewhere, knowing full well that he would be apprehended and sent back hot-foot to New Caledonia. He had been a *communard*, it appeared, in fact the editor of a *communard* journal in Paris, whence he had been deported for advocating too strenuously the cause of "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité*." He was certainly an entertaining chap, and Stevenson, ever on the alert for the picturesque in human form, became his principal friend and companion among the Anglo-Saxon group.

Shortly after his arrival, the law of general amnesty was passed, and Salis was once more free to return to his beloved Paris. But, alas! he had nothing to return to. Communism was no longer a profession that paid a living wage, and to return to Paris without a profession meant certain starvation. So Stevenson called a special meeting of the colony to consider the "*Question Salis,*" and to devise ways and means by which the owner of the name could live and thrive reasonably once more in Paris. He elected himself chairman of the meeting, and in the opening address stated that there was only one sure and never-failing method by which one could always and anywhere be certain of making money, and that was by the sale of drink. In England, where drink is dispensed at the "pub," it was not a particularly cleanly or attractive profession, to be sure; but in Paris it was different, he said. For what could be neater or more appealing than the little white-marble tables outside a boulevard café, with the prim little hedge of arbor-vitæ dividing off its special strip of sidewalk from the area pertaining to the adjoining shop? Moreover, a café could be of any desired character, musical, artistic, or literary. The Café Salis should be all three of these in one. Right here we had the painters who would cover the walls with their pictures, the poets who would recite their own poetry of evenings, and the musicians who would be only too pleased to discourse sweet sound for the price of a *bock* or a *fine* that was not charged up. The bourgeois would repay, what? But the Café Salis needed a name. Neither a book nor a picture was quite sure of success without a taking title, and this was still more true of a café.

Just at this time it happened that Hawkins, one of our group, had sent to the Salon a picture which had achieved a considerable success despite the fact that its subject was most lugubrious—nothing less than a forlorn orphan weeping at the grave of her mother. One day as Hawkins was working on his nearly completed canvas in the village cemetery it chanced

that a black cat went slinking along the stone wall in the background, arching its back and resting occasionally to survey the landscape. Suddenly it occurred to the artist that this little bit of life in the canvas might *égayer* his picture a bit, while the sable color of the creature would keep it fairly within the scheme.

"How about Hawkins's black cat?" cried one of the committee. "Stamped out of black iron it would make a bully sign to swing over the door."

The suggestion was carried by acclamation, and the "Café of the Black Cat," which was opened in the *Quartier des Batignolles* that autumn, had an immediate and bewildering success; so much so indeed that presently its proprietor, grown prosperous and sleek, the *communard* utterly submerged in the successful bourgeois, was swept into the French senate on the tide of his prosperity. Before leaving Grez, Salis rowed up to the house of a murderous miller, a sinister person who was known positively to have killed his old mother in cold blood, although the crime could never be fastened upon him, and calling him to the door of his mill, recited in stentorian tones and with much dramatic gesticulation Victor Hugo's "Assassin." Taken all in all, a picturesque person was Rodolfe Salis.

This little incident was very characteristic of Stevenson, and it illustrates what always seemed to me the most salient and dominating force in his nature—an intense interest in the human drama which was being enacted about him, the artist's ability to see it as a drama, and an uncontrollable desire to mix in the fray himself and, playing the part of a kindly *deus ex machina*, to bring the fifth act of the play to a happy or an artistic conclusion.

I do not think that in those early days he appeared to any of us as specifically a genius, an exceptional man set apart for great accomplishments. Indeed, had we been solemnly assured that he would share the honor, with only one or two possible competitors, of being the foremost English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century, we would certainly have received

the assurance with a smile. What! Louis! so simple, kindly, natural; so all-round a good fellow; so like all the rest of us, only nicer!

And I am quite sure that in his inmost heart at this period he could never really have looked forward to or expected the fame which later came to him, and which grows and expands as time gives us the perspective wherewith to view it in all its roundness and bigness and essential simplicity. In fact, in introducing himself to me, he remarked simply that he was "a writer-chap," or *hoped* to be one.

I was told of another rainy afternoon "blague party," at which I did not chance to be present, during which Bob Stevenson amused himself by forecasting the future careers of those present. When he came to his cousin he remarked with a satirical little smile: "There sits Louis, as smug and complacent as any old *type de bourgeois*. I have not the least doubt that he fondly imagines that one of these days they will be publishing all of his dinky, private correspondence—the letters of R. L. S.—in boards." And Louis joined as heartily as any one in the laugh which the sally raised. Bob, at least, did live to see the publication of the "Vailima Letters," and I have often wondered if he remembered this little incident as he thumbed their leaves.

But I would not give the impression that the artist colony of Grez during that memorable summer was wholly masculine in its make-up, for this was far indeed from being the case, and most of the unforgettable dramatic quality of the place and the time would have been lacking but for the presence of a very fair proportion of the female element. There was a certain return to primitive standards in the relation between the sexes, but primitive standards, nevertheless, in which honor and a regard for the square deal held a high place. In matters of morals Stevenson himself was the least censorious of judges, providing there was no infringement of the law of nature or the law of friendship; though perhaps it would be truer to say that he entered no judgment

either for or against the accused, preferring to leave the decision in such matters to the Maker of all laws.

But if he heard of anything mean or underhand, any tricky blow beneath the belt, he was a very firebrand, flaming with a fury which nothing could quell. I remember one case in which he forced two very unwilling opponents to accept a duel as the only possible solution of an entanglement involving an unmanly act on the part of one of the pair. Fortunately the duel was never fought, the chief offender considering discretion the better part of valor and deciding that the woods about Barbison at that particular season of the year offered better material for the painter than the river at Grez.

I would not, however, by any means have it understood that there was in the colony no sense of decency or morality in the ordinary acceptance of those terms, for that would be a misstatement as manifestly unfair and untrue as to claim a standard of rigid puritanism for the whole region. If there was a fair sprinkling of the grissette and the model element, which had followed the painters down from Paris, there were also a certain number of very serious women-painters who were studying hard, and some of whom were destined to make an enviable place for themselves later on. Among these I may mention Milles, Loestadt and Lilienthal, Swedish painters of genuine talent, and more particularly the lady "Trusty, dusky, vivid, and true" to whom Robert Louis Stevenson inscribed the most beautiful love-song of our time, and who later on was destined to become his wife. Mrs. Osbourne could not at the time have been more than thirty-five years of age, a grave and remarkable type of womanhood, with eyes of a depth and a somber beauty which I have never seen equaled—eyes, nevertheless, that upon occasion could sparkle with humor and brim over with laughter. Yet upon the whole Mrs. Osbourne impressed me as first of all a woman of profound character and serious judgment, who could, if occasion called, have been the leader in some great movement. But she

belonged to the quattrocento rather than to the end of the nineteenth century. Had she been born a Medici, she would have held rank as one of the remarkable women of all time.

That she was a woman of intellectual attainments is proved by the fact that she was already a magazine writer of recognized ability, and that at the moment when Stevenson first came into her life she was making a living for herself and her two children with her pen. But this, after all, is a more or less ordinary accomplishment, and Mrs. Osbourne was in no sense ordinary. Indeed, she was gifted with a mysterious sort of over-intelligence which is almost impossible to describe, but which impressed itself upon every one who came within the radius of her influence. Napoleon had much of this; likewise his arch-enemy the great Duke of Wellington; and among women Catharine of Russia and perhaps Elizabeth of England. She was therefore both physically and mentally the very antithesis of the gay, hilarious, open-minded, and open-hearted Stevenson, and for that very reason, perhaps, the woman in all the world best fitted to be his life-comrade and helpmate. At any rate, we may well ask ourselves if anywhere else he would have found the kind of understanding and devotion which she gave him from the day of their first meeting at Grez until the day of his death in far-away Samoa; if anywhere else there was a woman of equal attainments who would willingly, nay, gladly, throw aside all of the pleasures and comforts of civilization to live among savages, and the still rougher whites of the South Pacific, in order that her husband might have just a little more oxygen for his failing lungs, a little more *chance* for a respite and an extension of his shortening years? Probably no one ever better deserved than she the noble tribute of verse which her husband gave her, and from which I have quoted the opening line.

Both she and her daughter Isobel had been studying art in Paris through the winter, and had joined the regular Anglo-Saxon migration to Grez in the early sum-

mer. The latter, then a bewitching girl of seventeen, later became widely known as Mrs. Strong, Stevenson's amanuensis and biographer.

The last time that I ever saw Stevenson was a year or two later and in semi-tragic circumstances. The Osbournes had returned to their native California, whither Stevenson had journeyed some little time later as "An Amateur Immigrant," and where he had lived for a space as "The Silverado Squatter." In the early spring of the following year, however, he and Mrs. Stevenson returned once more to their old haunts about the forest of Fontainebleau. In the meantime I had been to Italy, whence I had just brought back to Paris the usual six-by-ten-foot Salon canvas. Having seen this precious work of art duly delivered at the doors of the Palais de l'Industrie, I hastened to join the gay and care-free cavalcade which at that season always makes for the woods, generally toward Barbison or Fontainebleau. This time our own band of half a dozen, including my brother Alexander Harrison, the marine-painter, and Ruger Donoho, the landscape-man, were headed for Barbison and the Pension Siron, where we arrived late one evening, only to be informed that all sleeping accommodations were taken, and that the best we might expect was a row of cots in the bare loft of the annex, on the opposite side of the village street. This was no hardship, however, and as an excellent late *souper* was soon steaming on the table, we accepted the situation gaily enough, smoking a pipe after supper in the still aisles of the forest before retiring for the night.

It was only at the very earliest peep of dawn that the disadvantages of our communal sleeping-apartment became apparent. One of our party woke between three and four o'clock A.M., and, after lying with open eyes for half an hour or so, decided that this sort of thing was not fair play. Whereupon he rose silently, seized a pillow, and moving from cot to cot, delivered to the occupant of each an impartial and sounding thwack.

Instantly there was pandemonium in

that attic, and a pillow-fight of unusual proportions immediately developed. As is usual on such occasions, sides were soon formed, and one side quickly demonstrated its superiority over the other, the defeated party being driven gradually down three flights of stairs, and up the village street from end to end. Finally, overcome with laughter and with the unwontedly early exercise, the combatants called a truce, and returned amicably to their night's quarters in search of more ample raiment, for the early morning air from the forest was chill, and nightgowns and pajamas afforded but meager protection. Having clothed ourselves at leisure we strolled across the street to the common *salle à manger* for the matutinal rolls and coffee. The first man whom I met in the courtyard was Stevenson, who, I thought, looked rather hollow-eyed and weary. It appeared that he and Mrs. Stevenson had passed the night in the chamber directly

beneath the one occupied by our hilarious band. The early morning bombardment to which they had been subjected can therefore be readily imagined.

"I had forgotten, Harrison," he said, with a wan smile, "that we were ever such reptiles."

With the unfailing instinct of the true artist Stevenson made a mental note of this incident, and he used it later in one of the most interesting chapters of "The Wrecker."

The duration of the Stevensons' stay in France during this, their last visit to the Old World, was comparatively short, and before many weeks they had returned once more to San Francisco, and thence to the South Seas and Samoa. Some years later chance sent me also to the South Pacific, but several attempts to arrange a meeting were unsuccessful. The Fates were against me, and I never saw Stevenson again.



The Pension Chevillon, the center of the artist colony at Grez

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Nothing but Uppers To-night

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

I REVEL in sleeping-cars. I like to think of the original Mr. Pullman, or whoever it was whose mind first conceived the modern sleeping-car, as a philanthropist, a missionary who had a vision of the joy of life, and labored to bring it into our prosy existence. He looked upon his fellow-men, and found them civilized. Because some savage, gloriously dirty, had had the temerity to take a bath and had relished the sensation of cleanliness, cleanliness had become a convention of our century. Because another savage, a little later, had encircled his neck with a starched collar and had enjoyed the esteem which this invention drew from the collarless plebeians, he found the people of our enlightened age slaves to collars and all that collars stand for.

Now, he knew in his heart that his friend Jones would once in a while like to dispense with shaving, let his hair grow, and march to his office, unbathed, in his pajamas. Instead of satisfying this human craving for change in such a pleasantly normal way, Jones waited for his two-weeks' vacation, and then hied himself to the woods, where, with fishing or hunting or communion with nature as a pretext, he could be dirty and uncivilized to his heart's content.

But vacations, reasoned Mr. Pullman, are fleeting. And then he slapped his thigh and cried, "Eureka!

"I shall conventionalize discomfort," he said. "Everybody has to travel by night sometimes; Jones often does. I shall de-

vised a form of travel utterly uncomfortable and barbarian. I shall invent a car in which there are no beds, but shelves reached only by a step-ladder or gymnastics. In it there shall be a wash-room in which washing is a difficult adventure and shaving a gamble with death. I shall man it with porters who leave the lights on and waken one at the wrong stations; I shall have the whole car in constant vibration, and shaken up like a medicine-bottle once every hour; sleep will thus become as impossible as it is to the camper-out on his bed of pointed balsam-twigs. When the traveler arrives at his destination he will feel as if he had n't slept or washed or consorted with the civilized for a fortnight. He will sing in his bath once more, and put on his starched collar with a thankful heart."

So Mr. Pullman drew his plans; and he looked upon the car of his making, and it was uncomfortable.

Those who travel in sleeping-cars may be divided into two classes: people with foresight and people without it. The former engage their accommodations two days in advance and are assigned lower berths, which have, for those resigned to wakefulness, a view. Members of this class tell me that to raise one's head from the pillow and see the moonlit country fly by, or to pass a train-yard and see the locomotives tossing their plumes of steam against the blackness of the sky, or to follow the progress of the dawn in an endlessly varying motion-picture, is a joy so

exquisite that it would drive poets to rhapsodies. But the poets belong to the second class; they are on their uppers.

On a sleeper, if at no other time, I fall in the same category with the poets. I never get to the ticket-office until the day of departure, and the answer is always the same.

"A lower on the midnight to New York," I say, just as if I expected to get it. The clerk consults a chart.

"Nothing but uppers to-night," he says. It is as inevitable as the tides.

But as I climb to my exalted place I have this consolation: I am one of the vagabond class, the army of the care-free and improvident. Those whose hats nod to the jolting of the train on the hooks about me are people like myself, who never can keep their accounts up, and never pack their trunks till the last moment, and know what it is to eat a whole restaurant dinner and then find they left their money in their other trousers. Below us the prudent lie behind their petticoat-curtains; we belong to the fellowship of unpreparedness.

The ascent to an upper is an art in itself; and as one would expect of an art, it is long. I do not mean the ascent by step-ladder. There are those who climb mountains by railroad, who let minions put on their bait, who require caddies to tee their golf-balls, who hunt with beaters to drive the game toward them; there are also those who reach their uppers on carpeted steps. Yet the heroic breed, thank Roosevelt, is not extinct. Luxury has not yet completely sapped our national virility. Some of us are made of sterner stuff. We climb unassisted and alone.

The porter leads us down the green alley to our place. We open our bag, and select those articles which we shall need on our adventure. These we throw into the berth. The porter pushes our bag far into the twilight recesses behind the spittoon and the suitcase of the gentleman in the lower and the golf-bag of the gentleman in the next berth. We are ready for the adventure.

What follows happens very quietly.

There are no heroics. No rope is used in the ascent; no guides help us over the difficult places. There is even nothing distinctive about our attire to catch the casual eye: we wear a simple gray climbing-suit, stout, black climbing-shoes, an unostentatious climbing-collar, and a useful climbing-necktie. Quietly we bid good-by to our trusty guide.

"Nonsense, man," we say heartily, "there will be no accident. Still, if anything *should* go wrong, perhaps it would be easier for you to bear if you had something to remember us by." Tenderly we take off our shoes and hand them to him. His eyes fill with tears. "Keep these until we return. Carry them off with you to your little room; and if in the long night watches you should ever think of us, take out your little brush and black them. Farewell."

We are off. Quickly we assume position A, with both hands grasping the horizontal bar and with our right foot firmly planted on the chest of the old gentleman in the lower. We push off vigorously. If the old gentleman's chest be of a proper firmness and resiliency, this push brings us to position B, with the left knee in the sharp knee-hold on the edge of the upper berth and the right leg at large. The right leg is then brought convulsively upward and forward and laid carefully in the upper berth, and the left leg is at liberty to follow it. From this point on all is plain squirming.

Perfect technic under proper climatic conditions will now have brought us to position C, that is, balancing on the ninth vertebra, with the feet waving gently above us. We have arrived. We are at liberty to enjoy the unrivaled scenic effects which our fatiguing journey has enabled us to secure. And then—we discover that we have left behind an important half of our pajamas.

Let us pass hurriedly over the humiliation of our descent and reascend. Let us modestly draw the curtains—and butron them—over the busy scene which follows. Let us suppose the battle ended; the victor prone upon his berth, panting with

triumph: the defeated underwear hanging limply in their little hammock. Now begins the true joy of the Pullman life.

Sleep? Bless you, no, I don't mean that. Sleep is too prosaic. Why, at home you can sleep any night in a civilized bed: anybody who would want to sleep on a sleeper would be a stupid. I mean lying with the light shining in your eyes and feeling yourself quiver like a chocolate blanc-mange with the vibration of the car. I mean listening to the person in the next upper, who made the ascent in his evening clothes, gasp with the exertion of trying to throw the claw-hammer without stepping out of the circle. I mean poking your head out through the curtain like an African dodger and watching the porter make up a berth, which reminds you of that little game where you say, "Think of a number, and add so-and-so to it, and subtract so-and-so, and add so-and-so, and subtract the number you first thought of, and that leaves 5" (Cheers, and cries of, "I don't see how he does it. Do you, Mr. Nesbit?"). The porter starts with all the blankets and things in one berth, and transfers virtually all of them to the other, and then transfers virtually all of them back again, and so on indefinitely; and the answer is two beds. I mean tasting the excitement of the trainmen's car-shunting gymkhana, which takes place at every station along the journey, and the object of which is to see which can be more successful in waking the porter whom the lady in Upper 12 has been ringing for steadily during fifteen minutes: Team A, which draws off its locomotive to a distance and then charges your car, relying for its success on one prodigious bump; or Team B, which attaches its locomotive to your car

stealthily, and then yanks repeatedly and unexpectedly. At the end of fifteen minutes the contest is usually declared a draw, and passengers are permitted to doze while the train proceeds to the next shunting-ground.

Later, when morning comes, you will take scientific interest in the revelations of the wash-room, in arrangements and abbreviations of attire which, like the bromide's sunsets, you would n't believe if you saw them in a picture. You will find a brisk excitement in washing your face with cold water from the hot-water faucet between two shavers who are virtually certain to commit either suicide or manslaughter when the car hits the next curve. You will be moved to pity and terror by the sight of the banker in Lower 4 trying to heave himself into his trousers without divesting himself of his protecting curtains or entirely losing sight of the berth he started in. Globe-trotters tell me that the struggles of a semi-submerged whale under the harpoon are, if anything, more stupendous; but, then, these globe-trotters are notoriously big talkers; you have to take them with a grain of salt.

The train arrives. Dirty, mussy, sleepy, covered with a fine cinder-dust that the porter has brushed to and fro, but not removed, you go to your club. What a soul-satisfying shave! Hot-water faucets that give hot water; real soap, instead of the kind that squirts; a porcelain basin that you 're not in danger of falling into bodily. Your bath is entrancing; each clean garment you put on with a separate delight. And as you go to breakfast you offer a little prayer of thanks to the good Mr. Pullman, who put back the savor in the salt of civilization.



Two Jurassic Episodes

Drawn by GEORGE MORROW



THE LITTLE BAT-LIKE BEAST: "I hear there is to be a grand procession to-morrow. Are you going?"

DIPLODOCUS: "Am I going? Why, I am the procession."



THE STEGOSAURUS, to his friends, who have been complimenting him on his striking appearance: "Despite all you say, I am not to be envied. Alas! I find it almost impossible to lead that life of obscurity and peaceful retirement which I have always ardently desired."

FINANCE AND BANKING

The Foreign Loans

By H. V. CANN

THERE might have been no war if European governments and diplomats could have foreseen how great and permanent would be the material gains in America from the waste in Europe.

The new conditions have transferred across the Atlantic an enormous amount of wealth, and rapidly created in the United States enough surplus capital to place its bankers in the forefront of the world's international money-lenders.

Since the autumn of 1914 loans aggregating nearly seventeen hundred million dollars have been negotiated here by European governments, syndicates of bankers, Latin-American countries, the Dominion of Canada, and a number of its provinces and municipalities. These loans were made in various forms; on secured and unsecured bonds, special credits, and short-term notes. A few were current less than one year, but the usual terms were from one to five years, excepting several issues of municipal bonds.

The largest debtor is the United Kingdom, with France a close second, followed, in the order of indebtedness, by Canada, Russia, Argentina, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Yucatan, Norway, Greece, Chile, Sweden, Panama, Bolivia, and Uruguay.

A broad public market for foreign securities has not yet developed here, but a certain volume of trading is carried on, and prices of the leading issues are published daily. It is probable that in time the flotation of foreign loans will become a matter of course, and then underwriters will reach a larger market among private investors. Great blocks of Anglo-French bonds were taken by two industrial corporations engaged in the manufacture of war-supplies. One of these companies originated an able policy by distributing the bonds to shareholders in lieu of cash dividends.

Probably not more than two thirds of the whole seventeen hundred millions was outstanding at any one time, as a number of the shorter loans have already been liquidated. Ninety per cent. of the amount current will mature and likely require long-term refunding within the next five years.

In nearly every case where loans were granted to neutral borrowers they had turned to this market for the reason that old connections in Europe were no longer in a position to supply the need. The time was most opportune for America; with its new banking system, greatly increased fluid capital, and expanding industries, at least temporary leadership in exports and foreign loans was easily assumed. These terms are almost synonymous, for it is the common experience of all creditor nations that borrowers coming from other countries want goods, not money. If the goods are not produced in the country to which the borrower applies, but must be purchased in a third country, the problem is the same, with an additional angle. The source of foreign loans is always traceable to exports of goods, no matter how indirect and unrelated transactions may appear. This elementary fact is very clearly illustrated by statistics of American banking and exports for the last two years. A glance at these will show a great foreign loan account built up without sending money abroad. Late in 1914, before any of the seventeen hundred millions had been loaned, the gold holdings in the United States amounted to \$1,835,000,000. Now, after making the loans, besides paying several billions for things imported and buying back American securities, the gold stock stands at \$2,548,000,000, or an increase of more than seven hundred million dollars. Had the loans been made in money, virtually no gold would be left in the country. On the

other hand, had gold been brought in for the value of all goods exported since the war began, no coin or bars would be left in the outside world.

Any great excess balance of exports over imports must take the form of foreign loans, as the surplus capital of a creditor nation invested abroad on interest. England has enjoyed a great income of this kind for two generations, but it is a new item in the American balance-sheet, grown rapidly under conditions which made the accumulations of two years greater than might have been expected in one or two decades of normal growth. The tangible evidences of this prosperity and the power they represent in international financial affairs will increase or decrease in close ratio to the rise or fall of foreign trade.

The varieties and distribution of exported goods are broadening every day, but the Allies are still the principal buyers. Last year they bought a large percentage of the total exports in the form of a comparatively few articles, a narrow and abnormal demand that will cease when the war is over. Manufacturers and exporters will strive to replace that loss of business by trade in other goods.

Individual mercantile or banking enterprises are more substantial and permanent if dealing with many customers of moderate size rather than with a few of large size; so it is with a nation's export trade. A few years ago it was estimated that England's exports were well distributed among fifty countries, only one of which, India, received over ten per cent. of the whole.

People in all the great exporting countries are planning ways and means to extend trade, frankly proposing combines, special banks, and tariffs, and considering all methods likely to help themselves and hurt competitors in a trade war. The quickly won surplus capital in the United States will have a powerful influence in such a competition. A less sordid view, perhaps more appropriate for expression in a Christmas magazine, is that, when used

internationally, the capital may do much to mend the war-crippled finances of other countries. The United States has greatly enlarged its industrial equipment and shipping facilities; its workmen were never so prosperous and independent. This very condition, however, may fail to produce the kind of effort that will be put forth by the workmen of Europe striving under the spur of poverty. On the other hand, none of the war-worn countries can mobilize such an industrial army as there is in America, where nearly eleven million people are engaged in mechanical and industrial occupations, creating labor values estimated at ten billion dollars per annum. England began to win her position as a creditor nation on a great scale in the decades of hard work and retrenchment which were forced upon her by the Napoleonic Wars. All Europe may be moved to similar efforts by the sharper trials and discipline endured in this war. Nevertheless, the United States has advantages which cannot be gainsaid, being virtually free from debt, with great natural resources in mines and soil, possessing the control of raw cotton and the world's largest stores of fixed and fluid wealth and twice as much gold as any other country. Depleted gold holdings in Europe must be applied as reserves against enormous issues of paper currency, while excess stocks of the metal here may be used to upbuild the system of production for the domestic and foreign markets.

The strong financial position of this country has attracted deposits from foreigners to American banks—deposits which will probably grow larger when the great losses and inflation in Europe are more generally realized. A year or so ago some enthusiasts were predicting that New York would become the new money-center of the world. Leaders of opinion deprecated such ideas, but, as things keep going in the world, if Americans themselves could agree that New York should be a dominant money-center, those predictions might not be far from the truth.



Christmas-time at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by

Lester G. Hornby

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Mrs. Fiske Punctures the Repertory Idea

A Conversation Recorded by
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

HEDDA GABLER sat just across the table from me at supper after the play. It was all very well for Grant Allen, in his day, to say that *Hedda* was "nothing more or less than the girl we take down to dinner in London nineteen times out of twenty." Certainly she was something more this time, for *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*—not Hardy's *Tess*, perhaps, but ours—sat there, too. I was at supper with *Hedda* and *Tess* and *Becky Sharp*, for surely that was *Becky's* red hair that could be glimpsed in the shadow of the big hat and voluminous veil. That erect figure, vital, alert, indefatigable, eloquently animate, surely that was *Becky*. There was something of *Becky*, also, in the mutinous, gleaming humor, and a little something of *Cynthia Karlake*, stepping forth briskly from the pages of Langdon Mitchell's glittering comedy. Then there was my dear friend *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*, or at least her unmistakable lorgnette, not wielded now for the abashed discomfiture of others, but flirted and brandished, like the fan and the morsel of a handkerchief, just to enforce a few of the more fervent gestures—those vivid, arresting gestures which so emphasize and underscore a speech that, when you wish to repeat it in black and white, you must

needs out-Brisbane Brisbane in your desperate recourse to capitals or italics. In the utter self-effacement of these enthusiasms of opinion, as we talked of the theater, there were the accents of great *Lona Hessel*, and in the deep conviction, the all-persuasive conviction, something of *Rebecca West* and *Salvation Nell*, sweet *Nell* of old Cherry Hill. It was not merely that you could not choose but hear: you could not choose but believe. She could say "Bosh!" for instance, with simply devastating effect. In fact, she did.

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Fiske, for of course it was Mrs. Fiske, "do not talk to me about the repertory idea. It is an outworn, needless, impossible, *harmful* scheme."

"I gather," I answered brightly, "that you are opposed to repertory."

"I am, I am indeed. In all my days in the theater I have never encountered such a preposterous will-o'-the-wisp. This, my friend, is an age of specialization, and in such an age the repertory theater is an anachronism, a ludicrous anachronism."

"But Mr. Granville Barker—and he is really a great man—"

"Ah, yes," she assented cheerfully, and yet with a faintly perceptible undertone of reservation in her voice.

"Well, Mr. Barker not only carried out the repertory idea in his season at Wallack's, but admitted then that he could conceive of no other kind of theater."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Fiske, in triumph. Indeed, she quite pounced on Mr. Barker and on me. I suspect she had been waiting for us. "And let me tell you that nothing more harmful has happened in the American theater in *years* than the Barker season at Wallack's."

Harmful? One heard many unkind things said of Mr. Barker at the time, but there never had been the suggestion that he worked an evil spell. Those who rejoiced over his "Man with a Dumb Wife" never suspected him later of doing harm in the theater.

"Harmful," said Mrs. Fiske,— "harmful and pernicious. One play, 'Androcles and the Lion,' Mr. Barker produced perfectly. It was a beautiful achievement, and what followed was all the more tragic because he had already shown himself a master of his art. A master. He had shown us how splendidly he could shine as a producer if only he would be a specialist—a specialist like several of our own, though of the greatest value to us all because the loftier literature of the theater would have no terrors for Granville Barker. But he put the same company through the paces of a quite different play for which it was grotesquely unfitted. That is the essence and the evil of the repertory idea. He slaughtered 'The Doctor's Dilemma'—slaughtered a capital play before our very eyes beyond all hope of a resuscitation in this generation."

In particular, as she recalled that evening, Mrs. Fiske saw the beautiful rôle of the wife so atrociously played that she wanted to rush from the theater and forget that it had ever happened. And what specially depressed her was the evidence of the very harm she feared having its deadly effect on her own ingenuous companion, an earnest "student of the drama," who was applauding conscientiously at the end of each act.

"Why the applause?" asked Mrs. Fiske,

coldly, and when her awestruck guest murmured something about Granville Barker, it was more than she could bear. She had told me this much when she paused, as if amused and a little scandalized by one of her own memories. But what her reply had been there is no telling now, for she wanted to explain clearly just why she felt that Mr. Barker's activities had worked "direct mischief."

"Mr. Barker's unfortunate influence was the direct result, you see, of the importance of his position, of the fact that he was supposed to stand for what was *good* in the theater. When an ordinary manager"—she named one, but the reader can fill in to suit himself, for the range of choice is large—"when an ordinary manager produces a play badly, even very badly, he works no great harm. He has made no pretensions to what is idealistic in the theater. We have not taken him seriously. But Mr. Barker is *not* an ordinary manager. When he opened the doors of Wallack's the public was invited to come and see something fine and true, something representative of the best. We were told that here was something at least approaching the realization of a certain ideal. We were told that we would be safe in regarding the offerings of the Barker system as offerings in good art, things real, vital, progressive; things to set the intellectual pace; something like a standard, a model, something to measure by.

"Now, all of us who know the theater know that even the most highly intelligent and cultivated people are for the most part mere children there. People whose understanding and taste in literature, painting, and music are beyond question are, for the most part, ignorant of what is good or bad art in the theater. This is strange, but true; and it always has been true. I shall never forget the first time I saw Duse in 'La Locandiera.'" Mrs. Fiske's eyes shone as they always shine when she names the greatest lady of them all. "There, my friend, was probably the most perfect and utterly beautiful example of delicate comedy in all the world of acting in our day, yet I saw the

performance in the company of a highly cultivated woman who was excessively bored and who missed completely the marvelous spirit and the astounding revelation of technical fluency in that matchless performance."

"But 'The Doctor's Dilemma,'" I ventured.

"Why," said Mrs. Fiske, "the public, always so easily misled in the theater, had been led this time to believe the Barker production good art, whereas in truth it was bad art, very bad. That several of the parts were beautifully acted could not for a moment excuse the fact that, considered as a whole, the performance was atrocious. Yet how could it be otherwise when the two leading parts, *Jennifer Dubedat* and the title rôle, were completely misrepresented? Furthermore, entire scenes in the play were out of key and out of tempo. Now what should we say of an opera in which

the leading rôles were abominably sung and in which whole passages were out of key and out of tempo? Your audience, trained to music, would immediately recognize the extraordinary deficiency and condemn it. In the case of 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' however, the audience, for the most part untrained in dramatic criticism, accepted as an example of good art the misrepresentation, the *mutilation* of a splendid play. So the mischief was worked, and, because of the very conspicuousness of Mr. Barker, ignorance and bad taste were encouraged. For Mr. Barker was more than an ordinary

manager: he was a *movement*. And I have never known a 'movement' in the theater that did not work direct and serious harm. Indeed, I have sometimes felt that the very people associated with various 'uplifting' activities in the theater are people who are *astoundingly* lacking in idealism."

I could not help luxuriating then in the thought of certain very vocal persons overhearing that remark. But we were not done with Mr. Barker.

"He was a movement," I prompted.

"But how many knew he was a movement in the wrong direction?"

There was the point. How many knew? We were agreed, then, that all growth in the theater is just progress in the recognition of what is good and what is bad, of what is right and what is wrong. The recognition by the playgoers, that is, as well as by the workers on the other side of the footlights. It is



Minnie Maddern Fiske

the slow upbuilding of a public for good art.

"So you see, my friend, we have had nothing so harmful and pernicious befall our theater in years as Granville Barker's season—unless—" and here Mrs. Fiske resorted to the whisper used by those in imminent danger of being shot for treason—"unless it was the New Theater."

This was a leap; and yet it was natural to move from the sorry, dismantled Wallack's to the sumptuous temple that overlooks Central Park from the west, the mausoleum which sheltered at first and for a little time the most ambitious at-

tempt to endow drama ever made in America. It is no longer the temple of the drama, but the temple of the chorus girl. The New Theater has become a music hall.

"Whatever the fine idealism, the unselfishness, the splendid and genuine philanthropy that launched the New Theater," said Mrs. Fiske, "it was headed from the first for shipwreck."

"Even had the building been right and the people within it right?"

"Even then," she went on. "There was one factor bound to wreck it."

"And that one factor—"

"Repertory."

This is worth underscoring, because there is little reason to believe that many of those who benevolently launched the New Theater yet recognize this diagnosis of the ills of which that endeavor perished. It is certain that four years after the New Theater closed its doors these same men were ready to endow virtually the same scheme under the directorship of Mr. Barker, the great producer from overseas. It is equally certain that even after Mr. Barker's first season they were ready to establish him here, and it should be kept in mind that this project failed of fulfillment for entirely adventitious and personal reasons. It would be neither tactful nor chivalrous to set these forth at this time. Besides, it does not matter. It is important to remember only that if Mr. Barker is not now the head of a lavishly endowed theater in New York, it is not because of any recognized flaws in his theory of the theater. And his theory of the theater is repertory. That theory is apparently still in favor. You are sure to hear it expounded at every luncheon given by the Society for the Gracious Patronage of the Drama. The very word is one to conjure with among all the little putters in the theater.

They dream of an American *Comédie Française*. They yearn for an institutional playhouse which shall have a fairly fixed company for alternating performances of good plays, that shall provide change and freshness and much experience

for the actor, while it gives deserved, but unexpected, longevity to masterpieces too frail and precious, perhaps, to fill the auditorium eight times a week, and yet well worth nursing along in repertory. This was the theory of the New Theater; this is Mr. Barker's theory of the theater. It is not Mrs. Fiske's.

HER heretical and quite unfashionable sentiments on the subject were expressed over the supper-table one snowy evening. It was after the performance of "Erstwhile Susan" at a theater "somewhere in the United States," and this is only the memory of that conversation. From such memories alone—mine and others'—is there any prospect of spreading before the reader her theory of the theater; for in all the years she has worked in it she has written no solemn treatises, spoken seldom, given forth few, if any, interviews, and, having precious little enthusiasm for the past, indulged in no reminiscences. This has probably been due to no settled policy of stately silence, but rather to the overwhelming impulse of evasion every time an opportunity has arisen. It has been due a little, I imagine, to a feeling that as long as she would stage and play a piece, no more could be asked of her; a little, too, to her alert consciousness of the absurd, her lively horror of seeming to take herself too seriously. There it is—the deep-seated aversion to appearing in any degree oracular. Some time ago, as a matter of fact, there had been a vague suggestion of a dignified outgiving in which I was to conspire; but by the time I reached the place appointed the impulse had passed and left merely a disarming, but impenetrable, smile.

"Who am I to talk about the theater?" she asked that time, quite as though I had suggested it. "How can I, who in twenty years have done upon the stage so much of which I cannot approve, speak now as producer, as stage-director, or as actress? Ah, but the saving grace is that Mr. Fiske and I have made no pretensions, though it is maddeningly true in the theater that because you do a thing people will insist

on assuming that you *vouch* for it. Why, I have occasionally acted in plays which I could not possibly respect—played night after night, too, when every night to go to the theater was a wearing, aging task. Of course I should have refused to go on. I should have. That would have been the *right* thing to do. I should have sailed out of the stifling theater, head up and free. I thought, to be sure, that each time I had good reasons for going on; but," she added ruefully, "I dare say there never *is* a good reason for doing wrong.

"Of course," she resumed with more cheerfulness, "while it is quite out of the question to speak as actress or producer,—I place no false estimate on my career in those capacities,—I might say something as a dramatic critic. I think I am a *safe* critic, and in my time have been a bit of a playgoer myself. But, no,"—this with a dismaying access of firmness,—"after all, there is nothing to talk about."

Thus ended that project, and thus, I rather imagine, has ended many another earlier project of the same nature. Mrs. Fiske's theory of the theater, then, must be gathered largely from the memories of unguarded conversations—such memories as these.

So this—one of several I must recall and put on paper for the reader—was a conversation across a platter that contained, as I remember, an omelet, which refectio

and the repertory idea we proceeded to demolish at some length and with great gusto. We approved the former and were scornful of the latter as an impossible scheme, quite impossible.

"A lovely dream, perhaps?"

"A lovely dream that cannot come true. In the first place, no single company, even though it had years and years in which to prepare, could give five en-

tirely different plays and give them all properly. By all the laws of chance a company suitable for one would destroy the other four. It is grandiose presumption to pretend that a repertory theater can compete artistically with such a production as Mr. Belasco could make with a specially selected cast, such a production, by the way, as he came close to making for 'Marie Odile.' There were only two false notes in 'Marie Odile.' For the rest, an



"Mr. Barker is *not* an ordinary manager"

ideal was realized perfectly.

"And it is no easy task. Let me tell you that only once in twenty years have Mr. Fiske and I succeeded in achieving what to me was an absolutely *perfect* performance. Think of that—only once in twenty years! We have, I think, several times approached close to the ideal, as did Mr. Belasco with 'Marie Odile'; but only once has my own personal critical sense been completely satisfied in our own personal effort.

"That satisfaction came to me in our first production of 'Salvation Nell.' A

distinguished critic at the time said that it was 'incredibly' well acted. He was right. I can hardly tell you what an effort it represented. I cannot *begin* to tell you how many times Mr. Fiske and I virtually dismissed an entire company; how over and over again members of the cast were weeded out and others engaged; how over and over again we would start with an almost entirely new company, until every part, from Holbrook Blinn's down to the very tiniest, was perfectly realized; how much there was of private rehearsal; of the virtual opening of a dramatic conservatory; how much of the most exquisite care before 'Salvation Nell' was ready."

So you may guess that when Mrs. Fiske is out in the provinces and sees a play advertised to be given "with the original cast," she is a little taken aback. What? They have made no improvements since they began? And then, encouraged by the suspicion that the poster is mendacious from sheer force of habit, she throws off her fears and goes to the play.

"I think," she went on, "that 'Erstwhile Susan' is excellently done, and that we had *fairly* approached perfection in 'Leah Kleschna' and 'The New York Idea.' So far as the impression upon the public and the critics went, these last two were far more important achievements than 'Salvation Nell.'"

"At least," I agreed, "the impression of the acting in 'Kleschna' and the Mitchell comedy was far more brilliant. Certainly it was praised much more highly than the acting in 'Salvation Nell.'"

"Whereas," said Mrs. Fiske, "the truth is that in neither of them was the ideal in acting realized with such absolute perfection as it was in the play by Edward Sheldon. In each there was one tiny false note—a note the casual observer would never hear, that only the most astute critic would be aware of. Yet a production is either *right* or it is not, and for me these little false notes spoiled the ideal. The *ideal* was spoiled in 'The New York Idea,' where, nevertheless, you had Mr. Arliss playing a part that Mr. Mitchell

had written expressly for him and that therefore fitted him as, in the ordinary course of events, he could not hope to be fitted again. Mr. Arliss was perfect. There was John Mason at his splendid best, and there was Marian Lea. Dear me, what weeks and months we spent persuading her to return to the stage just for this! And yet I should have to go far back to recall anything so exquisite in high comedy as Marian Lea's performance in her husband's glittering play.

"And by the way," she added, smiling, "right here is a very pretty illustration of the virtual impossibility of safety in this precious repertory system you are all so fond of. In 'The New York Idea' the only false note was sounded by an actor whose performance in 'Leah Kleschna' had been superb. Repertory, indeed!"

It was evident by this time that a producer must find for every play its own particular cast or die in the attempt. But even a company miraculously fitted to half a dozen plays would, she argued, scarcely be able to give half, let alone all, of them in a single season.

"To play an important new rôle in one play by Ibsen or by any of the great moderns would take an actor all of a year," Mrs. Fiske confessed. "I could not possibly do two in a season and do either of them well. And so it is with most of the players I know. I remember Mr. Arliss saying that it took him six months to perfect a part, but I suspect he was underestimating. I remember asking Madame Janauschek—*there* was a great actress, my friend, a heroic creature, the last of a race of giants—I asked *her* one day how long she needed to master a part, and she, who had had her training in the quick changes at the court theater, said that two months was the very *least* she must have. I simply cannot understand the hardihood of those who suggest that any company should undertake such a staggering program as the repertory advocates invariably propose."

You see, Mrs. Fiske is obdurate. Stories of repertory's success in Europe leave her unmoved. What may be good for France



"One play, "Androcles and the Lion," Mr. Barker produced perfectly. It was a beautiful achievement."

or Germany is not necessarily good for us. Perhaps, she will admit, it is more feasible in a country where a long-developed art sense is stronger among the playgoers, who can thereby discard what is bad and recognize immediately what is good, in a country where the theater itself has been subjected for generations to such a shaking-down and weeding-out process as we need so badly here.

"We need it, even though we lost ninety per cent. of our actors," said Mrs. Fiske, with the greatest cheerfulness. "Though, mind you, such a weeding-out should not be done too hastily."

And she told then the story of a charming genius who once played with her for a little time in "Becky Sharp." He never learned any of his lines, but he was entirely honorable about it, for by some mysterious system of his own he did manage to learn his cues, so that his fellow-players were not left stranded in the middle of a dialogue. At last it was necessary to give him notice, and this was no sooner served than he gave a performance so perfected and so striking that every audience was

thrilled, and Mrs. Fiske herself fairly uplifted. And she had already engaged another actor for the part! It was too desolating.

"You see, we must not weed out too hastily. For example, they say William Gillette was quite too impossible when he first went upon the stage, yet it would have been a pity to have weeded *him* out."

Unabashed by the Continent, Mrs. Fiske will certainly not quail when the repertory enthusiast brandishes the Metropolitan to confound her. What may work well enough in the opera-house will not settle the more subtle and complex problems of the theater.

"Besides," she said, "there they have all the greatest artists of the world under one roof. I admit it might be rather interesting to see a repertory theater that boasted a Duse and an Irving and a Terry and a Réjane and a few more like them all in one great, flexible company. This company the opera has. They seem willing enough to endow opera on such a scale, but I take it that the most multitudinous Mæcenas—all Wall Street, no less

—would not attempt to endow such a theater."

And, as I learned, it does no good to remind her of the repertory ventures with which she herself has been identified, notably, of course, in the first season of her return to the stage as Mrs. Fiske and then, years before, when she was a child in the Middle West and would be drafted for the children's rôles if some such "visiting" star as John McCullough or Mary Anderson passed that way.

"And they thought nothing of giving a different play every night," she said, with a smile for the days of labor so titanic that if you even suggested the like to one of our actors to-day, he would swoon. "But that was long ago, and I *told* you that repertory was outworn. Besides, I'm not aware any one ever pretended it was the *best* way, the artistic way. Then it was the only possible way. And, in any case," she added with perfect finality, "you can scarcely expect me to approve my own career in the theater. I do *not* approve it."

Nor was she moved by a reminder that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, or, for that matter, that Duse, had brought repertories of plays to this country.

"It is true," she said, "that Henry Irving would bring us a large repertory of noble plays, almost perfectly produced. But not one of them at first had its place in a repertory. Each was a highly specialized offering, each the result of months of concentrated thought, study, preparation, and development.

"Perhaps," she admitted, "your repertory theater *would* nurse along a fragile piece, but its effect on strong plays would be disastrous. Even if by some miracle they were played well, they would be played intermittently and comparatively seldom. Comparatively few would see them, and this process simply burns up the literature of the stage. Suppose that 'The Great Divide' had been done at the New Theater. Think of that!"

What I did think of was Charles Frohman's gallant experiment with the repertory idea in London, when, abetted by the

same Granville Barker, he sank a king's ransom in the production of many fine plays, among them "Justice," which, for all its silken playing, knew only a dozen performances and did not come into its own until a specialist gave Galsworthy his due five years later in New York.

"But badly played," Mrs. Fiske resumed, after this interruption, "such plays are simply slaughtered. Like the poor 'Doctor's Dilemma.' Or like Masefield's 'Tragedy of Nan,' which demands the most subtle treatment, and Arnold Bennett's 'The Honeymoon,' each of which the Stage Society killed in a single night. That exquisite little play of Mr. Bennett's had been close to my heart for a long time. For years Mr. Fiske and I searched in vain for just the right actor to play the part of the aviator. We searched for him in this country and we searched for him in England. When we found him, it was our intention to secure the play, if possible, and to produce it. But we never found the ideal actor for the part. And so a plan which I had greatly cherished had to be abandoned.

"But the Stage Society had no hesitancy in the matter of casting this delicate play—this play that could be crushed as easily as the wings of a butterfly. Thus was the lovely 'Honeymoon' killed and thrown away."

So a comedy that, with a brilliant Belasco production, might have flourished like the green bay-tree or "The Boomerang," was simply destroyed. Yet it did seem a little unfair to the already sorely beset repertory idea to make it shoulder the sins of such audible, but vague and ineffectual, idealists as the Stage Society and its like.

"Perhaps it *is* unfair," Mrs. Fiske agreed reluctantly, "and yet it seems all of a piece to me. The itch of the vague idealist to get his, or more often *her*, hands on the theater, sometimes, I suspect, just the long-thwarted ambition of the stage-struck girl to get behind the scenes, invariably takes the form of a demand for repertory. It always *has* taken this form, even back to the days when I was a girl

and there was a great clatter about the Theater of Arts and Letters. The uplift societies are never content to destroy *one* play; they must needs destroy three or four.

"These enthusiasts all cry out the while

portunity merely to witness one perfect performance would give him more of strength and guidance than would his own playing of twenty parts in more or less imperfect productions. He could see such performances at such a national theater as



Mrs. Fiske as *Tess*

for the perfect thing in the theater, quite regardless of the fact that we have had it often, or at least come as close to it from time to time as in my opinion we ever shall. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Daly, Mr. Belasco many times closely approached the ideal. And what an illumination and inspiration such an approach is! How it uplifts and educates! To the actor in the making what a solid *help* it is! The op-

we might have if— But that is another story. We 'll come back to it one of these days.

"And, after all, the disposition of the more clamorous repertory enthusiasts to ignore these achievements is merely irritating. My real objection to their theory of the theater is that it is destructive of valuable theatrical property. That is it: *it destroys property.*"

Whereupon I retreated hastily, and attempted to consolidate my position on that last firm stand the defenders of repertory always take, the good of the actor. Now, one who will admit that repertory is unnecessary in such a city as New York, which, with its great variety of plays, is itself a repertory theatre; who will admit that no one company can hope to embody perfectly the marked divergences of several modern plays; that that author is best

need the shifting programs of the repertory theater? Else how shall we train the Duses, the Irvings, the Mrs. Fiskes, the Forbes-Robertsons of 1930?

"Is it not necessary, then, for the training of the actor?"

Mrs. Fiske laughed immoderately.

"To educate the actor at the expense of the public and dramatic literature!" she exclaimed in great amusement. "Bless you, that will *never* do. It might be fairly



The first act of "Salvation Nell" (1908). "Once in twenty years have Mr. Fiske and I succeeded in achieving an absolutely *perfect* performance'"

served who has the whole wide world to draw on for each specialized cast, will still cling to the scheme in behalf of the actor. Winthrop Ames, emerging from the wreck of the New Theater, can see this one excuse for repertory, the actor's interest. Does it not stunt the actor's growth to play one rôle month after month, maybe year after year? Surely you remember that moment in the current Follies where the bogus Jane Cowl chokes back her sobs long enough to give voice to the actor's lament: "They gave me a crying part in 'Within the Law,' and oh, my God, it was a *success!*" For freshness, change, experience, does not the actor

safe if they would say: 'Here we are giving imperfect and inadequate performances. They are not good art, but they will help train our actors.' Not that I am sure it would train them, mind you, and I am quite certain it's a needless extravagance.

"I do not know who started the precious notion that an actor needs half a dozen parts a season in order to develop his art. Some very lazy fellow, I suspect. If he has *one* rôle that amounts to anything, that has some substance and inspiration, he simply cannot exhaust its possibilities in less than a year. He cannot. Probably he cannot even play it perfectly

for the first time before the end of the first season. And if his parts are empty and un nourishing, I cannot for the life of me see how the mere fact of having six instead of one in a season will avail him anything. Then suppose the director is

the young actor's apprenticeship if, advised by her, he would keep reminding himself: "This is all wrong, wrong, wrong. I cannot play *Smith* while I am memorizing *Brown*. This does not teach me acting. It teaches me tricks. I am



Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp*. "Vital, alert, indefatigable, eloquently animate"

incompetent. Directors usually are, you know. And, under incompetent direction, is not your actor in the making better off if he need play only one part badly rather than six parts badly?"

Then how is the young actor to be trained? Mrs. Fiske is not entirely obdurate against the provincial stock companies, and yet she is a little afraid of them. They might serve their purpose in

getting a certain ease and facility, but it is all *wrong*."

But will he keep this in mind? Will he not rather gain confidence and nothing else? She shudders at the consequences which she has seen so often.

"He starts with the firm touch on the wrong note, and as he grows more and more confident, the touch becomes firmer and firmer. To our great dismay, the

false step is taken then with a new and disconcerting air of sureness and authority. In all the theater, my friend, there is nothing quite so deadly as this firmer and firmer touch on the wrong note."

So suppose he accepts an engagement in New York and has just one part that lasts and lasts and lasts. I wanted to know about him.

"If at the end of the season he has exhausted it," Mrs. Fiske advised, "let him resist all inducements to continue. And if during that first season his part does not stimulate, nourish, and tax him, let him study. He may have only one rôle in the theater, but he may have a dozen in his room. A violinist will have an immense repertory before he makes even his first appearance in public. A singer's studies are never done, and I am sure that, if you inquired, you would find such artists as Melba and Caruso still working with their teachers. It should be so in the theater. It should be. Our actors fret if they have to play one rôle month after month, but that is no proof that they are ambitious. They are lazy. Why should there be all this talk of training actors, anyway? If an actor is an artist, he will train himself."

This invoked visions of a deserted Lambs' Club and the great player of to-

morrow doing his present fretting before the mirror in a hall bedroom. It provoked a few doubts.

"And if he is n't an artist?"

"Ah, if he is not an artist? Well, in that case does it matter much what becomes of him? The sooner he departs from the theater the better."

So we ceased to worry about the wretched fellow and abandoned him to his fate. The supper was over.

As we stood outside on the steps the whole city was buried in sleet. The trolley-wires crackled overhead and in a near-by avenue lighted up the sky with a fitful, blue-green glare. Mrs. Fiske affected surprise.

"What," she asked, "is Mr. Belasco doing over there?"

We were all for going over then to hiss when her attention was caught by a horse that had fallen between the shafts in the slippery street. A lumbering driver was trying to kick him to his feet. This was too much. Mr. Belasco was forgotten, and from the curb the voice of *Becky Sharp* made protest. The driver desisted, and gravely studied her from a distance. Then he spoke.

"Mind your own business—lady," he said, and at this baffling blend of manners Mrs. Fiske laughed all the way home.

(Next month will bring Mrs. Fiske's account of her great adventures with Ibsen.)





Portrait of Miss Alice Byrne

From a pastel-painting by Eric Pape

Jane Puts It Over

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Author of "Jane Proposes," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

No. 17 Washington Square,
Monday morning, 8:30.

Sarah dear:

"I have no time to waste, I must be making haste! This is my—" working morning!

I've battered down all resistance and surmounted every obstacle, broken the old home ties, established myself here in the right sort of room in the right sort of house, with a window overlooking the delectable old square; I have an elderly, but still spry, think-mobile, with only a slight inclination to stutter, and a pompous eraser, with a fringe of black whiskers on its chin. I was up at six-thirty, had a cold tub and a man's size breakfast and a three-mile tramp, and now I'm going to *write*.

The first job on the calendar is a vaudeville sketch—a one-act play, you know. I did one last year at long distance, and it's running still on the circuit; but this time I'm to have the fun of really "putting it over" myself.

It's breaking my iron schedule to write a letter in business hours, but I knew you'd love to think of me here, launched at last, gleefully clicking off dollars and fame, and you, poor lamb, pegging away at the piano. Sally *dear*, I do wish there was the fun in your work that there is in mine. There must be something so deadly monotonous about music. Well, I must fly at it.

Busily,

JANE.

The *next* Monday morning!

I rend my garments, Sarah, and pour ashes on my head. That fatuous note I sent you last week was a thin crust of bluff over an abyss of fright. I have sat here for eight solid days, with a fine, fat box of extra-special paper untouched and

the keyboard leering at me, and not a line, not a word, have I written! The horrible, hideous time when one is just beginning to begin! I imagine it's like the tense, terrible moment in a foot-ball game just before the kick-off, only those lucky wretches are pushed and prodded into violent action, willy-nilly. I wish a whistle would blow or a pistol crack for me. Harrison told the truth, but not the whole truth, about this thing in "Angela's Business," when he speaks of "that alacrity with which a true writer habitually welcomes an interruption"; but he does n't dilate upon the woes of shivering on the brink or the feverish clutch at anything, *anything*, which will put off the inevitable instant.

I have come sharply to realize that the most dangerous thing for a writer to have is uninterrupted leisure. I know now why Harriet Beecher Stowe could write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with poverty and sickness and a debilitating climate and seven children. So could I. It's the awful quiet and isolation of this orderly room, and the jeering complacency of Washington Square looking up at me and saying, "What, here you are in my midst at last, my throbbing, thrilling midst, with a slice of life cut off for you, and you are hard aground!"

I made moan of it to Michael Daragh, —everybody moans to Michael; it's what he's for,—and I think he privately has little patience with smug young women who sit safely aloof from life and try to tell about it. "Come with me to the East Side," he said, "and I'll be showing you tales you'll dip your pen in blood and tears to tell."

I've simulated a mad busy-ness. I've answered every letter I've owed for years; I've put my bureau and chiffonnier



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

“I have sat here for eight solid days, . . . and not a line, not a word, have I written!”

and closet into sickening order; I've mended every scrap of clothing I possess, and reinforced all my buttons and run in miles of ribbon; I've even hired the maid to embezzle me Michael's socks to darn,—he'll never notice the difference, being always absent from the body and present with the Lord,—and I've called on sick friends and even been to the dentist's. You know, I really ought to die just before I start a new job. At no other period are my small affairs in such exquisite shape, my house of life in such spotless order.

Sarah, did I say something nit-witted about music in my last letter? As Wetona says, “I beg your apology.” It was only green envy wrong side out. Lucky you, who can simply sit down and spill out your soul in something thoughtfully arranged for that very purpose by Mr. Chopin or Mr. Tschaikovsky! While I, “out of senseless nothing to evoke—” *oh*, for something nice and definite like music or plain sewing! If I don't start soon I'll sell the working-girl's piano and put

out a modest sign, “Mending and Nursing and Going Out by the Day Taken in Here.” I must preserve my self-respect.

Sarah, the painted ship upon the painted ocean is a beehive of activity compared with me.

JANE.

Sarah dear!

Monday noon.

'Sh-h! I'm off!

J.

Wednesday, more than midnight.

Dearest S.:

I'm a dying woman, but my sketch is done! I've lived on board the typewriter since twelve o'clock on Monday, coming briefly ashore for a snatch of food or sleep; but it's done, and I adore it! The mad, heavenly haste of the actual doing makes up for all the starting agonies. It restores the years that the locusts have eaten. I'm perished with weariness, but I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

Drowsily,

JANE.

Thursday.

I would n't thank King George to be my uncle to-day, Sally dear. I don't believe there is anything in the world more perfectly satisfying than pounding out the word CURTAIN.

Want to hear about it? You must; you can't elude me.

Well, I've called it "One Crowded Hour."

SCENE, a lonely telegraph station on the desert.

TIME, the present.

CHARACTERS:

The Girl,

The Brother,

The Man.

The setting discloses the front room of the telegraph station, crude and rough and bare, little furniture beyond the instrument, table, and chairs, yet with a pathetic attempt at softening the ugliness; a bunch of dried grasses, magazine pictures pinned to the wall, bows here and there on the clumsy chairs.

At rise of curtain *Girl* discovered alone, sewing. She is a faintly, quaintly pretty New England type, spare and prim; no longer young, yet with a pathetic, persistent girliness about her. A faint whistle is heard. She rises, goes to door of back room, calls to *Brother* that the train has whistled for the bend. The two events of their deadly days, the west-bound and the east-bound trains. She brings *Brother* from back room, leading him, her arm about him. He is younger than his sister, frail, despondent. She seats him at the instrument, brings him a cup of hot broth, and stands over him till he drains the cup. In brief dialogue the necessary exposition: he has been sent West for his cough, has become so weak he is unable to do his work, has taught her, and she in reality carries on all the affairs of the lonely station. He keeps his bed nearly all the time, merely dragging himself up for the passing of the two trains, so that the trainmen will not guess their secret.

The noise of the approaching limited grows louder and louder until it arrives

with clangor at their door. She runs out with the orders, and her voice is heard explaining that *Brother* is staying in to-day on account of the wind. The train pulls noisily out again, and she returns, and is about to help him back to bed when the instrument begins to click. Instantly they are electrified with interest.

"The Hawk," the daring hold-up man who has baffled justice for a year, has made off with the Bar K. pay-sack, and posses are forming at all the ranches. The new sheriff has sworn to take him single-handed. *Brother* excitedly asserts that he can do it; a wonderful fellow, that new sheriff! Regrets that *Sister* had gone to see a far-away neighbor the time he called. She 'd have liked him fine. They discuss excitedly the possibility of the bandit's coming their way. Just beyond their station is the famous "pass" through which many rogues have ridden to safety. In feverish haste *Brother* gets out old pistol and loads it, to her timid distress. He talks glowingly of the sheriff. Instrument clicks again. Sheriff wires that he will take up his station there. *Brother* becomes so wrought up that he brings on a spell of coughing, and she makes him go back to bed.

Left alone again in the front room, she tries to settle down to her sewing, singing, as she rocks:

"In days of old,

When knights were bold,

And barons held their sway."

Childishly, half-shamefacedly, she begins to "pretend." She snatches off a gaudy table-cover, drapes it about herself, and ringing in the crude furniture for moats and drawbridges and castle walls, she plays that she is a captive maiden, held by a robber chief, flinging herself into her fantasy with such abandon that she does n't hear approaching hoof-beats. At the pinnacle of her big speech the door is wrenched open, and *The Man* stands there, a pistol in each hand, demanding:

"Who 's here?"

For an instant she is dazed, it has fitted

in so perfectly with her pretending; then she recovers herself with a little gasp, and says:

"Why, Mister Sheriff, we are n't hid-ing 'the Hawk'!"

The Man, who is, of course, the bandit, instantly catches his cue and casts himself for the rôle of sheriff. She asks him if she may send messages for him; then, realizing that she has betrayed the secret, throws herself on his mercy and tells of her brother's failing health. He has her send messages for him in the sheriff's name, saying that he will guard the pass. From his expression as he speaks the name, the audience will gather that he has good and sinister reason to know that the sheriff will *not* arrive.

Brother, roused by voices, comes silently to door. Their backs are toward him, and they do not see him. *Brother* hears her call him "Mister Sheriff," stares, takes in situation, his face speaking his horror. After an instant's hesitation he softly pulls door to and disappears.

Girl asks *Man* to walk out and see the gallant little garden she is raising in the desert. They go out, and as they pass the window *Brother* creeps out, stumbles to table, waits for them to get out of ear-shot, sends a feverish message, and then, at the door, which they have left open, reaches carefully out, unties *Man's* horse, gives it a vicious jab with scissors snatched from her work-basket. The horse is heard to snort with pain; there is a scurry of hoofs, and he is off. *Brother* staggers back to bed, closing door. Horse makes for the pass.

Man and *Girl* rush in, *The Man* aghast, then grim. She wants to wire for a horse for him, but he says he will take the east-bound train, due in twenty minutes, and go on to the next ranch.

Then there is a pretty scene between them, when she confesses to her pity for "the Hawk" and her wicked hope that he may get away.

"I can't even bear to have *things* hunted, let alone a human."

Touched, he tells her that he knows what a rotten hard-luck life the bandit

has had; that there 's a straight streak in him, among all the yellow. Under this slice of vivid life her cheeks are burning and her eyes bright. She tells him of her home "back East," of how glad she was to come to the big, wonderful West, of how she thinks "one crowded hour of glorious life" worth a whole leaden existence. Shyly, she shows him her old graduating essay, tied, of course, with a long streamer of baby-blue ribbon. He tells her she is the gentlest thing he ever saw. There is a beautiful, wordless moment for her, touched as she is by magic into girlhood again. Then there are shouts and galloping hoofs, and *The Man* springs to his feet, his hand on his gun.

Brother, in the inner doorway, his old pistol describing wavering circles in his shaking hand, cries hoarsely:

"Harriet Mary, you come here to me! That is n't the sheriff! He 's 'the Hawk'!"

The Man, with a gentle word to her, pulls his gun and says he will never be taken alive; he 's sorry her "crowded hour" ends so.

The Girl, who at the moment of revelation seemed turned to stone, turns to a veritable fury of resolution. The train whistles. There is still a chance, if she can get him on board. The men ride nearer. She makes *Man* hide under curtain covering her dresses.

Brother starts toward the door, but she seizes him roughly, pushing him back into the inner room.

"Harriet Mary," he gasps, "that 's 'the Hawk'!"

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! You hush! You keep still!" She pushes him so violently that he falls, coughing horribly, to the floor. A fleeting look of horror crosses her face, but she bangs and bolts the door. She draws the curtain more carefully over *The Man*, flings open the front door, and screams above the clamor of oncoming east-bound train:

"He 's gone! We tried to keep him! Quick! The pass! The pass! *Don't you see the hoof-prints?*"

The posse wheels and thunders away. The train roars in. *The Man*, coming out from under the curtain, snatches up her thin hand, kisses it, dashes out. She stands in strained, breathless expectancy. The train pulls out. Little by little her dreadful tension relaxes. The magic robe of youth renewed falls from her. At a sound from the inner room she gasps, clutches her hands together on her breast, with eyes wide with terror and remorse, and starts running to her brother.

CURTAIN

Do I make you *see* it, Sally? Do you think it will "get across"? Much you know about it, meek baa lamb that you are, on your moated grange of music, far from the madding vaudeville world!

Now I 'm off to the booking offices, with my frenzied labors, neatly done into black and scarlet type, with a demure gray cover, under my arm, and hope in my heart.

Jauntily, JANE.

Friday.

My Dear:

They were quite wonderful to me, which is to say they pronounced it "not bad," and will cast it at once. They talk dimly of a lot of changes, but say it can be "licked into shape" at rehearsals.

I started to say I preferred not to have any alterations, but thought it might be more tactful to wait and see.

Sarah, if you could have seen the forlorn wretches in the waiting-room! Some of them, I suppose, had been there for hours, and when I was taken in at once, and they looked at me with their mournful, made-up eyes, I felt as if my wicked French heels were on their necks. I noticed one girl particularly; there was something so gallant about her cracked, polished shoes, her mended gloves, her collar, laundered almost to a cobweb; yes, and about the impossible sea-shell pink in her hollow cheeks. She had a sort of eager, sharpened sweetness in her face, and a regular Burne-Jones jaw. She might be

a wonderful model, I should think, instead of one of the thousand idle acts, due to the war. Later in the afternoon I saw her again. She was standing outside one of the white and shining "Cafés des Enfants," watching the man turn the muffins, and she opened a collapsed little purse and poked about in it an instant, and then shut it and turned away. Before I realized I heard myself saying:

"Hello! I saw you just now at the United Time, did n't I? I wish you 'd come in and have some coffee and butter cakes. I detest eating alone."

Sally, how that poor thing ate! I have her name and address, and I 'm going to keep in touch with her. Perhaps, if all goes well, I can help her to find something.

Happily, JANE.

Friday.

Sarah dear:

It just happened that they were short on sketches, so they cast "One Crowded Hour" at once, and we 've been rehearsing.

Brother is excellent, a slim, wistful-eyed, shabby youth who is going to do a fine bit. He is almost too realistic with his coughing; I 'm afraid he 'll irritate his throat. Oh, but *The Girl!* My quaint New England spinster is gone, and with her all the point of my playlet. They 've given it to a blooming, buoyant, down-to-the-minute young person, late of a musical comedy chorus and frankly contemptuous of her rôle. And *The Man*—"the Hawk"—is a fair-haired *canary*, a shade shorter than she is! And they quarrel fiendishly, scold about each other's number of "sides," and refuse to play up to each other. I am heart-sick. The producer says it would be utterly impossible to get by with the character as I wrote it. He was very mild about it, but every day some fresh degree of coyness or kittenishness was added. As an elixir of youth, I recommend him.

She patronizes me till I 'm ready to fling myself on the floor and squeal with rage. "Listen, girlie," she says; "don't




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“ ‘Listen, girlie,’ she says; ‘don’t you worry about this act! You leave it to me! I’ll put the pep in it yet!’ ”

you worry about this act! You leave it to me! I'll put the pep in it yet."

I must just grit my teeth and bear it. I must capitulate now, I suppose, until I have won a footing; then I shall not allow a comma to be changed.

Brother is a dear. He opened his heart and gave me a five-act play of his to read. The stage business is as interesting as the dialogue. After a melting moment he has, "*Exeunt Mother.*" *Mother* was clearly beside herself!

Wearily, JANE.

Tuesday.

We open Thursday afternoon, my dear, at a weird little theater 'way down-town. I am like to perish of weariness and exasperation. *Girl* and *Man* have been fighting like Kilkenny cats. Yesterday she said, "Deary, God is my witness he uses me like I was the dirt under his feet!" The brother of *Brother*, a nice, lean, clean-looking chap, lounges about at rehearsals and comforts me vastly with his under-the-breath comments on them.

She has worked up the bit before *The Man* arrives—when she is pretending, you know—into a screaming comedy, which she cordially assures me will "knock 'em off their seats." And they have introduced a dance! He shows her "the coyote lope." I'm telling you the solemn truth, Sarah. Do you wonder that I'm an old woman before my time?

And as if I did n't have enough to annoy me, Michael's been quite superfluously horrid. He was interested in it when I read it to him first, and talked a lot about how the public really wants the best, if only the managers will present it; and now when I told him about the changes and the comedy and the dance and the jokes they'd put in, he just sat and looked at me and looked at me as if he'd caught me vivisectioning a pet Persian. And I could n't help being impatient with his density.

"Good gracious! Michael Daragh," I said, "you don't suppose I *like* it this way? But I've got to get a footing. It has to be written down to the audience's level,

that's all. It's simply what they call 'putting it over.'"

And he said: "I should be calling it 'putting it under,'" and stalked away.

Excuse a cross letter. So am I.

JANE.

P. S. Just for which I sha'n't even tell him when or where the try-out will be.

Thursday night.

Well, Sally, they say it went fairly well. It was simply the most harrowing thing I ever underwent. *Brother* was a gem, but *Girl* and *Man* messed up their lines and gave an opposite interpretation to everything. How I hated that audience for roaring at her common comedy! They howled with delight when she pushed *Brother* over. And the "coyote lope" got the biggest hand of the day. I was behind the scenes, holding the 'script. Oh, but it's ugly and grim back there! I was sick with dread for fear some one would get stuck, and I should be too paralyzed with fright to make myself heard. My only other dramatic experience, you know, was when I played "Voice of Mother, off stage," at a school farce.

After it was over she gave me a kindly pat and said:

"Did n't I tell you I'd see you through, girlie? Leave it to me!"

Unbelievably, Heaven knows why, we are to open for a week at the Palace next Monday! We play two more performances down-town, and then rehearse night and day to smooth over the rough edges. I know I ought to be thankful, but I'm not, some way. I doubt if I go on with the vaudeville work after this.

Jadedly,

JANE.

Friday night.

My Dear:

Something made me think of that idle-acts girl, and I hunted her up to-day. Sarah, she was almost *starving*! I stuffed her like a Christmas turkey and brought her home, because her room rent was long overdue, and her landlady a demon, and

coaxed Mrs. Hills to put a cot in my sitting-room. Her Burne-Jones jaw is sharper than ever, but she has the mournfully grateful eyes of a friendly setter. She 's sleeping as if she could never sleep enough; just thirstily drinking up sleep, if you know what I mean. Performance no better to-day. Terrific rehearsing starts early to-morrow morning.

Hastily,

JANE.

Sunday morning.

Dearest S.:

Rehearsal was called for nine sharp yesterday. *Brother* and his brother were waiting. *Girl* and *Man* appeared at ten. She said:

"Deary, I hate to tell you, but I got bad news for you." Then, turning to him, she said compassionately, "Say, you tell her! I have n't got the heart."

"Why," said the blond bandit, cheerfully, "what she means is this. She got a chance to go on tour with 'Oh, you Baby-Doll!' and she felt like she had n't ought to turn it down; it 's more her line, you know." Saying which, he departed in search of certain personal effects used in the playlet.

I counted ten slowly, and then I said:

"Very well. I dare say Mr. — knows of some one who is a quick study, and with his help can get up in the part for Monday."

She stared, and then began to giggle.

"Say, girlie, I 'm the limit! Did n't I tell you? I *married* the boy!" At my gasp she went on confidentially, linking her arm in mine. "Yes, deary, you see, it 's like this. I got to have somebody, really, to look after luggage, and anyhow, you know what this life is. A girl has to have protection."

When they were gone I turned to look at *Brother*. I thought he was actually going to cry, and he began to cough, just as he does in the sketch.

"Oh, please," I said, "don't keep doing that! We are n't rehearsing now!" And he stopped and said:

"That 's just it. I 'm not rehearsing.

It 's—that 's how it is with me. That 's why I thought I could get by with the part. I thought maybe if we got good bookings, why, I 'd be fixed to take a good long lay-off, out on the desert, you know, or up in the snow. It 's not bad yet. They say I 've got a great chance. That 's why it kind of gets me to have it fall through."

Then the nice, lean, silent brother said:

"I don't suppose you 'd give me a whack at it, would you? I 've learned every side of the 'script, watching and listening here every day. And I can do it. I don't think he *ever* had your idea of it. Look, that part where he tells her, 'The Hawk 's always had such a rotten deal,' is n't this more the way you meant it?"

And *Brother's* brother dropped into a chair, took a knee between his lean, brown hands, looked off into the dark, empty spaces of the theater for a moment, and read the lines as I 'd written them.

Suddenly, Sally, in the midst of all my dismay, I felt happier than I had since I tore the last page out of the type-writer and visualized it as I thought it was to be.

"If only we had a girl!" *Brother* was saying worriedly. "We *ought* to get somebody. She need n't be so much of a looker, you know, and we could cut out the dance and the horse-play in the beginning. Why, it 's actress proof, that part: all she 's got to do is walk through. Good Lord! there must be a dozen women crying for the chance to get up in it in a day, with all the idle acts—"

And then, quite comfortably and serenely, I knew what I was going to do. And I knew that, sink or swim, never again was I going to "put it under." I told them I had some one in mind, and to wait for me. I taxied opulently home, and found my Preraphaelite girl curled up in my kimono, feeding my fan-tailed goldfish. "Come on," I said briskly, "you 're keeping the rehearsal waiting. You 're going to open in my sketch on Monday."

While she was making a bewildered toilet, her soft eyes more like a kindly setter's than ever, I dug out the old 'script

and carbons, before any changes had been made. On the way back I told her the story. She had n't put on the sea-shell tint, and the little hollows in her cheeks filled up with color while I talked. When I walked in with her the men grinned with joy and heaved gusty, relieved sighs. We rehearsed all day and most of the night. We have n't told the office a word about the defection of the two vaude-villains. The printing is out, of course, and the old names will stand. She is stiff with fright, and not really physically fit for the strain, but she 's trying heart, soul, mind, and body.

We will work all day, and up to the ultimate moment to-morrow. JANE.

Three-fifteen A.M., Monday.

Sarah, I feel like Guido Reni—remember?—when he stabbed his servant in order to get the right expression of agony for his "Ecce Homo." She fainted in the middle of her big speech an hour ago. I have tucked her in bed, after an alcohol rub and hot milk, and she is to sleep until twelve o'clock. *Brother's* brother did n't

get through a single speech without prompting.

I wish I had n't asked Michael Daragh to come to the matinée. I must stop. I feel as if I could fall into a *Rip Van Winkle*.

J.

Sally *dear!*

Monday night.

I don't know how or where to begin. I 'll *make* myself start with the morning. I slipped out without waking my girl, leaving a note for her. I took the bus to Grant's Tomb, and walked back along the river to Seventy-second Street. It was the most marvelous blue-and-gold morning. Copper-colored leaves crackled crisply under foot, and eiderdown clouds sailed in the sky; I speeded myself into a glow on shady paths, and sat steeping in the sun. I held happy converse with reserved and haughty babies and democratic dogs, but even so I found myself with a panicky margin on my hands. I bethought myself of a never-failing remedy for troublesome thoughts, and went joyously forth like a he-goat on the mountains and bought a



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“Come on,” I said briskly, “you’re

ruinous pair of proud shoes. I knew the gloating over them would leave me small room for forebodings. Is n't it feeble-minded of me? But I've always been so. When I was little they called me "Goody-Two-Shoes." These are cunningly contrived things which make my No. four triple A's look like twos. I walked upon air to the Palace, and all the way I made

myself repeat that heavenly thing of Gelett Burgess's:

My feet they haul me round the house;
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them, and
They ride me everywhere!

I purchased an orchestra seat and inquired carelessly what time "One

Crowded Hour" went on. I found we were sandwiched neatly in between the tramp juggler and the trained seals. I went behind and found my gallant "little company of big hearts," made up too soon, waiting in awful quiet, with strained, determined smiles. The line of the Burne-Jones jaw was set, and when she relaxed it for a moment I heard the chattering of her teeth. I patted and petted them all round and basely ran away. I cast an agitated eye over the set and properties, and a grimy young stage-hand rearranged a bit to suit me with a languid, not unkind contempt. I went out in front and took my place while the orchestra rollicked through the overture, and ushers slid down the aisles, snapping seats into place, and people poured in. I looked and looked at them. I studied their faces, as a gladiator might have done in the arena. Thumbs up? Thumbs down? A row behind me, across the aisle, sat Michael Daragh, but



keeping the rehearsal waiting?"

he did not see me. Two petulantly pretty girls sank into the vacant seats beyond me, and a rotund, white-spatted gentleman, with a subduedly elegant waistcoat, took the one on the end.

The annunciator flashed A, and a pair of forlorn black-face comedians "opened the show." They did not get it very far open, however, for crowds continued to come, the aisles were congested, and elbows were lifted in silhouette against the light. The tragic comedy was doggedly plugged away; they fired one crude witticism after another, making determined capital even of the silences, but through my glasses I could see the strained anxiety of their eyes. They strutted off presently,—only grit kept them from slinking,—and the trained seals were with us, lovely things, like gentle, tidy, sleek-headed little girls. My heart was going like a metronome set for a tarantella; my wrist watch ticked breathlessly, "Coming, coming, coming!"

If only we were Z instead of C!

"Funny thing, you know," said the plump occupant of the aisle seat, conversationally; "they're easier to train than any other animal in the world except a pig. Fact."

He had a genial face, rosy wattled and creased into jolly patterns, and my heart warmed to him suddenly, and to the girls and the old lady in front and to Michael Daragh. It seemed certain that they must want clean things, real things, ring-true things.

I took out a pencil to make notes for corrections, but the annunciator said "D." A Venus-like lady ran out attired as Cupid, and the house rocked with approval. *What* had happened back there? Had *Brother's* brother fled in stage-fright? Had my poor starveling fainted again? Cold with conjecture, I sat through the sprightly numbers until "C!" said the electric lights! The orchestra was playing

In days of old,
When knights were bold.

The curtain lifted on the telegraph station, on my thin spinster in her rocking-

chair. It was a lean vision for eyes lately ravished with the Venus lady's charms; programs rattled. The tramp juggler was to follow. Her flat chest was rising and falling jerkily with her frightened breathing, and her hands shook so that she could hardly hold her sewing. From somewhere aloft came the loud guffaw that speaks the vacant mind, and a girl near me giggled in echo. Something went through my waif: the Burne-Jones jaw was taut; she got hold of herself, and little by little, steadily, surely, she got hold of the house. The man next me, who had slouched down in his seat, straightened up; the girls stopped whispering. *Brother* came on, and *Brother's* brother; the tempo was perfect, the acceleration was blood-quickenning. Laughs came at unexpected places, friendly, cordial chuckles. She played her part like a melody in low tones, warming and kindling and coloring; she built up her climax cunningly, patiently, like a coral island. "By gad!" said my neighbor, "you know, the old girl can *act*!" The old lady in front lifted a frank handkerchief. Now the big moment was arrived. Her voice, before a mothering coo, was harsh and strident. She had seemed the gentlest of living creatures; now she was a fury, pitiless, obsessed. All the starved romance, all the pinched poverty of her life, all the lean and lonely years that she had known cried out in hunger, not to be denied; she was a tigress doing battle for her mate.

And then, when the rattle and roar of the train died away, *Brother's* hacking cough sounded from behind the closed door, and stark reality laid hold on her again. Her thin hands went together on her breast and then fell limply at her sides. She seemed visibly to shrink and shrivel. The glow died out of her; it was like snuffing a lantern's flame. Racked and spent with her one crowded hour, she looked out into the bleak and empty vista of the years. I was in the aisle before the curtain fell, speeding past the beautiful, kind, understanding people, past the benediction of Michael Daragh's lifted look. I wanted to reach her, to hold her, to

hug her. The applause followed me. It was n't a "riot," like the buxom Cupid; we were n't "stopping the show." It was a solid, genuine, hearty wave of "we 're with you!"

I sped round the corner to the stage-door, and I heard hurrying feet behind me. I guessed, but I would n't turn.

In the dim, orderly chaos behind the scenes I saw my gallant little band of fighting hope coming toward me with morning faces and on buoyant feet. My stern St. Michael was beside me, bending

his head to speak, with the light in his eyes that always makes me think of the sun behind a stained-glass window.

"I 'm so high with pride for you," he said, "and so low with shame for me, that I could be doubting, even for—"

But a grimy young stage-hand barred the way.

"Say,"—he held out a dark and hearty paw,—"I guess that 's poor! Say, I guess maybe that 's not puttin' it *over!*"

Jubilantly,

JANE.



Portrait of a Boy

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

AFTER the whipping he crawled into bed,
 Accepting the harsh fact with no great weeping.
 How funny uncle's hat had looked striped red!
 He chuckled silently. The moon came, sweeping
 A black, frayed rag of tattered cloud before
 In scorning; very pure and pale she seemed,
 Flooding his bed with radiance. On the floor
 Fat motes danced. He sobbed, closed his eyes, and dreamed.

Warm sand flowed round him. Blurts of crimson light
 Splashed the white grains like blood. Past the cave's mouth
 Shone with a large, fierce splendor, wildly bright,
 The crooked constellations of the South;
 Here the Cross swung; and there, affronting Mars,
 The Centaur stormed aside a froth of stars.
 Within, great casks, like wattled aldermen,
 Sighed of enormous feasts, and cloth of gold
 Glowed on the walls like hot desire. Again,
 Beside webbed purples from some galleon's hold,
 A black chest bore the skull and bones in white
 Above a scrawled "Gunpowder!" By the flames,
 Decked out in crimson, gemmed with syenite,
 Hailing their fellows with outrageous names,
 The pirates sat and diced. Their eyes were moons.
 "Doubloons!" they said. The words crashed gold. "Doubloons!"

This Matter of the Eight-hour Day

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

THE eight-hour day has changed in popular estimation from a utopian dream to a disconcerting reality. Yet the Adamson bill is only an incident in the long history of the eight-hour movement. A hundred years ago a good day's work was often eighteen hours long. The gradual shortening has proceeded so quietly that it has attracted little attention. The eight-hour day has been accepted by some employers for twenty-five years. Thousands of men and women are now working on that basis. The change has come through legal process, through strikes, and through voluntary action by employers.

All national employees, like census-takers, postmen, and departmental clerks, are limited by law to an eight-hour day. So also are factory inspectors, road-makers, and other employees of twenty-seven States, Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. All work done in private businesses for the National Government, for the state governments of twenty-six States, and for the three dependencies, whether it is building dreadnoughts or hauling granite or sewing mail-sacks, comes into this limitation.

Dangerous trades are more or less limited. Miners may work only eight hours in thirteen States and in Alaska. Employees in smelters and reduction works fall into the same class in eight States and Alaska. Electric-light and power plants, coke-ovens, blast-furnaces, plaster and cement mills, plate-glass works, rolling-mills, tunnels, air-pressure and irrigation plants must be conducted on the same basis in certain of the States. Most interesting in the present railway controversy is the fact that railroad telegraph and telephone operators, dispatchers, and signalmen, upon whose condition the safety of the public obviously depends, are under an eight-hour law in Arkansas, Connecticut, Maryland, Nevada, New York, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Private businesses employ more men and women on the eight-hour basis than do the governments. The bulletins of the United States Bureau of Labor show, during the last twenty-five years of increasing production, a growing number of employees, rising wages, and falling hours of labor. The tail of the day has been sliced off in hunks during the last two years. Munition factories in wholesale numbers have conceded the eight-hour shift. Neighboring factories succumbed. One hundred and twenty-eight concerns, reported by the International Association of Machinists, resolved to blow their whistles at the end of eight hours, thus sacrificing in most cases seven hours a week. This report covers only the last five months of 1915. The products of the factories ranged from cartridges to candy, and included tools, corsets, automobiles, playing-cards, electrical goods, copper, brass, silver, bronze, and lead goods, printing-presses, different kinds of machinery, all sorts of motors, and every variety of ammunition.

These converts of the last year are too recent to register actual results. Those who give their impressions in the matter vary from forebodings that efficiency will vanish, costs pile up, and workmen regret the change, to prophecies of an industrial millennium. The midway statements are of a temporary drop in output, gradually returning to normal.

Accurate information, covering a long period and based on time-cards and pay-rolls, has been obtained from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Australasia, New Zealand, and Belgium. All this is gathered together in "The Case for the Shorter Working Day," a brief prepared by Louis D. Brandeis and Josephine Goldmark, publication secretary of the National Consumers' League. This thousand-page brief was written before Mr. Brandeis was elected to the Supreme Court, and was presented to that body to

uphold the legality of the Oregon law limiting the length of a day's work. With this collected testimony before us, the affair moves out of the realm of speculation into the actual business world. American employers want to know about the effect of the eight-hour day upon output. Workmen inquire if it lowers wages. The general public is nervous concerning the cost of living. The experience of a hundred years answers them.

The employers' expectation of lessened production under shortened hours is logical. In childhood we all learned in the old arithmetic:

"If a man can dig 3 feet of ditch in 1 hour, in 8 hours he can dig 8×3 feet, or 24 feet. In 10 hours, 30 feet."

If this reasoning were as true in the factory as it is between the covers of a book, the shortening of the hours from ten to eight would mean a loss of one fifth the output. Fortunately, it is not true.

When you have a flesh-and-blood man with a spade in his hand, you find that he digs less than three feet the first hour, while the second hour he digs more than three feet. He is at his maximum the second hour. From then on he digs at a slowly diminishing rate until, if you keep him at it long enough, he can dig nothing at all.

The familiar building-a-stone-wall problem and the running-hare-and-hound problem contain the same fallacy. The stone wall advances more and more slowly as the day draws near its close. The real hare sometimes drops dead at the moment when, according to mathematics, she is showing a pair of clean heels to the hounds. The old arithmetic never included the toxin of fatigue in its reckoning.

A tired man is a poisoned man. He has poisoned his brain, he has poisoned his muscles, he has poisoned his nerves and glands. This poison is a toxin which during over-exertion is manufactured in too great quantities to be carried off in the natural manner. To work till one is tired and rest till one is refreshed is the way

of life. But when a man manufactures more fatigue poison in his body during his working period than he can eliminate during his rest period, he has reduced his efficiency.

Mosso, the great Italian physiologist, showed the presence of this toxin by an enlightening experiment with two dogs. One he left sleeping at home. The other he tired out by a long run. Then he anesthetized both and transferred the blood of each to the veins of the other. When they awoke, the jaunting dog was as fresh as a daisy while the home-keeping dog was almost too tired to yawn. Another scientist fatigued a frog's hind leg with a series of tiny shocks till it was too weary to kick. He removed the toxin by running a saline solution through the veins, and the leg was ready to start in kicking again. Hundreds of laboratory tests have proved the presence of the toxin of fatigue in fatigued bodies.

If it were practicable to inject the blood of a refreshed laborer into the veins of a tired one or wipe out human weariness with a saline solution, a man might work day and night indefinitely. Since this cannot be done, the alternative is to substitute a fresh worker when the tired one's energy flags to the extent of impeding the work. The balance point changes year by year. The twelve-hour day was once considered dangerously radical. To-day most office employees work seven hours.

Lord Shaftesbury initiated the shorter-day movement when he put through Parliament the act of 1833, limiting the hours of labor for children in textile mills to twelve a day. When the English public found that the mills did not fail and that the children did not become idle and lawless in their increased leisure, the provisions of the act were extended to include women. Later their day was restricted to ten hours.

Shortening the day for women and children always has had the indirect effect of shortening it for men also. Soon mill-owners were struggling with the paradox that the less the men worked the more they produced. In the dusty files of the

British sessional papers one may find their wonder formally recorded.

"John," demanded a bewildered manager of one of his men, "will you tell me how it is that you can do more work in eleven hours than you did in twelve?"

"Why," replied John, "we can lay to in eleven hours a day better than we could in twelve because we get more rest at night and we are in better spirits all the day through, and besides the afternoons are not so long."

Add to the "better spirits" the additional assistance of modern machinery, close supervision, and careful schedules, and one obtains a result that one has to get up before breakfast to believe. Try this, for example:

Feb., 1913, 16,000 men, working 10 hours,
produced 16,000 Ford cars.

Feb., 1914, 15,800 men, working 8 hours,
produced 26,000 Ford cars.

Put in the old arithmetic form this reads:

"Where a man working 10 hours a day produced 1 car a month, a man working 8 hours a day produced $1\frac{1}{2}$ cars a month. Proved by the time-books of an automobile company in the West."

Consider, too, the output of the bituminous coal-mines before and after the miners won the eight-hour day in 1896 and 1897.

Average output, per man, per day, in short tons

Year	Ohio	Penn.	Ill.	Utah
1895	3.08	3.43	2.63	3.47
1900	3.19	3.56	3.11	3.54

The output varied from year to year, but showed a steady tendency to increase. A part of the gain was due to the further introduction of machine mining, although in Illinois the proportion mined by machinery altered hardly at all. In Utah the change was from twelve hours to eight, yet the business more than held its own.

The same story of increased production with decreased hours is told by The Engis Chemical Works, Belgium, after twelve years' experience; The Salford Iron Works,

England; The Commonwealth Steel Company, United States; The Solway Process Company, Syracuse, United States; The Zeiss Optical Works, Germany; and other companies.

Now that we have had this preliminary practice in believing the unbelievable, it might be well to tell how Mr. William Allan of the Allan and Company Scotia Engine Works compelled his lazy workmen to give him an honest day's labor. I thought of his expedient many times during a recent trip to Maine. The employers of small labor there told me that while in the good old days a man worked cheerfully from sun-up to dark, the present generation of workmen were a worthless lot, thinking only of themselves. I heard of a carpenter who sorted six nails for six minutes by the watch, a glazier who rolled a ball of putty in his palms the entire length of a tariff discussion, and a plumber who charged up to the householder whose cook he married all the hours of his courtship. The employers of the nail-sorter and the putty-roller and the lover were not soothed by my suggestion that it is physically impossible for a man to idle as much in eight hours as he could in nine.

Now this is what Mr. Allan did. His factory day began, in accordance with a passing English custom, at six in the morning. The men worked till eight-thirty and then went home for breakfast. That is, they were supposed to work, but really they merely transferred the business of sleeping from their beds to snug nooks behind the engines. They slept turn and turn about. They were incorrigible.

"Thinking over the whole question and the best mode of overcoming these irregularities," says Mr. Allan, "I came to the conclusion that an eight-hour day would be more satisfactory to myself as well as to the men. Men who worked overtime could not be expected to keep regular time in the morning. Growing lads who went to night classes or places of amusement could not be expected to turn out in the early morning."

So Mr. Allan installed the eight-hour

day, beginning at half-past seven. The men agreed to give up five per cent. of their wages. This was to be returned to them if the experiment succeeded. It did succeed. No diminution of the output under the new régime occurred. The cost of turning out an engine remained the same. The deducted five per cent. of the wages was restored. Later Mr. Allan advanced their pay another five per cent.

When the work performed can be measured by the ton or yard or gross, the superiority of the short-day output is clearly shown. It is more difficult to calculate the value of a driver, a bookkeeper, or a street-car conductor. Railway employees are among those whose accomplishment cannot be weighed or counted. When I was crossing the continent a few years ago, our train was stalled for hours in the desert. The engineer had been running his engine a shockingly long time, and he refused to go farther until he had slept. He said that it was not safe for a man half dead with sleep to be responsible for the lives of hundreds of passengers. We waited there in the desert till another engineer could be brought to us. The entire "plant" stood idle because of bad management. The wages of conductors, porters, and brakemen went right on while the train stood still. The road would have saved money by employing more engineers.

You will notice, if you are interested, that engineers who have accidents have often been working overtime. Whether the railroad men aim at the shorter hours they demand or at the overtime pay which will result if schedules are not revised, the public should see to it that it is the shorter hours which they get.

The railway arrangement of hours is more difficult than the factory arrangement, because the factory shifts come and go while the work is stationary. The railroad must drop and pick up its crews at relay stations. But the fundamental principle of scientific management is the same for both. The freight-trains must be speeded and their long delays on sidings cut out, just as in the factories new machines have been invented and econ-

omies of time devised. Shortening hours is one way of sharing with the working-man the additional wealth conferred by efficiency engineering.

Many workers oppose shorter hours. Part of this is due to the fear of offending the employer. A woman who had appeared before a state legislature to testify to the overlong hours required in the factory where she worked told me that the very spinners who denied her statements when questioned by the boss would, when they met her alone, say gratefully, "It was a good day's work you did for us that day at the capital."

But most of the opposition comes from fear that shorter days will result in thinner pay-envelops. They, too, were taught by the old arithmetic.

The pay-roll shows a different figuring. The Zeiss Optical Works in Germany changed from nine hours to eight hours. Under the new system, the 233 employees earned eighteen cents an hour in place of fifteen cents. The difference more than compensated for the deduction of time.

Workmen in other well-managed factories have the same experience. At The Engis Chemical Works in Belgium the founder and managing director, Mr. Fromont, in 1906, after twelve years' experience said:

The workmen were at first opposed to the new system, seeing in the shorter hours a diminished output and consequently lowered wages. Patience and strict discipline were necessary to enforce ample trial. At first they began to realize the benefit to their health and vigor. Almost imperceptibly the daily output increased, and in less than six months from the beginning of the new time-scale the men had succeeded in producing in seven and a half hours of actual work as much as they had formerly turned out in ten.

The loss by the temporary drop in production sometimes has been borne by the employer, sometimes by the workers, and sometimes divided. A well-known talking-machine company, which recently has

voluntarily instituted the eight-hour day for seventy-five hundred employees without reduction of wages, expects to be repaid by the better quality of the work.

The general public wants to know if the change will raise prices. Let the general public consider a well-known automobile company and be wise. The men's hours have been reduced from ten to eight. Their wages have been raised to a five-dollar minimum. By every rule of the dog-eared arithmetic the price of its car should have advanced. Has it? Well, no. It has dropped ninety-five dollars. And the company is not losing any money, either.

The public has another interest, less clearly discerned. A democracy depends for its welfare upon the intelligence of its citizens. How can a man vote wisely if he has no time to read and discuss the questions of the day? How can he be a soldier if his body is drained of vitality? We provide night schools in nearly all of our cities. Of what good are they to the man who comes home dog-tired from the coal-mine, the textile mill, or the steel works?

Thirteen million Americans over ten years of age were foreign-born, according to the 1910 census. Some three million of them could not speak English. No one can be naturalized until he has the English language. One particular member of these three million I myself know. The circumstances of his ignorance are significant. He came from a Slavic country. He worked ten years in a chair factory in New York City. He learned a new language in that time, but it was not Eng-

lish. He learned the language which he heard spoken from ten to fifteen hours a day by the other immigrants in the work-room—German. English he heard only by chance on his way to and from work.

His working hours were ill defined. Very often he took chairs home at night. He dared not refuse to do home work lest he lose his job. How, speaking no English, could he find another? The wife and children finished the chair-caning in the early hours of the morning while he snatched a few hours' sleep before returning to the factory.

In ten years of this terrible labor he saved enough money to make the first payment on a Connecticut farm. He is an ambitious man. In the three years he has been on the land he has cleared almost enough to pay off the mortgage. But living in the country, a mile from neighbors, he has not yet learned to speak English. He cannot be naturalized. He cannot make his excellent contribution to our Government. He is one of three million.

The history of the shorter-hour movement shows that long hours result in a predisposition to nervous and infectious disease, general injury to health, strain from the speed and monotony of modern industry, cumulative fatigue, and accidents. The spread of the eight-hour day, on the other hand, has resulted in better quality and larger quantity of work, increased temperance, education, and general welfare. Life is more than work. The laborer and the employer alike should have their free hours between toil and sleep. Work performed by tired men is costly to society.



New York, the National Stepmother

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Author of "New England, the National Wallflower," etc.

Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby

WE call New York the metropolis—metropolis, mother-city—and a charming picture it suggests for the lobby of some hotel overlooking Broadway: New York caressing Chicago with one affectionate arm, fondling Pittsburgh with the other, and murmuring, "These are my jewels."

It is very affecting, theoretically; but practically one may question if even Mr. Blashfield at his best could "get it over." For visitors from Chicago and Pittsburgh have had experience.

"O unmotherliest of mothers!" one cries, though unfairly, since we have thrust upon New York a rank she neither seeks nor merits. Mother-cities—Athens, say, or Rome, or London—sent out colonists. New York hales them in. She reverses the familiar process, the traditional attitude. Not unnaturally, she ignores the age-long sentiment of mother-cities toward their young. What, then, is New York? The national stepmother.

Other nations have stepmothers. There is Berlin; there is Paris. Yet never had nation a stepmother so amazing. The imperial city, though not the capital; the center, on a continent's edge; ancient, though still in her freckled pigtailhood; gigantic, though too frolicsome to deserve the custody of the children, she both spans and bewitches them. Tact she has none. Said a New-Yorker in Minneapolis: "Pretty place, growing; but I can't say it looks much like a city." Said another in down-town Topeka: "Hello! Where 's the business part?" Said a third to a Bostonian: "If you live in Boston, you can go to New York. If you live in New York, where *can* you go?" Yet no one talks back; or, if a few attempt to, their eyes gainsay their lips.

"Jewtown, Woptown—we detest it!"

cry some, and twinkle. "It 's a fine place to visit, but we 'd hate to live there," say others, and long for jobs in Manhattan. Everywhere a kind of glamour haloes the man just home from the metropolis. In quest of that glamour, plus high jinks, a hundred thousand fascinated provincials throng the metropolitan hotels. A nurse of my acquaintance "trained" in New York.

"Tell me," I asked. "A nurse lasts only ten years. Girls understand that. Then what can induce them to train? Scientific interest? The pay? Sheer compassion?" She answered:

"To get to New York."

Now, of all human relationships, what more delicate than this of stepmotherhood? In condemnation of this homage to New York, our philosophers pull a long, sad face and grumble: "Bad taste, children; worse judgment. You betray the crudity that mistakes bigness for greatness, glitter for glow, novelty for romance." Such chidings might disturb me were I myself less skilled at running down New York. I can do it from memory. As open confession is good for the soul, let me extract from my lumber-room of discarded diatribes a few samples, some half-truths, some raw facts; the residue statistical, and all misleading.

"A tragic city," I had protested. "In her Potter's Field New-Yorkers lie buried three deep. Thirty fires a day she has. Each year her burglars steal between fifteen and twenty million dollars. To know the lives a sky-scraper cost, count the stories. To guess, vaguely at least, the horror of 'maiden tribute to modern Babylon,' consult her music-hall ditty, 'A Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway.' A godless city, moreover. Find, if you can, her churches: Trinity, an un-

successful periscope, the others mere bric-à-brac, while gratuitous mock sanctities add emphasis to her grim and soulless secularism. She has niches for saints at an office-building's entrance. She has catacombs for tunnel passengers from 'Jersey' to shop in. In a waiting-room outrivaling half the cathedrals an orotund voice intones the trains with such prayerlike sanctity that memory adds, 'And all the roy-al family.' An ugly metropolis, too, inharmonious, unsuggestive, unsympathetic, brand-new, and wholly impermanent. Nothing endures but eternal change; in Manhattan ten years are a century. Finally, a town overflowing with architectural plagiarisms: *châteaux*, *campaniles*, *hôtels-de-ville*, Strozzi palaces, and Giralda towers, begged, borrowed, or stolen. What is an architect? A man who buys a penny *carte-postale* in Europe and sells it in New York for eighty-eight thousand dollars." All this and more I said in my haste.

At a luncheon Ian Maclaren had been denouncing Scottish bigotry: "In England the national sport is fox-hunting; in Scotland it is heresy-hunting." But, on seeing his wife's disapproval, he cut short the tirade, and remarked, to my delight, "Bad 's all out, dear; nothing left but good." So here. I adore New York. She is magnificent; she is romantic; she is joyous, original, courageous, an intellectual stimulus and an ethical bracer. Happy America, with such a stepmother!

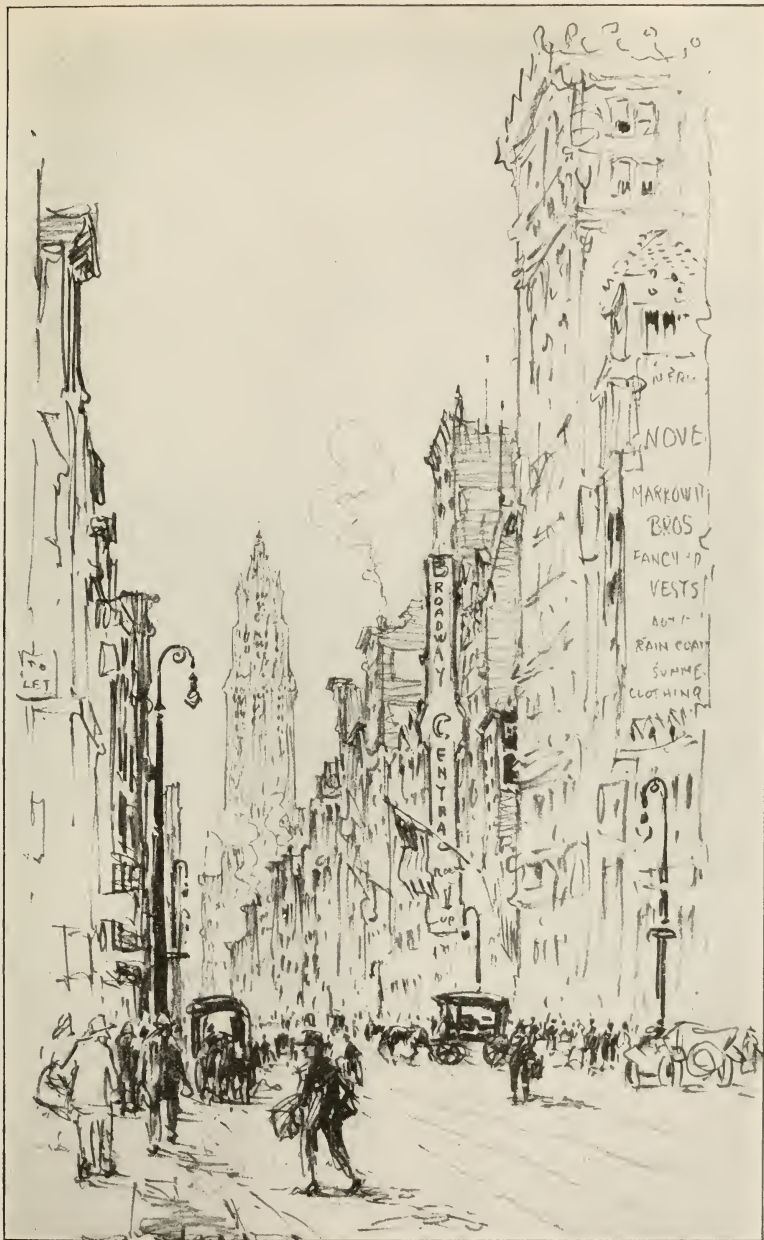
Much, of course, depends on the children. Possessing a gift no philosopher can quite tolerate in children,—namely, childishness,—they worship New York for her outward show. This, again, reflects credit on the stepmother. How spectacularly she poses! From Montmartre you merely look across Paris. From the cupola of St. Peter's you merely look down on Rome. Whereas New York, unlike all other great cities, looms erect. Full in the face you behold her, and not from one vantage-point only. Miles you can stroll along sky-high bridges. At every step the view changes. From the deck of a sound steamer it changes with well-nigh

cinematographic rapidity. And what a view! Alpine, almost. You could fancy it of volcanic origin. Topping Wall Street's Stromboli, lo! a plume of telltale white vapor!

It is inharmonious, all that. Granted. Our municipal beauty-doctors itch to get at Manhattan. As if Haussmann ever hewed a cañon comparable with lower Broadway or conceived vistas comparable with Fifth Avenue and the Riverside Drive. Or as if uniformity could do other than blight the inspiration in this half-finished sketch we call New York or wreck its poetry. For poetry it has. Late on a winter afternoon see those mysterious, lighted sky-scrapers hanging in air and the Woolworth miracle a pillar of untroubled flame. At four on a summer morning see the bridges bathed in rosy mist. Enchanting, exquisite; and yet the supreme poetry of New York is not in this. It is in remembering what made New York. Here converge the energies of a people. Here focus its loves and hates, its struggles, its dreads, and golden hopes, so that the "sights" of New York, those baldly prosaic office-buildings, railway stations, hotels, and engineering feats, take on a glory of high romance.

True, the children miss the ivied, age-worn charm that hallows Europe. But it is not time alone that weaves romance. There is romance in the stroke of a fairy wand. There is as much in the might of a nation still toiling. Even Europeans acknowledge it. "Ah, that Woolworth pile!" exclaims my friend Descher. "To think that one man, in his lifetime, could achieve all that, when it took generations to build Notre Dame and generations more to build the Louvre!" New York, and not Rossetti or Burne-Jones, has fulfilled a dream dear to Preraphaelite aspiration—brought to pass in our day "the renascence of wonder."

Yet no one suggests, "See New York and die." It would be like running out in the middle of the biggest and best show ever staged. You go to New York, you get home, you tell your tale, the family gasp, and then along comes a fellow who



The cañon of lower Broadway

left by the next train after yours and spoils the whole story. Some newer marvel he saw, sprung up since you left.

Just this makes New York the heaven of architects and their purgatory. It never drizzles commissions; it pours. But nothing lasts. Masterpieces share with architectural pranks the same swift doom, less because the stepmother lacks constancy than because unpredicted necessities enforce change, eternally revising, annotating, and blue-penciling New York. It is not a city. It is a dissolving view. Newspaper Row is dispersing. The fidgety Rialto, after trekking from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third, from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth, and from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second, yearns to trek again. The little that stays put anywhere generally loses character. For instance, Castle Garden, a fortress, an auditorium, an immigrant station, and now an aquarium. Although the Bowery is still the Fifth Avenue of the East Side, they no longer "do such things" or "say such things in the Bowery."

But this changefulness in the stepmother, although a grief to antiquarians, only increases her fascination for the children. If one astonisher vanishes, another bursts into fame. And such fame! Hordes of artists and authors camp out in New York to be near publishers. There they draw and write New York. Publishers, conceiving of America as New York's back yard, believe it agog with impassioned interest. Provincial newspapers, similarly obsessed, do likewise. Is there a new hotel in Gotham? A new office-building? A new liner? It receives not merely "space next reading matter," but space inside it. Hence it is without exception the most stupendously over-advertised city on earth.

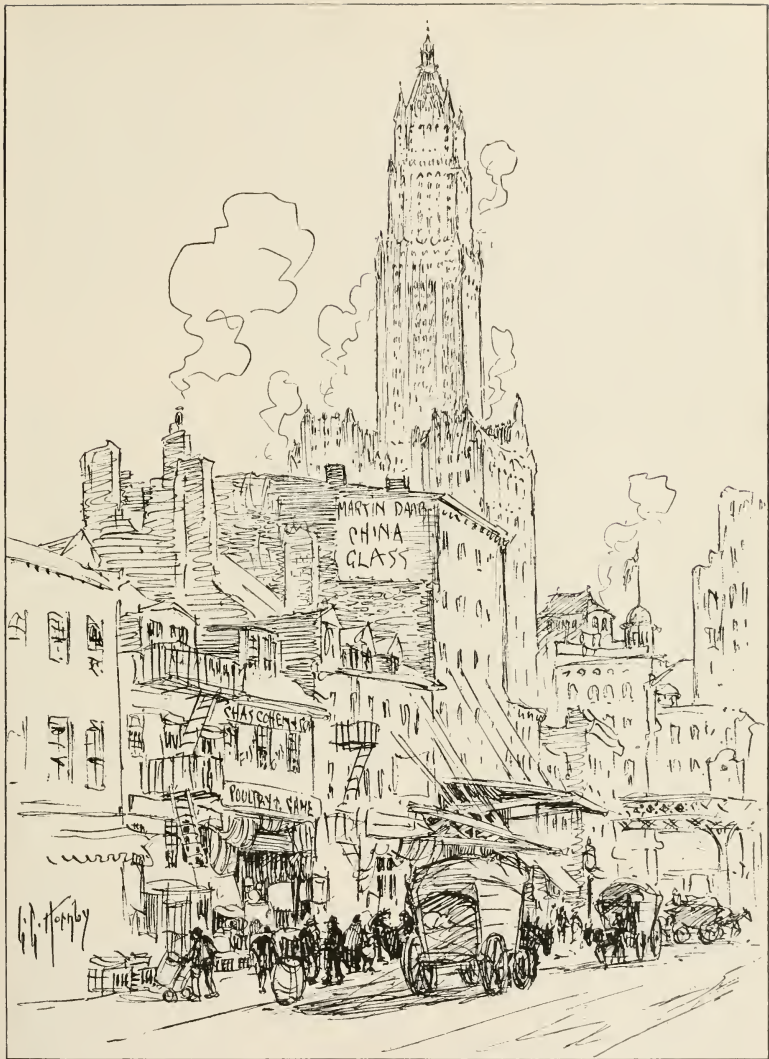
So there are Americans who seek the stepmother for the dazzling renown she sheds. *Réclame*, if nothing else, requires business to afford a New York office. Social upstarts flock to New York, where success yields country-wide celebrity. Here and there a provincial "captain of industry" erects his palace in Fifth Ave-

nue, which, with its sight-seeing automobiles and its megaphoned publicity, is the billboard of a continent.

NEW YORK is always impersonating herself, and never more amusingly than along the Great White Way, where by many an artifice she defends her reputation for gaiety. In old geographies you will read that the French are "a frivolous people, fond of dancing and light wines," and the children see in New-Yorkers a like propensity, or imagine they do, so effectual is the humbug. "No one goes to bed before daybreak," they report. "How we sigh for a life in New York!"

To tell the truth, New York *is* gay, but, bless you! not in that style. From Peoria, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and frivolous Boston come those small-hour throngs in Broadway, naively sitting up nights for cabaret shows not good enough to sit up for and certainly not bad enough, naively gulled by hired spontaneities, naively entranced by sky-signs which, to be reckoned with properly, should be seen at dawn. Oh, how sick they look then! the huge bird still opening and shutting its bill, Roman chariot-horses still galloping! Not from gaiety, no. Purely from bondage to contract, so many hours, so many dollars.

But the children are the same readily deceived innocents who mistake Montmartre for Paris, though in Broadway the illusion is more convincing. While Parisians shun "la tournée des grands ducs," at reasonably discreet hours you meet New-Yorkers by the thousand along Broadway, partly because the best theaters and the worst, the decenter resorts and the wildest, are strangely intermingled there, and partly because Broadway is itself the circus and music-hall of a hemisphere, and especially on a midsummer evening. Those gasolene grand stands on wheels, off for "Coney" or hung with paper lanterns and placarded "Chinatown"; those crowds around a socialist, a suffragette, or some turbaned quack from Bombay; that endless, swelling river of rollicking humanity—what a sight!



The half-finished sketch we call New York

Still, New-Yorkers rarely eat their supper in the morning. But if the children hesitate to settle in New York, it is less on that account than because of a certain alleged condescension, even arrogance, to be noticed in New-Yorkers. This "posture of heaven-anointed superiority," whence came it?

From a notion that the imperial city must of course be peopled by a superior race? Then watch. In apartment-houses, though paying imperial rents for "no more privacy than a goldfish," they cannot appoint their own iceman or their own milkman. The janitor does that, and "gets a rake-off." They cannot select their own serving-maids. A negro hall-boy does that, and the maids tip the boy. A switch-board girl down-stairs expects frequent dollars; you balk, your friends learn that you "use" ta live here, but moved." On the trolley-cars tyranny reigns; said Weber to Fields, "What we need is not more civil engineers, but more civil conductors."

Here and there one finds a provincial attributing the disdainfulness of New York to her astounding dimensions. Thrice the area of London, she has ten times the area of Paris, with four hundred miles of docks as against Liverpool's hundred. Her transit system carries more than two thirds again as many passengers as all our railroads. For sheer bigness she leads the world. But does this confer effulgence upon the individual New-Yorker? On the contrary, there remains nothing in the least distinguished about being a metropolitan. And if New York takes pride in her size, let her note that the recognized authorities in that branch of esthetics, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, prefer a "perfect thirty-six."

And yet, frankly, seriously, is it true that the New-Yorker is arrogant? One must admit that newspaper witlings in New York poke fun at other cities. To them Topeka, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Boston are worth a month's board every year. Now and then a metropolitan playfully pokes fun at outsiders in New York. But except toward Brook-

lyn, a bedroom about the size of Berlin, he feels no contempt. Indeed, it is wonderful that he can despise anything; for save only in the sense that exceptions prove the rule he does not exist. Although many a truth lurks silent in New York City, one at least cries aloud: she is a city without New-Yorkers. "I have searched," says a keen observer. "I have lived here sixteen years and never found one," meaning, of course, no "born" New-Yorker. New-Yorkers, unlike poets, are made, not born.

Between metropolitans talk runs thus:

"New-Yorkers?"

"Yes."

"Where from?"

From somewhere in America, perhaps; as likely from somewhere outside it. Only the German capital has more Germans, only Naples more Italians. Jerusalem in its glory was less replete with Jews. A million strong, they own Manhattan. Through Manhattan they influence all America. Pretty Jewesses pose to our illustrators or revise our ideals of chorus-girl beauty, while Americans from coast to coast cram their hats down over their ears in the Jewish fashion. New York likes her Jews, on the whole. She applauds the vigor, the brilliancy, and the indomitable earnestness of Jewish genius. The Bowery, and not Broadway, furnishes the most stimulating plays. In the Canal Street cafés talk corruscates. At New York University nine undergraduates in every ten are Jews. I knew a Jew once who traveled all the way from South Africa to breathe the scholarly and artistic atmosphere of Manhattan's Ghetto.

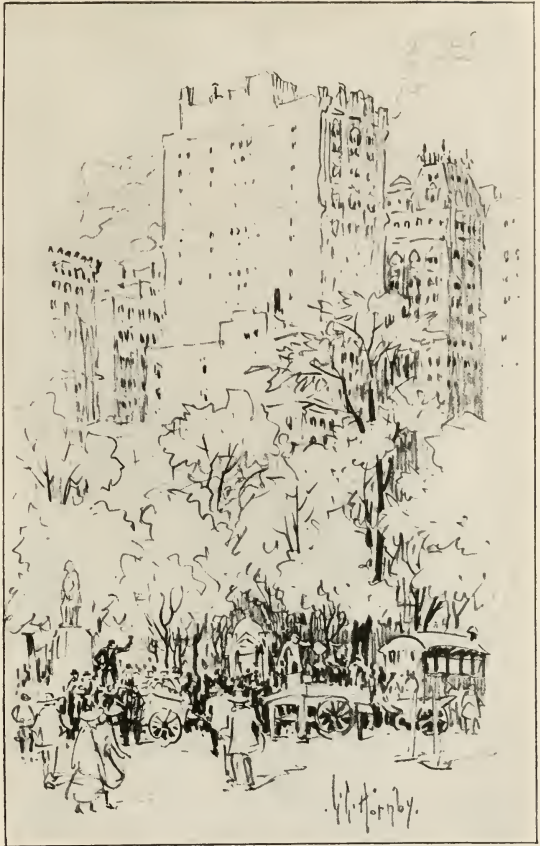
Now, warding off pogroms while gobbling a metropolis takes character. Jews have captured whole industries—the clothing business, the theatrical business. They invade the civil service. Some are firemen, a few policemen. Yet scarcely any disabilities have been meted out to the chosen people, largely because they behave as such. The Jew does his part, New York does hers. Only toward "wops" is she intolerant, and this will mend. Says the dean at Columbia: "Our most inter-

esting students are now the Italians. They outshine even the Jews."

To the children, of course, it remains astonishing to find New York so foreign. Barely twenty-three citizens to the hundred are American. But reflect. Our most American towns everywhere are also our most cosmopolitan, and in New York Americans have endowed the city with its leading virtue, a huge and insatiable friendliness.

RANDOM visitors, I know, declare New York has no heart. The "frost-like glisten," the vastness, the roar, the monotony of numbered streets—all these and the torrent of strangers repel them. Whereas, no other city so prizes good-fellowship or bestows it so wantonly. All are strangers. All abhor loneliness. All have a common, burning interest—New York. Step out into Washington Square. It is the best club in America. In three minutes you have a friend; in six minutes, twenty. From the ends of the land they come, from the ends of the earth, even. The wild and woolly has vanished; to-day New York is the frontier.

"And cares only for dollars?" We have often heard this accusation. On the contrary, New York throws them away. The "el" hires one man to sell me a ticket, another to destroy it instantly; business houses waste floor-space, which is rent, which is money. Metropolitans pay colossal salaries without blinking. Some, hav-



A congestion of thirty-story obelisks

ing paid colossal salaries to themselves, now live abroad. Thanks to the general contempt for cash, mere editors grow rich. And yet it is true that literary prowess depends on its earning power; let your agent start rumors of seventeen cents a word, and the magazines wait in line outside your door. So in journalism. To accept less than a hundred a week is to accept undying shame.

Naturally, not every New-Yorker wallows in opulence, but all shrewd beginners pretend to, asserting, "The maddest extravagance is economy," and spending

like lords where it shows. But their aim is not dollars, really; it is the triumph the dollars betoken. In the great American game they are determined to "win out." According to legend, they have never a moment to lose.

Whereas, behold the amazing metropolitan capacity for leisure: movies thronged during business hours, Polo Grounds reverberant with cheers for baseball from thousands of lusty "fans," and innumerable volunteer inspectors patiently overseeing the subway excavations that have given New York its fame as "the biggest mining-camp on earth."

At times, however, the "rush" is real. With a three-story street and a three-

story river attempting to carry off simultaneous Aryan hordes from a congestion of thirty-story obelisks, what frenzies! It is war, and it is magnificent. But it is not New York. On the average, the city runs six stories high. With their "els," their subways, their trolley-cars, their bridges and tunnels, New-Yorkers traverse New York as serenely as Bostonians traverse Boston, though it takes a lot longer. Hence additional leisure, well spent. Where a Bostonian nibbles one editorial page, a metropolitan digests four. And whereas a Bostonian "beguiles odd moments by brushing up his Greek," the daily discipline of transportation enables many a New-Yorker to read Pidgin-Ger-

man in Hebrew letters prowling from right to left, with the vowels omitted, or to engage in agreeable, and perhaps splendidly productive, meditation. No one accuses the Rockefeller Institute of thoughtlessness or Columbia University of shallowness, yet their savants all take part in "that brain-dizzying, nerve-wrecking, soul-destroying New York rush," which becomes second nature, unconscious because automatic. In fact, the faces that show strain are those beautiful, wan faces one observes along Peacock Row in the "church parade"—faces of women who never venture below Twenty-third Street, and ride always in their own limousines. Mr. Wenzell has pictured them to the life—languor, weariness, magnificence, and all.

Outsiders remark, "How disappointing existence must be in the



"The wretches who have slept out on benches"

metropolis—weariness at such a price!" Which would be a sapient reflection were not Gotham at once so buoyant and so cheap. The outsider pays four dollars for his breakfast and a small fortune for an under-sized state-room fifteen flights up. He gets what he seeks, viceregal pretense, while just around the corner a spacious, quiet, inviting chamber would cost him a dollar a night. In any one of a dozen neighboring restaurants he would find a toothsome and soul-filling French or Italian luncheon at forty cents, wine included. Although rent comes relatively high in New York, everything else comes relatively low. Bargains abound, phenomenal bargains, bargains unheard of. I shall not describe them; I am reluctant to depopulate Topeka, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, or to hasten the all too rapid growth of the metropolis. Every year

New York adds to itself multitudes equaling the entire population of New Haven, Connecticut.

They stay. The women fret or become a little hardened, a little sharpened, and secretly, if not openly, worship New York. The men take root. They never feel at home in New York until they have a house in the country. Even then they never say, "We do thus and so"; they say, "New York does." But it is a life-sentence, for all that, and a welcome one. If a man tried to escape, no train can bring him back fast enough. To the end he may share with William Watson



An Italian luncheon

a doubt "whether guest or prisoner I," yet he is always aware of somehow belonging and of doing his bit. To put it more precisely, he is aware of aiding and abetting the national stepmother, who makes opinion, socially and politically, esthetically and intellectually, for all America. While she avoids extravagant outbursts of affection and remembers that at best she is only a stepmother, she is bringing the children up. They imitate "mother."

They will not resent my calling them a brood of toddling, babbling, miniature New Yorkers. They glory in it. Small gain if they did not, for the stepmother

rules. Art, music, letters, the stage, and even the movies are hers. She censors our films. Her opera—twenty-six weeks of it, with Christendom's best virtuosi—forms our musical taste. Her actors lead, sometimes securing their "one hundred nights on Broadway" by letting in "dead-heads," sometimes by sheer merit. With her Metropolitan Museum, her public monuments, and her world-renowned picture-mart, she trains our eye for beauty. With only three exceptions, all the nationally influential magazines are hers. She plays hostess to our Associated Press. Her newspapers dominate the country. By rewriting, by reprinting, or by direct syndication, provincial journalism echoes and reëchoes New York. Many a provincial reads the stepmother in the original text.

NEW YORK's literary efforts display a remarkable versatility, I confess. Quoth a fair New-Yorker, "I do enjoy writing for 'Pugslic's'—they want nothing wholesome." Yet New York goes in furiously for wholesomeness, as a rule, and the children wonder at times if she is in a position to pound the pulpit-cushions so canonically.

I recall the definition, "Character: what you are in the dark," and its paraphrase, "Character: what you are in New York." Yet what impresses me in New York is not her frivolity. It is her decency, her courage, her kindness. Of all great cities New York is by far the most moral outwardly, and who will fail to recognize the social value of even outward morality? Of all great cities she is by far the pluckiest. She breeds fighters like Riis and Rainsford, Abbott and Potter, Jerome, Roosevelt, and Hughes. She has tamed her police. She has taken a long, long stride toward abolishing the feudal system that centers in Tammany Hall. Big business behaves, or pretends to. Gamblers have ceased collecting art-treasures. District attorneys have outgrown the habit of bowing themselves in through the ceiling. Graft dwindles. Official complicity with Satan is both difficult and

dangerous. The tenement has improved. So has "Concy." Every advance costs a battle, and the end is not yet. New York realizes it. What with explosions, plagues, holocausts, "race wars," "crime waves," and strikes, there are warnings in abundance of more fights coming. Tammany's striped beast is not dead. It sleeps. The underworld is not banished; every few days a sociologist unearths new miseries. And, mind you, this same New York surmounted her Municipal Building with a statue of Civic Pride. She does not like the recrudescence of evil. But, such is her pluck, she takes it as a challenge, and retorts: "After a hundred fights, the hundred and first? Then lead me to it!"

And the pluck of individual New-Yorkers! Some fail, and keep smiling. Aged business men, broken down and now doing office-boys' work, show a cheerfulness never to be observed elsewhere. In summer the whole metropolis is parboiled. On a torrid morning in July question the wretches who have slept out on benches. They chuckle. Or ask Avenue A's opinion of Avenue A. "Fine," you hear, "though it's cooler on Blackwell's Island, and we pay too much rent. But move away? Leave little old New York? Never!"

Parisians love Paris, though not in any such way as that. Half the Londoners hate London. In the British metropolis, as in the French, life is stationary. The submerged remain submerged. People at the surface are not climbing higher. Whereas in New York the superb phenomenon is this: millions helping more millions up, and themselves, too, and the whole community. To those above it brings a thrill of joyous satisfaction. To those below it brings faith in the active, aggressive kindness of their city.

Faith, I say, for only faith discerns a city's soul. And faith depends on mood. In a dismal mood one may see the squalor of New York, her misery, her shame. They are real. But it is something of an art to be dismal there. The more than crystalline brilliancy of the atmosphere,



In Washington Square

the soaring towers, the exuberance of life, and the glitter and reverberance and "go" combine to exhilarate. One catches the New York spirit, and then it is all up with pessimism. One sees the best, revels in it, applauds it, and calls that New York. Rightly, I think.

She launched the first floating-hospital, was the first to assail cruelty to children and to animals. She has stamped out a

traffic in babies that still flourishes in Massachusetts. She befriends the fallen. Her Night Court, with all its tragedy, is compassionate in principle. She has stopped hounding the ex-convict. Her municipal philanthropies amount to a ten-million dollar largess every year. At her College of the City of New York tuition is free. Her churches reach out affectionately toward curmudgeons, strangers,



In quest of the glamour

and purse-proud worldlings. By night, in sordid districts, bright crosses burn against the sky. Scamps bent on wickedness have seen them and turned back. In the busiest thoroughfares one reads the notice, "Come in and rest and pray." Trinity, amid sky-scrapers, just opposite the entrance to "Mammon Street," has three services every week-day morning *in summer*. "New York is the graveyard of

ministerial reputations," clergymen say quite properly. In the provinces good works bring fame. In New York they are lost among numberless others.

A poetic soul no doubt was the founder of Philadelphia. He gave it a beautiful name, at once melodious and endearing, but spoke too suddenly. The City of Brotherly Love *in excelsis* is not Philadelphia. It is New York.



Resurrection

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

NOT long did we lie on the torn, red field of pain.
 We fell, we lay, we slumbered, we took rest,
 With the wild nerves quiet at last, and the vexed brain
 Cleared of the wingèd nightmares, and the breast
 Freed of the heavy dreams of hearts afar.
 We rose at last under the morning star.
 We rose, and greeted our brothers, and welcomed our foes.
 We rose; like the wheat when the wind is over, we rose.
 With shouts we rose, with gasps and incredulous cries,
 With bursts of singing, and silence, and awestruck eyes,
 With broken laughter, half tears, we rose from the sod,
 With welling tears and with glad lips, whispering, "God."
 Like babes, refreshed from sleep, like children, we rose,
 Brimming with deep content, from our dreamless repose.
 And, "What do you call it?" asked one. "I thought I was dead."
 "You are," cried another. "We 're all of us dead and flat."
 "I 'm alive as a cricket. There 's something wrong with your head."
 They stretched their limbs and argued it out where they sat.
 And over the wide field friend and foe
 Spoke of small things, remembering not old woe
 Of war and hunger, hatred and fierce words.
 They sat and listened to the brooks and birds,
 And watched the starlight perish in pale flame,
 Wondering what God would look like when He came.

Great Britain in the Sudan

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Africa," etc.

AFTER the failure of the Khartum relief expedition and the death of General Gordon, the British Government ordered Egypt and the British army to drop the Sudan. During the decade that followed the shameful fiasco of 1884, the Gordon legend alone was in the mind of the Britisher who never left his tight little island, and who considered that fact a kind of virtue. The Mahdi reigned supreme in the Sudan, and after his death, his successor, the Khalifa, continued to exterminate the tribes of the upper tributaries of the Nile. For all British cabinets and the British public seemed to care, the dervishes were welcome to keep the Sudan, and the early eighties were "past history."

But some Englishmen did care and did not forget. In fact, there was never a moment that the thought of the eventual reconquest of the Sudan and of the retrieving of the honor of British arms was not before them. They had the vision. They lived with eyes fixed on the goal. The battle of Omdurman on September 2, 1898, which made possible the reconquest and redemption of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and the foundation of its present splendid government, was the culminating event of more than ten years of herculean effort on the part of a handful of men whose enthusiasm was fortunately matched by their foresight, patience, and ability. The victory won at Omdurman was the beginning of a new era for the British Empire in Africa and throughout the world. History will give to those who worked for it and those who won it credit for far more than the rehabilitation of the Sudan.

British colonial administrators have succeeded in building an empire despite, rather than with the help of, their Government and the great mass of their fellow-countrymen. Problems confronting

them in their field of action have never been more difficult than the problem of getting and keeping support from home. London is the *bête noire* of the English official overseas. Cablegrams from home cause more trouble than native uprisings. In regard to foreign policy, Conservative and Liberal cabinets are very much the same. They are guided by the fears and the hopes of general elections, and they hate like poison to spend the British taxpayers' money overseas, to sanction any policy that is likely to cause fighting in which British troops must be engaged, to offend the nonconformist conscience. Colonial administrators who keep in mind constantly these three points, and who plan to get results without coming into conflict with the Government on any one of them, succeed in making for themselves great careers, and gain honors, if not peace of mind. Those who do not keep these points in mind never get very far in a colonial career.

The reconquest of the Sudan needed a decade of preparation. There was never any hope at all of convincing the British public of the necessity of pouring out blood and treasure to get back to Khartum. Unwillingness to pay the price had been the cause of the debacle of 1884. The only other possible way of accomplishing what they had in mind was to put Egypt upon a sound financial basis, and to create an Egyptian army that knew how to fight and that would fight. The invasion of the Sudan, culminating in the victory of Omdurman, was possible only because Lord Cromer made Egypt's revenues exceed her expenditures, and because Lord Kitchener got an Egyptian army into good fighting shape. When this was accomplished, and not before, it was pointed out to London that Egypt could contribute both in men and money very substantially to an expedition against

the Khalifa. There had also to be an appeal to public opinion in England, and in particular to the nonconformist conscience. So for years one can read in Lord Cromer's annual reports a skilfully introduced and skilfully emphasized *leitmotiv*, the necessity to Egypt of the reclamation of the Sudan. There never could be security in upper Egypt until the dervishes were crushed.

Never would irrigation projects on a large scale be justifiable or possible until the head-waters of the Nile were under Anglo-Egyptian control. Never would the African slave-traffic be stopped until the region from the equator to Wady-Halfa was policed by Europeans. Common humanity and moral responsibility also demanded the reconquest of the Sudan, for the native population was

rapidly dying out everywhere because of the dervish cruelties and mismanagement. Last of all, from the point of European prestige, the Italian defeat at Adowa must be counteracted.¹

Since Egyptian money and Egyptian lives were largely instrumental in the reconquest of the Sudan, and since the legal rights to the territories it would comprise rested wholly in the Ottoman Empire and the Egyptian khedives, it was impossible,

¹ At Adowa, not far from the Sudan border, the Italians were disastrously defeated by the Abyssinians in 1896.

though it would have been desirable, to establish an English colony or a distinct protectorate under direct British control. Then, too, the Sudan was going to look for an indeterminable period to the Egyptian army and the Egyptian budget for soldiers and money to hold, to rehabilitate, and to develop the vast regions which Mahdism had cruelly oppressed and ruined. And

was not the principal reason for reconquest the political security and the economic advantages to Egypt through possessing the head-waters of the Nile? Owing to Great Britain's anomalous position in Egypt, the problem was exceedingly delicate both from the international and the Ottoman point of view.

A convention signed at Cairo on January 19, 1899, by the British

and Egyptian governments stated that the territory south of the twenty-second parallel of latitude was to be administered by a governor-general appointed by Egypt with the assent of Great Britain. The British and Egyptian flags were to be used together. No duties were to be levied on imports from Egypt, and duties on imports from other countries, by way of the Red Sea, were not to exceed the Egyptian tariffs. As long as it should be necessary, Egypt was to make good the deficit in the Sudan budget. But the money invested



Photograph by Brown Brothers Lord Cromer



Photograph by Brown Brothers

The late Lord Kitchener as he appeared when he was sirdar of the Sudan

in the Sudan by Egypt would be considered a loan, upon which interest was to be paid as soon as possible. A portion of the Egyptian army should serve in the Sudan, under the command of the governor-general, a British officer of the Egyptian army with the rank of sirdar. So long as the nations that enjoyed the privileges of a capitulatory régime in Egypt did not demand the extension of the capitulations to the Sudan, and so long as Egypt remained under effective British control, such an arrangement, paradoxical as it seemed, was workable. It has worked out all right. But it is important to note that the exact status of the Sudan, both from the international and the Egyptian point of view, has not yet been determined. It will come up for settlement in the peace conference, when the affairs of

the Ottoman Empire are liquidated, and international sanction is asked for the British protectorate proclaimed over Egypt since the opening of the European War.

Once the Sudan was reconquered, Cromer and Kitchener still held to the policy of "sound financial basis" that had made the conquest possible; for they knew that the British Government would take little interest in, and do nothing for, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan unless it was demonstrated to them that the country could pay its way. Immediate use could be made of almost unlimited sums of money. The temptation was great to enter upon, and urge London and Cairo to coöperate in, ambitious development schemes. Cromer and Kitchener were in complete accord in not falling into this trap, and when Kitchener was suddenly called away to South Africa, Lord Cromer was fortunate in finding in his successor, Sir Reginald Wingate, an administrator

fully aware of the danger of grandiose schemes of rehabilitation and rapid development. The initial financial policy laid down by Lord Cromer in his address to the Sudanese chiefs at Khartoum in December, 1900, to the effect that taxes were not to be made burdensome, even if communications and developments had to wait, has been faithfully and consistently carried out. To it more than to anything else is due the marvelous success of the Sudan administration. For the Sudanese have had from the beginning the contrast of the equitable taxation of the British with that which ground them down and ruined them under the Mahdi and the Khalifa; and the British Government has not been made weary and prejudiced against the Sudan by unreasonable demands for financial support.

And yet money had to be found immediately for railways, river transport, and irrigation. The pacification of the country and the rehabilitation of its inhabitants depended upon means of transportation and the cultivation of the land. Everything had been destroyed or had fallen into decay during the years of anarchy, so all kinds of public works needed a substantial budget. Popular education had to be thought of, and the expenses of the civil administration and a considerable military establishment provided for. Though the financial task looked so formidable as to be almost hopeless, it was successfully faced and shouldered, and the country saved from concession-hunters and insolvency by the adoption and maintenance of the conservative policy of "go slow and pay as you go."

In 1910, Sir Reginald Wingate was able to report that the civil administration was paying its way; the only deficit was in the military budget. Three years later there was a surplus of two hundred thousand dollars. The Sudan had made good. A few months ago I had the privilege of spending several hours with Colonel Bernard, financial secretary of the Sudan. He explained to me the consistent policy that had been followed since Lord Kitchener had asked him to undertake the business management of the Government more than a decade ago. He spoke with the enthusiasm and keenness and understanding of an American captain of industry. Colonel Bernard is a type of officer one finds only in the British army. If he were a Frenchman, he would never have left Paris. If he were an American, he would have a yacht and a summer home at Newport or Bar Harbor, and be wondering what to do with his money. We occasionally get in our army and navy men with a genius for business, but they do not stay. It may be partly due to the fact that until the Spanish War there were no tasks to challenge this type of



Photograph by Brown Brothers

Sir Reginald Wingate, the sirdar, has recently been appointed high commissioner for Egypt

man, but it is mostly due to the fact that our social system is wholly different from that of Great Britain. The British Colonial Empire was built and is being run by men who have gone into government service for reasons of caste. No matter how remarkable his aptitude for business, the upper-class Britisher never dreams of a business career. He is willing to leave

home and friends, to spend the best years of his life in exile, and be content with an occasional visit to England and little or no money, if there be no career open to him at home in which he may preserve his caste. This is the secret of Great Britain's world empire. Only Great Britain

railway service was established from Khartum to Wady-Halfa. As the political success of the reconquest was wholly dependent upon its proving a financial success, and as serious economic development was out of the question so long as the route through Egypt was the only exit



is able to recruit for her army and navy and colonial civil service the best blooded and the best trained of the nation.

Without the railway across the desert from Wady-Halfa to Atbara, Kitchener's task against the dervishes would have been tenfold more difficult, and the victory of doubtful permanent value. As the invaders proceeded to Khartum, it was essential to lay ties and rails with unflinching haste. Only did the reconquest seem a reality and worth while when through

from the country, the first task of the Government was to connect the Nile with the Red Sea by railway. In 1902, Lord Cromer pointed this out in his annual report, and the following year he succeeded in getting the Egyptian Government to furnish the money. After untold difficulties with labor, and the construction of a bridge over the Athara River, the junction was completed in 1907. Suakim was abandoned as the terminus on the Red Sea, and a harbor built some miles farther

north at a hamlet which was renamed Port Sudan. The Atbara railway shops were increased and improved, and the Sudan Government itself bore part of the expense of remaking the line from Khartum to Atbara. In 1908 telegraphic communication was completed with Gondokoro, on the White Nile, two weeks by steamer south of Khartum. The Blue Nile was bridged at Khartum for a railway into the Gezira district between the two rivers. El-Obeid, the terminus of this southern railway extension, was reached in 1913. A glance at the map is necessary to realize what tremendous territory the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan covers, and how impossible it is for the administrators of the country to pacify the country, much less to develop its resources completely and to civilize it, until more railways are built, reaching into the heart of all the different provinces.

The greatest appeal to the imagination of the British public in connection with the reconquest of the Sudan was the fulfilment of the task for which it was generally believed that Gordon had given his life, the suppression of the slave-trade. Although the difficulties seemed insurmountable in so far as slavery within the tribes was concerned, Lord Cromer felt it incumbent on him to mention in his report almost every year the progress of the slave-suppression crusade. In 1903 he confessed his disappointment that slave-trade was not extinct; in 1904 he announced a marked decrease in slave-trade; in 1905 he said that it was difficult to check slave-traffic in the Kordofan province; in 1906 he believed that there would still be great difficulty in suppressing the slave-trade; and in 1907 he attributed most of the trouble in Kordofan to the anti-slavery policy to which the Government was committed. The road to abolition, he remarked in his last report, "is a very long road, and it will take years to

¹ Lord Kitchener did not return in five years, as he hoped. But he visited Khartum again in 1910, and was promising himself a long tour, after he went back to Cairo as his Majesty's agent and consul-general, when the present war broke out. Sir Reginald Wingate, writing to me from Khartum in June, said:

" . . . I think it fell to few to get to know him as

get to the end of it." Improved communications, however, and the advance of colonial enterprise in British, German, Belgian, and French equatorial colonies, helped to put a stop to long-distance slave-running. The area of operations of slave merchants has been gradually circumscribed until in 1914 the official report announced that slave-traffic was "almost impossible" in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

British officials who have to deal with slavery at close range, especially the judges, consider this statement a bit too optimistic. Slave-traffic can be detected and frequently punished when it is carried on from district to district; but within tribal limits, especially if the tribes be Moslem, legal evidence is hard to obtain even where moral certainty of definite cases of slavery exists. Where slavery is as established an institution as polygamy, decrees bind only those who dare or who want to take advantage of them. There are cases without number, also, where the slaves are ignorant of the abolition of the decree, and even if it were explained to them, they would not know what it meant. Education is a necessary prerequisite to the functioning and enjoying of Occidental social and political institutions. Enthusiasts and sentimentalists forget the fact that our ancestors did not evolve, support, and use these institutions until we conceived and desired them as a result of education.

Lord Kitchener's first visit to the Sudan after the Boer War was to open Gordon College, in 1902, when he was on his way to India. In his address he asserted his entire sympathy with the objects of the college on the lines originally conceived, although he admitted the necessity of using public funds for the advancement of primary teaching. He expressed the hope that he would be able to return in five years and find that higher education was being given at Gordon College.¹

intimately as I did. Under his cold exterior beat a very warm and kind heart, but he was most successful in keeping this from the world. To this country he is a great loss, for I know his heart was in it, and he was almost worshiped by the people, from whom I have had hundreds of telegrams and letters of condolence and sympathy."

Although Gordon College is not as yet in a position to offer courses such as are given in Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and several Indian and Chinese universities, it is far ahead of any institution of learning in Africa or Asia in the extension of research laboratories and in the coöperation it gives to the Government for the development of the resources of the country, the betterment of public health, and ethnological investigation.

Gordon College is a state institution, which works with and for the Government. I wish it were possible to speak here of the wonderful things that are being done by Dr. Chalmers and others in the Wellcome Research Laboratories. It is a revelation of the ability and the devotion of the scientists to whom the manifold problems of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan have been a challenge sufficiently engrossing to keep them far from the great world and yet develop their genius so strikingly that the great world's attention is continually called to what they are doing and discovering. But it is more than that. A visit to Gordon College and the Wellcome Laboratories opens one's eyes to the methods that are being pursued by Sir Reginald Wingate and his associates, and the goal they have before them. There is no highly civilized country in the world where more constant attention is paid to means of developing resources and better ability is invested in the study than in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In addition to the research work of Gordon College, the department of education has established a central research farm at Khartum North. Here field experiments in growing what the Sudan might produce are tried out, and practical work is done in horticulture and forestry. At Gordon College and in three cities industrial workshops teach boys trades.

The criticism has frequently been made against the British administration in the Sudan, as in Egypt, that educational facilities are not so fully extended as they ought to be, and that the British have neglected the moral factor and emphasized

the material in building up the country. This raises one of the most thorny problems that confront those who are engaged in bringing Africa and Asia under European control. On the one hand, in Egypt and the Sudan, it can be argued that there must be money before ambitious schemes of universal popular education are undertaken. Before the money can be found, the country must be developed economically. It is not that public works and material benefits are more essential than education, but that education for all is so tremendously costly that only a country the resources of which are fully developed can maintain schools for its population. It is pointed out, moreover, that even if there were money, teachers would be lacking, and that it takes a whole generation to train enough teachers to meet even a portion of the needs of the next generation. On the other hand, especially in view of what we have said about the necessity of education before Occidental social and political institutions can be wanted, understood, and taken advantage of by natives, is it not true that primary education is necessary to a country's development, and that if the people are to benefit by material prosperity, they must have a moral preparation?

Although I have taught for several years in educational institutions in the near East, and have seen this problem at close range in half a dozen countries, I do not profess to offer a solution. But we must make a wide and determined start in primary education, and that demands teachers. To get the teachers higher institutions are necessary. When we put boys through the colleges, few of them want to teach or do teach. They become dissatisfied, as they have every reason to be, with existing conditions; but their patriotism does not inspire in them the will to make the sacrifice and to take up the cross individually in order that their people may be brought to enlightenment. Far from following the only possible way they have of serving their country wisely, they agitate for European institutions, for social and political recognition, judging the



Photograph by Laura Grover Smith

Irrigating Egypt: the great dam at Assuan, a mile and a quarter long

feeling and need of the race solely by their own exotic condition. The curse of Western education upon Orientals is that we try to build where there is no foundation of character. Instead, then, of having wood that takes a polish, we get a veneer that cracks at the first test. Missionaries and educators have success only with boys whom they take away from their families and bring under their home influence very early in life. But they turn out young men who are foreigners to their own people, and who have no desire or ability to go back among their own people and impart what has been given to them. Good farmers and goatherds and blacksmiths and cobblers are spoiled to make imitation "gentlemen." The educated Oriental will not work even if he is starving.¹

¹Several years ago I was preaching in a small inland city of Pennsylvania. The local department-store proprietor told me that a Christian Arab boy from "a college somewhere out in Turkey" was in town, and that he had somehow been unable to give the boy work. He was puzzled, for the boy seemed to be strong and husky. He

Educating boys in trades, as the Sudan education department has started to do, is an excellent thing. But it ought to be done much more widely than is being done. And money ought to be spent more freely than is being spent in primary education. The Sudan boasts of fifteen hundred miles of railway in fifteen years, two thousand miles of regular river steamship service, and five thousand miles of telegraph wires. But fewer than five thousand Sudanese in schools of all grades, primary to college, is not a very good showing, despite the difficulties.

After the Cairo Convention was arranged between Egypt and Great Britain in January, 1899, the British Foreign Office was in a position to treat with other nations and other British colonies con-

brought him to me after church. I thumped the fellow on the chest and back, and, turning to the merchant, said:

"Put him in your packing department."
"Oh, no, sire," the boy cried out agonizingly, "I could not. I do not want *bandful* work; I want *mindful* work."



Photograph by Laura Grover Smith

The kiosk at Philæ, as it appeared before the dam was built at Assuan

cerning the boundaries of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The Anglo-French Convention of 1899 settled the *local* difficulties raised by the Marchand expedition to Fashoda. When French obstruction and ill will, which stood in the way during the first few years of reconstruction, were removed by the epoch-making Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, the frontier with Abyssinia and the Italian colony of Eritrea was arranged by several successive agreements.

Soon after the British and Egyptian went back into the Sudan, the problem of irrigation began to be studied. In 1901, Sir William Garstin reported on the possibility of using the equatorial lakes as reservoirs. Lake Victoria Nyanza was rejected because a rise in its level would flood shores that were thickly populated, and half of which was German territory. Although the German factor may now be

eliminated, the lake has become far more important than at the time of this report through the wonderful development of the colonies on its shores. It is hardly possible to believe that the opinion of Sir William Garstin will be revised. For the colonies bordering the lake would never consent to having the level raised and lowered for the convenience of the Nile territories. Lake Albert Nyanza presented similar difficulties, for Belgium owns the western shore. Then, too, the utility of irrigating the White Nile Valley is at the best questionable, for it passes through unreclaimable swamp-lands for hundreds of miles. Irrigation in the Blue Nile Valley, and the freer navigation of that river resulting from a control of the water-supply, would bring a rich return. Lake Tana, in northern Abyssinia, on the western side of Mount Guma, would make, according to Sir William Garstin, an ideal



Photograph by Laura Goode Smith

The results of irrigation: the kiosk as it looks now

reservoir. The surrounding country is uninhabited, and engineering difficulties are much fewer than in the case of Lake Victoria or Lake Albert.

By her treaties with Abyssinia, France, and Italy, Great Britain became ten years ago politically in a position to carry through the Garstin scheme. It has not yet been done. Reports on the Sudan have emphasized year after year the necessity and value of irrigation, and in 1913 the imperial Parliament guaranteed a loan, part of which was to be spent in irrigating the Gezira district, on the west bank of the Blue Nile south of Khartum. The success of the Tayiba demonstration station, in this district, in raising fine staple cotton proved, just before the European War broke out, that the irrigation scheme was financially a sound proposition. A wonderful development in cotton-growing may be expected after the plan is carried through, and cotton may before long surpass the gum of the Kordofan forests as the premier export article of the Sudan.

In this necessarily incomplete survey of the Sudan I have saved the political aspect of Sir Reginald Wingate's problem to the last not because the task of pacification has been any less difficult or less important than the solution of the financial problem, but because the extension of civil administration through military opera-

tions had to follow rather than to go hand in hand with economic development.

After the battle of September 2, 1898, the Khalifa escaped from Omdurman, and had to be pursued and put out of harm's way. When Sir Reginald Wingate succeeded in killing the Khalifa and his companions a year later, Mahdism as a military menace disappeared. But the country was vast, and could not be penetrated in a few months or even a few years. The only policy with any chance of success was to direct the efforts of the Government toward the speedy amelioration of the unfortunate victims of the dervish rule, and to win their allegiance through lending them a helping hand. Their memory of Egyptian rule was hardly of the nature to recommend the new Government, and Egyptian soldiers were not looked upon as redeemers, even from Mahdism, to which many of the most influential sheiks remained profoundly attached as a religious dogma. The British administration had to make itself known not by force, but by winning confidence through refraining from exploiting the people and giving them as much material benefit as possible in as short a time as possible. This was Sir Reginald Wingate's policy, and I have been able to see with my own eyes the magic that it has worked upon people who are fanatical only if you pro-

voke them to fanaticism, and savage only if you give them reason to be. From the very beginning of the new administration at Khartum the process of pacification has been disturbed only by the ineluctable necessity of enforcing prematurely a too drastic anti-slavery policy.

Not often during the fifteen years from the death of the Khalifa to the outbreak of the European War has Sir Reginald been compelled to show the mailed fist. In 1903 a new Mahdi arose in southern Kordofan. He was immediately pursued, captured, and hanged at El-Obeid. The criticism from England against his summary execution was very hard to bear, even though it was inspired by sentimentality and total ignorance of the problem with which the officials in the Sudan had to deal. From 1884 to 1898, Mahdism had meant the extinction of nearly six million lives.¹ The only way to prevent a return to the most intolerable and cruel despotism the valleys of the upper Nile tributaries had ever known was to snuff out at the beginning every pretender to the Mahdi's succession. In 1908 a body of ex-dervishes attacked and killed the deputy inspector of the Blue Nile province. This was just at the time the "Young Egypt" party was beginning to grow formidable, and their emissaries were working everywhere in the Sudan. A punitive expedition resulted in twelve death-sentences, which were commuted to life imprisonment.

The pessimism of Sir Eldon Gorst's report for 1909 extended to his remarks on the Sudan. He declared that the tenth year of the reoccupation was full of tribal unrest, and that Mahdism was not extinguished as a faith, and had to be watched carefully and checked at every turn. There was much lawlessness along the Abyssinian border. The most dangerous

¹ The population of the Egyptian Sudan was believed to be between eight and nine millions at the beginning of the Mahdi's reign. Five years after the reconquest it was still less than two millions. In the last decade the increase has been very rapid, so that, despite sleeping-sickness in the south, it now exceeds three millions. The steady increase in population is the most striking proof of the benefit of British rule. Intertribal warfare has ceased. Security from raiding, and government aid in combating

districts were so unhealthy that the only means of maintaining order was to increase the Sudanese battalions. In 1912 there was an expedition into Mongalla and an outbreak in southern Kordofan. There were nine distinct military operations during 1914. If one had only reports to go by, he would gather that the fifteen years of Anglo-Egyptian occupation had not brought peace to the Sudan. But one has to consider the enormous extent of the country and the difficulties of communication. Punitive expeditions and local uprisings stand out, for they are news. When one reads in the newspapers only reports of divorces, does he argue that marriages are generally unhappy?

Sir Reginald Wingate was home on a vacation when the European War began. He hurried back to his post, and there were many who said that he had dangerous days before him. The entry of Turkey into the war was expected by the Germans to have serious consequences throughout northern Africa; but especially did they hope for trouble in the Sudan. When I was in Berlin, in December, 1914, the collapse of British power in the Moslem portion of Africa and Asia was confidently predicted. There was faith in the fetish of Panislamism. A year later, when Germany seemed to be planning the invasion of Egypt and the newspapers were full of alarming reports, I traveled all over Egypt, and went to Khartum to see how matters stood in the Sudan. Although the Turks were heralded to be moving for the second, and this time serious, attempt against the Suez Canal, and fighting was going on with the Senussi in the west, my journey of four days by rail and steamer from Cairo was exactly as in peace days.

I found that no insurrectional movement was anticipated or feared by the disease, make cattle-raising once more profitable. There has been immigration from Abyssinia and from western Africa.

Only about four thousand Europeans are in the Sudan. Aside from the officials and their families, the missionaries and a very few Europeans interested in development schemes and archaeology, the foreigners are Greeks and Syrians, who lend money, engage in petty commerce, and sell spirits. In Khartum street signs are in Greek.

Sudan Government. One fourth of the British military and civil staff—there were fewer than four hundred in all—had been allowed to return home to rejoin regiments or to volunteer. No increase in the British effectives had been asked for or was contemplated. For nearly a million square miles there were fewer than a thousand British soldiers. At the beginning of the entrance of Turkey into the war the sirdar received telegrams and letters from the principal chiefs of the Sudan, condemning the action of the Young Turks and expressing whole-hearted loyalty to the British Empire. Of all who came forward at that time with declarations of sympathy and loyalty only two have since been put under formal restraint for political intrigue with the enemy.

Seeing is believing. The Egyptians are so unwarlike a race and so lacking in personal courage that it was easy enough to discount the German stories of the storm that was going to break in Cairo. I did not have to go to Egypt to reassure myself on this point. But the Sudanese, from the blackest of blacks to the most chocolate-colored of Arabs, have no fear of death, and are heroes of many a charge that surpasses Balaklava. The Sudanese, too, are fanatical Moslems, with the zeal and enthusiasm of primitive races and neophytes. I had been living for years in an atmosphere where Panislamism was the absorbing topic of conversation and the nightmare of my British official friends. So I needed to go to Khartum.

By pure chance the trip into the Sudan was well timed. I was there for the two important fêtes of the year, the birthday of the prophet (*muled-el-Nebi*) and the anniversary of the visit of the King and Queen of England, who had stopped at Port Sudan on the way back from India, and had held a review at Sinkat, on January 17, 1912. King's day was celebrated by an impressive service at the Khartum Cathedral. The garrison stood on parade, and the sirdar read a cablegram from the king. It was a stirring sight to see these few hundred British soldiers, the only military evidence of British power in the

midst of war in one of the largest Moslem regions of Africa.

After dinner, on the evening of King's day, Sir Reginald took me down into the palace garden to see the Sudanese band that had been playing during the meal. We passed through the circle around the conductor, and stood among them while they played the Nyam-Nyam marches. The sirdar was in full-dress uniform and bare-headed. A couple of torches gave light. The black faces and weird music made me feel that I was certainly surrounded by savages in the heart of Africa. But they were savages whose affection for their big chief was evident in the way they looked at him and the vim with which they played. I thought back a year, and I was in the Vaterland Café in Berlin. There was music, too, and I was listening to an authority on the near East.

"The Sudanese, you know," he said, "are certainly coming in with us when they realize that the sultan has raised the green standard. They are devils, and the black pagan tribes will readily follow the Moslems. They really hate the British rule. What happened to Gordon will seem little beside this approaching tragedy, just as the Sepoy Mutiny will seem little compared with what is going to happen in India."

Sir Reginald Wingate asked me to accompany him to Omdurman to the dervish celebration of the prophet's birthday. We were a party of about thirty. We left the palace steps at nine o'clock in the evening for the trip on the Blue Nile to Omdurman. Our steamer was the *Elfin*, which was used by Gordon more than thirty years ago.

At the landing-stage, about half a mile from the city walls, a great crowd of white-robed dervishes was waiting to form the guard of honor. Each held a flaming torch. The Sudan women, harking back to the jungle days, greeted the sirdar with a shrill cry, which they made tremolo by pressing fingers on their lips. Into the city, past the Mahdi's tomb and the Khalifa's ruined palace, we rode to a large open space, where hundreds of gay tents

were dressed for the celebration. The Omdurman municipality, the important *omdehs* (head-men) of the neighboring villages and tribes, and the sheiks of many religious orders had their separate tents. With untiring physical energy and good humor and capacity for a sort of "pink lemonade" of the good old circus variety, which was forced on us in every tent, Sir Reginald led us from place to place. No tent was too humble to be omitted, no sheik too insignificant to be passed over. One leader, who received the sirdar as an equal, is a cook in private life. "And a good cook, too," the sirdar told me.

When Sir Reginald Wingate explained to the sheiks who I was and what I had come to the Sudan for, they nodded their heads with satisfaction and laughed.

"Tell him to write what he sees," they declared. "We are glad that he came to our feast, for he can give London a good report of us."

The last tent we visited was the most important, and around it were gathered all the people of Omdurman and of the tribes who had come into the city for the festivities. Thousands of white-robed howling dervishes were dancing and barking, and had reached the point of frenzy.

We sat sipping coffee in the midst of a crowd of sixty thousand Moslems who had been followers of the Mahdi and believers in the Khalifa. The sirdar's guard of honor was four mounted Sudanese lancers. There were no troops, Egyptian or British. None of our party was armed. The people of Omdurman, at the moment of the greatest religious exaltation of the year, had in their power the governor-general and the chief representatives of British military and civil authority in the Sudan.

I know the feeling of Moslem fanaticism in an Oriental crowd. I have experienced it more than once when I knew that I was facing death. That feeling was not here. There was real love for the sirdar, and no hostility to the rest of us.

As we were leaving the tent, one of the turbaned dervish chieftains who had followed the sirdar to the entrance, put his left hand on my shoulder as he shook hands, and said:

"I hope you have enjoyed the feast at Omdurman and will come again."

"Who is that sheik?" I asked Sir Reginald.

"One of the Mahdi's sons," he answered.

(Dr. Gibbons's next article in his series on the problems of reconstruction in Europe will answer the question "Constantinople: Principle or Pawn?")





"Mr. Valentine Mott, scowling ferociously, made a fierce gesture toward his wife"

"If you don't Mind my Telling you"

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of "Álibi," "The Luck of the Devil," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur Litle

MR. VALENTINE MOTT, scowling ferociously, made a fierce gesture toward his wife, five miles distant, and removed the hand which he had fitted over the transmitter as soon as the men in the nearest locker unit had begun to sing "How Dry I am!" in close and execrable harmony. Mr. Mott leaned in utter impatience against the wall, and glowered mercilessly at his distant wife, and forthwith interrupted her in a voice freighted with glucose and saccharin.

"Well, I 'm awfully sorry," he said. "Yes, I *know* I promised to come back for lunch; I know all that— I certainly did intend to come back, but— Well, you know how it is; I met this man, and he 's a good customer of ours and he wants me to play another round with him. I was just getting ready to change my clothes when he— Oh, I *could*, but I don't like to offend a man; these buyers are so touchy you would n't— Well, of *course*; but it 's the little personal attentions that count. It 's a real opportunity to get solid with him. I don't see how I

can get out of it now; he 's waiting for me at the first tee this minute. I hope you don't think I 'm *enjoying* it; it 's a cold-blooded business proposition; we 're not really paying any attention to *golf*; he just sort of wants to walk around for the exercise and talk between shots. Well, I *would* bring him home, but he wants the exercise.—Oh, absolutely! Why, I 'll take you anywhere you say; I had n't planned anything for to-morrow— Not to-night, dear; I *can't* go out anywhere to-night. Yes, to-morrow, and any night next week, too. I certainly don't! I did n't even expect to play this afternoon, and to-morrow I 'll drive you anywhere you— Oh, it might easily mean a thousand dollars to me. Yes, a thousand. Just as soon as we finish— Oh, no, I would n't do that! The greens committee does n't like to have women on the course on Saturdays. I 'll start home the minute we finish. All right; I 'm just as sorry as you are. Good-by!"

Mr. Mott hung up the receiver, exhaled in an abandon of relief, and smartly

accosted a cadaverous friend, who happened to be passing through the locker-room:

"Oh, Smithson! Made up yet for the afternoon?" Smithson paused.

"I've got to go home, Val. Where's the crowd you had this morning?"

"They had to go home, too," said Mr. Mott, implying unutterable weakness on the part of the henpecked miscreants.

"How in thunder do you do it?" asked the cadaverous one in frank envy and injured righteousness. "If I ever managed to get in thirty-six holes just *once*—"

Mr. Mott waved the hand which had recently done duty as a silencer.

"Easiest thing in the world. Mrs. Mott would n't any more think of spoiling my Saturdays than—well, she just would n't think of it. She knows I'm working like a dog all the week; a man's got to have *some* recreation."

"That's so; but I can't ever seem to get it over. Well, how were you shooting?"

"Pretty fair—for me." Mr. Mott nodded, moved off in the direction of the grill, and halted on the outskirts of a group which was actively engaged in filing demurrers and replications. "Everybody made up?" he inquired genially.

"I am. How's your game?"

"Not bad—that is, for me," said Mr. Mott. "Anybody looking for an extra man?"

"My foursome's complete. Say, there's a special competition on for the afternoon; heard about it?"

"No," said Mr. Mott, alert. "I thought it was only morning. What is it?"

"Straight medal-play."

"Is that so? I'll have to see about it. Well, how're you hitting 'em?"

There was a choral response from the group:

"Vile!"

"Never shot worse in my life!"

"Don't speak of it!"

Mr. Mott shook his head in profound sympathy, and went on to the bulletin-board, where he delayed for a moment to inspect the current handicap-list. As he

stood there, sniffing contemptuously at his own modest rating, a trio of late arrivals burst through the side door, and bore down upon him, laughing and talking and forecasting the future with that incorrigible golfing optimism which is Phœnix-born every day out of the black ashes of yesterday's sodden facts. Mr. Mott knew all three, and he hailed them cheerfully.

"Hello! Looking for a fourth man?"

"No; somebody's waiting for us. What's the event?"

"Two of 'em, morning and afternoon, both straight medal-play," said Mr. Mott. "Don't you fellows ever read the announcements?"

"Now and then. How were you going this morning?"

"Oh, pretty fair—for me, of course."

The trio hurried away, and Mr. Mott, lingering only to make sure that the tabular results of the competition for the treasurer's cup still remained on the board,—he had n't been put out until the semi-finals, and liked to see his name in the bracket,—strolled into the grill, and cast about him for companionship.

The low-studded room, as Mr. Mott entered it, echoed the mad confusion of a political convention crossed with a dairy restaurant. Crockery clattered against wooden surfaces, plated silver clattered against crockery, tumblers clinked to tumblers, and hobnails grated on the red-tiled floor. Men in knickerbockers and men in flannels huddled close to the round tables and bawled statistics at one another; men in street clothes dragged rattling caddy-bags through from the office; men flushed and perspiring stamped in from the eighteenth green, and clamored loudly at the bar. Disheveled waiters dodged aimlessly about in answer to the insistence of a dozen members simultaneously. Half a hundred voices swelled in extenuation, alibi, defense; half a hundred voices rang clear in joyous prophecy. Drifting clouds of light-gray smoke clung like a canopy to the ceiling. The atmosphere was surcharged with excitement, and Mr. Mott's nostrils dilated as he scented it. The air quivered to the un-



“The atmosphere was surcharged with excitement, and Mr. Mott’s nostrils dilated as he scented it”

godly tumult, and Mr. Mott’s ear-drums vibrated as he heard it.

“Waiter! Hang that waiter! Here, you! I—”

“I had a putt for a forty-seven coming in; without that nine on the tenth I’d have had a putt for a forty-one—”

“Come on; make it a ball Nassau—”

"Why should *I* give you a stroke? Here 's *my* suggestion—"

"All right! All right! Count it up yourself! 5, 7, 4, 9, 6, 6, 8—"

"Hey, Jim! I had a par five—"

"Waiter! Waiter! I did n't order soup!"

"That 's ground under repair. It says so on the card—"

"Oh, I could n't hit a balloon."

"If you start us one up on each nine and—"

"Confound it! *I* did n't make the rules! It costs you two strokes!"

"Telephone! Telephone for Mr. Smithson! *Mrs.* Smithson calling—"

"Well, my handicap 's too low. He 's been under ninety twice this year, and still I 've got to give him three strokes—"

"*Waiter!* Hurry along that club sandwich, will you?"

"If you 'd just keep that left shoulder down, Bill, and remember to follow through—"

"I 'll *bet* you I break 110—"

"Oh, if I could putt, I 'd be all right."

"Chick Evans did a seventy-three—"

"Here, give *me* that check! Oh, come now, that 's not right—"

"Then I went all to pieces—"

"Well, if I 'd been playing my game—"

"Honest, I have n't touched a club since June—"

"Oh, I was *awful!* How about you?"

"*Waiter!*"

Mr. Mott smiled happily, and button-holed the chairman of the handicap committee.

"Made up yet?"

"Yes. How 'd you come out this morning?"

"Rotten!" said Mr. Mott, promptly.

"Tore up my card; I was fierce. Know anybody that 's looking for a match?"

"Yes, there 's a man out by the caddy-house. Don't know who he is, but he 's alone."

"Thanks." Mr. Mott edged his way to the outer door, bellowed over his shoulder to one who had bellowed a question at him the answer, "Pretty fair—for me," and emerged to the gravel walk. At this hour the first tee was deserted, but before the professional's tiny house Mr. Mott saw a lanky stranger in an attitude of longing; Mr. Mott drew near and grinned. The stranger grinned in return. "Waiting for somebody?" asked Mr. Mott.

"No," said the stranger. "Just taking my chances; I 'm a new member."

"Indeed! My name's Mott."

"Chapman 's mine."

They shook hands.

"I 'm alone, too. Suppose we try it?"

"I 'd be glad to. Your name up?"

"Not yet."

"I 'll put it up," volunteered Mr. Mott. In the top space on the ruled sheet tacked to the score-board he scrawled his own patronymic, and added his stroke allowance. "What 's your handicap?"

"They have n't given me one yet."

"*Well,*" said Mr. Mott, uncertainly, "then you can't very well compete—"



A.L.

"Who do I draw? This one?"

"Oh, I 'm not going to. I 'm not strong for tournaments, anyway. I 'll just at-test your round."

"All right." Mr. Mott dusted his hands, and stepped over to the caddy-master. "A couple of boys ready? Who do I draw? This one? My bag there? Now, son, your job is to *watch the ball*. You remember that, will you? Let 's have the driver." He strode within the fatal inclosure, and swung the club experimentally at a trespassing cigarette stub. The stub leaped forward a yard, accurately on the line. "What do you play around in?"

"Oh, I 'm erratic," said Chapman, watching intently.

"Suppose you go ahead—take the honor."

"Well, if you say so." He teed an almost new ball, and took his stance; waggled, hesitated, stooped, glanced at his caddy, and glared at him. "Another ball," he said shortly. "Red-line Silver King out of the pocket." The caddy, overwhelmed with guilt, furnished it. It was of the same brand, the same marking, the same weight, and showed the same degree of wear and tear as the original choice; but Mr. Mott, for reasons comprehended only by golfers, regarded it with far greater satisfaction. It was the ball with which he had made the last hole in a par five on the morning round. It was, so to speak, already broken in, trained, bid-dable. Mr. Mott teed it, and after swinging once or twice in exaggeratedly correct form, lunged downward savagely.

"Good ball!" approved Chapman.

"Too high," said Mr. Mott, with meretricious disgust. It was the longest drive he had made from the first tee in six months.

The stranger hit a prodigious slice out of bounds. On his second attempt the slice was less pronounced; he was in the rough. The two players set out fraternally on their journey.



"Stand still, will you? Stop rattling those clubs!"

"Been playing much lately?" inquired Mr. Mott.

"Not a great deal."

"You 've got a fine follow through, though."

"It did n't seem to help that last shot," deprecated Chapman. He selected a spoon, and was hole-high to the left of the green.

"Beautiful! Just a trifle off," commented Mr. Mott. With the sole of his club he patted down a worm-cast; with his heel he deleted a tuft of grass from the complications of his lie. He made his effort, and after it he held himself rooted to the spot until he had verified, by three swings at vacancy, his unexpressed opinion that, given another opportunity, he would have split the flag. "I can't keep my head down," he lamented. "Oh, well—" He turned suddenly to his caddy, and sent a bolt of lightning at him. "*Watch* this one!" he ordered. And the caddy obediently watched it hobble sixty feet, and disappear in the leaves of a dry trench.

As Mr. Mott, looking aggrievedly at a pair which had come up behind him and were yelling "Fore!" at the top of their lungs, stood on the first green and noted his score, he was impelled to quote history.

"I had a six here this morning," he sighed. "It 's a tricky green, is n't it?"

"Very," agreed his partner. "You keep the honor all the way, will you? You 're in the tournament, and I 'm not."

"Just as you say. On this one you want to aim pretty well to the left of the mound." Mr. Mott drove thirty yards to the right of it. "Doggone it!" he exclaimed, with his hands on his hips, "that club 's no earthly good; I can't hit the broad side of a barn with it! It is n't balanced, or something. Further to the left, Mr. Chapman." Here Chapman sent forth a towering drive which at least was out of trouble. "*That 's safe!* You 're lucky."

"I 'm not kicking," said Chapman. "But I 'm afraid you 're in the pit."

"I see," said Mr. Mott, getting into his stride, "that that fourteen-year-old boy at Merion finally got beaten. Well, I 'm glad he did. He 's too young to have all that success; it might have spoiled him. Besides, the national 's no place for a boy like that."

"He made a seventy-four," said Chapman, "and a seventy-six and a seventy-seven—"

"Oh, that 's not so very remarkable. You take these caddies; they watch good players, and get hold of a good swing, and they 're not bothered with nerves—"

"Pardon me, but I think you 're back there about ten yards, Mr. Mott."

"So I am! Much obliged! Fore!"

Within a quarter of a mile there was no one who might conceivably have been endangered by Mr. Mott's recovery from the sand-pits, but his warning cry was both mechanical and peremptory. He eyed the flag, three hundred yards in advance, and with his eye still on it he played the masy-niblick in the stroke which made Edward Ray internationally famous. It made Mr. Mott apoplectic. Thenceforward he progressed by slow and circuitous stages to the terraced green, and upon his arrival he was too perturbed to sympathize with Chapman, whose iron shot had found a trap, and whose approach was beyond the hole. To be sure,

the sinking of a long putt did much to salve the irritation in Mr. Mott's bosom, and although Chapman also holed a twenty-footer, Mr. Mott secretly felt, and generously withheld the statement, that Chapman had been excessively fortunate in the roll of the green.

The third hole was short; that is, it was short for scratch-players. Mr. Mott had seen Carrigan, the club professional, play it with a masy; he had seen Anderson, the club champion, over-play it with a mid-iron. Therefore Mr. Mott, who, if he could have reached the pin with a full brassy once out of three trials, would have owed sacrifices to the gods and blessings to a beam wind, chose a mid-iron.

"I 'm not generally as bad as this," he explained when the ball had found cover in a growth of underbrush. "I 'm not getting my wrists into it, that 's all. I don't know what 's the matter with me to-day. It makes a difference of ten strokes a round."

"Easily," said Chapman. He, too, was off the line, but he was near enough to use a putter while Mr. Mott was still flailing at the underbrush, and he was down in four to Mr. Mott's six.

"Now for a long one," complained Mr. Mott, climbing the eminence to the fourth tee. "Well, I suppose I 'll have to take that driver of Carrigan's again. If I had any sense I 'd drive with an iron. Well, never mind. I believe in playing the right club. Watch it, boy!" He hit a screaming liner down the alley for more than two hundred precious yards, and posed diligently and motionlessly, as in the photographs of Vardon, until the ball had not only come to rest, but had also lain quiescent for several seconds. He regarded the club-head in gentle perplexity. He tested the spring of the shaft. He breathed deeply, and made way for Chapman; but even after Chapman had failed by a full rod to equal that tremendous drive, he relentlessly fought down the smile which struggled for its outlet. Indeed, he was rather astonishingly severe and unemotional for a man who had just accomplished a praiseworthy feat.

"You 've just joined the club, Mr. Chapman?"

"Only a week ago, Mr. Mott."

"Pretty nice course, don't you think? It 's very hard. It 's harder by three strokes than any other course in the metropolitan district, and the fairway 's a bit ragged, and the greens are pretty nearly hopeless; but you wait five years! I tell you, a man 's got to keep out of the rough on this course or he 's dished. I like a stiff course; it 's the only kind to have. Where did you play formerly?"

"Over in Boston—Kenilworth."

"Oh! Do you know George Horton?"

"Massachusetts' amateur champion? I should say I do! Do *you* know George Horton?"

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Mott, with some haste; "I 've heard about him. If he ever learned to putt, he 'd be a wizard, would n't he? Fore!"

"You 're in the pit!" shrilled Mr. Mott's caddy.

"Well, don't tell me about it *now!*" roared Mr. Mott. "Excuse me, I thought you 'd played. Well, of all the—" He saw Chapman's stinging brassy, which had threatened to sail into a grove of pines to westward, suddenly veer to the east, and drop lazily abaft the green.

"Pretty lucky," said Chapman.

"*Lucky!* I wish I had *half* your luck! I 'd be playing Chick Evans in the finals. See my ball anywhere, caddy?"

"It bounced over."

"Humph!" said Mr. Mott. "Well, why don't you *watch* it, boy? Tell me it 's in the pit, and then— Stand still, will you? Stop rattling those clubs! Say, I did n't see it at all."

"Neither did I," said Chapman. "It was against the sun. It sounded like a clean hit, too."

Mr. Mott shifted the responsibility to his faithful retainer, who was nonchalantly chewing gum.

"Did you mark it, caddy?"

"No, sir; could n't see it drop. Sun 's in my eyes."

Mr. Mott snorted, and tossed his cleik to the ground.

"Good Lord!" he snapped. "What d' you think you 're being paid for? D' you think I hire you to *lose* balls? Anybody can carry the clubs; your job is to *watch the ball!* Why did n't you mark it? That 'll make three I 've lost to-day, and you—"

"It 's on," stated the caddy, chewing rapidly.

"*On!* Where?"

"Over by the sprinkler."

Mr. Mott coughed daintily, and looked at Chapman under his lashes. Chapman was n't on; Chapman was n't on by a good ten yards, but Mr. Mott was on in three, and the hole was a par five.

"I 've got a chance for a birdie," he whispered to himself, "a chance for a four. It 's five hundred and ten yards, and I 've got a chance for a four. *Good shot!*" Chapman had clipped up neatly.

Mr. Mott took his putter, and made an awkward jab at the ball. It fled at a disconcerting angle. Mr. Mott flushed, and jabbed again. He lifted himself erect, and poured out into the world the offscourings of his innermost soul. He reviled himself, the Silver King golf-ball, the Vaile putter, the greenskeeper, the turf, the contour of the land, the Scotch who had invented the game, and the promoters who had organized the club. As an afterthought, he hurled the putter into a convenient hazard, and, seizing the first weapon which came to hand,—a niblick,—struck so fair and true that the ball went down for a six, one over par.

"Too bad!" said Chapman. "I missed an easy one, myself."

"I had a chance for a four," declared Mr. Mott, loudly. "Of all the rotten putting I ever saw in my *life* that was the worst. On the green in three, and three putts! These greens are *rotten!* Where 's my driver? Hurry up, there!"

While his mood was of grim resolution, and he concentrated rigidly upon the act, he drove off in excellent form and with highly creditable results.

"There!" he ejaculated. "*Now* I 'm getting back on my game. That old war-club certainly does poke 'em out when I

hit 'em right. But three putts, and only one over par at that! If our greens were as good as they 've got at Sleepy Hollow—"

He observed that his companion had again sliced, and by virtue of his own superiority of direction he was vastly exhilarated. The second shots, too, filled him with passionate glory, for he was safely over the brook, while Chapman had sliced into tall grass. Mr. Mott sidled toward his partner, and made diplomatic overtures of assistance.

"If you don't mind my telling you," he said, "you stand too far in front of the ball. You can't help slicing when you do that. You pull the face of the club right across the ball. You're getting good distance, but you slice all the time. Stand farther ahead, and you'll be all right."

"I certainly am slicing 'em," acknowledged the lanky man.

"Well, if you don't mind my telling you—"

"Not a bit!"

"More like this," said Mr. Mott, illustrating. "Go back slower, and let go with your right hand at the top of the swing. And follow through more. Now, you take that last shot of mine; I hit three inches behind the ball, and the follow through saved it. It went as straight as a die. Say, are those people going to stay on that green all *night*? Fore!"

"Oh, they have n't holed out yet."

"Yes, they have; they're counting their scores. Some people don't realize there's such a thing as etiquette in this game. *Fore!*"

He topped into the brook.

"Fore!" said Mr. Mott, waving his niblick.

He hammered the ball into a bank of yielding clay.

"Fore!" rasped Mr. Mott, setting his teeth.

He essayed a pitching stroke, a lofting stroke, an extricating stroke, and two shoveling strokes, and the last of these brought him to solid earth.

"Fore!" shouted Mr. Mott, wild-eyed. He ran an approach to the edge of the

green and panted violently. "Four—and I'm on in five," said Mr. Mott, utterly innocent. "Where'd *you* go?"

"Just off—over by the water-pipe."

"That is n't bad. One of you boys take the flag. Good work!"

"Sink it now," urged Chapman.

Mr. Mott tried to sink it, and missed by an inch.

"Throw that back here!" he ordered.

The second endeavor was flawless. Legally, Mr. Mott had taken two putts; morally, he had taken one. It was this consciousness of innate ability, this realization that if he had aimed a hair's-breadth farther to the left he would have sunk the first attempt that cheered and inspired him. And Chapman missed a two-footer!

"If you don't mind my telling you," said Mr. Mott, with admirable restraint, "you can putt a whole lot better if you turn the face of your putter over toward the hole. It puts a drag on it. It makes the ball run close to the ground. I had a six; no, seven. That first one should have gone down. Seven."

"Twelve," said his caddy, fearfully.

"*Twelve!* What in thunder are you talking about? Five on the green—"

"No, sir, ten—"

"Listen! Three in the brook,—" Mr. Mott's mouth opened slowly, and his jaw fell,—"three in the brook," he repeated in horror, "and—"

"And nine out, sir. You yelled 'Fore!' and counted five—"

"Give me the mid-iron," said Mr. Mott, abruptly. "Get down there and mark this shot!" He wheeled to gaze at the scene of his recent dredging operations. "Three in the brook, four, five, six, seven— *Hey! Stop swinging those clubs!* Well, I *said* it was seven! Three in the brook—"

"Your honor, Mr. Mott."

"Thank you." He teed for the short sixth across a threatening ravine. "*Caddy*, wake up there!" He turned to his partner with a gesture of Christian resignation. "Don't you wish," he asked, "that just once in a while you'd find a caddy that showed some *interest* in the game?"

THE sixth hole was a trifling matter of a hundred and fifty yards; but to render it attractive to experts, there were mental, physical, and psychological hazards cunningly placed by nature, aided and abetted

few occasions of his attack upon this hole he had hooked over the stone wall, and he wondered dumbly how to prevent a repetition of the error. Instinct warned him to go for the hole, and play with assur-



"If you don't mind my telling you"

by Donald Ross. As Mr. Mott wavered on the tee, he saw a deep gully, weed-infested and spotted with frowning rocks; he saw pits bounding and guarding the green; he saw trees and excavations and a stone wall. Upon its mound of sand he saw the Silver King waiting resignedly for its certain punishment. He saw his mid-iron, broad bladed and heavy, a club capable of propelling thirty pennyweight of rubber and silk an eighth of a mile if properly handled. Yet Mr. Mott discounted the inherent qualities of that iron, just as he discounted the elasticity of the golf-ball and the power of his wrists and forearms. He recalled that on the last

ance; but for several minutes he had n't been on good terms with his instinct. He struggled to revive the warnings of those who have written text-books, to remember what Haultain or Braid or Vaile has prescribed as antidotes for hooking tee-shots. "Stop talking!" he growled at the caddies. "How d' you think I can drive when you're talking!" Out of the obscurity of printed words a phrase flashed to his brain, and he was aware that he was about to pivot on the head of the left thigh-bone, working in the cotyloidal cavity of the *os innominatum*. He placed the mid-iron in position, and told himself that upon his life he was n't to move his right gastroc-

nemius or sartorius except torsionally. He rehearsed, in one mad instant, plati-tudes affecting the right elbow, the eyes, the left knee, the interlocking grip, and the distribution of weight. He lifted the club stiffly, and brought it down again. Too cramped! He settled himself more comfortably, and peered at the stone wall. The green, half bathed in golden sunshine, half purplish in dense shadow, seemed to reach out yearning arms to draw the Silver King to its broad bosom. A hundred and fifty yards, par three. Mr. Mott caught his breath in a quick intake, and hooked viciously into the stone wall.

"Oh, tough!" said Chapman.

But the features of Mr. Mott expressed no rage. On the contrary, he was smiling placidly, as a parent smiles at a wayward child. The crisis had come and gone; the most difficult obstacle of the entire round was now a matter of indifference to him; he had known positively that he was destined to hook into the stone wall, and he had done it. Even so, he did n't begrudge his partner that arching shot which spanned the ravine, and lacked not more than a yard or two of carrying the green; on the contrary, he was glad that Chapman had done so well.

"I *always* dub this hole," he said cheerfully. "I got a two on it last July, but ordinarily I 'm satisfied if I get a four. You 're well up there; still a tiny bit of a slice, though."

"I 'm working hard enough to straighten 'em out," deprecated Chapman.

"Well, if you take a nice, easy swing, and don't pull your body round, you 'll get good results. I hope you don't mind my telling you."

"Far from it," said Chapman, humbly.

Mr. Mott's caddy pointed to the ball, which was virtually unplayable among the stones. Mr. Mott, now that he had crossed his Rubicon, was suddenly dogged and determined. It was all well enough to flub the drive, but this approach was serious business. He broke off a reed or two that interfered with his stance; he commandeered both caddies to assist him in the removal of sundry large rocks; he

bent the grasses so that he had a fighting chance to smash through with his deep-faced masher. Down on the green Chapman was watching earnestly. On the sixth tee a fast-moving foursome was emitting comments which blew across the ravine, and caused the muscles of Mr. Mott's jaw to tighten significantly. *Duffer*, was he! He 'd show 'em whether he was a duffer or not! He focused on the flag, and swung the masher in a wide ellipse.

Mr. Mott, by operation of that mysterious and extraordinary sense with which some men are sometimes gifted, had known with utter privity of knowledge that he was sure to recover from the rough. What he had n't known, or remotely suspected, was that he would cover sixty yards with that vicious swipe, and lose his ball in the wilderness of the adjacent jungle. And even in that moment when he most concerned himself with the faultiness of the club and the defects of the ball he was n't nearly so much tortured by the necessity of playing three, still from among the stones, as he was by the necessity of allowing that cynical foursome to go through. His gorge rose at the mere conception of being passed; in match-play he would have conceded the hole instanter rather than suffer the ignominy of signaling a foursome to take precedence; but in medal-play he must finish every hole and hole every putt; so that he fretted impatiently for five long minutes, spoke to his caddy in curt monosyllables, and majestically expelled from the course, as a thief and a pirate, a soiled and tattered renegade who leaned over the wall and offered to sell him two second-hand floaters for a quarter. In days gone by Mr. Mott had bought perhaps a gross of balls from that same urchin, that boy who wearily spent the long summer evenings in beating thicket and brush for abandoned gutties; but to-day he looked mercilessly upon the scoundrel, and saw him for what he was, a trafficker in illicit wares, a golf-hound outlawed and thrice condemned. Besides, only yesterday Mr. Mott had purchased four balls from him,

and two of them were balls that Mr. Mott himself had lost last Sunday.

The foursome, completing their routine with incredible speed and skill, disappeared in the middle distance. Mr. Mott played three, and Mr. Mott played four, and if he had n't kept superhuman control over his temper, he would have dumped his clubs in the nearest pit, brained his caddy with a patent putter, and started incoherently for Bloomingdale. As it was, he merely confirmed the theory that the terminology of masculine hysteria is limited to four suffixes, and played five without caring whether he found the hole or the Hudson River. As a matter of fact, he found the hole.

"Bully!" said Chapman. "I made mine, too; thought we'd better save time."

Mr. Mott, red and perspiring, shook his head sadly.

"I ought to have had a four," he maintained. "I wasted a shot. That's eight strokes I've absolutely thrown away this round. I ought to have had a four easy. If you don't mind my telling you, you'd better play straight for the big tree. Then your slice'll make it come around into the fair." Whereupon Mr. Mott hit a very high, very short hook, and as he postured in the guise of Ajax,—save that Ajax presumably had no such costume and no such implement to intensify the dramatic value of his gestures,—he fervently apostrophized the wind, which had taken a perfectly straight ball and blown it into a trap. He was n't influenced in his decision by the sight of a marker-flag drooping lazily on its staff, nor by the circumstance that Chapman's drive, which attained almost equal height, came to earth without a single degree of deviation from the line of shortest distance.

"The wind took it right around!" flamed Mr. Mott, snatching his niblick. "*Fore!*"

It was a good out, and Mr. Mott played a goodly third. His fourth, however, was abortive, although the divot flew gracefully. Mr. Mott withheld his analysis until Chapman had curved a half-slice within striking distance of the green, and then his finer sensibilities prompted him

to disregard himself and to tutor Chapman.

"That was a nice ball," he began sincerely, "but you're still slicing. Why don't you try addressing it with the toe of the club? That makes you reach out after it. You try that, and see what it does. And I've noticed you go back too fast. You can't do that and keep your balance unless you're a good player. Slow back, and crook your left knee more. Like this!" He fundered an approach which rolled and rolled until it trickled on to the green and stopped dead. "Well, that's the idea, but I did n't get it up enough," said Mr. Mott with modest reserve. Subsequently they each used the putter twice.

The eighth was a sinecure, and they halved it in four. On the ninth tee, to the frank annoyance of another foursome which had overtaken them, Mr. Mott refused to drive until the quartet ahead had left the green, two hundred and twenty-two yards away, uphill.

"A good wallop'll carry that far sometimes," he explained with dignity. "They're off now, anyway." Before proceeding to the shot, he condescended to lighten the situation with a ray of humor. "I'd hate to kill anybody," he said, and topped not more than a mallet's length into the tall grass.

From the restive foursome a gruff voice struck harshly upon Mr. Mott's sensitive ears:

"Well, that was a damn' humane impulse all right!"

WITH a medal score of sixty-three for the first nine, Mr. Mott bade farewell to all thought of a silver trophy for his library, and devoted himself to a keen study of ballistics as exemplified by his partner's chronic slice. For two holes he fairly exuded advice and encouragement, but at the twelfth tee he was staggered to discover that he had counseled an ingrate. Without question, Chapman was improving steadily; the slice was appreciably less, and Mr. Mott had merely said, with the kindest of motives, that Chapman *was* improving, and that if he'd only remember

to stare while he counted three at the spot where the ball had rested before he hit it, he 'd do even better. And Chapman, hardly smiling, replied in a tone which was cousin to insult:

"Perhaps if you play your game, Mr. Mott, and let me play mine, we 'll get along well enough as it is."

Mr. Mott would n't have been human if he had n't taken seven on the next hole, and he would n't have been human if he had n't experienced a thrill of primitive triumph when Chapman not only sliced his drive, but also his full mid-iron. Granted that his approach was moderately efficient, Chapman deserved nothing better than a seven, or possibly a six, with divine aid; but when he putted wretchedly off direction, and the ball, deflected by the agency of an unseen slope, curled sharply in toward the cup, and tottered to the lip of it, and dropped, Mr. Mott compressed his lips and said nothing. He realized that comment was superfluous; when a man had that sort of luck, which simply compensated for two earlier mistakes, there was nothing for a righteously indignant opponent to say.

But when Chapman achieved a perfect drive on the thirteenth Mr. Mott burst with information.

"That 's the queerest thing I ever saw in my life!"

"What is it?"

"Why, that ball was straight as a die! And you stood for a slice!"

"No!" said Chapman.

"But—why, certainly you did. I 'd have told you, but you 'd begun your swing, and I was afraid of spoiling your shot. It 's the funniest thing. Where am I, caddy?"

"In the pit," said the ruminating caddy.

By the time he got out, he perceived that his companion had finished, and was sitting on the bench in the shade. Highly offended at the discourtesy, Mr. Mott whistled to demonstrate his independence, and utilized an unconscionable length of time in his study of topography. To do him justice, he was n't seeking to retaliate: he was resolved that by his own ex-

cellence in the short game he would display his lack of nerves and his imperturbability in a trying moment. The man whose partner has played out rather than to wait politely while sand-pits are under exploration is subject to an adjustment of poise; and although Mr. Mott had the satisfaction of leaving no loophole for criticism, he was nevertheless too fundamentally introspective to drive well on the dog-leg fourteenth.

Furthermore, although the region immediately surrounding his ball was n't placarded as ground under repair when Mr. Mott began his onslaught upon the turf, it was indubitably in need of repair when Mr. Mott got through with it. He quarried out a blanket of gravelly soil at each of four desperate offensives, and when he toiled wearily up the Killside to the green he had three putts for an eleven, and he was aware that Chapman, whether befriended or betrayed by fortune, slice or no slice, had beaten him by a margin of many strokes.

But the sun was setting, the end was near, and Chapman was a new member. Mr. Mott relaxed somewhat, tore his score-card to bits, and scattered them on the grass.

"No use keeping *that* any more," he said. "*I* can't putt on these plowed fields they call greens. They 're a disgrace to the club, that 's what they are. Now, this is what I call a beautiful hole. Four hundred and thirty—over beyond the farthest line of trees. Par five; it ought to be par six."

"Why?"

Mr. Mott was mildly astonished.

"Because it 's a hard hole."

"But par 's arbitrary, Mr. Mott."

"Yes, but the greens committee—"

"The greens committee has n't anything to do with it. Any hole up to 225 yards is par three, from 226 to 425 is par four, from 426 to 600 is par five. If this is 430 yards, it *has* to be par five."

Mr. Mott blinked at the sun.

"What makes you think that?"

"I *know* it."

"Well, I may be wrong, but my impres-



"But to-day he looked mercilessly upon the scoundrel, and saw him for what he was, a trafficker in illicit wares."

sion is that the greens committee fixes the par for the different holes. Anyway, here goes!"

"Nice ball!" said Chapman.

Mr. Mott smiled conciliatingly.

"Tommy Carrigan made that driver for me," he said. "It's a pippin. As soon as I swing I can *feel* I'm going to hit it clean. I *beg* your pardon! Did I take your mind off your shot?"

"Not at all. I 'm out there about where you are."

"It was a screamer," said Mr. Mott, unaware of the inference to be drawn from the compliment. "As good a drive as I 've seen in a month."

To his immense gratification, he was hole-high on his second shot, and home on his third. He compelled himself to plan for two putts, to insure himself a par five instead of risking all on a bold steal which might prove, by metamorphosis, to be a gift to the devil. In consequence he very nearly holed out, and he was far too enraptured to care what Chapman got. Chapman had manhandled his chip shot, and Mr. Mott had n't noticed the others. Let Chapman account for himself. Par five!

According to the custom duly laid down in such cases, Mr. Mott took many practice swings on the sixteenth tee. Temporarily, he had struck his head upon the stars, and with the pride of a champion he swung with a champion's ease and freedom. Par five! Mr. Mott, with the image of the Vardon statue hovering before his eyes, clipped bits of turf from the scarred tee and ogled the green. Carrigan had overdriven it; it was n't much more than three hundred yards. And the morass directly before the tee, the trap to the left, and the rough to the right, what were they? Who but novices were to be alarmed by the puny hazards such as these? Surely not one who has made the long fifteenth in a par five!

Mr. Mott drove magnificently, and started hastily over the foot-bridge, then halted at the pleasant laughter of his companion, and shamefacedly stood aside. He never looked to see where Chapman drove; his consciousness was riveted upon a small white object far up on the slope. And since, during his walk, he told himself exactly how he should play his approach, how he should stand, how he should swing, he later stood and swung without destructive uncertainty, and so pitched prettily to the pin.

"*Three!*" whispered Mr. Mott to himself. "One under par! One under par

for two holes! Gosh! If I had n't been so rotten up to the fifteenth I 'd have had a chance!" Aloud, he said: "Par four 's too much for this hole. It ought to be three. What was yours?"

"Four," said Chapman. "Your approach was too good; it was a wonder."

"Pure wrist shot. Notice how I took the club back? Sort of scoop the ball up—pick it up clean? That 's what I 've been working for—pick 'em up clean with lots of back spin. You get that by sort of sliding under the ball. Well, two more to go!"

"Let 's make 'em good!" adjured Chapman.

"One under par for two holes," thought Mr. Mott, slashing a low drive to the open. "Say, I guess Chick Evans would n't turn up his nose at that, eh? A five and a three! I was—let 's see—thirty-eight for five holes, and a five and a three make forty-six. Oh, I beg your pardon!" He was wool-gathering squarely in front of Chapman, who presently put a sliced ball somewhat beyond Mr. Mott's. "Gosh, what a wonderful day for golf!" said Mr. Mott, enthusiastically. "Not a breath of wind, not too hot, just right."

"Suits me. You got a nice drive there."

"Too high," said Mr. Mott, judgmentally. He played a jumping shot which ran briskly over the shallow pit guarding the green, and came to a standstill not twenty feet from the cup. He putted, and was dead. He holed out with neatness and precision, and knew that he had beaten Chapman by a stroke. "Gad, what a green!" said Mr. Mott, pop-eyed. "Like a billiard-table. We 've got an English greenskeeper; he 's a wonder. Sleepy Hollow and Pine Valley have nothing on *us*."

"You 're finishing strong, Mr. Mott. Go to it!"

"One under par for three holes," shouted Mr. Mott's dual personality to Mr. Mott. "And—how many am I to here?" To Chapman he said, "I 'm trying to remember—what did I have on the tenth?"

"Six," said Chapman.

"Why, are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Well, I *thought* I remembered it was six,—I've been counting up,—but—"

"I can name every stroke you've played since you started," said Chapman. "It gets to be second nature after a while. I know every shot we've both played."

Mr. Mott looked doubtful.

"What was my fourth shot on the fourth hole?"

"Brassy to the green," said Chapman. "You got a six."

"Well, I'll be—what did I make on the seventh hole?"

"Seven."

"Well, what was my third shot on the tenth?"

"Just a minute—why, a topped mashy into the trap. You were on in four and down in six."

Mr. Mott prepared to drive.

"Do you always remember scores like that?"

"Always."

Mr. Mott drove far down the fairway. Exalted and emboldened, he ventured to explain briefly just how he had done it. Then when Chapman had hit a long, low ball which developed a faint slice as it dipped to the hollows, Mr. Mott was constrained to offer condolence.

"If you just get that kink out of your shots you'll play under a hundred," he stated flatly.

"Well, I hope so."

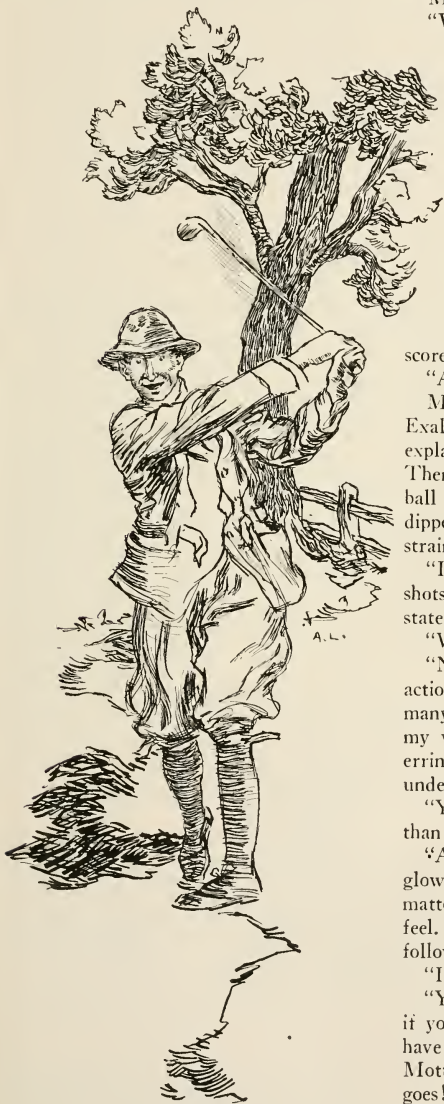
"Nothing in the world but slow wrist action. Look! You don't see *me* slicing many balls, do you? Watch how I get my wrists into this one!" He was unerringly on the line, and Chapman nodded understandingly.

"You could n't ask anything better than that."

"And the best of it is," said Mr. Mott, glowing, "that I always know what's the matter with me. I know just how you feel. Now go after this one! Easy—and follow through! Oh—too bad!"

"It's safe, is n't it?"

"Yes, it's almost up to the brook; but if you'd gone into the woods, it would have been a lost ball. *This way!*" Mr. Mott illustrated once more. "Here she goes!" And he made his third consecutive shot which was without reproach.



"It was a screamer!"

Chapman, however, sliced even with his full mashy, which was barely off the green, and Mr. Mott sighed for him. For himself, he ran up alongside. If he could go down in two more, he would have played the last four holes in par! Mr. Mott reached for his putter, and took it tremblingly. He bent over the ball, and observed that it was smaller than he had suspected. The hole, too, was impossibly small. Mr. Mott's lips formed the word "Fore!" and he tapped impotently. The ball rolled in, swerved, struck a transient leaf, and Mr. Mott, his mind erased of any conception of a partner, or of the etiquette of the links, dashed forward. Two feet to the cup, two feet for a six, and the last four holes in par! Fifty-six for the last nine—his record! Mr. Mott, gasping, clutched the putter, and struck blindly, and heard the click of the contact, and saw a yawning gulf, lined with zinc, open wide to receive the Silver King. He stood up, choked with emotion.

"The—the last four holes in—in *par!*" he faltered.

"Hold the flag, boy!" said Chapman.

Mr. Mott watched, fascinated. Inwardly he knew, before Chapman putted, that the stroke was too light; and as the lanky stranger strolled up for further trial, Mr. Mott, in his terrific success, blurted out his final charge.

"If you don't mind my telling you," he said, "rest your right hand on your knee, and—"

The ball rattled into the cup. From a camp-chair under the awning, Anderton, the club champion, rose and sauntered toward them.

"Mr. Chapman!" said Mr. Mott.

"Thank you, Mr. Mott." They shook hands.

"I was par for the last four holes! Listen! If you did n't slice so much—"

"Yes?"

"Well, you saw what *I* did. I came back in fifty-six, and the last four in par! Why, if you can play an even game with me *now*—"

"Hello, Chap," said Anderton, at his elbow. "How was it going?"

"Fine!" said Mr. Mott. "If he only did n't slice so much! How *did* we come out? I was 119, and you—"

"Seventy-nine," said Chapman.

"No! You could n't have been as bad as that! Why—"

"Seventy-nine for eighteen holes," said Chapman, quietly.

Mr. Mott's eyes widened. His mouth sagged. A spot of color appeared above his cheek-bones.

"Why, that 's impossible. That 's—"

"Thirty-five for first nine, and forty for the last."

Mr. Mott shook as though with palsy, and the putter fell from his hands.

"Why, I thought we were about even."

"Count 'em up," said Chapman, soberly. "5, 5, 4, 5, 5, 2, 4, 4, 5; is n't that 39? 5, 4, 4, 2, 6, 5, 4, 5, 5; is n't that 40?"

"You—you did n't get—a *two* on the thirteenth!"

"I holed out while you were in the pit."

It occurred to Mr. Mott that on only one or two holes had he taken heed of Chapman's shots except to note that the majority of them were sliced. Now that he flogged his memory for the facts, he seemed dimly to recognize that even those swerving shots had gone off smoothly, and that Chapman had approached sweetly, and putted with distinction. But seventy-nine! And he had volunteered to coach this man; he had showed him in detail how various shots should be made; he had claimed the privilege of instructing a stranger who had hit hardly a straight ball, and still scored under eighty.

"Wh—what 's your handicap?" he stammered.

Anderton put his arm over the shoulders of the lanky stranger.

"He had three in New England," he said, "but in the Met. I suppose they 'll give him four. How were *you* going, Mr. Mott?"

"Oh, pretty fair—for me," said Mr. Mott, feebly.

BUT as he left the club-house his heart was again proud and high. He had dismissed from his mind all thought of his partner's

performance; he was sustained and soothed by the remembrance of the last nine holes in fifty-six, and the last four in par. He felt a sturdy manhood, confident and unafraid. To-day he had scored 119; to-morrow it might be that he, too, should play the full round as he had played the last four holes to-day; upon such dreams are founded the wealth of the athletic outfitters. The fear of hazards had gone from him. Timidity on the greens was a thing of the past. If he could lower his average to 110 by the end of the season,—and with four holes in par he could conceivably do five next Saturday, or six or seven,—he might get down to, say, ninety by next year. And par for the course was a mere seventy-three. If a fourteen-year-old boy could do it, why not Mr. Mott? If a chronic slicer could crack eighty, why not Mr. Mott? He saw roseate visions of himself at scratch; Walter Travis was middle-aged before *he* took up the game.

"The last four in par!" whispered Mr. Mott as he went up the steps of his house.

"Well," said Mrs. Mott, pathetically, as she came to greet him, "was it worth a

thousand dollars for you, Val, to stay away *all* this afternoon?"

"Every cent of it!" cried Mr. Mott, hilariously. "Say, let 's motor up the road somewhere; want to? Let 's have dinner out! Here, I know! We 'll run up to Tumble Inn. Get the Smithsons, and we 'll have a party."

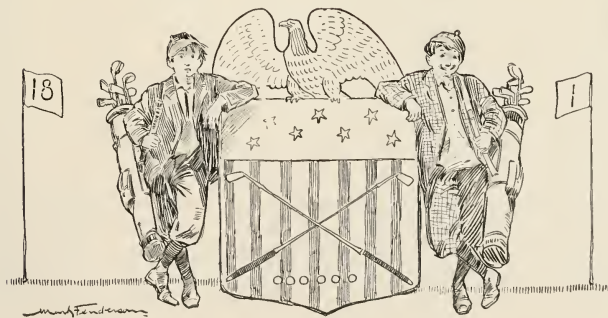
"I thought you could n't go out to-night!"

"Rot! Call the Smithsons, will you?"

"It *must* have been worth while, your staying," said Mrs. Mott, brightening.

"Well, it *was*," said Mr. Mott. "And I got the last four holes in par! Hurry up and telephone!"

And as he waited for her report, the man who had played 119 stood before the long mirror in the hallway, and gripped an imaginary club, and swung it, and finished gloriously, with the body well twisted and the hands close to the neck, and grinned happily at the reflection of another Vardon in the making. For this is at once the faith and the hope, the Credo and the Te Deum of the golfer of all time and of whatever ability, Thank God for to-morrow!



The Potter's Park¹

By HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE men who lay in potter's field
Slept well in borrowed graves;
A world of souls that death had healed,
A thousand worthless knaves,
The unclaimed poor, laid row on row,
Close in their naked bed,
Rested in peace and did not know
A debt may bind the dead.

In ease they slept, the thief, the drone
Who starved upon his feet;
The quaking beggar and the crone
Found in the public street;
The laggard, shadow folk who passed,
Or shivered as they stood,
Stumbled into a bed at last
For which they chopped no wood.

And as they slept, they little knew
How in the sun's gold grace
The eager city pushed and grew,
And claimed their resting-place,
Until—they would have laughed, these men,
Dumb in the crowded dark—
A wealthy council and a pen
Made potter's field a park.

A park with benches, shade, and moss,
Green in the traffic din,
A spot for happy feet to cross—
The city bade them in.
Yet strange it was to see who came,
And sat beneath the trees,
Gray men, with leaden eyes the same,
And hands upon their knees.

A laggard, shadow host they stole
Across the friendly lawn,
As they were tethered by the soul,
Nor knew why they were drawn;
But sat them down—the spent, the lean,
Alone, yet side by side,
A potter's field, in gold and green,
The dead who have not died!

¹There is a public park in New York City on the site of the old potter's field.

Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-VII—Two young American women, Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne and Miss Estelle Madison, appear in Florence, Italy, and beg the good offices of Mr. Foss, the American consul, in setting up an expensive establishment in the city. They have money, no culture, but Aurora especially has a vast fund of kindness, and the consul's wife and eldest daughter assist them in their plans and introduce them into society. At a ball at the house of the consul, Gerald Fane, an unsuccessful young American artist, long a resident of Italy, much against his own wish is drawn by the consul into offering to guide Aurora about Florence. It is clear from their conversation in private that Aurora and Estelle are charming social impostors, and have not disclosed their true names and origin.

Meanwhile Gerald does not appear, and Aurora, learning that he has been disappointed in love, ascribes his remissness solely to his personal unhappiness. Therefore, meeting him on the street, she forces him to drive home with her. He continues to return to her house, and from him Aurora learns that Brenda, the consul's second daughter, is to be sent back to America because of an unhappy love-affair with an Italian officer who is too poor to marry without a dot.

On the eve of her departure Aurora gives a great ball, to which, with Aurora's consent, Gerald brings the young officer. At its close they learn that the lovers have taken their fate into their own hands and have engaged themselves, the Italian announcing his intention of giving up the army.

Chapter VIII

BRENDA, reaching home after the ball, had asked her parents to hear a thing she must tell them, and, very pale, informed them of the manner in which she had taken the direction of her life into her own hands. At sight of their faces something had melted within her; she had trusted to them at last all that was in her heart, so that father and mother, greatly moved, felt as if they had found their child again rather than lost her. At the almost incredible spectacle of tears in her father's eyes Brenda had crept into his arms, against his breast, and lain there so still, so silent, that it seemed unnatural. They perceived that she had fainted.

She left for America on the date that had been set, but a term was fixed for her visit; April was to see her back in Florence.

Her engagement was not announced. Mr. Foss, talking of it with his wife, ex-

pressed liking and respect for their prospective son-in-law. His confidence in the man had been increased by an action that seemed to him quite in the American spirit. No doubt Giglioli would prove a good business man, just as he had been a good soldier, the chief requisites in all walks of life being a clear head, a heart in its place, and the will to work.

Mrs. Foss was secretly unhappy during these conversations. The model wife had never before kept anything from her husband or taken any step without his sanction, and she was ashamed now of the duplicity she was forced to practise. She strengthened herself by the assurance that by so doing she was really sparing Jerome, saving him possible moments of indecision or conflict with himself. She was saving Brenda from the same troubles, if not worse; such perhaps as seeing her brilliant hero made into an unsuccessful struggle-

for-lifer. She, the mother, would swallow by her single self all the mental discomfords that might have been the general portion, and, nobody being any the wiser, shoulder hardily for their sakes the consciousness of an obligation which might to the others have poisoned a gift, if not made it impossible to accept. No member of her family, it seemed to Mrs. Foss, knew quite as well as she how simple, native, and without self-conceit was Aurora Hawthorne's generosity; so that taking from her was hardly different, in a sense, from giving her something. One did not have to pay with gratitude. One paid, first and last and all the time, with affection.

Gerald, who had seen as beset with difficulty the rôle of friend which he might be called upon to play, heard with relief that Giglioli had obtained leave of absence and gone to see his family. Brenda over the seas, Manlio in the Abruzzi, the subject of their attachment and future could fall a little into the background, crowded out by the nearer things.

The fact became of some consequence to Gerald that in his relation to Mrs. Hawthorne he was so largely a taker. He did not count as any return for her hospitalities the time he gave to sight-seeing with her and her friend; he was modest with regard to his own contributions.

He had in truth not desired to fall into Mrs. Hawthorne's debt. He would have liked best to avoid her, but Fate, likewise character, set snares for him. After he had stayed away for a certain length of time, the thought would rise to trouble him, "She will feel hurt," and all against the voice of good sense, such a reason as that had power with Gerald. He would then call, and her welcome would be so kind, her heartiness so warming, that he would stay to dinner, and promise to go somewhere with them on the following day, after which he would dine with them again.

It was eleven when one morning he rang at Mrs. Hawthorne's door. He had hardly finished asking the servant whether the signora was at home when he heard

her voice up-stairs, singing behind closed doors.

She had said so many times, when he went through the formality of having himself announced and waiting for permission to present himself, "Why did n't you come right up?" that this morning he said to the servant: "It imports not to advise her. I shall mount." Did the servant look faintly ironical, or did Gerald mistakenly imagine it?

The tune she sang sounded familiar. It must be a hymn, he thought, but could not remember what hymn, or even be sure it was one he had heard before, hymns are so much alike. He stopped at the sitting-room door and waited, listening to the big, free, untrained velvet voice, true throughout the low and medium registers, flat on the upper notes, the singer having carelessly pitched her hymn too high. He could hear the lines now, given with a swing that made them curl over at the ends, and with a punch on certain of the syllables, irrespective of their meaning:

"Feed me *with*—the heavenly manna
In this *barr*—en wilderness;
Be my *shield*, my sword, my banner,
Be the Lord—my righteousness!"

When she came presently to the words,

"Death of death and hell's destruction,"

a bang and rattling ensued, as if some one were taking a practical hand in that work. The heavenly ferryman was thereupon besought with vigor to land her safe on Canaan's side, and the singing ceased.

Gerald stood waiting, if perchance there might be another verse, and wondered, while waiting, at the sounds he heard in the room, easy to recognize, but difficult to explain. When it seemed certain that the music was at an end, he, after hesitating for some minutes longer, gently tapped.

"Oh, come in!" was shouted from inside. "*Entrez*, will you? *Avanti!*"

He discreetly opened the door a little way, and just put in his head, ready to

draw it back at once should he see his morning call as befalling inopportune.

Aurora was so far from expecting him that for a second or two she actually did not recognize him, and waited to understand what was wanted of her. Her head was tied in a white cloth, her sleeves were turned back, she had on an apron, and she held a broom. The furniture was pushed together out of the corners, some of it covered with sheets; the windows were open. No mistake possible: Aurora was sweeping the floor.

A burst of laughter rang; the broom-handle knocked on the floor.

"Yes, I'm sweeping," she cried. "Come right in! You find me practising one of my accomplishments. I can't play the piano, I can't speak languages, I can't paint bunches of flowers on black velvet; but I can sweep, I can cook, I can wash dishes—or babies, one just as well as the other, and I can nurse the sick."

"I am afraid I have come at an inconvenient moment."

"Not at all. I'm glad to see you. I was 'most through, anyhow."

She had pulled the cloth off her head, and was patting her hair before the glass. She turned down her cuffs, untied her apron, and came to shake hands, smiling as usual.

"You caught me," she said. "When I feel a certain way, I've got to work off steam, and there's nothing that does it like sweeping."

"I beg of you—I beg of you to let me close those windows for you!"

"All right. I'm awfully hot, but I guess the room's cold. We can have a fire in a minute. Everything's there to make it."

"I beg you will not trouble! I shall only remain a moment and leave you to finish."

"No, now, no; don't go and leave me. I was only sweeping to be doing something. To clean the room was n't my real object. I took their work from Zaira and Vitale, who are the ones to do it usually, in a way that's new to me, with damp sawdust. It's nearly finished, any-

how. All I've got to do is fold the sheets and push things back into their places."

"O Mrs. Hawthorne, please, please, allow me!"

He tried to help her, waking to the fact that she was as strong as he, if not stronger.

The room in a minute looked as usual, and she knelt in front of the hearth, piling up a kindling of pine-cones and little fagots, on which she laid a picturesque old root of olive-wood.

"You seem to be alone," he remarked.

"Yes; Estelle's gone out." The mention of Estelle seemed to change the color of Mrs. Hawthorne's thoughts, casting a shadow over them. "Estelle and I had a spat this morning," she thereupon told him.

"Oh!"

"That's why I was sweeping and why she's gone for a walk by herself."

"I'm so sorry!" was all he found to say.

"It does n't amount to anything," she cheered him. "We've had times of quarreling all our lives, and we've known each other since we were children. Her aunt and my grandmother had houses side by side in the country; there was just a fence between our yards. That's how we first came to be friends. All our lives we've had the way of sometimes saying what the other does n't like. And do you know what's always at the bottom of it? That each one thinks she knows what would be most for the other's good to do. We get so mad because the other won't do what we ourself think would be best for her! Just as some people abuse you because you're a pig, we as likely as not abuse the other because she is n't a pig. One of the biggest fights we ever had was because once late at night, when she was dead tired, tired as a yellow dog, I wanted her to sit still and let me pack for her, or, anyhow, let me help her pack. And she said I was as tired as she,—as if that was possible,—and if I did n't go to bed and get some rest myself and let her alone to get through her packing as she pleased if it was daylight before she finished, she

would have a fit. And from one thing to another we went on getting madder and madder till we said things you would have thought made it impossible for us ever to speak to each other again. But the first thing next morning, when we opened our eyes, we just looked at each other and began to laugh. Another time we fought like cats and dogs because I wanted to give her something and she refused to let me."

"I don't call those quarrels, Mrs. Hawthorne."

"You would if you could hear us; you would have if you could have heard us this morning. And it was only a little one. You see, two people are n't best friends for nothing. It gives you a sort of freedom; you are n't a bit afraid. And when you know it's only the other's good you have at heart, it makes you awfully firm and fast-set in your point of view. I don't mind telling you that I'm always the one in the wrong."

"Are you?"

"Of course I am. But I like to have my way, even if it's wrong. Hear me talk! How that does sound! And I was brought up so strict! But it's so. I want to do as I please. I want to have fun. It began this morning with Hat saying I spent too much money."

"Did she say that? How unreasonable, how far-fetched!"

"What's the good of having it,' I said, 'if I can't spend it?'"

"You'd buy anything,' she said, 'that anybody wanted you to buy, if it was a mangy stuffed monkey. It is n't generosity,' she said; 'it's just weakness.'

"Oh, suck an orange!' I said. 'Chew gum! It's anything you choose to call it. But when a thing takes my fancy, I'm going right on to buy it. And if it enables a greasy little Italian to buy himself and his children more garlic,' I said, 'that's not going to stop me,' I said. I don't mind showing you—" she dropped her selections from the morning's dialogue—"the thing I bought which started our little discussion. The artist who made it brought it himself to show me."

She went to take the object referred to from her desk, and held it before him, examining it at the same time as he did.

"Do you see what it is? Can you tell at once?"

"H-m, I'm not sure. Is it intended for a portrait of Queen Margherita?"

"Right you are! Of course that's what it is. It's a picture of the queen, done by hand with pen and ink; but that's not all. If you should take a magnifying-glass, you would see that every line is a line of writing—fine, fine pen-writing, the very finest possible, and if you begin reading at this pearl of her crown, and just follow through all the querl-giggles and everything to the end, you will have read the whole history of Italy in a condensed form! Is n't it wonderful? Don't you think it extraordinary, a real curiosity? Don't you think I was right to buy it?"

"My opinion on that point, dear Mrs. Hawthorne, would rather depend on what you paid for it."

"Oh, would it?" She lost impetus, and gave a moment to reflection. "Well, I shall never know, then, for I'm not going to tell you. One's enough blaming me for extravagance."

"My dear Mrs. Hawthorne, pray don't suppose me bold enough to—"

"Oh, you're bold enough, my friend. But while I like my friends to speak their minds, I've had just enough of it for one day, d' you see? I've had enough, in fact, to make me sort of homesick."

She looked it, and not as far as could be from tears. The small vexation of his failure to think her treasure worth anything she might have paid for it, the intimation that he might join the camp of the enemy in finding her extravagant, had acted apparently as a last straw.

"Oh, Mrs. Hawthorne, I beg of you not to feel homesick!" he cried, compunctious and really eager. "It's such a poor compliment to Florence and to us, you know, us Florentines, who owe you so much for bringing among us this winter your splendid laughter and good spirits and the dimples which it does us so much good to see."

"No," she said ruefully, "you can't rub me the right way till I'm contented here as I was yesterday. Florence is all right, and the Florentines are mighty polite; but—" She looked at the fire a moment, while he tried, and failed, to find something effectively soothing to say. "In the State of Massachusetts there 's a sort of spit running into the sea, and on a sand-hill of this there 's a little shingled house never had a touch of paint outside it, nor of plumbing inside. And there, Geraldino, is where Auroretta would like to be."

He had the impulse to reach out and touch the ends of his fingers to her hand, fondly, as one might do to a child, but he prudently refrained. His eyes, however, dwelt on her with a smile that conveyed sympathy. He said, after her, amusedly: "Auroretta!"

She brightened.

"After I 've been bad," she said, "I always am blue."

But within the hour he had come near quarreling with her, he also, and on more than one score.

It began with his making a pleasant remark upon her voice, which seemed to him worth cultivating. She brushed aside the idea of devoting study to the art of singing.

"But," she said, "Italo has brought me some songs. He plays them over and shows me how to sing them. We have lots of fun." To give him an example, she broke forth, adapting her peculiarly American pronunciation to Ceccherelli's peculiarly Italian intonations, "*Non so resistere, sei troppo bella!*"

Gerald winced and darkened.

"Then there 's this one," she went on, "*Mia picciella, deh, vieni allo mare!*" Do you want to hear me sing it like Miss Felixson, together with her dog, which always bursts out howling before she 's done? I 've heard them three times, and can do the couple of them to a T."

"Please don't!" he hurriedly requested. "I hope," he added doubtfully, "that you won't do it to amuse any of your other friends, either." As she did not quickly

assure him that she neither had done, nor ever would dream of doing, such a low thing, he went on, with the liberty of speech that amazingly prevailed between them: "Extraordinary as it seems, you would be perfectly capable of it. And it would be a grave mistake."

"I 've done it for Italo when he was playing my accompaniment. For nobody else."

Gerald was reminded that since Christmas Ceccherelli had been wearing, instead of his silver turnip, a fine gold watch, her overt gift and his frank boast, which he conspicuously extracted from its cham-
ois-skin case every time he needed to know the hour.

"Mrs. Hawthorne," said Gerald, "you have repeatedly said that you have what you call lots of fun with Ceccherelli. Would you mind giving me an idea of what the fun consists in? I wish to have light—that I may do the man justice. Left to myself, I should judge him to be the dullest, commonest, cheapest of inexpressibly vulgar, insignificant, pretentious, ugly, and probably dishonest little men." The adjectives came rolling out irrepressibly.

"Perhaps he is," Aurora said serenely; "but have n't you noticed, Stickly-prickly, that about some things you and I don't feel alike? Italo plays the piano in a way that perfectly delights me, he 's good-hearted, and he makes me laugh. Is n't that enough? Do you happen to know Italo's sister Clotilde?"

"I have not that advantage, no."

"You soon will have, if you care for it, for she 's coming to live with us."

He stared.

"Yes, she 's coming to keep house. She speaks English quite well, because she 's had so much to do with English and Americans, being a teacher of Italian and French. It began with Italo wanting us to take lessons of her. But, bless you, I don't want to study! I can pick up all I need without. We said, however, 'Bring her to see us.' And he did. She 's real nice."

"Does she resemble her brother?"

"In some ways. I've an idea, though, that you'd like her better than you seem to do him. I believe we shall be very well satisfied with her, and shall save money. Since we seem to have got on to the subject of money to-day, Luigi, the butler, who has everything under him now, Estelle says is a caution to snakes, the way he robs us. Now, we're easy-going and, I dare say, fools; but not darn, darn fools. It's a mistake to think we would n't see a thing big 's a mountain, and that you could cheat us the way that handsome, fine-mannered, dignified villain Loo-ee-gy thinks he can. So we're going to put in his place a nice woman who is, in part, our friend, and will care to see that we're dealt fairly with. Clotilde does n't seem to mind giving up her lessons to come and be a sort of elegant housekeeper for us."

"I understand."

"Charlie Hunt is disgusted about it, because when we complained of Luigi before him, he said he would find us exactly the right person to take his place. But, you see, we did n't wait. I don't see that we were bound to. What do you think?"

"It is a case, dear Mrs. Hawthorne, where I must not allow myself to say what I think."

"Personally, I must say I was rather glad to have Clotilde step in as she did, because I don't mind telling you—you won't tell anybody else?—I find just the least little bit of a disposition in that young man Charlie to run things in this house. D' you know what I mean? I suppose it's the way he's made. He has been awfully kind, and helped a lot in all sorts of ways, and I like him ever so much; but I was glad to check him just a little, and put who I pleased over my own servants, and then go on just as good friends with him as ever."

"Mrs. Hawthorne, why don't you make Mrs. Foss your adviser in all such matters? She is so kind always and of such good counsel. It would be so much the safest thing."

"Of course; but it was she who found Luigi for us, you see. She can't always

know. As far as Charlie Hunt is concerned, I don't want you to think that we think any less of him than before. He's good and kind as can be, and does ever so many nice things for us. We were at his apartment the other day, where he had a tea-party expressly for us, with his cousins there, and Mr. Landini and two or three others. And then when he heard me say I like dogs he promised to give me a dog, one of those lovely clown dogs,—poodles,—with their hair cut in a fancy pattern, when he can lay his hand on a real beauty."

"Mrs. Hawthorne,"—Gerald almost lifted himself off his seat with the emphasis of his cry,—“don't let him give you a dog!”

She looked at him in amazement. “Why, what's wrong?”

“Don't! don't! Can't you see that you must not let him give you a dog?”

“No, I can't. Why on earth—”

“After what you said a few minutes ago,” he stammered, feeling blindly for reasons, “which shows that you have something to complain of in his conduct toward you, you ought not to allow him to give you a dog. A dog—you don't understand, and I can't make you. It will be too awful!”

“You surely are the queerest man I have ever known,” she said sincerely.

To which he did not reply.

He restrained himself from blurting out that Charlie Hunt, for such and such reasons, could never deserve the extreme privilege of giving her a dog.

Mrs. Hawthorne was looking at him, trying to make him out. She could not. One thing, however, was plain, and it being so plain simplified all. He felt actual pain because Charlie Hunt was going to give her a dog. The wherefore it was vain to seek. But she had no desire to give pain of any kind, even by way of teasing him, to this funnily sensitive fellow whose shoulders looked so sharp under his coat.

“All right,” she said. “If he says anything more about it, I'll tell him I've changed my mind and don't want a dog.



“With hands thrust in his pockets he took a purposeless half-turn in the room, then came back to her side”

Are you satisfied? And then if you won't tell me what the objection is to my having one, I shall have to sit down and try to guess."

Gerald, upon obtaining so easily what he had wanted apparently to the point of tragedy, looked sheepish, ashamed of himself. His thanks were given in a slowly returning smile.

"I should n't think it would be so difficult," he said.

CHAPTER IX

THE house where Gerald lived was the same one he had lived in since the days of Boston and Charlestown. His mother, coming to Florence with her two children, a boy of ten, a girl of seven, had needed to look for a modest corner in which to build their nest. The income of which she found herself possessed after settling up her husband's affairs, even when supplemented by the allowance made her by his family, so little permitted of extravagance that she chose the topmost story of the house in Borgo Pinti, with those long, long stairs that perhaps had contributed to keep Gerald's legs thin.

Its street door was narrow, its entrance-hall dark; the stone stairs climbed from darkness into semi-darkness, reaching the daylight when they likewise reached the Fanes' landing. But the old house was not without dignity; all three loved it.

As you entered the Fanes', there was another dark hall, very long, running to right and left. One small window opposite, on an inner court, was all that lighted it. This hall grew darker still, as well as narrower, after turning a corner to the left; then it turned to the right, and was lighter. At the end of it was a window from which, if you bent out, you saw far below you a garden.

The rooms, without being lofty and vaulted, like those on the ground and first floors, were pleasantly high, and paved with brick tiles. From the one large interior room a window-door opened on to a terrace in the court—a deep brick ter-

race with a broad ledge on which stood a row of flower-pots. When water was wanted, you opened a little door in the kitchen wall and let your copper urn down, down, down into mossy-smelling blackness; you heard a splash and gurgle, and after proper exertions got it back brimming.

The Italianness of it all captivated the mother, who had been drawn to this dot on the map, where she was told one could live well at less expense than in the United States, by the lure of the idea of Italy. She was very humbly an artist. She had given drawing lessons to young ladies in an elegant seminary, and, when approaching middle age, married the father of one of these, a troubled, conscientious man whom the cares of an entangled and disintegrating business kept awake at night. When his need for feminine sympathy ceased, and administrators settled in their summary way the questions that had furrowed his brow, his widow's wish to start life anew far from the scene of her worries had led to the balmy thought of Italy—Italy, where were all the wonders which had most glamour for her fancy.

She had loved it in an undiminished way to the end, had never really desired to go home, though she spoke of it sometimes when the chill of the stone floors and walls shook her fortitude, and the remembrance of furnace heat, gas-light, hot water on tap, glowed as rosy as a promise of eternal summer. The children, however, were taught in their respective schools that artificial heat is insalubrious; they had Italian ideas and chilblains, and not on account of any creature comfort that they missed would Florence have been changed back for Charlestown.

In her picturing of days far ahead Mrs. Fane certainly saw Lucile, an accomplished young lady, receiving tributes of attention in the drawing-rooms of home; and Gerald, a young man of parts, finding recognition and fortune among his countrymen. To go home eventually was among her cloudy plans.

But Lucile died at sixteen, without ade-

quate cause, one almost would have said. She merely had not the ruggedness, the resistance, needed to go on living among the rough winds of this world. The mother, a creature of old-fashioned gentleness and profound affections, survived her by only a few years.

A business matter then obliged Gerald to go to America, and had he liked the place, he might have taken up his abode there. It affected him like vinegar dropped in a wound, like street din heard from a hospital bed. He turned back, and the long stairs to his empty dwelling were dear to him on the day of his return.

This, then, had remained his home. His needs were simple, and he could live without applying himself to uncongenial work, though the allowance had been stopped, and the income, as Leslie had said, was incredibly small. The good Giovanna, who had been his mother's servant, stayed on with her *signorino*, and economized for him: the wages of an Italian servant were in those days no extravagance. He had no pleasures that cost money; he neither traveled nor went to fine restaurants. He wore neat, old, well-brushed clothes, went afoot, gave to the poor single coppers. But he had liberty, worked when he pleased and as he pleased; he was content to be poor so long as his poverty did not reach the point where it involves cutting a poor figure. Giovanna, prouder than her master, disliked the thought of *far cattiva figura* even more than did he, and was careful in her household management to keep up a certain style, never forgetting the sprig of parsley on the platter beside the single *braciolina*.

At one period he had contemplated a change in his mode of living, had dreamed of entering the contest for laurels and gold, so as to afford a more appropriate setting for the beauty of his charmer. The charmer had attained without need of him the setting she craved, and Gerald went on climbing his long stairs, painting in his personal and unpopular way, and at night reading by light of a solitary lamp the choice and subtle masterpieces of many literatures.

"My land! shall we ever get to the top?" whispered Aurora to Estelle as, one behind the other, sliding their hands along the wall, they felt with their feet for the steps that led to Gerald's door. "He told us they were long, and he warned us they were dark, but this! I wonder why they don't have a lamp going, or something."

"Because there is n't any image of the Virgin," said Estelle, lightly. "It's our just having come in from the sunshine makes it seem dark. It's getting lighter. Cheer up! It's good for you."

"It'll make me lose three pounds, I should n't wonder."

They spoke in whispers, because when they had pulled the bell-knob and the door had swung open, a voice from incalculable altitudes had shouted, "*Chi è?*" They had answered, as instructed, "*Amici*," and now they pictured somebody listening to their shuffling ascent.

At the top, in fact, stood Giovanna, who regarded them with an eye the color of strong black coffee and said, "*Riverisco!*"

The small old woman had a thin, bronze, Dantesque face, molded by a thousand indignations—all directed against proper objects of indignation—to a settled severity; a face of narrow, concentrated passions and perfect fidelity and a preference for few words. The friendly smiles of Aurora and Estelle produced in her a relenting; Courtesy here demanded a pleasant look, and Giovanna was always courteous. She stood aside for Gerald, who came to the very door to welcome these ladies.

The guests were now assembled. One of them was staying with Gerald—Abbé Johns, who had come for a few days from Leghorn, where he lived. The others were Mrs. Foss and Miss Seymour.

What had been in Mrs. Fane's time the drawing-room had since become also a studio.

The result of removing, first, many of the things that made the room a drawing-room, then, most of the things that made it a studio, left the place rather bare. It was according to Gerald's taste: few things in it, each having the merit of

either beauty or interest, else the excuse of utility.

Aurora had come in from the sunshine and cold with January roses in her cheeks and exhilaration in her blood. At sight of her beloved Mrs. Foss she laughed for joy. She rejoiced also to see Miss Seymour, who was one of her "likes," and she was immensely interested to meet the abbé, whom she knew to be Gerald's best friend, just as Estelle was hers. She loved Gerald for having just these people to meet them at tea, the ones he himself thought most of. She felt sweetly flattered at being made one of a company so choicely wise and good.

But the result was not exactly fortunate for the gaiety of the little party, if Aurora's laugh had been counted upon to enliven it. Far from shy though she was, she developed a disinclination to-day to speak. She was impressed by the abbé, for whom her conversation did not seem to her good enough.

The young priest, a convert to Catholicism, was Gerald's age, and had it not been for his collar, the cut of his coat, would have looked like a not at all unusual Englishman with blue eyes, curly, black hair, a touch of warm color in his shaven cheeks. Unless you sat across the tea-table from him and now and then, while he quietly and unassumingly talked, met his eyes.

He was talking with Estelle like any other young man whose conversation did not contain the faintest element of gallantry, and in return Estelle was talking to him with an ease that Aurora greatly marveled at.

Mrs. Foss, who had been talking of the Carnival now beginning, telling Aurora about *corsi* and *coriandoli* of the past as compared with the poor remnants of these customs, and describing the still-undiminished glories of a *veglione*, perceiving finally that the usually merry lady was on her best behavior to the point of almost complete taciturnity, from necessity addressed herself more directly to Miss Seymour, who shared the sofa with her; and from talking of *veglioni* the two slid into

talking of Florentine affairs more personal.

The task of entertaining Mrs. Hawthorne thus devolving upon Gerald, he took it up in a way that flatteringly presupposed in her an interest in general questions. His manner seemed to her very formal. She forgot that, innocent as their relations were, he yet could not before people speak to her with the lack of ceremony that in private made her feel they were real good friends.

As he was going on, in language that reminded her of a book, she interrupted him:

"Don't you want to show me your house?"

"I was going to suggest it," he said at once. "There are several things I should like to show you. Will you come?"

She rose to follow, losing some of her constraint.

"It's what we always do on the cape. When any one comes for the first time, we show them all over our house."

When they were outside the drawing-room door, she felt more like herself.

"Oh, I'm so glad I can't tell you to see the place where you live!" she expanded.

They went down the long corridor, past a closed door which he disappointingly did not open.

"It's a dark room we use to store things in," he explained. Neither did he open the door at the end of the hall. "It's Vincent's room," he said.

They turned into the darker, narrower corridor, bent again, and went toward the little window high over somebody else's garden. He ushered Mrs. Hawthorne into the kitchen, for here, near the ceiling, was the door-bell, and on it the well-known coat of arms, crown and cannon-balls, which testified to the age and aristocracy of the house.

While he sought to interest her in this curiosity, Aurora was looking at everything besides; for Giovanna was making preparations for dinner, and Aurora's thoughts were busy with the fowl she saw run on a long spit and waiting to be roasted before a bundle of sticks at the

back of the sort of masonry counter that served as kitchen stove.

"They do have the queerest ways of doing things!" she murmured.

He took her across the passage and into the dining-room. He wished to show her an old china tea-set, quaintly embellished with noble palaces and parks, that had been his great-grandmother's. There again she looked but casually at the thing he accounted fit for her examination, and carefully, if surreptitiously, at all the rest.

Last he showed her into the great, square interior room with the glass door on to the terrace over the court, the room which had been his mother's and was now his own, and where hung a portrait of his mother. On this Aurora fixed attentive and serious eyes, and had no need to feign feeling, for appropriate feelings welled in her heart.

"How gentle she looks!" she said softly. "And how much you must miss her!"

She stood for some time really trying to make acquaintance with the vanished woman through that faded pastel likeness of her in youth which Gerald kept where it had hung in her day, the portrait of herself which she womanishly preferred because, as she did not conceal, it flattered her.

"She looks like one of those persons you would have just loved to lift the burdens off and make everything smooth for," Aurora said; "and yet she looks like one of those persons who spend their whole lives trying to make things smooth for others."

"Yes," said Gerald to that artless description of the feminine woman his mother had been, and stood beside his guest, looking pensively up at the portrait.

All at once Aurora felt like crying. It had been increasing, the oppression to her spirits, ever since she entered this house to which she had come filled with gay anticipation and innocent curiosity. It had struck her from the first moment as gloomy, and it was undoubtedly cold, with its three sticks of wood ceremoniously smoking in the unaccustomed chimney-place. Its esthetic bareness had affected her like the meagerness of poverty. And now

it seemed to her sad, horribly so, haunted by the gentle ghosts of that mother and sister who had known and touched all these things, sat in the chairs, looked through the windows, and who conceivably came back in the twilight to flit over the uncarpeted floor and peer in the dim mirrors to see how much the grave had changed them. She shivered. Yes, cold and bare and sad seemed Gerald's dwelling. And Gerald, whose very bearing was a dignified denial that anything about himself or his circumstances could call for compassion—Gerald, thin and without color, looked to her cold-pinched and under-nourished. She had a sense of his long evenings alone, drearily without fire, his solitary meals in that dining-room so unsuggestive of good cheer; she thought of that single candle on the night-table burning in this cold, large room where he went to bed in that bed of iron, laying his head on that small hair pillow, to dream bitter dreams of a fair girl's treachery.

She wanted to turn to him protesting: "Oh, I can't stand it! What makes you do it?"

His next words changed the current of her thoughts.

"I have another portrait of my mother," he said; "one I painted, which I will show you if you care to see it."

She cheered up.

"Do! do!" she urged heartily. "I 'm crazy to see something you 've painted."

"You won't care for my painting," he pronounced without hesitation; "but the portrait gives a good idea of my mother, I think, when she was older than this."

They returned to the drawing-room, where their friends were in the same way engaged as when they left them. One pair was looking at a large illustrated book; the other two sat leaning toward each other talking in undertones.

Gerald and Aurora crossed the room unhailed and entered the room beyond, where dusty canvases, many deep, stood face to the wall.

He found the unframed painting of his mother and placed it on the easel. The short winter day was waning, but near

the window where the easel stood there was still light enough to see by.

Aurora looked a long time without saying anything; neither did Gerald speak. After the length of time one allows for the examination of a picture, he took away that one and put another in its place; and so on until he had shown her a dozen.

"I don't know what to say," she finally got out, as if from under a crushing burden of difficulty to express herself.

"Please don't try!" he begged quickly. "And please don't care a bit if you don't like them."

She let out her breath as at the easing of a strain. He heard it.

"I won't be so offensive," he went on, "as to say that in not liking them you merely add yourself to the majority, nor yet that my feelings are in no wise hurt by your failure to like them. But I do wish you to know that I think it a sin and a shame to get a person like you, who can't pretend a bit, before a lot of beastly canvases inevitably repugnant to your mood and temperament, and make you uncomfortable with the feeling that compliments are expected."

"All right, then; I won't tell any lies." She added in a sigh, "I did want so much to like them!"

And he would never know what shining bubble burst there. She had wanted so much, as she said, to like them, and, as she did not say, to buy some of them, a great many of them, and make him rich with her gold.

He replied to her sigh:

"You are very kind."

After a moment spent gazing at the last painting placed on the easel, as if she hoped tardily to discover some merit in it, she said:

"I don't know a thing about painting, so nothing I could say about your way of doing it could matter one way or the other. But I have eyes to see the way things and people look. Tell me, now, honest Injun, do they look that way to you—the way you paint them?"

He laughed.

"Mrs. Hawthorne, no! Emphatically no. And emphatically yes. When I look at them as you do, in the street, across the table, they look to me probably just as they do to you; but when I sit down to paint them—yes, they look to me as I have shown them looking in these portraits."

"But they're so sad! So sad it's cruel!" she objected.

"Oh, no," he objected to her objection; "it's not quite as bad as that."

"They make me perfectly miserable."

He whipped the canvas off the easel, saying dryly:

"Don't think of them again!"

It looked like impatience. With hands thrust in his pockets he took a purposeless half-turn in the room, then came back to her side.

"If you totally detest them, I am sorry," he said mildly. "I had wanted to offer you one, a little, unobtrusive one to stick in some corner, a token of the artist's regard."

"Oh, do! do!" she grasped at his friendly tender. "Find a cheerful little one, if you can. I shall love to have it."

He selected a small panel of a single tall, palely expanding garden poppy, more gray than violet, against a background of shade. Flower though it was, it still affected one like the portrait of a lady wronged and suffering.

In the drawing-room to which they returned Giovanna had lighted a lamp. The fire had properly caught and was burning more brightly; the place looked rosy and warm, after the winter twilight filling the other room and the chill that reigned there.

Aurora returned to the tea-table; with a disengaged air she reached for plum-cake. She ascertained with comfort that Mrs. Foss did not look sad or Estelle ill used; that the abbé was as serene as ever and Miss Seymour, after her talk with Mrs. Foss, rather serener than usual. Gerald was far jollier than any of his portraits. To make sure that she was no depressing object herself, she smiled the warmest, sunniest smile she was capable of.

"Do come and talk a little bit with me before I have to go home!" she unexpectedly called out to the abbé.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Gerald asked Mrs. Hawthorne to sit for him, she stared in his face without a word.

"Don't be afraid," he hastened to reassure her; "I engage to paint a portrait you will like."

She felt herself blush for the dismay she had not been able to conceal, and to hide this embarrassment she lifted to her face not the handkerchief or the bouquet with which beauty is wont to cover the telltale signal in the cheek, but a wee dog, as white as a handkerchief and no less sweet than a bouquet. She rubbed her nose fondlingly in the soft silk of his breast, while, tickled, he tried, with baby growls and an exposure of sharp pin teeth, to get a bite at it.

Gerald looked on with simple pleasure. Because he had given Aurora that dog. On the day of making a scene because she was to receive a dog from Hunt he had set to work to find one for her himself, the prior possession of which would make it natural to decline Charlie's, if, as Gerald doubted, Charlie's offer had been anything more than facile compliment. And now, instead of the torment to his nerves of seeing her fondle and kiss a brute of Charlie's, he had the not disagreeable spectacle of her pressing to her warm and rosy face an animal that related her caresses, even if loosely and distantly, to a less unworthy object. Sour and sad, dried up and done with women, a man still has feelings.

It would be unfair not to add that something better than primeval jealousy actuated Gerald, at the same time as, no doubt, some tincture of that. A sort of impersonal delicacy made the idea disagreeable to him of a dear, nice woman cherishing with the foolish fondness such persons bestow on their pets the gift of a friend whom she, in taking his loyalty for granted, overrated, as he thought.

The dog he had selected to present to her belonged to a breed for which he had respect as well as affection, crediting to Maltese terriers, besides all the sterling dog virtues, a discretion, a fineness of feeling rare enough among humans. That Gerald kept no dog was due to the fact that he was still under the impression of the illness and death of his last, Lucile's pet and his mother's, who had been his companion until a year or two before, a senile, self-controlled little personage of the Maltese variety.

Having decided to give Mrs. Hawthorne a dog, Gerald had spent some hours watching the several components of one litter as they disported themselves in the flagged court of a peasant house, and had fixed upon one dusty ball of fluff rather than another upon solid indications of character.

Snowy after strenuous purifications at the hands of Giovanna, sweet-smelling from the pinch of orris powder rubbed in his fur, and brave with a cherry ribbon, he was taken from the breast of Gerald's overcoat and deposited in the hands of Aurora, whose delight expressed itself in sounds suggestive of an ogreish craving to eat the little beast. Estelle did the same. There was no difference in the affection the two instantly bestowed on this dog.

When Gerald encouraged Mrs. Hawthorne to decide for herself how she should like to be painted, she decided first of all to have Busteretto on her lap; but that was afterward given up: he wiggled. Then her white ostrich fan in her hand, her pearls around her neck, her diamond stars in her hair, a cluster of roses at her corsage, her best dress on, and an opera-cloak thrown over the back of her chair.

Catching, as she thought, a look of irony on Gerald's face, she had a return of suspicion.

"See here," she said, observing him narrowly, "there 's no trick about this, is there?"

"Not the shadow of one. Please trust me, Mrs. Hawthorne. This is to be a portrait entirely satisfactory as well as entirely resembling. It is like you to de-

sire to be painted with your plumes and pearls and roses, and they are very becoming. I shall put them in with pleasure. I know you do not believe I can paint a portrait to suit you. Very well. Grant me the favor of a chance to try. We shall see."

It was true that she did not believe it, but she was so willing to hope. One of the up-stairs rooms at the back was chosen for the sittings because the light through its windows was less variable. The necessary artist's baggage was brought over from Gerald's, and the work began.

Charcoal in hand, he regarded Mrs. Hawthorne quietly and lengthily through half-closed eyes.

"You have not one good feature," he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Oh!"—she started out of the pose they had after much experimenting decided upon—"oh! is that the way you 're going to pay me for keeping still on a chair by the hour?"

"You have no eyebrows to speak of."

"What do you mean? Yes, I have, too; lots of them; lovely ones. Only they don't show. They 're fair, to match my hair."

"You are undershot."

"What 's that?"

"Your lower jaw closes outside of your upper."

"Oh, but so little! Just enough to take the curse off an otherwise too perfect beauty."

As she curled up the corners of her mouth in an affected smirk, he quickly shifted his glance, with a horrible suspicion that she was crossing her eyes.

"Faultless features," he went on after a time, in commentary on his earlier remark, "do not by any means always make a beautiful face," politely leading her to suppose he meant that to be without them was no great misfortune.

Estelle came into the room for company. She brought her sewing, one of those elegant pieces of handiwork that give to idleness a good conscience. Gerald felt her delicately try to get acquainted with him. She was not as altogether void of intellectual curiosity as her friend. She would

seem to care about discovering further what sort of man he was mentally, what his ideas were on a variety of subjects. Also, but even more delicately, to interest him, just a little bit, in her own self and ideas.

He was grateful to her, and did what he could to show himself responsive. With the portrait began the period of a less perfunctory relation between them. They had talks sometimes that Aurora declared, without trace of envy, were 'way above her head.

Gerald now made the acquaintance of a new member of the household. She came into the room bearing a small tray with a hot-water pot and a cup. She took this to Aurora, who helped herself to plain hot water, explaining:

"I am trying to 'redooc.' This is good for what ails me, they say. But I could never in the world think of it. Clotilde thinks of it for me, and she 's that punctual! Clotilde, you 're too punctual with this stuff. You don't suppose I like it?"

"But think, Madame, of the sylph's form that it will give you!" replied Clotilde, in respectably good English.

"I do think of it. Give me another cup. Mr. Fane, this is Miss—no, I won't launch on that name. It 's Italo's sister, who has saved our lives and become our greatest blessing."

Clotilde exposed in smiling a fine array of white teeth. She was not at all like her brother, but well-grown, white and pink beneath her neat head-dress of crisp black hair. She impressed Gerald as belonging to a different and better class. If she was vulgar, it was at least not in the same way. She appeared like that paradox, a lady of the working-class, with a distinguishing air of capability, good humor, and openness. The latter Gerald was not disposed absolutely to trust, but he was glad to trust all the rest.

One day Mrs. Hawthorne asked:

"Is n't that picture far enough along for you to let me see it?"

"No, Mrs. Hawthorne."

"Will you let me see it when it 's far enough along?"



"Aurora, clasping her hands in a delight that could find no words to express it, made a sound like the coo of a dove"

"No."

"I think you 're real mean. How much longer will it take to finish it?"

"Does sitting bore you so much?"

"Land, no! Bore me? I perfectly love it! It 's like taking a sea-voyage with a person. You see more of them in a week or two than you would in the same number of years on land. I 'm getting to feel I know you quite well."

"Was n't it clever of me to think of the portrait?"

"Go 'way! D' you see anything green in my eye? As I was saying, I 'm getting to know you pretty well. You get mad awful' easy, don't you? But you don't hate people, really, nearly as much as I do, that it takes a lot to make mad. There are people in this world that I hate—oh, how I hate 'em! I hate 'em so I could almost put their eyes out. But you, Stickly-prickly, when it comes right to it, I notice you make a lot of allowance for people. Do you know, when it comes right to it, you 're one of the patientest persons I know. I 'd take my chances with you for a judge a lot sooner than I 'd like to with loads of people who are n't half so ready to call you a blame' fool."

"While you have been making these valuable discoveries in character, what do you suppose I have been doing, Mrs. Hawthorne?" asked Gerald, after the time it would take to bow ceremoniously in acknowledgment of a compliment.

"Oh, finding out things about me, I suppose."

"Not things. One thing. I had known you for some length of time before my felicitous invention of the portrait, you remember, and as you are barely more elusive than the primary colors, or more intricate than the three virtues, I did not suppose I had anything more to learn. But I had. It can't be said I did n't suspect it. I had seen signs of it. I smelled it, as it were. But I had no idea of its extent, its magnitude, its importance. It is simply amazing, bewildering—funny."

"For goodness' sake, what?" she cried, breathless with interest.

"I can't tell you. It would ill become

me to say. The least mention of it on my part would be the height of impertinence. The thing is none of my business. Be so kind as to resume the pose, Mrs. Hawthorne, and to keep very, very still, like a good girl. Do not speak, please, for some time; I am working on your mouth."

Gerald had indeed been astonished, amused, appalled. He had in a general way known that Mrs. Hawthorne was prodigal, the impression one received of her at first sight prepared one to find her generous; but he had formed no idea of the ease and magnificence with which she got rid of money.

In the time so far devoted to painting her he had grown quite accustomed to a little scene that almost daily repeated itself—a scene which he, busy at his side of the room, was presumably not supposed to see, or, if he saw it, to think anything about.

Clotilde would come in with a look of great discretion, a smile of great modesty, and stand hesitating, like a person with a communication to make, but not sufficient boldness to interrupt. Aurora, always glad to drop the pose, would excuse herself to Gerald and ask what Clotilde wanted. Clotilde would then approach and speak low, not so low, however, but that despite him messages and meanings were telegraphed to Gerald's brain. The look itself of the unsealed envelop in Clotilde's hand was to Gerald's eye full of information. She would sometimes extract and unfold a document for Aurora to look at; but Aurora would wave it aside with a careless, "You know I could n't read it if I wanted to." At the end of the murmured conference Aurora would say, "Will you go and get my pocket-book? It 's in my top drawer," and when this had been brought, her dimpled hand would take from it and give to Clotilde bills of twenty, of fifty, of a hundred francs, hardly appearing to count. Sometimes she would say: "I 'm afraid I have n't enough. I shall have to make out a check."

Gerald's flair, and knowledge of his Florence, enabled him perfectly to divine

what was in question. He was only puzzled as to why these transactions should not have taken place at a more private hour, and acutely observed that they took place when they could, this being when Estelle was out of the way. Clotilde also had flair.

After Clotilde had retired, Aurora one morning, having imperfectly understood what her money was wanted for, puckered her brows over the letters that, through an oversight, had remained in her hands. She held one out to Gerald to translate. It was from the united chorus-singers of Florence, a simple, direct, and ingenuous appeal for a gratuity. Another letter was from a poor young girl who wished for money to buy her wedding outfit. Another from a poor man out of work.

Gerald could have laughed. But he did not, nor made any remark. He did not dislike seeing those voracious maws stuffed with a fat morsel. He knew as much of the real poverty in Florence as of the innocent impudence of many poor, with their lingering medieval outlook upon the relations of the poor and the rich. He sided with those against these. Singularly, perhaps, he regarded himself as belonging among the latter, the rich. He was glad the chorus-singers and the *sposina* and the worried *padre di famiglia* were going to be made glad by rich crumbs from Aurora's board; but he could not help uneasiness for the future, when the famished locusts, still approaching single scout, should precipitate themselves in battalions, when the whole of Florence should have got the glad tidings and gathered impetus.

Well, Clotilde was there. Clotilde would know pertinent discourses to hold to the brazen beggars when their shamelessness passed bounds. Meanwhile Gerald could see that she enjoyed this distributing of good things among her fellow-citizens. Not that she was strongly disposed to charity. He did not believe she gave away anything of her own; but she loved to see Aurora give. After a life spent in a home where the lumps of sugar were counted and the coffee-beans kept

under lock and key, it attracted her like wild, incredible romance.

It would have hurt her to behold this unproductive output, no doubt, had it not been a mere foreigner who lost what her own people gained, money, besides, that could never have benefited her, and that came nearer to benefiting her when spent in that manner than in another. Clotilde, loyal in service, giving more than good measure, offering, besides, all the pleasant fruits of a visible devotion, could yet not be expected to have, or, to state it more fairly, was not supposed by Gerald to have, any real bowels for this outsider, who might for one thing be drawing from bottomless gold-mines, or, if she were not, would suffer a ruin she had richly deserved. And might it not in aftertimes profit her, Clotilde, to have been instrumental to this person and that in obtaining money from the millionaire? The shops recognized such a title to reward, and offered it regularly to such private middlemen as herself for a careful guiding of the dispensing hand, and this without the feeling on any side that it was the payment of the unjust steward.

Gerald did not in the least despise Clotilde, poor Clotilde, with her nose like a little white trumpet between her downy pink and white cheeks, for this businesslike outlook and use of her position. It would have been different if she had been a friend and gentleman.

THE portrait did not progress rapidly. Gerald was not hurrying. On Gerald's lips as he painted there played an ambiguous smile, privately derisive of his work and the fun he was having.

He would come from the winter world into the room which the American kept enervatingly warm, a pernicious practice. One could not deny, however, that the body relaxed in it with a sense of well-being, after steeling itself to resist the insidious Italian cold, exuding from damp pavements and blown on the sharp *tramontana*; that cold which is never, if measured by the thermometer, severe, but against which clothing seems ineffectual.

The blood does not react against it; the blood shrinks away, and stagnates around the heart.

He would change his coat for a velvet jacket, not in order to be picturesque, but to keep his coat-cuffs clean. He was as particular as an old maid, Aurora told him, before he had been caught absent-mindedly wiping paint off on his hair.

The fair model would get her chair-legs into correspondence with certain chalk-marks on the carpet, be helped to find her pose, and having made herself comfortable, turn on him blue eyes, with a faint brown shadow under them—blue eyes that wore a sheepish look until she presently forgot she was sitting for her picture. She was pressed to keep her opera-cloak over her shoulders, lest she take cold in her décolleté; the high fur collar made an effective background for her face. Then he would suddenly fall to painting, and the hours of the forenoon would fly.

An amiable woman would now and then make a remark, easily jocular. Another amiable woman—soothing presences, both—would answer. Or he would answer; there would be an interlude of familiar talk, rest and laughing and throwing a ball for a scampering puppy. At noon an end to labor. He would remain for lunch, that meal of cheery luxury, immorally abundant. After it he would still linger in this house, bright and warm with fires, smoking cigarettes in a chair as luxuriously soft as those curling clouds on which are seen throning the gods in ceiling frescos, and grow further day by day into the intimacy of the amiable women. In full afternoon they would ask him if he would go out with them in their carriage, take an airing, and return for dinner; or, if he obstinately declined, might they set him down somewhere. He would make a point of not accepting, and hurry off afoot with his damp umbrella.

Although Gerald had enlightened contempt for the sensuous comfort he was taking in the fleshpots of the Hermitage, there was in it one element which he did not analyze merely to despise.

He was aware of it most often after Estelle had left the room. He settled down then for a time of heightened well-being. It was observable that the sitter also took on a faintly different air. Often at that moment she would vaguely, purposelessly, smile over to him, and he would smile in absolute reciprocity. They would not seize the opportunity for more personal exchange of talk. All would go on as before. He had nothing to say to Aurora or she to him that could not have been said before an army of witnesses. Yet it was to him as if a touch of magic had removed an impediment, and the mysterious effluvium which made the vicinity of Mrs. Hawthorne calming, healing to him, had a chance to flow and steep his nerves in a blessed quiet, a quiet which—one hardly knows how to describe such a thing—was at the same time also an excitement.

Mrs. Hawthorne in talk was cheap as echoes of a traveling-circus tent: you had the simple fooling of the clown, the plain good sense of the farmer's wife, the children's ebullient joy in the show. But Mrs. Hawthorne in silence and abstraction was allied to things august and mysterious, things far removed from her own thoughts. These, while she sat in her foolish jewels, unsuitable by day, were very likely busy with her house, her dress-maker, the doings of her little set, gossip, the personal affairs—who knows?—of the painter painting her. But, profounder than words or thoughts, Mrs. Hawthorne's essential manner of being related her to those forces of the world which the ancient mind figured in the shapes of women. There was something present in her of the basic kindness of old Earth, who wants to feed everybody, is ready to give her breast to all the children.

Her robust joyousness reposed, one felt, on a reality, some great fact that made angers and anxieties irrational.

The student of faces could not have maintained that he got these impressions of his sitter through his eyes. It was more, after all, like a reflection received on the sensitive plate of his heart.

ONE day Gerald began to hurry. He had had enough of it. The portrait was finished in a few hours. The ladies were not permitted to see it. They were made to wait until it was varnished and framed in one of the great, bright Florentine frames of which they were fond.

Gerald, while they took their first long, rapt look, stood at one side, with a smile like a faun's when a faun is Mephistophelian.

Aurora, clasping her hands in a delight that could find no words to express it, made a sound like the coo of a dove.

Estelle echoed this exclamation, but her charmed surprise did not ring so true, if any one had been watchful enough to seize the shade of difference. Because, not having been made to give a promise, she had from time to time taken a look privately at the painting during its progress. Aurora had known of this and been sorely tempted to do the same, but had resisted the temptation, afraid of Gerald's bad opinion.

"My soul!" she murmured, really much moved.

Of course she knew that the portrait flattered her; but she felt as Lauras and Leonoras and Lucastas no doubt felt when their poets celebrated them under ideal forms in which their friends and families would have had trouble to recognize them. The pride of having inspired an immortal masterpiece must have stirred their hearts to gratitude toward the gifted beings able to see them disencumbered from their faults, and fix them for the contemplation of their own eyes and their neighbors' as they had been at the best moment of their brightest hour.

In the days when La Grande Made-moiselle was painted as Minerva, Aurora's portrait might have been called "Mrs. Hawthorne as Venus." The expression of her face was as void of history as the fair goddess's. The tender beam of pleasure lighting it suggested that she might that moment have been awarded the apple. The portrait was, nevertheless, in a way, "Aurora all over," as Estelle pronounced it, but an Aurora whose im-

perfections had been smoothed out of existence, and with them her humor; an Aurora whose good working complexion, as she called it, had been turned to lilies and roses, her hair of mortal gold to immortal sunshine, and those sagacious orbs of blue, which made friends for her by their twinkle, into melting azure stars.

The painter had, besides, glorified every detail of the setting, the rich fabric of the dress, the creamy feathers of the fan, even the roses of the breast-knot. The pearls and diamonds he had amused himself with making larger than they were, and filled these with a winking fire, those with a lambent luster. But Gerald had no mind when he indulged in satire to be gross. The whole was dainty, as shimmering as a soap-bubble, and of a fineness that rightly commended it to lovers of beautiful surfaces.

"I don't care," burst from Aurora, as if in reply to an inaudible criticism, "I just love it! I don't care if it is flattered. I could hug you for it, Gerald Fane. I think it's perfectly lovely. It's going to be a solid satisfaction. By and by, when my double chin has caught up with me, and I'm a homely old thing, and nobody knows what I did look like in my prime, I'll have this to show them. By that time, with my brain weakening, I hope I shall have come to thinking it was as like me as two peas. There's some reason for living now."

Every caller was taken to see the portrait, and heard Mrs. Hawthorne's opinion of the talented artist. The majority of visitors candidly shared her admiration, though not one woman among them can have failed to say to herself that the portrait was flattered. But with a portrait of oneself to have executed, who would not prefer the brush that makes beautiful?

Interest spread in the painter, whose work few even of the Florentines knew except from hearsay. No one who saw Mrs. Hawthorne's portrait was very clearly aware—such is fame!—that it was for Fane a departure. Until, of course, it came to Leslie. She stood a long time before the painting, then exclaimed:

"What a joke!"

But she was inclined to take the same view as Mrs. Hawthorne, that when he could paint like that it was a pity Gerald should not do it oftener, to build up a reputation and fill his purse. She only would have advised him not to go quite so far another time in the same direction.

As Gerald, the portrait finished, came no more to the house, fairly as if modesty could not have endured the compliments showered upon him, Aurora with a communication to make had to square herself before her desk in the room of the red flowers and painstakingly pen a note.

Aurora, when taking pains, wrote the cleanest, clearest, most characterless hand that was ever seen outside of a school copy-book, and took pride in it. Aurora's language, when she applied herself to composition, lost the last vestige of color and life. She wrote:

My dear Mr. Fane:

You have not been to see us for a long time, and so I am obliged to write what I have to say. It is that our friends *cannot say enough* in praise of your portrait of me, and Mrs. Bixby, an American who is staying at the Pension Trollope, wants to have one just like it—one, of course, I mean, as much like her as that is like me, but not a bit more. But before she decides she wants to know what it will cost. And that brings me to the question, What is the price of my picture? Please, let me beg you to make it *a figure I shall not blush to pay* for such a *fine piece of work*. Make it a price that agrees with my estimate of the picture rather than your very *modest* one. I shall be glad, you ought to know, to pay anything you say. You could n't, if you tried, make it seem too much for me to pay for *such a fine piece of work*. I have got up in the middle of the night and gone down to look

at it with a candle, and stood till I began to sneeze, I like it so much, though I know it's too good-looking. So please set a good price on it and not *make me feel mean* taking it. Then I'll tell Mrs. Bixby what I paid. She's got plenty of money, and even if she beats you down, it will be better if she knows I paid a big price. You have such a wonderful talent it ought to make your fortune, and so it will by and by. Don't forget that we are always glad to see you and that you have n't been for quite a while.

Yours sincerely,

AURORA HAWTHORNE.

P.S. What do you think Buseretto did? He saw me pouring some water into a bowl and imagined I was going to give him a bath. So he went to hide under the grate. Then of course he had to have a bath, which he would n't have had to otherwise. He sends much love.

Another P.S. I meant to tell you we have got a box for the *veglione* (I hope that is the way to spell it), on the last night of the Carnival. We have only asked the Fosses so far, and we want you to be sure to save that night to come with us.

Gerald, having read, sat down and wrote, with a disregard to the delicacy of his hair-lines and the shading of his down-strokes that would have furnished a poor example to anybody:

The portrait, my dear Mrs. Hawthorne, is a gift, for which I will not even accept thanks, as it is, your kind opinion notwithstanding, absolutely without value. One sole point of interest it has, that of a future curiosity—the only thing of the kind that will have been painted in his whole lifetime by

Your devoted friend,

G. F.

Shall I find you at home this evening?



Hays seated before an Andean hotel

Human Nature in the Andes

Four episodes of a walking trip from Bogotá to Quito

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," "Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras," etc.

MAILING A NOTE-BOOK

IF my knowledge of Cartago, Colombia, is meager, it is because I spent most of my days there in mailing a note-book. The post-office was the lower-corner room of a compressed-mud building cornering on the plaza, with heavy wooden doors studded with immense spike-heads, and securely bolted when I first made my appearance.

"Is the *correo* closed to-day?" I asked a loungee-by.

"Sí, Señor; the mails came in yesterday. But you can knock, and perhaps—"

But knocking brought no result. An hour or more later I tried again, with no better luck. At last, early the next afternoon, I found my way in by an inner door of the courtyard, though the place was still officially closed.

The two dried-mud rooms looked much

like a garret, but by no means like a post-office. Scattered everywhere, over floor and baked-mud window-seats, on decrepit chairs and crippled tables, lay fat, gorged mail-bags from the chief countries of the globe, all stout, new bags. The outgoing Colombian mail was already packed in aged grain-sacks. The mail-train had arrived barely forty-eight hours before, hence few of the incoming bags had yet been opened. Pieces of mail of all sizes littered the entire two rooms, fully half of it from the United States, and that mostly pamphlets and packages from patent-medicine houses. Four men between the ages of forty and fifty, dressed with great dignity and in Cartago's most correct attire, their gloves and canes laid on chairs beside them, were seated around a table smoking cigarettes. Apparently they were deceiving themselves and one another into the notion that they were work-

ing. I handed them the wrapped notebook. It passed slowly from hand to hand, each feeling of it, not so much out of curiosity, though that was by no means lacking, as absent-mindedly striving to bring their attention down to it. Then all four of them fell to perusing a postal-union rate-sheet, but found everything except what they were looking for. Finally one of them rose and referred the matter with great respect to a man, evidently a superior, seated in state at a corner table. The rate was found to be one peso for every fifty grams. One of the officials took the package again and wandered for some time about the two rooms, feeling the parcel inch by inch, turning it over and over, scratching his head, and striving in vain to recall what he had set out to look for.

He found it at last, the ancient pair of scales, tried them, found them too small, tried another pair, and spent five minutes juggling with the odds and ends that served as weights before he computed the balance. Then he drifted languidly back to his companions in inefficiency, opened his mouth as if to speak, closed it again, and wandered back across the room to the scales. He had forgotten the weight! The second time he took no chances, but

announced the figures aloud and wrote them on the package, "320 grams." He who does not know the South-American will have difficulty in believing that the division of this by fifty, without troubling for fractions, presented a real problem to a post-office force. Each and all of the four began penciling long lines of figures on as many sheets of paper. A long minute passed before one of them ventured to show his result; the others compared theirs, and amid a sage shaking of heads they announced the result of their lucubrations, "Seven cents, Señor." All four gazed dreamily at me, as if they were wondering whether I would weather the shock of so great an expense.

"And registered, seventeen cents?" I suggested, for I did not care to have the package lie about the earth floor of Cartago's post-office a month or two, or find its final resting-place in the back yard of one of the quartet overcome by cupidity or curiosity as to its mysterious contents.

When the suggestion had penetrated to whatever deep-seated nook of their flabby anatomies governed their actions, one of them sat down to enter the grave transaction in a large ledger. I still needed a two-cent stamp. Another of the four moved to the opposite side of the table,



A typical post-office. The weekly mail-train unloading



A familiar sight in the Andes: a mule pack-train and a typical Andean highway

sat down, adjusted his legs, and slowly pulled out a drawer stuffed with every manner of rubbish,—tobacco, rolled cigarettes, half-empty vials of patent medicine, everything that may come by mail,—and finally dug out a dog-eared pasteboard box that had once held thread. From this he fished out a small sheet of two-peso stamps, carefully tore off one at the perforation, first on one side then on the other, put the sheet back in the thread-box, the thread-box back in the drawer, carefully closed the latter, and finally handed me the stamp. I tossed before him a silver ten-cent piece. Slowly he opened the drawer again, dug out of a far corner a wad of those ragged, germ-infested one-cent bills indigenous to Colombia, counted out eight of them, counted them a second time, sat staring at them a long minute while his attention went on furlough, asked one of his colleagues to count them, which he also did twice at the same vertiginous speed, and finally pushed them toward me with a hesitating movement, as if he was sure he was losing somewhere on the transaction, but could not exactly figure out where.

Meanwhile he of the ledger arose from dotting the last *i* of an entry that stretched in nicely shaded, copy-book letters entirely

across the double page, begged me with great courtesy to be seated, dipped the clumsy steel pen carefully into the dusty ink-well, and, with a wealth of politeness that I could more easily have excused had it left him time to groom his finger-nails, requested me to sign the ledger. When I had signed and risen, he gazed long and dreamily at the ledger, longer still at space in general, and finally put the package carefully away in a drawer with neither stamp nor mark of identification upon it.

"But," I protested, "do I get no receipt for registered mail?"

Great excitement arose among the officials and the half dozen persons who had been waiting ostensibly to buy a one-cent stamp. A long conference ensued.

"It is, Señor," said the postmaster himself, rising and turning to me with regal courtesy, "that no blank receipts have been sent from Bogotá yet this year. However—"

He called aside the custodian of the precious ledger and gave him long and whispered instructions. The latter hunted up a sheet of foolscap, stamped it carefully with the office seal, and wrote out with long, regal flourishes—for penmanship is still an art in Colombia—a receipt for the package. This he tore off and



An echo of the fashionable world in the Andes: a subprefect and his family

carried across to the postmaster, who, carefully preparing another pen, signed it with his full name in great flourishes, not forgetting to add the rubric beneath it. Then he read the document carefully over once more, seemed dissatisfied with something about it, and finally called the attention of the secretary to the rough edge he had left in tearing it off, instructing him to lay it under a ruler and trim the edge with a sharp knife. He of the ledger did so, and at last delivered to me a memento I still have in my possession. Through it all the entire office force looked on without even offering to attend to the unpressing wants of their as curious fellow-townsmen.

To one unacquainted with Latin-American ways the episode may seem overdrawn. I have told it, however, entirely without exaggeration. From the moment I handed over the package until I emerged, receipt in hand, there had elapsed one hour and twenty minutes.

Nor is such a scene in the least unusual. From the Rio Grande southward government offices are filled with just such human driftwood, and it is common experience to see several staid and pompous men in frock-coats spend more than an hour

doing what an average American boy would do in two minutes. It is not even confined to "the provinces." The old stamp-seller in the main post-office of Bogotá tears off a stamp and sells it in a manner to suggest he is writing his last will and testament.

LODGINGS BY FLATTERY

ONE afternoon Hays and I descended the slope of an Andean ridge to a place called Tohecito, with a river and several huts all cut off from the wind, an excellent spot in which to spend the night. But none of the huts scattered along the way admitted itself to be an inn. One after another each gave us the time-worn Spanish answer, "*Más arriba,*" and pointed away up the face of a perpendicular rocky and wooded mountain before us. There being no escape, we took to zigzagging up it, gasping for breath, and cheered on by the information that there was a good posada somewhere far above. Not that we were over-hopeful, for it had too often been our experience that the beneficence of such places consisted in doubtful permission to sleep on the earth floor or a table, even with the none-too-likely luck of talking over the keeper, or more probably the keeper's wife,



A hotel patio. Neither the colors nor the smells show in the picture

and of reaching it before its advantages were already bulging with other travelers. An hour of still steeper ascent brought to view "Volcancito," an unusually large building on a bleak slope, having at a distance the appearance of a cut-stone structure, but which we well knew was only sun-baked mud.

It was verging on night when we entered the dining-room, which was also the back yard, overrun by a large family of small girls each in a single thin cotton garment, knee-high, despite the wintry mountain air. Chickens, dogs, and gaunt, self-assertive pigs wandered everywhere without restraint. A rotund woman of slovenly figure slouched in a corner sewing garments too small for the smallest child in sight. Our plea for lodging she treated with scorn. "Volcancito" was a *posada*, not a hotel, the difference between the two in Spanish-America being that in a hotel the traveler is permitted to expect certain conveniences while in a *posada* he accepts with a smile of gratitude whatever fortune chooses to furnish him.

"We have but two guest-rooms," she snapped when we persisted, as if the mere giving of the information was an unusual favor. "One this señor and his wife and

baby have, and the other belongs to the *arrieros*."

The more successful guest, much overdressed for such a journey, with a remarkably beautiful young wife, was a handsome young fellow, an actor on his way from the Cauca to Bogotá.

"But there are five rooms on this side of the house," I suggested.

"Family rooms," snapped the woman.

"But this little room in the corner?"

"Belongs to the servant," she mumbled, projecting her lips toward a slatternly young female who was at that moment pursuing a thieving pig from the dungeon-like kitchen.

"Anything will do," sighed Hays, gazing abstractedly after the servant.

But the landlady was not then in a mood for crude jests.

"There is a fine house with rooms and beds just four *cuadras* farther on," she lied, with that fluent indifference common to Spanish-speaking countries as to what becomes of an importunate guest so long as he can be got rid of quickly and without annoyance. Fortunately, this was by no means my first experience with the race, or we might have tramped about all night on the mountain-top in a cold as penetrating as January in our own land. I slipped from

under my bundles, and took on the suave manner that is the last resort with the apathetic people of the Andes. We had resolved to spend the night there, though it be only in walking the floor, but nothing is more fatal than to appear anxious in such situations. We affected a cheery indifference and a pretense of having accepted her verdict.

What fine, red-cheeked little girls she had, so pretty and healthy! Indeed, they looked like Irish children. Was she not from the Cauca Valley? She was. Ah, the splendid Cauca, the most beautiful—

She was soon lost in a panegyric of her native valley as she shuffled from kitchen to sewing-machine and back again.

"Fine, indeed," I agreed, "and in only a day or two we shall be there. So what matters a night or two of freezing in the mountains? By the way, *la señora* can perhaps sell us a bit of coffee and a bite to eat before we set out to tramp in the mountains all night?"

She grunted assent, and half an hour later we were seated before a plentiful, if not epicurean, meal. Before we had finished she remarked casually that we might "arrange ourselves" in the room with the arrieros. The mule-driver is seldom a pleasant bedfellow, but compared with a night out of doors, probably with rain, at two miles above sea-level, any arrangement was welcome.

We had fancied lodging had been refused us because we were foreigners, but soon after supper we were undeceived. Out of the darkness came the sound of horses' feet, and as it ceased there burst in upon us a handsome, fluent young Colombian of somewhat dissolute appearance, in the *ruana*, false trousers, ringing cart-wheel spurs, and all the hundred and one articles the rules of society require of a Colombian of the *gente decente* who travels a horse. In the explosive speech of his class he gave greeting and requested lodging.

"*No hay*," answered the woman in the same cold, indifferent voice she had used to us. The traveler began dancing on air, waving about him in his excitement his

delicate, ladylike hands, on which gleamed several rings, Latin eloquence worthy a world congress pouring from his lips, his eyes seeming to spurt fire.

"*No hay*," repeated the woman in the same monotonous voice.

"But, *Señora*, it is imperative! I have a lady with me!" A striking young thing, too, we noted by a glance through the doorway. "Anything will do, such as these rooms—"

"Family," grunted the *caucana*.

"But your guest-rooms?"

"One this señor and wife and baby have. The other belongs to the arrieros, and also," jerking her head slightly toward us, "to these two caballeros."

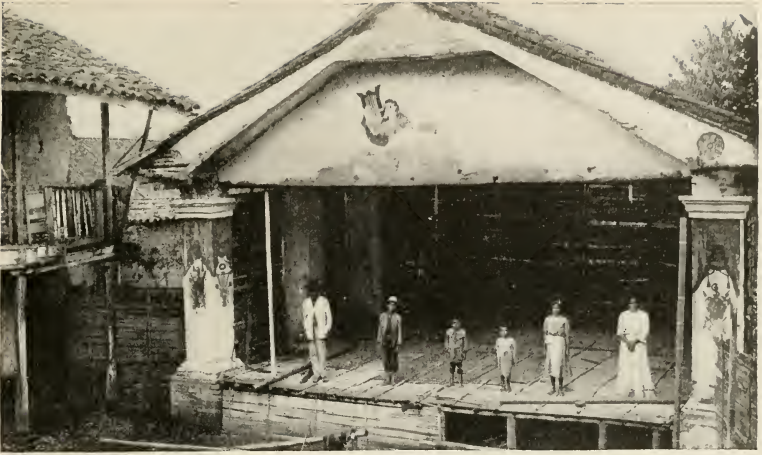
"But what am I to do," shrieked the Colombian, "and a lady with me?"

The woman continued her sewing without looking up, mumbled a "*¿Quién sabe?*" with a careless shrug of the shoulders that said as plainly as words, "Why, you can go to the devil, or lie down in the road and die, or anything else that is convenient, so far as I am concerned," and after a last vain oration the Colombian dashed away, fire blazing from his eyes, his horseback garments standing out at excited angles, and, joining his party, rode away into the night the way he had come, toward better luck, perhaps, among the huts at the bottom of the valley.

It was bedtime, which comes at about seven in the evening in these wintry, fireless, lightless regions, when the landlady, now thoroughly softened toward us, broke off some story of the wonders of the Cauca to say:

"Next to the room of the arrieros is a harness-room where you can be alone. Many *Ingleses* [for all light-haired foreigners are Englishmen to the rural Colombian] have slept in it."

Why had she not offered us this upon our arrival? Lack of confidence, perhaps, which is as common to these simple people as the good-heartedness that can be unearched by a few simple wiles and flatteries. The room was narrow, but long and high, strewn with the *aparejo* of mules and the crude implements of hus-



A theater inside the patio, or barn-yard, of a Colombian "hotel." The better class of the audience occupy the second-story balcony, while the common people stand in the barn-yard, as in the days of Shakspeare

bandry, with harnesses, pack-saddles, and a wilderness of trappings, but with room left to spread on the earth floor several tar-cloth wrappings of mule-loads. Moreover, the woman soon sent a thick white woolly blanket and a candle, and a little later a boy entered with a little round, hard pillow, which he delivered with a speech apologetic with diminutives, such as the people of the Andes always use when doing a favor, "Aquí tiene uste' una almohadita para poner la cabecita."

I slipped out into the wild, raging, bottomless night to where a long stream of water fell from a rock above and washed in a wind that cut through me as a rapier through a man of straw. A night out of doors here would have been far distant from the infernal regions, yet near them. The heavy door I slammed as I dashed in again had many chinks in it, as had also the walls and ceiling, and cakes of ice seemed to touch me on every side as I stripped to dress in my night garments, standing in my shoes like a tight-rope walker. For whatever his burden of baggage, the foot-traveler who would sleep well must never turn in with the same garments worn by day. I would not have

been without the night-garb many a tramp scorns even had it been necessary to make two trips to fetch them.

Yet for all our unusual luxuries, I can hardly say that we slept well. There were few moments that I was not distinctly aware of my whereabouts, and the entire night was a half-conscious battle for the *cobija* that covered us alternately. Before an hour had passed a polar winter began to creep up through the earth floor, through the tarred cloth, through our flesh and bones, and what with the aching of hip-bones and other salient points that fitted the floor poorly, the night passed in an endless series of dream-fights against death in the polar seas. As my legs grew cold beyond endurance I found a pair of the false trousers of impervious cloth worn by horsemen of the region, but my glee quickly evaporated, for they proved to be only of the size for a half-grown boy. Humboldt spent ten days in crossing the Quindío; let us hope that he was well supplied with blankets, even though he made his journey in a better season.

For once we felt no anger when a rooster at last raucously greeted the first gray-ing of the darkness. With creaking legs

I stepped out into the ice-house dawn, still gray-black, with vast seas of half-seen mist in the bottomless chasms round about. But far away to the east, where the dawn and the warmth come from, was a triangular patch of sky, low down between two ranges and roofed by black clouds, in which the brilliant sunshine of the *tierra caliente* was already blazing red. One of the bravest acts of my life was the changing to road garb, after which we joined the family and our fellow-guests, huddled under shawls and blankets, with folds of woolen cloth about their throats and over their noses.

Only the landlady was still abed, and issued orders from within to her bare-legged girls and the servant. One of these threw into a pot of boiling water a mud-ball of native chocolate, swirled it a bit with a stick, and

served it to us with a dough-cake mixture of mashed corn and rice. It was no homeopathic food, but none lasts long in this thin, exhilarating air while climbing steep mountain-flanks. When we inquired for our bill the woman announced from her bed that we owed twenty cents each, and bade us God-speed to her beloved Cauca.

A COLOMBIAN SCHOOL

IBAGUÉ, capital of the province of Tolima, claims 2300 "souls," but the count takes much for granted. It is a square-cornered town of almost wholly thatched one-story buildings, its wide streets atrociously cobbled and its few sidewalks worn perilously slippery and barely wide enough for two feet at once. A stream of crystal-clear water gurgles down every street through cobbled gutters, lulling the trav-

el-weary to sleep and furnishing a convenient means of washing photographic films. We drank less often, however, after we had strolled up to the edge of the mountain and found three none-too-hand-some ladies bathing in the reservoir. It is a peaceful, roomy place, where every one has unlimited space on the grassy, gentle slope to put up his little chalky, straw-roofed cottage, yet all toe the street line as if fearful of missing anything that might unexpectedly pass. Foreigners seemed to be a great novelty, and I could find no satisfactory reason why so many

I b a g u e ñ o s were blind, unless they had overindulged themselves in the national game of staring.

On a corner of the big grass-grown plaza the sons of Jorge Isaacs, greatest of Colombia's novelists, run a clothing store, but it



Skull and bones to warn the illiterate away from a high-tension electric station

was our luck to find them out of town. On another corner I made my way up a dismal old stone stairway of one of the rare two-story buildings into the *alcalde's* office. It was lined with dog-eared documents, all hand-written, and each batch marked with a year, before which lounged clerks incessantly rolling cigarettes. When he had read our government paper in a stage-whisper, the youthful mayor at once put the town entirely at my disposal. I suggested schools.

"Señor Ministro de Instrucción Pública!" he called out, with long oratorical cadences.

Instantly there tiptoed into the room a long, tremulous man of fifty, almost shabbily dressed, though of course with what had once been a white collar. He had the usual ingrown pedagogical face, and a



The children of an Andean school salute the flag—and the photographer

chin barely an inch below his lower lip. He bowed low at the alcalde's orders, and answered that the matter would be attended to at once—*mañana*.

That evening three men in frock-coats and the manners of prime ministers called at the hotel and announced themselves as newspaper editors. They had only an hour or two to spare, however, and by the time formalities were over, bowed themselves out, announcing that they would come and interview us—also *mañana*.

The minister of public instruction, who had evidently washed his collar during the night, left a long line of people waiting, shut up shop, and set off with me toward ten next morning.

"They are only teachers waiting to get their appointments or salary," he announced in explanation.

We halted before a large building. The minister knocked meekly with his cane on the heavy *zaguan*, the door to the patio, and was finally admitted by a square-faced, muscular, unshaven priest, who listened to our request at some length, and finally led us to an older churchman, suave, slender, ostensibly effusive, and of that perfectly polished exterior that marks the Jesuit. He was also French. When time enough to give

warning of our coming had passed, he led the way into a room of first-grade pupils, all boys of about six except two full-grown Indian youths from the country. An exceedingly young priest, giving an excellent imitation of surprise at our appearance, snapped a sort of patent wooden clapper he held in one hand, and the entire class of fifty or more rose to their feet and bowed profoundly. Some other formality was imminent, when I begged the teacher to go on with the lesson just as if we were not there. He exchanged a glance with his superior at this extraordinary gringo request, then lined the class up in military ranks and set them to reading aloud. The theme was strictly religious in nature, and most of the words were of four or five syllables. The boys changed to "next" as often as the clapper sounded, and read with such fluent rapidity that only the tail-end of a phrase here and there was intelligible. The priest made no corrections or criticisms whatever, "taught," indeed, as he might have sawed wood. I fancied the pupils well-trained indeed for their age until I strolled down the room, to the evident horror of the adults, and noted that many did not even have the book open at the page they were "reading."

In a higher-grade room I was asked to choose the lesson, and suggested geography. A youth passed swiftly over the map with a pointer, spinning off a description of the principal cities, learned by rote, the priest in charge lifting him back on the track as often as he forgot the exact language of the original and came to a wordless halt. Little helpful hints accompanied every question. A youth stood before the map of Colombia, on which the capital was printed in enormous letters, when the priest asked:

"What city did Quesada found in 1538?"

Blank silence from the youth.

The priest:

"Bo—Bogo—"

The youth, with great wisdom:

"Bogotá."

"Excellent!" murmured my fellow-visitors.

"And what place is this?" quizzed the teacher, pointing to an isthmus that curved up into a corner of the map like a tail. "Pa—Pana—"

"Panama!" shrieked the youth, "a province of Colombia which is now in rebellion. The—"

He was evidently going on with more startling and fluent information when an all-but-imperceptible twitching of an eye of the Jesuit superior turned the pointer to other climes.

The teacher never lost an opportunity to give a religious twist to the proceedings. A boy whose pointer hovered about the Mediterranean mumbled:

"And another of the cities is Nicea—"

The priest:

"Ah, what celebrated event in the history of mankind took place in Nicea?"

"The great council of the church in which—" began the youth, and rattled on as glibly as if he had been there in person.

When we had turned out into the street alone, the shabby little minister became confidential, explaining that the *colegio* toward which we were headed had once held a large student body, but now, owing to political changes, Señor— Later he became even more frank, and complained

that the priests kept him bound hand and foot.

"I had an excellent, experienced normal graduate in charge of that first class," he sighed, "and now we have that boy in a cassock! Bah!"

THE BARBER OF SAN PABLO

WE were startled to have the first boy we met in San Pablo admit that *posada* could be had. His own mother had a room to rent. He laid aside the hat he was weaving and, taking up a bunch of enormous keys, started across the cobbled street toward an adobe building. But at that moment a patched and bare-foot, though eloquent, man rushed down upon us, likewise offering us *posada*. For a time it looked as if for once, instead of having to fight for lodging, lodgings were going to fight for us. We settled the dispute by the simple expedient of asking each his price.

"One real," answered the boy, defiantly.

"In my *oficina de peluquería*," said the man, haughtily, "it will cost you nothing. Moreover, all foreigners always lodge there."

Behind his bravado he seemed so nearly on the point of weeping that we should no doubt have chosen his "office of barbering" even had there been no such vast gulf between the rival prices. He thanked us for the favor and, producing an enormous key, unlocked one of those unruly shop doors indigenous to rural South America, above which projected a shingle bearing on one side the information "*Peluquería Cívica*" and on the other the name of our host, Santiago Muñoz. The keyhole was in the shape of a swan; others in the town, and all through Nariño, have the form of a man, horse, goose, and a dozen other ludicrous shapes. These home-made doors of Andean villages never fit easily, and their locks have always some peculiar idiosyncrasy of their own, so that by the time the traveler learns to unlock the door of his lodging without native assistance he is ready to move on.

Santiago let us into the usual white-



An Indian family driving dull care away. The only way one can photograph these Indians is to pretend to be taking something at right angles to them

washed mud room, with a tile floor furnished as a Colombian barber shop, which means that it was chiefly empty and by no means immaculate, with two wooden benches, two tin basins, and a water pitcher, also empty or soiled; two home-made, or San Pablo-made, chairs, a lame table littered with newspapers from a year to two months old, a scanty supply of open razors, strops, Florida water, soap, and brushes scattered promiscuously about, a couple of once white gowns of "Mother Hubbard" form for customers, and in one corner a heap of human hair, chiefly black and coarse. Then there were the luxuries of a home-made candlestick, with some six inches of candle, and a lace curtain, worked with red and blue flowers, to cut off the gaze of the curious, except those who were bold enough frankly to push it aside and stare in upon us. Windows, to say nothing of glass, are unknown in these towns of the Andes. The barber gave us full possession, key and all,—we had to toss a coin to see who should burden himself with it when we went out,—and informed us that a woman next to the church supplied meals to travelers on demand.

The benches were only fourteen inches wide, but they were of soft wood, and so delighted were we to find accommodations so plentiful that I was about to make a similar suggestion when Hays yawned:

"Let 's hang over here to-morrow."

Late the next morning Santiago wandered in upon us.

"Last year another Meestear"—in the rural Andes the native form of this word is used as a common noun to designate not only Americans and Englishmen, but Germans, Swedes, Frenchmen, and even Spaniards—"stopped here," he began. "You perhaps know him. His name was Meestear Giuseppe."

We doubted it.

"But surely you must know him," persisted the barber, "for he was a foreigner also."

The rural Colombian conceives of the world as made up of two countries, his own, the chief one, and a smaller one, perhaps only a city, that lies outside its boundaries.

As he talked, the barber kept fingering a letter, and bit by bit he half betrayed, half admitted that he gave free lodging to *estranjeros* because he wished to keep on good terms with this outside world in general and in particular because he wished to find some means of sending six dollars to that little place beyond the national boundaries. When he had explained himself at length he turned the letter over to us.

It was in correct Spanish, mimeographed to resemble a type-written personal communication, and told in several

pages of flowery language what I can perhaps condense within reasonable limits:

Chirological College of California,
Inspiration Point,
Echo Park,
Los Angeles,
Cal., U. S. A.

Muy señor mío:

With great pleasure we send you a pamphlet on "Secret Force," because we know that it contains information which will be of vast importance to you as a means of being able to obtain that secret knowledge of the human character and of personal influence permitting you in a moment to know and understand the life of all other persons, to know their desires and their intentions, their habits and deficiencies, their plans, and all that can be prejudicial to you. Following our system, you can read the character of persons as an open book; if you possess the system "Natajara," there will be no one who can deceive you; by means of it you can know beforehand in all circumstances all that others intend to do, and direct them to your own entire satisfaction. By means of the system "Natajara" you can know exactly how much progress, how much health, how much love, and how much happiness the future has reserved for you, and if it does not reserve for you as much as you desire, you can make it change its course to come out in accordance with your ambitions.

Never, either in the present century or in those past, has there been given a more potent knowledge to the world. It teaches precisely how and when to use the magic force by means of which one obtains the realization of all desires; it places those who possess it in a sphere superior to that of the generality of humanity, makes them masters of destiny. . . . I do not dare tell you all the advantages you can have with this knowledge, but I assure you it is what you need that your life convert itself into a true success. I beg you to read letter by letter all the "Secret Force" says and to send for the system "Natajara." There is nothing so powerful as this system, nothing that equals it. Remember that the sending to you of the system for a mere \$6 is only a special

offer that we make, and if you wish to have the privilege of being the first in your locality to possess these great secrets, you ought to send this very day.

Without further particulars, etc., I take great pleasure in signing myself

Your grateful and affectionate servant,

[signed] A. VICTOR SEGNO,

President per Sec.

Dictated to No. 1 S.

There was no doubt that Santiago had followed the injunction to read the accompanying pamphlet letter by letter. Thanks to his Colombian schooling, that was the only way he could read it. But how was he to send the "mere \$6" to "Inspiration Point" without his fellow-townsmen knowing it and perhaps forestalling his anxious desire to be the first in his locality to possess the powerful secret? There is no postal-order system between Colombia and the United States. He dared not send the cash, well knowing that it would not get beyond the local post-office, even if so large an amount in Nariño silver could be made up into a package the post would carry. So he had hidden the letter away and had patiently lain in wait for every rare foreigner that drifted into San Pablo.

While we read the letter he sat on one of our beds, to wit, a wooden bench, nervously fingering the toes of his never-shod feet. When we had finished he begged us to find some way of sending the money, and implored us, on our hopes of eternity, not to whisper a word of the secret to his fellow-townsmen. We promised to think the matter over as he rose to go.

"When are you going to open the shop this morning?" asked Hays.

"Oh, I shall not trouble to open today," said the barber in a sad and weary voice, and wandered away with the air of a man who sees no need of common toil when he is on the point of becoming the dictator of fate in all his locality.

We hatched a scheme against his return. If we fancied he might perhaps forget the matter, we were deceived. Nothing else seemed to be weighing on his

mind when he turned up again in the evening, dejected and worried. To have tried to explain the truth to him would have been merely to convince him that we were agents of some rival house or of

sonal check against it for six dollars, and you can mail it to the Chirological College."

"*Magnífico!*" cried the barber, instantly transformed from the depths of



A religious procession

some enemy, sent down here purposely to ruin his chances of imposing his will upon San Pablo. There was nothing left but to trot out the scheme.

"If you feel you must have this system," I began, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I have some money in a bank in the Estados Unidos, and I will give you a per-

gloom to the loftiest summits of glee. "A thousand thanks. And that will be six hundred dollars in *billetes* of Colombia. I will get it at once—"

"It will be simpler," I said, "to wait until you hear the check has arrived, and then send it to me. Naturally I am running no risk in trusting the most import-

ant character of San Pablo, and, anyway, it would only be in payment for our lodgings."

The Colombian never needs much urging to accept a favor, and his formal protests soon died away. I sat down to write out the check:

The Fake Bank, 920 110th Street,
New York, U. S. A.

Pay to the order of the Chirological College of Los Angeles, Cal., the sum of six dollars (\$6).

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN.

The barber carefully folded the valuable document, and hid it away in his garments, promising to send it at the very

first opportunity, in a plain envelop, unregistered.

"For," he explained, confiding to us a nation-wide secret, "the post-office officials always steal any letter they think has anything valuable in it, and to register it makes them sure it has."

The treatment was cruel, perhaps, but we could think of no better. No doubt Santiago waited many anxious months for the arrival of the system, but certainly no longer than he would have waited had he managed to send real money. Meanwhile, as the enthusiasm of a Latin-American shrinks rapidly, it may be that he grew resigned to his failure to become the secret ruler of San Pablo, and took up again the shaving of its faces and the cutting of its coarse, black hair.





A Finger and a Huge, Thick Thumb

(A Ballad of the Trenches)

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

IT was nearly twelve o'clock by the sergeant's watch;
The moon was three hours high.
The long grass growing on the parapet
Rustled as the wind went by.
Hoar-frost glistened on the bayonets
Of the rifles in the rifle-rack.
Suddenly I heard a faint, weird call
And an answering call come back.

We were standing in the corner by the Maxim gun,
In the shadow, and the sergeant said,
As he gripped my arm, "Did you hear it?"
I could only nod my head.
Looking down the length of the moonlit trench,
I saw the sleeping men
Huddled on the floor; but no one stirred.
Silently we listened again.

A second time it came, still dim and strange,
A far "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
I would n't have believed such a ghostly cry
Could sound so clearly, too.
The sentries standing to the right and left
Neither spoke nor stirred.
They stood like stone. Can it be, I thought,
That nobody else has heard?

Then closer at hand, "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
Again the answering call.
"Quick!" said the sergeant as he pulled me down
In the shadow, close to the wall.

I dropped in a heap and none too soon ;
 For scarcely a rifle-length away,
 A man stood silent on the parados ;
 His face was a ghastly gray.

He carried a queer, old muzzle-loading gun ;
 The bayonet was dim with rust.
 His top-boots were muddy, and his red uniform
 Covered with blood and dust.
 He waited for a moment, then waved his hand,
 And they came in twos and threes :
 Englishmen, Dutchmen, French cuirassiers,
 Highlanders with great bare knees ;

Pikemen, archers with huge crossbows,
 Lancers and grenadiers ;
 Men in rusty armor, with battle-dented shields,
 With axes and swords and spears.
 Great blond giants with long, flowing hair
 And limbs of enormous girth ;
 Yellow men with bludgeons, black men with knives,
 From the wild, waste lands of the earth.

The one with the queer, old muzzle-loading gun
 Jumped down with a light, quick leap.
 He was head and shoulders higher than the parapet,
 Though the trench was six feet deep.
 The sentries stood like men in a dream,
 With their faces to the German line.
 He felt of their arms, their bodies, and their legs,
 But they made no sound or sign.

He beckoned to the others, and three jumped in.
 I was shaking like a man with a chill ;
 But I could n't help smiling when the sergeant said
 Through his chattering teeth, "K-k-k-keep s-s-s-still !"
 A hairy-armed giant, with rings in his ears,
 Stood looking down the dugout stair,
 Hands on his knees. Slowly he turned,
 And saw us lying there !

With a huge forefinger and a huge, thick thumb
 He felt us over, limb by limb.
 The two of us together would not have made
 One man the size of him.
 I could see his scorn, and my face burned hot,
 Though my body was cold and numb,
 When he spanned my chest so disdainfully
 With only a finger and a thumb.

Suddenly the chatter of the sergeant's teeth
Stopped. He was angry, too;
And he whispered: "Are you game? Get the Maxim gun!"
I hugged him. "It will scare them blue."
Slowly, very slowly, we rose to our feet;
I was conscious of my knocking knees.
The murmur of their voices was an eery sound
Like wind in wintry trees.

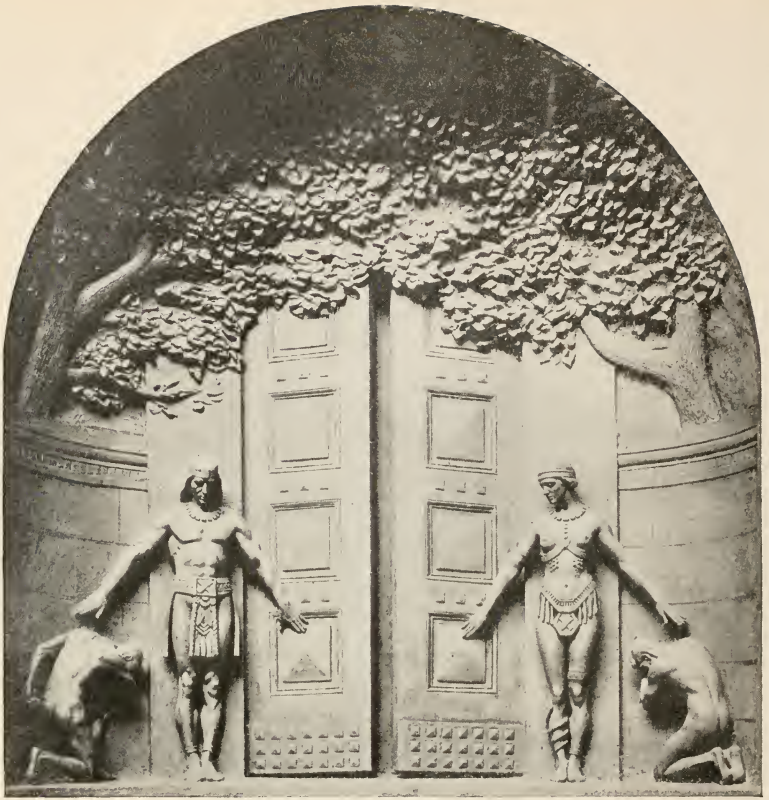
I saw them staring from the tail of my eye
As the tripod legs we set.
We lifted the gun and clamped it on,
With the muzzle at the parapet.
Nervously I pushed in the tag of the belt;
The sergeant loaded and laid
Quietly, deftly; the click of the lock
Was the only sound he made.

"Ready!" he nodded. I turned my head
And nearly collapsed with fright.
Four of them were standing at my shoulder,
The others to the left and right.
Then, "Fire!" I shouted, and the gun leaped up
With a roar and a spurt of flame.
The sergeant gripped the handles while the belt ran through,
Never stopping to correct his aim.

Fearfully I turned, then jumped to my feet,
Forgetting all about the feed.
They were running like the wind up a long, steep hill,
With the thumb-and-finger man in the lead!
And high above the rattle and roar of the gun
I heard a despairing yell,
As Englishmen, Dutchmen, pikemen, bowmen,
Vanished in the night, pell-mell.

The men who were sleeping in the moonlit trench
Sat up and rubbed their eyes;
And one of them muttered in a drowsy voice,
"Wot to blazes is the row, you guys?"
The sergeant said: "That 'll do! That 'll do!"
But he whispered to me, "Keep mum!"
They would n't have believed that the row was all about
A finger and a huge, thick thumb.





"The Fountain of Eldorado," by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

American Women in Sculpture

By ADA RAINEY

Author of "A New Note in Art," etc.

SCULPTURE has never been thought a medium particularly feminine; that so many women should recently have chosen it for their own is significant. Form, the chief appeal of sculpture, has formerly been considered the weakest part of woman's artistic equipment; while she has been accorded a feeling for color, the most emotional element in art, her feeling for form has previously lain in abeyance. But it now seems that the vital

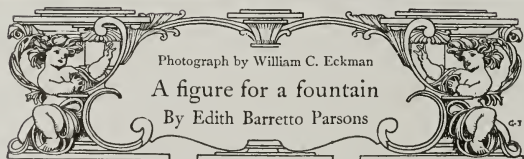
changes that are taking place in ideals, in thought, and in mode of living are being reflected in the quality of work accomplished by women. As surely as the old shackles are being cast off, a new creativeness is to be discerned in their artistic work. Freedom, the creative impulse, and joy are always of divine heritage; they are the essentials of great art. That women sculptors are now blazing this path can clearly be seen, I think.



Photograph by William C. Eckman
"The Duck Baby"
By Edith Barretto Parsons



Photograph by William C. Eckman
A figure for a fountain
By Edith Barretto Parsons

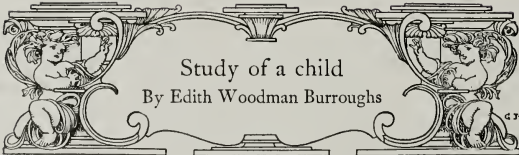




Photograph by A. B. Bogart
"L'Amour"
By Evelyn Longman



Study of a child
By Edith Woodman Burroughs





"The Little Lady of the Sea," by Janet Scudder

A joyous exuberance is the dominating quality; the tragic note, the eccentric, the pessimistic, is seldom the inspiration of their modeling. Instead, the outcome of woman's mental emancipation is expressed in figures dancing with joy in new-found freedom, piping in sheltered nooks of a shady garden, or, stretched in quiet contentment, musing with an unwonted seriousness. The subjects are nearly always of youth; they are creatures of joyous imagination and superb vitality. Women are growing out of their somewhat restricted preoccupation with sweet domestic cares, childhood and its innocent happenings, and are reaching forward to a different point of vision, from which they see that new worlds await them—worlds of exhilarating atmosphere, of beauty of a rarer order, and of a serenity that comes not from sheltered protection, but from a vigorous spirit that has dared venture forth into the unknown, and has conquered by its own strength.

The fountains of Janet Scudder have

become widely known. "The Little Lady of the Sea," purchased by Robert Huntington for his Pasadena estate, is a really delightful conception. It is a fountain-figure, standing with dripping seaweed held high above her head, reveling in the glistening water that streams upon her lithe body. So lovely is this little lady that Mr. Trask, the art director of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, requested the loan of it, together with a group of several others of Miss Scudder's fountain-figures and terra-cotta heads, to fill an entire room in the Fine Arts Building at San Francisco. Perhaps never before had the sculpture of one woman been accorded so much space in an exposition. It was an unusual honor, and came unsought.

Miss Scudder is an Indiana woman who, after receiving her preliminary training in this country, studied for several years in Paris under MacMonnies. She has been living in Ville-d'Avray, near Paris, where she has a studio. Out in the walled garden, in the brilliant sunlight,



Detail from "Arabian Nights Fountain," by Edith Woodman Burroughs



The *Titanic* Memorial, by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. (To be erected in Washington)

the models are posed, so that the artist may work in the surroundings in which the sculpture will be placed when the fountain is completed. Miss Scudder's fountains are filled with the pagan joy of life; her children and young maidens are sylvan spirits that overflow with joy and vitality.

Edith Woodman Burroughs has achieved distinction in her two large fountains for the Panama-Pacific Exposi-

tion. One, "The Fountain of Youth," which was in the Court of Flowers, shows a figure of a young girl treated with the utmost simplicity and sympathy. The entire architectural arrangement—the fountain is a mural one—is happy, and overflows with the spirit of youth. "The Arabian Nights Fountain" is redolent with imagination of "The Thousand and One Nights." There are fancy, humor, naïveté, and the youthful love of story-telling,



A group by Anna V. Hyatt

which are a delight to old and young alike, in this most unusual group. Mrs. Burroughs is another artist who is a mother, with numerous interests in the economic life of the town in which she lives as well as in her home; yet she recently held an exhibition of her work that numbered about thirty pieces in bronze, all executed

within about three years, including portrait busts and life-sized figures, as well as many small pieces in bronze. The works are characterized by a rare simplicity of treatment, and show a trace of the modern French sculpture that is seen now and again in the most advanced of our American artists.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is another woman who has found opportunity to be mentally creative although a mother of children. Mrs. Whitney did not take up modeling until after the birth of her daughter. She began her studies in art at the Art Students' League in New York, and has continued them under Daniel Chester French, James E. Fraser, and

the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors for an effectively strong caryatid fountain. The memorial to be erected in the City of Washington to commemorate the chivalry of the men who perished in the *Titanic* disaster was won by competition, and is a daring expression of self-sacrifice, typified by the figure of a man with arms outstretched in the form



Wave group by Anna V. Hyatt

Rodin. Mrs. Whitney was one of the three or four women chosen to design fountains for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Her "Fountain of Eldorado" aroused much enthusiastic interest, especially for the modeling of the figures in the relief, which seek with straining nerves the magic fountain that lies hidden behind the half-closed doors, the access to which is barred by two guarding figures. The idea of the design is original, the technique of the eager figures remarkable. Mrs. Whitney has won an honorable mention in the Paris Salon and the first prize at

of a cross. The money for the memorial was contributed in sums of ten cents each by American women as a tribute to the daring men who did not hesitate to give their lives to save the women.

Miss Evelyn Longman is a third woman who contributed a fountain to the San Francisco exposition. The group "L'Amour," exhibited not long ago at the Gorham gallery, is one of the purest and most idealized expressions of the love of a man and a woman known to the writer. Miss Longman has recently won by competition the design for the new

Western Union Telegraph Building. The requirement was for a sitting figure representing telegraphy. The artist disregarded the requirement, and won the competition. Instances like this are proving that the creative ability in women is a factor to be reckoned with, for they are competing on an equal footing with men in the arts, and winning the laurels. Miss Longman is a young woman, a pupil of Isidore Konti and Daniel Chester French, and has done some impressive work in her short artistic career. She designed the doors of the chapel at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and was awarded a silver medal at the St. Louis exposition.

Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt is unique among American women sculptors, because she deals almost entirely with expression of animal life. She has an instinctive understanding of animals that has been equaled by few modern sculptors. The peculiar characteristic of each is seized by her mind and portrayed convincingly. She understands what lies behind the outward form, and effectively expresses it. Her equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, when first exhib-

ited at the Salon in Paris, won an honorable mention. The jury remarked that if they had been convinced that it was the work of a woman and that a man did not do the actual work, they would have given it the first prize. It was a significant illustration of the attitude of the French

mind toward woman's creative ability. It was, however, a proved fact that no sculptor had entered Miss Hyatt's studio during the time she was at work upon the group, in order to guard against any possible misunderstanding or misrepresentation. This same design, enlarged and improved, has been erected on Riverside Drive in New York. Miss Hyatt's work is remarkable for its strength, spirited handling of subject, and truth to the scientific fact of underlying structure.



Study of a Great Dane, by Anna V. Hyatt

The fountains of Edith Baretto Parsons are original, spontaneous, delicious expressions of charming fancy. Mrs. Parsons is also a mother, and thinks that a woman's freedom from the burden of breadwinning is an opportunity for a broader, happier spirit in artistic work untainted by pessimism. It is an interesting conception of woman's power in creative work.

Portrait of My Uncle

By MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Creators," etc.

YES, it looks like a commission; that's why I keep it stuck up there. But it is n't a commission; it's a portrait of my uncle, Colonel Simpson—Simpson of Chitral.

No, he did n't. Does he look as if he'd sit for anybody for five minutes? Does *it* look as if he'd sat? You don't get portraiture like that out of sittings or out of any possible series of sittings, because, in the first place, you don't get the candor, the naïveté, the self-revelation. Of course I *might* have made an Academy thing of him, painted him in scarlet and crimson, with his decorations, or in khaki and a solar topi, if I'd wanted Simpson of Chitral. But I did n't want him. Simpson of Chitral was only part of my uncle, and this—this is all my uncle.

Like the portraits of Strindberg, did you say? But he *was* like them. He *was* Strindberg. He had the same scored and crumpled face, the same twisted, tormented eyebrows, the same irritable, irascible scowl and glare. He had every bit of Strindberg's face except its genius and its great, square, bulging forehead. My uncle's forehead was rather like a lion's or a tiger's, straight and a little receding. But the torment's the thing, and the torment's there.

He was worth painting as an instance of conjugal fidelity carried to excess, carried beyond the bounds of reason. This is a composite portrait: it's my uncle *and* my aunt. You could n't separate their two faces. They could n't separate them themselves. It was not simply that they'd lived so long together that they grew like each other; it was because they behaved like each other to each other. They said the same things to each other, they irritated each other, they tore at each other's nerves, the *same* nerves, in the same way. They devastated each other's faces with the same remarkable results.

I've no clear recollection of my uncle's face before my aunt got to work on it, but there's a family tradition of Uncle Roly as a pink and chubby subaltern, and his regimental nickname was "The Cherub." He must have been home on his first leave somewhere in the later eighties. I remember him because of the model steam-engine he gave me. He always gave you interesting and expensive presents, and I never knew him tip you less than a sovereign. He was chubby even then, and absolutely uncrumpled, so it could n't have been India altogether. I think he'd been engaged to her for ages, for he married her as soon as he got his captaincy, and took her out with him.

Then for a time we lost track of him. India seems to have swallowed them up. They were two years in a lonely up-country station in Bengal where the heat was awful. The other men had left their wives up in the hills or sent them home, so he never saw any European women except my aunt. Fancy that through the hot season and for two blessed years! Their first child was born there.

The heat seems to have had no effect whatever on my aunt. She was out five—six years. She simply would n't come home, and he—that's the odd thing—did n't want her to. I've told you conjugal fidelity was a perfect vice with him. It was *her* vice, too. After Bengal it was Bombay—Poona—and another baby. She was told they'd lose both their children if they did n't send them home, and she shilly-shallied. She did n't want to send them with strangers, and she did n't want to go with them herself. Her place, she said, was at her husband's side. She shilly-shallied into another hot season, and the children died. That, you see, was where the vice came in.

It was n't till the death of the babies that they began to feel the devilishness of

the climate. Then it went suddenly for my uncle's liver, while my aunt was down with dysentery. I got all this from old Lumby, who was my uncle's subaltern. He says she must have taken to nagging him long before, perhaps in their honeymoon, to be so expert at it, but that it was n't till my uncle's nerves gave way that he nagged back. You gathered that she was fairly decent in public, but what goes on in a bungalow leaks out sooner or later into cantonments. Then came Chitral. Lumby says he does n't know what would have happened to my uncle if it had n't come. It saved him.

As long as there was trouble on the frontier he was all right. He would have sent her home *then*, but she would n't go. She said if there was to be fighting, her place was more than ever at his side, or within reasonable distance of his side. Their one chance was to separate, and they would n't take it. And when it was all over and he was Simpson of Chitral, she nagged him out of the service. He might have been anything after Chitral, but my aunt insisted on his retiring. She would n't leave him another year in India alone, and another year would have killed her. As it was, he thought she was dying, and he flung up his career and brought her back to England.

They used to come up to London for the season, and when it was over, he went to Harrogate to recover from it, and on to Scotland for the shooting, staying in people's houses. They were glad to have him; after all, he was Simpson of Chitral, and just at first he really had some social success. But not for long, because wherever he went, my aunt went with him. He would n't have gone without her; that would have been against his ideas of faithfulness and common decency. I can see him lugging her about with him on all his visits and nagging at her as he did it. They 'd quarrel about any mortal thing, the cab-fares and the trains and the hours of their arrival and departure and the time it took to catch them and about the porters' tips. Lumby said they were simply awful to travel with.

And then people got shy of asking them. He could have got on all right by himself,—to his friends he was always "good old Roly," and to outsiders he was Simpson of Chitral,—but wherever they went *she* was only Mrs. Simpson, the woman who had nagged him out of the service and wrecked a brilliant career. Other women did n't care about her, and when he had rubbed it into them that they could n't have him without her, they were n't so particularly keen on *him*. He was shelved, anyhow, when he left the service. Besides, people used to hear them quarrelling in their bedroom.

So gradually they dropped out of things. I don't think either of them minded. She was afraid of society—of what he might do if he fairly got into it; and he, poor beggar, may have been afraid of himself.

And yet, no, I don't think he really *was* afraid. Fidelity seems to have come easy to him, and the changes in my aunt's face were so gradual it 's quite possible he did n't notice them.

They left London and went to live in Cheltenham and then in Bath. They nagged each other out of all these places in succession. And then they nagged each other into taking a rather large house at Tunbridge Wells. My people made me go and stay with them there. The old boy had a sort of sneaking affection for me because they 'd called me after him.

I found them quarrelling in the kitchen garden. He wanted strawberry beds and, I think, asparagus, and she wanted a herbaceous border, with delphiniums in it. I remember her saying to me: "Your uncle does n't care about anything he can't eat. If he could eat delphiniums, he 'd plant them fast enough." And *he* said she 'd got the whole place to grow her delphiniums in, and he would n't have 'em in his kitchen garden.

I can see it all, I can feel the hot sun baking the beds, I can smell the hot peaches ripening, I can hear my uncle's voice and my aunt's voice rising in a crescendo of irritation; I can see their poor

middle-aged faces twitching and getting more and more heated, and the little twists and lines of annoyance and resentment showing through the heat like a pattern. They must have been going at it hammer and tongs before I arrived, for my uncle was looking quite tired and crumpled then. And they kept it up a long time after, for I remember the garden was cool again before they'd done.

They quarreled all the time I stayed with them. They quarreled about whether I had enough to eat or not and about what room I was to have and about the time I was to be called in the morning and about the places I was to be taken to see. In the evenings we went to the Pantiles to hear the band play, and they quarreled about whether we were to sit or to walk up and down. Every evening except Sunday they went to the Pantiles to hear the band play, and every evening they quarreled about whether they should sit or walk up and down. On Sunday they seemed to call a truce; anyhow, they agreed that I was to go to church, which was the one thing I did n't want to do. But when it was all over, after evening service, they quarreled worse than ever because of the restraint they'd put on themselves all day.

The odd thing was that they were neither of them naturally cantankerous, and they never quarreled or even disagreed with other people. It was marvelous to watch the automatic rapidity with which my aunt's face untied itself to expand to you, and my uncle could be positively suave. The phenomenon of irritability seemed to be related solely to the tie that bound them. It increased with the tightening of the tie.

Finally they nagged each other out of the house at Tunbridge Wells and into a flat in Talbot Road, Bayswater.

It was about this time that my aunt's cousin and trustee mislaid my uncle's private income. She had nagged him into the arrangements that had made it possible. And odder still, now that he really had a grievance, he never uttered a single word of reproach or even of annoyance.

He simply sold the Tunbridge Wells house, cut down expenses, and declined on Bayswater and his pension. The cousin could n't touch the house and furniture or the pension. And that's how I came to know him—really know him.

Lumby used to go to see them fairly often; but I'm afraid I did n't, at least not so often as I might have done. It was brutal of me, because I'd every reason to believe that their only happy moments were when either Lumby or I was with them. Their lives could n't have been worth living when they were shut up alone together in that awful little flat. They were desperate—I mean spiritually desperate—now, and you felt that they snatched at you as they'd have snatched at any straw; and I was afraid, mortally afraid, of being sucked under. Still, I went. I was interested in their faces.

The first time, I remember, they made me stay to dinner, and my uncle flew into a passion because the servant had n't put any chillies or any green gherkins into the curry. He said my aunt ought never to have engaged her; she might have seen by the woman's face that she could n't make a curry. My aunt said he'd better go into the kitchen and make it himself, if he was so particular; and he said he'd be driven to it, and that the cat could make a better curry. They were always quarreling about curry, and yet my uncle *would* have it. That's nothing in itself; I've never seen the Anglo-Indian yet that was n't sensitive about curry. Still, I sometimes think he had it on purpose. As for the servant, I'm quite sure my aunt engaged her as an *agent provocateur*.

Then—I don't know which of them began it—they took to playing chess in the evenings to wile away the frightful hours, and that was horrible. You'd come upon them there, in the little stuffy, shabby sitting-room, cramped together over the chess-board, my aunt's hand, poised with her pawn, hovering, shifting, and hovering again, and her poor old head shaking in a perfect palsy of indecision, while my uncle, horribly close, sat and glared at her in torment and in hatred till he could n't

bear it any longer, and he 'd shout at her: "Put that pawn down, for God's sake! You—you—" He was always trembling on the verge of some terrific epithet that he could never bring himself actually to use. "Your bishop can take my queen in two moves. Do you think I'm going to sit up all night?"

And they quarreled everlastingly about the flat. My aunt had chosen Bayswater, and he was responsible for the flat itself, it being the only one he could afford. *He* would call upon Heaven to explain to him why she had brought him to that God-forsaken place. *She* would declare that nobody but an inhabitant of Bedlam would have expected her to live in a miserable hole like that, where there was n't room to turn round. And he would roar, "Who *wants* to turn round?" and point out that my aunt was not a whirling dervish and that there 'd be room enough in the flat if she did n't fill it with the sound of her voice.

There was no refuge for him there,—he could n't escape on to another floor,—so he used to take sanctuary in my studio. He called it taking a constitutional. It was after I 'd moved up from the Vale into Edwardes Square, and he 'd walk all the way from Bayswater across Kensington Gardens. I think his ingenuity was pretty severely taxed in concealing these visits from my aunt; all his genuine excuses—his important appointments, his club, his tailor—had gone from him with his income. In these later years I can see him wearing with a great air of distinction the same shabby suit all the time. He 'd come in and collapse on the divan and talk to me. He seemed to find relief in this communion. I 've known him pour out his soul—all that was left of it. The revelations were stupendous.

Not, mind you, that he ever said a word against my aunt. He never mentioned her except to say that she would wonder where he was and that he must be getting back to her. He simply sat there, saying what a fool he 'd been and what a mess he 'd made of his life and how he wished to God—he was always wishing to God—

he 'd never left the service. That, he said, was where he 'd made his grand mistake. But you saw—however much he wrapped it up you saw—that they 'd come, both of them, to the end of their tether. Their only chance was for one of them to die. It was as if he knew it.

After a while they gave up playing chess. They were getting older and they could n't stand the nervous strain of it. They took to playing patience, by themselves, in separate corners. Even that was n't very successful, because in that room, wherever they sat, they were always opposite each other, and if either of them moved or sneezed or anything, it put the other out.

But it did n't last long. I strolled in one evening and found my uncle doing nothing, just sitting in his place opposite my aunt and shading his eyes with one hand. He said the light bothered him.

I asked him why he was n't playing patience, and he let out in a whisper, so that my aunt should n't hear him, that he could n't see the cards. His eyes were bothering him. He was worried about his eyes.

But he would n't go to see an oculist. He 'd always hated doctors, and he owned to a fear, a positive craven fear, of oculists. I suppose he was afraid of what they might tell him. Then suddenly one day his sight went altogether. He could n't see a thing, not even large objects like the sideboard or my aunt. I took him then in a taxi to an oculist, to several oculists.

They all said the same thing. It was quite clear that my uncle could n't see; and yet, on examination, they could find nothing the matter with his eyes. The optic nerve, the whole apparatus of seeing, was intact. There was no reason why he should n't see except that he did n't. And they could n't cure him. The fault, we could only suppose, was in my uncle's brain. There he was, stone-blind, poor devil, and none of them could cure him. But I dare n't take him to an alienist; he 'd never have consented to *that*. Then Lumby got hold of him.

What comes next, the really remarkable part, was told me by Peters—Peters, the man who used to run that place that Lumby was secretary of, the Home for Nervous Diseases, in Gordon Square. Lumby sent us to Peters.

Peters had set up as a psychotherapist. He 'd studied in Vienna and Berlin and all sorts of places, and he went in strong for what he called psychoanalysis.

Peters started to experiment on my poor old uncle's psyche. He was awfully excited about what we 'd told him. He said he 'd try psychoanalyzing him first, using the word-association test, so as to get, he said, at his "complexes." But he told us *that* was n't a bit of good. He could n't get the old gentleman to "collaborate." He would n't play the game. It's a sort of game, you know; the other chap reels off whole lists of words, and you answer each one, slick, with the first thing that comes into your head. He says "Knife!" and you say "Fork!" or ought to, if there 's nothing the matter with you. If you hesitate you're lost. Peters says he fired off two hundred words at my uncle, and he would n't answer any one of them. Simply would n't. He was so desperately afraid of giving himself away. He simply sat there dumb, staring at Peters and not seeing him—with a perfect picture of Peters engraved on his retina all the time—and blinking.

So Peters *had* to hypnotize him. He put him on a couch in an empty room with a dark-blue light in it. He says he got him off most beautifully. And when he was once off he answered all the test-words like a lamb. Peters seems to have known by instinct what would draw him, for presently he tried him with "Face." He asked my uncle what that word suggested to him, and my uncle said:

"Take it away! Take it away! I don't want to see it again. Take it away!"

Peters said:

"Whose face is it? Your father's face or your mother's face or your wife's face?"

And my uncle said:

"Wife's face. Take it away!"

Peters explained it all scientifically on

some theory of the subconscious. It seems that Freud or Jung or Morton Prince or one of those Johnnies had a case exactly like my uncle's. He said my uncle could n't see and did n't see because he did n't *want* to see. His blindness was the expression of a strong subconscious wish never to see his wife again—a wish which, of course, his conscious self had very properly suppressed. On the one side it was a laudable effort at self-preservation on the part of my uncle's psyche. On the other side, of course, it was just a morbid obsession and could be easily removed.

He removed it. Doctors do these things.

I ought to tell you that about the time of my uncle's blindness, that blessed illusion which Peters deprived him of, my aunt had a series of remarkable dreams. She kept on dreaming that she saw my uncle lying dead, laid out on the big double bed in the little room they slept in. "Laid out, Roly, not properly, but sometimes in his uniform, and sometimes in evening dress, as they do on the Continent. A most distressing dream, Roly."

There was no doubt about the distress. Each time she woke herself with crying.

She told these dreams to Lumby, and Lumby told them to Peters, and Peters said my aunt's dreams were the same thing as my uncle's blindness, the disguised expression of her subconscious wish that, as Peters put it, he "was n't there." And when Lumby said, "But the distress, Peters, the distress!" Peters said that was where the disguise came in. My aunt's psyche was n't going to let on, if it could help it, what was the matter with her, and when the subconscious let the cat out of the bag it covered it up. There was no end to the little hypocrisies of the psyche.

Lumby said he thought this was awfully far-fetched of Peters, and he told him so. Then Peters said that if you fetched it far *enough* you could trace the whole business back to unhappy love-affairs of my aunt and uncle when they were two years old. He wished he could get hold of them both to psychoanalyze

them. He 'd *like* to have another try at my uncle.

I said I thought Peters had done quite enough mischief as it was. He 'd be stopping my aunt's dreams next. Her dreams were probably a comfort to her, poor soul.

Lumby was sincerely attached to my uncle, and he confided to me that he did n't like those dreams. He said he was n't superstitious, but they made him uneasy. Quite evidently he 'd got it into his head that they were premonitory of my uncle's death.

So that neither Lumby nor I was prepared for the letter we got from him a day or two after, telling us that my aunt had had a severe stroke, nor for the wire that followed it, announcing her death. Somehow it had never occurred to any of us that my aunt could die.

My uncle wrote to thank me for the wreath I sent him. I noticed that his letter was rather remarkably free from pious and conventional expressions of bereavement. My mother, I know, was a little shocked by it. She said it sounded callous. The flowers might have been sent for the dinner-table; there was hardly any reference to his loss. She was even more shocked when I told her I respected my uncle's honesty.

It did n't prevent him from turning an awfully queer color at the funeral. But he bore up well. Better, Lumby said, than he had expected. He shook hands with us when it was all over, looking us straight in the face almost defiantly,—he looked like Simpson of Chitral,—then he squared his shoulders and walked out of the churchyard briskly—*too* briskly, my mother said.

I did n't see him for about five weeks after. He was not at home the three times that I called. Then one evening he turned up at my studio. He looked

sprucer and younger than he 'd done for long enough. That might have been the effect of his black suit, the first new one he 'd had for years. Also of his slenderness. He had thinned considerably, and it improved him. His face was dragged a little with this shrinkage, but it was no longer tortured. I could have sworn that at last he realized that he was free.

He collapsed on the divan there just as he used to do when he 'd found sanctuary. For a long time he said nothing. He told me to go on painting and take no notice of him. And then after a bit he began to talk to me.

He said he had n't been able to come and see me before. To tell the truth, he had n't felt up to it. He had n't felt up to anything lately. Somehow he 'd lost his grip of things—lost all care and interest.

I asked him,—God forgive me!—what was wrong with him. And he said one thing was n't more wrong than another. It was just a general break-up of the whole machine. He did n't think he could hold out much longer. He was done for.

I said all the encouraging things I could think of. It seemed to me that he was simply suffering from the shock of a too sudden liberation. He could n't realize his blessedness. Of course I did n't tell him so, but I did tell him that sixty was no sort of age to crumple up at, and that with the family constitution he had a long life still to look forward to.

He looked at me gravely.

"If I thought *that*," he said, "I 'd—blow—my—brains out." He looked up at me again—another look. "The fact is, Roly, I can't get over your aunt's death."

He did n't get over it. He died on the same day of the month exactly one year after.



The Sinistrées of France

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The Highest Power," etc.

IT is a smiling, fruitful country over the surface of which graves are everywhere scattered,—men died fast along this country lane,—in the grain are crosses, in the dooryards of what once were peasants' houses are more crosses. Here and there in the pleasant wood trees have been mown down as by a scythe, and when the road leads to a town, heaps of brick, tortured ironwork, and shapeless mounds of stone confront one, and in strange contrast to the general desolation, scattered seemingly at random, are occasional wooden houses, temporary dwellings which the English Quakers in coöperation with the French Government have been building in what is aptly named "the devastated areas."

In these districts, over which the full fury of war passed, they will tell one, as they do in Paris, that "things are more normal now." In these areas of destroyed towns and grave-strewn fields live the *sinistrées*, a sinister name for those war victims. These, again, are divided into three classes: the refugees, the burned, and the pillaged.

It is strange and terrible to visit Paris, —and no one can be happy,—but to one who has loved France it is far worse to visit the lovely Northern country. There is here a sense of emptiness, as if terror still hushed the normal cheerful noises of mankind. The people of these regions have lost everything: their houses are burned; their animals, even the rabbits, are gone; their farm implements are shapeless pieces of grotesquely melted iron. They live in temporary, patched shelters and in the houses built by the Society of Friends, or mass themselves in some nearby village that escaped destruction at the hands of the crown prince's retreating army. After a time in this silent country one gets the sense that destruction is normal, and tears start to one's eyes at the

sight of an undestroyed French village smiling in the sun. So changed are all values that I could feel nothing strange in the words of the woman who told me, "Fortunately, my husband is a hunchback."

Then through the empty country-side come a few soldiers, or a band of wounded men stagger and grope their way on their first walk forth from the hospital gates; and the thought comes to one that in the world there are always devastated areas and men wounded in battle.

It is in the devastated areas, from the *sinistrées* themselves, that one will learn how simple women feel toward war. It is there one will hear more fully expressed the thought that I had already heard in different languages and in different countries.

"We do not live in the world in which we believed that we were living. None of us thought that it could happen to us, in our time, to the lands we knew, to our husbands and our sons. No one could believe that the world was like this and continue to bear children. And all the time, like some hideous growing plant, war was preparing; it was there waiting for us a few years away, a few months away, a few days away, and no woman believed it could be.

"Then came the horror that we refused to believe in: war came."

War held up a hand and said, "Stop!" Civilization stood still. Suddenly men and women went separate ways; common life was cleft in two by war.

When war called all the able-bodied men to the blood-stained ditches and burrows that rend France from the channel to Alsace and gave the command, "Destroy!" it also said to the women: "Go your fruitful way, bear more children, bind up your men's wounds, bind up the wounds of the country. See, beside your

own work of children and home, I give into your hands the families of a million refugees. Bind up the wounds of their spirits, put hope into the hearts of the old, save the lives of the little children, put together those countless families that have been torn apart; then the work that your man has left I give to you to do, and later I may come and destroy the fruitful fields you have planted, and in a day undo the work of careful centuries. I will kill your men and your old people and little children, and when I have done this, you must again rise up and again bear children and again repair the ruin I have wrought."

A well-known writer who has had unusual opportunities for observation has searched almost in vain among the wounded and among those men who have suffered most in war for men who hated it, and has found discouragingly few. Had the search been among women, he would have had a different story.

The simple man accepts war as he accepts birth and death. It does not show its face to him as a monstrous and bleeding horror. Among the many wounded men I talked with, the emotion I found often was a naïve self-congratulation that they had been through so much. They, too, when they were old, could tell of their adventures in the great war.

No woman in France could speak this way, but the women of the devastated districts, educated or simple, have a special loathing of war and a bitter and intelligent hatred of the conditions which make war possible. As they talk about it, one feels that there has surged into their fruitful, painstaking lives a hideous monster having no connection with the civilization of which they were a part, a terrible and indecent anachronism, as though from some hidden place of slimy ooze some primeval creature had reared its head and come forth to ravage a country-side.

It is in the quiet of the devastated areas, where from one week's end to another you will see no young man, that you will find the sharpest contrasts between women's and men's parts of the world's work in

war-time. In the foremost ranks of what one might call mobilized women have been the schoolmistresses. In one little village, which is recorded as totally destroyed, one house has been rebuilt. This one house serves as school-house and *mairie*. The schoolmistress was a youngish woman, frail and delicate, with lines of sorrow and overwork on her intelligent face. She and an assistant teacher instructed eighty children. It was her energy and resourcefulness that caused the reconstruction of this one house.

She also acts as mayor of the village. The mayor himself is of course mobilized; so is the curé. This means that she takes upon herself much of the relief work that the curé would naturally have performed. The acting mayor is an old man who comes from a village at some distance as infrequently as possible, only to sign the papers necessary for giving receipts for money from the Government, etc.; for the French Government gives to all *sinistrés* twenty-five cents a day for every grown person and ten cents for all children under sixteen years of age. The distribution of this fund, as well as the private charities, falls, therefore, into her hands. She sat there in her little office and talked about the various sides of her work, and said in a tone of apology:

"You see, there is really more to do than I can do well. There are eighty children to care for, and their families, and I have an immense correspondence." She motioned to some vast portfolios. "Two thousand French soldiers fell on the battle-field over there,"—she nodded out of the open window,—“and I am of course still answering the inquiries of their families.”

She was of course still answering the inquiries of their families, and she was of course teaching eighty children; she was of course doing all manner of relief work; she was of course giving all sorts of comfort and kindness, making a circle of light in the desolation in which she lived. And as I looked at her, I realized that there were hundreds of women like her who were of course doing the same thing

through all the vast, desolated country of the north of France, merely standing by their posts as the telephone and telegraph girls had done during the invasion, unwitting heroines performing their tasks of incredible difficulty. This woman did not mention that she was merely doing her duty; there comes a pressure in human affairs where one ceases to think in terms of duty for one's self, where one works to the limit of endurance and then beyond that limit.

During the war there have been thrown to the surface extraordinary women like the "Mayor of Soissons," but even more characteristic of the spirit of the people are the unusual qualities that have been called up in those who are merely the nation's ordinary women.

I looked out of the window. Here indeed was the biblical word fulfilled, "There shall not be left one stone upon another." What had been an orderly and sweet French village was a nameless heap of stones and rubble, only rearing their heads, gaunt and fireless amid the general destruction, were the chimneys and the hearthstones, as though the *foyer*, the hearth, of France, refused to be destroyed. Pompeii, beside it, was habitable. It looked as if some great natural calamity, known as an act of God, had passed over it. So it seemed.

Then came to me the intolerable thought, Man did this thing. No incredible cataclysm of nature, but man, more relentless than the sea in his hideous self-destruction.

I looked from this work of man to the toil-burdened schoolmistress who in the midst of this desolation had assembled her children together, and contrasted her work with that for which the men of Europe had been preparing, and one nation so supremely well and with such loving care. The careful Germans had brought with them petroleum cans, solid and German, with which to burn the villages through which they passed. An old man, standing in his flowering garden, showed me a can that had escaped in the general conflagration; he called it his "lit-

tle souvenir which the Prussians had left him." They even brought with them paraffin with which to burn the manure-heaps, so that, in case they should not hold the land, the civil population might suffer to the utmost, as they have indeed suffered, but with what unshakable gallantry it is impossible to express.

This unquenchable spirit was forever being interpreted to me by some person like an old woman whom I found working in her flower garden. No dwelling of man was now near that garden, only the shapeless ruins of what had once been houses. All about was the quiet of the country and fields, fields studded with graves—graves and ruins, and there was that garden, bright with peonies and other flowering things, and the old woman working it. She looked up from her weeding to offer me flowers.

"Of course my garden is not what it may be another year," she told me, "for I have walked eight miles to get here, and I cannot always come; but I cannot bear the thought of losing them altogether. Flowers, you know, require cultivation."

This blooming garden in the midst of the unspeakable desolation of a ruined village was a part of this old woman's contribution toward reëstablishing order. Whether there has been war or not, the education of the little children must go on, and flower gardens must go on, and all the blooming, graceful things of French life must go on, as much as they can.

Among all the *sinistrées*, only once did I come across the suggestion from any woman that there was no use in going on. This woman had lost all her sons in battle, and her husband had been ill all the winter as the result of exposure. She sat with hands folded in her lap; when a woman from the Society of Friends asked her if she did not wish to put in an application for a temporary house, she said:

"There is no use in it for us."

Her husband, beaten by illness and the loss of his sons, sat there as though still stunned by the immensity of his misfortunes. These two people were so apathetic, so detached from life, that they

seemed to be only waiting for death; and it came to me that they were the first I had seen whom the Germans had beaten. But I had reckoned without their eight-year-old daughter Rose.

"Madame," she said as we were leaving, "they want this house." She came forward, her face flushed. She stood there before us, her little head erect, her eyes shining, the embodiment of the courage of the women of France. "I will go with you," she said, "to the *mairie*, and we will put in our application."

She knew what she wanted; she knew the cost of the house; she knew the business details connected with it. "For I can read," she said; "I have been reading about these houses upon the posters."

She had sat there amidst her mother's tears, her father's dumb despair; she had watched them relax their hold on life, and, baby though she was, there had come into her heart the resolve of a woman: she would have their little house; she would reestablish their family.

And now, at this writing, Rose's house will already have been built, and her parents will again be re-awakening to life. For such a heroic child they can do nothing else.

I left the country of the *sinistrées* with the words of a friend of mine echoing in my heart:

"I have seen so much beauty, so much mutual aid, so much self-sacrifice since the beginning of this war that I can never distrust human nature again."

But above this thought is another one. Must heroic and great qualities of men and women be organized forever only for war and for repairing the destruction that war causes?

There is an office through which passes a procession of dark-clothed men and women, where all day long the words, "We regret there is as yet no news," are heard. Once this had been a language school; to-day it houses the Bureau de Renseignements pour les Familles Dispersées. This is one of the thousands of familiar places in Paris that war has changed to its uses.

The red cross floats over the place where there had been a club for girl students; a favorite restaurant houses a workshop. The reception-rooms of hotels are turned into *vestiaires*; schools house the most miserable of all *sinistrées*, the refugees. The altered use of public and private buildings is the outward sign which tells you that all through France the thought of anything except war has ceased. Life in its ordinary course has ceased. People get up and go to bed, pursue their various businesses, as in a vacuum. The ordinary business of life has no longer any meaning; nothing has meaning except that unnatural and ghastly work of killing; nothing counts that is not connected with this work of destruction. The complete spiritual isolation of a whole nation from all subjects that do not concern killing and being killed, or the contemplation of the destruction attendant on war, is another of war's least negligible by-products.

In the strange and nightmare country of the trenches where the men of France live, the real lives of the women of France are passed.

There is not a single little family on the remote border of France whose eyes are not fixed on that long, narrow strip of blood-stained country, that tormented and tortured country of barb-wire, of mitrail-leuses, of shell, of great guns and trenches. The state of soul of a nation which has subordinated the fruitful industries of life to the subject of killing and being killed is a strange thing. The spirit of a nation which sees its young manhood and its youth surge up to the country of death and then ebb back wounded and dead is strange and grave; so strange and so grave that, if you had lived there before, the unfamiliarity of its familiar aspect is a terrifying thing.

As I went about among my friends, I became aware of the overpowering sense of something that was almost more poignant than grief; a nerve-racking spiritual discomfort overwhelmed me, outsider though I was; and presently the meaning of this discomfort translated itself into

words: suspense was what brooded over all the men and women whom I met. They were waiting; they gave the effect of a whole nation listening to invisible voices; and while the surface of conversation was as normal as it could be, since it dealt with such abnormal things as war and the lamentable by-products of war, they were all of them waiting, waiting, for news from the front, waiting to learn if sons and husbands were still alive, waiting for the end of the war.

Suspense was everywhere, but it brooded more closely in that office where once people went to learn languages and where they now go to wait for tidings of their mothers, of their children, lost years ago, in the time when the German army overran France and created the army of the *sinistrées*.

In the vast confusion that occurred when the German army swept down upon Paris—a confusion which affected a civil population of millions of people, members of families lost one another. In the vast card-catalogues of the Bureau de Renseignement les Familles Dispersées is concentrated the suspense and anguish of a nation.

Of this vast suspense, this anguished searching of mothers for children, of daughters for mothers, of fathers, of sons for all their families, nothing is heard in the outside world. This calamity of the tearing asunder of thousands upon thousands of families, which, had it come at another time, as the result of some cataclysm of nature, would have caused the pity of the whole civilized world to stream forth, is now only a little incident for the world at large, an incident for every one except those concerned in its hideous tragedy.

There are many little children in France, tiny youngsters, babies so young that they cannot speak, who have strayed on the roads, and of whose parents no trace has yet been heard.

The newspapers in France also contain advertisements of fathers searching for their children, and wives for their husbands, and soldiers for their families.

So to-day when I think of France, I cannot think merely in the terms of a country invaded. Another great, shadowy army fills my mind—the army of mothers searching for their children, of daughters searching for their old parents, waiting day by day for news of those whom they love, wondering among what strangers they are living, and then, perhaps mercifully and perhaps sadly, after months, again united. My mind reverts to this group of women searching continuously for the lost, and helping to reunite the members of those families.

War, which had welded the men of the country into an engine of destruction, had sent its women forth on countless works of mercy and reconstruction, and this work I had come to France to witness. As I went about on this strange and heart-breaking sight-seeing, as I visited barracks in which not wounded soldiers, but wounded families, lived and ate, saw workshops, hospitals, there came to me a vision of what a total disorganization war meant to the civil population.

Day by day among the *sinistrées* I heard stories of flight from burning villages, until such a flight seemed a usual experience. I heard tales of lost relatives. I saw families cut in half by war. I saw women searching for old mothers. I saw refugees who had lost little children. I listened to the dreadful prattle of children who talked of killing. I saw listless, sad-eyed young girls who had witnessed the death of all dear to them. I saw women sitting with folded hands, their means of livelihood gone, their husbands gone, their reason for living gone.

I saw little children below the age of speech, who had been found wandering on the roads by soldiers, and two Belgian children who had been found in the very trenches where they had fled terrified during the bombardment. No one can ever know who they are; their mothers will never see them again.

I saw women, in deepest grief over the loss of their sons, stay by their posts unflinching, never stopping in their work, and everywhere I saw beauty and un-

quenchable courage, even though many walked with the weary air of those whose illusions have been killed and with them their inner reason for living. High and low worked with the desperate activity of ants whose ant-hill had been stepped on. I looked and listened until I was drowned by what I saw, until I could see no more and hear no more.

And as I saw these things, all the vast, restless stirring of women, which, when it is self-conscious, we call feminism, seemed to me to have supremely gained in significance; it seemed that its very roots lay in women's age-old mute protest against war.

I had, in the weeks that preceded my journey into France, heard a great deal of talk concerning the basic racial and economic causes of war. Here is the contribution to these reasons of a very simple woman, and it seems to me that in it there is a very profound truth.

The name of this woman is Mme. Etienne, and she was once my concierge. I always go to see her when I am in Paris, for I love her homely wit and her gaiety. Her three boys had been almost young men when I had last seen her, and I wondered if she had joined the women in mourning. She met me dry-eyed. She seemed, indeed, as if turned to stone, for she told me in a hard and steady voice:

"They are all dead, all. All three died within six weeks. Since then I have read no papers. There is no victory for me. There can be no victory for those whose sons are dead."

From the streets came the sound of singing, cabs rattled by decorated with Italian flags. War had called to something deep in the hearts of these men, and found there a response. We watched them in silence a moment. Then Mme. Etienne stretched out her hand toward them and cried:

"As long as men love war like that, there will be war, and when they hate it as we hate it, there will be no more war."

And at her words the oppression that had followed me since the beginning of the war found its meaning. She had said the thing that I had seen since I had realized to the full the terrific cleavage war had brought between men's affairs and our affairs, but had not wished to put into words.

Since the war, even the men at home had turned to me the faces of strangers. They thought negligible what women thought important. The things we asked one another as we talked about the war held no interest for them. The sense of men's strangeness has bred a fear in me that had no name and no face. Now at last I saw the reason with terrible clearness.

Now I knew why even the men of my own country had seemed so alien to me, and the reason is that the difference between men and women is the difference between birth and death. I had thought that the profound differences between men and women became trivial in the face of their still profounder similarity. But now it seems to me that our deepest experience is giving life and their intensest moment is when they are called on by war to go out and destroy the lives for which we have risked our own.

Man plays a very small part in the supreme adventure of birth. When a woman goes down to death to give life she goes alone. Man is nothing to her then. Her husband, the father of the child to be born, cannot share in her pain. Her intensest moment she lives by herself. The great miracle of birth is no concern of his, and he can only shrink back, a frightened witness, and wait and wait interminably and pray that all is well. The great experience for her, and for him only the permission to wait.

When men go out to fight they, too, go alone. We cannot go with them; we only wait while they risk their lives that other men may die. Men and women go alone to their supreme adventures.



Photograph by
WhiteStudio

Writing the
love-letter

The Appeal of the Unpretentious

A Study of a Play and its Audience

By E. R. LIPSETT

THERE never was any truth in the statement that real art cannot be popular. It is the invention of minds too small to take the correct measurements of other minds. Most caterers in esthetic pleasures have no understanding of their publics.

Real public taste is not to be confounded with the popularity of the tone concoctions of an unlettered East-Side boy or the ten-thousand-dollar-prize scenario of the little village stenographer. It is true, though, that these deformities strike more surely the popular mood. The things they stand for are the things the popular mind dreams of. It is like running across some old friends from home or those of one's own blood. One warms up to them, taking them for what they are, and asking no questions. But one does not necessarily say that they are the finest in the world and that there could be no wish for anything better.

The fortunes of "L'Enfant Prodigue"

at the Little Theater in New York will prove whether the public knows a really good thing when it sees it. At the moment of writing it is not possible to gage these. Still, seeing that the play had had a run of one hundred and fifty nights in London, one may venture to forecast for it a still longer run here. This, of course, is tantamount to saying that New York's audiences, or spectators, one would rather say in the matter of "Pierrot the Prodigal," stand on a higher level than London's. That is true. The mentality of a public is known by the magazines it reads, and the English magazines are almost as far behind ours as ours are behind what they might be.

But let us dispense with criterions and comparisons. Here we have for basic facts that the audiences at the Little Theater know precisely when art is art and not burlesque. In certain situations there is less than a step between the two. The mind does not have to wander anywhere

from the one to the other. It is all in the eye; it is just how you look. You see what you look for, and thereby will you be judged. Now, the houses at "Pierrot" have proved that audiences know how to look for the right thing in the right place at the right moment.



Miss Marjory Patterson as *Pierrot*

Pierrot sits down to write a love-letter. He throws up his head, and with quill in mouth sits and thinks and thinks. He puts the quill to paper, but only for a moment; back the thing goes to his mouth, and he thinks again. Three or four times this is repeated. Then he lets himself go. The pen travels over the paper at a furious rate; the arm works straight from the shoulder, the head and body joining in rhythmic motion. Presently the writing-table also goes. It moves away from un-

der the writer's hand. He hastens after it, continuing to write all the time. Again the table moves away, and again he chases it, without a break in the writing. And now comes the marvel of marvels: there is not a titter from the audience. They sit inspired with a rare reverence. They see it all. They know that it is not done for the sake of making the table move, but that the table cannot help moving under the tremendous impetus, the onrush of thought and emotion. They see it all very clearly, and they sit with bated breath. It holds them in a spell. Here was not only just one more young lover writing just one more love-letter, but it was young love writing the love-letter. It was the love-letter visualized. Perhaps it would be said that the fine music accompanying the action helped the people to understand it. Let that be so, by all means. It doubly confirms the truth that there is a ready public for real art. It is clear that a public that can be talked to in music must needs have a decent understanding of art values.

Another scene of large significance, and equally running the risk of being turned into a cheap laugh where it fails of appreciation, occurs in the second act, when *Pierrot* and his *Phrynette* are settled in their dove-cote in the big city. The bills begin to come in after a time in the form of great strips of paper of the size of parlor rugs. No items are mentioned, no figures are flaunted to the eye, so many hundred francs for a dress, so many for a hat; but it is the visualization of a woman's extravagance, a thing of all time and every clime. And this scene again was duly honored by the house. They understood it; they never laughed.

Here, then, in "Pierrot the Prodigal" we have true art in that it deals not only with things, but with the significance of them. We had so learned to center our admiration on photographic minuteness of externals and adjuncts, as exemplified by the Belasco stagings, that we had forgotten what art was, forgotten that there was art. A writer in a medical journal finds a flaw in "The Boomerang," because in the

doctor's office in that play he cannot see a sphygmomanometer.

The poignancy and largeness of the art in "Pierrot the Prodigal" lie, of course, in the fact that it is a pantomime. It is the delight of art to dispense with labels, as it is of the goddess to dispense with linen. Venus petticoated could not be herself. Art under labels could not be art. In "Pierrot the Prodigal," in which not a word is spoken or a voice ever once raised, art is wholly itself all the way. It is art untrammelled, and such is its wizardry that by bare suggestion it calls things into being, together with the soul of things, or, as Herder and Carlyle would say it, the divine idea underlying them. A look, a pose, and we have a whole character, a whole story, and a big one.

We know at once it is a love-sick youth when *Pierrot* rises from the meal he cannot eat to look out through the window, on the alert for the sight of somebody. Presently, when that somebody comes in, in the person of the dainty little laundry maid, we know from the poise of her head and the roll of her eye as *Pierrot* kneels at her feet in supplication what a heartless, supercilious jade she is. And there never was such a tale of parental sorrow for an erring youth as we get from the father and mother of *Pierrot* over their evening meal after he had stolen their savings and run away with that worthless coquette. They cannot eat. There is no room for food, with so many tears choking them. And then the most powerful presentation comes in the scene toward the end, when, disillusioned, dishonored, ragged, and bedraggled, *Pierrot* crawls back home to seek the forgiveness of his parents. As the youthful figure kneels, with head bent and arms outstretched into space, while the stern and unyielding father stands with his back turned, there is the very embodiment of penitence, grief, and longing. These emotions are not merely expressed, but they are there themselves. In that pose, at least, Miss Marjory Patterson, who plays the part of *Pierrot*, approaches the heights trodden by the Russian dancers.

But our business is with the people who look on. Throughout the three acts there was not a movement of significance lost on them. And what is more, on the direct statement of the manager, the people who come to see the play deprecate, and often resent, the synopsis of the story



Pierrot and the rose

given with the program. They do not need the words. They see in that providential accommodation a reflection on their intelligence, in the first instance, and then it mars the pleasure of their own intelligent following of the play.

And now to forget for a moment that "L'Enfant Prodigue" is the creation of a fine French mind, to forget that it is different from all other plays in that it is a pantomime, and to take it only by its story values, we get at still another truth. And that is, that it is not always the preten-

tious that makes appeal to the public. Here in "Pierrot the Prodigal" we see the appeal of the unpretentious. The story is as simple and as primitive as a passage from the gospel, as free from sophistry as a child's prayer.



The Immoral Reformation of Billy Lunt

By LEWIS FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

ONE morning in January, Captain Amos Cosgrove met Billy Lunt on the Shore Road, and drew him in under the lee of the rigging-loft, out of the wind.

"Billy," he said, coming at once to the point, "th' ain't no two ways about it—you 've got to reform."

Startled, Billy looked up.

"Reform?" he repeated blankly.

"That 's what I said," replied Captain Amos, with great firmness; "an', what 's more, you ain't got no time to lose. I ain't goin' to set by in silence an' see no foreigner run off with one of our best girls if I can help it. You git busy."

Billy was a young sailor, home for the winter, with the understanding that he was to become master of his father's barque when she returned to port in the spring, and he had utilized his holiday by falling under the spell of Lydia Bascom, a niece whom Captain Amos's house-keeper, Mrs. Bascom, had invited over from Mount Horeb for a long visit. All had gone well until late in December, when a young man named Harding had come into port in charge of Captain Azariah Baker's big schooner. He had remained, finding in Blackwater, with Lydia, an attractiveness that far outshone the rest of the habitable globe. To Captain Amos the situation seemed ominous. Billy was a clean-minded, good-looking young man whom every one liked, and to most people, as to Billy himself, the idea of reformation in connection with him would have seemed ridiculous; but Captain Amos had his own ideas of life, and no one had ever doubted his shrewdness.

"It does beat all nation," he went on musingly, "how good, nice-minded young girls will pass the straight sticks by an' pick up the crooked ones. You can see with half an eye that them tall yarns that

Harding tells kind o' take Lydia's imagination, an' she 's set him up on a pinnacle, so to speak, for bein' what any man would know he ain't. He 's just a plain, common liar, Billy, an' a man that 's that is hopeless. I 'm some worried. Now, that 's the p'int I 'm makin' now: you 've got to beat him at his own game—be a leetle mite more of a bad man than him. You can't split tacks with that sort o' critter when it comes to women: you got to beat 'em tack for tack. So I say you 've got to reform."

"That 's what I 'd call reforming backward," said Billy, with a doleful smile, "if I 've got to brag and lie about things I 've never done or seen."

"Jus' so," replied Captain Amos, coolly; "you 've got my p'int exact." For half an hour he explained his brilliant idea in detail, and at the close added: "Now, mind: be open 's the day, an' don't hide nothin'" — he smiled slightly — "'T won't hurt you none. Jus' beat him at his own game, like I said. You can do it; you ain't got no facts to hamper you. Of course you don't have to lie outright; jus' hint at some things an' be pretty familiar with others. It 'll come easy when you git in the swing of it. An' I 'll work one end, an' kind o' lead you on. Come up to-night, an' le' 's see how it works."

THERE was about Billy a new and unfamiliar air when he entered Captain Amos's living-room that evening—a suggestion of swagger that was wholly unlike his usual quiet demeanor. He greeted Harding, who was already there, with a heartiness that surprised that young gentleman and made him vaguely uneasy, accustomed as he was to Billy's ordinarily cool manner. Captain Amos was leaning back in a chair, with his feet on the stove, and Mrs. Bascom, Lydia, and her friend

Martha Carter were gasping over something that Harding was saying as Billy entered the room.

Captain Amos broke in upon the pause that followed Billy's entrance by turning to Harding and saying:

"Well, you must 'a' be'n some scart when you woke up an' saw that feller standin' over you with a pistol p'inted at you." He explained to Billy: "Mr. Harding was a-tellin' about a mutiny aboard once. He did n't know anything was wrong till he saw that sailorman standin' over him like that. Well,"—he turned back to Harding,—“well, I guess you suspicioned something was up then,” he said.

"Yes," assented Harding; "but I kept my wits about me, pretending I was half asleep and thought it was the second mate come to call me. So when I yawned and stretched, and he stooped over to shake me again, I let one fist fly in his face and doubled him up in a heap. The game was soon up then."

But he told it all in detail, and as he finished, Captain Amos glanced meaningly at Billy, and that misguided young gentleman plunged boldly into the contest. Some of his tales were received with such marked silence as to hint at unbelief; and at the last were so marvelous that Captain Amos fell to raking the stove with such vigor that speech was impossible. He also tried to change the current of talk by abruptly asking Martha if she had heard that Mr. Paddleford had announced his intention of preaching a series of sermons to sailors. If he did, he supposed he 'd have to go, he added.

The captain's choice of a safe subject seemed unfortunate, for it gave Lydia the opportunity to remark musingly to no one in particular that she thought it an excellent idea, and would suggest some of the Ten Commandments as suitable texts. In the painful pause that followed, Harding cheerfully harked back to the previous subject of conversation. He still found it interesting.

"Well, it 's a hard life at best," he said, "and no wonder a sailor goes in for a good time when he gets ashore in some

out-of-the-way port. I remember once in Callao—"

Billy was now past all hope. A red spot, like high fever, burned on each cheek, and he obstinately, almost gaily, met the challenge.

"Do you know Gringo Mike's in Callao?" he interrupted eagerly. "If you 're ever looking for trouble or fun in Callao, don't pass Mike's by. Every cutthroat and beachcomber on the West Coast turns up there, ready for anything."

"I think I remember the place," answered Harding.

"Think!" retorted Billy. "You 'd know Gringo Mike's—a long, low, rambling, thick-walled place, with a great patio filled at night with donkey and llama trains, and the drivers sleeping on the ground, rolled up in their ponchos, or cooking their own suppers at the big fire-places in the long room. And Pepita—you 'd remember Pepita, the pretty, black-eyed little señorita who used to play the tambourine and dance. Why, she"—he stopped in confusion—"why, you 'd know the place if you 'd been there," he ended lamely.

"I guess I don't know it," replied Harding, dryly.

Billy was looking down at his feet, smiling reminiscently. Suddenly he laughed.

"One night she was looking unusually pretty, and seemed a little sad, and I guess that moved some of us; for when she came skipping down toward me—"

"Any you folks feel too warm?" broke in Captain Amos, hurriedly, with becoming solicitude for the welfare of his guests. "Seems to me the weather 's moderatin', or else I 'm carryin' on too much sail on this here stove, one." He rose noisily, closed the draft, and, ambling to the window, looked out. "Stars is kind o' dim," he continued. "How 'd it look when ye come in, boys? Like moderatin'?"

"Yes," replied Billy. He turned to Harding. "So when she—"

"We was just a-speakin' of Cap'n Dave Harlow before ye come in," interposed Captain Amos. "Marthy says his folks



“‘Billy,’ he said, coming at once to the point, ‘th’ ain’t no two ways about it—you ’ve got to reform!’”

is gittin' anxious about him. He 's comin' from some'rs down there—Callao or some sich place. Ye made me think of it," he added, with a labored effort at guilelessness.

"From Para," corrected Billy, "a long ways from Callao, anyway you put it. But no one knows when Cap'n Dave left, and there has n't been any bad weather. He 's safe enough. But, as I was saying—"

"They tell me the current 's pretty strong in the river down there at Para," said Captain Amos, hastily. "Is that so? Well, they can talk about them foreign anchorages all they please, but I don't believe they find any to lay over the North River—off Bedloes Island, say—on the half-tide some cold night in February, when the ice is runnin' out an' a nor'-wester 's drawin' down through the Palisades like a chimbley. When that there ice goes grindin' along by your head outside the plankin', ye ain't goin' to need nobody to nudge ye to keep ye awake. Not much." Then at last Billy was silenced.

Silence, indeed, had fallen upon the company generally. Now and then, it is true, Harding leaned forward to finger the fancy-work upon which Lydia was engaged, remarking on its beauty in a low voice, a proceeding that naturally was not recognized by the others as an incentive to general conversation. Martha openly yawned, and at last rose to go. Harding, too, rose to his feet with an air of finality in the process, and, after a momentary hesitation, Billy also prepared to depart. He had one arm in the sleeve of his overcoat before he saw that Harding had merely risen to take his position on the other side of the table. The new plan had its drawbacks, Billy was forced to confess as he walked homeward by the side of the silent Martha.

He was seated on the steps of Palmer's store the next morning when Captain Amos came into view. The weather had moderated, as the captain had surmised. The sun was almost springlike, the day windless. A cat dozed on the sunny door-

step, and from a neighboring yard came the cheerful singing of fowl.

As Captain Amos seated himself by the young man's side, he nodded thoughtfully, with an absent-minded "Well, Billy," by way of salutation, and then relapsed into a silence so unusual that his companion turned and looked at him.

"Well, Captain Amos, I suppose I made a mess of it," he began. "I started in by hinting at things as you advised, but they rather got away from me."

"They sure did," replied Captain Amos, thoughtfully; "you ain't no natural liar, Billy. Some o' them yarns was ruther overdone. The plague of it was, the worse things sounded natural. That Pepita, now—kind o' seems as if she was sort o' drug in by the heels, so to speak. I ruther wish you 'd left her out."

"Well, I guess I was a little mad," confessed Billy, "and so got reckless. That thing Lydia said about the Ten Commandments—why, she might as well have told me to my face that I was a liar. After that I did n't seem to care, but just took the bit in my teeth."

"More like the whole halter," corrected the captain. "My land! when you went off home I was plumb tired out tryin' to head you off. I felt some relieved when the door shut behind ye. That don't sound polite, I guess, but you understand."

"Oh, I suppose it was a failure, anyway you look at it," said Billy.

"Well, some plans work, an' some don't," replied Captain Amos, with easy philosophy. "They 're like human critters in that: ye can't see why one ain't good 's another till ye try 'em on a job." He paused for an embarrassed moment, then added with a keen realization of the difficulty of his position: "An', Billy, mebbe 't would be 'bout as well to keep away from the house for a spell. That there Pepita—"

"Oh, I understand," Billy interposed.

"She kind o' worked 'em up," concluded the captain.

Billy's face fell, but he looked determined.

"Well, I 'm going to keep it up," he



"Some of his tales were received with such marked silence as to hint at unbelief"

declared. "To tell the truth, I rather enjoyed it when I got started. I'll have the fun of shocking people even if I lose in the end. I did n't have much show as things were going; I might as well run to the finish."

"That 's right," agreed Captain Amos, heartily. "Give the plan a fair trial. I'll help you all I can, though I 'm trustin' more to women's contrariness now than to my own judgment. I guess it 's safer in the long run."

FOR a week Billy lived in the unreal world of his imagination, and he took no pains to keep it to himself. It seemed to him that he walked the streets of his native town in an atmosphere heavily charged with suspicion and disapproval. On Friday he met Mr. Paddleford, the pastor of the Second Church, and instead of the cordial hand-clasp and the pleasant word with which he had grown familiar,

he received only a preoccupied nod and a sad "Good afternoon" in greeting.

He was to learn, too, that when a man begins to go down-hill, Fate stands ready to assist. A sailor whom he had often befriended, then lying ill at Black Jim's low resort on Meadow Street, having called him in to see him on Saturday afternoon, Billy was leaving the saloon at dusk just as Deacon Armstrong was passing. The deacon sadly confided the fact to his friends. He added that he would not have believed it if he had not seen it with his own eyes. Naturally, he was now quite prepared to believe the things that his eyes had not seen.

A day or two later Captain Amos met Billy on the Shore Road.

"See here, boy," he said, "ain't you git-tin' deeper in the mire 'n you was in the muck? Now, when I thought up that little piece of play-actin', I did n't suppose you was goin' to carry it on to King-

dom Come. Seems to me you 're ruther overdoin' it."

"You said keep it up—not back down," Billy replied, with an obstinate look.

"Yes, I guess that 's so," Captain Amos acknowledged. "That 's so; but if you want to mistrust my judgment, don't mind sayin' so. I ain't so blame' sure of it myself." Then suddenly he burst forth irritably: "Consarn women-folks, anyway! They ain't reliable, Billy. They certainly ain't. Now, why don't you come up to the house to-night an' make a clean breast of the whole business? Lydia can see the p'int of a joke quick 's any one; an' I 'll shoulder the blame."

"No, sir," replied Billy, obstinately. "If she takes me now, she 's got to take me just as I am."

"You mean just as you ain't, don't you?" corrected Captain Amos.

"Yes," agreed Billy—"what she thinks I am. Lord knows what that is. Well, I 'm going to Mr. Paddleford's donation to-morrow night, and I 'll try again. I 've learned something since that first trial."

"What you goin' to do?" asked Captain Amos, in alarm.

Billy laughed.

"Oh, I 'll just wait around for a chance for an opening," he said, "and give the plan another trial."

ON the night of the donation Billy passed the brilliantly lighted parsonage several times before summoning sufficient courage to enter; but when at last, through sheer shame, he went up the path, and, opening



"He received only a preoccupied nod and a sad 'Good afternoon' in greeting"



“You said keep it up—not back down”

the door without knocking, after the casually cheerful custom of that festival dedicated to the gods of hospitality, stepped into the hall, it was only to rail at his folly for coming. Though he could detect no flaw in the greetings of Mr. Paddleford and his wife, he was sensitively alive even to the supposed lifting of an eyebrow: it seemed to him that Mr. Paddleford showed that slight measure of surprise. Its effect was to make him obstinately shy.

For a moment he paused to glance into the sitting-room, now temporarily used for supper. About the long tables the older guests were sitting, and as Billy

caught sight of Captain Amos, he stepped back, dreading a too public greeting. As he turned, he caught a momentary glimpse of the parlor, filled apparently with those of his own age. He passed up the stairs to one of the dressing-rooms, in and out of which, and through the hall, girls and boys, in couples, tramped steadily, singing the old game:

“It rains and hails, it's cold, stormy
weather;

In comes the farmer, drinking cider.

Who'll go reaper, who'll go binder?

I've lost my true love, and I can't find
her.”

As he returned to the hall, crowding past the players, and approached the stairs, up and down which younger children raced, a sudden feeling of diffidence came to him at the thought of the possibility of meeting Lydia in the parlor, with inquisitive eyes looking on. The door of the minister's study in the "extension" stood open, and the empty room looked inviting. Glad for a momentary retreat, he passed in, and idly began to scan the backs of the books that lined the walls just as Deacon Armstrong's wife came up the stairs. Being a careful woman, with a keen sense of responsibility, the thought came to her that the children racing through the halls might enter the study and disturb the minister's papers and books. She softly closed the door, and, turning the key, passed on.

At the sound of the closing door, Billy turned and caught sight of Lydia on the far side of the room, lifting her eyes from a book.

"Oh, good evening," he said. "I did n't see you."

"Good evening," she replied. "I don't see why you shut the door," she added coldly. "I wish you 'd open it."

"Why, I did n't do it," he replied. "It was the children, I suppose."

He stepped to the door, and, seizing the knob, turned it angrily, but of course without effect.

"It is locked!" he exclaimed.

"Well, then ask them to unlock it," she commanded, and dropped her eyes to her book, turning her back upon him.

It was only after much calling and sharp knocking that he heard children's voices outside.

"Say," he called, "do you hear me? Unlock the door, somebody."

Hands fumbled at the key, but there was no responsive click of the lock, and he thumped again angrily. Perspiration gathered on his brow as he heard Lydia sharply close her book.

"Come, hurry!" he called sharply.

From the outside drifted a child's plaintive voice:

"It won't turn. It just wiggles."

"Turn harder," he encouraged.

Apparently a new hand was at the key, for it rattled vigorously, and the door was thumped, evidently with the laudable intention of loosening something; but nothing happened, and the efforts ceased. A boy called:

"It won't unlock."

Billy imagined he detected a note of exultant pleasure in the voice, and the blood rushed to his face. In desperation he knocked for attention.

"Tell Mr. Paddleford to come up and unlock the door," he called slowly and distinctly. "It 's his door." This explanation was made to Lydia.

His order was generously obeyed, for he heard the whole troop of children rush to the stair-rail and unitedly scream Mr. Paddleford's name.

"Oh, how ridiculous!" exclaimed Lydia. "They 'll have *everybody* up!"

With a muttered word, Billy pounded on the door.

"See here," he snapped, "one of you go down and *whisper* to Mr. Paddleford to come up. You don't need to raise—the dead."

But Mr. Paddleford was already flying up the stairs, with half the company at his heels. The general impression was that some one had knocked over a lamp and the house was afire. Billy heard the agitated voice of the minister crying as he approached:

"Where is it? Where is it?" The next instant he had caught the knob, and was shouting: "Open the door! Open it instantly!"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Billy. He put his head close to the door and called with forced calmness: "The key is on—the outside. Somebody locked it. Please turn it, will you?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Paddleford. He had now become impressed with the notion that thieves were in the room.

"Mr. Lunt," called Billy.

There was relief in the minister's audible "Oh," and Billy's spirits rose.

"I strolled in here to look at the books,"

he explained, "and somebody locked the door. I suppose they thought it was a joke," he added sarcastically. Then he blushed, for it occurred to him that such an explanation brought Lydia into promi-

"Oh, come," exclaimed Billy, "won't somebody open this door?"

Mr. Paddleford fumbled at the key.

"We never lock it," he now explained helplessly; "it 's apt to catch. I think



"See here," called the now desperate Billy, "there 's a lady in here, too!"

nence, and he called again, "I mean somebody did it accidentally."

Through the barrier the voice of Captain Amos came to him, asking:

"Is that you, Billy?"

"It is," snapped Billy.

He heard the captain's voice break as he said:

"Why, you need n't have been scart, you know. Nobody wants to hurt ye."

something is wrong with the lock." He tried a feeble joke. "I think you 'll have to spend the night there, Mr. Lunt, unless we can find Jacob sober. He opened it once before when we first came to the house." Jacob was a convivial Dutch locksmith, and Mr. Paddleford's remark showed his accurate knowledge of social conditions in the town, for Jacob was rarely sober after nightfall.

"Then I guess you might as well make up your mind to spend the night, Billy. You might read some of the dominie's tracts. Seems to me he 's got ye where he wants ye," came the voice of Jehiel Dace.

"See here," called the now desperate Billy, "there 's a lady in here, too."

Then he heard the sound of a concerted giggle outside, and some one called:

"Who is she?"

"Don't you tell!" hissed Lydia.

"She says I must n't tell," replied Billy, and there was another giggle heard.

"Oh, how silly!" cried Lydia, hotly.

Billy turned upon her.

"Well, I could n't keep it a secret, could I?" he demanded.

"You might have pretended not to hear," she retorted.

For reply, Billy stalked to the window at the end of the room, and threw it up with a slam; but the voice of Mr. Paddeford called out in alarm:

"What are you going to do?"

"Drop out of the window," Billy called back. "I 'm going to unlock that door."

"Don't! don't!" begged the minister.

"It 's on the slope, and high, and the grape-arbor is under it, and that 's rotten. It would never hold you, and you 'd fall in the stone areaway below. You 'd be killed. Can't you get out the front windows?"

Billy glanced toward them. They were low attic windows.

"They 're too small," he called. "I could never squeeze through."

He turned and looked at Lydia. She was watching him curiously; but at his glance she wheeled, with a despairing little gesture.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it 's too ridiculous! I 'll never hear the last of this—never!" She was near to tears.

He stepped quickly to her side.

"There 's one way to turn the joke on them, Lydia," he said gravely.

She stared at him.

"You call it a joke!" Then her curiosity arose, and she added, "What—how—"

"Why," he explained eagerly, "when they come in and try to be funny—why,

we 'll just let 'em see how things are—that we care for each other, you know. We 'll stand together in this affair, dear. You know I 'd die for you; and can't you care a little for me?"

"For a man like you—of your character!" she cried. "No, indeed."

"I 'll never do a thing you would n't want me to, dear, never," he protested. "Can't you believe it?"

"I did like you," she confessed through fast-falling tears, "you seemed so different—so nice and good; but when—you—oh, if you 'd only reform, and I—"

He caught her hand.

"I 'll do anything," he whispered—"anything. And perhaps I am not so—"

At that moment, with a sharp click, the lock yielded, and the door flew open.

Later in the evening Captain Amos came up to the two as they stood alone in a corner of the parlor.

"Well, I take it you two young folks have settled things between yourselves," he said genially, "though I must say it was pretty public." He sniggered, but added: "Well, it 's all right, but I kind o' wish Billy had n't sich a big crop of wild oats to explain as I 've be'n hearin' about for weeks. Seems to me—"

"He 's promised me to reform, Cap'n Amos," interposed Lydia, eagerly.

Captain Amos shook his head.

"That ain't enough," he declared. "Seems to me he ought to clinch it. Now, I 'd be better satisfied if we could git him out to the protracted meetin's an' stand up like a man an' openly confess all them faults. 'A sin confessed is a sin undone,' as my old mother used to say. Then I 'd feel safer about him."

"Oh, if he only would!" sighed Lydia, looking appealingly up into Billy's face.

"Well, we 'll keep at him till he does," said Captain Amos as he moved away.

And Billy, smiling uneasily, looked blankly into the future, and saw the Nemesis of his immoral reformation forever hovering near; for in his heart he felt that the sensitive pride of Lydia would never brook the truth.

"Confound Cap'n Amos!" he muttered.

The Irish Grievance

The Case for the Anti-English Party

By J. F. BYRNE

TWENTY-EIGHT of the thirty-two counties in Ireland have clamored for Home Rule, have often fought and bled for it. Four counties do not want it. Not merely do they not want it for themselves, but, being a grossly arrogant and bigoted minority, they are determined to thwart the heart-wish of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. Home Rule, they declare, would be disastrous not alone to Ulster, but to the whole of Ireland; and so they bind themselves in a solemn covenant to use all necessary means to defeat the conspiracy to set up a "destructive" and "perilous" Home Rule parliament in Ireland.

Here is the proximate cause of the rebellion in Ireland; its remote causes drag a lengthening chain through centuries.

The Covenanters of Ulster, banded and vivified by Sir Edward Carson early in 1912, and acting under his leadership, were then the only body of armed men in Ireland. For more than a year after that time they continued to drill and to procure arms, mainly, be it noted, from Germany. They waxed in numbers and in strength, and their arrogance grew proportionately; and always they acted with what amounted to the covert connivance of the British War Office, which made no real effort to prevent the Ulstermen from acquiring arms, and enacted no special legislation to restrict them.

In November, 1913, Irish Nationalists, spurred into activity by the Ulster menace to the attainment of their ideals, founded the Irish Volunteers, who pledged themselves "to secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland." The Irish Volunteers, as Sir Roger Casement stated in his speech from the dock, had no quarrel with the Ulster Covenanters as such, "but against the men who misused and misdirected the courage,

sincerity, and local patriotism of the men of the North of Ireland."

Promptly on the formation of the Irish Volunteers the British Government displayed its exquisite capacity for discriminate impartiality by issuing the Arms Proclamation of December, 1913. The Covenanters had had more than a year in which to secure arms without hindrance, and the aim of the proclamation was not to deprive them of the arms they had already secured, but to prevent the arming of any rival organization.

Despite this benevolent aim on the part of the British Government, despite the vigilance of gunboats patrolling the east, south, and west coasts of Ireland, the Irish Volunteers succeeded in smuggling small arms into the country in considerable quantities, and these arms were delivered for cash by English firms.

But the smuggling on the part of the Volunteers was always attended with real risk. Several attempts at landing arms were frustrated, quantities of arms and ammunition were seized, and many arrests made. Always there was the possibility of an open clash between the people and the forces of the crown—a clash which came at last on July 26, 1914, in the famous gun-running incident at Howth, which ended that evening in the massacre by the military at Bachelor's Walk, Dublin, in which two women, a boy, and a man were killed.

Meanwhile, the Home-Rule bill was plodding its weary way through the House of Parliament, and, when finally it was about to pass that house for the third consecutive time, the opposition to it from the Orange minority in Ireland, backed by British Unionists, grew in intensity. The strongest government in modern times, as was then the British Government, stood dismayed at the bitter

and concentrated hostility to the enactment of Home Rule. The Home-Rule issue developed into a thunderbolt which threatened to split the very shield of Britannia. The "Curragh Revolt" under General Gough, in which he was supported by both French and Roberts, revealed a military conspiracy which had its root in the War Office and ramified to the rank and file, and made it clear to the Government that it could not rely on its own military forces to suppress armed opposition by the Covenanters to the establishment of a Home-Rule parliament in Ireland. The full extent of this conspiracy has not yet become known, but it is certain that it was an important factor in the development of the European problem. It reached even to the throne of England, as was disclosed about November, 1915, by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who stated publicly in Armagh that King George ultimately signed the Home-Rule bill "in spite of threats," and that "many men in the House of Commons thought for several days that the army might come down, turn them out of the House, and lock the doors" to defeat Home Rule!

In introducing the Home-Rule bill of 1912, Premier Asquith, in the peroration to his speech, amid the howls and heckling of prominent members of the opposition, some of whom are his coadjutors in the present Coalition Cabinet, said:

"Have you any answer to the demand of Ireland beyond the naked veto of an irreconcilable minority, and the promise of a freer and more copious outflow to Ireland of imperial doles? There are at this moment between twenty and thirty self-governing legislatures under the allegiance of the crown. They have solved, under every diversity of conditions, economic, racial, and religious, the problem of reconciling local autonomy with imperial unity. Are we going to break up the empire by adding one more? The claim comes this time not from remote, outlying quarters, but from a people close to our own doors, associated to us by every tie of kindred, of interest, of social and industrial intercourse, who have borne and

are bearing their share, and a noble share it has been, in the building up and holding together of the greatest empire in history."

It may be well briefly to recapitulate here a few facts: after more than a century of strenuous effort by Irish Nationalists to wring some measure of redress by constitutional means from Great Britain, it became obvious that so long as the permanent veto remained vested in the House of Lords, so long would the achievement of such redress be impossible. A succession of Home-Rule and other bills calculated to ameliorate conditions in Ireland had foundered through the decades on the adamant rock of hereditary landlordism and plutocracy composing the upper chamber of the British Parliament. To make the passage of a Home-Rule bill possible, it was necessary to wrest the veto from this house of landlords, and this radical change in the British Constitution was accomplished finally by Lloyd-George.

Between that time and the year 1914 the Liberal government appealed three several times to the electorate of Great Britain on the Home-Rule issue, and were three times successful. In defiance of this fact, the "irreconcilable minority" succeeded in shaking the foundations of the country and in violating its parliamentary institutions. The Liberal government, a colossus clay-footed and weak-kneed, lacked the moral courage to do its plain duty, and the ultimate admission of the Home-Rule bill even to the limbo of the statute-book was secured only on a public statement by Asquith that the "coercion of Ulster was unthinkable," and his promise that an amending measure would be passed.

Such was the situation at the outbreak of the European War. Home Rule for Ireland, with certain trimmings and amendments, was an accomplished fact, not in College Green, but on the statute-book. John Redmond, after a lifetime of struggle, after years of doglike fidelity to a Liberal party which had sometimes fed, sometimes whipped, him, was hypnotized by a bauble which appeared nearly within

his grasp. Had he insisted, as he could and should have insisted, on the Home-Rule act becoming immediately operative; had he even returned with his followers to Ireland to take counsel with his fellow-countrymen as to his line of action, all might have been well. Redmond's position then was stronger than it had ever been before, stronger than it ever will be again, having at his back in Ireland the serried ranks of one hundred thousand Volunteers. What did he do? Laboring under an hypnotic trance, and in a fine frenzy at the violation of the rights of a small nation by Germany, he decided on his own initiative to waive the more urgent rights of the small nation which had intrusted him with their keeping; he pledged the economic and military support of Ireland in a war that was none of Ireland's making, and within a few days of the beginning of hostilities he opened negotiations with the British War Office about delivering the Irish Volunteers, without even deigning to consult the Volunteer executive committee on his action. The result of this and similar efforts on the part of Redmond to cause the Irish Volunteers to break their pledges and become an imperial organization was that the original executive of the Volunteers turned the Redmondite whipper-ins off the committee, and locked and guarded the doors of the Volunteer offices against them.

From this time forward the story of Ireland is one of aggravated oppressions and intimidation. The Defense of the Realm act was used as an arbitrary engine of terrorism. Houses, public and private, were broken into by minions of the police and military, in many cases without any shadow of warrant or authority. The offices of almost all the periodicals which took a national stand were raided; the machines and type smashed, and publication suppressed. Many men, chiefly those connected with the Volunteer movement, were imprisoned or deported without any charge being brought against them. Others, who had no connection with the Volunteers or with any armed body in Ire-

land, but who sympathized in a general way with the national spirit and movement, were similarly treated.

So far as Ireland is concerned, she is overtaxed not merely relatively with Great Britain, but absolutely. To continue to drag Ireland at the scut of Britannia's war-chariot; to force Ireland to sit in and take a hand in the most extravagant war gamble the world has ever known; to compel her to keep up her end and put up her stake *pari passu* with a bloatedly rich country like England, would not merely impoverish her absolutely, but would bleed her to death.

And I beg the reader to realize that this is no mere rhetoric. Already before the war the Emerald Isle was undergoing a gradual process of etiolation. Not merely in point of finance was Ireland decadent, but in point of population. In regard to all the states of Europe, whether sovereign or subject, one fact stands out in bold relief: they all show an increase in population. In the case of Ireland alone does the ghastly truth stand forth that she has been denuded of fifty per cent. of her population in two generations. Just before the famine in 1847 the population of Ireland was more than eight millions; to-day it is only four millions, and yet there are those who prate glibly of the prosperity of Ireland.

Up to the autumn of 1915, England had always sedulously encouraged and promoted emigration from Ireland. When the British Government last year determined to introduce conscription into Great Britain, Irish emigration was forbidden. Why? Because although the British Government was avowedly afraid to force conscription on Ireland, yet it calculated on pressing some Irish recruits into the army by putting on the small farmers and laborers of Ireland the economic thumb-screws of want and hunger. Let us see how the thumb-screw is applied.

In Ireland, as in Great Britain, not merely is there the imposition of direct imperial taxation, but there is the more crushing indirect taxation due to enormous increases in the prices of the neces-

saries of life and commodities of all kinds. The Irish worker has to pay one hundred per cent. more for his beer and for his tea than he paid immediately before the war. For his tobacco he pays seventy-five per cent. more; for his meat, flour, and vegetables from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. more, and for his sugar about two hundred per cent. more. As I have said, these increases are common to Great Britain and Ireland, but the cardinal feature of the situation is that, whereas the British tradesman or laborer is financially better off than he was before the war, owing to a more than proportionate increase in wages, the poor Irishman has to meet the extra cost of living without any increase in his earning capacity. In Great Britain untold millions are being spent for industrial and munition work; in Ireland hardly a penny. In these circumstances the Irishman is faced with three alternatives:

He may stay at home with his family and enjoy, in common with his wife and children, the privilege of slowly starving to death.

He may join the army, and so secure for his family the tempting allowances promised by the military authorities.

He may go to Great Britain to sell his labor at the high rates prevailing there; but in this case he will be held to have taken up his residence in Great Britain, and will be promptly conscripted.

Is it any wonder that Irishmen, with their very existence at stake, should chafe under the mountains of injustice piled upon them?

To redress the wrongs of Ireland and to preserve her indefeasible rights was the sole purpose for which the Irish Volunteers organized, drilled, and armed. Neither they nor their spokesman, Eoin MacNeill, were imbued at any time with a feeling of animosity toward their Ulster brethren. Against the people of Great Britain they held no bitterness in their hearts, and, most important of all, they labored under no illusions as far as Germany or things German were concerned. I remember once being told by a good old

Irish patriot priest, Father E—— S——, one of the few surviving founders of the Clan na Gael, and well known in the United States, that he had said one time on a public platform in this country that if the devil himself were to offer his help in freeing Ireland from the tyranny of England, he would accept the offer. Be that as it may, I want to emphasize the fact that the great majority of the Irish Volunteers had no desire to exchange one form of vassalage for another, and that Pro-Germanism, in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, did not exist among them. To illustrate this, I quote a passage written by Eoin MacNeill in his own paper, "The Irish Volunteer," in September, 1915:

If most Irishmen are not absolutely and recklessly Pro-German or Pro-Turkish, it is not the fault of English domination up to date. Our country has been depopulated; our people degraded, our industries destroyed. An incredible plunder, amounting to thousands of millions sterling, has been extorted from us. We have been set at each other's throats. If Hell itself were to turn against English policy, as it is known to us, we might be pardoned for taking the side of Hell. Those Irishmen who surrender to the prospect that the world must remain at the mercy of militarism may believe that Ireland, like Deirdre, has no choice except between two masters, and such people; if experience has forbidden them to be Pro-English, will naturally at present be Pro-German. But there is a saner belief abroad in Ireland, and a sounder purpose; and we may thank God that Ireland, amid this present orgy of militarism, is shaping her resolve to be no master's bondmaid and no empire's gateway.

MacNeill is a man of extraordinary erudition and ability. He is informed with a crystal soul. I know the man for many years and hold him in the highest esteem. I know that he had no Pro-German leanings. I know that his single purpose in his public activities was for the welfare of Ireland. In and out of season,

in print and on the platform, he has always been consistent. His only object was to defend the rights of Ireland, to stem the swelling tide of the British oppression. He was chairman of the Irish Volunteers; he knew their strength and also their weakness. He realized that in a show-down of actual strength Ireland would never be able to make a successful stand against the superior numbers and resources of England, and on that account his consistent policy was to refrain from taking the initiative in armed conflict with Great Britain.

But there were some with whom this Fabian policy of MacNeill's did not find favor. There were some in Ireland, principally in Dublin, who for a long time were open and avowed advocates of the insurgent policy of immediate action. Let me repeat the words *open* and *avowed*; for, notwithstanding the professed ignorance of the British Government, of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; of Mr. Birrell, the chief secretary for Ireland; of General Friend, commander of the forces in Ireland; and of John Redmond, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, concerning the real situation in Ireland and the imminence of an uprising, it is a fact that there was almost nothing secret in either the sayings or the doings of the rebel leaders. For months they had urged their views openly and in print. Not only did they make no secret of their intentions, but they outlined even the very methods they intended to adopt and which ultimately they did employ.

The head and front of this group was James Connolly. I met Connolly for the first time toward the end of March in the headquarters of the Irish Citizen Army, Liberty Hall. He was about forty years of age, of stocky build, obviously a hard worker, earnest, bullet-headed, and determined to the degree of obstinacy. He spoke with a pronounced accent which might be north of Ireland, but seemed to me like Scotch. A short time previously the Countess Marckievitz had declared his chief characteristic was unflinching tenacity to an idea, and that was my opin-

ion of the man. My visit to Liberty Hall was made a few days after the military had raided the offices of several Nationalist publications and had suppressed them. At the time Connolly feared they would next turn their attention to the "Workers' Republic," which he edited, and which was printed in an annex to the hall. To forestall this, he had sent out a hurried call to the Citizen Army to protect their headquarters and their paper. His call met with a quick and willing response, and for more than a week Liberty Hall was guarded day and night. In going through the entrance, along the hall, and up the stairway, I passed through two lines of men garbed in the uniform of the Citizen Army, standing guard with rifles and fixed bayonets. I was introduced by a common friend to Connolly and two others in his inner sanctum. Of the five of us in that little room four were shot within the next few weeks.

I knew that Connolly was making every effort to force an immediate issue. Within the executive ring of the Volunteers there was another ring which sympathized with Connolly's views and supported them covertly. One of the members of this ring was P. H. Pearse, head-master of St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham, where he had for months been preaching to the boys that this generation of Irishmen ought to consider itself disgraced because it was the only generation in history that had not struck a blow for freedom.

It is a fact, an amazing one, no doubt, that Eoin MacNeill, the chairman of the Irish Volunteers, was unaware of the full extent of the activities of this inner ring. From time to time his attention had been drawn to some matters which for the moment need not be detailed. It is true that these incidents might have caused him to exercise more vigilance, and to exert his personal authority in greater measure, but the multiplicity of his responsibilities and activities forced him to delegate secondary administrative details to his associates on the executive. Certain resolutions were passed, and passed unanimously, by the executive, which, had they been observed,



Sackville Street, Dublin,

would have prevented the outbreak. One of these resolutions forbade the issuance of any order, whether merely local or general, without that order being countersigned by MacNeill. These resolutions were not observed, and when the minute-books of the executive again see the light of day (for they are at present in safe keeping), it will be found as I have said.

With Connolly as their chief figure and dominant personality, the advocates of immediate action had for their motto, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Their aim was the very excellent one of achieving the absolute independence of Ireland; their method was to strike a quick, decisive blow, and they argued that even if they should fall short in their aim, they would succeed, at any rate, in lifting the Irish question to an international plane, on a level with that of Belgium. That Germany would lend a helping hand some of them, especially Connolly, felt certain; but even he, when closely questioned, could give no reasonable grounds for his confidence on this score,

neither could he name definitely what form he thought the expected aid would take. Another miscalculation which I know was made by some of the leaders, and conveyed by them to the rank and file acting under them, was that if they held the field for three days they would be regarded as belligerents and treated as such.

The reader can see the real situation as it existed in Ireland in the last week of March, 1916. It is clear that the camel's back was loaded to such an extent that it required only the imposition of a straw to break it; or, to use another figure of speech, the pyre was ready for the torch, and the torch was near at hand.

A few days afterward, on April 10, some copies of a document which had just come into the possession of one of the rebel leaders were given to me. In its original form the document purported to be a verbatim and unpunctuated copy of a secret-cipher order stolen from Dublin Castle. It contained details of precautionary measures which had been "sanctioned by the Irish Office on the recommendation of



after the rebellion

the General Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland," and it recommended the wholesale arrest of all the leaders of the various Irish organizations, including "All members of the Sinn Fein National Council; the Central Executive Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers; County Board Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers; Coisde Gnotha Committee Gaelic League," and further recommended the occupation of all office buildings and headquarters, and the isolation of various other premises, including the archbishop's palace, Drumcondra. Copies of this document were sent to all the persons interested, and to many of the Irish hierarchy. The contents of this cipher order first became known by the public when it was read at a meeting of the Dublin corporation by Alderman Tom Kelly on Spy Wednesday. The following day the military authorities denounced the document as an absolute fabrication, but the military authorities did not tell the truth. To the appearance of this document at such a time, more than to any other cause, was due the partial failure of

MacNeill to keep his war-dogs on the leash.

On Monday, April 17, I went to Woodtown Park, Rathfarnham, the residence of Eoin MacNeill, and learned that he was in attendance at a prolonged executive session in the Volunteer headquarters. On my way back to Dublin I met MacNeill and had a brief talk with him. He told me that matters had been looking bad; that there had been a long and stormy meeting of the executive committee; that calmer counsels had prevailed in the end, and that he was satisfied the worst of the storm had blown over. That evening I crossed over to London to attend to one or two things, and returned to Dublin on Good Friday morning.

At midnight on Good Friday an automobile drew up outside MacNeill's residence. Three members of the Volunteer executive stepped out of the car and aroused their chairman from his bed to tell him that all preparations had been made for the rising to take place on the following Sunday. They urged Mac-

Neill to fall into line, and boldly told him that if he was not prepared to do so, he should step aside and let matters take their course. Things had progressed to such an extent, they stated, that he was now powerless to prevent an outbreak, and if he could not see his way to give his active support and coöperation, he could withdraw from the movement and remain aloof.

This was the first time that the real character of the operations conducted in secret by men who were bound to him by every tie of allegiance became known to MacNeill, so, having listened to the representations of his three junior officers until two o'clock in the morning, and being now thoroughly on his mettle, he drove over to the residence of P. H. Pearse to find out at first hand what had been done. Pearse admitted the truth of the statements made to MacNeill by his midnight visitors, and took his stand with them at that time. But later in that day there was another prolonged and exciting session of the executive, and when it was over, MacNeill was again hopeful that he would be able to ward off the impending blow. He published an official notice in the Sunday press canceling all arrangements for the parades in Dublin on that Easter Sunday, and sent special delegates to various parts of Ireland to prevent contingents from the outlying and less easily accessible districts from setting out for the capital. DeValera was one of the delegates; another was James MacNeill, a brother of the chairman, who got out of a sick bed and traveled in his own automobile all night from Dublin to Cork, disseminating the news of the order of cancellation as he went. As a result of these eleventh-hour efforts, the parade in Dublin on Easter Sunday, the day originally fixed for the rising, was attended by only a very small proportion of those who had been called upon. Notwithstanding this, the rebel leaders in Dublin, although they had been deprived of almost all support, in a spirit of reckless, magnificent daring started the insurrection on Monday with a bare handful of followers.

Most of the events of the ensuing week are known all over the world, but there are two incidents to which I will refer briefly. The first is the case of Eoin MacNeill.

On Tuesday, April 25, the insurrectionists had taken up their various strategic positions, and had occupied several public buildings in the city, but very little blood had been shed. That day MacNeill tendered his good offices to General Maxwell, commander of the forces in Ireland, to stop the development of the outbreak and prevent further bloodshed. Maxwell replied, inviting MacNeill to a parley, and from that parley MacNeill never returned. He was promptly arrested, locked in close confinement, tried after some weeks by secret court-martial, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Not one of the twelve counts on which he was tried and found guilty connected him in any way with the rebellion or with treasonable conduct. Each of the twelve counts could have been brought against him two years before that time. He was charged solely on his written and spoken record as chairman of the Irish Volunteers and on his activities in that capacity. The Irish Volunteers were a legal organization, just as the Covenanters of the North were a legal body. MacNeill was acting within his legal rights at least as closely as Sir Edward Carson had acted within his, but Carson is at present a free man and a power not alone in Ireland, but in Great Britain, while Eoin MacNeill is breaking stones in Dartmoor under a life-sentence of penal servitude. Just one more example of the discriminate impartiality of perfidious Albion.

About six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, April 25, Sheehy Skeffington was returning home. As he was crossing Portobello Bridge he was arrested, unarmed and unresisting. Later that evening he was marched out as a hostage with a military raiding-party, the subaltern in command of this party being under orders to shoot Skeffington if a single rebel shot was fired. The following morning, by the order of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, Skef-

fington, with two others, was lined up in the barrack-yard and murdered in cold blood. He was murdered without any form of a trial. He was refused spiritual assistance. He was not allowed to send a message to his wife, who was wholly ignorant of his predicament; and, worst of all, he was not only murdered, but tortured to death. Two hours after the firing-party had done their dirty work, Skeffington was seen to be alive and writhing on the ground in the barrack-yard, and a second firing-squad was ordered out to despatch him where he lay. Colthurst was tried by court-martial and found guilty of murder,—a signal triumph for the plucky determination of Skeffington's widow, who, almost single-handed, had worked up the case for the prosecution,—but held to be insane, one more example of the Sassenach's keen sense of discriminate impartiality.

I met Skeffington for the first time about twenty years ago, in University College, Dublin, and grew to know him intimately. I would call him a pacifist, but to do that would be to classify him, and you could not classify Skeffington. Certainly, so far as the rising in Dublin is concerned, he was a pacifist in this sense that he deprecated militancy and bore no arms, and only a few days before his death I heard him reiterate a statement he had often made, that he would rather be shot than shoot at any one. All his life he was a close observer of men and affairs and an enthusiastic student of politics, international as well as domestic. Always he kept his ear to the ground, and often he heard the murmur of the dim shadows nestling in the lap of the gods. That he knew the situation in Ireland is shown in a letter written by him on April 7 to the

"New Statesman," in which he said in part:

The situation in Ireland is extremely grave. Thanks to the silence of the daily press, the military authorities are pursuing their Prussian plans in Ireland unobserved by the British public; and, when the explosion which they have provoked occurs, they will endeavour to delude the British public as to where the responsibility lies. If General Friend and his subordinate militarists proceed either to disarm the Volunteers or to raid the Labor press, it can only be because they want bloodshed—because they want to provoke another '98, and to get an excuse for a machine-gun massacre. Irish pacifists who have watched the situation closely are convinced that this is precisely what the militarists do want. The younger English officers in Dublin make no secret of their eagerness to "have a whack at the Sinn Feiners"; they would much rather fight them than the Germans.

On the Tuesday Skeffington was arrested he had promulgated a notice calling public-spirited civilians, both men and women, to a meeting in the Westmoreland Chambers with a view to prevent "such spasmodic looting" as had taken place. Mrs. Skeffington parted from her husband in the Westmoreland Building that evening; she never saw him again. Of her subsequent crosses I will say no more here, but I pay a tribute to her fortitude and magnificent courage in prosecuting her fight for her husband's vindication. Alone she fought against a host of mighty and subtle influences, which were working, and are still at work, to prevent the exposure of this case in all its horrible details.



The Winner

By I. C.

SHE had won. She had succeeded in putting the "other woman" out of his life. The way she did it was to show him such writhing, despairing, menacing suffering that he was completely crumpled. He never could endure pain. He was born for happiness. Nature, sitting off to one side, and musing on her handiwork, might have said of him: "What 's the use of a dimple like that if not to be shown? Let those without dimples look solemn." Intellectually, he always welcomed struggle, and his bill for books far exceeded all others. But emotionally, while susceptible, and hungering for far more than his disappointingly empty marriage had given him, he shrank from stress, and he dipped into life rather lightly. He did it very charmingly, too, and with a fair degree of pleasure for himself when things went smoothly, but he was not geared for trouble.

So when it came, he followed the line of least resistance, that being to relieve her suffering, which was apparently greater than *his* in giving up the "other woman." And as for the "other woman," he knew he could count on her not to let her own suffering show, and anything he did n't have to see he knew he could endure. It was n't easy for him to do this, but it was easier than any alternative he could picture.

Therefore he lied his way back to a situation which he conscientiously prepared, tended, and labeled "her happiness." She pathetically smiled her gratitude and said, "Just give me time."

He was immensely assisted and compensated in this effort by the fact that he had recently become vividly aware of the overwhelming charm of his little daughter, who inherited his keen, rather playful attitude toward life, likewise his dimple. He realized that any upheaval involving the "other woman" would doubtless deprive him of this new joy. So he found

himself held fast by a combination of love for his daughter, gallantry for his wife, and his own dread of witnessing pain.

Both worked hard at the undertaken task of her happiness, he whenever it confronted him apart from his work, his books, his many interests, connections, acquaintances, the various forms of emotional stimulation which he still enjoyed, and his daughter; and she every hour in the twenty-four, of all the days of every month, for many years, tensely, tearfully, patiently, gratefully. But always there could be seen in the depths of her hungry eyes a fear.

Whenever the fear surged up big and portentous, and threatened to engulf her whole being, she worked the more feverishly over everything that concerned the daughter's welfare, giving almost prayerful devotion to every smallest detail of her health, her clothing, her education, her amusements. Such work felt real to her. It gave her a sense of being needed, and, besides, it was all for *his* daughter. Sometimes she could nearly still the fear by telephoning to him in his office, and it helped to shorten the long days, too. Occasionally his voice indicated that he was busy and found it difficult to say just the needed thing, but often he sounded splendidly reassuring, and at such times the fear melted down, down to almost nothing, and momentarily she basked in the relief as a tired convalescent does in the sun. Yet it never wholly disappeared. It never left her so she could sink into a peaceful sleep and wake to find it gone. It was the one thing she knew was utterly and inevitably her own.

He did his best, and was always sorry when his efforts were uneven. He vibrated between states of nervous depression and an incorrigible, inappropriate buoyancy. He told her of the various problems in his business, which he loved; he described the different interesting per-

sonalities of those with whom he lunched (or most of them; all except those he thought would increase her fear); he brought all manner of clever people home to dinner; he talked of the books he read; he took her to the theater, to meetings, so she could be in touch with all the isms of the day; and, what was really the longest reach for him, he listened while she told the whole story of what filled the days for her while he was at the office. He was a good deal of an artist, and often these endeavors of his gave him real delight. He described people and episodes with the humor and verve of a skilled writer, and he often felt a glow of achievement that was not *all* due to her gratitude.

She envied him his ability and his obvious happiness in the exercise of it. Somehow this man whom she had won for the second time, and who was *hers* (at least he did n't belong to another now), was as unconfined as an odor. He was close to her, but far away. He was faithful, affectionate, devoted, even passionate at times, but yet remote. He had given her everything; he had done as he had promised, had wiped out the past (the "other woman"), had built again with her. But what was it that was built? Where was it? She would get to it if she could only see the way. But all that showed to her anxious eyes was a crisscross of roads, with

a mist clouding every one, and at every turn that same old haunting fear.

As to the "other woman," she had helped him keep his promise to give her up (that was part of loving him), and had gone her way, not, of course, rejoicing at first, but finally. She had learned somewhat about doing a hard thing like that when she had pulled away from the wreck of her own marriage a few years before, and she knew now as then that her children needed and deserved a happy mother. As she put it: "A heartbroken woman is of no particular use to herself or the world; so why be one? And besides, what happiness I have known can't be lost. It's mine, and nothing can hurt it. And perhaps some day, somehow, things will be arranged so there will be room for all the choked-off happinesses to blossom freely, each without sapping the life of another. Meanwhile, there's a deal of interesting work to be done, and more than one kind of joy to be had. And then, too,"—this she said very softly to herself as a sort of postscript to her conclusions,—"he and I might not have kept the flame alive, either. We might have found ourselves just going through the motions like most of the others. It may be better as it is."

This story has no ending. It is still going on, and she who had won is getting what she asked for—time.



Order

By PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

IT is half-past eight on the blossomy bush:
 The petals are spread for a sunning;
 The little gold fly is scrubbing his face;
 The spider is nervously running
 To fasten a thread; the night-going moth
 Is folding his velvet perfection;
 And presently over the clover will come
 The bee on a tour of inspection.



The Chinese Philosopher and the European War

By STACY AUMONIER

IT may seem a remarkable fact that in the World War in which nearly all nations are engaged, the oldest, wisest, and greatest nation is not only not participating, but is apparently looked upon as a negligible quantity by the belligerent powers. Surely no greater tribute could be paid to the wisdom and the greatness of the Chinese.

Some one has said that "No man was ever so wise as some Chinamen look." But will not these cataclysmal European happenings demonstrate a denial of this statement? Will they not prove that some one *is* as wise as some Chinamen look, and that person the Chinaman? In his rock garden near Peking the Chinese philosopher sits fanning himself. His mind communes with the spirits of his ancestors, and meditates upon the unforgettable wisdom of the Lord Confucius.

He recalls how a few idle centuries ago the continuity of these peaceful meditations was disturbed by the sudden arrival of restless infidels on his shores. Even now he can see their strained, feverish faces. To the trained eye they differed from one another: they spoke different languages, wore different clothes, had different casts of countenance, but to the all-seeing eye they were fundamentally the same. They preached the same doctrine—a doctrine they labeled "progress, civilization." They professed several mushroom faiths, the dominant one being called "Christianity," concerning which

they differed profoundly, and split up into many subdivisions. The Chinese philosopher recalls the faces of their emissaries who came to him and said:

"Wake! You must advance, you must bestir yourself!" He can almost recall the tones of mild remonstrance of his own voice.

"To what end?"

"To progress. To become civilized, to enter into the great world competition."

They hardly stayed to listen to the serene philosophy which his master would have inspired him to instil into them if they had stayed to listen, they were in so restless a hurry. They said:

"If you do not do this, we will destroy you."

They were off again to struggle with one another for good positions on his shores, there to carry on their strange and unaccountable practices of buying and selling, and distributing soul-destroying spirits to the undisciplined, and to erect tin temples to their parvenu Gods. He saw their fussy gunboats on his rivers destroying human life.

Some there were who were disturbed by these actions, and came to him and said:

"What shall we do concerning this? Shall China stretch forth her hand?"

And he had answered:

"China is linked to the sun and moon by immemorial ties. Look into your heart, my children, and read the words of the All-Wise."

And then, as the centuries rolled by, he observed that it was not China they destroyed; it was one another. The wind bells tinkle under the eaves of the pagoda. Soon in all her glory the sun will be setting. A messenger enters and kneels in low obeisance.

"Excellency, the Western World is at war. Already ten million men have fallen by the sword."

"Ai-e-e!" He draws the wind through his teeth with a whistling inflection. "What Western World is this?" he asked at length.

"They who enunciate the doctrine of progress, civilization, culture, O Excellency!"

"Ai-e-e!"

He meditates upon this for some time.

He harbors no feelings of animosity against these people who had threatened to destroy him; only his heart is filled with a strange, pitying misgiving that there should be so much lack of culture, so little appreciation of the value of inner progress, and so exaggerated a sense of the value of outer progress.

Wood-pigeons are cooing in their cot above the temple, and the sound, mingling with the low chanting of a priest, tends to emphasize the tranquillity of the evening. Ten million men! It is very sad, very deplorable; but he banishes these melancholy thoughts, for he knows that his mind must be occupied with far more important matters. It is the hour when, in strict accordance with immemorial precepts, he must look into his own soul.

Making the Human Machine Efficient

By RICHARD E. CONNELL

Illustrations by E. L. Barron

EFFICIENCY—that 's the word nowadays; but is n't it odd, inefficient even, that the man who kisses his wife, reaches for his hat, and opens the front door with just two scientific movements, who eats his two-minute egg every morning with six studied motions, and who shaves himself in eight and one quarter seconds by the Taylor System, has n't thought what a comparatively inefficient machine his body is?

Man is an adaptive mechanism; no doubt about it. In the good old cave days, and before, when he used to swing from tree to tree with his toes, man had toes to swing from tree to tree with.

Later, swinging from tree to tree being considered out of place in a drawing-room, and nimble prehensile toes being of but little practical assistance to the modern business man, toes became static, so to speak. Their only known use to the efficient man at present is to fill the ends of shoes.

It is obvious, therefore, that with a little patience other changes can be made in

the human body to adapt it better to the modern age of efficiency.

A noted efficiency engineer, who asks that his name for the present be withheld, has gone over the human machine with, in the manner of speaking, a fine-tooth comb. He has made the following suggestions for improving it, based on approved efficiency principles.

1. It is ridiculous for bones to be made out of bone. Reinforced concrete, with steel hinges at the joints, would be more serviceable.

2. White is not a good color for skin, and skin is a poor material for skin to be made of. A skin of pale-green rubber or leather would be pleasing to the eye, would n't show the dirt, and would last a lifetime.

3. It is absurd to have two eyes in front when one would do. One eye should be placed in the back of the head. Better still, a third eye could easily be developed. If a man tried constantly to see with the back of his head, in a few generations a third eye would undoubtedly sprout there.

4. At present the head can turn only part way round. It would be much more efficient if worked on a swivel, like an office-chair. Then it could be revolved rapidly. Also, it could be unscrewed and detached. The hair could then be shampooed much more easily. Also, if one had a headache, he could unscrew his head and leave it home until the headache was over. An extra head could be conveniently carried in a Gladstone-bag or a mandolin-case.



5. The human machine is the only machine that has to be cut open before it can be repaired. The top of the head could easily be arranged so it could be unscrewed, like the cover of a pickle-jar. Thus the brains could be dusted regularly, and old-fashioned ideas removed en masse.

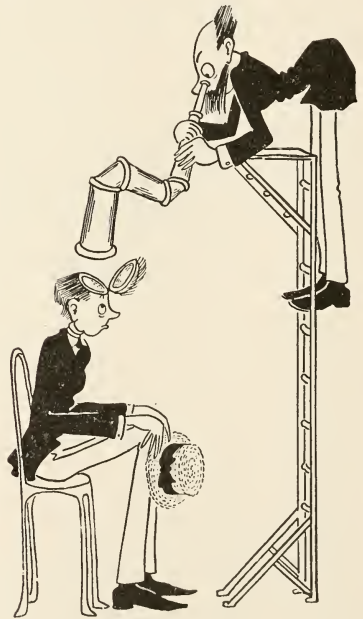
6. It would be more efficient to have the chest on a hinge, so it could be swung open like the bonnet of a motor-car or the door of a refrigerator. The heart, which, of course, should be made of rubber, and the other organs, several of which, by the way, might be omitted entirely, could then be examined and repaired, just as your motor-car or your watch can be. Your physician could keep the key to your chest.

7. The mouth is too far from the stomach. Food gets all worn out traveling through the canals, tubes, etc. A better place for the mouth would be the small of the back. It would be out of the way,

and could be used, like the door of a furnace, for the introduction of fuel. The mouth would not lose its talking function entirely. It could shout warnings to persons about to tread on one's heels.

8. When the mouth had been relegated to a lower position, the problem of talking might seem a big one. But to an efficiency engineer it is simplicity itself. By a little perseverance any man could learn to talk through his ears and his nose. Thus he could converse constantly at dinner. He would not have to pause for the insertion of food. And he could talk to three persons at once, one on his right, one on his left, and the hostess.

9. The feet should be made of rubber, and the toes cast *en bloc*. If the feet were made of rubber, the expression a "bouncing baby" would then have a real meaning.



10. All limbs should be detachable, so that they could be removed at night and placed on a shelf or stood up in an umbrella-stand. This would make it possi-

ble to effect a great saving in the size of beds. Also, in case any limb, or part of a limb, as, for example, the funny-bone, were injured, the limb could be sent to the doctor to be repaired without laying up the entire machine.

These are only a few of the suggestions the eminent efficiency expert made. All that remains to be done now, he says, is to figure out a way of installing these improvements in the human machine. He is working on the problem.

The Educational Ideal

Ode to Doctor Abraham Flexner

(From the New York "Evening Post")

JUST after the Board had brought the schools up to date,
To prepare you for your Life Work
Without teaching one superfluous thing,
Jim Reilly presented himself to be educated.
He wanted to be a bricklayer.
So they taught him to be a perfect bricklayer
And nothing more.
He knew so much about bricklaying that the contractor made him a foreman.
But he knew nothing about being a foreman.
So he spoke to the School Board about it.
And they put in a night course for him
On how to be a foreman
And nothing more.
He became so excellent a foreman that the contractor made him a partner.
But he knew nothing about figuring costs,
Nor about bookkeeping,
Nor about real estate,
And he was too proud to go back to night school.
So he hired a tutor, who taught him these things.
Prospering at last, and meeting other men as wealthy as he,
Whenever the conversation started, he 'd say to himself:
I 'll lie low till it comes my way—
Then I 'll show 'em!"
But they never mentioned bricklaying,
Nor the art of being a foreman,
Nor the whole duty of being a contractor,
Nor figuring costs,
Nor real estate;

So Jim never said anything.
But he sent his son to college.

JOHN ERSKINE.

New York, April 10.

Ode to Professor John Erskine

(In allusion to his Ode to Doctor Abraham Flexner)

(From the New York "Evening Post")

JIM REILLY'S son Tom did n't know what he wanted to do.
So he took Latin and Mathematics and hoped they 'd discipline his mind.
And prepare him for sharing in polite intercourse.
After three years he knew that two straight lines perpendicular to the same plane
Are parallel to each other.
And for a short time he could say what were both *sine* and *cosecant*;
But a month after the examination he unhappily forgot which was which.
He had learned a list of diminutives; only *culum* and *bulum* remained to him—
So sweet was their euphony.
He knew the mute with l or r played a mystic rôle in the higher life,
Which in moments of depression he felt he did n't grasp.
An old book by an old man for the old Tightened the reins of his youthful spirit.
When he reached the two gates of slumber at the end of Lib. VI
They gave him ready exit, and he never began Lib. VII.
But he had the elements of a liberal education, and,
Like his philistine father before him,

Whenever the conversation started he 'd
 say to himself:
 "I 'll lie low till it comes my way—
 Then I 'll show 'em."
 But they never mentioned the cæsural
 pause,
 And rarely the first Archilochian strophe,
 Nor Vercingetorix, nor the mute with
 I or r.
 He had never got far enough to meet a
 reflection of Horace's
 About those on whose cradles
 Melpomene smiles,
 But he knew he could n't play an
 Isthmian game as well as T. R.
 Father Jim took him into the office.
 He did not seem the worse for disciplin-
 ing his mind.
 He could make a deal *unice securus*,
 however disadvantageous to the
 buyer,
 And knew the difference betwixt a
 Martini and a Bronx,
 And appreciated the roundness of a
 maiden's arm,
 Without the help of Horace.

J. H. R.

New York, April 16.

Ode to Professor James Harvey Robinson

WHEN Tom Reilly had grown to
 elderly prosperity,
 So that he rode down-town in his limou-
 sine at ten A.M., preceded by six
 inches of cigar,
 He said to his son George:
 "George, college did worlds for me.
 I don't remember a darned thing I
 learned there, but
 The fellows I played round with are
 now my fellow-directors,
 And my intimacy with them is profitable.
 Which college do you prefer?"
 And George said,
 "Thank you, Father,"
 And selected the college that had just
 made a clean sweep in major sports.
 So George went.
 He learned lots of things.

Although he did n't catch the sort of cul-
 tivation to which occasional contact
 with the faculty exposed him,
 He learned that the most important
 thing in life
 Is that the score on November 20 should
 be 16-0 and not 0-16.
 And the next most important thing is to
 get by with a C in at least three out
 of five courses.
 He learned what loyalty to an educa-
 tional institution is,
 To smoke cigarettes on the bleachers and
 yell at last practice.
 He learned that the first and great
 commandment is,
 Thou shalt bet on thy teams and refrain
 from independent thinking and look
 with a skeptic eye on Phi Beta
 Kappa.
 Thus did college instil in George a sense
 of proportion,
 A sense of permanent values.
 So he went out into the world.
 And he said, "I 'll lie low till it comes
 my way,
 Then I 'll show 'em."
 And it came his way.
 He could talk sports and stocks and
 drinks and motor-cars with the best
 of the brokers,
 And he got promoted in the bank because
 he had belonged to Beta Veta Delta
 and played left tackle.
 To-day he has three limousines to his
 father's one,
 And a town house
 And a yacht
 And a place at Tuxedo
 And a camp in the Adirondacks with
 twenty guest-rooms and thirty baths.
 And when the application blanks for the
 boat-race come around
 He puts fifty dollars on the crew,
 And with the words,
 "It is n't the studies that count in college,
 It 's the college life,"
 He thanks his father's memory for his
 education.

F. L. A.



“Salome”

PAINTING BY HENRI REGNAULT

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

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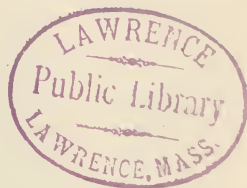
No. 4



The Brothers

By THOMAS BEER

Illustrations by W. M. Berger



"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

Prov. xviii, 19.

EBEN and Judson Harland were the sons of that Captain Harland who was shot, it is not forgotten, by a progressive Filipino gentleman of Manila in October, 1898. His widow did not hear of this disaster. She died before the War Department found time to inform her, and left the twins to the care of Edgar Harland. He had no experience in paternal duties even of a vicarious sort, but he shrugged his thin shoulders, administered his brother's estate, and put his charges in a highly recommended school for boys under fourteen near Philadelphia. The estate yielded exactly four thousand dollars a year, quite ample provision for the twins, and the school seemed to please them. Edgar testified to his relief by despatching a twelve-pound box of chocolates, and went abroad. He lived abroad as much as possible, collecting books and curious prints. In New York his friends were principally women. He did not care for men; they were apt to require response and a warmth he was not able to feign. Consistently, he rather disliked his

wards, who were egregiously male. However, he treated them with an impartial courtesy during their holidays, sent them to such matinées as seemed suitable, and hired, from their income, a healthy young tutor who looked after their summer diversions at Edgar's agreeable cottage close to Gloucester. Edgar was an excellent guardian to this extent.

As an observer of life, he noted the twins from time to time, in no inquisitive manner, but with calm amusement at the faithful repetition of the human comedy they were enacting. Eben, the one-hour precursor of Judson, was, he saw, the less variable of the two and a trifle the more perceptive. He made friends slowly, lost them slowly, clung to Judson with a methodical devotion in times of trouble, and possessed a vague talent for drawing, which Mr. Chase, the tutor, encouraged. His behavior was entirely normal save that he inclined toward silence.

Judson was talkative, mildly mischievous, easily fickle in social relations, and a wretched mathematician. He had a loudly expressed desire to be a soldier, and was full of interest in Captain Harland's honorable career. He had a few physical tricks which differentiated him from his twin brother, a certain grace

in motion, and an odd habit of smiling when he was most angry, with the perfect smile of pleased childhood. Also he had a small mole on his left shoulder, which identified him as the cadet.

For the boys were minutely similar in every other way. Seen in bed, no one could tell them apart; but as they were perpetually together, it did not afflict their acquaintance. They could be addressed collectively as "Twin" if one was not sure as to which was Ben or Jud. Their devotion entertained Edgar. They loved each other with what he regarded as a foolish fervor. He considered them drugged in mirrored self-admiration. Eben believed Judson the most charming society earth afforded, and Judson's Mosaic law was contained in the phrase "Ben says."

Given a wet summer day, they would isolate themselves in some corner and converse or drowse peaceably for the complete period between meal and meal. They never quarreled, they seldom argued, they defended each other against the world with savage simplicity. Edgar profited by this state; it got him a quiet house, a reputation for domestic mastery. Handsome ladies consulted him as to their offspring and the vagaries of infancy. He replied in scented English modeled upon that of Walter Pater, his particular idol, of whose works he possessed a complete first edition, bound in peacock leather by Rivière. It somewhat fretted his spirit that the twins admired his books. He would have preferred an entire barbarism.

Time passed. They agonized his ears one summer by a cacophony of changing throats. Young Chase called his attention to the fact of growth, and kissed them good-by in September with ludicrous, honest tears. He was going to Alaska.

"They're more to me than any one but my mother," he told Edgar. Edgar noted that the twins excited love. They emerged from Philadelphia at Christmas with pleasant barytone voices, and demanded long trousers. Next autumn he sent them to St. Paul's School. An old classmate, now an instructor in that place, wrote

Edgar a letter of fervid enthusiasm, and the twins' bedroom became decorated with photographs of athletic groups. They liked St. Paul's. Several ladies rather gushed to Edgar about his splendid nephews. He assumed that the juxtaposition of sea-gray eyes and curling bronze hair drew the female soul. Personally these embellishments did not retrieve, for him, jaws that were somewhat heavy and noses a trifle too short. The long, compact bodies he conceded, and the clear smooth skins were all he could ask. He was a very ugly man, but he did not envy these belongings, since they cloaked a spirit so obsolescent.

Time passed. He did not endeavor to deflect their purpose from Yale. He believed that the alleged crudities of that university would suit their lack of temperament. They played foot-ball, he understood, with some success and rowed in the Shattuck Club crews. Eben began to produce drawings that were not free of merit. Judson's deficiencies in mathematics were recorded in letters to Edgar, who wrote the lad, civilly advising application. He fancied that the failing would correct itself. They became seventeen in April.

In June the head-master of St. Paul's informed Edgar that since the school could not possibly recommend Judson for the Yale entrance examinations in second algebra or even plane geometry, the head-master feared that it would also be impossible to graduate him. Edgar went immediately abroad and returned in late August, to avoid possible unpleasantness. The twins, however, did not worry him with their patent tragedy. The head-master of St. Paul's declined to allow Eben an idle year with his brother. Eben had selected a substitute room-mate for him at Yale, Arthur Letellier of St. Louis. He told Edgar this in a subdued manner when Judson was elsewhere, and added miserably:

"Perhaps it's a little better this way. I can sort of help Jud along next year—advice and that sort of thing."

"Quite possibly," said Edgar, observing the droop of the too wide mouth.



“Judson, who lounged on the table, clad in a dry bath-suit”

But the boys' reticence angered the cold depth of his heart. He wanted a display of emotional stupidity and went hunting for it. Thin references got him nothing; he grew sarcastic.

“One might think,” he remarked to Judson, “that Ben could be fearfully wroth with you, disgusted.”

Judson glanced at Eben across the dinner-table and went on paring a late peach.

“He 's got a right to be,” he said curtly.

“Just so. He could regard it as a species of disloyalty, what?”

Judson lifted his head and stared at Edgar out of eyes contracted to blackness. His big hands shook a little, and the blood receded from his lips. Presently he smiled, precisely as if he were closing an enjoyed book. The smile produced a faint sensation of needles in Edgar's stomach. After

this he said no more about the mathematical episode.

Summer drew to a close. The neighboring cottages shut one by one. The crescent beach emptied of brown-shouldered lads, and the day of Eben's going appeared on the calendar piteously near. The twins swam and played tennis stoically. Edgar watched their tall figures dwindle down the lane, arm in arm, after meals and heard their slow voices by night. He kept out of their path with delicate zeal. The smile remained in his thought. He had seen it before, but never turned on himself. Now that Judson stood sixty-nine inches barefoot, the oddity was not amusing. He did not pretend even to women that he was a brave man. The last night of the united existence Edgar went to his up-stairs library after dinner and read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." He reveled in high emotions, printed.

Eben sat by the table of the white-and-yellow living-room, adorned with Gillray cartoons, doing a sketch of Judson, who lounged on the table, clad in a dry bath-suit. Under the clean candle-light he was very good to look at, and Eben ached as he sketched. They could find nothing to say except weary repetitions. The matches lit by Edgar above for his French cigarettes were quite audible, and the lunge of surf on the rocks.

"Will you start smokin' now?" Judson asked.

"Guess not. Not for a while, anyhow. Hold your head up a little, Brother."

"Does Arthur smoke?"

"Yes. His people let him. I'm nearly done. It's pretty rotten."

The old cook came in with a plate of hot and sugary doughnuts for excuse, really to see Eben's picture. She planted her burden at Judson's elbow and withdrew, after cackling. Judson ate a doughnut mournfully. He had always been fond of pastry.

"They say the grub at New Haven's awful," said Eben, finishing his work of art, which was extremely well done, and taking a doughnut in turn. He said this to cheer Judson.

"Better than havin' to eat with a bunch of left-overs and fifth-formers all winter," grunted Judson, selecting his second.

"Oh, shucks! Won't be so awful. There's Walter and Colin and Mark Dines, anyhow. They're all right. So's Hollister. Brace up, Jud. 'T won't be so long and—"

"Algebra, geom, algebra, geom. No; that 'll be slick!"

"All you've got to do is swallow the stuff and get it over with. You can as well as any one," Eben argued.

"Can't teach a cow the violin. I'm a dub at math, always was, always will be," wailed Judson through his third doughnut, his chin powdered with sugar.

"I know you are," said Eben, with all kindness, "but you *can* do it, as I did Greek. Oh, I've said all this before." He flung the half-circle of sweetness into the warm night. He was in dreadful pain. There seemed no excitement, less pleasure, in the new adventure without Jud to share it.

"Don't talk about it," muttered Judson, who was in pain quite as mordant, "or I'll cry or somethin'."

Eben sat up and watched Judson eat the fourth doughnut. He was aware that the sheen of the model's eyes was not natural. By and by Judson wiped his mouth and spat an appalling oath.

"When I think of hearin' Mutrie say: 'This is one of the simpler problems. Angle A is—it makes me sick.'"

He clutched the fifth doughnut, the beautiful muscles of his arm contracting. And he smiled, tilting back his round head, staring at the sheer curtains of the hall, his body stiff with wrath. Then he chuckled drearily and began to eat.

"You'll make yourself sick if you go on eating those," said Eben, anxiously. They had excellent apparatus in their lean abdomens, but five large doughnuts seemed enough.

"Well, there's one left. Might as well finish the lot."

"I would n't, Brother."

"Watch me. Compliment to Maggie." He engulfed the thing in the manner

of a young anaconda and slid off the table.

"It 's eleven, an' your train goes at nine. Let 's go to bed."

Eben flinched. They had slept in one room for seventeen years, for the first seven in one bed, and passing Edgar's cigarette-oozing door, it beat upon him that they had but one kinsman, no friend of theirs.

Night passed. A sea-gull yelled and woke Judson into a pitifully bright morning, cool and clear. He lay, getting his fogged brain to work, leaden between the sheets. The string of his pajama breeches hurt acutely, caught somehow, but he was too dull to loosen it. Sorrow smote him, half roused, and weighted his breathing as he scowled at the flowered ceiling. The gay tints darted at his hot eyes, and his head buzzed. His mouth was full of sourness that rose from his deeper being, and he felt decayed inside, unclean outside, a pariah, a martyr, an imbecile, and a butt of the coarse universe. He closed his eyelids to analyze these feelings and heard Eben getting up, the slump of falling night-gear, the pad of bare feet pausing beside him a second, the splutter of the shower-bath, the click of a tooth-brush on an enamel stand. He could see Eben going the round of the bath-room, alert and methodical, collecting his sponge, his tooth-paste, his nail-brush, an ancient friendly bottle. They would be gone when he went to bathe at night, and Eben also, leaving him, leaving him, leaving him! The continuing sea-gull made a refrain of this, and it seemed to echo back on the pit of Judson's stomach like the bump of a boxing-glove. He opened his eyes, but the flowers stabbed him, and he relapsed into red shadow, a great rage hardening his gorge. Desolations of chalky black-board, eons of lonely bedtime, snow-chilled morning, plangent hockey hours with no Eben, the naked shells in spring, and no brother to powder his sun-scarred back. Eben was leaving him, was dressing now in a duplicate blue serge that would cover him that night in the tumult of York Street, in a shirt that only fat, nonchalant

Arthur Letellier would see him strip. To new life, new friends, new tables. Leaving him! Going off, not glad perhaps, but thrilled, expectant, sure to succeed,—Eben must,—to come back in quiet triumph, to be a new Eben. The phantasm swelled and wavered, spurring his rage. He hated all men; he hated himself. He sat up and felt sicker still.

Eben, entirely clad, was selecting his ties from the cord stretched between their dressers. He had several on his wrist, and was looking at the plentiful fringe with fixed attention; so he did not hear Judson's movement, did not turn. Judson felt hurt. He wanted that consolatory morning grin. Then Eben put his hand on a green striped scarf and lifted it into the light, whistling gently the just-arrived "Merry Widow Waltz." It was ghastly that Eben should whistle looking at a tie, his tie.

"Here," said Judson, "that 's mine!"

Eben looked round with a frown. He had not heard Judson sit up. It bothered his misery that he should have neglected this. He wanted to be normal, casual, kinder than ever. But the tie was his.

"Why, no it is n't, Juddy."

"That? It certainly is." Judson got out of bed, his intestines like hot metal, dizzy, mad.

"This thing? Brace up! Here 's the tear from that rotten pin Mrs. Alin gave me," said Eben, lightly, patting the silk.

"Get out! I 've worn that three years. You 've got enough of your own; let alone mine," gasped Judson. "Brace up, yourself! You 've been telling me to brace up all summer!" The hypnotism of wrath was upon him; the room danced. "Brace up! Be a good kid an' go back to school an' study algebra an' geom,' and you go off to college! You get the fun out of the thing. Damn you!"

Breath failed him. The blood called in his ears like high surf. He could not see Eben's horror, begotten of that smile. He could hear him say:

"Why, Juddy, you never spoke to me that way before!"

Judson's rage shriveled, the surf ceased.

He grew cold, then hot, in an effort to control his throat. Now he tried to smile a supplication.

"No," he gasped; "I—"

His throat shut. He tried to smile for a stay of rebuke. In a moment he would be able to explain.

"There 's the tie," said Eben, gently. He waited a moment, blinking at the rigid, familiar face, his heart full of agony; then dropped the scarf and went out. Jud would be himself in a moment; it was impossible that any of this could be real. He walked slowly down-stairs, glancing back, his eyes full of tears.

Judson heard the door close and writhed in dismay, his knees bending. He opened his eyes and saw, amid dancing arabesques of nausea, the green scarf, knelt and picked it up in fingers as large as gate-posts. It was not even his! Another thing to beg pardon for! Sweat ran down his face as he struggled up; but he was too ill to follow.

"Where 's Jud?" asked Edgar, watching Eben's hands flutter over his melon.

"Dressin'," said Eben, huskily.

"He 'd better hurry. It 's half-past eight."

"Plenty of time, sir."

"Ten minutes to the station. Does he know how late it is?" Edgar wanted to witness the entraining of Eben. Since Judson's silent smile he had grown to loathe him.

"Late, yes," said Eben, at a loss. He ate food automatically. Edgar must not see the state of things. Poor Jud was wild with grief; that was it. He would be down in a moment.

"Really," said Edgar, "he 's cutting it fine. It 's quarter of."

"I 'll go call him, sir," said the butler.

"Oh, he 'll be down," Eben protested. The poor kid might be crying. It would n't do for Simon to see that. He swallowed his coffee. Edgar lit a cigarette, staring at his wrist watch.

"Thirteen."

"I 'll go up," said Eben. He stopped in the hall to seize his hat and trampled up-stairs, then paused in the corridor.

Suppose Jud still stood there smiling, still mad? He did not want to see that.

"Jud!" he called. "Hi, Juddy!"

Edgar's voice cut into the silence, whip fashion.

"Come, Ben, you can't stop for that!"

"Jud!"

Then he turned and stumbled down-stairs so wretched that he did not care if Edgar saw it, the green lawn a sea of smiles.

A maid was clearing the used dishes when Judson, his bath-robe flapping, got to the dining-room. She stared politely.

"They—they have n't gone?"

"Why, it 's five of nine, sir. Master Ben's train was nine."

Quite gone, wordless, offended! Judson pressed his hands on his eyes.

"You must 'ave hoverslept, sir," said the maid, cheerfully.

"'Fraid so," said Judson. The scent of food was making him sick again. He left the dining-room, and threw himself on the living-room window-seat, cold and quivering, as the far train whistled. Then he wept simply as a child weeps for his great treachery and a sorrow that was plowed by shame.

In the afternoon he sat on the veranda and wrote his letter carefully. It would be in New Haven next day, and that must serve. He wrote:

It was not the tie. I was sicker than I ever want to be again. I suppose it was those rotten doughnuts. I woke up so sick I could not think straight and about crazy over your going away. I did think it was my tie, but the whole thing got mixed up in my head, and I went crazy. I have no idea what I said, but I did not mean any of it. I know I hurt you like the devil. I heard what you said, but I could not say anything then. This sounds footless, but it is perfectly true. I was sick, and angry at my luck, that was all, and until you write me it is all right I shall be crazy. Please forgive me. It was bad enough before. I shall be here until Tuesday.

He addressed this "Eben Harland, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.," and took it

to the little post-office. Then he waited, trying to remember what he had said to Ben, and magnifying every chance-brought word into foul insults.

THE letters of Yale are assorted in the special post-office under Fayerweather Hall. It is not too well lighted, and shadows from the passers-by make the clerks' task less easy than they wish. Mr. Eden Hursland, a member of the senior class, unlocked his mail-box next morning and found Judson's letter, glanced at the address, tore open the envelop, and was joined by a friend who had a story to tell. They walked across Elm Street to morning service, and Mr. Hursland, excited by the anecdote, crumpled the envelop in his hand and dropped it on the steps of Battell Chapel. In his seat he recalled the letter, and read it with amazement several times. Then he searched his pockets for the envelop. It does him credit to say that he missed a recitation hunting for the clue across Elm Street. He was a decent, well-meaning fellow, and here was an unsigned letter, rather pathetic in its brevity, that might mean a great deal to some one. At last he went back to the post-office.

"I've got a letter. It was addressed Hursland; at least it looked all right, but it's not to me. What other Hurslands are there?"

The clerk said there was none. He had no imagination and no list of the freshman class.

Mr. Hursland was equally destitute. He worried over the matter for a day or two, read the letter once or twice, and forgot it before Eben was done with the early bruises of freshman foot-ball practice.

EBEN waited for that letter in the midst of his new world. It might take Jud a day or two to get over his fit, to see that things could n't be helped. Then he began to worry. He reviewed the summer in gross and detail. Had he lorded it over Jud, criticized him unduly, swaggered? He fretted, rubbing his bruises, and slept ill, wasted a good deal of note-paper be-

ginning letters that he could not finish. He was in shadowy pain, novel and impossible to combat, untinged by anger. This endured a week, while his foot-ball reputation grew and freshmen sought his acquaintance. At the week's end he was visiting the rooms of another St. Paul foot-ball-player and there met a tall, thin being, ex-Hotchkiss, who professed many odd beliefs in a slow, shrill exhalation permeated with cigarette smoke.

"There is n't any such thing as friendship," he said amiably. "You like a man? All right. Wait till you have a row with him. Does n't matter who's in the right. You're both wrong usually. Then it's a toss up if he does n't drop you. Unless—" he shrugged—"unless he can get something out of you by coming round. Whose deal?"

Several lads laughed, but a couple of eighteen-year-old cynics wagged their heads.

"Pretty near true," said one.

"One real row," said the other, "and the beans are spilled."

"Oh, bunk!" cried their host. "S'pose I have a row with my old man, huh? You mean we're never goin' to get together again? My foot!"

"What did I say?" yawned the exponent. "You've got something to get out of him, he out of you. Spades."

"Thank you," the host remarked, with a hot edge in his voice. The thin youth shifted the subject neatly. Eben swallowed hard, the pips of his cards melting into the image of that smile; and after a while he gave his place to some one else. That night he did not sleep well. Next day, coming back at noon from English, he caught up with Bradley, strolling around the corner of York Street. The elm-studded way was full of freshmen, swirled into groups based on school alliances, or solitary, self-conscious figures. Boys were yelling to one another from the lofty, hideous front of Pierson Hall and the expensive private dormitories. The October sun dripped upon youth its mild benediction.

"What were you saying about friends

last night?" he stammered, after common-places.

Bradley sent back his memory in some haste. He was the child of a suffragist by a clergyman, and his upbringing had taught him to talk for results. He recollected his remarks clearly enough and nodded.

"Yes, I 'm afraid I rather offended Martin."

"Well, but—how did you find that out? I mean, get the idea?"

"Oh," said Bradley, with grandeur, "I 've lived in a lot of places; been to three schools, you know."

"I see; but—"

Bradley studied the handsome big lad sidelong, and saw that he had done some damage here. His conscience wriggled, but he was making a reputation as a sage of sorts and wanted to progress.

"I would n't bother about it. 'T is n't worth bothering about," he said kindly. "The thing is, have a good time with a fellow as long as he lasts, then forget about him."

He wondered for some weeks as to just what Eben had thought, and then, like Mr. Hursland, forgot about it. During those weeks the victim squirmed on the stake with such gory results that he began to distrust his sanity, except when the turf tingled through his cleated soles and he could jar against fugitive flesh. Insidiously the thing worked. He grew somber rather than silent. It ceased to surprise him when no letter lay on his table. He said nothing.

EDGAR went to Paris in early November. There was a sale at Villequier's that he wished to attend. There was a lady who wished to see him. They started back from an inn near Suresne one wet night, in the lady's motor. She chose to drive. This resulted in a collision with a beer-van at the corner of the Rue Caulaincourt; Edgar took six days to die. He regulated all his affairs perfectly, left legacies to twenty women, and the residue of his estate to the twins, with directions that everything be sold and that he be

buried in Paris. His lawyer, Mr. Ed-wardson, happened to be in the supposedly gay city and attended to these details. He duly wrote the twins and invited them to spend Christmas with him. He was very fond of them. Both accepted. He found their letters on his arrival in New York toward mid-December, and looked forward to seeing them with great pleasure.

Meanwhile Eben had been mentioned by a self-designated arbiter of foot-ball as a rising star. The journals even showed a bad picture of him, taken during the Yale-Princeton freshman game. His class forgave him his quiet gloom, and admired his sketches loudly. "The Yale Record" published several of these, and the director of the Yale Art School, seeing one, invited him to dinner. A foot-ball-player who could draw interested him. He did not find Eben very entertaining, but supposed that the death of his uncle was afflicting the boy, who looked extremely well in black.

"What does Jud say about school?" asked Arthur Letellier.

"Nothing much," said Eben.

"Both of you come out to St. Louis for Christmas?"

"Thanks a lot. We 're going to our lawyer's."

"Think it over," Arthur begged. He would have rolled naked in hot coals for Eben. Judson he did not care for so greatly. He repeated his invitation several times, but Eben was submerged in a new wave of feeling.

The autumn was done. He had waited for Jud to write, even grown to believe that Judson did not trouble over their terrible scene. But the approach of reunion cured all this. At the worst, one touch, one grin, and the ugly edifice of grief would clatter down; they would laugh at it together. He avoided Bradley, and walked a good deal in the misty evenings alone, smiling happily at the stark trees. His heart swelled toward his brother; he became gay, and his classmates liked him much more than before. It came to the day of departure, and he made the afternoon journey to New York with Arthur

in a sort of royal state, wandering up the train to see if Judson was on it.

"I 'm going to be in town till noon tomorrow," said Arthur. "You see Jud and fix it up to come on out with me."

"Don't see how we could. It 's mighty good of you," Eben assured him, staring into the violet-lit suburbs of New York.

At the ramshackle, confused station of that year he lost Arthur by the baggage counter and found Bradley. They walked through the wooden passages chatting about nothing, and came to a chilly flight of six steps, where they slowed while a crowd melted up ahead of them under a frosty arc light. Near the foot of the steps one man remained, lagging to look at his watch, and the gold flash took Eben's eye as he approached. Then he saw that it was Judson.

His suitcase swung against a man and made him swerve. His breath stopped with sheer gladness. He halted. Judson put away his watch, and, somehow attracted, looked at Eben. His hands paused on the buttons of his overcoat. He turned the least bit white; then he tilted back his head and smiled. He smiled, and Eben's feet moved of themselves. He followed Bradley on, wondering if his heart would stop entirely.

"What were you sayin'?" he asked. "I did n't get it."

Jud hated him; he knew this surely now. For a miserable necktie and a word or two of advice Jud could turn on him that horrible childish smile. He left Bradley and walked, rain falling on him, to a hotel near the station, using only that part of his brain that told him small necessary things to ask for a room and bath and fee the page. Then he wrote a coherent letter to Mr. Edwardson explaining that he had accepted Arthur's invitation, forgotten it, and that the Letelliers were deeply offended. After this he lay on the ornate hotel bed and wished that he could cry himself to sleep.

Next morning he went to St. Louis with Arthur, saying nothing. The Letelliers had a spacious, comfortable house on Lindell Boulevard. They were in

half-mourning, which did not forbid them to give pleasant little dinners, and Eben, resolved to forget Judson forever, tried to be an obliging guest. He made sketches on bridge-scores and dinner-cards. He talked to strange girls about all things, and practised the new form of waltz with Marie Letellier. He managed to get out of the room when Arthur's small, lame brother came to be told good night. He developed a liking for claret, and wondered, being seventeen, if it was worth while to drink himself to death.

"You 're changing pretty rapidly," said Mr. Edwardson on an afternoon in May when he had come up to see him.

"Am I? Into—"

"A man, I suppose. You 're pretty old for a boy without a solitary whisker on his face. You the E. Harland who had a cartoon in 'Life' last week?"

"Yes. I sent it on a bet," said Eben, dryly, so that Mr. Edwardson did not continue the topic.

"Where are you going this summer?" he asked instead.

"England and France with some friends from the West."

"This is a funny dodge of Juddy's," said the trustee, "changing to Princeton. Can't you stop it?"

After Eben had controlled his muscles he shook his head.

"I 'm afraid not. When Jud wants to do anything he goes ahead and does it. We 'd better go get some dinner."

When he had seen Mr. Edwardson on the train he went back to his rooms and began a letter, but did not go very far. Pride made the pen heavy, and sorrow spoiled the sheet. Let Jud go his way, he said at last; if he wanted Princeton, utter separation, let him have it. Eben had been reading "Cyrano," and a phrase rang out of it—"Poor Lazarus at the feast of Love." He could not beg, as he might have done six months ago. He tore up the letter, and went to sing in the garden behind his lodgings.

In the autumn he played foot-ball up to the Princeton game and was used steadily on the university team. He was not a

brilliant player, but so reliable that coaches and trainers spoke of him as a possible future captain, and two fraternities waited on his choice with smiles more than inviting.

"What 's Jud's address at Princeton?" Arthur asked when the great gala was near. "I 'm going to have lunch here in these rooms the day of the game."

"Huh? Oh, just Princeton 'll get him."

"It might n't. I 've sent letters there before."

Eben took his eyes off the sketch he was filling in and looked at Arthur wearily.

"I might as well tell you the truth, Let. I don't know his address. We 've not spoken or met in over a year—a year and two months. He does n't care about me any more."

He glanced around their red burlap sitting-room and went on charcoaling the paper, shuddering before the advent of questions.

"I ought to have known," said Arthur. "All right, Ben; I won't say anything."

After this, and while Eben lay in the infirmary with the broken shoulder he got during the last second of play, Arthur gave him a new and far-seeing kindness that compensated a little for many things. The Letelliers had been driven to moving East. They now owned a house at Mamaroneck, and Eben spent Christmas there. He met a girl who had encountered Judson at Pasadena the previous summer as a friend of one Alan Kay. Eben resigned her to Arthur for the rest of his dance, and haunted Marie Letellier's wake for the remainder of the party. She was a gentle, timid girl a month younger than himself, and Eben grew very fond of her, to Arthur's delight.

He knew gradually that Mr. Edwardson realized a breach, and was sorry, silently. As time passed the St. Paul's coterie in his class forgot about Judson except when his name appeared on the list of the Princeton base-ball team the ensuing year, filling Eben with pride. His foot-ball career was done; the surgeons insisted on that. He took to spasmodic running and left-handed tennis. But all the

glory of open field, the thunder of crowds, he wanted for Judson. He never saw him play, avoided the games, quite certain that in some way he must come near his beloved and get that horrible smile to burn him again, to render nights odious. He was drawing with regularity for several magazines, and people spoke of his happy treatment of boys or young athletes. He got sizable checks before his graduation, and could give Marie a large cluster of diamonds as a wedding present. They were married three days after his commencement, and lived for eight months in Paris, while he studied under Roll.

Marie's uncle, a Mr. Rand, was attached to the American embassy, and had a house in the Avenue François Premier. He asked the couple to Christmas luncheon, and there, entering the drawing-room, Eben was hailed from the fireside as "Jud" in a broken young voice. This had overtaken him before, but never so poignantly. It was a thin fellow of twenty or so, with a lambent, doomed face, who hurried over, pausing only as Eben colored.

"I 'm not Jud. I 'm his brother," he said swiftly.

"Oh, yes, the other twin? I 'm so sorry. I 'm rather a friend of his—Alan Kay. Perhaps you 've heard him speak of me?" he said wistfully, coughing.

"You—you live in Pasadena?" Eben remembered.

The consumptive beamed.

"Yes. I—I 'm on my way to San Moritz. Had a little throat trouble. Jud saw me off."

"How awfully stupid of me!" said Mrs. Rand. "Here Alan 's been writing me ever since he was a freshman—"

"Before, Aunt Jess," coughed Alan. "Met him out home."

"—about his wonderful Jud Harland, and I never thought to ask. Sit down, Alan dear. This is your Jud's sister-in-law."

Marie murmured; Eben could see her olive face quiver, and wondered how much she felt while he grinned at Jud's poor friend. He sat down beside the boy and sought a bitter Christmas gift.

"How is Jud?" he asked deliberately.

Jud was wonderful, the whole orange-and-black world worshiped him. He was the abnet of the Princeton hierarchy, the Sangrael of Nassau. It was the uncon-
trived outpouring of frailty to kind strength. It lasted until lunch, and among the courses Eben heard Marie re-

grieved for some one who had given Jud a beautiful thing.

They rode to their apartment under the mauve night of Paris. Eben lounged in his corner, seeing Judson perched on a table of some Princeton club central to a group of dim faces, pitching for practice in some gray-flint quadrangle, charging up



"Then he saw that it was Judson"

galed by anecdotes of the brother-in-law she had never mentioned to her husband. He was bathed in the torturing flame for five hours; then Alan was ordered to bed.

"When you write Jud," he said at parting, "say I was n't looking so awfully bad. He was worried about me. And I *am* glad I met you."

"So am I," said Eben, for it was true. Alan coughed his loyal soul out in the Engadine express, and when Eben heard of it by the infernal French telephone he

the gracious steps of that old, new, noble tower after a triumphant raid.

"Ever been at Princeton, Ria?" he asked her, idly.

"Yes, dear. I went to a dance there, at Mrs. Tree's last winter."

"It 's a corking place, Princeton." Then he felt her breathing fast, and was driven to question with all the throbs it might bring on him, "Did you meet Juddy?"

"Yes, dear," said Marie, weakly.

"Did he—"

"No, Ben."

She watched him undress in their staid bedroom later, and cringed from his white face. She had the tenderness which seeks an alleviation of any wound and at any risk.

"Ben dear," she whispered, "I don't know anything; but he sent me a pearl pendant, such a lovely one, when we were married. It must have been he. It came from Princeton. It 's in that japanned box."

Eben bent over the toilet-table, and she saw the muscles of his chest slide and bulge as he stared. Then he gave a soft cry and flung himself down, shaking the little bed and their unborn child.

"He could have written, he could have come!" She heard so much, then she pulled his head to her breast, and hated Judson so that her teeth clenched from jealousy.

"Tell me," she said.

"I can't. I think of it every day; I 'll die thinking of it."

So she knew why he had turned so fast from the altar and stared out over the perfumed church, and why his face at the wedding breakfast had frightened her. And she loved him, illogically, more than ever, racked for some hidden hour.

Their boy was born at Mamaroneck, and fat Arthur came out next day with an expensive coral teething-ring.

"Oh, gorgeous!" said Eben. "Jud 'll be crazy over it. Take it up an' see if he yells."

Arthur shifted from foot to foot and twisted his mustache.

"I wrote Jud," he said.

Eben looked up from the ring and out past Arthur down the melting lawn to the roof of the church where the boy would be christened.

"Thank you. I 'd—let 's go up-stairs."

But Eben and his heir were the only Harlands at the christening. Marie put a jeweler's box and its cup away in her father's safe, saying nothing, and left it there when they moved to an apartment off Park Avenue.

Time passed. Men nodded to Eben in the streets and apologized, saying how much he looked like a young chap at their broker's down-town. He declined invitations to dinners at the Princeton Club. He avoided Wall Street, this easily enough. He had a sweetly painful morning when Marie bore him twin sons, and he was plagued by curly heads seen across theaters, wide shoulders that swung by in the twilight. He bought back Edgar's house near Gloucester, and wheeled little Jud along the crescent beach. His name went into "Who 's Who" before Europe took to war, and he had bad nights remembering Jud's military passion. A great broker smirked to him at a dinner party over his brother.

"Travels for me. Customers think he 's the best ever."

"He is," said Eben, proudly.

They had many friends, dull and interesting, and the babies had the proper diseases of babies, and Eben allowed a pastel of little Jud to appear in a Sunday edition, hoping that the smile for this would have no hate behind it. The daily pain gave birth to a deep ambition. Judson need not despise him. Art harpies shrugged and said he had no "temperament." His studio was as ascetic as a sick ward. Popular actors sent their valets to price portraits, ladies adjured him to give them some little thing for the Belgian relief.

"And I wish you 'd be in the tableaux," said one, "in the Greek scene. Your brother is, and the pair of you—"

"I 'm so sorry," Eben said.

He did not see the Greek scene. Marie did. He knew she would, and that night managed to look asleep when she came home. The photograph in the Sunday paper he laid carefully away in a desk of his studio. No dust gathered on it.

"A man would think you were twenty-six hundred 'stead of twenty-six," Arthur complained. "Why won't you go to the Marengo?"

"Such a jam," said Eben.

It would be hideous to meet Judson in a crowd. But he began to feel that he could endure this for the sake of knowing



“. . . and lived for eight months in Paris, while he studied under Roll”

that his brother's skin was still whitely smooth and his arms as full of grace. The spring sent his soul wandering, and he dreamed of his brother. They were no longer boys, and love had outlasted the old nearness; it might still leap a gate. In his dream he said to Judson: "You don't hate me. You can't." And Judson changed the smile to a brother's grin.

"What makes you so restless?" asked Marie.

"Oh, I don't know. The rotten

weather, this Mexican row. Remember I was born in Texas."

Marie wiped milk off young Arthur's chin.

"I've often thought what a fine soldier you'd make, dear. You're so self-controlled and you'd look so splendid. And your men would do anything for you."

Eben blushed. He was perpetually surprised that she could love him at all, a man his own brother hated, a man who could lie in her breast and long for an

hour of mere talk with that brother. He kissed her humbly.

"If there is a row I sha'n't go," he said. "I 'd worry about the kids an' you so I 'd forget to shoot and get court-martialed."

"You never forget anything, Ben."

"No," Eben said; "I don't." Presently, because he would not dishonor her with a lie, he said:

"And it 's worse than ever right now, my not forgetting. It 's that that 's making me so miserable. I can't help it, Ria."

"He 's in this new thing," said Marie, "the armored motor battalion. Sid Waters told me."

How splendid he must look in khaki! Eben thought. Then all his imagination glittered to a scene of dusty cactus and the smile fixed on approaching death, the fair body.

"O Ben," cried his wife, "I should n't have told you!"

THAT night the newsboys had a fresh surprising bellow from the wire, and the next day a man in Washington, called on the militia of the several States to protect the border.

"By gosh!" said Arthur, "do you see me sweating under a cactus-tree? Let 's go to a revue to-night."

Eben assented. His girl model was sniffing for a brother in the Sixty-ninth, and Marie's eyes were gleaming at his face. He was in hell, sending out hourly for the extras that might tell him what regiments were under arms; and in the rainy glare of Broadway he saw Judson through their taxicab window, glorious in his khaki service cap on the guard of an open car splashed with uniforms. And he sat until dawn, his arms gripped under his knees, glaring at the dark.

"I can't work," he told Marie. "Have 'em tell the models to go to blazes."

The streets showed spurts of mustard cloth while he tramped, and he met men he knew, savagely irritated, uplifted, awkward in stiff belts. In his imagination he heard the trailed notes of the dead march; the volley of a burial squad came back from the shadow of Fort Leavenworth.

"Judson Harland, son of the late Captain Eben Harland, killed in action." It jerked before him on the rainfalls.

"He 's nearly mad," said Marie to her brother later.

"So am I," Arthur said, his eyes scarred under with black. "If Jud goes and gets killed he 'll never— You never saw them together. Don't say a word."

"Is he ordered?"

"Can't say. How can a man go on loving a fool that won't even come to his wedding? The—"

"He does. Let it go," said Marie, sternly.

THE next noon Eben woke with a lucid mind and a perfect resolve. He belonged to Marie, to his sons, not to Judson, who had cast him away for a word or so, for a dollar's worth of green striped silk. It seemed quite clear. He must go on loving Judson, bear unconquered to the verge of being that high and holy warmth, guard it, cherish it, and protect it. He bathed in icy water and sat down at his desk.

"Dear Jud," he wrote, "I am sending this to your office as I can't find you in the telephone-book. Since this order to the militia was published I have been in a horrible state of mind. Come and see me before you go if you can bring yourself to it. I have never stopped thinking of you as my best and dearest friend, and nothing has altered my feeling for you. If you hate me so much that you cannot do this, I—"

A cloud passed over his brain, the pen broke in his fingers.

"O Lord!" he said, "he might n't even read it." He wrote: "I will put up with it the best I can, but I think more of you than of any one else in the world. Ben."

He addressed the envelop carefully, and put a special-delivery stamp upon it. His brain had become confused once more, and in cure of this he walked into the nursery before luncheon. Young Juddy was playing with a large red elephant, the twins were engrossed in their noontime orange-juice, and the Yankee nurse told Eben she thought it was real dreadful about this

war. Her brother was in the Seventy-first.

"Oh," said Eben, "that 's just down here at Thirty-fourth Street, the armory."

She was going down to see her brother, it appeared. Eben gave her his letter to post, and carried Juddy, plus the elephant, into the dining-room. He would have taken the twins also had that been sensible. He wanted anything dear about him for chains to his feet.

Mr. Letellier was lunching with them, and he began at once upon the war.

"By Jove!" he said, "Wilson can't get out of it now! No. We 're in for it, dirty, ugly business."

"What kind of cock-tail do you want, sir?" gasped Eben by the side-board.

"Martini. Gives an old man quite a thrill, the boys down by the armory; and, by Jove! I had a turn. Come here, Grandson."

"What sort of turn, Dad?" asked Marie.

"Saw a young chap going into a hotel near, artillery clothes, big, strapping fellow. I

thought it was Ben for a minute; dead image of him. That was why I asked you if he was here when I came in."

"That must have been Judson," said Eben, spilling gin on the Portuguese embroidery.

"Oh, yes, your brother. Well, you must be pretty worried," said Mr. Letellier, heartily.

"My name 's Judson," said Judson, reverting to his father's knee. "Why 'm I named Judson?"

"For your uncle, of course," Mr. Le-

tellier stated, steering the red elephant among the table covers.

"Yes, but why?" Juddy persisted, without interest.

Eben bent his lips on the soft head.

"Because he 's the finest man alive," he said softly. "Will you excuse me, sir? I 'd forgotten to 'phone some one."

He descended into Park Avenue and turned down the wide, rain-pooled street. It was quite empty; only shuttered windows looked upon his going. The June sun had burned through the oily clouds of the morning and lit the drenched flag of the armory tower. Even so far off he could see a mustard uniform on the steps before the arched grill, and the wet granite beckoned him. People strolled or scurried from the pausing trolleys. No one passed Eben as he walked, cursing himself, down the pleasant, wealthy street, and he reasoned that New York, the world, would be like this vacancy with Jud gone from it, a stolid desolation, a sunny tomb.

He came to the last block of the east side,

which ends at the armory corner in a lawn, iron fenced, with almost rural shrubs and a faded Tudor house, inept residue of some less urban day. Eben kept his eyes on the armory tower, stupidly archaic, crushing the vista of further commerce, and brushed his hand on the pickets of the iron fence. A man in uniform cut obliquely from the subway stairs and came toward him. The color brought his gaze down, and he saw Judson, his artillery cap a little pushed from his brow, the trim coat lining his unchanged splendor,



"Judson raised his hand in a gesture"

the smile of contentment on his mouth, six feet away.

All Eben's love and desperation broke into a sound. He clutched the square bar of the fence until it seemed hot.

"Damn you! That 's right, go on smiling! Go on hating me all you like, Juddy! But I 'm coming, too."

The smile was gone before he said so much, and Judson raised his hand in a gesture as if he thrust something away. He stared at Eben with black eyes.

"Hated you, Ben? Hate? I don't know—what do you mean?" His cap slid off, and he stooped to pick it up; held it, shaking, in one hand, put it on again, still staring. "I don't understand. I wrote you, and you did n't answer me. I waited—I 'd been waiting for you hours in the station that day, and you cut me. I don't know what you mean."

"You wrote me! No, Juddy, you did n't!"

"I did! I did!" cried Judson, beating his fist on the iron. "I did! That afternoon! I posted it myself. I can tell you what I wrote. And you never said you 'd forgive me; that you saw how it was. And you cut me! Could n't you see? I was crazy that morning in Gloucester. You were going away, and I was sick, sick as a dog. It was those damned doughnuts."

Eben shook his head because seeing Jud's face tore him, and hearing Jud speak washed him of years.

"I never got any letter, Juddy. You 've got to believe that. And seeing you smile that way in the station, I thought you were done with me. What did you say?"

Judson shut his eyes and bit his lip. Two tears had run down his cheeks, and the drying path of them gleamed.

"Just a sec. I can tell you exactly every word. Just a minute, Ben. It went—this way."

Eben listened as the voice dropped word after word, nodding to the throb of it.

"I never got it, Juddy. Why did you smile at me that day in the station? I 'd been waiting all fall. I was going to try to—soften you down somehow and show you I was all right—get you back—"

"Get me back! I was going to get you back. You mean to say you were n't angry? I don't see how you were n't. How could I help smiling? I 'd been waiting hours."

His eyes were gray now, and the smile came back, bringing no shudder with it.

"And I," Eben put in quickly, "was going down to enlist so I could be somewhere near you, see you maybe; not come back if you did n't. I wrote you just now, asking you to come to see me. It 's gone to your office, Jud. You don't think I was ever angry! I was n't."

For a moment Judson was in heaven; then he groaned.

"You 're not coming to Mexico? No! for God's sake—Ben, if you do still love me, stay home. It won't be long. Nothing 'll happen to me. I 'm as strong as a horse, and you 've got your wife and kids and your shoulder. Yes, I know. I know all about you. I 've kept people busy finding out about you. Ben, I 'phoned your place just now, and your wife told me you 'd be back directly. I was just walking up; I swear I was."

He had surged in so close to Eben that their sleeves touched.

"You come along home with me, Juddy, and eat lunch. Ria's father 's there. No, I won't go to Mexico. It may not be anything, anyhow. I 've treated you like a dog. I won't hurt you again, ever. You have n't had lunch, have you?"

"I don't know. No, I have n't. I 've got to be at the armory at ten."

"Well," said Eben, "it 's not two yet. And—when do you go?"

"Search me. I fixed up my will in case—" He got into step with Eben, turning north. "Gave it to young Jud. He looks like us, does n't he? I saw a picture. But he won't get it for a long time. By George! it 's raining again!"

They began to chatter, with proud side-wise glances to be sure of reality. But Eben, marching along, could not be quite sure. By and by his hand slipped into the crook of Judson's elbow and clung there as they walked up the quiet street.

France and America, Partners

By JULES BOIS

Author of "L'Eve nouvelle," "La Douleur d'aimer," etc.

THE great European War has already lasted long; it may still last long. Save for some unforeseen event, unhappily it can be brought to a close—and the fault is not ours—only through an increase of destruction.

But the world does not come to an end: it is simply transformed. Death is only one aspect of eternal life; destruction is only the troubled sleep of resurrections. Let us turn our eyes for a moment from this wild crisis. We know that it will end in the triumph of right. Let us try from now on not to picture in mind a theoretical renaissance of the dreams of visionaries, but to correct the balance-sheet of our deficits, to face our difficulties like men, and, recognizing our mistakes and meditating on our faults, strive to escape their recurrence. Let us seek the remedies that exist for all ills.

But how reconstruct? Reconstruct the body and the soul? It is not too early to consider all this, because it will demand much time and attention. We must deliberate, discuss, exercise our critical faculties, cultivate enthusiasm, coördinate our endeavors. During peace Germany had prepared for war; we must not await the end of war to prepare for peace.

WHEN the husbandman sees his fields laid waste by hail, storm, drought, or fire, if he is wise he does not wring his hands, curse the heavens, or collapse in fruitless despair; but he turns to his granaries, where in years of abundance he has put aside a reserve store of wheat and provender, and at once prepares for a new sowing and a new harvest. In just such a sense Europe has a granary—a granary that has made itself. America is that granary.

For several centuries certain men, fired

by the love of adventure or impatient at the restraint imposed on them by old laws or too constricted territory, have crossed the Atlantic to form themselves into a new nation, freer, more energetic, more idealistic, and at the same time more practical, settling there in an immense land the degenerate natives of which, in their ignorance of any way to turn it to the best account, had left barren of man's cultivation.

Sometimes these hardy pioneers had sought unknown regions under the spur of persecution; sometimes they had gone through a longing for adventure, drawn to the New World by the great expectations it held out. They were not exiled; they uprooted themselves from their country's soil, impelled by that migratory impulse that in the past as well as to-day has always been the point of departure of new civilizations.

Now, these men, after having won their independence through a foreign war, and cemented their different racial tendencies and aspirations by civil war, have enjoyed and continue to enjoy a security and prosperity that their native lands no longer know. But although they are Americans and only Americans, they cannot forget, and ought not forget, that their ancestors were Europeans. Most certainly they have worked out their own destiny in the New World: they have cleared the land and peopled the wilderness, with their own hands they have built opulent and flourishing cities that rival the most famous cities of ancient times; but this stupendous economical and moral development they have accomplished well through the European training and culture that they carried with them, and which have brought forth results wholly unexpected.

Americans do not deny this debt to the Old World. Of their own free will many have devoted themselves and their wealth to Europe. Moreover, they have been able to separate the wheat from the chaff. They have given their sympathy and their coöperation to those nations that they recognized as being especially loyal to the cause of liberty, consecrated with justice and blood—to England and to France, and particularly to France, whose help in their own hour of danger and deliverance they have not forgotten.

This has come about naturally through the keen vision of popular instinct, which outstrips the subtle interpretations of diplomacy and the explanations of governments. When Lafayette hurried to the assistance of America, young then and eager for self-government, it was the spirit of France that led him, not the will of a monarch or statesman. He was impelled by a principle, the right of the people, and by that true love of liberty that always leavens France, and to-day is leading her to sacrifice herself not alone for self, but for civilization. In the same way those Americans who are fighting in our ranks and are giving their lives to care for our wounded are moved by no selfish purpose; they desire to show their gratitude and serve the ideal of justice and liberty. I am sure that if there existed an instrument that could measure the quality of emotions, it would undoubtedly show a strong likeness between the splendid exaltation of your young aviators hovering above our lines and the big-hearted decision of Lafayette. One of our moralists has said, "The heart has reasons that reason itself cannot understand." However that may be, in this case I believe the heart is right.

Even our enemies realize that America and France are linked together by a strong, though subtle and yet scarcely conscious, bond—a bond largely made up of sentiment. This war, in affirming it, strengthening it, proving it to be logical, now gives it historically a new brightness. One discovers one's friends in the hour of suffering. The traditional and spontane-

ous affection that America has for us is real, vital, and has no need of treaties and agreements. France to-day responds to it, and will respond more and more. But the realization of this friendship, now an established fact, must become clearer in order that we may cultivate it and make it more fruitful until it yields the two nations the rich harvest of its promise. The plan is too vast for us even to attempt to sketch. We must content ourselves with giving a little advice, making a few suggestions. The best way to bring the two peoples together is to show them their common characteristics, to define their common interests, and to enumerate the ideas and sentiments that they share. The rest will take care of itself. We ought not to force that which should come about in accordance with the rules of common sense and natural attractions.

DESPITE certain very marked external differences, there are profound likenesses in the genius of the two nations that will work in harmony because they are fundamental and are based upon character and spirit. Though the constitutions of the two republics differ in certain respects and their customs have their individual peculiarities, the two democracies nevertheless follow the same impulses and respond to the same principles. As Frenchmen and Americans, we have the same national and international ideals. There is also a more nearly indefinable likeness.

While I am well-rooted in my French and Latin soil, I have traveled far through the world, and one may believe me when I say that I have found no city that more resembles Paris in its ways and the characteristics of its inhabitants than New York. Even London, admirable as it is, is more apart. This is not to say that New York is not profoundly original, but that between it and Paris there are parallel originalities. The gaiety of the streets; already certain aspects of picturesque antiquity; the atmosphere of welcoming; the vivacious spirit, cordial hospitality, and disinterested enthusiasm for talent, merit, or novelty; a certain quickness to adopt

and to discard ideas, art movements, and people; a restlessness at times too feverish; a love of pleasure, elegance, and luxury; a tendency to respond instantly and as one man to any great and international event—all this is what makes of Paris and New York, each in its own particular way, with its little faults and grand qualities, the two most sympathetic, the most "electric" capitals of the civilized world.

The manner in which France slowly formed herself through the centuries recalls the manner—and this has never been sufficiently remarked—in which the United States came into being and was developed. To so great an extent is this true that one might call France a solidly traditionalized America, and America a France that is magnificently improvising herself.

The geographical position of France and the attraction that she has always exercised have, by a peculiar process, slowly developed her from many crossed races into a homogeneous people. She is not wholly Latin, like Italy; or Celtic, like the country of the Gauls; or Norse, like Scandinavia or Scotland and a part of England. Far from being a peninsula like Spain, almost isolated from European influences, she is made up of a series of alluvial deposits: in the north, the Bretons, the Normans, the Angles, and the Flemish; in the middle and the east, the Franks, the Gauls, the Arvernians, the Burgundians, the Lorrainers, and the Alsations; in the southeast and the south, the Latins, the Italians, and the Greeks; and in the southwest, the Basques and the Iberians, with not a little trace of English blood, especially in the region of Bordeaux.

And yet a Frenchman is nothing more than a Frenchman, whatever the province from which he comes, and despite certain differences of accent, manner, or appearance. Our soul is one. The same interests, the same ideal, and, though the horizons are varied, a like harmony that is at once both moderate and refined, have molded and remolded the people of that country the natural boundaries of which are the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Alps. Add to all this the constantly repulsed

menace of barbarians—a menace that did not begin in 1914, and which has continually brought us together as a united force. Royalty, welding together its feudal forces; the First Republic, with its humanitarian and national gospel; and Napoleon, with his centralized system of administration, so skillfully made of all these provinces a coherent economic and political organism that without any danger or any weakening of the inalterable identity of the united country the people of the several provinces may display their racial characteristics and varied origins.

America will not lose sight of such an example not of uniformity, but of grouping, so blended together, so impossible to be made to crumble or to dissolve, that the world can find therein a reason for our growing victory. It has been said in the Holy Word that "if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand." The United States ought also to desire to become more and more united in purpose. They are already united; they can be, and ought to be, even more united.

Nevertheless, we should be slow to deny an encountered peril, and one that may reappear—the settling among us of hostile and unassimilated foreigners. We, too, have our problem of "hyphens." To be exposed to the same risks is only another form of resemblance between the two countries.

To-day France has become aware of her vitality and power; but she realizes that she has remained France only by not permitting herself to be weakened in times of peace as in times of war by malevolent aliens. A nation exhausts itself and is not enriched when it nourishes elements that cannot be assimilated, because they in their disloyalty are wont to attempt to alter its customs and national characteristics for their personal gain.

Paris had become too incongruous, too cosmopolitan. Though a certain number of the select few congregated there, in far greater numbers the frothy elements of society came in floods: inimical spies, brewers of questionable affairs, idlers who sought to amuse themselves at any cost,

taking advantage of our ready welcome to lead among us a sophisticated and unwholesome existence that they thereupon called "Parisian life." This setting was unhappy both for our home and foreign politics, which it disturbed, and for our art and culture. Our theaters of late years, for example, no longer reflected French manners, but the manners of adventurers, roués, and intriguers, who came from the ends of the earth and posed among us as masters of the house and arbiters of a taste that they made less pure. Especially is it true that our neighbors beyond the Rhine, attracted by our cities and our country, began secretly to colonize among us.

All this we saw at the outbreak of the war, but unfortunately too late. The majority of these were spies, working for the advantage of their fatherland and preparing for an invasion that this time was to be armed. They strove, moreover, to blacken the fair name of France. Their noisy eccentricities, their brutal characteristics, and their hypocritical plots had the effect of giving to foreigners the impression that we were undergoing a moral relaxation. It was a false and regrettable impression, an appearance of frivolity that was mainly exotic. We had not taken sufficient pains to impress upon those whose naturalization we had too readily accepted the necessity of adaptability. This is always a danger that threatens those people among whom foreigners who are not of the best type delight to sojourn.

Because of her mixture of races, her freedom, and her inheritance of certain European characteristics, the baneful vibrations of which have been felt across the ocean during the course of this war, America has been brought face to face with the necessity of keeping close watch over those parasites who establish themselves in a country, live upon it, yet turn against it when they believe that their interests demand such a course.

In France the remedy for this evil has been national unity, already very ancient, and which this recent virus had not yet weakened—a unity of those who agree to

submit themselves to the most costly patriotic duties, even the complete sacrifice, if necessary, of the individual to the commonwealth, a firmness necessary for the elimination of the baneful and the useless.

In short, safety lies first in oneself before one has recourse to laws, which, however, must not be overlooked. If a great and varied population is fermenting in the vast American vat, it holds an excellent dissolvent for uniting conflicting elements, provided they are healthy. The character and physical and moral vigor that you inherit from your forefathers, your idealism, which the egotistical pretensions of newcomers have not overwhelmed, make a mold where are cast nationalities and individualities seemingly irreconcilable. I am confident that you will suffer no break to appear in this marvelous crucible. Your firmness is never tyrannical. On the contrary, it wins every one by its tolerance. The descendants and followers of the great men who created America, its wealth, and its spirit have sufficient keenness and enterprise to impress upon late-comers, when brought into contact with them, these homogeneous qualities: self-control, love of toil, respect for the point of view of others, honest ambition, generous aspirations, fidelity to the starry flag. Those who do not accept these duties, sources of vast good, are unworthy of you. You may calmly reject them.

Thus will be averted treason to a country which opens its arms wide to all loyal good-will, and which is by a providential mission a redeemer. The country of Lincoln and Emerson is the country of mankind. In this America bears another resemblance to France, which has been called the second country of all men.

ONE of our sociologists has declared that national likenesses and attractions are closely connected with destinies. The sympathy that exists between France and America certainly inclines them toward coöperation. Being an intellectual, I view this coöperation especially in its most profound and freest aspect—the aspect of organized friendship.

So far you have remained faithful to that "splendid isolation" that England has abandoned. But one who lives wholly for himself and alone does not lead a full life. A friend completes us less by his personal contribution than by all that he calls forth in us that was already there. From the fact that intercourse between races is increasing to-day, whether through greater and more rapid means of travel or through the intellectual vibrations of minds, which also have their wireless telegraphy, the world is gradually forming for itself a single conscience. I feel indeed that this unified conscience is developing itself more particularly here. America therefore has national and humanitarian reasons for turning to Europe and thus singling out those nations more capable of working with her for the benefit of the whole world.

If even before the war we practised a system of national agreements,—it was necessary in order to counterbalance the warlike Triple Alliance,—we French were too ignorant of other countries. France and England, though near neighbors, began to know each other and esteem each other's value only when they became brothers in arms. We French had become a little apathetic with the prosperity that came to us through a favorable climate, the wealth brought into the country by visitors, and the frugality of our race— from one point of view a virtue, from another a fault; for economy, while heaping up capital, diminishes initiative and leads one to become satisfied with too little.

To-day, awakened, with much of her soil under the heel of her foe, France must gather herself together for the rebound. For her life to-morrow will be hard and rough. When the cannon are at last stilled, we shall have to think of intellectual and economic wars. We shall have to furbish up the weapons of our inborn and acquired gifts, and especially those gifts that before our awakening were drugged by habit or made sterile by neglect. Our industrial life, our commerce, our literature must rise in a new flight if they are to escape decay. We ought to be

more ambitious, less timid, have a greater love for risks, learn to allow our children to expatriate themselves in order to be better known to other lands and in turn to know them better. All this should be done for our own profit and for the benefit of all. In this America will aid us.

It is therefore well for us to visit each other more; for it is in talk together, in living and working together, that the strongest ties are made. Before the war we did not spend time enough with you, and since its outbreak necessity has brought home a still larger number of French. I am sure that, aside from the patriotic duties that engaged them, they must have found pleasure and profit in your company. I hope that this state of affairs may last and even develop itself when peace again comes. Indeed, I was the instigator of commercial exchanges, in order that the young prizemen of our chambers of commerce and syndicate chambers might travel in America.

Just as artists, sculptors, painters, and architects receive from our Government the means that permit them to study in the cities of the splendid past like Athens and Rome, so it would be to our interest for our young business men to visit New York or the more industrial cities of America in order to "study the future," gain a familiarity with the mechanism of great enterprises, stimulate their practical capabilities, and increase their initiative. Theoretical courses in universities are not so imperative for our young students as terms in the offices of your great financiers and your most important industrial centers. These students will later become the interpreters of the economic culture of the United States. Our writers and artists might also gain an advantage by contact with your people and institutions.

I have been assured that at one time you feared that the commercial agreement between the Allies to resist our enemies after the war in their attempts to seize the markets of the world might prove disastrous to your interests. But authoritative voices, like that of your ambassador at Paris, quickly undeceived you. In our

plans for the future there is nothing harmful to your interests. On the contrary, we shall have more and more need of your raw material, your machinery, your products. Even in the past we often had recourse to these. Is it necessary to recall, for example, that at the end of the last century, when we had to combat phylloxera, we imported some of your youngest and most robust vines? In this manner strengthening our vineyards, we were enabled to destroy the epidemic. But what is phylloxera compared with the plague of war? But I leave it for specialists to indicate more precisely and completely the economic assistance that you will be able to give us, and which cannot but be of profit to your people.

I hasten to touch upon the subject of intellectual commerce, according to the expression current in the eighteenth century when speaking of matters that related to the mind. The exchange of professors between our universities is not sufficient. Our whole modes of thought, when examined carefully, will disclose certain results that will be for our common advantage. For example, modern French philosophy has unquestionably been affected first by the spirit of Emerson and recently by that of William James. The American who has fundamentally a taste for adventure, travel, action, and business affairs should place character and insight in the first rank. Emerson was the philosopher of character, William James of insight and intuition. Even before the war the prophets of American force were increasing in France, and our moralists, abandoning the field of abstraction and criticism, were allying themselves in a practical way with that phase of intellectual activity that the celebrated Bostonian called "the conduct of life." Moreover, the most popular of our speculative thinkers, M. Bergson, at the prompting of William James, took the side of intellectual reason and reinstated instinct. Many of his disciples, and perhaps he himself, are what you choose to call "pragmatists."

Do you fully realize to what an extent

you revived the inspiration and even the esthetics of our poets? Your great Walt Whitman did much to change our verse form, which with you has led to "free verse." Moreover he brought to our literature a breath of nature, both rustic and friendly, and a rugged sincerity which attracted us yesterday and will undoubtedly prevail to-morrow. Certain French lyric poets like Stuart Merrill, who was born in America, have been highly considered and have formed a school.

On the other hand, apart from the theater, and our milliners and dressmakers, indeed, French influence has not been strongly felt by any of your people except those who have come to our shores. Up to the present only English and German, and perhaps Slavic, influences have penetrated into your universities and literary groups. Yet I feel that our individualistic and humanitarian spirit, both in its critical and constructive aspects, would be of service to you. I know indeed that a choice few among you do not ignore us; but geniuses like Voltaire, Renan, and Taine—to name only the dead—merit as much popularity with you as a British Carlyle or a Prussian Nietzsche. We also have our Emerson, Michelet, who would charm and stimulate you. Your novelists, with few exceptions, are still at the first stage. The maturity of ours would not be useless to them in developing the art of construction and the psychology of character portrayal.

You are a young people, thanks to the renewal brought about by new geographical surroundings and the fusion of many races. But youth, which is the most precious of gifts, turns too credulous eyes toward life. It becomes enthusiastic over mere appearances, and is easily deceived; it is wont to be infatuated with immediate and easily won successes. For it a certain surface audacity makes up for the lack of the finer mental qualities that are either wholly absent or are replaced by facility, chance, or bluff. Through contact with intellectual France, which possesses certain well-defined characteristics that are more in accord with your own traits than are

Germany's, you would profit by our earlier arrival on the field of ideas and aspirations, and your judgment, already penetrating, would increase until you reached that point where you would forge the final world culture.

Through its destruction of men and monuments the war has given to surviving Europeans more ruggedness and firmer character and a realization of the fact that it is dangerous to bury oneself in a past that the present has set about abolishing, and that a settled state of mind tends to form prejudices, and to become old faster than the nation itself. But there remain to us a sufficient number of traces of our ancient glory—traces sometimes painfully shattered and for that reason all the more precious—to permit us to find in the past a criterion and a point of comparison for our new enterprises. The deserted cottage is loved all the more when we return to it. The field that has been made barren by a thunderous rain of steel will be cultivated with even more perseverance for its having been for a time a waste. The mutilated cathedrals predispose one to a firmer faith. On visiting our battlefields and sojourning in our shattered cities, which recovery will quickly make more prosperous, you will better understand what good fruit lies in traditions that upheld and comforted us when the present appeared to hold only ruin and disaster. In all this there is still another reason for intercourse between America and France: on one side a kind of sorting out the debris of past ages; on the other a feverishness for the future, which constantly increases with us, and which you will be able to enrich with your habits of work and system. Ah, American system! I shall not cease to advise its adoption by Europe and specially France.

You accomplish things quickly and you do them in a big way. You work much, with a vivacious readiness and a kind of intoxication, but you also have a proper desire for rest. You know how to shorten the hours of business precisely because you have made them more intense. With us, despite our impulsive natures, our clear

vision, our ability to shift for ourselves, work lengthens out and drags; and it encroaches on our rest just as our rest encroaches on our work. You know and practise the law of relaxation through frequent changes; this our stay-at-home workers and business men, too, faithful to the homes of their ancestors, ignore.

And how much might be said of your technic, your marvelous mechanism! You not only freed the negro through war and legislation; you have freed yourself to the greatest possible extent through machinery. You have found new slaves in the elements, and have disciplined them by your inventiveness. You have lifted from man's shoulders every burden and care and weighty obligation that can be performed by material agents. I know that your workmen become more and more exacting and that servants are hard to obtain; but does not the dignity of man gain by this? With the arms used less and the secondary faculties of intelligence relieved of all unnecessary strain, there is a possibility for the higher forms of intelligence to assert themselves. In the society of the future it will be possible for all men to think, to love, to amuse themselves because they will have more leisure.

Your method, your methods, to be more exact, please us for still other reasons. They are superior to German organization inasmuch as they use and develop the initiative of individual men instead of destroying it. It is for this reason that they are better adapted to our intelligence and sensibilities than passive obedience, the state of deaf-and-blind mechanical action to which the controlling powers beyond the Rhine wished to reduce mankind. The American, like the Frenchman and the Englishman, consents to submit to the regulations of the social hive; but first he wishes to know what he is doing and why he is doing it. Thus he does it better. His consent is free, and thus every day he toils for the perfection of an organization of which he is a conscious member. Your workshops are not barracks. In them one breathes equality, independence, mutual helpfulness, coöperation of

effort, a tendency to escape, to ascend, if I dare say it. And this is no light jest on the rapidity of your elevators. I see in it an undeniable truth, that of the open door for all, the possibility of quickly becoming wealthy, of "climbing," of broadening.

THIS transformation of France in which you will coöperate must naturally be a normal evolution of the forces and values that she has at her command. The old Germany, in becoming a powerful empire, modified herself not only at the expense of neighbors near and far, but also, as we begin to see, at the expense of her own happiness. Formerly she appeared to be pacific, domestic, thoughtful, bourgeois, although dreamy. Was she really all this? I no longer dare affirm it. In any case, she wished to surpass herself. She submitted to the ascendancy of Prussia, whose ethnic origin is mixed, being both military and predatory. In consequence she lost the character that she had or that she desired to have. She became quarrelsome, turbulent, aggressive, conquering, supreme. The feeling for liberty for herself and for others became vitiated by a longing for power—tyranny within and beyond her borders. Providence and our common sense, the Gallic-Latin civilization with which we are impregnated and which has always molded us, will keep us from committing errors which are also faults. There is among us no more than among you a military caste, nor do we possess a warlike province that would impose on our other provinces their rancors and their hatreds. We know what we desire, and no one can make plans for us that are opposed to our nature or ideal. Moreover, a people that governs itself, a republic, a democracy,—Americans know this, and need to be told it by no one,—is always pacific; and it understands fully the English saying which you have so well practised, and which is ours also, "Live and let live."

Therefore the development of France cannot be other than gracious and harmonious. It is likewise true of yours. This is why, I repeat, we can advance together,

work together. The union will be at the expense of no one; and this friendship can be dangerous only to those self-centered peoples and castes who are promoters of warfare.

Nevertheless, we must be on guard against other dangers. Becoming less sedentary, and coming more into contact with other races, with new horizons, we French must learn to conserve our scrupulous, refined culture, our moderation, our critical faculty, our common sense, our well-balanced feeling for the beautiful, our firm good taste. And you Americans, pioneers of a world civilization, and now at the height of your prosperity and opulence, must cherish your spirituality.

The spirituality of America is the salt of the world. You will bear in mind, as did your ancestors, that the aim of life for individual men and communities is not success, fortune, or even the supremacy of intelligence and action. Man has been placed on this earth to demonstrate the superiority of the spirit over material instincts and blind forces. And when I use the word "spirit" it is with the same meaning that you give to it. Spirit in man is the purified heart; it is the soul wholly mistress of itself. Intelligence has its snares even as the senses have their follies. We become truly great only when we have triumphed over these tests. We believe in the spirituality of America, and we are not of those who think of her only as the "country of dollars." A dollar is worth only what it stands for, the power of doing good that it possesses, and nothing as the procurer of immediate and gross satisfactions. For the fact that your banks are overflowing with wealth I give you great credit; but for the fact that your souls are rich I admire you far more.

Since my travels in America I have felt not only an increase of initiative and energy, but the consciousness of great human duties. My own land had already revealed this to me, but it was yours that showed me on a vaster scale the possibilities that lie in the pursuit of the ideal. You, the most practical men on earth, never lose sight of your flag, whereon ap-

pear the stars of the heavens. One who would go far must look high. It has been said that "England thinks of life as a sport, Germany as a system, France as an art, and America as a business." I accept the formula; but there is not alone commercial business, industrial or financial: there is also the great business that concerns the whole of humanity, the problem of mankind in the world, the victory of the soul over self-interest and instinct. To Americans we look for the working out of this problem. It is, if I may venture to call it, the "business of spirituality," which the cynical barbarity of other days

or the hypocritical barbarity of the present has always menaced.

France, who has fought, who has suffered, who has sacrificed herself, the France of the Marne and Verdun, faithful to her past and desirous of a still fairer future, stretches out her hands across the ocean to you. It is as much a gesture of hope as an expression of gratitude. We shall not forget, as you have not forgotten, Lafayette and Rochambeau. But we ought to accomplish still more. The principles of our French Revolution and your Declaration of Independence should be the new gospel of the world.

About Mexico

(To H. A. F.)

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THEY call it a surly country,
 But I have seen the bristling plains lit with yucca blooms;
 They write of choking sand,
 And I remember the crouching dunes, the endless levels golden as a tiger-skin.
 Dust! they cry, dust!
 And I watch it blow by like smoke,
 Waiting for the transparent air unveiled—
 Brittle air that breaks on the cactus thorns
 And falls in crystal splinters.
 I think of the odysseys of humming-birds,
 All the incidents of their voyages down the long yellow land:
 I think of roads I traveled,
 And of you, splendid wanderer,
 Following the devious ways of romance
 With your knapsack full of stories.
 Breathlessly I listen to you,
 For you talk of a land I know;
 But withal you leave me wistful,
 Jealous, it may be, for the barren North country.
 Somehow you let the train carry you past Los Alamos, with its cottonwoods and
 peacocks,
 And the ranch of Pardo, with its thousand villagers thronging through the
 soft night by torch-light,
 Chanting some strange *fiesta*,
 Crowding the old clay church,
 Scaring the sleepy pigeons.
 Did you never happen upon April among the rocks of pallid hills?
 And when you visited the seething market-place of San Luis Potosí,
 That market-place you found so sordid,
 I wonder if you saw Lorenzo
 With the gardenia stuck behind his ear?



“As if I have n’t all I can stand now!”

One Hundred Dollars

By GERTRUDE NAFE

Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard

COLE BALKING’S fingers twitched as he grasped the draft for a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars! It was more than his month’s salary. It was absolutely unexpected, and it was his and his alone. Unexpected money had never come to him before, probably never would again. His salary was so very much expected, every penny so planned for before it came, that he had never looked at it in a lump as he looked at this.

The strange, little old man for whom his father had named him was dead, then. His memory gave him a very faint picture of the poor old fellow. He had had little to leave, but this hundred dollars had been taken out to give to Cole.

Cole fingered it again. He needed it—needed it more than any one else could, and it was his. His sensitive mouth quivered, and his eyes looked hunted; he drew the money through his long fingers as eagerly as a miser might. It meant a chance—a chance for—

He picked it up firmly, and put it care-

fully away in his pocket. He must go to dinner. It was very warm, and he was tired. Usually he hated this midday meal. The women said it made the work easier about the house, so they had dinner at noon. Usually he ate little of the stew or hash; they could not afford expensive meals. To-day he ate well, not knowing that he ate. His younger brother and sister and his mother were at the table. They had begun eating when the meal was ready. No one thought of waiting for him or for the older sister, who had not yet come.

He caught his mother’s voice through his thoughts, and then his brother answering.

“Well, if I could get to Chicago,” he said, “he told me he could get it for me—ten a week more than I make here. Of course it costs more to live there, but not that much more. Gee! would n’t it be great!”

“Well, you can’t get there,” his mother snapped. “I guess the fare from here to

there is a lot more than we can gather together."

She was sorry that he could not have the better place, glad that he would not be leaving home, but she knew no way of talking to her children except with an exaggerated snap.

"Gee! to think what a hundred dollars would do!" his brother went on.

Cole held himself quiet. He could n't and would n't. He needed it himself more than Dan could understand. He kept still, his lips tightly pressed together. He ate no more. Elinor, his sister, broke in:

"A hundred dollars! Less than that would give me everything I want. If I could have just four or five lessons of Schmidt! He's here just now for a few weeks, taking his summer vacation. Ten dollars a lesson! Why not dream of the moon?"

Every one looked drearily impatient.

"It would even be good business," she went on, dreaming. "The people of this little town don't know much, still, a pupil of Herr Schmidt could get about twice as many pupils. And think what it would mean to me!"

"That's it," said her mother; "it's always that way. I try to give you enough music so that you can teach, and then you must have more—always more."

Dan broke out desperately:

"Sometimes I've thought I'd try to borrow the money to get to Chicago."

All of them stared at him in horror. They had just succeeded in paying off the debt on the miserable little house they lived in—a debt of seven hundred dollars left by their father's long illness before his death. The struggle to pay that had left scars and burns on every soul. Every dollar had meant giving up sufficient nour-

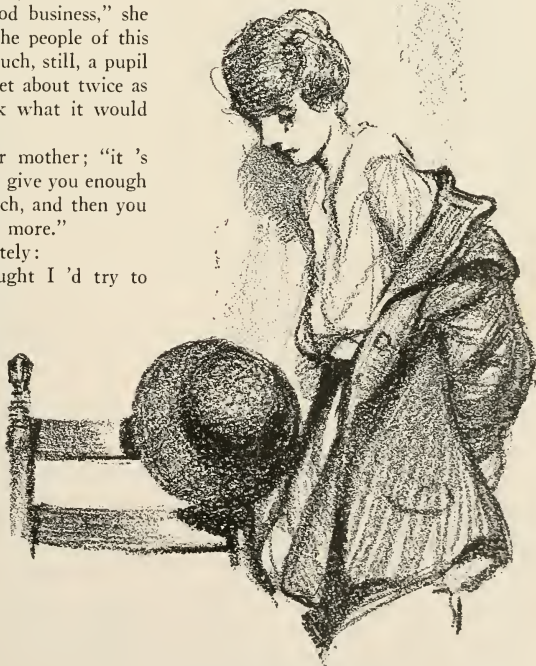
ishing food; it had meant a sacrifice of happiness or pride, a sacrifice of health. It had meant doing without the little pleasures that make youth what it is. Every dollar of it had been torn from them as a rack might have torn it.

"Where will you get it?" sneered Cole. He sneered because he was afraid his brother could get it in some way.

"Debt!" shrieked the mother. "You'd go into debt again! You'd get sick and fail some way, and then we'd have it to pay. As if I have n't all I can stand now! It's little enough I ask you to do for me but staying out of debt."

Dan's face was hard. He knew he could not borrow. He was not sure he would have confidence enough to try even if the people at home had wished him to.

His mother looked at his face and mis-



"Jenny came in without spirit"

understood. Her usual complaining tone stopped. There was desperation in her.

"If you borrow," she said, and her tone was cold bitterness, "I shall kill myself." The passion on her face lighted the same look on the faces of her children. They could not borrow money. Not knowing that she had made her point, she declared shrilly, through her tears, that she had worked her fingers to the bone for ungrateful children. Her children looked at her with an exasperated dreariness, yet Cole ached with the knowledge that the fear of a dependent old age was always upon her.

"I won't," said Dan, quietly. Then his exasperation at the world broke forth: "I'll stay here, I suppose, in this little one-horse town, at a little one-horse job, and starve along forever. I could do that work; I know I could do it. But I'll never see money enough to take me there."

Cole could not stand the hurt. Half consciously he started to take the money from his pocket.

Then Elinor's voice came through the silence:

"Think of the class I could have! I could soon pay the money all back, easily. If I could only get it! But what 's the use?"

She got up and went to her piano. As Cole opened the door he heard her begin a gay little song. On the third note her voice broke.



"I've got a hundred dollars, and it's got to do the work of about five"

On the porch stood his brother, sullenly gazing down the street.

"See here, Cole," he began suddenly, "I'm going to get married. I know about mother; I'll try to do something for her, too." He hesitated. He knew how little he could do with his present wages if he married. "But," he added, and his eyes were dogged, "I'm going to get married."

Cole saw his brother's eyes. Dan's face was thin and tired. Cole looked down the street. He knew he would see her coming. She was what Dan was waiting for. They met on a corner only a block away. Cole had seen her every day for a year or more, but he looked at her to-day as if he had never seen her. A thin thing she was, with a way of gnawing her under lip.

As he looked at them suddenly a great ache filled him, a bitterness and a sadness and a strange, grim joy. Dan must have his chance. He must have the other job; then he could send for the girl. And they would do well enough, so that if anything should happen to him his mother would have a home. He put his hand into his pocket and touched the hundred.

Then Elinor's voice came through the window singing the gay little song. Cole knew that Dan must have the money, that he could n't keep it from him; and then Elinor's voice broke again.

He felt a sudden rage at her for singing, for wanting to have more, for existing at all. And he knew that his anger at her was a certain passion of tenderness. She must have the money he had.

All afternoon he puzzled vaguely over it, knowing it must be solved, not knowing how. He went home to supper, still not knowing how.

At last he heard his mother again:

"Jenny was n't here at all at noon, and she's late now. She might let me know when she's going to do such a thing. Here I waited and waited to clear off the table."

"It's the first time she ever did that," said Cole, worried.

"Well, here she comes at last," returned his mother, grudgingly.

Jenny came in without spirit. She took off her faded jacket slowly.

"I was so tired, I just lay down on the sofa at the office at noon," was her explanation; "and I was so slow this afternoon that I could n't get the work done till now."

Her mother poured out a cup of tea.

"You 'd have shown more sense to come home and eat. Hurry and get something now."

Then Jenny did the first unusual thing of her life: she caught hold of a chair suddenly, and fell into it, fainting. All the blood in Cole's body stopped for a moment. He thought she might be dead. Then he heard the bitter things his mother said:

"What can you expect? Goes without her meals, then, of course, she tumbles over. Now I suppose she 'll think she can't go back to the office to-morrow, and we 'll have to have a doctor. Always

somewhere to put money—the money we have n't got." She shook Jenny with exasperation and anxiety strangely mingled, holding a cup of tea for her to drink as she came to herself.

Cole could n't blame her. It was not only that she did not care greatly for Jenny. Dan was the only one whom she had had time to love. But Jenny's wages helped keep the little house running. His mother's anger was the desperation of an animal on which the trap has closed.

The doctor came, and Cole listened gravely to his diagnosis. Then, under cover of seeing the doctor to the door, he put on his hat and overcoat and went out into the night air.

Overwork. Of course. They did n't have to pay two dollars to hear that. She had worked six years at this one place without a vacation, long hours, hating the work. They could have told the doctor what it was. Cole walked the streets in a dull distress that seemed to him like hatred. What did people do when everything happened at once? And things were always happening at once. Especially when they were all poor and sick and unprepared to get a living. How could he manage it?

How did men manage who were the fathers of families? How would it seem if he were responsible for Dan and Elinor being in the world, and yet not being able to live—to live in any real sense, to find themselves and their work, and to be able to do it? And Jenny— There he stopped. He walked the streets for nearly an hour before he found himself in any coherent train of thought.

Why were human beings brought into the world who were not even going to have the chance to be human? Oddly, the figure of the girl who walked down the street with Dan haunted him as much that night as did his brother and sisters. He could almost see her in front of him, thin, and with her teeth gnawing her under lip.

How could they stand it? Was this the reason men robbed? Why should n't he stop a man on the street? What if Dan should commit crimes? Yet most



"She even had a new waist to wear with her shabby suit"

men, caught so, did not. Finally he settled down to walk steadily, figuring it out. An hour later he opened the house door. His mother was crying.

"Here we all are in such trouble," she began bitterly, "and you don't care enough even to stay at home. A lot of interest you take in anything! And Jenny will be out of the office two or three days and maybe more. And what we 'll do without her salary I don't know, specially with the two dollars for the doctor to-night."

Cole hardly heard. He was trying to straighten out a way. The next morning he caught Dan.

"I've got a hundred dollars, and it's got to do the work of about five, as near as I can calculate it."

Dan stared, speechless.

"It will take about twenty-five dollars to give Jenny a chance to go away and take a week's rest, even if she goes to that cheap little place the girls were talking about. She'll spend fifteen, and eight to mother for the week she's not earning anything, and two to the doctor."

Dan stood in weary, discouraged lines. At the next word he stood straight.

"You can take the other seventy-five. It'll just take you to Chicago and pay for one week's board and room. If you don't get your job, you'll be pushed right off the jumping-off place, because I won't have a red cent to send you, you know."

Dan's white face turned whiter.

"You mean you'll send me to Chicago?" he gasped. "You can't!"

"Yes, I can. But there's just one thing I want. This leaves Nell out in the cold. She ain't going to be left. You've got to promise to begin sending the money back as soon as you get a job—every bit you can."

"I will, if I starve for it."

"And"—Cole paused a moment—"that seventy-five has got to be back here before you're married."

Dan looked at him.

"Every cent," he said slowly. "And I'll never forget you, Cole."

The next thing was to persuade Jenny as well as his mother. She protested that

she really did n't need it, that she would be at the office in a day or so.

Cole argued that she must. Then she turned sullen and became impossible to manage. If Cole had been aware of any particular affection for Jenny, this might have stopped him. As it was, he had a cold conviction that they could not afford to have Jenny break down. He argued on that line, the only argument that could have broken Jenny's sullenness. The plain truth was that she was afraid of any new departure, and had no idea how she would go about it to have a holiday. It embarrassed her, and she made bitter remarks.

He got her off at last. She even had a new waist to wear with her shabby suit. Elinor had seen to that.

"You're a good kid," said Cole to Elinor, awkwardly, when he saw it.

"She don't get much," answered Elinor, as awkwardly.

He wanted to tell her that he was planning to give her a chance, too, but a fear of all the things that might happen to prevent it kept him back.

Dan told his mother good-by the next day. Her tears and reproaches weakened him nearly to the point of staying, but not quite. Horrible fear gnawed at her. He was taking a chance, and the chance had usually turned out wrong in her life. And she was hungry for even a little surety of safety even in the poorest and most wretched way of living.

Dan did not understand her passion as he left, though he felt dimly that her affection for him had something to do with it.

Cole began to wait for a letter when Dan had been gone a day. He imagined everything gone wrong. Then he tried to plan things going well. It was harder work; he found his imagination not trained along that line. On the fourth day he got a letter from Dan. It read:

Dear Cole: I got the job. Twenty-two a week. Living here will be about four a week higher, so I ought really to be able to count on eight a week over.

His shock of relief made him laugh.

After all, he reasoned with himself, he need not have been so surprised. Dan had been promised the job. If he had not been, there was n't courage enough in the whole family to chance it, Cole thought bitterly.

Courage! Well, was it courage to chance mother and Nell and Jenny? And Dan had to think of the thin girl who had walked down the street with him. He found himself picturing Dan sick in Chicago, Dan not capable of holding his job. And then he jerked his mind loose again.

Jenny came home stronger than she had been. She started to work again. They had held her place for her; he had wondered if they would. She now seemed much stronger, yet now and then she had strangely irritable spells. That was not like Jenny.

Then came the day that he got another letter from Dan. He tore it open with the strange, sick fear he often had nowadays. Dan inclosed a money-order for ten dollars. Things whirled around Cole for a moment, and he caught at a picket-fence to stand straight. In some way he knew that he had never expected it to turn out as he had reasoned it. But there were the ten dollars, and Dan's letter said that he thought that, barring accidents, he could do it every week.

Then Cole went home and arranged with Elinor, and she went to take her first lesson that day, with Dan's ten dollars in her glove.

"You're to get all the pupils you can, of course," Cole told her, "and any that come after you begin taking lessons of Schmidt are to count in paying me back this seventy-five. I need it right away; I'll tell you straight."

"I'm sure I can," Elinor said. Her eyes changed swiftly. How could she think of pupils or of money when she was going to have an opportunity like that! She jumped suddenly from her seat; then she stopped. She



"Then she stopped. She wanted to kiss Cole, but she hardly dared. They had not been accustomed to such demonstrations"

wanted to kiss Cole, but she hardly dared. They had not been accustomed to such demonstrations. So she patted his arm awkwardly enough, and hurried to her room.

Dan's next money-order was for twelve dollars. Cole wondered, but judged that Dan could get enough to eat on what he had left. His next was for fifteen.

Then Cole remembered that Dan had a reason for hurrying with his payments, and he took to watching the thin girl when now and then she passed his office window. She went fast. The autumn was getting on into winter, and her clothes hardly looked heavy enough. Her teeth fairly fastened themselves into that lip of hers. He had an uneasy sense that her sharp gaze was looking, despite herself, up and down the street for Dan. He caught himself looking for Dan once in a while.

Dan's next was for ten. He had had to get a pair of shoes. But Elinor had two more pupils. Two at a dollar an hour does not go far toward helping pay for lessons at ten an hour. A little sternness began to come into Elinor's face, rather like Cole's own, if he had known. But she gained pupils, two more. The little local paper published an item about her, and she got four more. Cole wondered how she had managed it, but he did not ask.

Once he reassured her.

"Your lessons are an investment, Nell," he said. "One does n't expect an investment to yield a hundred per cent. in a year."

"That depends," she answered briefly.

The sixth week Dan's letter did not come, and the day that Cole had been to the post-office for it he met the thin girl walking with another man. He raged inwardly all day. So this, too, was what Dan was risking by waiting to pay back. He nearly sat down to write him to send for the girl now. Then he set his jaw grimly.

Dan's letter came in three days. He had been ill two days of that week. He sent six dollars, but the next week he sent

fifteen, and Elinor got another pupil. Then Dan missed a week, entirely, and then sent his last seven dollars. Exactly five weeks after that Dan wrote that he was married. Cole knew that the thin girl had left town a week before. After this Cole's eyes stopped searching the streets for Dan.

Elinor's class came on well. Schmidt left town, as his vacation was over. She sang at the piano in the evenings, and her voice did not break as it had on the evening that Cole remembered.

It was nearing Christmas. Elinor had paid almost all the money she owed Cole. Wulley, a young man in the office, was talking to Cole about the beauty of large families. Cole assented lazily.

"I often tell my wife," Wulley went on, "that I hope we'll have half a dozen. I was an only child. Of course there is n't quite so much money to go around, but then— Now, take you and your brother Dan. You like each other a whole lot; any one can see that."

"Did you say you were married?" asked Cole, abruptly. "Have you any children?"

"One little fellow," said Wulley, happily. "The wife says one's about enough on our salary, or maybe one more; but I tell her—"

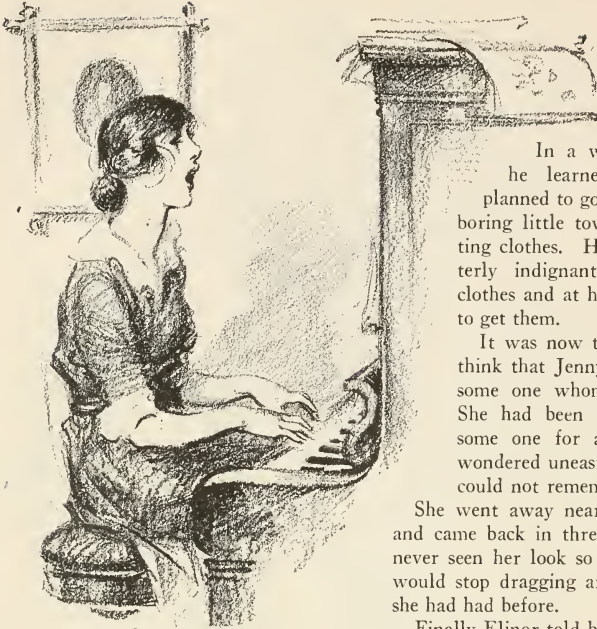
"Well, don't tell her anything," said Cole. His tone was utterly grim, cold. "The proper thing for you to say to me is, 'What a nice thing a big family is!' and the proper answer for me is, 'Sure!' But if you're at all likely, being an only child, to fall for that line of guff, why, I'll tell you straight. A big family, unless one's richer than any of us are likely to be, is just the regular shipwrecked crew you hear tell about in yarns. They just eat each other to keep alive, and the one they take the first slice out of is the one that has the best chance to be left out in the wind-up."

Young Mr. Wulley stared at Cole outright.

"Say, you must have a good deal of a grouch on to-day," he remarked finally.



“The autumn was getting on into winter, and her clothes hardly looked heavy enough”



"She sang at the piano in the evenings, and her voice did not break as it had on the evening that Cole remembered"

"I have," said Cole. "I'm enjoying a permanent grouch. Still, you might look around you a little bit before you're the father of half a dozen."

Cole seemed to be right about his "permanent grouch." It grew violently worse about the New-year.

Sometime in February, Cole accosted Jenny roughly one evening.

"Say, you're crosser than the dickens all the time. What do you want, money?"

"Yes," she answered sullenly; "and a lot of good it will do me to want it, won't it?"

"You can have the seventy-five I've got," he said briefly.

She looked at him with an irritating air of doubt and exasperation:

"You are n't fooling?"

"No," he said; "I'll give it to you tomorrow."

She stopped a moment, looked suddenly frightened, and hurried out of the room.

In a week or two more he learned that she had planned to go visiting to a neighboring little town. She was getting clothes. His mother was bitterly indignant at her for the clothes and at him for helping her to get them.

It was now that Cole began to think that Jenny reminded him of some one whom he had known. She had been reminding him of some one for a long time. He wondered uneasily who it was, but could not remember.

She went away nearly a month later, and came back in three weeks. He had never seen her look so well. Maybe she would stop dragging around in that way she had had before.

Finally Elinor told him that Jenny was engaged to be married. He stared at her. "Jenny?"

"Don't look that way!" she said. "Jenny is really a pretty girl; only she never had any decent clothes, you know. And, then, you helped her out. She met him last summer when you gave her that week off. But he lives in Fairton, and the other girl he liked, too, last summer, was in Fairton. But when you gave Jenny that money, she just wrote Alma Conny that she wanted to come and visit her. She did n't know her very well, but Alma was awfully nice to her, and she'll do something for Alma some day. Jenny is n't the kind to forget her obligations. She's going to pay you and get some money for her wedding-clothes, and then she'll be married."

This seemed to Cole the strangest thing that had ever happened in his life. Jenny! And for Elinor to be telling it so easily!

"Who is he? What kind of fellow is he? What does he do?"

Elinor knew details.

"Name 's Frank Lane," she said. "He 'll come over this week to see her, so we can decide what we think of him. He works in a bank. Jenny likes him awfully. She 'd marry him if she had to support him herself."

Cole grunted. He had some personal interest in not having Jenny's affections put to that test.

Frank Lane appeared, and Cole, to his great surprise, liked him. The only thing that struck him as odd was that Lane seemed to think that Jenny was remarkable. Why, Jenny—

Cole inquired of one or two people in Fairton, and heard Lane's praises sung. It really seemed that Jenny had done very well for herself. Odd! Jenny!

He watched her for a week with the new idea in mind. She was growing prettier, but he could n't reconcile any of it with Jenny. At last, one evening, he suddenly knew who it was she had been reminding him of. Of course it was the thin girl who had gone to Chicago to marry Dan.

The idea came to him with a sudden shock that felt almost like shame. He went out into the April evening and walked. As he neared the house he met Jenny, who had been walking, too. They turned away together, and he said:

"When are you going to be married?"

"When I 've saved enough to pay you back and get my wedding-clothes."

"Don't bother about me; get your duds."

Jenny looked up at him in the dark.

"You ought to get your money back. And I don't want you to think I 'm just getting out of helping here. I told Frank that I would always have to help take care of mother, and he said he 'd be glad to. His mother 's got a little property, you know, and is comfortable. He told mother he 'd be glad to have her come to us."

Cole grunted; then he spoke thoughtfully:

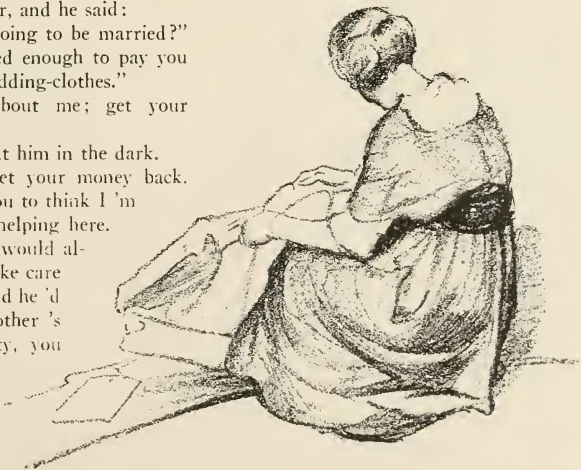
"You 're a trump, Jenny. And Dan has sent mother some money ever since he 's been married. He can do that with his new position, and he will. He 's a good kid. And Elinor has doubled her class."

"She 's been getting lots of things for mother," said Jenny, reflectively, "and she 's been good to me, too."

"Mother 'll never get over being mad at me because Dan married. She thinks he would n't have married if he had n't got the new job. But he would, though. I figure this family has just all moved up one step for life. Think of doing it on a hundred dollars! I figure I 'm some manager." He laughed. The laugh did not sound very happy. He was thinking of another night when he had walked the streets. "I guess I 'll always know why people do some pretty low-down things for money."

Jenny did not understand.

"You would n't ever do anything wrong for money," she said. "But," she added, coming down to every-day affairs again, "you must have your money back. I know you need it for something yourself."



"She was getting clothes."

"I did," he admitted, "but last Christmas, when I got it back, it was too late for what I wanted. I 'm not pretending to be generous. If I had n't known it was too late for me, I would n't have

thin, white line around Cole's lips. For a moment Jenny seemed to come closer—closer than she had ever been or would be again, although all she said was:

"I 'm just awfully sorry, Cole."



"I 'm just awfully sorry, Cole'"

given it to you. I made that money work pretty hard, but you can't do everything at once."

They had entered the shabby, badly lighted little hall. The smell of the last three or four meals always hung in the air. Jenny, looking up suddenly, saw a

"Don't be," he reassured her. "We did an awfully good job with that money. In as tight a squeeze as that it is n't so awfully funny that somebody's fingers got pinched."

Then they went on into the sitting-room together.

Constantinople: Principle or Pawn?¹

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," etc.

FOR several years, during the precious months that I was able to spend in Paris between trips, I pursued a hobby that did not put money into my purse or fresh air into my lungs. But the spell of it held me even after the outbreak of war. Residence and travel in the near East had awakened interest in the history of the Ottoman Empire and Constantinople. There was not the leisure to wander through centuries, so I chose the period when the Osmanlis, a new race in history, spread their power through the Balkans and closed in upon the capital of the Byzantine Empire. In the Bibliothèque Nationale, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, I lived in the fourteenth century. Events since 1914 are strikingly reminiscent of that period: the anxiety of Europe as to what was going on at Constantinople; ambassadors at the Sublime Porte striving, for the sake of keeping open or cutting off the Black Sea, to win to their side the nation that held the key to the straits; the occupation of Tenedos by the maritime power that would brook no rival; the effort to reach Constantinople by way of Gallipoli Peninsula; and the seizure of Salonica to induce the Greeks to march on the side of the seizer. Two days before France mobilized for the Great War, I ordered from my German bookseller in Paris the latest book on the question of the succession to Constantinople. It was by the Rumanian minister to Belgium. M. Djuvara described one hundred and one schemes that had been conceived and elaborated in Europe during the last four centuries to take Constantinople from the Turks and to

put the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles under European control.

From the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji in 1774 to the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, Russia was the powerful claimant to Constantinople. She fought three wars to attain her goal. Against Russian pretensions stood the two Occidental powers. Great Britain was the consistent defender of the Turks; France maintained a hostile attitude to Russian aspirations. Even when Napoleon, at the height of his power, was planning to divide the world with Alexander of Russia he could not reconcile himself to the idea of Muscovite domination at the place where Europe and Asia meet.

Since 1878 new defenders of Ottoman integrity against the Russians have arisen. The central European powers—Italy, Austria, and Germany—achieved their national unity in the two decades preceding the Treaty of Berlin. Hemmed in on the west by Great Britain and France and on the east by Russia, born too late to extend their political sovereignty over vast colonial domains, and unable, if only for lack of coaling-stations, to develop sea-power greater than that of their rivals, nothing was more natural than the German and Austro-Hungarian conception of a *Drang nach Osten* through the Balkan Peninsula, over the bridge of Constantinople, into the markets of Asia. The geographical position of the central European states made as inevitable a penetration policy into the Balkans and Turkey as the geographical position of England made inevitable the development of an overseas empire. British foreign policy has changed

¹ Dr Gibbons has departed from the announced order of his articles on the problems of reconstruction in Europe in order to bring out at the earliest possible moment this stirring appeal to the Allied nations. Next month he will discuss the difficult problem of the rehabilitation of France.—THE EDITOR.

since Lord Beaconsfield forced the Treaty of Berlin upon Russia by a threat of war. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire became of secondary interest to the British from the moment they gained control of Egypt and realized what the Suez Canal meant to them. Gradually Germany and Austria-Hungary have drifted into the position of protectors of Turkey; for France made an alliance with Russia, the traditional enemy of Turkey, and it became increasingly evident, especially since the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, that British statesmen, despite the pledge implied in the occupation of Cyprus, no longer held as sacrosanct the policy of the maintenance of Ottoman integrity.

Since the Treaty of Berlin another complication has developed in the question of Constantinople. The Balkan Christian states, created to be dependent upon the great powers, asserted their independence. Rumania increased in population and wealth. Bulgaria and Greece ignored the limitations imposed upon them territorially and politically by the Treaty of Berlin. Little Montenegro on more than one occasion defied all the powers. Serbia, with Russian backing, began to make trouble for Austria-Hungary, and Serbian and Italian irredentism clashed on the Adriatic littoral. At the mouth of the Adriatic Greek aspirations were irreconcilable with those of Italy. The war that liberated the Christians of the Balkans from the bondage reimposed upon them by the Treaty of Berlin would have defeated both Austro-Hungarian and Russian ambitions had not war broken out over the partition of the conquered territory. By refusing to allow Greece and Serbia and Montenegro to divide Albania, the great powers were directly responsible for the second Balkan War. Had Serbia been permitted to retain the outlet to the Adriatic that she conquered by arms, she would not have broken her treaty with Bulgaria, and Macedonian territorial claims could have been adjusted. By listening to the remonstrances of Vienna and Rome, the conference of ambassadors at London thought they would avoid a European

war. On the contrary, they made it inevitable.

No impartial student of the diplomatic correspondence during the momentous twelve days that precipitated the war can fail to attach the responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities to Berlin and Vienna. The evidence published by the central powers alone, their official documents put forth in the form of special pleading, are all one wants to refute the laborious defense that has been attempted by the German polemicists. Why, then, do I speak of the war as *inevitable*? It is because the explanation of the developments of the twelve days and the precipitation of the crisis must be sought in events that preceded the Sarajevo assassination. War does not arise from technicalities and from the ill will and bad faith of certain diplomats during a few days. Let us throw aside the defense of the German and Austro-Hungarian foreign offices during the twelve days, a defense weak to the point of absurdity. Had the statesmen of the central powers justification for adopting, perhaps unconsciously, the uncompromising attitude that Russia must not interfere in the Austrian punishment of Serbia, and that if Russia did interfere, and the Great War was precipitated, it would come better now than later, since it had to come? The central powers maintained that Serbia was a foyer of Pan-Slavic propaganda, which, if unchecked, would menace the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and destroy the power of Teutonic Europe to keep open the path to the East and to defend the Ottoman Empire against Russia. Were they right, or were their fears groundless? We cannot answer this question yet, for its answer depends upon whether the Entente powers regard Constantinople in the light of principle or as a pawn.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the Ottoman Empire would have gone the way of all other empires the world has known had it not been for the rivalry of those who coveted the inheritance. Since the Congress of Vienna, Turkey has been a constant source of fric-

tion in European international relations. Because of Turkey, wars have been fought and alliances formed and shifted that influenced the destinies of nations which had no interest directly or indirectly in the fate of Turkey. Statesmen in European capitals, in the endeavor to solve the question of the Orient to what they believed was the advantage of their own nation and to prevent its solution to what they believed was the advantage of another nation, have not hesitated to play navies and armies on the diplomatic chess-board, to excite ill feeling among peoples who had no reason to be enemies of one another, and to use cynically the force behind them for the purpose of keeping in slavery the small Christian races of the Balkan Peninsula and Asiatic Turkey.

One would hesitate to assert that public opinion in any European nation knowingly sanctioned the crimes and knowingly supported the blunders of the diplomats. Governments have been sustained in their fratricidal strife over the Turkish succession because the public has been kept in ignorance or misinformed. One is astonished at the lack of knowledge shown by the people who create governments in the questions their representatives are called upon to face and solve. Parliaments also are not cognizant of the most vital issues and agreements of international diplomacy. One almost despairs of the working of democracy when he studies European diplomatic history since the days of universal suffrage. The men elevated to power are just as irresponsible and as rebellious to democratic control as were kings.

One can go beyond the statement of an ignorant and misinformed electorate to set forth the ignorance and misinformation of the elected. A striking illustration of this is the action of the British cabinet when the Russians imposed upon Turkey the Treaty of San Stefano. To destroy this treaty, the British were willing to allow themselves to be led into a war as foolish and as futile as the Crimean War had proved to be less than a quarter of a century before. Beaconsfield and Salisbury

declared that they had come back from Berlin bringing peace with honor; yet it was not long until Salisbury confessed that they had "backed the wrong horse"! Freycinet took upon himself the responsibility of depriving France, by a decision formed from imperfect knowledge and without consultation, of the work of two generations in Egypt and the fruits of the vision of the builder and backers of the Suez Canal. Ever since the Treaty of Berlin, France and Great Britain have been badly served by their foreign offices and their diplomatic representatives in the Ottoman Empire and the Balkans.

From the outbreak of the Great War up to the moment of this writing Anglo-French diplomacy in the near East has revealed a lack of brains and knowledge that is jeopardizing seriously the fortunes of the Entente powers. The aftermath of recrimination of the stubbornness of the Serbians, the "breaking with tradition" of Turkey, the "felony" of Bulgaria, the cowardice of Greece, and the lack of military virtues of Rumania, are not at all to the point. Nor is the military impotence of the Entente powers in the face of the bold, masterful strategy of the German general staff the reason of the unfavorable Balkan situation. The whole trouble, from the very beginning, is that the territorial ambitions of Russia and Italy, allies of France and Great Britain, are in conflict with the interests of the Balkan nations and with the principles upon which the Entente powers have asked for Balkan and neutral sympathy and support.

On October 23, 1916, Lord Grey, at a luncheon of the foreign newspaper correspondents in London, said:

"In what spirit is the war being conducted by the Allies? We shall struggle until we have established the supremacy of right over force and until we have assured the free development in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius of all the states, large and small, who constitute civilized humanity. . . . We shall continue our sacrifices until we have assured the future peace of the whole European continent."

Although the application of the principle of nationality is extremely difficult in countries where the population is mixed, and where the most numerous element has neither the wealth nor the education of the minority, nor the minority's bond of attachment with a neighboring larger state, it is manifest that if an equitable and durable peace is to be secured the majority must be considered. Only thus can the settlement be regarded as the triumph of right over force. Otherwise nationality will remain as it has been in the past and as it is now—a principle to be applied where it is to the interest of the dominant group of belligerents to apply it, and to be disregarded where it is to the interest of the victorious powers to disregard it. If the new map of Europe is to be made by right and not by force, as Lord Grey and all other French and British statesmen have asserted, the same principle must be applied everywhere. Not only will it be a mockery of justice, but it will be an impugment of the good faith of the Entente powers before history and the leaving of questions unsettled for another test of arms, if the aspirations of all the belligerent powers are not decided upon the same principle.

Liberal public opinion in France and Great Britain needs to be enlightened concerning the Balkan and Turkish settlements. If the press continues to be muzzled by the censorship after the armistice is signed, and if the delegates who go to the peace conference are bound by agreements contracted during the war for the sake of expediency, and are uncontrolled by the democracies they represent, will not the sacrifices of this terrible war have been made in vain? The happiness of the nations of the Balkan Peninsula and of the races of the Ottoman Empire is not going to be secured by the division of the territories in which they live among the victors. The worst blunder made by Allied diplomacy since the beginning of the war in regard to the near East was the public statement by M. Delcassé that Constantinople was promised to Russia. Who promised Constantinople to Russia, and why?

What fair-minded man can blame Bulgarians and Greeks and Turks for not regarding the Russian menace as less formidable than the German menace? The Balkan States do not want Austria-Hungary in Albania. But neither do they want Italy there. It would be disastrous for them to have Germany in Constantinople, but it would be equally disastrous for them to have Russia there. If the principle of nationality calls Rumania to free Transylvania from the Hungarians, it calls her with equal force to free Bessarabia from the Russians. If Rumania's act in joining the Entente powers, following a similar act in similar circumstances and for similar reasons by Italy, was glorious and noble and self-sacrificing, why should Bulgaria's analogous act be treason and felony? What benefit would the Greeks derive from the possession of Smyrna, across the sea from their own mainland and with a large hinterland to be defended, if they were to have the Italians in Epirus and the Russians in Thrace? Greece was offered overseas territory at the expense of seeing great powers installed in contiguous territory with splendid naval bases.

There are two arguments for giving Constantinople to Russia: Russia must be rewarded for her help in crushing Germany and the Turks must be punished for joining the Germans; Russia is hemmed in on all sides, and has a right to control her sole and natural outlet to the world. Both of these arguments regard Constantinople as a pawn, and both reveal what has been consistently held up to us as the typically Prussian point of view. The mental attitude is detestable, for it is a selfish one, and does not take into consideration at all the feelings or the rights or the interests of others. The reasoning is inadmissible, for it attacks the foundation of international morality and the only possible basis of a stable world peace.

If the Turks went into the war because they were wrongly led by a few men whom Germany bribed, they are to be pitied instead of punished. The way to correct the evil is to get after the men of

whom the Turkish nation were the dupes, and not to put the Turks in subjection to Russia. If the Turks went into the war because they felt that their national existence was imperiled by Russian schemes of aggrandizement, they had as much right to take up arms as France had, and the only reason for depriving them of liberty would be right of conquest, which up to this time has been the justification for holding alien races in political bondage. The prevalence of this reasoning in the peace conference would mean that this war will go down to posterity as others of history—a struggle for booty, which the victors shared. If Russia ought to have Constantinople because she helped to defeat Germany, the war is not being fought in the spirit described by Lord Grey or for the ends claimed by Lord Grey. A very keen Frenchman recently said to me:

"You do not realize that Russia is a vital factor in our hope and determination to crush Germany. Therefore we must keep quiet about Poland, and we must agree to Russia's demands in the near East. Our one thought is the safety, now and in the future, of France, and the necessities of the situation alone guide the near Eastern policy of the Entente powers."

"But is not this the *Notwendigkeit* argument of Bethmann-Hollweg?" I remonstrated. He smiled sadly.

"It always comes to that in war," was his answer.

The second argument for the Russian occupation of Constantinople—and this is presented most strongly to the French and British public—is that Russia must control her southern outlet to the sea. The Pacific outlet is thousands of miles across the continent of Asia. The Arctic outlet is ice-bound during the greater part of the year. The Baltic outlet is at the mercy of Germany. The lessons of the present war are used to demonstrate the peril of Russia's windpipe being held by a hostile power. It is argued that Russia is pushing her way seaward by irresistible economic forces, and that if she does not get now under her control the path to the sea,

she will inevitably disturb the world's peace later. A prominent liberal and independent review in England recently published an article which proves, to the satisfaction of its writer, that a few million people in the way of a great and growing nation must not be allowed to disturb the bonds uniting the British and Russian peoples. The Balkan and Ottoman races must be made to understand that they cannot block the way to the reconstruction of Europe along the lines determined by the Entente powers. Their geographical position makes necessary subjection to Russia. One can find no difference between this reasoning and that of the German *Weltpolitik* champions. It bears the stamp of Berlin and Leipsic and Jena. It is the kind of argument by which the Germans justified in 1864 the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein, and plead today for the permanent inclusion of Belgium in the German Empire. It is the underlying motive of the Austro-Hungarian conquest of Serbia. The weak must stand aside for the strong.

If the economic-outlet-to-the-Mediterranean argument is a justifiable reason for subjugating alien races and bringing them under a government they abhor, and if a few millions must bow before a hundred millions, the retention of Trieste and Fiume by Austrians and Hungarians is also a necessity, and the Bosnia-Herzegovina annexation of 1908 was a wise policy, inspired by the desire to assure the peace of Europe! Advocates of allowing Russia to take Constantinople declare that they are backing Russia because they sincerely desire to reconstruct Europe along lines that take into account economic necessities and that are laid down in the view of avoiding another cataclysm for the next generation to face and suffer from. Very good. But how, then, can they logically support the Adriatic pretensions of Italy and the disappearance of German influence in the Balkans? If they do support both Russian and Italian claims, they are either insincere or are suffering through the bitter passions of the moment from a loss of the power of clear thinking.

The arguments against the Russian occupation of Constantinople are unanswerable. Only those who adopt the German mental attitude, or who are so anxious to defend the Russian point of view that they forget they are at the same time pleading for the German point of view, can combat them. Since the war began no article has been written advocating Russia at Constantinople which has not furnished material for German polemicists and weapons for German diplomats. The harm done to the cause of the Entente powers in the Balkans by thoughtless writers in Paris and London, who saw only one move in the great game, and believed they were helping the common cause by encouraging Russian aspirations, has been incalculable.

Too much writing about Constantinople and too little writing about Poland is giving the German propaganda in eastern and southeastern Europe the chance to instil doubt of the good faith of France and Great Britain. Did not the statesmen of the Occidental powers tell the world that they took up the sword in defense of small nationalities? It is because I am in perfect sympathy with the ideal clearly and unequivocally set forth by Lord Grey that I regard the arguments against the Russian occupation of Constantinople as unanswerable. Lord Grey said, "We shall struggle until we have established the supremacy of right over force and until we have assured the free development, in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius, of all the states, large and small, who constitute civilized humanity." Unless Lord Grey believes that the Balkan States and the Ottoman subject races do not form a part of "civilized humanity," he, and all who have applauded his beautiful and soul-stirring setting forth of the cause of the Entente powers, must agree that the arguments against the Russian occupation of Constantinople are unanswerable.

Here are the arguments. I speak not from books, but from intimate personal knowledge gained by years of travel and residence in the near East.

(1) There is not a single element, Christian or Moslem, among those that make up the population of the Balkans and of the Ottoman Empire that desires Russian sovereignty, and there is no Russian element at all in Constantinople or anywhere around the straits. Pro-Russians do not exist in the near East, especially in Constantinople. In virtually every other debatable or contested territory in Europe I have found partisans of the power or powers that were ambitious of overthrowing the existing political status to their advantage. Considerations that make partisans are religious, political, and economic. Some point of contact is found and fostered by the outside propaganda. But Russia has no local support in Constantinople. None feels that his particular political, religious, or economic interests would be benefited in any way by Russian occupation.

On the contrary, the most bitter enemies of the Turks, and those who have suffered most at the hands of the Turks, never hesitate to tell you frankly that they prefer the *status quo* to a change in favor of Russia. The reasons for this are easily set forth. The Turks are occasional oppressors. While they can be, and sometimes are, annoying and harmful through arrogance and inefficiency and maladministration, for the most part and for most of the time they allow Christian subjects and foreigners as much liberty to carry on their business and amass wealth as they would have anywhere else in the world. The British and French residents are of this opinion.¹ In Constantinople and along the shores of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles are probably as many people as in Serbia. Just as strongly as the Serbians do not want Austro-Hungarian domination, these people do not want Russian domination. The Entente powers are fighting to free Serbia.

¹It is possible to find at the present moment former Constantinopolitans of French and British nationality who declare that Russia must have Constantinople. They do this from the mistaken notion that the interest of their nations demands this sacrifice, and they are looking at the problem from the point of view of Paris and London. The statement in no way represents their real opinion as Constantinopolitans.

We applaud and second the efforts of the liberators. By the same token Turks and Greeks and Jews and Armenians of Constantinople and the straits can cite the ideal of the Entente powers, and claim our sympathy and support in their common determination not to undergo the Russian yoke.

If we consider the vital interests of the people of Asia Minor and the Balkans, who are equally unanimous in their opposition to Russia at Constantinople, the two millions increase to a formidable number of perhaps thirty millions. Rumania's only outlet to the world is through the straits, and Bulgaria's principal outlet is through the straits. The commerce of the Greeks is largely dependent upon the straits. These Balkan States have every bit as much reason for not wanting to see Russia at Constantinople as the British have for not wanting to see Germany at Antwerp. Who would dare to assert that Russian control of the straits would "assure the free development, in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius," of the Balkan States?

(2) Russia at Constantinople would make impossible a logical and equitable, and hence a durable, establishment of world peace. In the admirable discourses of MM. Viviani, Briand, Poincaré, Lord Grey, and Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd-George, there is a plea that has won for the Entente powers world-wide sympathy. We are taken to the mountain-tops and shown a new era of world history, in which right rules in the place of force. We have not regarded the discourses as the rhetoric of polemicists and the ideal as impracticable; for we believe in the sincerity of the speakers and in the soundness of the program set forth by them as a means of attaining the goal for which the nations they represent are fighting. The peace they intend to give the world will be durable, because it is to be logical and equitable. Therefore we do not consider the question of granting Constantinople to Russia from the point of view of military reward or expediency or Russia's own interest. It is a matter primarily of Bal-

kan and Ottoman interest and secondarily of world interest. Is a peace that means Russian sovereignty of Constantinople logical? Is it equitable?

It is not logical. The sequels of past international treaties clearly indicate the fallacy of artificial settlements made at the point of the bayonet. When a nation accepts a peace dictated by victorious enemies according to the particular interests of the victors, it is simply a matter of yielding to *force majeure*. The preparation for the day of revenge begins immediately. Let us not forget that the war broke out over the question of Serbian independence. What is the issue between the Entente powers and Germany in regard to Constantinople? If the Entente powers are fighting Germany to prevent Constantinople from falling into Germany's hands and to save the Balkan States and the Ottoman Empire from subjugation to Germany, they are justified in their action from the world's point of view, and are contributing to the world's peace, only if they refrain from using their victory to do exactly what they fought to prevent Germany from doing. The allies of Russia in the near-Eastern theater of the war are under the imperative necessity of persuading Russia to declare her disinterestedness in Constantinople. Otherwise their contention that they are fighting for a durable peace breaks down. There is no durable peace for the near East in shutting out Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians to let in Russians. There is no durable peace for the world in increasing the Muscovite power in Europe. We have dreams of a regenerated, democratic, civilized Russia. The world needs that sort of Russia. But can we expect it after a triumphant war has added to the empire, already so large that its democratic evolution is seriously handicapped, territories inhabited by hostile aliens? If we do, we are believers in chimeras, and deny the general experience of mankind.

It is not equitable. Unless we are going to see disappear from the Great War the glamour of idealism, then principle, not expediency and national interest, must be

kept steadily in view as the goal of the struggle. The statesmen of the Entente powers interpret the spirit in which their nations are fighting and the spirit in which they envisage the problems of peace as that of right and justice. They have set out to overthrow militarism, to disprove the obnoxious axiom that might goes before right. They are not fighting for themselves, but for humanity. They are the defenders of small nationalities. Very well, then. In their agreement not to sign a separate peace the Entente powers must have laid down as the basis of the peace the right of every nation, once freed from the German yoke and the German menace, to decide its own destinies.

France and Great Britain are the splendid examples of nations that have developed to their present degree of civilization and enlightenment because they have evolved through many generations into democracies. By arms the two peoples have overthrown their autocrats and defended their soil from alien domination. They have frequently had to repel invaders. Each has tried to conquer the other. Within the memory of the present generation they have been on the verge of war. They have gone through a laborious period of interior assimilation, civil wars, anarchy, that extended through centuries. For Frenchmen and Englishmen to cite the antagonism between the Balkan races and the events of the last thirty years since the power of Turkey was weakened in the Balkan Peninsula as reasons for putting the Balkan States under foreign domination, or "protection," is illogical and unfair. Do they expect babies to become men without passing through the period of childhood, and then, forgetting their own slow, painful, uncertain development, are they going to declare the right of others to potential manhood forfeited because of the faults of childhood? Great Britain could never have become what she is today if France had controlled her destinies. Nor could France have become what she is under British guidance. Do French and British believe that it is *equitable* to attempt to force Russian domination upon

the races of the near East? Certainly not. I can hear now Premier Viviani's ringing words, "Every small nation has the right to live its own life, and it is the glory of France that we are going into this war to defend Serbia and Belgium from the German covetousness"; and Mr. Asquith, "We shall not lay down the sword until we have established a just peace on the basis of the liberty of small nations."

In the reconstruction of Europe, if Constantinople is to be regarded in the light of principle and not as a pawn, the great powers, when they come to the peace conference, will adopt the formula of Lord Grey in dealing with the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire, just as they will adopt that formula in dealing with Belgium, Poland, and the Slavic elements of Austria-Hungary. Heretofore, in every international conference since the Congress of Vienna set the example of the strong using the weak as pawns, unfortunate subject races have seen their national aspirations discussed and decided wholly on grounds of expediency and of the interest of the big fellows who acted on the principle that might was right. The great powers, after each war, have remade the map of Europe without the slightest regard for the principle of the "free development, in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius, of all the states, large and small." Poles and Finns, Czechs and Croats, Serbians and Bulgarians, Greeks and Rumanians, Turks and Arabs, Armenians and Syrians, have seen the lands in which they live and their national aspirations used as pawns. Diplomats have put them forward to block the game of other diplomats, and sacrificed them without compunction, when they thought there was any advantage in doing so. With the exception of Waddington, the French representative at the Congress of Berlin, there has not been in a hundred years a representative of a great power at a peace conference who, in action as well as in word, was inspired in the slightest degree with the spirit Lord Grey has set forth as that which imbues the Entente powers in the present war. Many diplo-

mats, even at peace conferences, have spoken beautiful words about the little fellows, but their vote has invariably shown cynical and deliberately calculated selfishness.

If there is to be any change in the spirit and in the result of the next peace conference, it will come through the adoption of Lord Grey's noble ideal as a basis of settlement. The great nations will consider the interests of the little nations as they consider their own interests, and they will regard national aspirations and national revendications in the light of principle, judging all alike, and refuse to play weaker nations as pawns. This is idealism, this is humanitarianism, this is self-abnegation; and I suppose many who read these lines will laugh at what they call my naïveté. But I have a right to view the near-Eastern question from the idealistic point of view, for the Entente powers have struck that key-note. They must hold to it and not be carried away by the lust of conquest. Otherwise their children and ours will weep the bitter tears we are weeping to-day, and bear anew the grievous burdens of the present generation.

An exiled Napoleon, and the destruction of a military machine about which things were felt and written a hundred years ago curiously like what is being felt and written to-day, did not bring peace and harmony to Europe. No more will an exiled kaiser and the collapse of the Prussian militarism bring peace in our era.

Far be it from me to discount the indignation that demands chastisement and reparation for what has happened since 1914; for I have lived in the midst of the suffering since the first day of the war, and know what it means. But the violation of Belgian neutrality and the brutal reign of terror visited upon an unoffending people through the German invasion were not to me, as to most of those who saw and wrote, unprecedented events in contemporary annals, and the beginning of the horrible precipitation of Europe into hell. It was not a new story. It was another chapter in a story that had been unfolding for years, and of which I have

been an eye-witness. Only those were surprised and shocked who did not know about the earlier chapters. In 1909, in one city of Asia Minor, I saw within a few days more civilians butchered than have been killed in all of Belgium during two years of war. The Armenians were just as much under the treaty protection of the European powers as were the Belgians. Not a single power that had signed the Treaty of Berlin made an official protest to Turkey. From 1909 to 1914 the near East was in a turmoil. What was the attitude of European diplomacy? Disregard of the legitimate aspirations of small nations, indifference to human suffering through war and oppression, the making of every move in negotiations for the advantage of the movers and with never a thought of the interest of the moved. Students of history in the face of a world war must adopt the attitude of physicians in the face of an epidemic. If physicians limit their attention to specific cases, and think only of curing the disease when it manifests itself, they keep getting new cases. To stamp out the disease they must hunt for the germs. A regenerated Germany or a chastised and powerless Germany will in no way destroy the germs that make for war. International diplomacy must be born again in the spirit of Lord Grey's program. International diplomacy must renounce the spirit of self-seeking, and remake Europe in such a way as to "assure the free development, in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius, of all nations, great and small."

I have confined myself to discussing the principle to be applied in dealing with the question of Constantinople. One is rash who would attempt to set forth a specific solution of the problem that has baffled Europe for a hundred and fifty years. If the Armenians, to whom Europe collectively owes a debt, are gathered into one or the other of their historic lands, between Turks and Russians and Persians, or between Turks and Arabs, their "free development, in conditions of equality and conformity to their own genius," can be

assured by the collective guaranty of Europe. The Arabic-speaking peoples of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Arabia, freed from Turkish domination, and put temporarily under European guidance, will evolve in time into an empire of their own. The Turks, limited to Constantinople and Asia Minor, will have more hope of political and economic regeneration than in the past, when they held an amorphous and disorganized empire, and were the victims of rival European ambitions. The states of the Balkan Peninsula should be left to work out their own salvation, as the rest of Europe has done. Is not this the application of the avowed policy of the Entente powers toward small nations?

As in the case of Poland, so in the case of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. The Entente powers in the third year of the Great War have come to the parting of the ways. If they stick by their original program, and hold fast to the ideals

that have made their cause precious to lovers of humanity throughout the world, there is glorious hope for the future, and they can expect to keep and increase the sympathy and support of neutral nations—a sympathy and support that grow more precious, invaluable indeed, as the European conflict reaches its climax. But if, on the other hand, they are tempted by lust of conquest engendered in the heat of conflict, or if they yield to expediency, so easily confused with right when every nerve is strained to win, the durable peace becomes a castle in Spain. Lovers of France and the advocates of Anglo-Saxon solidarity ought to urge with all their heart and soul that Constantinople be considered in the light of principle and not as a pawn. It is only one of several issues where a choice has to be made; but Constantinople is in its potentialities the most important issue, and in its unmistakable clearness the test issue.





The Secret

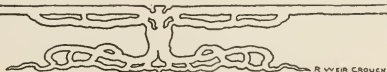
By FREDERICK FAUST


THEY drew the blinds down, and the house was old
With shadows, and so cold,
Filled up with shuddery silence like held breath.
And when I grew quite bold
And asked them why, they said that this was death.

They walked tiptoe about the house that day
And turned their heads away
Each time I passed. I sat down in surprise
And quite forgot to play,
Seeing them pass with wonder in their eyes.

My mother came into my room that night
Holding a shaded light
Above my face till she was sure I slept;
But I lay still with fright,
Hearing her breath, and knowing that she wept.

And afterward, with not a one to see,
I got up quietly
And tried each step I made with my bare feet
Until it seemed to me
That all the air grew sorrowful and sweet.





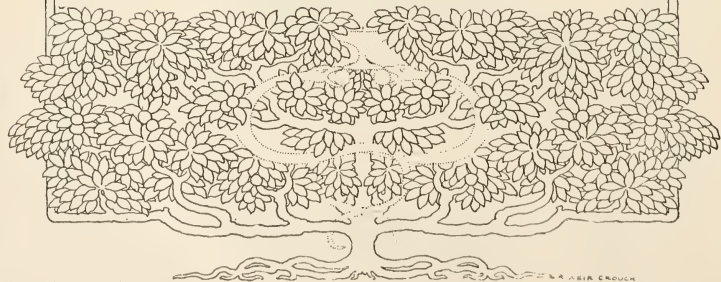
So without breathing I went down the stair,
In the light chilly air,
Into the parlor, where the perfumes led.
I lit my candle there
And held it a long time above my head.

There was an oblong box, and at its base
Grew lilies in a vase
As white as they. I thought them very tall
In such a listening place,
And they threw fearful shadows on the wall.

I tiptoed to the box, then, silently,
To look what death could be;
And then I smiled, for it was father who
Was sleeping quietly.
He dreamed, I think, for he was smiling, too.

And all at once I knew death is a thing
That stoops down, whispering
A dear, forgotten secret in your ear
Such as the winds can sing.
And then you sleep and dream and have no fear.

Perhaps the winds have told the dream to flowers
On nights of lonely hours;
Perhaps we, too, could learn if we could seek
The wind in his watch-towers;
Perhaps the lilies knew, but could not speak.





The confession scene from "Erstwhile Susan." (See page 538)

Mrs. Fiske on Ibsen the Popular

A conversation recorded by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WE talked of many things, Mrs. Fiske and I, as we sat at tea on a wide veranda one afternoon last summer. It looked out lazily across a sunlit valley, the coziest valley in New Jersey. A huge dog that lay sprawled at her feet was unspeakably bored by the proceedings. He was a recruit from the Bide-a-wee Home, this fellow, a great Dane with just enough of other strains in his blood to remind him that, like the Danes at Mr. Wopsle's Elsinore, he had but recently come up from the people. It kept him modest, anxious to please, polite. So Zak rarely interrupted, save when at times he would suggestively extract his rubber ball from the pocket of her knitted jacket and thus artfully invite her to a mad game on the lawn.

We talked of many things—of Duse and St. Teresa and Eva Booth and Ibsen. When we were speaking casually and quite idly of Ibsen, I chanced to voice

the prevailing idea that, even with the least popular of his plays, she had always had, at all events, the satisfaction of a great *succès d'estime*. I could have told merely by the way her extraordinarily eloquent fan came into play at that moment that the conversation was no longer idle.

"*Succès d'estime!*" she exclaimed, with fine scorn. "Stuff and nonsense! Stuff, my friend, and nonsense!"

And we were off.

"I have always been *embarrassed* by the apparently general disposition to speak of our many seasons with Ibsen as an heroic adventure, as a *series* of heroic adventures, just as though we had suffered all the woes of pioneers in carrying his plays to the uttermost reaches of the continent. This is a charming light to cast upon *us*, but it is quite unfair to a great genius who has given us money as well as inexhaustible inspiration. It is unfair to

Ibsen. I was really quite taken aback not long ago when the editor of a Western paper wrote of the fortune we had lost in introducing the Norwegian to America. I wish I knew some way to shatter forever this monstrous idea. Save for the first season of 'A Doll's House,' many years ago, our Ibsen seasons have invariably been profitable. Now and then, it is true, the engagement of an Ibsen play in this city or that would be unprofitable, but never since the first have we known an unprofitable Ibsen year.

"When I listen, as I have often had to listen, to the ill-considered comments of the unthinking and the uninformed, when I listen to airily expressed opinions based on no real knowledge of Ibsen's history in this country, no real understanding whatever, I am silent; but I like to recall a certain final *matinée* of 'Rosmersholm' at the huge Grand Opera House in Chicago, when the audience crowded the theater from pit to dome, when the stairways were literally packed with people standing, and when every space in the aisles was filled with chairs, for at that time chairs were allowed in the aisles. And I like to remember the quality of that great audience. It was the sort of audience one would find at a symphony concert, an audience silent and absorbed, an overwhelming rebuke to the flippant scoffers who are altogether ignorant of the ever-increasing power of the great theater iconoclast."

And so quite by accident I discovered that, just as you have only to whisper Chatterton's old heresy, "Shakspeare spells ruin," to move William Winter to the immediate composition of three impassioned articles, so you have only to question the breadth of Ibsen's appeal to bring Mrs. Fiske rallying to his defense. Then she, who has a baffling way of forgetting the theater's very existence and would always far rather talk of saints or dogs or the breathless magic of Adirondack nights, will return to the stage. So it happened that that afternoon over the tea-cups we went back over the many seasons of "A Doll's House," "Hedda Ga-

bler," "Rosmersholm," and "The Pillars of Society."

"As I say," she explained, "'A Doll's House' in its first season was not profitable; but, then, that was my own first season as Mrs. Fiske, and it was only one of a number of plays in a financially unsuccessful repertory. And even that, I suppose, was, from the shrewdest business point of view, a sound investment in reputation. It was a *wise* thing to do. But the real disaster was predicted by every one for 'Rosmersholm.' There was the most somber and most complex tragedy of its period. No one would go to see *that*, they said, and I am still exasperated from time to time by finding evidences of a hazy notion that it did not prosper. 'Rosmersholm' was played—and not particularly well played, either—for one hundred and ninety-nine consecutive performances at a profit of \$40,000. I am never greatly interested in figures, but I had the curiosity to make sure of these. Of course that is a total of many profitable weeks and some unprofitable ones, and of course it is not an overpowering reward for a half-season in the theater. In telling you that Ibsen may be profitable in a money sense I am not so mad as to say other things may not be far more profitable. But \$40,000 profit scarcely spells ruin.

"And I tell you all this because it is so discouraging to the Ibsen enthusiasts to have the baseless, the *false* idea persist that he and the box-office are at odds. Sensibly projected in the theater—"

"Instead," I suggested, "of being played by strange people at still stranger *matinées*—"

"Of course. Rightly projected in the theater, Ibsen always has paid and always will. And that is worth shouting from the housetops, because sensibly and rightly projected in the theater, the fine thing always does pay. Oh, I have no patience with those who descend upon a great play, produce it without understanding, and then, because disaster overtakes it, throw up their hands and say there is no public for fine art. How absurd! In New

York alone there are two universities, a college or two, and no end of schools. What more responsive public could our producers ask? But let us remember that the greater the play, the more carefully must it be directed and acted, and that for

gaiety, his infinite humanity," said Mrs. Fiske, her eyes sparkling. "When will the real book of Ibsen criticism find its way to the shelf? How can we persuade people to turn back to the *plays* and re-read them for the color, the romance, the



Mrs. Fiske as *Hedda*

every production in the theater there is a psychologically *right* moment. Move wisely in these things, and the public will not fail."

For many false, but wide-spread, impressions of Ibsen we were inclined to blame somewhat the reams of nonsense that have been written and rewritten about him, the innumerable little essays on his gloom.

"And none at all on his warmth, his

life there is in them? Where in all the world of modern drama, for instance, is there a comedy so buoyant, so dazzlingly joyous as 'An Enemy of the People'?"

"They say he is parochial," I ventured.

"Let them say. They said it of *Hedda*, but that poor, empty, little Norwegian neurotic has been recognized all over the world. The trouble with *Hedda* is not that she is parochial, but that she is poor and empty. She was fascinating to play,

and I suppose that every actress goes through the phase of being especially attracted by such characters—a part of the phase when the eagerness to 'study life' takes the form of an interest in the eccentric, abnormal, distorted, the *perverted* aspects of life. As a rôle, *Hedda* is a marvelous portrait; as a person, she is empty, and, after all, the empty, evil, selfish persons are not worth our time, either yours or mine, in the theater any more than in life. They do not matter. They do not count. They are enormously unimportant. On the highway of life the *Hedda Gablers* are just so much impedimenta."

"Do you recall," I inquired, "that that is the very word *Cæsar* used for 'baggage'?"

Whereat Mrs. Fiske smiled so approvingly that I knew poor *Hedda* would be impedimenta to the end of the chapter.

"But she is universal," said Mrs. Fiske, suddenly remembering that some one had dared to call Ibsen parochial. "She was recognized all over the world. London saw her at every dinner-table, and I have watched a great auditorium in the far West—a place as large as our Metropolitan—held enthralled by that brilliant comedy."

"Which I myself have seen played as tragedy."

"Of course you have," she answered in triumph. "And that is precisely the trouble. When you think how shockingly Ibsen has been misinterpreted and mangled, it is scarcely surprising that there are not a dozen of his plays occupying theaters in New York at this time. It is only surprising that he has lived to tell the tale. Small wonder he has been roundly abused."

I mentioned one performance of "John Gabriel Borkman" in which only the central figure was adequately played and which moved one of the newspaper scribes to an outburst against, not the players, but against Ibsen as the "sick man of the theater."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Fiske. "And so it has always gone. Ibsen's plays are too majestic and too complex to be so mal-

treated. To read 'Borkman' in the light of some knowledge of life is to marvel at the blending of human insight and poetic feeling. How beautiful, how wonderful is that last walk with *Ella* through the mists? But played without understanding, this and the others are less than nothing at all. Yet, with the published texts in every book-store, there is no excuse for any of us blaming the outrage on Ibsen. We would not attend a high-school orchestra's performance of a Wagnerian score and blame the result on Wagner. Or would we? We would have once."

And we paused to recall how curiously alike had been the advent and development of these two giants as irresistible forces.

"It was not so very long ago," said Mrs. Fiske, with great satisfaction, "that a goodly number of well-meaning people dismissed Wagner with tolerant smiles. There is a goodly number of the same sort of people who still wave Ibsen away. Extraordinary questions are still asked with regard to him. The same sort of dazing questions, I suppose, were once asked about Wagner. I myself have been asked, 'Why do you like Ibsen?' And to such a question, after the first staggering moment, one perhaps finds voice to ask in return, 'Why do you like the ocean?' Or, 'Why do you like a sunrise above the mountain peak?' Or, possibly, 'What do you find interesting in Niagara?'"

"But, then, the key is given in those delightful letters after 'An Enemy of the People.' You remember Ibsen admitted there that his abhorred 'compact majority' eventually gathered and stood behind each of his drama-messages, but the trouble was that by the time it did arrive he himself was away on ahead, somewhere else."

And we went back with considerable enjoyment to the days when Ibsen was a new thing outside Germany and his own Scandinavia, when his influence had not yet transformed the entire theater of the Western world, remodeling its very architecture and reaching so far that never a

pot-boiling playwright in America to-day but writes differently than he would have written if Ibsen, or *an* Ibsen, had not written first. Then we moved gaily on to the Manhattan Theater in the days when

events, they would have nothing to do with "the unspeakable Mr. Ibsen."

And so at the first night of "Hedda Gabler"—that brilliant first night which Mrs. Fiske always recalls as literally an ovation for William B. Mack and Carlotta Nilsson, eleventh-hour choices both, there was nothing for the aforesaid writer to do but to stand in the lobby and mutter unprintable nothings about the taste, personal appearance, and moral character of those who were misguidedly crowding to the doors. But what had he *wanted* her to play? The recollection was quite too much for Mrs. Fiske.

"You 'll never believe me," she said amid her laughter, "but he suggested *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Mrs. Haller*, and *Pauline* in 'The Lady of Lyons.'"

A good deal of water has passed under the bridge since then, but even when the Fiskes came to give "Rosmersholm," there was enough lingering heresy to make them want to give that most difficult of them all a production so perfect that none could miss its meaning or escape its spell.

"I had set my heart on it," she said sadly. "It was to have been our great work. I was bound that 'Rosmersholm' should be right if we had to go to the ends of the earth for our cast. Mr. Fiske agreed. I do not know what other manager there has been in our time from whom I could have had such whole-hearted coöperation in the quest



"Mr. Fiske has been my artistic backbone. . . Without him I should have been obliterated long ago"

the Fiskes first assumed control. It seems that on that occasion Mr. Fiske consulted one of the most distinguished writers on the American theater for suggestions as to the plays that might well be included in Mrs. Fiske's program. And the answer, after making several suggestions, wound up by expressing the hope that, at all

of the fine thing. Mr. Fiske has been my artistic backbone. His theater knowledge, taste, and culture, his steadiness, have balanced my own carelessness. Without him I should have been obliterated long ago.

"Well, Mr. Fiske and I selected Fuller Mellish for *Kroll* in 'Rosmersholm.' He was perfect. For *Brendel* we wanted

Tyrone Power, who, because *Brendel* appears in only two scenes, could not recognize the great importance of the rôle. That is a way actors have. So Mr. Arliss was *Brendel*. But we had wanted Mr. Arliss for *Mortensgård*, and of course as *Mortensgård* he would have been superb. And then there was *Rosmer*. Spiritual, noble, the great idealist, for *Rosmer of Rosmersholm* we had but one choice: it must be Forbes-Robertson. I sought Forbes-Robertson. But I suspect he thought I was quite mad. I suspect he had the British notion that Ibsen should be given only on Friday afternoons in January. I dare say he could not conceive of a successful production of 'Rosmersholm' in the *commercial* theater."

"It flourished, though."

"Yes, and it was *fairly* good; but it was not perfect, it was not *right*. The company was composed of fine actors, who were, however, not all properly cast. So it did not measure up to my ideal, and I was *not* satisfied. It drew, as Ibsen always draws, on the middle-class support. It packed the balconies, to a great extent, I imagine, with Germans and Scandinavians. It pleased the Ibsen enthusiasts, but, then, I am *not* an Ibsen enthusiast."

This was a little startling.

"Or, rather, have not always been," she hastened to add. "For that you must know him thoroughly, and such knowledge comes only after an acquaintance of many years. I have not always understood him. I might as well admit," she said, "that I once wrote a preposterous article on Ibsen the pessimist, Ibsen the kill-joy, an impulsive, scatter-brained article which I would read now with a certain detached wonder, feeling as you feel when you are confronted with some incredible love-letter of long ago. And just when I think it has been forgotten, buried forever in the dust of some old magazine file, some one like Mr. Huneker, whom *nothing* escapes, is sure to resurrect it and twit me good-humoredly."

"That acquaintance—when did it first begin?" I asked.

"Years ago," said Mrs. Fiske. "It was

when I was a young girl and given to playing all manner of things all over the country. We were all imitating delightful Lotta in those days. You would never guess who sent it to me. Lawrence Barrett. Not, I think, with any idea that I would play it, for I was far too young then even for *Nora*. But here was the great, strange play every one was talking about, and it was his kindly thought, I imagine, that I should be put in touch with the new ideas. Of course it seemed very curious to me, so different from everything I had known, so utterly lacking in all we had been taught to consider important in the theater. It was not until later that I played *Nora*, emerged from my retirement to play it at a benefit at the Empire.

"No, there was no special ardor of enthusiasm then. I came to play the other parts because, really, there was nothing else. Shakspeare was not for me, nor the standard repertory of the day. I did act *Froufrou* and I cannot *begin* to tell you how *dreadful* I was as *Froufrou*. But I did *not* play *Camille*. As a matter of fact, I could not."

There had to be an explanation of this. Mrs. Fiske whispered it.

"I cannot play a love-scene," she confessed. "I never could."

So it was from such alternatives that she turned to the great Ibsen rôles—rôles with such depths of feeling, such vistas of life, as must inspire and exact the best from any player anywhere in the world.

"And now to play smaller pieces seems a little petty, like drawing toy trains along little tin tracks. No work for a grown-up. And if now I speak much of Ibsen, it is because he has been *my* inspiration, because I have found in his plays that *life-sized* work that other players tell us they have found in the plays of Shakspeare."

Life-sized work. We thought of Irving, fixing twenty years as a decent minimum of time in which a man of talent could be expected to "present to the public a series of characters acted almost to perfection." We spoke of Macready



Mrs. Fiske, Bruce McKae, George Arliss, and Fuller Mellish in the fourth act of "Rosmersholm"

standing sadly in his dressing-room after his memorable last performance as the *Prince of Denmark*. "Good-night, sweet Prince," he murmured as he laid aside the velvet mantle for good and all, and then, turning to his friend, exclaimed, "Ah, I am just beginning to realize the sweetness, the tenderness, the gentleness of this dear *Hamlet*." So we spoke of all the years of devotion Shakspeare had inspired in the players of yesterday and the day before—"inexhaustible inspiration," such inspiration, Mrs. Fiske said, as awaits the thoughtful actor in the great rôles of Ibsen. She found it in *Nora* and *Lona* and *Hedda* and *Rebecca West*, and in other characters we have never seen her play and never *shall* see her play.

"There are," she said, "such limitless depths to be explored. Many a play is like a painted back-drop, something to be looked at from the front. An Ibsen play is like a black forest, something you can *enter*, something you can walk about in. There you can lose yourself; you can lose *yourself*. And once inside," she added, "you find such wonderful glades, such beautiful, *sunlit* places! And what makes each one at once so difficult to play and so

fascinating to study is that Ibsen for the most part gives us only the last hours."

"Ibsen gives us only the last hours." It was putting in a sentence the distinguishing factor, the substance of chapters of Ibsen criticism. Here were set forth in a few words the Norwegian's subtle and complex harmonies that weave together a drama of the present and a drama of the past. As in certain plays of the great Greeks, as in "*CEdipus Tyrannus*," for instance, so in the masterpieces of the great modern you watch the race not in an observation train, but from the vantage-point of one posted near the goal. Your first glance into one of these forbidding households shows only a serene surface. It is the calm before the storm—what Mrs. Fiske likes to call "the *ominous* calm." Then rapidly, as the play unfolds, the past overtakes these people. You meet the scheming *Hedda* on the day of her return from her wedding-trip. In little more than twenty-four hours all she has ever been makes her kill herself. An ironic story of twenty-years' accumulation comes to its climax in as many hours. You have arrived just in time to witness the end.

"Back of these Ibsen men and women,"

I put in tentatively, "there are dancing shadows on the wall that play an accompaniment to the unfolding of the play."

"A nightmare accompaniment," Mrs. Fiske assented. "Often he gives us only the last hours, and that, my friend, is why, in the study of Ibsen, I had to devise what was for me a new method. To learn what *Hedda* was, I had to imagine all that she had ever been. By the keys he provides you can unlock her past. He gives us the last hours; we must recreate all that have gone before.

"It soon dawned on me that studying *Hedda* would mean more than merely memorizing the lines. I had a whole summer for the work—a summer my cousin and I spent in all the odd corners of Europe. And so, at even odder moments, in out-of-the-way places, I set my imagination to the task of recreating the life of *Hedda Gabler*. In my imagination I lived the scenes of her girlhood with her father. I toyed with the shining pistols—"

"Those pistols that somehow symbolize so perfectly the dangers this little coward would merely play with," I interrupted. "How much he says in how little!"

Whereupon Mrs. Fiske shook hands with me. She is an enthusiast.

"I staged in my own ghost theater," she went on, "her first meeting with *Eilert Lövborg*, whom *Hedda* loved, as so many women love, not with her heart, but with her nerves. I staged their first meeting and all the other meetings that packed his mind and hers with imperishable memories all the rest of their days. I staged them as we sat in funny little German chapels or sailed down the Rhine. I spent the summer with *Hedda Gabler*, and when it came time to sail for home I knew her as well as I knew myself. There was nothing about her I did *not* know, nothing she could do that I could not guess, no genuine play about her, Ibsen's or another's, that would not play itself without invention. I had *lived Hedda Gabler*."

"It must have been pleasant for Miss Stevens," I hazarded.

Mrs. Fiske laughed gaily.

"Poor Cousin Emily!" she said. "I remember how biting she was one afternoon after she had been kept waiting an hour outside a little Swiss hotel while I was locked in the parlor, pacing up and down in the midst of a stormy scene with *Lövborg*."

"And so," she went on, "if *Hedda*, and, better still, if both *Hedda* and *Lövborg* have been studied in this way, the moment in the second act when these two come face to face after all their years of separation is for each player a tremendous moment. To *Hedda*, the very sight of *Lövborg* standing there on the threshold of her drawing-room brings a flood of old memories crowding close. It must not show on the surface. That is not Ibsen's way. There are others—alien spirits—present, and *Hedda* is the personification of fastidious self-control. She has sacrificed everything for *that*. No, it may not show on the surface, but if the actress has lived through *Hedda's* past and so realized her present, that moment is electrical. Her blood quickens, her voice deepens, her eyes shine. A curious magnetic something passes between her and *Lövborg*. And the playgoer, though he has but dimly guessed all that *Hedda* and *Lövborg* have meant to each other, is touched by that current. For him, too, the moment is electrical."

"Taking," I suggested, "its significance, its beauty, its dramatic force from all that has gone before."

"From all the untold hours," said Mrs. Fiske. "And see how wonderfully it sharpens the brilliant comedy of that scene where *Hedda* and *Lövborg* are whispering cryptically across the photograph-album while the others chatter unconsciously about them. Think how significant every tone and glance and gesture becomes if these two have in their mental backgrounds those old afternoons when *General Gabler* would fall asleep over his newspaper and he and she would be left to talk together in the old parlor.

"And I must admit," she added, with a twinkle, "that in those recreations *Löv-*

borg was sometimes quite unmanageable. He would behave very badly."

"Like *Colonel Newcome!*" I exclaimed.

"Not at all like *Colonel Newcome*. What do you mean?"

"Exactly like," I went on enthusiastically. "Do you remember that time when, in the days Thackeray was deep in 'The Newcomes,' his hostess at breakfast asked him cheerily if he had had a good night?"

A good night!

'How could I,' he answered,

'with *Colonel Newcome*

making such a fool of himself?"

'But why do you let him?'

asked his bewildered hostess.

'Oh, it was in him to do it. He must.'

"Thackeray understood,"

Mrs. Fiske agreed.

"But I wonder if he really thought the death-scene—the 'Adsum' scene—intrinsically beautiful."

"I suspect so," I said.

"It

was the only part of the book he could not dictate. He had to write that alone. Anyway, Mr. Saintsbury thinks that *Lear's* is the only death-scene that surpasses it in literature."

"Yet is it not so beautiful and so touching because of all that has gone before, because of all the affection for dear *Colonel Newcome* you have acquired in a thousand pages of sympathy? So it is, at least, with the great scenes in Ibsen, meaningless, valueless except in the light of what has gone before. He gives us the last hours. Behind each is a lifetime.

"And think how valuable is such a method of study in a play like 'Rosmersholm,' how impossible for one to play *Rebecca* until one has lived through the years with the dead *Beata*. *Rosmer's* wife has already passed on before the first curtain rises, but from then on, nevertheless, she plays an intense rôle. She lives in the minds of those at Rosmersholm, in the very hearts of those who play the tragedy.

"And how crucially important it is that the *Rebecca* should have thought out all her past with *Dr. West!* It is the illumination of that past which she comes upon unexpectedly in a truth let fall by the unconscious *Kroll*—a truth so significant that it shatters her ambitions, sends her great house of cards toppling about her ears, touches the spring of her confession, and



Carlotta Nilsson, eleventh-hour choice for *Mrs. Elvsted* in "*Hedda Gabler*," who woke next day to find herself famous

brings the tragedy to its swift, inevitable conclusion. Now, unless an actress be one of those rare artists who can put on and take off their emotions like so many bonnets, I do not see how she could make this scene *intelligible* unless she had perceived and felt its hidden meaning, nor how, having perceived and felt it, she could help playing it well. If her own response is right, the playgoer will be carried along without himself having quite understood the reason for her confession.

"This is curious, but it is true. I am sure of it. For, as a matter of fact, few

have caught the half-revealed meaning of that scene between *Rebecca* and *Kroll*. It is one of the inexplicable stenches that do rise occasionally from Ibsen's play, like another in the otherwise beautiful 'Lady from the Sea.' It assailed me so directly that for a long time I hesitated to produce 'Rosmersholm' at all.

"But if the actress has not searched *Rebecca's* past, the key to the scene is missing. The actress must *know*, and, knowing, her performance will take care of itself."

And it occurred to me that probably that delightful confession of *Erstehile Susan's* in her present play—that harrowing return to the closed chapter back in the op'ry-house at Cedar Centre, when the

faithless *Bert Budsaw* had deserted her at the altar—had probably crept into the comedy during Mrs. Fiske's own quest of a background for the lady elocutionist. I tried to find out, but she gave only an inscrutable smile.

"If it is a real part in a real play," she said, "that is the way to study it."

"And that," I said, "is the method you would recommend to young players?"

"Indeed, indeed it is," said Mrs. Fiske, with great conviction. "I should urge, I should *inspire*, my students to follow it if ever I had a dramatic school."

A dramatic school, Mrs. Fiske's dramatic school. But that is another story—the next, in fact.



An impression of Mrs. Fiske by Ernest Haskel

Henrik Ibsen

Personal Reminiscences and Remarks on his Plays

By GEORG BRANDES

Author of "Principal Tendencies in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," etc.

HIS name was the greatest of the literature of the three Scandinavian countries. The intellectual life of three centuries culminated in him. And he was, during the last years of his life, the dominating personality of the literature of both Europe and America.

It is, as a rule, a curse for an author to be born in a small country. It is easier for a third-rate talent who commands a world language to win general renown than it is for a mind of the highest type dependent upon translations. And this does not apply to poetry only.

Besides, when a man's works are translated, it is often found that while admirably adapted to his own community, they are out of harmony with the great world. His works have been molded to suit his surroundings; they abound in references, allusions, mannerisms which the outside world does not appreciate or understand.

If Ibsen surmounted all such obstacles, and despite everything set his stamp on the literature and thought of the world, it is first of all because his plays are written in prose, in sharp, crisp, meaty dialogue, of which not too much is lost in translation. And secondly, because as Ibsen developed and unfolded his art, he ceased writing for the North alone, but worked with the public of the world in mind. At times this brought him in conflict with actual facts: to enforce the dramatic effect of "Rosmersholm," for instance, he sets Rosmersholm Castle on the stage, although there is no such edifice in Norway.

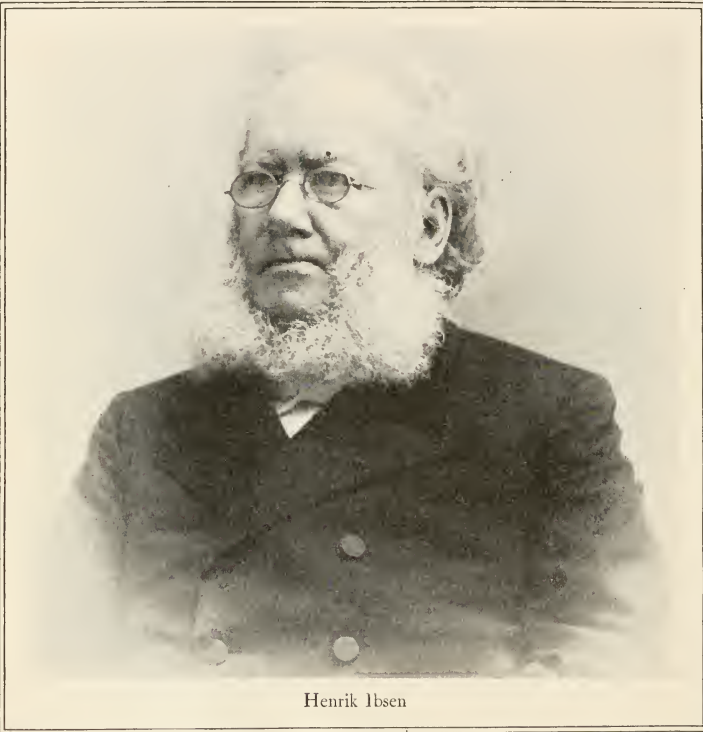
And lastly, his renown sprang from the way in which he rendered and crystallized the modern spirit in his works. The most

highly reputed German authors, as Friedrich Hebbel, for instance, appear like mere forerunners compared with him. French dramatists like Alexandre Dumas and Emile Augier, who ruled in Ibsen's youth, grew old, and their methods seemed theatrical in comparison with his art.

Compare a French intrigue play, even the most recent ones, with a play by Ibsen, and notice how much that is artificial there is in the intrigue play. Virtually all are built on the same principle: the author sets out with a formula, and the characters are created to live up to it, and react accordingly. They have no life.

How different is Ibsen's method! He lays bare the character's very soul. The curtain rises, and the character's personality is displayed. Another cover is lifted, as it were, and we get a view of his past. Another, and we see his environment, the factors which have made him what he is. All Ibsen's main characters have a depth of perspective which is greater than that shown by any other modern poet, and it is portrayed naturally, without effort. And Ibsen's technic is new. He uses no asides, no monologues,—Dumas and Augier have both,—the spectator must make an effort to understand, just as in life.

According to the dramatic ideal of Ibsen's time, the hero was supposed to be a man of one purpose, even if this meant artificiality and one-sidedness. Compare this idea with Ibsen's. Take *Solness*, for instance. What a powerful type he is, and yet how decidedly individual! *Solness* is both a symbol—that of genius growing old and afraid of the strength of youth—and a person with innumerable facets to his character.



Henrik Ibsen



It is impossible for dramatists who come after Ibsen to write as one wrote before him. He set the demands of dramatic technic and characterization so high that they cannot be lowered to what they were before his works.

GERMAN literature has undoubtedly received the strongest imprint of Ibsen's influence. If the Germans were slow in recognizing Ibsen,—in 1880 "A Doll's House" failed miserably in Berlin,—they have passionately made up for lost time. He impressed them first as a realist, and as such was honored, in the eighties, together with Tolstoy and Zola. This was at a time when the old idealism *à la* Schiller was in disfavor, and before people had begun to awaken to the new idealism of Ibsen.

On account of his faith in the minority, Ibsen impressed the general German reading public as an individualist, and then again, on account of the revolutionary undercurrent in his works, as a socialist.

In Austria, as well as in Germany, Ibsen, at the time of his death, was read, acted, and studied as much as any native author, and admired and appreciated more. How much the younger generation has learned from him cannot be measured. Especially has he influenced dramatic literature, from Richard Voss to Herman Bahr, Sudermann, and Hauptmann. "Before Sunrise" shows the influence of "Ghosts" as well as of Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness." "The Sunken Bell" reminds one of "Brand" and "Bygmaster Solness" at the same time.

His influence on English-speaking countries has been less marked. In America his plays have been acted considerably, without meeting with any real understanding. In England, Edmund Gosse, William Archer, and to a certain extent Bernard Shaw have worked to spread his renown. As a dramatist the latter is also, in a measure, his disciple. Curiously enough, in England, at the outset, Ibsen was not only attacked as incomprehensible, but as a materialist. He was admired, in the main, as a psychologist.

But if Ibsen was hailed as a materialist in England, and a realist in Germany, he impressed France, ten years later, as a symbolist and an anarchist, when the symbolistic movement first began to spread. The foremost French dramatists, like François de Curel, show his influence. Ibsen's mysticism,—the white horses in "Rosmersholm," the stranger in "The Lady from the Sea,"—particularly appealed to the French. Frequently he was accepted as an anarchist. "An Enemy of the People" was taken as a protest against society.

The Latin races, on the whole, have been slow in accepting Ibsen,—Italy, for instance, has never grasped "Rosmersholm" or "The Wild Duck,"—but the Slavonic and Hungarian peoples, with their keen impressionability and brilliant adaptability, welcomed him with enthusiasm and unbounded admiration. In Petrograd, Warsaw, Prague, and Budapest he has been honored magnificently.

Of Ibsen's greatness nothing, perhaps, is better proof than the fact that in Norway he was first hailed as a conservative, then as a radical; in Germany as a realist and a socialist; in France as an anarchist and a symbolist. Each country had eyes for only one side of his personality and genius, and in this way proved how rich and many sided that genius was.

About three years before his death I saw Ibsen for the last time. The pleasure of being with him was accompanied with sadness, for all work had grown impossible for him after a stroke of apoplexy. His mind was as brilliant as ever; an extraordinary mildness pervaded his manner, supplanting his former sternness; his charm had grown, while his distinction of manner was the same as ever. Yet the general impression was one of weakness.

After that, Ibsen lost strength. What he suffered! He, to whom work was everything, who made *Oswald*, in "Ghosts" exclaim: "Never to be able to work again! Never, never.—To be dead and yet alive! Mother, can you imagine anything more horrible?" And this was Ibsen's fate for six long years.

I knew him a long time. In April,

1866, I received his first letter, and it is more than fifty years since I first met him. "Brand" had at that time just startled Norway. But Ibsen was not yet appreciated; indeed, he was scarcely considered an author or a poet worth speaking of. The one critic in Norway who had any authority felt, upon the publication of "Brand," impelled to write a few words about it, and he finished his review with the words, "Would you call this poetry?"

But the condescension and even animosity of his surroundings only helped to crystallize Ibsen's self-confidence. When he read in the papers, "Mr. Ibsen is an empty-headed nobody," or, "Mr. Ibsen is by no means endowed with what one might call genius; he possesses a slight talent and some literary ability," he reacted, and felt lifted above it all by a conviction that he did belong to the chosen, even if no one recognized it.

Ibsen's printed letters give but little idea of his personality. In them he appears almost exclusively interested in caring for his material interests. As a matter of fact, these were rather indifferent to him. In his letters there are few traces of his proud, uncompromising spirit.

He was never satisfied with looking at the surface of things; he groped below it, seeking to find the problems and causes which underlie those that are obviously apparent. He delved always deeper and deeper into his own soul, and consequently into his characters.

The one question which Ibsen always returned to is that of human responsibility. To what extent has a person right to untrammelled development? How far should he be allowed to follow his own beliefs, purposes, or nature? Responsibility is the problem of *Julianus* in "Catilina," of *Helmer* and *Nora* in "A Doll's House," of *Vandel* in "The Lady from the Sea," of *Allmers* and *Asts* in "Little Eyolf," of *Solness* and *Hilda* in "The Master Builder." It is the dominant problem of those characters who wreak destruction, like *Captain Alving* or *Borkman*, or of those who try to reform the world, like *Werle* or *Dr. Stockman*.

Björnson, Ibsen's contemporary, was frankly a moralist when he preached for or against a tangible question. Ibsen never preached. He set a problem before us, and made us think.

The way in which Ibsen embodied certain minor details and facts in his plays, transforming them or incarnating them in his characters, may be of interest. In some cases I happen to know either the originals or else the original traits that Ibsen later embodied in his characters.

There are many models back of *Peer Gynt*, and among them a young Dane. Ibsen met the young man frequently in Italy. He was a peculiarly conceited and affected young bluffer. He used to tell the Italian girls at Ischia and Capri that his father, a school-teacher in reality, was the best friend of the King of Denmark and that he himself was one of the greatest men in Denmark. To prove this, he often appeared in entire suits of white satin. He called himself a poet, but could find poetical inspiration only in the wilderness or in desolate, dreary spots. He once went to Crete to write, he said, a great drama or tragedy. He returned, however, without having accomplished his purpose. He averred that he could feel tragic emotion only in the mountains, and lived in self-delusion and illusion.

Some of his characteristics have passed into *Peer Gynt*. Otherwise *Peer Gynt* is supposed to be an incarnation of Norwegian foibles. *Peer's* lies are not really falsehoods, if this implies the intention to deceive others. They are rather self-deceptions. *Peer Gynt* has something in common with Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, and is more closely related to Daudet's *Tartarin*.

The germ of "A Doll's House"—that is to say, *Nora's* character—is found in "The League of the Young." In this play *Selma* complains that she is kept away from everything vital, that she has no share in the responsibilities of the home, but is being treated like a doll. In 1869 I remarked in a criticism of the work that the character did not have room for development in this play, but in her relation

to her family there was material for a whole drama. Ten years later Ibsen wrote this play.

At the time Ibsen had a slight acquaintance with a young woman who, on the whole, resembled *Nora*. She used now and then to write to Ibsen, and in her letters she often referred to her troubles and anxieties without ever going into details. With that interest characteristic of Ibsen's attitude in regard to the psychology of others, he began to speculate as to what these troubles might be. One day he announced, with the poet's elation at having found a plausible solution of the problem, "She is worried over money matters."

This turned out to be the fact. A newspaper clipping revealed that the lady, like *Nora*, had obtained money by forgery, though for a less worthy purpose, it is true—not in order to save her husband's life, but in order to beautify her home. Her husband is said to have been furious when he found it out.

This ordinary affair of every-day life sufficed to stimulate Ibsen's imagination and to create a masterpiece, "A Doll's House." He widened the scope of the play, however, so as to make it almost a program for the new ideas of woman's emancipation, which had been distasteful to him, to begin with, and especially a plea for the right of a person to live his or her own life, even if a wife.

I can prove by another example how his personal experiences helped him to create his characters. A young man of letters, whom I shall call Holm, was a great admirer of Ibsen and considered it the greatest joy of his life to have the privilege of knowing the master personally. And Ibsen, too, rather liked the young man. One day, in Munich, Ibsen received a package from Holm. He opened it, and a bundle of letters from Ibsen to his young friend, together with a photograph of Ibsen, fell into his lap. Not a word of explanation was attached to the package.

Ibsen began to ponder. Why did Holm return his letters? He must have lost his mind. But even if he had lost his mind, why return the letters and the picture?

Only lovers do this, or engaged people, when they quarrel. Ibsen's solution was that in his insanity he must have mistaken Ibsen for some one else whom he also liked. But who could that be? A woman? He had once spoken to Ibsen, with a show of feeling, about a lady. He must have offended her in some way, and her father or her brother must have requested Holm to return her letters and picture. But why should he go insane?

A certain time elapsed. One morning the young man visited Ibsen. He seemed wholly normal. After a few indifferent remarks, Ibsen said:

"Why did you return my letters?"

"I've never returned your letters," Holm replied.

"Were n't you in correspondence with Miss ——?" Ibsen asked.

The young man, very much surprised, answered:

"Yes. Why?"

"And were n't you requested to return her letters?"

"How do you know?"

"I gathered that you must have mixed us up in some way because you are fond of both of us."

Otherwise the young man seemed wholly sane. But Ibsen had no peace of mind until he found out what ailed the young man. He went to his hotel in Munich and asked the clerk to tell him something about Holm. The clerk replied:

"We make it a rule never to give out any information concerning our guests, but as you, Herr Doctor, are an old Münchener, you have a right to ask. When Dr. Holm wakes up, he orders a bottle of port; at lunch a bottle of wine; at dinner a bottle of red wine; and in the evening another bottle or two of port."

The character of *Eilert Lövborg* in "Hedda Gabler" thus took form in Ibsen's mind. As Holm was really gifted, combining erudition with imagination, while being absolutely without pedantry, he grew into *Eilert Lövborg*, with "vine leaves in his hair." The young man, by the way, was so delighted at recognizing himself that for a long time he signed all

his writings in this way. Incidentally, Ibsen learned that one night, after several bottles of port with some friends, Holm had lost a manuscript he had been working on. This, too, was transferred to "Hedda Gabler."

Some time afterward, Ibsen again received a parcel from Holm. This time it was his will. Ibsen was named as sole beneficiary. The will contained not a few codicils, however, in regard to sums which Ibsen was to distribute to girls with whom Holm had been on terms of intimacy. The sums were considerable.

Being a practical man, Ibsen added up the amounts bequeathed to the ladies, and found that the total was greater than the entire sum left by the will. He therefore politely declined to accept the honor. It is quite possible that *Red Diana* in "Hedda Gabler" was one of these ladies.

It is also probable that at about this time Ibsen heard that the wife of a celebrated Norwegian composer burned a symphony her husband had just composed because he came home later than she thought he ought. *Hedda*, for other reasons, burned *Løvborg's* manuscript.

So from many small and insignificant details was wrought a well-linked and profound whole.

Essays on Ibsen and his works may be had everywhere, but rarely has he been described as he was in daily life. In his younger days he was animated, brilliant, and observing, cordial and at the same time caustic, but never what one might call good natured even when most cordial. If alone with one or two friends, he was spontaneous, communicative, and frank, an excellent listener as well as a remarkable talker; but at social functions or among many people, he was silent, easily embarrassed, and slightly peevish.

It did not take much to put him out of humor or to arouse his suspicion. If he thought any one was trying to force his way to see him, he would draw himself quite into his shell, as it were.

In 1891 I was spending the summer with some friends—artists and writers—

at a little watering-place near Christiania. One day I remarked:

"Poor Ibsen! He must be lonely, all alone at his hotel. Let's have him for dinner."

"But who would dare ask him?" I was asked.

"I will," I replied. "I often see him; I'm lunching with him to-morrow."

"Some friends of mine, mostly artists and writers, would like to invite you to a little dinner any day convenient to you," I said the next day.

"How many, and who are they?" asked Ibsen.

I gave the names, and said there were nine.

"I never go to dinners," he replied. "It is one of my rules. I never do it."

I reminded him that it was not very long since he had attended a huge banquet held in his honor in Budapest, and I managed to surmount his objections, and was allowed to arrange the little party. In order to inconvenience him as little as possible, I arranged to have the dinner served in a private dining-room at Ibsen's hotel, and had him set the hour himself.

But as the rumor spread that I was arranging a dinner for Ibsen, who had long been away from Norway, I was besieged on all sides by people who wished to join the party. It was very hard for me to draw the line, especially to turn away many who had been courteous to me. I therefore tried to break the news gradually, and confessed to Ibsen that a lady had asked to be allowed to join.

"Don't allow it," he answered. "Most certainly not."

"But she's such a nice stout, jolly little married woman."

"I dislike stout and jolly little married women."

"I am told, however, that you were once interested in her aunt." I gave the name.

He became suddenly interested.

"In that case, let her come," he said.

This lady, however, made the number of guests only ten, and in the meantime we had grown to twenty-two. I had reason to fear an explosion.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF GEORG BRANDES
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

On the day and time set I knocked at the door of his room. He looked at me in surprise, and, already rather peevish, remarked:

"You are in evening dress."

"Yes, and you in shirt-sleeves."

"So I am, because I am dressing; but I have no evening clothes along."

"What a calamity, when all of us, with the sweet faith of childhood, had been counting on seeing Ibsen in full dress!" I replied. "Now we must resign ourselves to seeing him in a frock-coat!"

"Is the lady there?" he asked.

"Yes, and a couple of others."

"How many are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"This is treason. You said you would be nine. I refuse to go."

Only by the most insistent persuasion was I able to make him relent.

An expectant silence reigned in the room as he entered. His gruff manner did not tend to relieve it. The beginning of the dinner was painful, to say the least. In order to try to lighten the atmosphere we served champagne with the fish course and started the speeches. I rose.

"Dear Ibsen," I said, "you have gradually become so inhumanly celebrated that it is now very hard to praise you. The foreigners have spoiled you. But still you admit, do you not, that we Northerners understand you better than the foreigners—we who appreciated you and your works from the very first hour, whereas the foreigners came in only on the eleventh. It is true that it says in the Bible that those who come in the eleventh hour have the same merit as those who come in the first; still, I always interpreted the paragraph to mean that those who came first were a trifle superior."¹

Ibsen interrupted me.

"By no means," he said.

I told him to keep his objections until I had finished, and then I praised him in

¹ Ibsen, by the way, could never forget the cold reception his works met with in Norway, and he never ceased feeling his indebtedness to foreign countries, where he was understood long before his own countrymen appreciated him. Brandes was the only Scandinavian critic who always understood him.—THE EDITOR.

all seriousness, and, in jest, comparing him with the sun, said: "It is possible that Sirius is greater than the sun; still, it is the sun that ripens our corn."

All to no avail. Ibsen merely remarked:

"Many objections could be made against that speech, but I prefer not to make them."

"Please do, Ibsen; it would be so much more jolly," I said.

"I prefer not to make them," he insisted.

An editor who had at his right the beautiful and talented actress, Constance Brun, rose and said:

"Miss Brun asks me to bring Dr. Ibsen the grateful thanks of the ladies of Christiania Theater and to assure him that there are no parts they would rather play than those written by Dr. Ibsen, and none from which they learn so much."

Ibsen replied:

"May I be allowed to remark that in all my life I have never written 'parts,' but that I merely try to draw human beings? I have never written a play with an actor or an actress in mind. Of course it may be a pleasure to make the acquaintance of a charming lady later on."

Constance Brun had the courage to reply that not for a moment had she implied he had thought of her, since he met her then for the first time, but that by the unfortunate word "parts" she meant precisely the same as he.

Ibsen did not realize that his manner acted as a damper on the spirits of the guests; for as we rose from the table he thanked me heartily for having arranged the dinner, and added naïvely, "It was a very successful party."

There are many examples of his gruffness, but how many memories have I not of his cordiality, his thoughtfulness, his gentleness!

I remember him in Dresden, long ago, our walks in the outskirts of the city, when Ibsen explained the German temperament as he understood it after years of residence in Germany, or when he criticized Schiller's dramas, the rhetoric of which he did not like, and Runeberg's

poems, which did not appeal to him because they were written in hexameters. Always he was on his post against the artificial, the pedantic, against whatever was out of touch with life. In the end verse, as such, grew distasteful to him.

We would go into a restaurant; seeing the rosette in Ibsen's buttonhole, the waiters would hasten to bring what we ordered. Until late into the night we would then sit at the little table while Ibsen unfolded his ideas and plans, or questioned, with his bright eyes shining behind his glasses. When he agreed with and wished to praise something that had just been said, he would invariably say, "That remark impresses me as a work of art."

I remember him, too, in his home in Munich. He had then won considerable renown, although he was not yet exactly what one might call celebrated. The way in which he received and handled those who came to his home—statesmen, politicians, writers, artists—stamped him as a man of the world who knew how to meet people and treat them all differently, but correctly.

I remember his later visits to Copenhagen, when he was honored like a king. The host would feel almost weak with pleasure if he accepted an invitation, although his laconicism or even silence at large gatherings would, as a rule, cause astonishment. He no longer spoke with bitterness about Norway, but merely complained about its slow development. Norwegian ideas and theories seemed old-fashioned and out of date to him.

And then I remember Ibsen from many of my longer or shorter visits to Norway. We usually met either for or right after luncheon, and he, always a trifle ahead of time, would be waiting for me at the doorstep. We would go for a walk or look at an exhibition. Or, when I was invited to his home for dinner, he would rub his hands and say: "Let 's be happy to-day. We 've good food, good wine, and plenty of it. Let 's enjoy ourselves." And then, as his face lighted with a satirical smile, he would tell a story, true, but extraordinary, in which a generally revered "pillar

of society" was shown up as the comical sinner he really was.

I think of him, also, on a quiet evening spent in the open, after dining on the terrace of one of the Norwegian country restaurants. The candles on the table had been taken away, as the night—the Norwegian summer night—was sufficiently light. Ibsen's whole being, and especially the powerful forehead, with its crown of hair, seemed to melt into the dreamy landscape and the magical mellowness of the light. And as darkness crept on, only the sparkle in his glasses as he moved and the movements of his mouth as he talked were visible. He spoke in a low voice, took a sip from his glass now and then, told stories, and joked.

We had had lamb for dinner; I said:

"You may say what you will, but lamb remains the choicest game."

"Quite so, quite so," said Ibsen. "I once thought I would write a play about a lamb. A man is dying; he can be saved only by having new blood injected into his veins. No human being is willing to risk his life to save the man, and so a lamb is sacrificed; its blood is transfused into the man. After that the man always dreams about the lamb—dreams about meeting it again. He owes his life to it. He finds it at last in the shape of a woman. He loves her. Must n't he love her?"

"Of course. But in real life one so seldom meets with a woman who is a lamb."

"Once in a while it does happen." He nodded, and the conversation merged into a smile.

HE who knew Ibsen personally, who came in contact, through friendship, with his decidedly powerful individuality, which radiated outside his art as much as in his works, cannot crystallize his impression of Ibsen into warm or cold admiration. He remembers spoken or written phrases that set decisive thoughts working in his own mind, and for Ibsen's strong personality and works of genius his feelings can only be suffused and dominated by an immeasurable gratitude.

The Magic Line

A Study of the Technic of Engraving

By TIMOTHY COLE

Illustrations from wood-blocks by the author

THE allied arts, as we are aware, hold much in common with one another, since one spirit pervades them all. The writer paints us pictures with his pen, the artist gives us symphonies with his brush, the musician builds us orchestrations of color; while architecture has been likened to frozen music, painting has been called silent poetry, and poetry, speaking painting. There is much in engraving, taken as a reproductive art, that is analogous to these when we consider its technic. Though not, as these, shining with a light of its own, but reflecting, like the moon, a borrowed light, it has yielded, and is still contributing in a quiet way, some light to the world which is certainly not all moonshine. The uninitiated person, the layman, assuming he is a man of taste, likes this or that engraving in preference to another not because of any deference to the lines in either, but primarily for the subject. A poor engraving from a great subject is to him of more account than a good rendering of an indifferent or bad work of art. We can find no fault with this attitude of the outsider, for it is right and as it should be, since engraving is a means to an end and not an end in itself. Enough for the engraver if, as Walt Whitman exclaims, "the art is to the artist, and comes back most to him"; so the engraving is to the engraver, and comes back most to him.

No one values an engraving merely for its lines except, perhaps, the engraver. As a medium of reproduction, an engraving, if it is to be of any lasting value, must, in the first place, be a faithful transcript of a great work of art, and, in the second place, it must be well engraved. The

lines, or technic, must be expressive of the thought in its original and must supplement its intent; and they must be, above all things, printable. Otherwise, what do they amount to?

Any account of engraving leads us naturally to the consideration of lines, cross-hatching, and stipples. These are the three elements constituting its technic. By combining and elaborating these, bringing together coarse and fine, thick and thin, rough and smooth, equal and unequal, and, further, by bringing a smooth tint in conjunction with a rough one,—as in a beautiful face upon a stippled or hatched background,—or by setting off a bold, brilliant treatment by a close, opaque one, thereby enhancing the qualities in each, the engraver is enabled to create a pleasing and expressive variety in the surface of his block or plate. So in painting there are three primary colors, and the painter who is skilled in their manipulation may immensely enrich his canvas thereby. Like the engraver, through his medium he will discriminate between the textures of, say, hair and flesh, sky, foliage, and water, giving to everything a technical manipulation appropriate to its distinctive quality, independent of its character, but underlying it or superimposed upon it, as it were. The excellence of a beautiful engraving is primarily in the employment of these resources (stipples, lines, and cross-hatchings, with their juxtapositions) to exhibit the qualities of the original painting with delight to the eye in the method of translation. Ruskin tells us that "the language of engraving, when once you begin to understand it, is in these respects so fertile, so ingenious, so inef-

fably subtle and severe in its grammar, that you might quite easily make it the subject of your life's investigation, as you would the scholarship of a lovely literature." The modern engraver, dealing as he does with textures and values, in reality paints with his burin.

The beginning of engraving as well as of painting was linear in character. It was formerly assumed by the English school that the invention of engraving came from Tubal Cain. They relied, in support of their claim, upon the text in Gen. iv, 22: "And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron: and the sister of Tubal-cain was Naamah." It is good to see the sister mentioned, for possibly from her burin has descended the "line of beauty," which Hogarth arrogantly claims to have discovered, but of which he never exhibited an example in all his works, wonderful as they are in other respects. We have in our Museum of Natural History copies of examples of the earliest known attempts at engraving by men of the Stone Age, perhaps fifty thousand or more years ago, in the engraved outline decorations of the rock-caverns of that period, fine and often spirited delineations of wild animals of the chase; for primitive man was an artist as well as a hunter. Man began to occupy caverns and rock shelters from fifty to three hundred thousand years ago, according to various authorities, which was the era par excellence of the cave-dweller. In the security of these rocky fastnesses the arts of sculpture, engraving, and fresco were born, and here were they nurtured. For those men of primitive times were elevated above savages,—savages properly belong to our own particular age of *Kultur*,—and as game of every description was not so scarce as to demand any struggle for existence such as curses our present times, they had the leisure necessary to the cultivation of the arts, and the examples we have of their works exhibit an executive power and refinement uncommon at any time in the world's history.

Ruskin tells us that "the value of hue in

all illuminations on painted glass of fine periods depends primarily on the expedients used to make the colors palpitate and fluctuate, inequality of brilliancy being the condition of brilliancy, just as inequality of accent is the condition of power and loveliness in sound." In music we have the discord, giving a keener value and delight in its resolution to the concord. The inequality of stitch in hand-made lace is one of its beauties; the inequality in speech, its high and low pitch and swift and slow utterance, constitutes one of the conditions of expressiveness in oratory, charging it with life; the inequality of stones in a well-built wall makes its surface beautiful to look upon (we never appreciated this fact so much before the advent of the cheap, mechanical cement block); similarly pen-work and etching as well as engraving are alive and instinct with this quality. We are beginning to apprehend this now that "process," with its cheap, mechanical, dead surface, is upon us.

I once met a sculptor of prominence in Florence who thought he could make a more beautiful physiognomy than that of the Venus of Melos. So he made one half of a lovely face and cast it, adding the duplicate thus obtained to the other side, and thereby making the two halves exactly alike. The result was a cold, mechanical, and expressionless countenance. It was an experiment, and furnished a demonstration that the perfection of beauty is owing in part to its imperfection. "There is a crack in everything that God has made."

Where 's the face

One would meet in every place?

exclaims Keats. Happily we never meet it, or it would appal us, because the conditions are always different. The inequality in faces makes them supportable, and in addition they are constantly varied by thoughts and emotions and the ever-changing effects of lights and shades flitting over them like clouds drifting over the face of the sky.

Fortunately for artists and for art-dealers, we all have emotions even if we



Lady Hamilton as "Nature," by George Romney

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, owned by Mr. Henry C. Frick

"Bringing a smooth tint in conjunction with a rough one,—as in a beautiful face upon a stippled or hatched background"

do not have thoughts. We can rarely explain why a thing charms us. It is generally the beautiful, hardly the ugly, that does so. There are so many elements entering into the construction of the beautiful that it surpasses our power to apprehend them all. The ringing of a bell evokes another sound—a harmonic one—in the air. A few bold, black lines printed upon white paper will cause their white interspaces to glisten, and give a luminous quality to the tint. The black lines evoke this effect. Gray the black lines, and the luminosity is reduced.

One thing is certain: technic is at the base of art, and technic differs as the material or matter of each art differs, and without matter there is no giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," no stuff in which imagination may create an image. Moreover, any difference that may exist between the material bases of the arts exacts a corresponding difference between the qualities of temperament and imagination in the artists who practise them. R.-A. M. Stevenson, in his eloquent work on Velasquez, speaking of "the dignity of technic," says:

It is not the lover of pictures, but the devotee of his own spiritual emotions who needs to be told that technique is art; that it is as inseparable from art as features from facial expression, as body from soul in a world where force and matter seem inextricably entangled. In fact the man who has no interest in technical questions has no interest in art; he loves it as those love you who profess only love for your soul. . . .

Technique is not hateful, but only the point of view it expresses. There is a silly, unimpassioned mind which looks on nature without choice between things, which seems choked with trifles, which possesses no touchstone in its emotions wherewith to distinguish the important from the foolish. There may be such a thing as mere technique, but it is not what the vituperator of realism would have it. In words, it is nonsense verses; in paint, mere decorative consistency, without the meaning or emotion of truth to nature.

And I might add, from the engraver's point of view, mere technic is dealing with the superficies of an original and thus missing its inner meaning, breadth of tone, softness, and ensemble; nosing into a painting with an eye as unsparing as that of the camera, a trait which called forth Rembrandt's indignation when he told such a trifle that "pictures were not made to be smelled."

Now, technic is the very life and soul of engraving. To the engraver nothing is truer than François Millet's saying that "art is a calculation." Take the calculation involved in the art of making a lady's dress, a thing of beauty, though but a fleeting joy, as all joys are. The value of contrasted textures is here well displayed. The modiste has a host of materials from which to choose, but knowing the value of restraint, she is wisely sparing and judicious in their use. Say it is a creamy white robe; the mellow glow of satin or silk upon a setting of soft merino or serge enhances by their opposition the qualities of each. A necklace of pearls in juxtaposition with cloudy tulle or delicate lace gleams with a distinguished radiance, while the shadows beneath the brows and nose, softened by the reflection from the light material, are much less pronounced than they otherwise would be, and the eyes, catching up the light, sparkle with a greater brilliancy. If there are any wrinkles in the face, they disappear; or, if not, they are greatly modified, and the face assumes a fairer and more youthful aspect. I have seen a narrow strip of black velvet ribbon encircling the neck of one whose face would, without this startling device, have shown deep lines, as in ladies of character and experience; but by this artful contrivance the wrinkles vanish! How is it possible to discover the wrinkles when this far deeper wrinkle holds the eye? Millet counsels the artist to hide his art behind his canvas. So the engraver hides his behind his block, but the feminine arts are past finding out; no one knows where they are hidden.

Referring again to the value of inequalities of brilliancy as being the condition of



The Countess Leccari, by Vandyke

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, owned by Mr. David T. Watson

Illustrating again the conjunction of smooth treatment in the face, and rough in the background



Madame Mercier, by Jean-Baptiste Greuze

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, in the collection of the late Sir William Van Horne

"Setting off a bold, brilliant treatment by a close, opaque one"



The Countess of Oxford, by John Hoppner

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, in the National Gallery, London

“A few bold, black lines printed upon white paper will cause their white interspaces to glisten, and give a luminous quality to the tint.”

brilliancy in painted glass, the analogy we have to this in engraving in the contrasting of brilliant and opaque qualities is clear enough. It is evident that a tint made with a series of coarse or bold lines is distinct from one made with extremely fine lines, though the actual value of the tint as a shade is nothing different. These, then, constitute differences without distinctions. This is exactly paralleled in painting, where we have distinctions of color, in the way of pigment, without differences in value of light and shade when reduced by photography to black and white, but the brilliancy or opacity of which may be indicated in engraving, in the interpretation of these colors into their light and shade values.

Linton, who was a prominent engraver on wood of the last century, held that "there is a perspective in lines." Certainly the lines in the foreground of a landscape, for instance, are more accentuated than those of the middle distance, and lose themselves by gentle gradations into the background. But Linton had reference not to these large lines of character, but rather to the technic of engraved ones.

My disagreement with him here is rather in the nature of a distinction without a difference. I should not be ready to lay down any arbitrary dictum in this matter of lines. It is true that bold lines give a sparkle and brilliancy to a tint, and fine ones an opposite effect, and that, as a natural consequence, the former are more suited to the foreground, where the painter generally gathers his more brilliant colors, and the latter belong more naturally to the background, where, owing to the atmosphere, the colors are less pronounced. But suppose the engraver had a glowing sunset or conflagration to translate, where the light fills the eye, blinding it to everything else. The foreground would, in consequence, swim in a penumbra of mystery. It would then manifestly be out of harmony with the quality of such shade to translate it with a bold line merely because of its propinquity. Shield the eye from the glare that fills it, and immedi-

ately the foreground will assume another quality and will then admit of a different treatment.

It would be very easy to multiply instances where bold lines would be inapplicable to the rendering of foreground objects. Such will suggest themselves to any engraver, though it is not easy to imagine an instance where they are admissible in the extreme distance. In this matter of lines no hard-and-fast rule could or should govern the engraver. On this subject Blake retorted to the engravers of his day, who twitted him as to his lines,—they adhering to Hogarth's dictum in his line of beauty,—"You say there are no straight lines in nature; I say there are all kinds of lines in nature." And Blake undoubtedly is right. There are all kinds of lines in nature, the rough and smooth, the winding and straight, the angular and round. Nature has for the most part mingled her inferior and nobler elements as she mingles sunshine and shade. Hogarth's line of beauty was the serpentine figure of the letter S. He painted it upon his palette in his portrait which hangs in the National Gallery of London, probably as indicative of his devotion to it. But the serpentine line palls upon us by its too frequent use. Beauty will not be confined merely to flowing lines. All lines are tributary to it, and it in turn is beholden to them all. Beauty deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be discerned as light. An uninterrupted succession of beautiful lines fails to produce the effect of beauty.

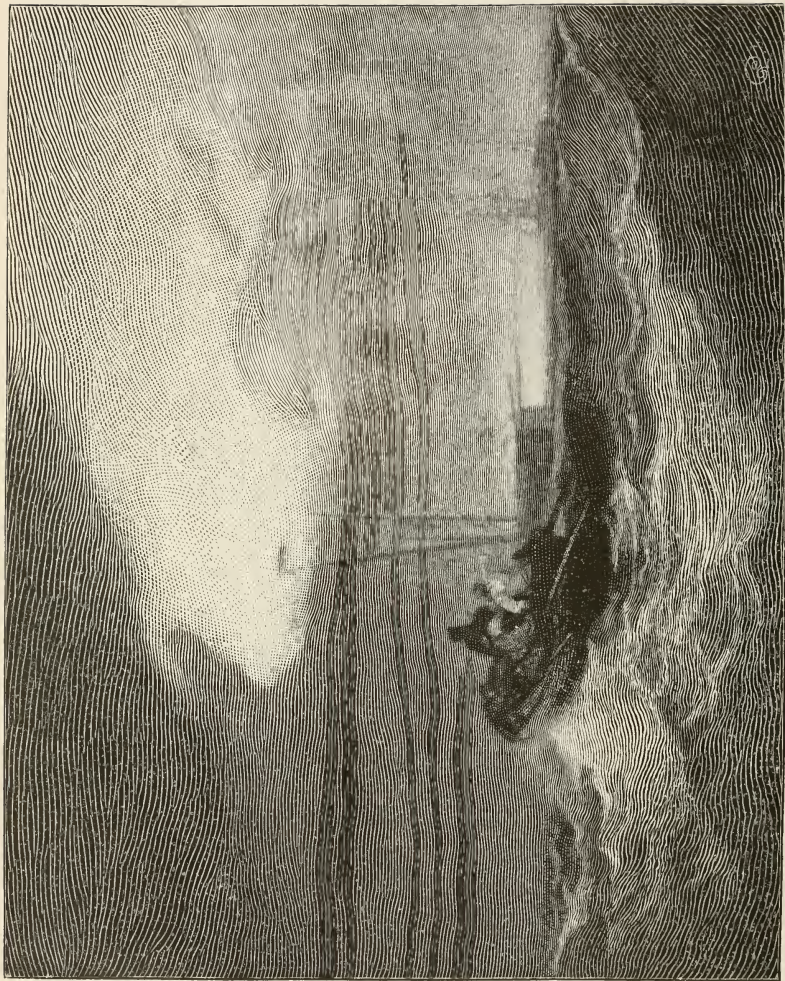
This may have been one reason for the revolt of the Cubists. But the Cubists went to the opposite extreme, and became all angles: too many angles are like acid to the teeth. We do not want to be pickled in vinegar any more than to be cloyed with jellies and jams. Wisdom is in the golden mean. To Hogarth's serpentine line should be added the straight line, as in our dollar-sign. Our dollar-sign is the golden mean. The dollar-sign is beauty's line, though, I hasten to add, wisdom will suggest to our beauties the



“The Prodigal Son Feasting,” by Murillo

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, in the Prado Museum, Madrid

“The value of contrasted textures is here well displayed”



“Fishing-Boats off Yarmouth,” by John Sell Cotman

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original, in the Colman Collection

“The lines in the foreground of a landscape, for instance, are more accentuated than those of the middle distance, and lose themselves by gentle gradations into the background.”



“The Watering-place,” by Thomas Gainsborough

Engraved by Timothy Cole from the original

“Suppose the engraver had a glowing sunset or conflagration to translate, where the light fills the eye, blinding it to everything else. The foreground would, in consequence, swim in a penumbra of mystery.”

propriety of not following this line too devotedly.

To continue our analogy between engraving and painting; art is a calculation, a matter of selection, an arrangement, a combination, a reduction, an abridgment, a spiritual activity, in short a synthesis of nature, and of course something more. As Emerson says:

What is that abridgment and selection we behold in all spiritual activity but itself the creative impulse? For it is the inlet of that higher illumination which teaches to convey a larger sense by simpler symbols. What is man but nature's finer success in self-explication? What is man but a finer, compacter landscape than the horizon figures—nature's eclecticism? And what is his speech, his love of painting, love of nature, but a still finer success? All the weary miles and tons of space and bulk left out, and the spirit or moral of it contracted into a musical word, or the most cunning stroke of the pencil?

The engraver's work illustrates this; it is a synthesis of his original, as the artist's is of nature. It is a reduction, an abridgment, and as he cannot give all in his original, he must endeavor to select its salient features. Upon this subject George de Forest Brush once wrote me many years ago when I had an engraving to make from a photograph of one of his pictures. The original was in America, but I was in Europe, engaged upon the old masters. He wanted to explain to me how I could simplify matters in the management of his picture, which was in effect the course I was pursuing in the treatment of the old masters. He said:

When you lay a sheet of tracing-paper upon the photograph, a thousand little accents disappear; also many darks are equalized and become one; and yet the beauty of the work is none the less, but, on the contrary, is enhanced. So one is reminded how much that is in the original can be dispensed with, and to what advantage on the human side; that is, if we can turn the problem of values into three or four instead of fifty, the expression will surely gain. . . . My point

of view is that engraving and painting are very much alike: the richness and depth of nature the painter can never come very near; much less can the engraver come near the depth of tone in a painting. Therefore, by putting aside more or less the aim to do that which we cannot do, we throw all our force upon those points wherein our arts are not limited; for instance, in engraving the fingers can be made round and the joints in their right places to perfection; but that is what we rarely see.

The worst evil attending the reduction of a large painting to the dimensions of an engraving for a magazine page is the loss of the breadth and largeness upon which its decorative features depend; as a decoration it becomes petite, mean, and ineffective, and the grandeur which it had embodied has suffered. Letters, for instance, which in the large could be clearly read are now so diminutive as scarcely to be legible. Thirty or more years ago, when photography was beginning to replace drawing on wood, La Farge once complained to me despairingly of this evil attending the reduction of his works, and for this reason he much preferred to draw his subjects on the wood for purposes of engraving. It becomes the art of the engraver to restore as far as possible the largeness of the original by subduing many half-tints in the lights, thus strengthening their volume and power, and by equalizing the darks, thus increasing their weight, and by these means to compass somewhat the repose and effectiveness of his original.

Emerson deducts from the artist and his work all that belongs to nature and convention, explaining how much he owes to the style of his day and the thought and language of his generation, and showing "how nature paints the best part of the picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration," and the advantages to which he adverts "are such as the artist did not consciously produce. He relied on their aid and put himself in the way to receive help from them, for he saw that his planting and watering

waited for the sunlight of nature, or were in vain." How reliant, for instance, is the wood-engraver upon the quality of his wood and the skill with which the woodman prepares it! Upon photography and the skill of the photographer in making him a careful copy upon his block! Of what consequence his days of toil if his *subject* is of little merit? And how much is he beholden to his printer for an artistic impression, to the Japanese for their wonderful paper, and to his tools for their tempers—also to his publisher and art editor for *their* tempers when he demands an occasional check, a hundred dollars or so to fire up his waning enthusiasm!

The analogies which exist in all the arts would seem to exhibit one mind working in and through many materials to temporary ends. To quote again from our beloved Emerson:

The artist who is to produce a work which is to be admired not by his friends or his townspeople or his contemporaries only, but by all men, and which is to be more beautiful to the eye in proportion to its culture, must dis-individualize himself and be a man of no party and no manner and no age, but one through whom the soul of all men circulates as the common air through his lungs. He must work in the spirit in which we conceive a prophet to speak or an angel of the Lord to act; that is, he is not to speak his own words or do his own works or think his own thoughts, but he is to be an organ through which the universal mind acts. His aim is to hinder his individuality from acting.

He must, as Leonardo da Vinci recommends, study well his own physiognomy that he may keep it out of his pictures. "So much as we can shove aside our egotism, our prejudice, and will, and bring the omniscience of reason upon the subject before us, so perfect is the work." Precisely analogous to this is the attitude of the engraver before his great original,

and this of Emerson could not be more descriptive of it than if penned by the philosopher specially to present his case.

Must the engraver knuckle down, then, to a slavish copy of his original? Why, yes; but, as we have already seen, he is a realist in the sense that Velasquez was when he vowed he would paint nothing without strict adherence to the facts of his great original—nature; and there is no other way to accomplish this except by interpretation. In its infancy the line was the nurse to art, but in its prime it is, in its technic, the slave of the higher arts, servile both in mechanism and the labor of it, and in its function of interpreting the schools of painting, as superior to itself. The engraver interprets. He is a slave to those large lines of character on which the subtlety of expression depends, and by which one man's work is distinguished from another's or one man's face across the road from another's. He will dig and slave over a tint to secure its proper gradation and flatness, and will give heed jealously to the subtle contours of objects that they melt into the background according to their just degrees of softness and atmospheric effect.

Above all he is a slave to the ensemble of his original. He knows too well the hidden pitfalls that lie concealed beneath the suave surface of, say, a Velasquez, or a Carrière, to touch any one of the lines of which too firmly or miss the nuancing of their ineffably delicate accents, tightening a detail of face or costume, would be to cause a shrieking definition to startle him like a Jack-in-the-box. These are his excitements in the quiet of his tranquil den as he slavishly plies his burin with its nose glued to his block. But slavery is not the word. As we have seen, his is a free man's work in the liberty he takes with his original. The fact is he is both bondman and free, as we all are when we get the right attitude toward existence, or, in other words, when we have acquired the technic of that greatest of all arts, the art of life.

“Mr. Charles Raleigh Rawdon, Ma’am”

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Author of “The Spinster,” “Come, Captain Age,” etc.

SHE had forgotten that she had put his picture there at all until it tumbled out of the pages. Once interleaved with tenderest deliberation next to “Dover Beach,” because he and she had read that poem together on a beach in Maine, it now fell into the waste-basket when she was looking for the grocer’s bill. She had hastily tucked the bill in there yesterday, because Matthew Arnold’s poems were the handiest thing to keep it from blowing away. She was in a hurry to find the bill, because the grocer’s boy was whistling impatiently in the kitchen, and a fellow-committeeman was waiting in the room on the opposite side of the hall and had begun to cough. The affair of the school addition needed immediate considering. Besides, she had a pie to bake for the community supper, and the vice-president of the Historical Society was morally certain to call sometime that afternoon, and had already telephoned to know where he could find a copy of the old by-laws.

It would not, after all, hurt the committeeman to wait a few moments or to let the grocer’s boy go on whistling, either. She had rescued the kodak picture from the waste-basket, set it up against a candlestick on the table, and had taken a long look at it even while with the other hand she had reached into the table drawer for her pocket-book, and somewhere in the back of her mind was cogitating whether the grocer had n’t charged her twice for the same half-bushel of potatoes. It was an excellent photograph, exactly Charles. All the old idealism, humor, reserve, lovable considerateness, obstinate sincerity, and singularly unaffected personal modesty were there in the upstanding, light hair, the dark-lashed, gray eyes, the sensitive, nice mouth. She kissed it. A direct physi-

cal thrill and recoil went through her, with overwhelming implications of that summer night when they had kissed for the first and last time, and her body had all seemed transparent to her soul.

“Charles, good-by; I’ll be back in a minute. I’ve got to pay the grocer and see Mr. Bakington.” Mr. Bakington was pacing the floor on the opposite side of the hall; the great candelabra on the mantel shook, and their priceless prisms clashed together. He coughed.

“Miss Wayne,” the grocer’s boy called hoarsely up the back stairs, “I can’t wait any longer. I got ’o go.”

“In a minute, Fred. Good-by, Charles; I’ll be back. Or—no.” She unbuttoned the watch-pocket on her tailored shirt-waist and slid the picture in. It was a very small kodak. It showed a little through the thin madras waist, as she saw in the looking-glass at the back of the hall as she hurried out to the kitchen. It gave her keen secret pleasure to keep his dark coat thus visible, yet unsuspected, confidentially beside her.

Such a white moment, such an uprush of memory, had not happened to her for years, and she was far too hungry after so long a fast to leave the banquet for all the Mr. Bakingtons in New England. Mr. Bakington had a scheme for the school addition. He explained it to her with his usual careful, polite, contemptuous minutiae. Words familiar to her from childhood were mispronounced and then explained by him, with his favorite formula, “What we call the acoustics—let me explain that to you, Miss Wayne. The thrust may be affected—oh, excuse me. What we call the thrust is merely another name, a more technical name, for the pressure—” Elizabeth Wayne en-

dured it with joy. She felt that Charles was hearing it with her. Charles and she would have a good laugh the moment Mr. Bakington and his pomposity and his patronage were out of the door. "What a joke, Charles! Just listen to him now, calling a hatchway a pergola!"

His whole scheme unfolded, explained with meticulous kindness and patience, he took himself off. Elizabeth took a few steps of a slow old-fashioned waltz. She thus crossed the hall, and established herself in her own private little office, the crowded desk of which was to her the most homelike spot in all the homelike little house where she had been born, and now had lived for a dozen humming, cheerful, useful years alone. There was a row of books above, a row of pigeon-holes below, a crammed space behind, and an encroached-upon slant lid open in front. It was impossible to shut this lid, for papers crowded out over the hinges of the desk and protruded on each side half a foot into the scanty space between the windows.

Here were the suffrage leaflets for the meeting on Wednesday night, the Historical Society incorporation blanks, the questionnaire for the schools, the party referenda about the militarist measures in Congress and the national prohibition amendment; and a pile of letters to be answered from the Pageant Association, the Community Chautauqua, and the Anti-Tuberculosis League, with a fresh lot of the vivisection investigation pamphlets so sad that they had not yet been carefully read.

All these Elizabeth Wayne pushed aside, as she did the thought of the necessary pie and her own supper, for the sake of Charles Rawdon's picture, which she now drew out of her pocket and set up against the crowded pigeonholes. She folded her arms, leaned forward, and lowered her level, dark brows to his. She began to talk to him.

"You were really a modern man, Charles. You were pretty well enlightened, even though you *were* born in the late seventies; fairly well convinced that

women are people, and fairly free from the sentimental notion that

"'T is woman's whole existence

to fall in love. You were ready to laugh as loudly as a woman herself could at that old idea of the masterful male picking up a woman's mind and putting it into one pocket, and picking up her conscience and putting it into another, for safe-keeping. God bless you! They *would* be safe with you, Charles. I'd *let* you keep 'em just because you never offered to—"

The knocker on the side door was loudly manipulated, and an overwhelmingly cheerful voice called through the dining-room and pantry.

"Hello, recording secretary of the Historical Society! what about those by-laws? Did you find 'em?"

"Bother, Charles! Yes, oh, yes, Mr. Manley, I'm coming."

"Don't disturb yourself now, Miss 'Lizabeth. I'll come right in."

"Oh, no, don't trouble. I'll come right out, Mr. Manley."

It was too late. Mr. Manley had come in, and was drawing up the biggest chair in the office, and deliberately lifting out, by instalments, the pile of newspapers which occupied it. He sat down, his enormous bulk straining his enormous, but not quite adequate, clothes. His one-buttoned waistcoat strained into a crease across his chest, and his trousers strained and stretched over his dome-like knees. He had only come for the by-laws, he said, and could n't stay a minute; but he seemed to feel more than usually required to talk in his favorite ponderously fond and petting tone, as of a verbal chuck under the chin benevolently bestowed on a forlorn, though agreeable, lady. He had more than ever the air, in doing so, of supplying a long-felt want. Yet what an excellent vice-president he made for the Historical Society! All the time he was talking Miss Elizabeth considered his fitness for the presidency itself. She considered it with increasing conviction. The trifling fact that he was personally absurd and repugnant to her weighed very little in

her mind; and yet she could almost hear Charles snickering from under the pile of suffrage leaflets where she had thrust him to escape Mr. Manley's unwieldy jocosities.

"Ah, Miss Elizabeth, if I were a younger man, now! If I were a bachelor!"

She kept back her shouts of laughter by talking inwardly to Charles.

"Just wait till he goes, Charles! He won't stay much longer now."

He did at length heave himself up out of his chair, and ponderously returned the pile of newspapers to it by instalments. He was off at last, with some ton-footed pleasantry about his wife seeking him about among "these young girls," at which Charles almost snickered out loud, and the kitchen clock struck five. Too late to bake the pie. One from the baker's would have to do for the community supper.

"Come, Charles, do let's sit down together again for a few minutes. It's very seldom I'm in this happy sort of mood, and I have n't seen this picture of you for years. Do you know, I'd actually forgotten where I'd put it!

"And when I think how I used to have you with me everywhere I went! You've walked down to market with me thousands of times since I saw you in the flesh. It used to be every day of my life,—at different times of day it would come on,—that feeling of your being here. For an hour or more at a time! I'd go down to breakfast, and you'd sit there with me, talking that charming, whimsical talk of yours; or else it would come on toward the end of the afternoon, and you'd come out in the pantry and help me get supper.

"But is n't it strange I never dream of you any more! I have n't dreamed of you for years, though I used to have the most heartrendingly happy dreams about you every night of my life when you were first married. There was n't any reason why I should n't *dream* about you. No harm in *that*. All the less if I did n't—and I did n't, Charles—let myself think about you but very little—just as little as I possibly could. I've often wished in

the old days I could begin dreaming about you again. At first, perhaps, I'd be a little rusty. I could n't get the hang of it, perhaps, and step right out of all these affairs I'm in so deep, committees and societies and things; but after a while I'd get back into practice, and have my Arabian Nights again. I'd like to give an order for two dreams a month about you, on the first and third Sunday nights, we'll say.

"What about your wife, Charles? You never gave me any real idea of her. You never even sent me her picture to look at and send back. What were you afraid of? Did you think I'd throw vitriol on it? Which of us did you love? In all those early years, when I used to talk to you like this, I could imagine all sorts of things you'd say on other subjects, but I never could imagine you answering *that*.

"But I can imagine your wife very well, and I can imagine how you fell in love with her. Hush! Yes, I'm sure she's got one of those lovely, red-haired complexions, with a few big, pale freckles over the most peach-rose cheeks; does her hair low; and I believe she's thin, rather thin. And simply dressed, artistically plain. I don't believe she's a radical, but she follows your ideas because she's a great deal too sweet and yielding to be wholesome. Don't let me hear you say, Charles Rawdon, that you wonder sometimes how you'd have got along with a strong-minded wife!

"You would have got along very well, I can tell you, because I was very much in love with you. I would have done anything for you—ah!

"I loved thee, Atthis, dearly,
A long time ago."

She relapsed into a staring depth of thought, from which the side-door knocker roused her with a loud clap, and the young girl who came at noon on Tuesdays and Fridays to wash windows came in with a card.

"Mr. Charles Raleigh Rawdon, ma'am."

"Where—what—did you pick up this card accidentally, somewhere, Statia?"

"No, ma'am. He 's in the parlor."

"In the parlor?"

"S, ma'am."

"Well—I 'll—I 'll be right in. I 'll be—I 'll be there in a few moments."

Statia took the message to the parlor.

"Charles, is this your ghost?" thought Elizabeth, shivering a little.

Half-way across the hall she stopped.

"I must be prepared to find him fat."

She laughed under her breath. "Perhaps he is prepared to find me fat; but I 'm not—not very fat."

She took another step, and stopped.

"Where is his wife? But I must go in."

She was glad afterward that she had said, "How do you do, Charles?" as she went in, before she saw him, and had thus been enabled to say it not unnaturally. He was very much changed. He was fat, and altogether grown and swelled: he had side-whiskers like Mr. Manley. His clothes drew and strained over him like Mr. Manley's clothes. He said:

"This is fortunate, Elizabeth, finding you at home on this lovely day." The voice was the unforgettten voice of Charles, but the banal words and the banal bow and, worst of all, the patronizing amiability which streamed out of his smile and rayed upon her from the coruscating crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes could only be the bitter fruit of age and prosperity on that bright and free spirit she had known. Then might not age and prosperity have done this to Mr. Manley? To any man? Had they, perhaps, been in their youth charming, like Charles? But this was more than she could consider without a sick revolt against Charles and an enforced but loathing kindness toward Mr. Manley.

"Elizabeth, Mrs. Rawdon—Miss Wayne. Mrs. Rawdon has been anticipating this pleasure—"

Pale Mrs. Rawdon, with a company laugh, sat down, and Charles magnificently disposed himself on the ottoman, blotting out, with each broad boot, one pattern of the carpet. It was the ottoman on which Mr. Bakington had sat in

the morning. Charles drummed with his fingers on the edge of the marble-topped table, while Mrs. Rawdon said that it was cooler and the humidity seemed to be less. With a wave of the sense of nightmare, which, however, passed off almost immediately, Elizabeth realized that Mr. Bakington, after his impatient wait for her, had drummed on the edge of the table at intervals during his call.

"Mrs. Rawdon and I were motoring through," said Charles, and his unforgettable voice was heard through his words like a strain of music through a rumble of coal pouring into a bin. "We felt that we could n't pass you entirely by. Mrs. Rawdon was anxious to meet you; and I—" He bowed, with a saccharine smile.

Elizabeth clutched the arms of her chair, for the sense of nightmare went over her again as Charles rolled his eyes toward her. It was the roll of Mr. Manley's eyes.

She endeavored to talk to Mrs. Rawdon; but Mrs. Rawdon, with hesitations and glances, indicated Charles. She was evidently a colorless somebody. Elizabeth could almost imagine, as she looked at Mrs. Rawdon sitting there in the high-backed chair, with the ancient portrait behind her in the corner, draped by its burning India shawl, that the portrait was alive, and Mrs. Rawdon was a poor lithograph left lying about in a chair by somebody.

Charles's voice recalled her. Its beloved familiarity just kept her head above water when he talked; but when he was momentarily silent the strange, wild, icy waters closed in over her.

"You are very little changed, Elizabeth. Do you prefer that I should call you Miss Wayne, ah?"

"No! no!" cried Elizabeth, horrified at the resemblance of his "Miss Wayne" to the pottering condescension of Mr. Bakington. "Don't—don't call me Miss Wayne, Charles!"

"We-e-ell, we-e-ell, I won't, then," said Charles, soothingly and indulgently, turning Mr. Manley's gallant look toward her. Surely his eyes had not been so prom-

inent as this in the old days? But stores of love and tenderness struggled up and made her say:

"You have n't changed a bit, Charles, either." She endeavored to add to Mrs. Rawdon, "Your husband is just the same that he was at twenty-five"; but the repetition of the monstrous lie, though formulated in her mind and dictated by her will, would not pass her weak and frozen lips. Away in the back of her mind a wandering thought passed by; namely, that both Mr. Manley and Mr. Bakington had grown so literally loathsome since Charles had called that she could never work again on the same committee with either of them, and a wispy ghost of regret that this was so, and that the work of some organizations or other—what were they?—would suffer, just crossed the periphery of her consciousness.

For by this time all her hopes and energies were concentrated on surviving this call. Could she but live to bow to Charles and his wife as they drove away, she would feel that a most complicated gymnastic had been concluded with dancing-school perfection.

This brought a fresh terror into her mind. Doubtless they expected some refreshment. If not supper, then at least ginger-ale; but she must ask them to supper. She first formulated in her mind the exact sentence she would say, and then by main strength uttered it:

"Charles, you and Mrs. Rawdon will stay and have a bite of supper?"

"Thank you, thank you, Elizabeth; a very kind thought, indeed. I am sorry to decline it; but when I explain [Could it be Charles's voice pronouncing "explain" with those identical pedagogical implications?—when I explain to you," Charles said, "that we are traveling on schedule, you will see yourself that it will be quite impossible to gratify your—to gratify our—ourselves—"

He took out his watch.

"Ginger-ale, then. There's always a bottle in the ice-box. Excuse me," Elizabeth said, trying to hasten, finding her

dress caught in the cane seat of her chair, and tearing it viciously as she twitched it out.

"No, no, Elizabeth," Charles said with kind firmness, and the air of carefully detaching the paw of an affectionate dog. "Very kindly thought of, but when I explain to you—"

"You're not going yet?"

"You will see that it is impossible, quite impossible. As I said, we must be in Bennington by seven-thirty. Our schedule has been very carefully planned; there is to be nothing fortuitous about it. I mean by that that nothing is to be left to chance."

"Did you plan to call—to call on me? or was that—fortuitous?"

"In a way, yes, we planned it. From the beginning we thought of it," said Charles in his lovely voice, and with all the beaming gallantry and all the elephantine patronage he had shown by turns now gathered up in one aspect. "We would both have felt that something really essential was lacking in our little trip. We would have been distinctly disappointed!"

With sinking sensations, as in the rise of an elevator, Elizabeth saw him cock his fat head on one side as he rose and began his adieu. He shook her hand, crunching her one ring painfully into the flesh of three fingers as he did so. She choked back a nervous scream, and opened the top of the front door, which was Dutch. The warm, but fresh, outside air rushed over and revived her. Mrs. Rawdon murmured something about "interesting old house," but without ceasing to rub the wrinkles of her silk gloves upward over her wrists, as she had been doing incessantly throughout the call. Her fussy dress of chiffon and crêpe de chine was at last outside, her dim personality faded down the path, Charles's rubicund, genial stare and hardware smile at last were turned away, when the church bell began to toll as if for a funeral or a fire. Yes, a funeral, a fire, an early love was being buried or cremated, and the chief mourner was without even the luxury of tears.

The Social Revolution in England

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Golden Lads," etc.

THE opinion has been wide-spread among social workers in America that the war has crushed liberalism in England. They have formed this opinion because social work has been postponed, trade-union rules have been abrogated, dissenters like Bertrand A.W. Russell silenced, Russian revolutionary centers in London suppressed. But it is a characteristic of experts working in details to miss the main currents of tendency. No friend of radical democracy need be worried by the results of the last two years. The blood spilled by the working-classes at the front has been justified by the profound modifications wrought in English consciousness. A nation mobilized and under arms is a rich field for radical ideas. Blood fertilizes the soil for change. Those of the school of Curzon and Gwynne, who believed that the good old days of special privilege would be restored by conscription, are doomed to an awakening more thorough than befell the French reactionaries of 1790. For this is not an affair of a few noble heads. It is the re-making of a nation.

England is taking strides toward cooperative socialism. For the first time in their history, the English are thinking in terms of a state—"a modern state, in all its complexity, with scientific laws and regulations." This is a view "utterly strange to English thought, steeped as it always had been in empiricism, and only inclined to such piecemeal legislation as a particular grievance or a particular occasion might demand." I am quoting a government investigator. These tendencies were already in operation before the war; but what might have required twenty-five years to bring to a head, the war has accelerated, intensified, and even altered.

It is a misreading of English character to think that anything remotely resembling the state socialism of Germany, the card-indexing of the community for vocational training, the regimenting of the intellectual life into a body of state-controlled professors, will result from the present English revolution. The social change in England is not coming with any such over-emphasized nationalism. The Englishman wants to be let alone for all his personal choices. He wants to disagree with official statements. He will not be coerced even for "his good," as that good is seen by another. Nor will the change come as an indeterminate, spreading internationalism, such as has infected radical thought for half a century. It will be English, inside an English environment.

THERE are two truths so plain that we wonder it required a hundred years to find them out. It is the war that has finally revealed them to our blind eyes. The first truth is that high wages give high productiveness. A well-fed, self-respecting, healthy workman can do more work than an under-nourished, servile workman. If the employer wants a good product and plenty of it, he must pay a living wage. The second truth is that workmen must work efficiently if they wish high wages. If they cut down productiveness there is no money to pay them. The war has smoked the workers out. Their sacred secret processes which required hours to work have turned out as simple as building-blocks. It is public knowledge now, the time it takes to do a piece of factory work. For years the worker has been limiting his output. A manufacturer of marine engines states that where thirteen

rivets were turned out before the war, seventy are now being made by the same number of workers. The worker is making the same fight here that he made when he broke the first machines. The machines were robbing him of his living, he thought. Instead of that, they have given more men a better living. Of late years the worker has been fighting his own productivity. How is shrinking wealth to give him an expanding wage? Where is the money to come from? As a method in a given emergency, sabotage and limitation of output are effective; but as a nation-wide policy they are instruments that cut the hands of the user. The trade-unions surrender their hard-won regulations, and suddenly production leaps up as if it had been released from a dead-weight. They are still insisting on government guarantees that the old restrictions will be handed back to them after the war. It would be flattering to write that it is by labor that the constructive thinking is being done, but it would be untrue. There is absence of patient thought, lack of a constructive program, the muddle of a helpless creature caught unawares in a tidal wave.

It was the making of shells that taught England the new synthesis of capital and labor. Suddenly she was forced to turn out huge quantities of a product in order to save the lives of her people. Under that tragic pressure she had to learn overnight how to get a large product. She began in the manner dear to ruling classes: she started an old-time "personal-morality" campaign of the evangelistic sort, and her most gifted exhorter, Lloyd-George, went out to down drink. She then preached thrift to the factory-worker. But she soon dropped that way of getting at it; she stopped lecturing the laboring-man for his bad habits.

And swiftly she found the solution. It is this:

State ownership of some factories; state control of many factories; state oversight of an ever-increasing number of factories; a conscription of abnormal profits for the community; a living wage; decent work-

ing conditions; limited hours of labor; no restriction of output; no sabotage; no discrimination by workers against workers, but all to be employed, union and non-union, male and female; efficiency; the use of machinery up to its capacity instead of dribbling a process through a day where a half-day of proper handling would have completed the product.

There are broken planks all along the length of this platform. But every sag has meant decreased output, a longer war, more young men killed in battle. And once England had settled the main question with a measure of honesty, she found that some other things were added onto her. When she paid a living wage to people who had never had it before, and put before them a national ideal instead of a benefit for another class, she found that two million persons joined her national savings fund, thereby breaking an immemorial British habit. She found that her prisons had fewer inmates, that the personal morality of her inhabitants was in the main improved. She found that her school children in factory communities were better nourished than they had been in the memory of the examining physicians. She found that her woman question solved itself. The very suffragette leaders, such as Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Pankhurst, who had put gray hairs on Lloyd-George's head and lines of worry into his face, recruited soldiers, explained the national need to the men miners of the north counties, assisted in organizing masses of "unemployable" women into industrial workers, and were welcomed by Lloyd-George and the Government as efficient helpers in unifying the nation. And, far more important than the co-operation of a handful of leaders, the unrest and discontent of large numbers of women became transformed into energy.

While it is true that only half a million women have entered industry, that figure is only a fraction of the number of women who have transferred their activity from domestic service and the parasitic trades into the main channels of industry. In munitions alone four hundred thousand

women have stepped over from unregulated hours and low wages to sharply defined hours and comparatively high wages. These women, and several hundred thousand others in factory processes, in railway, tram-car, and omnibus work, and in business superintendence, have "tasted blood." By that I mean they have won an increased freedom and independence, however imperfect even yet, and a higher wage. To send them "home" will prove a task larger than the paper resolutions of any men's trade-union that women workers must give up their jobs.

It is one more of time's ironic revenges that it is the entrance of women upon the scene which has precipitated social questions to solution, where before they were seething in separate, repellent elements. Woman's long campaign for the vote supplied the needed intellectual criticism of plural voting and of suffrage restricted to a property qualification. "Manhood" suffrage will be granted. It is not possible for a nation to deny a vote to men who have been ready to die for that nation. This manhood suffrage will include votes for women, for the women have mobilized with an equal loyalty.

Woman's irritating presence in industry has emphasized the demand for proper working conditions. It has sharpened the wage controversy, and it has revealed the need of far-reaching measures to deal with the unemployment situation that the nation will face on the day of peace. Women are not going to enter industry. They have already entered it, and half a million fresh workers have been added. It is clear that increasing the number of workers does not lessen the problem of a living wage. There is only one answer to the violently acute situation which has been forced by these women, and which will come to a crisis when six million men hang their khaki in the closet. The areas of production must be widened not tenderly and with the imperceptible gradualness of a natural process, but swiftly.

(1) The land must be broken up into small holdings. Coöperation in produce and marketing must be practised among

the peasant proprietors. Ireland has blazed the way here.

(2) The state must institute fields of activity at home, helping to establish new industries, such as dye-works. It must make use of an immense amount of new automatic machinery, installed to make shells, and adapted to an expansion of general engineering work and to the creation of new industries. The head of a motor-car company told me that two thirds of his present machinery has been created since the war. The report of the British Association states, "For the first time in the history of the west of Scotland engineering shops had been filled with modern machine tools." This enormous investment cannot be scrapped.

(3) The state must greatly extend its sphere of activities throughout the empire in cattle-raising, in developing raw lands, in producing commodities from the land.

These methods will be used to meet the unemployment situation by furnishing new jobs, and to meet the burden of increased taxation by giving an increased income. The larger program will of course be postponed till its advocates are more numerous and better organized. Such a program will include:

(1) An extension of transportation facilities, a greatly enlarged use of waterways, the building of new and better roads.

(2) Improved housing. The foul slums of great cities and towns, the vile homes of agricultural laborers, will have to be razed by as drastic a plan as that by which Haussmann drew his blue pencil down through the jungle of Paris. New dwellings in the place of the "lung blocks" must be built.

(3) Afforestation. If it proves true that there are several million acres in the British Isles that are unfit for intensive agriculture, this area affords an opportunity for forest development, which in eighty years would offer rich returns to the state.

Under such an extension of enterprise there would be plenty of work after the war, and therefore plenty of jobs. The

problem is how to obtain the money with which to finance the work. The war has shown how to get the money. The conscription of profits, death duties, and the taxation of incomes have availed, with new areas of production, to give a more wide-spread, better-distributed prosperity to England than she enjoyed before the war. It is the line of solution that will be enforced after the war. The exact pressure that will enforce it is the demand for a continuation of the present high wages.

This program is being postponed as long as possible. Its items will be applied unevenly, and parts will go neglected. Committees of Parliament are sure to bring in ingenious little outlines for legislation, which will affect a few thousand workers, while the army will demobilize at the rate of five thousand a day. But for every failure in boldness and energy, for every lag in execution, the nation will pay in decreased exports, falling wages, the pressure of taxation, and a wrangle between masters and men. The new order of life is still badly delayed at many points. The lot of the agricultural laborer is miserable. The "East Ends" of the industrial cities remain sodden. An immense number of workers are being underpaid, for the rise in wages has reached only a fraction. A ministry of commerce and a ministry of labor are needed at once, and in the ministry of labor there should be a department for women's work, conducted by women under-secretaries.

Wages and hours remain the heart of the social movement. The emphasis will not shift from wages and hours. But a new demand has been added to these "old timers." It is the demand by labor for a voice in the control of their working conditions. Mr. Lloyd-George responded to this demand by greatly increasing the scope of welfare work in factories. Through the famous manufacturer and social worker, Seeböhm Rowntree, he has put protective agencies at work in munition factories which affect the lives of half a million persons who were not safeguarded to the same extent formerly.

This safeguarding is done by welfare secretaries, whose duty it is to study the health, home conditions, and sanitary appliances of women. Grievances of workers are laid before these secretaries. Welfare secretaries are not a new arrival in British industry, but there were few of them in relation to the immense numbers of factories and workers. This movement toward conducting industry in its social relationship from the point of view of the worker is in its beginning. Labor will press on for an increasing recognition of its right to be heard in management in workshop adjustments, the speed of machinery, rest-times, hours of work, details of discipline, and the grading of labor.

As this tide of reform rises higher, there is a back wash. Class education, land monopoly, a state church, persist down to our own day. England has continued in a modified, far less harsh form those special privileges of a ruling class that in France led to the overthrow of the nobility and the clergy. The industrial revolution of a century ago suddenly altered the texture of feudal English life, just as it would have altered France without the French Revolution. It added a new upper layer to the pressure from overhead on the manual worker in agriculture and industry at the same time that it gave an ever-increasing population a share in the means of production. But the coming of machinery, creating a new world, was powerless in England to disturb the big land holdings, the church, and restricted education. They have continued to govern the conditions of life. The best defense of the class system which I have recently seen is that given in lectures to the University of Pennsylvania by Geoffrey Butler under the title of "The Tory Tradition." He clearly shows the contribution which has been made by the Tory rejection of a utilitarian standard, their distrust of sectional control, their insistence on the organic conception of the state, their belief in the power of tradition and the ancient processes of government, their emphasis on national duties, and therefore on a far-

sighted foreign policy. He says, "Our system of classes represents the effect of selection by the capacity to govern." And again, "Hereditry is no Tory invention, but a scientific fact."

In any analysis of unseemly class preponderance the honest student of English conditions has to qualify the downright statement. Thus the landed gentry have often exercised a personal care for their tenants and the village community that the modern Liberal captain of industry has sometimes neglected to exercise toward his employees. But the land monopoly has prevented England from being self-supporting and from relieving the pressure on industry of an overcrowded labor supply. It has robbed her of a sturdy land-owning peasantry like the French, and has given her in their place a city-bred, undersized, intellectually feeble, morally infirm lower class.

The intellectuals of the public schools and of Oxford and Cambridge have supplied a poise and dignity to modern life that a mediocre democracy lacks. Their graduates have given honest leadership in the Government. Recently their young men have gone gallantly to a service from which there is no returning. But much of the defense for the rigid medieval class system, in so far as it possesses an intellectual basis, has been supplied by public school and university men. They are living in the home of lost causes.

The belated Tory Church of England clergy have continued to be an ameliorating influence in their communities. Their sane manner of living, their personal kindness, their patient absorption in the humble lives about them—all these make a contribution we overlook in our easy generalizations on the decayed church. And there are abounding elements inside the established church itself that are as liberal as any elements in modern life. That church still has wise leaders, like Dean Welldon of Manchester and a dozen others. The sacramental view of life has profound and permanent values for certain persons. But when all has been said, it remains true that the church, with its

compromised theology, its indifference to social injustice, its ignorance of where the modern fight for righteousness is being waged, its land holding, its taxation, its absence of intellectual force in seeking truth, has acted as a deterrent in the emancipation of the masses. A state religion has been a soporific, drugging the laborer to believe that his lot in life was a part of the scheme of things. As an institution the church, and as a body the clergy, have not sought equality for their communities. The present National Mission of Repentance and Hope, the most ambitious crusade the church has launched in many years, has been swung over into an evangelistic campaign against the personal vices of drink and sexual indulgence, and into an old-fashioned appeal for personal righteousness and the deepening of the religious life. The majority of the bishops remain blind to the demand of the workers for an economic underpinning to their lives. The workers believe that the way to a proper life is by taking a hand in the control of industry, by a living wage, and by fewer hours of work. They are frankly uninterested in the restriction of public houses and a more diligent attendance in places of worship till they see that their larder and their leisure are guaranteed.

These, then, are the forces of reaction tightening themselves for the struggle. These great estates of the landed gentry, the clergy, and the public school and university men will die hard in defense of the class system. They will be powerfully supported by the individualistic capitalist, avid for his profits, and by the timid, unintelligent middle class, fearful of its narrow income from rents, stock-holding, and small investment.

BUT the same quick action that turned out shells by the acre will be enforced by the return of a nation in arms. It is not that they will use the rifle to shoot. It is that their strength has been compacted where their eye can see it, their organization ready-made for them, their service to the nation acknowledged. Soldiers and work-

ers are the same men, inside the small area of an island. At one stroke war won those things for which in peace a portion of the English people seek in vain: proper food, correct conditions for efficiency, a pension for dependents, high honor for service, a common sacrifice, and, embracing all like a climate, a favoring public opinion, a great universal equality. They will demand that the same humanity be let loose into their daily life of the factories. Is the basic work of peace less worthy than trench routine?

There has been a certain vital force in new countries that England has lacked in recent years. Some of that living element went out to America and the colonies. It founded free institutions, established a wider equality, liberated a play for individual initiative. It left England grayer and heavier than in its great epochs. Next to the sleeping strength of the Russian peasantry, the English mass is the slowest-moving force in the modern European world.

Observers of England have written down this slackening of effort as laziness. But "laziness" and "drink" and "thriftlessness" are the invariable resort of an imperfect analysis. What was the cause of that laziness? I believe that we have the answer in the weakness that sets in when an organism gets out of touch with its environment. All the conditions of modern life were changing rapidly, and England revealed little adaptability in fitting herself to the change. What the war has made clear is that England was losing her stride in the modern world. She was lagging in agriculture, industry, and applied science. To put the matter clearly and frankly, an anemia had spread over English life in recent generations. Through lack of vocational training, the working-man had lost ambition, and his power of production had lost pace with German and American workers. The huddled, sheltered, unproductive lives of middle-class people were often without direction and purpose because they were untrained. The upper class had lost power of constructive leadership in the

traditions of an education unrelated to the realities of modern life.

This war has wakened England. It has made the working-man work at full-tilt for the first time in his life. He has been willing to do it, because the product served a national purpose instead of the profit of another person. He has been physically able to do it, because an increased wage gave him better food. He has discovered how to do it, because the pressure of necessity has unlocked brain cells which in ordinary times would have required a term of education to coördinate. The war has turned the middle-class home inside out, and freed the respectable unemployed into usefulness. It has given new and more active forms of employment to women caught in domestic service and the parasitic trades of "refined" dressmaking, millinery, and candy manufacture. Finally, the war has given a career to upper-class Englishmen. For the first time in their lives they feel they have found something active to do through noble sacrifice. The sigh of relief that went up at the discovery that life was at last worth living, if only because of its brevity, was echoed in the poetry of officers as it drifted back from the trenches.

The key to the present situation is the sudden enormous release of energy. Male labor has felt it, and has responded with increased production. Women have felt it, and have transferred their activities from low-pressure drudgery and parasitic employments to the main channels of industry. The directors and capitalists have felt it, and have sanctioned new areas of production, new automatic machinery, and more liberal terms for their workers. The state has felt it, and has taken a direct hand in the encouragement and control of industry. An incredible amount of energy has been let loose in England which before was lying latent in underpaid, undernourished working-men, in individualistic business men, in unimaginative government officials, in extra daughters in the household, and in attached women of a moderate income and no profession.

A spiritual transformation would come

to pass if atoms were dissociated and the latent energy in matter released into a torpid world. What coal and electricity and radium accomplish in burning through obstruction and speeding up life would be transcended by that new amazing release of force. But that very thing took place in the social organism. Industrial labor and the home were each an "indestructible atom," the final unit that could not be pried open, or separated into parts. And suddenly it was broken up, and an immense energy set going in the community.

To maintain this increased activity after the war will require an enlarged system of state education. Vocational training must be given to the young in place of the present laissez-faire policy, which lets children slip out from control, at the age of fourteen and even younger, into "blind-alley" pursuits. England will have to be remodeled or else lose her place among the nations.

If she fails to take action in accelerating industrial democracy, she will see her surviving young men sailing in droves for Canada and Australia. The colonies are far-sighted, and their propaganda in England is continuous, and has greatly increased since the beginning of the war. Show-windows on the Strand and King's Road, and like strategic points of great cities, are filled with the genial products of the soil and the mines,—ears of grain and slags of metal,—and the background a gay painting of an overseas city, with its hospitable harbor. Pleasant-voiced and energetic gentlemen inside the roomy, prosperous offices tell you what you can make of your life if you pull up stakes and come with them to the new lands. If England fails, she will be stripped of men, and will become a feminist nation. But she will not fail. The penalty is too severe.

It would be easy to play the rôle of a prophet here, and ride a radical gallop through the coming England. But I have consistently limited this outline to the tendencies already under way, to the currents already running. I have struck out the minimum of social remodeling, as rec-

ognized by middle-of-the-way publicists. I can quote "The Saturday Review" on a minimum wage for agricultural labor, "The Times" on the idea of national syndication, the Government on the "pig-sty" in which the farm-laborer has been forced to live, and Mr. Asquith on woman's claim to a vote on the basis of her war work.

To suppose that these changes are going through gracefully is to dream in the daylight. They are coming jerkily, unevenly. Nothing will be granted except as it is forced. I have heard talk by persons in well-to-do homes about the new brotherhood of the trenches. One of the most distinguished English writers said to me:

"Do you think working-men will ever feel bitterly again, now that they have seen their officers leading them and dying for them?"

It did not occur to her to inquire how gallantry in an infantry charge would prove a substitute for a living wage. There will be brotherhood after the war if the privileged classes pay a living wage; but from what some of their representatives have said to me I gather that brotherhood is to be practised by the workers in ceasing to agitate for the basic conditions of a decent life.

NOT much of this emancipation is being made in love. It has largely come by the clever use of force, and what it brings will be like the gains of war for territory—areas soaked with human tears, breeding-places of fresh dissension. The eternal questions will beat in again after the new order is established. Is a living wage the final answer to the homesickness of the human spirit? Does a materialistic conception of life satisfy the longing of the heart? Are the claims of beauty met by uniform rows of neat little dwellings and by sanitary factories? Have we really crossed the great divide and arrived finally in the sunshine? One doubts it. The life of the spirit is not so easily satisfied. But as in the present war of arms political differences are buried, art and poetry forgotten, and all the national will focused

on this one thing to do, so in this greater struggle the vast complexities of life are overlooked for the sake of a working program of action and a sharp summary. Happiness and morality, beauty and religion, are left to take care of themselves.

It is not from brotherly love that an increased coöperation between the directors and the workers is being established, but because without coöperation the production of wealth is lessened, capital is diminished, and wages are decreased. That coöperation is not secured by telling the laborer to "be good," to remember the nation, and to forget his wage. The capitalist of the past has been indifferent to the welfare of his workers. He has had his mind on individual profit, not on national wealth. If he acts in the future as he has in the past, extracting an immediate high profit at the expense of the worker, and therefore of the national wealth, the control will be taken from him, and will pass over automatically into the hands of the democracy. It rests with the capitalists themselves whether they and their system will survive or whether their function will be taken over by the industrial group and the state. Capital and labor are a permanent institution; but the capitalist, unlike the laborer, is by no means an indispensable unit in the institution. If the capitalist will handle himself in relation to his employees as the French officer does in relation to his men, he can postpone his extinction indefinitely. If he develops a democracy of spirit and attitude, taking less profits and paying higher wages, exercising leadership by intelligence and sympathy, and permitting labor a voice in working conditions, he will remain in partial control of a diminished realm for the immediate future at least. As fast as he fails he will be ousted.

Discipline and responsibility are the essentials for the new life just beginning,

and they rest with equal weight on employer and employee. They are two words which had become unpopular in our recent philosophy of life, because the qualities themselves were out of favor. But the war has revealed their ancient worth under the cake of modernism.

The faults of the English, as I see them, are an almost incorrigible mental torpidity, which is slow to see a new situation and obstinate to move even when seeing it; a deep-rooted belief in the class system; an unconscious arrogance; and a suppression of the emotional life. As the result of these limitations in insight and sympathy, the English race has been backward in the betterment of its own people. It has overworked and underpaid its own sons and daughters till a portion of its population rots in foul slums.

A silent, slow-moving, but determined will, a constancy of purpose, a standard of conduct, often fallen short of, but rather consistently aimed at, are, I think, the saving characteristics of English character. By reason of these virtues,—and they are supreme virtues,—when the English race starts to right a wrong, it goes through with the work to the end. It has now set itself to give justice to its workers. The social movement is more surely on its way in England than in any other country of Europe.

Human history has moved in cycles, and war has often marked the cesura. The French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, and the invention of machinery altered the face of the world and refashioned its inner life. We are to-day in the presence of an industrial revolution as vast as that of a century ago. We in America shall be wise if we, like England, practise preparedness not only in the obvious surface requirements of dreadnoughts and citizen armies, but in the profound modifications of the social structure and consciousness.

THE WORKSHOPS OF WAR

Five Lithographs of British Munition Factories

By Joseph Pennell

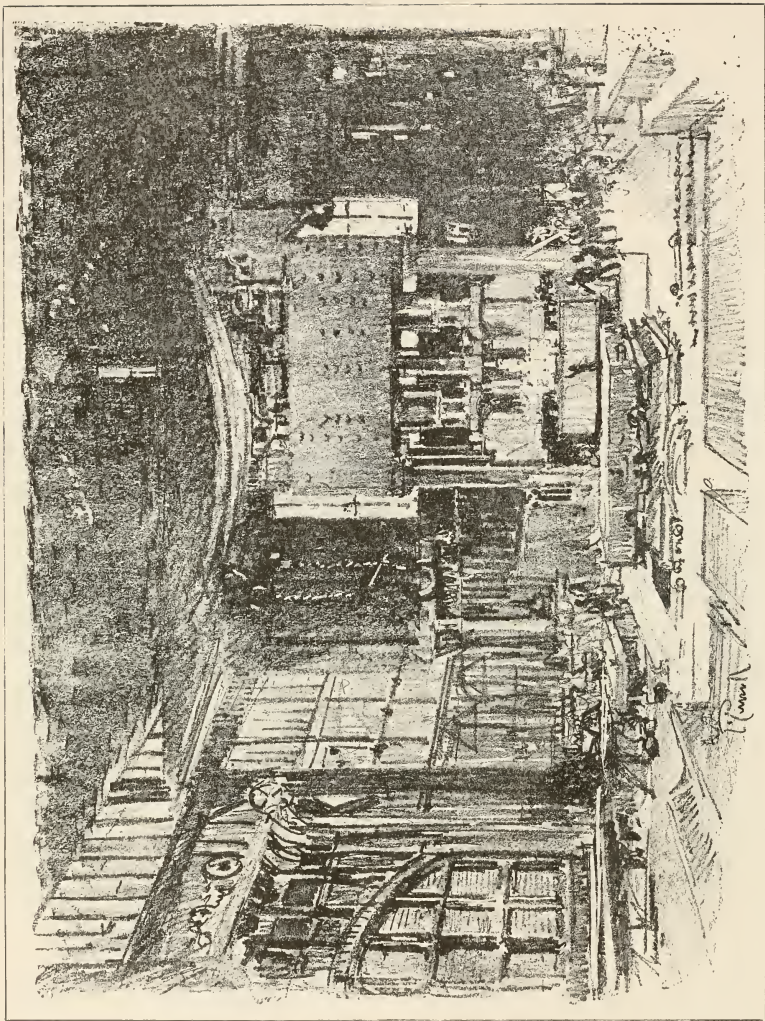
Accompanying "The Social Revolution in England"

By Arthur Gleason

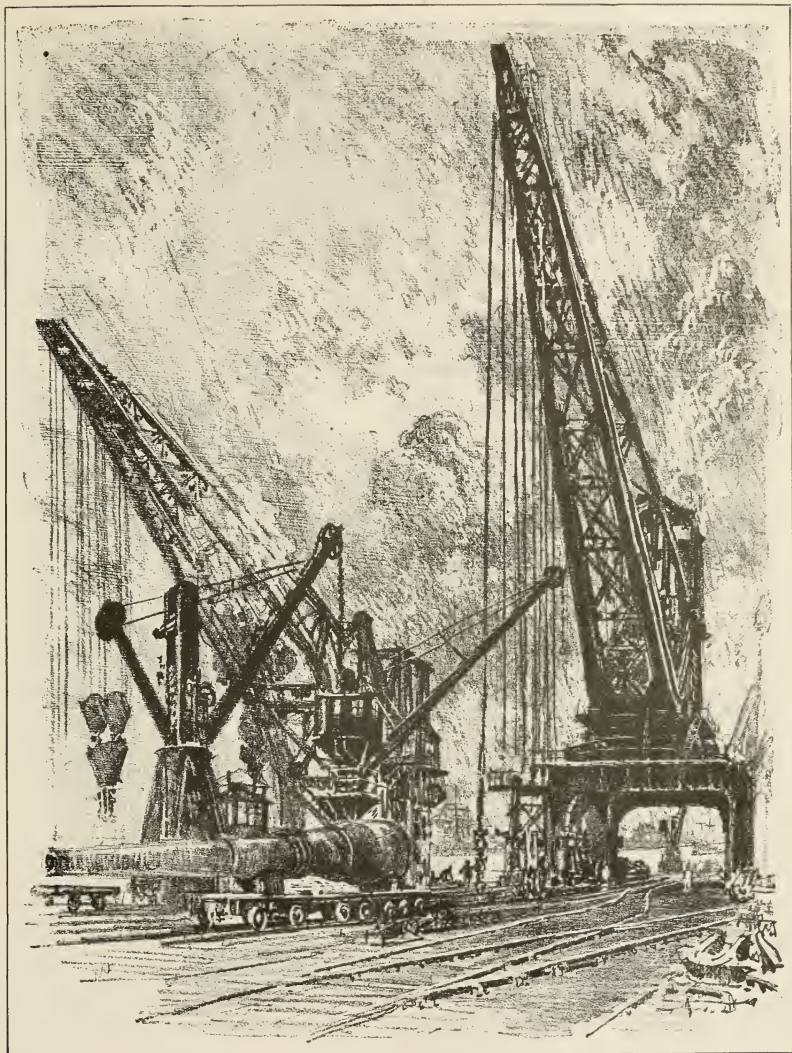


THE BAY OF A THOUSAND GIRLS

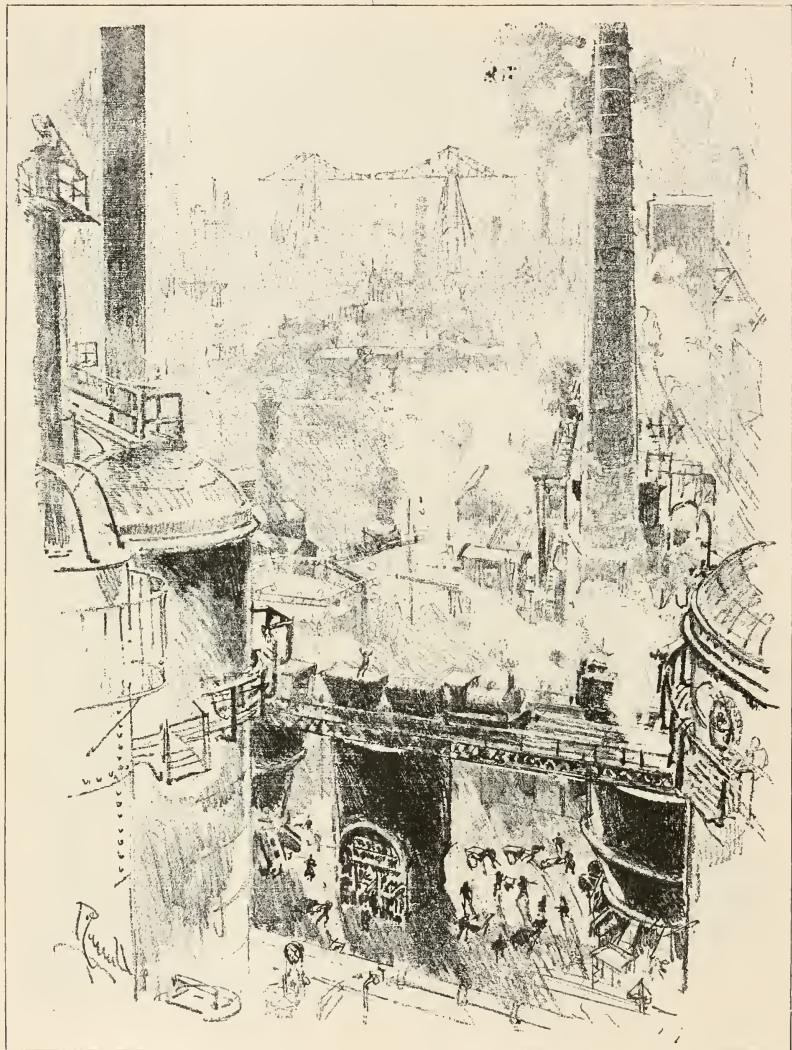
THE BAY OF A THOUSAND GIRLS
ACOLYTES PREPARE THE ALTAR OF THE WAR GOD
GUNS READY TO SHIP
FROM THE TOP OF THE FURNACE
THE OLD GUN DIP



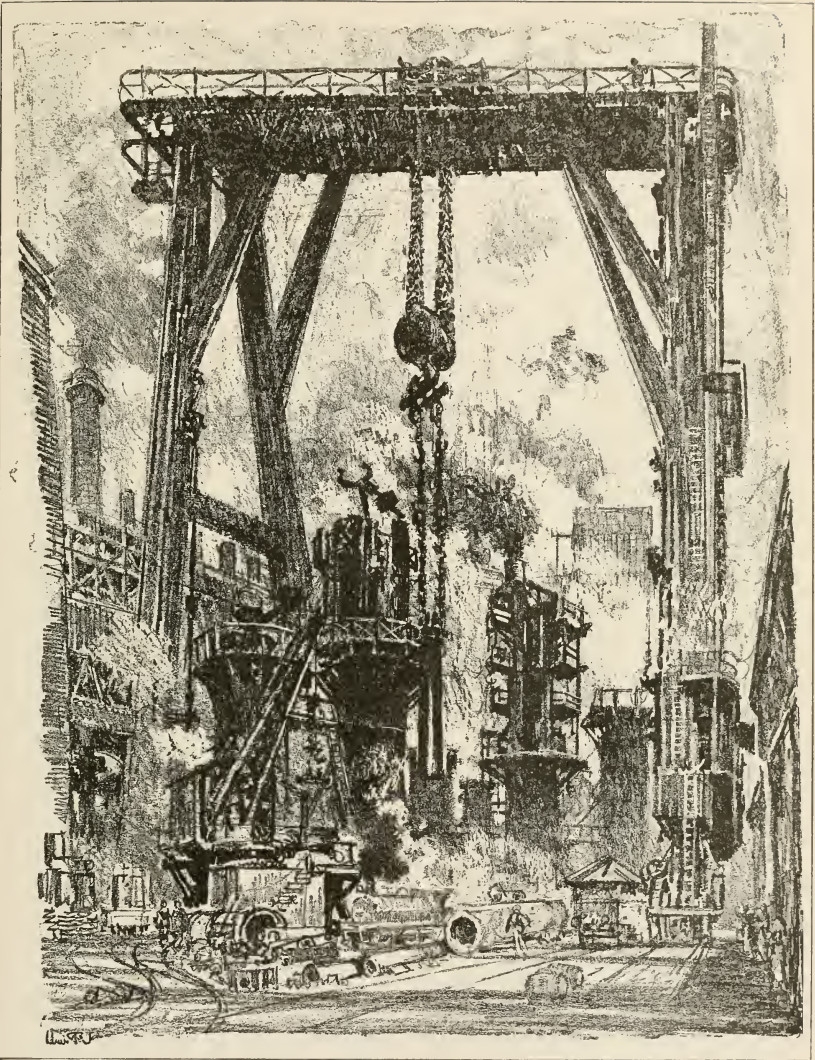
ACOLYTES PREPARE THE ALTAR OF THE WAR GOD



GUNS READY TO SHIP



FROM THE TOP OF THE FURNACE



THE OLD GUN DIP

Fair Play for the Railroads

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Warburg, the Revolutionist," etc.

THE year 1917 promises to be one of the greatest significance in relation to the future of the railroads of the United States. At the suggestion of President Wilson, the whole question of railroad regulation has been put under investigation by a joint committee of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The committee will also look into the question of government ownership. By the time this article is printed, the investigation should be well under way. In addition, the so-called eight-hour law, which is virtually a minimum-wage law for certain classes of railroad-workers, is to be tried out for six months under a special commission.

The railroad problem is one of the most urgent and serious problems confronting the nation to-day. According to President Wilson, it "lies at the very foundation of our efficiency as a people." In reality it is not one problem, but many. On their solution depends in large measure our whole commercial future. In case of war our efficiency in railroad transportation is likely to sway the balance between victory and defeat. It is a primary factor in preparedness.

Any discussion of the Adamson law would be futile at this time, when the trial period under its provisions is already under way. A much more important matter is the investigation into the whole subject of railroad regulation. It is apparent that radical changes must be made in the present system. As it is, the railroads are not keeping abreast of our commercial advancement. We have no national railroad policy.

It is over ten years since President Roosevelt whirled his big stick and his party reluctantly passed a railroad-regu-

lation law, considerably amended through the vigorous opposition of the railroads. The proponents of the law intimated that it brought in the golden age of railroad-ing. The railroads were to flourish like the green bay-tree, the shippers' troubles were to be taken care of, scandalous financial malpractices were to end. Unfortunately, none of these predictions has been fulfilled. Instead of the golden age, we have had a very dark age indeed.

THE trouble is that the Hepburn law precipitated a veritable orgy of regulation. In addition to the Interstate Commerce Commission, over forty state commissions have put their fingers into the railroad pie, to say nothing of direct action by state legislatures and the courts. Everything about railroads has been regulated by the States, from issues of bonds and stocks down to locomotive-bells and window-screens and cuspidors. A railroad passing through twelve States has to submit to twelve different and often contradictory kinds of state regulation, in addition to the mandates of the national commission. In the last five years nearly five hundred laws affecting railroad operation have been passed by the States and the nation. About ten times that number have been introduced in the various legislatures. During the preceding five years the number of new railroad statutes ran into the thousands.

The result has been waste, confusion, and virtual stagnation in railroad development. In the year ending June 30, 1916, despite general business expansion and prosperity, only 719 miles of railroad were constructed in the United States. This is less than any year since 1848, with the exception of the first year of the Civil

War. In the decade ending with 1907, before the era of state regulation set in, our new railroad construction averaged annually nearly 5000 miles.

Over forty thousand miles of our railroads, representing about a sixth of the total mileage and a total capitalization of two and a quarter billion dollars, are represented by bankrupt roads in the hands of receivers. Freight congestion, due to lack of facilities, has reached a point where it is a distinct menace to both producer and consumer. As this is written, the price of coal has just jumped fifty per cent. in New York, primarily because of railroad congestion. According to well-informed railroad men, the transportation problem now seriously affects not only the banker, the investor, and the shipper, but the welfare of every citizen.

According to information gathered by the Interstate Commerce Commission Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives, it will require an expenditure of from five to fifteen billion dollars to supply the railroads of the country with sidetracks, warehouses, terminal facilities, and the other equipments and improvements necessary to handle the transportation business of the country in the near future. To raise such a sum under present conditions seems to railroad men like an Arabian Nights dream. For four years one of the biggest banking houses in New England has been consistently advising its clients against investing in any railroad securities whatsoever. Many New York bankers have pursued a similar course.

Before our transportation needs can be met, railroad credit must be built up to such a point that stocks can be issued instead of bonds, that the public will be willing to invest in railroad securities as partners rather than as creditors. Under present conditions this is impossible. Since January 1, 1916, in a period when our national wealth has increased to an unprecedented degree and capital seeking investment has been available as never before in our history, not a single share of new railroad capital stock has been listed

on the New York Stock-Exchange. Many state charters forbid the railroads to sell stock under par. At the present writing the common stock of only a dozen American railroads is being dealt in on the New York Stock-Exchange above par.

A little over a decade ago the railroads were fighting hard against national regulation. To-day their attitude shows a complete reversal. Virtually every railroad manager in the country recognizes that regulation has come to stay. They are reconciled to it, and they are advocating more thorough national control. In fact, they go far beyond the measures proposed by the advocates of the Hepburn statute, now the basis of our national railroad law, which was considered radical ten years ago. "The people want regulation," say railroad managers. "Let's help make it efficient."

Railroad managers are substantially agreed upon the following program to end the present railroad muddle:

Federal incorporation of all interstate carriers.

Federal supervision and regulation exclusively for all carriers of interstate commerce, this supervision to include federal regulation of all securities.

Increasing the size of the Interstate Commerce Commission and dividing it regionally, so that regional bodies, as under the Federal Reserve Board, will conduct investigations on the ground in the different traffic districts and present their findings to the central body at Washington, which need review only exceptions to such findings.

Distributing the functions of the commission so that the same body does not act as judge, jury, and prosecutor.

At the root of railroad inefficiency lies the present system of forty-nine varieties of regulation. Until radical steps are taken to remedy this grotesque policy, our railroads will remain in an unhealthy condition, and the taint of their ill health will be felt through all the channels of industry. We cannot have a constructive national railroad policy until we abolish

state lines in transportation, as we have in every other business and throughout our social life generally. Before the Union was formed the various States conducted an active commercial war against one another by means of tariff duties, embargoes, etc. Under state regulation the States still carry on industrial warfare through the railroads. In railroad matters, after nearly a hundred and thirty years of union, we are still a nation of independent, squabbling colonies.

A curious light was thrown on this condition in connection with the Shreveport rate case. Texas, in order to keep Louisiana merchants from competing in its markets, had fixed a number of rates within the State applying between points of production and jobbing centers and markets in the direction of the Louisiana line. These rates were substantially lower than the interstate rates from Shreveport, Louisiana, to the same Texas points of consumption. The United States Supreme Court sustained the Interstate Commerce Commission in raising the Texas rates so that Louisiana business men could get a square deal.

Thereafter Senator Shepard of Texas introduced a bill in the Senate to abolish the doctrine of the Shreveport case. In a hearing on this bill it developed that while Louisiana was protesting against rate discrimination on the part of Texas, the city of Natchez, in Mississippi, was making a similar protest against the action of Louisiana in fixing rates which excluded the business men of Natchez from the Louisiana markets. Moreover, one of those who appeared in favor of the bill was Judge Prentice, chairman of the Virginia railroad commission, which was at that time complaining that the state rate-fixers in North Carolina had discriminated against Virginia cities.

In short, an appalling condition of interstate warfare was revealed that was hurting business generally and killing railroad development.

Nineteen States have laws regulating the issue of securities of all railroads doing business in the State. The first stock-

and-bond law was passed in Wisconsin. At first the Wisconsin law imposed a fee of a dollar a thousand on all new capitalization. This was changed to a nominal fee to cover the expenses of the state commission in properly passing on applications. Illinois adopted a law based on the Wisconsin statute, but retaining the dollar-a-thousand fee. Missouri, meanwhile, adopted a sliding scale ranging from a dollar down.

In 1914 and 1915 the St. Paul Company, a Wisconsin railroad corporation, had to pay out in such fees to the State of Illinois \$125,000. On a single issue of thirty million dollars, to be spent principally in improvements in other States, the company was forced to pay \$30,000 to Illinois and \$10,500 to Missouri. If the twelve States through which the St. Paul road runs had laws similar to Illinois, the road would have had to pay \$1,500,000 in two years for the privilege of making necessary improvements and extensions.

In 1914 the New York Central Company consolidated the securities of all its lines, a rearrangement involving \$300,000,000. Before effecting this consolidation the road was compelled to pay a fee of \$300,000 to the State of Illinois, under the dollar-a-thousand law, though no new capital was involved in the matter, and of the 3700 miles of New York Central lines only 141 miles lie within Illinois. But the exaction did not stop there. As soon as the new arrangement went into effect, the Central was ordered to pay, under a law passed in 1913, an additional sum of \$250,000 for all stock securities authorized. The railroad sought an injunction against this double tax, and the matter is still in litigation. Virtually the levy is a tax of \$3900 a mile on the Central's line in Illinois.

In addition to the amount assessed in Illinois, the Central was compelled to pay \$300,000 each to Ohio and Indiana, in connection with the reorganization, and \$150,000 to Michigan. Its little adventure in rearranging its securities cost the railroad upward of a million dollars

merely to secure the approval of these four States.

In 1914 the Southern Pacific attempted to put out an issue of two-year notes. To do this it had to get permission in five States, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana. Arizona refused to grant permission unless the road agreed to spend a certain amount of the money in the State. This the railroad could not do. After a long delay the road gave up, and issued one-year notes, for which it did not require permission under the Arizona law. The change was made at a loss of \$250,000.

In Texas repressive laws have killed all railroad development. Most of the roads are bankrupt. The state valuation act has resulted in values fixed by the state commission, which, in the words of one railroad man, "are so décollété that no decent citizen can view them without blushing." Instances are cited of roads, costing \$60,000 a mile to build, valued at \$40,000 and \$45,000. The Texas railroad commission has ruled that no railroad may issue new securities if the total value of its stocks and bonds exceeds "the approved valuation of the completed railroad." It is little wonder that Texas is a railroad graveyard.

A few years ago the Wabash road attempted an issue of preferred stock. For this, under the constitution of Missouri, the unanimous consent of all stockholders was required. Through this provision a single stockholder, with recently acquired shares, was able to hold up the issue and prevent the whole plan of financial reorganization.

The rate muddle with forty-nine States indulging in rate-fixing, competing with one another and conflicting with the rate-fixing powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is productive of some of the most vexatious and costly litigation the railroads have to bear. In some States railroad managers complain that they have to spend from a quarter to over a half of their working hours in court or appearing before various commissions. In some States railroad agents have been arrested

because they would not accept rates established by the state legislature, which had been enjoined by a Federal Court. In other States, in similar circumstances, indictments have been brought against the railroad seeking the injunction. Alabama reduced rates and thereafter decreed that any railroad operating in the State which sought to question in court proceedings the acts of the legislature or the state-railroad commission should thereupon forfeit its license to operate in the State.

An example of freakish legislation is that which requires the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad to maintain general offices, open for business, with transfer-books, etc., in each of the three States in which it operates. This useless triplication costs the railroad, which happens to be bankrupt, half a million dollars a year. An old law of 1872 requires the Poughkeepsie Bridge Railroad Company to keep a tug on the Hudson River to assist tows. Under this hoary statute the New Haven Road, which now controls the bridge, is compelled to spend \$450 a month to charter a tug which wanders about with nothing to do. Some States have blue laws forbidding the movement of freight on Sunday, with the exception of solid through trains and a few emergency classifications.

THE state laws affecting equipment and operation are another source of waste and confusion. Thirty-seven States have diverse laws regulating locomotive bells, thirty-five have laws about whistles, thirty-two have headlight laws. The bells required range from twenty to thirty-five pounds, and one State insists on an automatic bell-ringing device. The five-hundred-candle-power headlights that are good enough for Virginia may be used across the border in Kentucky, but not in North Carolina, which will not permit lights under fifteen-hundred candle-power, or in South Carolina, which holds out for ten-thousand candle-power or a light strong enough to discern a man at eight hundred feet. In Ohio and Michigan headlights must reveal objects not less

than three hundred and fifty feet away, but in Nevada they must show at a thousand feet. Other States fix their requirements in watts merely.

The harmless, necessary caboose has come in for a great deal of contradictory regulation. Most States are content with two-wheel trucks on cabooses, but fifteen require four-wheel trucks. Though many cabooses are eighteen feet long, thirteen States have passed laws fixing a minimum length of twenty-four feet, while Missouri insists that they be twenty-eight feet long, and Maine twenty-nine feet. Eight States have fixed the requisite width of caboose platforms at twenty-four inches, but Illinois and Missouri require thirty inches, while in Iowa and Nebraska respectively eighteen and twenty inches are sufficient. In some of the States cabooses must be equal in constructive strength to a 40,000-pound capacity freight-car; in others to a 100,000-capacity freight-car.

One State has solemnly decreed that there must be a cuspidor between every two seats on passenger-trains; an adjacent State forbids cuspidors as vulgar and unsanitary. One State requires screens in the windows of passenger-coaches, and an adjoining State forbids screens.

Such instances could be multiplied. There is just as much diversity in the laws affecting operation as in those on equipment. For instance, five States require extra brakemen on freight-trains of over fifty cars, two on trains of over forty cars, in three States the train length is fixed at thirty cars, and in three at twenty-five cars. In Illinois and Michigan no extra men are required, but in Indiana they are. The Michigan Central has to carry its extra brakemen a short distance in Indiana to the Michigan or Illinois state-line, and there they are dropped with nothing else to do.

An instance in point are the so-called full-crew laws passed by the States. Any discussion of the full crew, or, as the railroads call it, the extra-crew principle, is not germane to this article. But it is plain that this is a question that should be investigated thoroughly and decided on a na-

tional basis. Up to the present time twenty States have adopted full-crew laws and twenty-one have rejected them. Compliance with the laws enacted costs the railroads over four million dollars a year. The burden of this expense falls not only on the traffic of the twenty States that have enacted full-crew laws, but on all States served by the railroads that also serve the twenty States.

Full-crew laws, for example, cost the Pennsylvania Railroad \$550,000 a year in Pennsylvania, \$180,000 in New Jersey, and \$120,000 in New York. The aggregate amount, \$850,000, representing five per cent. on \$17,000,000 of capital, affects the Pennsylvania's service in every State in which it runs westward to the Mississippi River. It can readily be seen that such an arrangement is distinctly unfair and discriminatory.

Fifteen States have laws designed to secure preferential treatment for their freight by prescribing a minimum movement for freight-cars. Several of these require a minimum movement of fifty miles a day, though the average daily movement throughout the nation is only twenty-six miles. One State imposes a penalty of ten dollars an hour for the forbidden delay. Though under the Federal law there is no demurrage penalty for failure to furnish cars to a shipper, several States have penalties running from one dollar to five dollars per car per day. The result is that the railroads are compelled to discriminate against interstate commerce and against commerce in the States that have no demurrage penalties.

One by-product of all this chaotic regulation has been an increase in ten years of eighty-seven per cent. in the number of general office clerks employed by the railroads and an increase of nearly 120 per cent. (over \$40,000,000) in the annual wages paid to them. During this period the gross earnings of the roads increased only fifty per cent. In the fiscal year of 1915 the railroads were compelled to furnish to the national and state commission and other bodies over two million separate reports, and if duplicates are in-

cluded, the total is swelled to three million.

The cost of state regulation to the railroads, to the shippers, to the public generally, is a staggering sum. It runs into hundreds of millions of dollars a year. The expense of merely maintaining the various state railroad commissions must be close to \$50,000,000 annually.

It is apparent from these details that the present scheme of multiform regulation has reached a point where it is productive of grave economic disabilities. The situation calls imperatively for careful recapitulation and wise national action. Unless there is a radical improvement, farsighted railroad men declare that we must drift rapidly toward government ownership.

In France government ownership with private operation seems to have worked rather poorly. In Germany government ownership and operation seems to have worked rather well. But our system of changing political preferment has not yet secured for the government service a high degree of business efficiency such as distinguishes the German bureaucracy. The German Government has been taking over private businesses on a large scale for the last half-century. It controls virtually all the sources of communication and distribution. The individual states have gone in heavily for socialistic enterprises. The municipalities manage all sorts of commercial activities, from laundries and restaurants and opera-houses to great real-estate developments and timber-lands. Our Government has had nothing like

this long and varied business experience. There is no evidence to indicate that it could now take over the railroads and run them better than the present private management. Moreover, the idea of a congressional railroad pork-barrel is appalling.

A hopeful sign in the present situation is the attitude of the railroads themselves. A decade ago they were at loggerheads with the Government over regulation. To-day they show a commendable willingness to cooperate with the Government to find a solution of the present muddle. "We will do anything to help, provided you emancipate us from the States," was the railroad plea to Congress, made some months ago.

Ten years of regulation have greatly chastened railroad managers. They are not all angels of light, but unquestionably the great majority of them would prefer to make money by running their railroads than by stock jobbing and manipulations. In the long run there is less profit in the latter plan and more danger. There is no doubt they would welcome a copper-riveted national law that would make impossible any repetitions of the Rock Island or the New Haven affair, if only it is made possible to conduct the railroad business on a national basis.

Both political parties are committed to the policy of railroad regulation. President Wilson has said that "there must be no backward step," and the temper of the people generally indorses this dictum. The problem is to secure a distinct forward step in the direction of common-sense efficiency.



Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-X—Two young American women, Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne and Miss Estelle Madison, appear in Florence, Italy, and beg the good offices of Mr. Foss, the American consul, in setting up an expensive establishment in the city. They have money, no culture, but Aurora especially has a vast fund of kindness, and the consul's wife and eldest daughter assist them in their plans and introduce them into society. At a ball at the house of the consul, Gerald Fane, an unsuccessful young American artist, long a resident of Italy, much against his own wish is drawn by the consul into offering to guide Aurora about Florence. It is clear from their conversation in private that Aurora and Estelle are charming social impostors, and have not disclosed their true names and origin.

Meanwhile Gerald and Aurora advance slowly toward friendship. She has not cared for his work, but on his expressing a desire to paint her portrait she gives him sittings. The portrait he paints is not in his usual manner, and it delights her.

Chapter XI

NO festivity has quite the vast and varied glitter of a *veglione*. It takes a whole city to make a party so big and bright. And the last *veglione* of the season is rather brighter than the rest, as if the spirit of revelry, inexhausted at the end of Carnival, made haste to use itself up in fireworks before the cold dawn of Ash Wednesday.

The opera-house is cleared of its rows of seats, the stage united to the parquet by a sloping floor. Every one of the boxes, rising tier above tier in a jeweled horseshoe, offers the sight of a merry supper-party, with spread table, twinkling candelabra, flowers, gala display.

Crowding floor and stage and lobbies, swarm the maskers. In the center of the great floor the *corps de ballet*, regiment of sylphs in tulle petticoats and pale-pink tights, performs its characteristic evolutions to the pulsating strains of the opera orchestra. The public dances in the remaining space—dances, promenades, and plays pranks, the special diversion of the evening being to "intrigue" some one.

When a lady wishes to descend among the crowd, in the darkness at the back of the box she slips a domino over her ball-dress, a mask over her features, and goes forth unknown to all save the cavalier on whose arm she leans.

The only uncovered faces belong to gentlemen. These look often a little foolish, a little bored, because the uncovered faces are the natural objects of the maskers' impertinences, their part the rather barren amusement of trying to divine who it is endeavoring to intrigue, or puzzle, them, and wittily to parry personalities often more pointed than the drawing-room permits.

The party in Aurora's box was large for the size of the box. She had gone on inviting people, then brought hampers and hampers of good things with which to feed them. There were the Fosses, Charlie with all the Hunt girls, Landini, Lavin, the American doctor, the American dentist, and Gerald.

Also Manlio. The Fosses had brought him. He had returned from furlough

some time before. It was known now to everybody that he was the *fidanzato* of Brenda Foss. There was no talk of his leaving the army; on the contrary, he was rumored to have prospects of early advancement to the grade of captain; wherefore the general public took it for granted that the bride's parents were providing the indispensable marriage portion.

Aurora's eyes, at a moment when Manlio's attention was elsewhere, rested on him with a brooding, shining look. The symptoms of a great happiness, though modestly muffled, were plain in his face. The Beautiful One was coming back in the spring, which was already near, to marry him.

Aurora's affectionate look was just tinged with regret. She had suffered a disappointment in connection with Manlio. An obstinate and uncompromising woman beyond the ocean, when invited to join in a harmless conspiracy, had preferred to do actually, to the tune of eight thousand dollars, what the grasping creature should have been satisfied with merely appearing to do. The happiness that pierced through pale marble, like a strong light through pale marble, came to him from the bride elect's aunt, and Aurora felt robbed.

But Mrs. Foss's hand found hers under the table and gave it a warm squeeze, whereupon Aurora's heart swelled in a way it had of doing.

Every one was done with eating; all were in haste to go down on to the floor and find amusement, perhaps adventure, amid the fluctuating, fascinating crowd.

The box was fairly deserted when the door opened again, and the eyes of those left in it, turning to see who entered, were met by two unknown masks.

One wore the costume of a *bravo* of old times, picturesque, disreputable, an operatic *Sparafucile* in tattered mantle and ragged plume. The other was in a black satin domino, and had the face of a crow, a great black beak projecting from a black mask.

They stood a little way inside of the door as if waiting to be addressed. There

was silence for a moment, while the others waited likewise. Within the eye-holes of their masks the eyes of the intruders glittered in the glassy, baffling way of eyes behind masks.

Aurora, unused to the mode of procedure at a *veglione*, asked helplessly in a whisper of Landini:

"What shall I say to them?"

He spoke for her then, in Italian, because he thought it probable that these were Florentines who had come into a strange box for a lark.

"Good evening," he said. "Will you speak or sing, and let us know what we can do for your service?"

The *bravo*, lifting two long hands in loose and torn black gloves, rapidly made signs, like the deaf and dumb.

"You speak too loud," said Gerald. "We are deafened. Let the lady speak."

The black domino, with a shrug of the shoulders and a gesture of black-gloved hands excusing the limitations of a bird, answered by a simple caw.

Aurora now found her tongue and her cue:

"And is it yourselves?" she burst in rollickingly. "Proud to meet you! Will you partake?"

With a hospitable sweep of the arm, intelligible to speakers of any language, she made them free of her supper-table, where the candles still twinkled over an appetizing abundance.

Gerald watched sharply, saying to himself, "If they accept, we shall at least see their chins."

But upon the invitation *Sparafucile*, with farcical demonstrations of greed, reached forth his long fingers in the flapping gloves, seized cakes, white grapes, mandarins, nuts, and stuffed them into his wide pockets; while the black domino grasped the neck of a bottle of champagne and possessed herself of a glass. A caw of thanks issued from the black beak, and from the *bravo*, as with their booty the two retreated to the door, there proceeded, as unexpected as upsetting, a whoop of rejoicing so loud that those near him fell back as if from the danger of an explo-

sion. In the midst of this consternation the maskers were gone.

"My land! did you hear that?" cried Aurora. "Who d' you suppose they were?"

Landini lost not another minute before asking Mrs. Hawthorne if they should go down together for a turn.

Gerald had been on the point of asking the same thing. He felt a sharp prick of annoyance with himself for not having been quicker, as much as with Landini for having been so quick. With the expression of courteous mournfulness proper in an outrivalled cavalier, he made the gesture silently of having been at the lady's service—he, too.

He seated himself, to wait for their return. Only Manlio was left in the box besides himself. Manlio, consecrated to the worship of one afar, cared little to mix with the profane and noisy multitude. Gerald was beginning to think that Landini kept Mrs. Hawthorne rather longer than was fair when the door opened to let them in, with Estelle and Leslie and Percy and Doctor Baldwin, all laughing together.

"Well, have you intrigued any one?" Gerald asked Aurora.

"Me? Oh, I would n't be up to any such pranks," she said. "Has any one been intriguing you?"

"I have n't been down, Mrs. Hawthorne. I have stayed quietly here, hoping to go down with you, if you will be so good; merely intriguing myself meanwhile—" he dropped his voice so as to be heard of her only—"with wondering what kept you so awfully long."

"Interesting company, funny sights."

"Are you too tired to come down again and give me a dance?"

"Bless your soul, I'm not tired; but I'm going home."

"Going home?"

"Man, do you know what time it is?"

"I know, of course. But you can't mean you are going home. You only came at midnight, and it's less than half-past two. Hosts of people stay until the big chandelier goes out."

"Ah, don't try to talk me over! It's time I sought my downy if I want to get up in the morning. We're going to begin Lent like good girls, Estelle and I, by going to church."

Gerald was certain these excuses were hollow. It was obvious, at the same time, that Mrs. Hawthorne was bent on leaving. He was vexed. He wondered what her real reason was, as men so often do, after women have taken pains to give them in detail their reasons, and tried, ignoring what she said, to get some light from her face.

It looked to him excited in a smothered way. He at once connected this repressed excitement with Landini; but, then, the face was mirthful, too, in the same lurking manner, and the proposals of a serious man could hardly affect even the most frivolous quite like a comic valentine.

He finally preferred the simplest interpretation: she had seen as much as she wanted to; she was prosaically sleepy and going home to bed.

"Good night," she said. "Come soon to see us. Adieu; no, ory-vwaw."

"Am I not permitted to take you to your carriage?"

After seeing them tucked in their snug coupé and hearing this wheel off, Gerald returned to the great hall. He without question would remain until the big light was extinguished. Colors, forms, sparkle, golden haze—a painter must indeed be dead or a duffer to leave before the gay glory of it faded and was dispersed in the gray dawn.

The ball was taking a slightly rougher, noisier character as it approached the end. Some of the boxes were darkened, but the floor was full, even after the tired coryphées had been permitted by the management to go home.

Gerald himself now became one of the slightly bored-looking men he had observed earlier, strolling about, *claque* under arm, in the rigid black and white, which took on an effect of austerity amid the blossom-colors of the costumes. He sincerely hoped no one would approach him to intrigue him, and the hope found

expression, more than he knew, in his countenance. He felt unable to meet such an adventure in a manner that would satisfy his own taste. It marked a fundamental difference between him, at bottom a New-Englander, and his friends of Latin blood, he thought, that he had not the limberness, the *laisser-aller*, the lack of self-consciousness and stupid shame, which enabled them so good-humoredly to take the chance of appearing fools. And so before this romance he was only a reader; they were it—the romance.

He could deplore his own gray rôle, but not change it; he therefore wished anew every time a merry masker looked as though she might intend accosting him that she would think better of it and leave him in deserved neglect. He had his wish: in the whole evening he was teased by nobody whatever.

His eyes, straying over the crowd, sought for known faces. All Florence had turned out for the occasion, but some of it had by this time gone home. Most of the men he knew had women on their arms, and from their silence or talkativeness one might without undue cynicism determine whether these were their own wives and daughters or wives and daughters of others.

A tall, gray-whiskered old gentleman in uniform passed him, General Costanzi, who was trying to retain all his dignity while beset by two frolicsome little creatures looking like the chorus in "Faust," who, suspended one on each of his arms, were trying to win from him a promise to take them to supper. He sent toward Gerald a look of comical long-suffering, to which Gerald replied by a nod vaguely congratulatory, and a smile that courteously wished him luck in that lottery.

Carlo Guerra, like him alone, stopped to chat with him. Guerra, a pleasant figure in Anglo-American as well as Florentine circles, with his fine head of a monk whom circumstances had rendered worldly, had, before inheriting his comfortable income, been a journalist. He still enjoyed above all things the exercise of the critical faculty, and had much to

say this evening about a recent exhibition of paintings.

Gerald was hearing it with proper interest when some part of his attention was drawn away by a sound across the house. It was, softened by distance, that species of lion's roar, incredibly large as issuing from a human throat, and comical from such a disproportion, which had startled the audience several times already that evening. Gerald turned, without much thinking, to look off in the direction whence it came and single out the figure with which it was associated, when he was surprised to find the figure he sought almost under his nose. Not more than six feet from him were to be seen the tattered mantle and ragged plume of *Sparafucile*; likewise the thick crow's-beak of the black domino.

The two were looking at him and, his impression was, laughing. He fancied they were on the point of speaking to him.—he had thought earlier in the evening when they came into the box that they might be acquaintances,—but the crowd suddenly pressed tittering against the bandit, pushing and pulling him away. In a moment they were lost among the crowd.

Who, then, had been accountable for the roar at the other end of the house? An imitator? A double? Gerald suspected a masked-ball device intended to intrigue. He gave it no more thought, but proceeded, started on that line by the episode, to reflect on the singularity, yes, the crassness, of Mrs. Hawthorne's determination to leave the ball early. The secret of it was, of course, that she had no imagination, no education of the imagination. A *veglione* was caviar to her. This wonderful scene, beheld for the first time, perhaps the only time in life—and she had had to go to bed just as if they had been in Boston or Charlestown! If one *must* go to church in such a case, it was Gerald's opinion, one does not go to bed at all. But she belonged to the class of people who would miss the last act of an opera rather than miss a train or allow the beans to burn.

He here perceived that he had entirely

lost the thread of Guerra's talk, and that Guerra, probably aware of it, had moved to another subject. It was hearing the name Hawthorne that had startled him to attention.

"I saw you earlier in the evening in a box with Mrs. Hawthorne," Guerra said, "whom, you remember, I had the pleasure of meeting at Mrs. Grangeon's."

Earlier in the year Gerald had taken Mrs. Hawthorne to an afternoon reception given by Mrs. Grangeon, more widely known as Antonia, the authoress, — a tea-party remembered by Aurora with more amusement than pain, but with more pain than amusement by Gerald: for his old friend Antonia had permitted herself on that occasion to treat his new friend, whose clothes, conversation, dimples, and general demeanor for no good reason asperated her, to a royal snubbing. The mention of her now caused a faint darkening of Gerald's face, which cleared again when Guerra, referring to Aurora, nodded with a half-smile and pronounced in the tone of an impartial critic, "*Simpatica!*" After considering a moment, he nodded again. "*Ha gli occhi di donna buona,*" he said, which means, or nearly, "She has good eyes." And Gerald's esteem for Guerra was immensely raised, for while thinking very well of him, he would yet not have expected a man like Guerra to have so much discernment at a first meeting.

Still lingering in desultory talk, the former journalist now asked:

"Have you seen the Grangeon?"

"No," said Gerald. "Is she here?"

"Yes; she is with Princess Rostopchine, in a box of the third order." He looked up and around to find the box with his eyes, and after a moment indicated it to Gerald. "There! Do you see them? The Rostopchine in pale purple, and the Grangeon in an Indian thing all incrustured with green beetle-wings, a thing for a museum. They are talking with a uniform whom I do not know. She was speaking of you this evening—Antonia, asking me what you are doing. She has great faith in your talent."

Gerald's lip curled a little sourly, and he stood looking upward without reply.

Turning to look down through her jeweled lorgnette and running her eyes over the crowd, Antonia now saw him. Recognition lighted her face to unexpected liveliness. She fluttered her hand to him demonstratively.

After bowing and smiling, he stood quietly, with face upturned, receiving her showered greetings.

He had a certain knowledge of Antonia. She was capable of entirely dropping the remembrance of her bad treatment of him when he visited her with Aurora, perhaps forgetting it really, but likelier choosing merely that he should forget it. She permitted herself the caprices of a spoiled beauty.

Her lips framed the words, "Come up! Come up!" while her hand made the equivalent signs.

He nodded assent, and with Guerra walking beside him started on his way. Guerra under the central box excused himself and turned back, having already paid his respects. Gerald, once out in the lobby, advanced more uncertainly, finally hesitated and stopped.

He was not sure he wished to see Antonia in circumstances which would not allow him to express his resentment of her behavior toward the friend whom with her formal permission he had brought to her house. It was owed to Mrs. Hawthorne not to let the incident pass. He had ceased to be furious at Antonia; he had not written in cold blood the wrathful, finishing letter planned in heat of brain. That, after all, was Antonia as he had always known her and been her friend: Antonia, capable of heroisms and generousities, fineness and insight, density and petulance. One could not drop the great woman into the waste-basket because on one occasion more she had been perverse and the sufferer happened to be oneself. But the great woman, thought Gerald, needed a sober word spoken to her. In conclusion, he would not go to see her, no, until he could have it out with her.

And so instead of seeking Antonia in



"With a hospitable sweep of the arm . . . she made them free of her supper-table"

her box, Gerald cut short his difficulty by going home. It was high time; it had been Lent for hours. If Antonia were *intrigata* at his failure to appear, it would only be in keeping with the fanciful circumstances of the hour and place.

CHAPTER XII

EARLY in Lent the weather treated Florence to what Aurora and Estelle called a cold snap. Their surprise and indignation were extreme. That Italy, sunny Italy, should feel herself free to have these alpine or polar fancies!

The little monthly roses, shivering, but brave, blooming still, or blooming already, out in the garden, bore witness, after all, to the clemency of the winter, and upheld the city's title to its name. The garden altogether was nearly as green as ever. Against alaternus, ivy, myrtle, laurustine the season could not prevail. Aurora decided that the blame for their discomfort rested with the house; she planned drastic and fundamental improvements which it was quite certain the noble landlord would not permit her to carry out.

What with Estelle being half sick and herself, as she claimed, half frozen, Aurora at the end of a day during which the sun had not lighted the world by one feeblest ray, and the night had closed down thick and damp, was just a little disposed to low spirits. She had not been out, and nobody had come to see her. She felt the weariness that follows for certain sociable natures upon a long stretch of hours without renewal from outside.

She sensibly reacted against it by making the sitting-room as cozy as she could, drawing close the crushed-strawberry curtains, piling wood on the fire, placing a screen so that it shielded her chair and table from the draft; and, seated in her chimney-corner, took up a piece of knitting.

But wind and rain against the windows made too poor company, and Aurora, suddenly sick of staying up to be blue, wound her yarn to start for bed. But first, for just a moment, she would

go down-stairs, she thought, and have a look at her portrait, for that was the most comforting thing to do that she could think of. She loved her portrait as a child loves its favorite toy.

This she was intending when the sound of the door-bell at once stopped and cheered her by the possibility it held out of some diversion. Vitale entered with a package.

Catching in what he said the name Gaetano, Aurora took it to mean that Gaetano had brought the package. She was waiting below, she did not doubt. Gaetano was Giovanna's nephew, and had more than once come on errands from Gerald. Saying, "*Aspettare!*" she hastened into her room for the *porte-monnaie* which resided in her top drawer. From this she drew a reward that should make the journey through night and rain from Gerald's house to hers seem no hardship. Her blues had vanished.

Before removing the rain-splashed newspaper, she gazed for a moment at the package, trying to guess what it could be. It was square, flat, about a foot and a half one way by a foot the other. What was Gerald Fane sending her like that without any enlightening missive? A note might be inside. She cut the string, took off the newspaper, to find a second wrapper of clean white drawing-paper. After touching and pinching, she guessed the object to be a picture-frame and picture. Filled with curiosity, she pulled off the last wrapping, and with a face at first very blank stared before her. It was a painting, one of the kind she had seen at Gerald's studio and not liked.

Different though it was from the portrait down-stairs,—as different as poverty from riches, as twilight from day,—she could yet see that this also was meant for a portrait of herself. She remembered tying that blue neckerchief over her head and under her chin one evening, trying to look like an Italian in her *pezzola*, to make the others laugh.

She stood the picture on the chair which she had pulled up before her so as to rest her feet on the rung, off the

stone floor, still to be felt, she imagined, through the rug. Of course it was she; but how disappointing—disappointing enough to shed tears over—to have this held up to her after that lovely being down-stairs! How unkind of her friend Gerald!

Unfair, too, for although this, in not being a beauty, was obviously more like her than the other, she could not admit that it was any truer. She could not believe that she ever really looked like this, though she knew that it was the way she sometimes felt. How had Gerald known she ever felt like this?

That she was a person who ate well, slept well, felt well, loved fun, was giving and gay—that was all most people knew, or were entitled to know, of her; all she knew of herself a good deal of the time. Such things could never be the whole of any person, of course. Every one has had something to overcome. Some persons have had to overcome and overcome and overcome one thing after another, one thing after another, that has tried to drag and keep them down. She had had—probably because, as her mother often told her, she was born with such a lot of the devil in her—a great many trials sent to her, for her discipline, no doubt, her cleansing; but she had come out of them still unreduced, still eager for a good time.

Aurora sat lost in reflection, staring the while at her portrait. The face looking back from the canvas was very like her, had she but known it, at this exact moment, while the thoughts produced, the memories wakened, by it substituted for her ordinary hardness the delicate look of a capacity for pain.

As she gazed at the portrait longer she liked it better; from minute to minute she became more reconciled, and found herself finally almost attracted. Something from it penetrated her for which she had no definition. It was perhaps the dignity of humanity confronting her in that strong and simple face framed by the kerchief, like a woman of the people's,—her own face, but not certainly as she saw it in the mirror,—a humanity that out of the com-

mon materials offered to it day by day had rejected all that was mean and contrived to build up nobleness.

Half perceiving that this portrait in its different way flattered her as much as, if not more than, the portrait down-stairs, she, while modestly refusing to be fooled by the compliment, yet felt a motion of affectionate gratitude toward Gerald for the sympathy which had enabled him to pierce beneath the surface and see that Bouncing Betsy had her feelings, too, her history; yes, her bitter tragedy.

While continuing with her eyes on the picture, she from time to time wiped them, and when the door-bell rang again, aware of being "a sight," took the precaution of retiring to her bedroom, so that if Vitale should come to announce a visit,—it was not yet nine o'clock,—she could the better make him understand that he must excuse her to the visitor; she was going to bed.

But learning from the servant that Signor Fane was below, she changed her mind, and chose unhesitatingly from her stock of useful infinitives the appropriate two, "*Dire venire.*"

Gerald found her by the fire, her fur cloak over her shoulders, her woolly afghan in her hands, and the picture on the chair before her.

"Well?" he asked expectantly, looking at it, too, after they had shaken hands.

"You've made me feel sorry for myself. What's the use?" she answered in a little sigh, keeping her reddened eyes turned away from him. "Hush! Wait a moment! I was forgetting," she added, in comedy anticlimax, like a housewife who in the midst of a scene of sentiment smells the dinner scorching. She jumped up, and went without the least noise to close the door to Estelle's room, returning from which she illogically fell to talking in a whisper.

"Estelle's gone to bed with a cold. I've rubbed her chest with liniment, and tied up her throat in a compress, and given her hot lemonade, and let's hope she'll feel better in the morning."

"Let's hope, indeed. I am very sorry

to hear she is ill. I hope you have n't a cold, too, Mrs. Hawthorne. You almost look," he said innocently, "as if you had. This weather is dreadful. You have n't, have you, dear friend?"

"No; I guess what you see is just that I've been crying. Don't say anything about it. Don't notice it. Never mind. Come and sit down by the fire and get warm. Your hand was like ice."

"It is very bad out, and not much better in, except here by your generous fire-side. I have n't been warm all day."

"Why did n't you come before? It is n't what I call balmy here, but I expect it's balmier than at your place."

With her kindly unconstraint she reached for one of his hands, to test its temperature. With a little cry of "Mercy me!" she closed his numb fingers between her palms to warm them, as if the blaze could not have accomplished this end so well.

He let it be, not with the same unconsciousness in the matter as she, but hoping that the soft, warm infolding would somehow do him good. He had come in the rather desperate hope of being done good to. As he had been about to start out, having intended, when he sent the portrait, to follow close upon it, he had found himself feeling so ill—feeling, at the end of the dismal day so indescribably burdened and ill and apprehensive of worse things—that he had been on the point of giving it up. But then the wish itself to escape from his bad feelings had impelled him forth toward the spot glowing warmer and cheerier in his thoughts than any other, where, if he could forget how ill he felt, he would naturally feel better. Aurora's house during the days of painting the first portrait had come to feel remarkably like home to him.

So when Aurora released his hand, saying, "Let's have the other," he docilely gave it to her, though the fire had already partly thawed it. Gratefully, with the hand set free, he covered both her kind hands, which loved so much to warm things and feed things and pet things and give away money.

"So you are all alone this evening?" he asked in the voice that makes whatever is said seem affectionate and comforting.

"Yes. I have n't even Buseretto. I let Estelle keep him on the foot of her bed. It's been a mean sort of day, has n't it? I have n't set foot outside. I was already feeling kind of blue and making up my mind to go to bed when Gaetano came with your present."

There was an intimation in her glance that this event had not made the world appear any rosier.

Both turned to look at the picture. Their hands loosened naturally; they sat apart.

"Can't you see why I had to paint it, Mrs. Hawthorne?" he asked, speaking eagerly, and as if pressing his defense. "How could I endure to have that thing down-stairs stand as my idea, my sole idea, of you? And how could I bear to make you a gift, a sole gift, of a piece of work I do not respect? This may be worth no more,—I think differently,—but it is at least the best I can produce. It has my sanction. You, too, believe me, will prefer it to the other after a while."

She shook her head a little disconsolately.

"The other you can, if you must," he went on, reversing their parts and trying to induce in her a lighter humor, "keep in your drawing-room to make an agreeable spot of color; it has that perfectly legitimate use. This one you will keep out of sight, but will look at now and then, if you please; and I quite trust you, with time, to recognize that it was painted by some one who understood and honored you more than there was any evidence of his doing when he perpetrated, for a joke, that bonbon-box subject down-stairs."

Mrs. Hawthorne, with soft and saddened eyes fixed on the portrait, again shook her head, sighing, "Poor thing!"

"Not a bit!" he protested almost peevishly. "Please not to suggest by pitying her that I have not represented there a fine, big, strong thing, built to stand up under anything!"

"What I meant," she explained, "was

that looking at her has made me think of all the things that have gone wrong with me in my whole life. You could n't have painted this picture if you had n't suspected those things, and, honest, I don't see how you could suspect them. Ever since I came over here I've been so jolly. But I've not been spared my troubles, Geraldino; you were right there."

At this reference to many sorrows, he found a thing to do more expressive than words. Sitting near each other as they were, he could reach her without rising; he bent forward and touched his lips comiseratingly to her hand.

He might have known that it would bring her story, but he had not schemed for this, and, unwilling, yet eager, to hear, was a prey to compunctions on more than one ground when, after a little gulp and sniff, she burst forth:

"I've seen perfectly dreadful times, Geraldino. Some of them were the sort of thing you can get over, but some of them—upon my word, I wonder at myself how I've got over them as I have. The queer thing is—I have n't, in a way. It will come over me sometimes, in the queerest places, at the oddest moments, that I am still that woman to whom such awful things happened."

"I know," murmured Gerald, and took her plump hands steadily between his hard, thin ones.

"I've never had any sense," she let herself go. "Anybody can see that; and when I was younger I had even less, naturally, than I have now. Always, always, I wanted so to be happy! I wanted to have a good time. I was born wanting to have a good time. And everything was against it. But I managed somehow. One way or another, I got to the circus 'most every time. My mother used to wonder what my finish would be, and try to lick the Old Boy out of me. But it could n't be done. I'm just like my father, my dear old pa, who was a sinner. He let ma have her way in everything, as he thought it right to do. Not, I guess, because he always liked her way, but because after my sister, who was a beautiful child,

died in such a terrible way that I can't even bear to mention it,— She caught fire!" Aurora hurriedly interjected,— "ma came so near going out of her senses that pa humored her in everything. He thought the world of her; so did we all, but it could n't be called a happy home. There were three boys, besides me,—I was the last,—and we were all such everlastingly lively young ones, and ma was so strict! Pa was away most of the time getting a living. My pa, you know, was a pilot. It was n't a fat living for so many of us, but that would n't have mattered, long as we had enough to eat. But ma, poor soul, because of that twist her mind had taken through sorrow, was always seeing something wrong in everything we did; she never could be quiet or contented. The boys did n't get so much of it. They were off out of doors and later at their trades; but me, I was kept in to help with the housework, and kept in for company, and kept in for no other reason, I guess, than because my wicked heart longed so to go out and play with the girls and boys. I dare say it was good for me. Ma meant all right, that I know, but ma was all along a sick woman. We realized later that though she was round and about, busy every minute, she was sick for years with the trouble that finally took her away. I don't want you to think I did n't have a real good mother, for I did—a first-rate mother who did her honest best to make a good woman of me."

"I know, I know." By a reminding pressure of her hands he begged she would trust him not to misunderstand.

"But my pa—you should have known my pa." Aurora's face brightened immensely. "He took me with him once in a while. Golly, those were good times, if you please! Free as air, all the peanuts I could eat. He was as good a seaman, my pa was, as any in East Boston, but he was n't a hustler. But there, if he'd been a hustler, he would n't have been my pa. Would n't for a house with a brownstone front have had my pa any different from what he was. Grandma was just the same sort. God bless her! easy-going, jolly,

come a day, go a day, do as she please and let you do as you please. I used to have such lovely times at her house, summers, down on the cape, before my sister died!

"It was there I first knew Hattie—Estelle. Her aunt's house was next to my grandma's. I used to think her the luckiest child that ever was born. Seemed to me she had just about everything—a gold locket and chain, bronze boots, and paper dolls by the dozen. We used to play together, day in and day out, one of those plays that last all the time, where you pretend you're some one else and act it out in all you do. We kept it up for years. I don't see that we've changed much with growing up. Seems to me we were pretty near the same then as we are now, having our spats, but having lots of fun, and wanting to share everything. Estelle lived in East Boston, too, and was going to be a school-teacher. It seemed to me that to be a school-teacher was just about the finest thing anybody could do. That would have been my ambition, to be a school-teacher. But I never got beyond the grammar school; I was needed at home to help mother. Then my poor pa died,—an accident down in the docks,—" Aurora, lowering her voice, began to hurry and condense,—“then Ben, then Joe, then—will you believe it?—Charlie, that I loved best. They all had the same delicate constitution as ma, it turned out, and a predisposition to the same trouble. Then finally, after going through with so much, my poor mother went, too, and for that I could only be thankful. And I had taken care of them all. I was n't twenty-three when I was the last left. Does n't it seem strange! I sometimes can't believe it even now."

This rapid enumeration of calamities so great robbed them of terror and pathos, yet Gerald had somewhat the startled, shocked feeling of a man who knows he has been struck by a bullet, though his nerves have not yet announced it by suffering.

Aurora, after the passing of years, could think of these things without tears, yet in

speaking of them to a sympathetic hearer had obvious difficulty in keeping a stiff upper lip. Gerald turned away his eyes while with her hand she covered and tried to stop her mouth's trembling.

"Poor child!" he said, with a sincerity which saved the words from insignificance.

"Yes," she half laughed. "Would n't one think it enough to sort of subdue anybody, take the starch out of them for some time? When I came out of that house of sickness I could n't think of anything else but sickness and death. It stuck to me like the smell of disinfectants after you've been in a hospital. I could n't think of anything but that it would take me next. I supposed I must be affected, too. But the doctor examined me, and do you know what he said? 'Sound as a trout,' he said. 'You're so sound,' he said, 'you're so healthy, that we'll have to shoot you to get you to the resurrection.' Then I felt better. He was a new doctor that we'd called in toward the end. He knew how I was situated, and as he seemed to think I'd make a good nurse, he got me a chance in the city hospital, where I could get my training. And Hattie, dear Hattie, what a friend she's been! She and her ma and pa made me come and make my home with them. It's since then that we've been like sisters."

At the sound, appositely occurring, of a cough in the neighboring room, Aurora stopped and listened.

"Dear me!" she whispered; "d' you suppose she's lying awake?"

"She may be coughing in her sleep," he suggested.

"Yes," Aurora said dubiously, after further listening, and hearing nothing more. "And if I should go in to see, I might wake her. The bell-rope is right at the head of her bed; all she has to do is pull it if she wants somebody to come. I was entertaining you with the story of my life, was n't I? Where had I got to? Oh, yes. There in the hospital I just loved it. Perhaps you can't see how I could. I just did. I had lots of hard work. The training was sort of thrown in in my case with other duties, but there

were the other nurses and the house-doctors; I grew chummy with them all. I had fun with the patients, too. You don't know how much good it does you to watch anybody get well; the majority get well. It's good for them, besides, to have you jolly."

"Your gaiety of heart makes me think of the grass, Aurora, the blessed ineradicable grass, that will grow anywhere, that you see pushing up between the paving-stones of the hard city, and finding a foothold on the blank of the rock, and fringing the top of the ruined castle, and hiding the new-made graves."

Aurora, always simple-mindedly charmed with a compliment, paused long enough to investigate Gerald's comparison, then resumed, with the effect of taking a plunge into deep waters:

"But it was there I met the fellow who did me the worst turn of any.

"They brought him in with broken ribs one rainy night after he'd been knocked down in the street by a team and kicked by the horses. I was n't his regular nurse, but I was in and out of his room, and if he rang while his regular nurse was at her meals, I'd go. Everybody knows that when a man's sick he's liable to get sweet on this or that one of his nurses.

"How I could have been mistaken in Jim Barton I can't see now. Since knowing him, if I ever see anybody that looks a bit like him, I shun them like poison, because I know as well as I need to that however nice they may appear, you can't depend upon them. But before I knew him I'd never stop to distrust anybody.

"It began with our setting up jokes together; he could be awfully funny even when he was swearing like a pirate about his luck landing him in a hospital. Bad language didn't seem so awful coming from him, because he was so light-complexioned and boyish-looking. He was only passing through the city, in an awful hurry to get West, when he got hurt, and he was madder than a hornet at the delay. But after a while he quieted down, because he'd got something else to think about, which was getting me to go along with him to

California, where he'd bought a share in a mine. And me, star idiot of the world, it seemed the grandest thing that had ever happened. I'd never had anybody in love with me that way before. The boys had always liked me, but I'd been like another fellow among them, and I'd never more than just been silly for a week or two at a time over one fellow and another at a distance. And here was a solid offer from a perfectly splendid man who had everything, money included. They'd found several thousand dollars on him when he was picked up, and the yarns he told about gold-mines! But it was n't that, it was n't the gold-mines, it was 'the way with him' that caught me. I guess when you're in love you're no judge of your man. We two, I tell you, seemed made for each other. He was as fond of a good time as I, and he loved fun like me. We were going to California to make our everlasting fortune. You'd have thought there was no more doubt about it than the Gospels being true. And the good times we were going to have while doing it were nothing to the good times we'd have after, when I'd have my diamonds and he'd have his horses and things. As I said, the diamonds were n't needed; I'd have gone with him anywhere just for the fun of being together. I could n't see what I'd done to deserve my blessings. I guess he was in love, too, as far as it was in him to be; I'll do him that justice.

"Hattie and her ma, while they had nothing to say against Jim, wanted me to wait awhile. But Jim could n't wait. The moment he was well enough he wanted to be off. And I did n't care much about waiting either. I felt as if I'd known him all my life. So they said nothing more, and gave us a perfectly lovely wedding from their house. They did n't see through him any more than I did, and in a way it was n't strange, because he was n't hiding anything in particular or misrepresenting anything. He believed all he said about the big money he was going to make and the grand times we should have. He was born with the

sort of nature that always believes things are going to turn out right without labor and perseverance on your part. He was n't fond of work, that 's sure. What we ought to have done was find out something about his past; but even that, I guess, would n't have opened our eyes, with him before us looking like one of ourselves. And it was n't a very long past; he was young. He came of good folks, I guess. I never saw them, but there are ways of telling. Good folks, but not wealthy, and so as to get rich easily he had tried one thing after another. He was quick' discouraged, and the moment the thing did n't look so big or easy he wanted to throw it over and try something else. Then I 've come to the conclusion he loved change for its own sake—go somewhere else, take a new name, and start a new business, talking big. It came out after he died that he 'd been known under half a dozen names in as many States. There simply was n't anything *to* him. I don't believe he meant to act like a skunk, but, then, he had n't any principles either to keep him from acting like a skunk, or meaner than a skunk, when it came to getting himself out of difficulty. And I, for my sins, had to marry such a fellow as that! It was like there had stood right before me in the body the good times I 'd always wanted, and I took them for better, for worse, and got what my ma said I deserved to get when she tried to cure me of my fancy for good times!"

"Don't!" protested Gerald, softly. "Don't regard as wrong what was so natural. All who have the benefit of knowing you must thank the stars which permitted your beautiful love of life to survive the dreadfulness of which you have given me a glimpse."

"The dreadfulness, Geraldino! I have n't told you anything yet of the dreadfulness. I have n't come to it. I have n't come to what makes her—" she nodded toward the portrait—"look like that."

"Then tell me," he encouraged her.

"It is n't Jim. When I think of Jim, it only makes me mad. My heart is hard

as stone toward him." She clenched her jaws and looked, in fact, rather grim. "That he 's dead does n't change it. I hope I forgive him as a Christian ought to who asks forgiveness for her own trespasses. I know I don't feel revengeful. There was n't enough *to* Jim for me to wish him punished in hell. But if you think I have any sentiment because I used to love him, or that I was sorry I woke up from my fool dream when I once had seen it was a dream— Not a bit of it. There was a time, though, when I first began to suspect and understand, that makes me rather sick to think of even now. I was so far from home, you see. I had n't a friend, and I would n't for worlds have written back to my old friends that I 'd made a bad bargain—not while I was n't dead sure. And I kept on hoping.

"At first we had a real good time. We lived in a miner's cottage; but that seemed sort of jolly. I 'd been used to hard work all my life, so I did n't mind that, and I wanted him to have as nice a home as any man could on the same money. I wanted him to be pleased with me and proud among the other men. But pretty soon I found I did n't care to make acquaintances, because I was ashamed of the way Jim did. He kept putting all his money into the mine, sending good money after bad, and let me keep house on nothing, and then was in a worse and worse temper because the mine did n't pan out and things were n't more comfortable at home. I began to wake up in the night and lie there in a cold sweat, clean scairt. I have n't told you that we were looking for an addition to the family. That 's one reason I was so scairt. But I shut my teeth, and said I to myself, 'This baby 's going to have a chance if his mother can give it to him by not getting excited or letting things prey on her mind.' So I kept a hold on myself and did n't let anything count except guarding that baby. I seemed to care more about it than all the rest of the world put together. Oh, I can't begin to tell you how much more than for all the rest of the world put to-

gether. I don't know that a man would understand."

"Yes, he would; of course he would," spoke Gerald, gently reverent, yet a little impatient; then he qualified his assertion: "He could imagine, I mean to say, how you would have felt that way."

"Well, that matter was going to be put safely through, no matter what. The mistake I made was not making friends with my women neighbors, so that everybody in Elsinore supposed that Jim's wife was the same stripe as he,—or that 's what I thought they supposed,—and when I needed friends I could n't think of any to turn to except those at home. The other mistake I made was not to write them at home and tell them the truth and then wait for them to send me money to come. But I guess my mind stopped working when the shock came."

Aurora appeared to brace herself, while decently considering how to minimize to her audience the brutality of her next revelation.

"Jim cleared out one night while I was asleep, taking every cent we 'd got and every last thing he could hope to turn into a cent," she said, hardening her voice and lips. Gerald was given a moment in which to visualize the situation, before she went on: "I guess, as I said before, that I was n't in my right mind for a spell; all I could think of was getting home to my own folks, and I was going to do it somehow, though I had n't a cent. I had n't even my wedding-ring. I 'd put it off because my finger had grown fatter, and he 'd taken even that to go and try his luck somewhere else. What do you think of it?" she mechanically added.

She was pale, remembering these things. Gerald drew in a long, unsteady breath, oppressed.

"I was going to get home somehow," Aurora repeated; "and I was n't going to waste time waiting for anything. And how was I going to do it? I don't suppose I really thought; I followed instinct like an animal. I hid in a freight-car going East."

A definite difficulty here stopped Au-

ror. While she felt for words in which to clothe what followed, the images in her mind made her eyes, which were not seeing the things actually before them, more descriptive of the anguish of remembered scenes than her words were likely to be.

"I 'm going to skip all that, Gerald." With a gesture, she suddenly rolled up a part of her story and threw it aside. "But when I came to see and understand rightly again, weeks after, in a hospital at Denver, I cried, oh! how I cried, and did n't care what became of me. Because I 'd lost him; they had n't succeeded in saving him. He had lived, mind you," she emphasized with pride; "he had lived a little while, he was all right, perfect in every way—a son."

His due of tears was not withheld from the wee frustrated god. Aurora gave up talking, so as to have her cry in quietness.

Gerald, holding back a sound of distress, twisted on his chair, not daring to recall himself to Aurora's notice either by speaking or touching her.

"I 'm plain sorry for myself," she explained her tears while trying to stop them. "You can't be sorry, for their own sakes, for the little children who go back to God without knowing anything of this life's troubles. It 's for myself I 'm sorry. I never can bring up those times without the *feeling* of them coming over me again, and then, as I tell you, I 'm sorry for that poor fool in her empty house, and then in the thundering freight-car, and then in the hospital. I see her outside of me just as plain as I would another person. Then, too,—" she dried her eyes as if this time for good,—"I feel a burning here—" she touched her breast—"like anger. Angry. I feel angry at being robbed in a way I never seem to get over. To think I might have had him all my life, like millions of other women, and I never even saw him! And he was as real to me all those months before! I don't see how I could have loved him more than I did. I 'm hungry for him sometimes, just as I might be for food. And then I 'm angry and rebellious. But I could n't tell you against

who. It is n't God, certainly. He 's our best friend, all we 've got to rely on. And He 's been mighty good to me. There in Denver, when I had n't a friend or a penny, He raised up friends for me and gave me the most wonderful luck.

"I stayed right there in Denver till less than a year ago. I guess you 've heard me speak of the judge. The doctor in the hospital where they carried me was his son; that 's how it all came about—friends, good luck, money, everything. When I say I found friends, let me mention that I found enemies, too, the meanest, the bitterest! I—but there,"—she interrupted herself as, on the very verge of further confidences, a change of mind was effected in her by sudden weariness or by a deterrent thought, or both,—“I guess I 've talked enough about myself for one evening. I did n't have a soft time of it there in Denver,” she summed up the remainder of her story, “but I 'd got back to being my old self. You 'd never have known what I 'd been through. I was just about as you 've known me here. Funny, is n't it,—” Aurora paused an instant, seemingly almost ashamed, apologetic,—“how the disposition you 're born with hangs on?”

“Golden disposition,” Gerald commented soothingly. Timid about looking directly at her just yet, he looked instead at the portrait, whereon lay the shadow of the events just related.

After a little period of thought in silence Aurora said, with the shamefaced air she took when venturing to talk of high things:

“I heard a sermon once on the text, ‘Mary kept all these things in her heart.’ The minister said that it was n't only Mary who did this, but ordinary women, so often. And I know from myself how true it is. You see a woman all dressed up at a party, laughing with the others, dancing perhaps, and she 'll be saying 'inside of herself, ‘If baby had lived, he 'd have been three years old.’ Or thirteen or thirty. I 've no doubt it goes on as long as she lives. And she can see him before her, just as plain, as he would have been.

My baby would have been five last October.”

Gerald remembered how sweet he had always thought it of her to wish to stop and fondle little children, often wee beggars, stuffing little grimy fists with pennies, not avoiding to touch soiled little cheeks with her clean gloves. He had attributed this propensity to a simple womanly talent for motherliness.

“I 've got this to be thankful for,” she came out again from silence, further down along the line of her meditations, “that he did live for a few hours. I 've got a son just as much as if he 'd grown to be a man.” She was dry-eyed, almost joyful in this.

“Yes, yes,” hurried Gerald, consolingly; “that 's what you must always think of—that and not the other things. You must lay hold of that thought and feel rich in it. But hear me, dear friend—me, trying to suggest ways to you of being brave and cheerful! You, who do from God-given temperament what I can see only as a right aim of aspiration, by light of a certain philosophy arrived at in my own way, through my own experiences. Philosophy is not the right word, either; the feeling I have is mainly esthetic. In order not to be too unhappy in this world, in order to have a little serenity, we must forgive everything, Aurora; that is what I have clearly seen. It 's the only way. We must forgive events just as we forgive persons. And we must love life. I who so much of the time hate life, yet know better. We must love it as we must love our enemies. The wherefore is a mystery, but peace of heart and beauty of life are involved with doing it.”

“You, too, Gerald, poor boy,” was Aurora's simple reply—“you, too, have had lots to try you.”

He swept aside with a gesture the subject of his trials, removed it altogether from the horizon, unwilling really that the interest be shifted from her to him. She was equally determined, now that he had sympathized with her, to sympathize with him.

“I know you have,” she insisted; “I



"She pulled off the last wrapping, and with a face at first very blank stared before her"

know you 've had lots to try you, just as you knew that I 'd had lots. And you 're so high-strung, so sensitive; I never knew anybody like you. But there are good times coming for you; I 'm sure of it."

"I don't in the least expect them." He laughed a little harshly. He had winced at her description of him as sensitive, high-strung.

She was all cheering smiles and dimples again.

"Be sure you remember now," she said, holding up a finger and shaking it to mark her bidding, "to say to yourself when they come, 'Aurora told me so!'"

It was a pity almost that Gerald should not have gone home at that point. He would have left with undividedly fond and approving feelings; he would have left tied to Aurora by a thousand sweet humanities in common, as well as impressed afresh with the depth and mysteriousness of woman. But, forgetting or disregarding the hour, he stayed on, to be rudely jarred presently out of his basking contentment in her society.

"Aurora,"—she was after this evening Mrs. Hawthorne to him only in the hearing of others,—"Aurora, I want to ask a favor, a great favor," he said.

"Go ahead. I guess it 's granted."

"I wish I felt sure; but I 'm afraid. Say you will not take part in the amateur variety show at *mi-carême*."

"Sakes!" cried Aurora, staring at him with round eyes. "Ask me something easy! Ask me something else! I can't do that."

"You can. Of course you can, if you wish to. You have only to give some excuse."

"An excuse? Not for a farm! I don't want to. I 've bound myself. They expect me as much as anything. I could n't back out. It 's so near the time, too. Why, it 's to make money for the Convalescents' Home. I 'm a big feature of the show."

"I know you are, and I have a perfect horror of what you may do. I can't bear to think of the public sitting there gaping at you and laughing."

"The public will be composed of friends. It 's all private. Give it up?

Not much! You 've never seen, Geraldino, how funny I can be. You 'll see that night."

"The voice runs that you 're going to appear as a nigger mammy and sing plantation-songs."

"Oh, does it? Well, that seems innocent. What objection do you see to that?"

"I did not call my request reasonable, dearest Aurora. I begged a personal favor."

She laughed, but would not yield; she treated his proposition like a spoiled child's demand for the moon, and, after condescending to tease like a boy, he woke suddenly to the fact of being ridiculous. He dropped the subject with the abruptness that causes the opponent nearly to topple over in surprise.

He had sat for a long moment in silence when, realizing that this appeared ill-humored and a piece of effrontery, he started in haste to talk again, choosing the first subject that came into his mind, which was a thing he had meant to tell Aurora this evening, but had not remembered until this moment. The wide distance between the subject he dropped and the subject he took up would show, it was hoped, how definitely he washed his hands of her doings.

"If you have wished for revenge on our friend Antonia," he said, "you can be satisfied. She is in the most singular sort of difficulty."

"Oh, is she? I 'm sorry," said Aurora. "Bless you! I never wished her any harm."

"I went to see her yesterday. I had saved up my grievance and felt the need to lay it before her. I think one should give an old friend who has behaved badly the chance to make reparation, don't you? Being angry as you saw me, I yet did not want to break with her. She was very kind to me when I was young. At the same time I could not let her rudeness to you pass. But I found her in such trouble already when I went to see her yesterday that I said not one word of my grievance. It will have to wait."

"You need n't think you must pick her

up on my account. I don't care. But what was the matter?"

"Two of her oldest friends, through an unaccountable mistake, turned into enemies. Both insist that under cover of a mask at the last *veglione* she insulted them. Unfortunately, her best friends are not kept by their actual knowledge of her from thinking it just possible she might desire to amuse herself with getting a claw into them. But Antonia swore to me that she was innocent, and begged me to convince De Brézé. The villa she lives in is his property, and he has requested her to vacate it. The other aggrieved one, General Costanzi, she fears may succeed in preventing the publication of her next novel by threat of a libel suit."

"Well, that sounds bad. But what do they say she's done?"

"The poor woman does n't even know what she is supposed to have said; insulted them is all she can gather. Both maintain that though she tried to alter her voice they recognized her, and will not accept her word for it that she wore no such disguise as they describe. Which reminds me that the offender, or the offender's double, for I have an idea there were two masked alike, came into your box early in the evening with a companion. You have not forgotten—that black domino with the crow's beak?"

Aurora jumped on her seat with a cry of "Goodness gracious!"

"What is it?" he asked, looking at her more attentively. She appeared aghast.

She did not answer at once, tensely trying to think.

"Well," she finally exclaimed, relaxing into limpness, "I've been and gone and done it! I guess I did that insulting," she added, and wiped her brow.

He thought for a moment that she might be acting out a joke, but in the next accepted her perturbation as genuine.

"Can't you see through it even now that I've told you?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Did you suppose I did n't really know those two who came into the box, the one who roared and the one who cawed?"

Well, I'm a better actress than I supposed."

"But—"

"And did you really suppose I was going home to bed just as the fun was at its height? There again you're simpler than I thought. Land! Don't I wish now that I had gone home!"

"And you—"

"We'd heard so much from everybody of the pranks they play at these *vegliones* of yours that we wanted to play one, too — we wanted to intrigue you and a lot of other people. The trouble seems to be we did it too well. Land! I wish I had n't done it! We hatched it all up with Italo and Clotilde."

"Italo and Clotilde!"

"They were the two who came into the box and did n't say a word, for fear of being known by their voices. Then, after you had so politely seen us off, Estelle and I in the carriage put on black dominos and crows' beaks, and after driving round a couple of blocks came back and found Italo and Clotilde waiting for us. Clotilde had put off her black domino in the dressing-room; she was dressed under it exactly like her brother. D' you see now how we worked it? Estelle took Clotilde's arm, and I took Italo's; we separated and kept apart, and it was as if there had only been one couple, the same as there had been since the beginning of the evening."

"I see."

"I've been dying to tell you about it ever since, but I just have n't. I had the greatest time, bad cess to it! talking to some people I knew and to a lot that I did n't. Italo would whisper to me beforehand what to say, and I'd say it. I did n't always know what it was about, but nothing was further from my mind than to wish to insult anybody. I went up to Charlie Hunt and spoke to him. I put a flea in his ear, and I'm positive from his face that he did n't know me. I came near going up to you when you were talking with that Mr. Guerra, but I was too much afraid you'd recognize me; you're so sharp, and, then, you

're the one most particularly who has heard me talk with my English accent, which I put on on the night of the *veg-lione* so as not to be known."

"Your English accent? That explains."

"What?"

"Your English accent is a caricature of Antonia's."

"I don't have to tell you, I suppose, that I had no idea of personating Antonia."

"The very difference between the original and your imitation might seem the result of an effort on her part to disguise her speech."

"I've been a fool, of course, and some of the blame is mine; but just let me get hold of Italo and watch me shake the teeth out of his confounded little head. I remember perfectly speaking to the old general that we saw at Antonia's that day and to the old viscount who came to my ball."

"Do you remember what you said?"

"Not exactly, but in both cases it seemed harmless. I would n't have said it if it had n't seemed harmless. To the general it was something about a horse."

Gerald gave a sound of raging disgust.

Aurora waited, watching him.

"Was it very bad?" she asked finally, and held her breath for his answer.

"Just as bad as possible. Ceccherelli deserves to be flayed. And what, may I ask, did you say to De Brézé?"

"I only remember it was something about ermine. I forgot until this moment that I meant to ask Italo what the joke was about ermine. Was that too very bad?"

"Just as bad as possible. No, rather worse. Both relate to ancient bits of scandal that no one would dare refer to—that would place a man referring to them in the necessity to fight a duel."

"Well, I do seem to have put my foot in it. But the thing is simple, is n't it? All I have to do is write to Antonia and tell her I was the black crow, or, if you advise, write to the two gentlemen I've offended."

"Heavens, no! you can't do that!"

"Why can't I?"

"You can't; that 's all. You can't admit that that little vermin is on terms of intimacy with you, permitting his prompting your Carnival witticisms, and you can't hope to make any one in Florence believe you did n't understand what you were saying."

"Yes, I can, my friend; I can make them believe. I can speak the truth. I can, at all events, prove that Antonia had nothing whatever to do with it."

"No, no, no, I tell you! You can do nothing whatever about it. Your name must not be allowed to appear in the matter at all. It would serve Ceccherelli right that his part in the disgraceful business should be known, dangerous little beast that he is. He would receive a lesson, and an excellent thing it would be; but that, again, might involve you."

"You leave him to me! He roared his throat to a frazzle the other night, and can't make a sound, but he 'll come round as soon as he 's better, and then if I don't give it to him! But I'm to blame, too, Gerald. You told me over and over that I ought n't to encourage him to gossip as I did, but I went right on doing it because it was as good as a play to hear him tell his queer stories in his queer English. I'll settle him, trust *me*, and I'll write to Antonia, and I'll write the two gentlemen, if you'll just tell me where to write."

"Must I tell you again that you are above all things to do nothing of the kind? Not certainly if you think of continuing to live in Florence. Leave the matter to me. I am well acquainted with everybody in question and shall be able to satisfy them, I hope, while leaving them completely in the dark as to the real culprit."

Mrs. Hawthorne appeared to hesitate.

"I really should feel better if I could confess," she said. "It would take a whole load off my chest. You see, I don't know your ways of doing over here; that would be my way. They might all forgive me and say I was just a fool. But if they did n't, and, as you seem to fear, made Flor-

ence too unpleasant to hold me, luckily, I'm not tied down. I'm free."

"The delightful independence of riches! The grandeur and detachment of your point of view!" he spoke in a flare of excited bitterness. "What you have said is equivalent to saying that your friends of Florence are a matter of complete indifference to you!"

"I love my friends of Florence, and you know it, Gerald Fane! And I don't believe they'd ever turn against me, no matter what trouble I'd made for myself at that confounded *veglione*. But it's astonishing to me, dear boy, how ready you are to get mad at me. When you know me so well, too. You ought to be ashamed."

"I am, dear. It's my temper that's bad. And you're so kind," he meekly subsided. "May I count upon you at least to leave entirely to me the matter of exculpating Antonia to General Costanzi and De Brézé?"

"Oh, very well, if you think best."

(To be continued)

"Will you promise solemnly to be silent on the whole matter?"

"All right, I promise."

"Good night!" he said. "I dare n't look at my watch. I'm afraid I've kept you shockingly late."

THE night, when Gerald went out into it, was quieter and drier. The streets were altogether empty. He had quite forgotten having felt ill earlier in the evening. A thing he did remember, as he took out the large iron key to the door of home, was that after all Helen Aurora's telling him her story, he did not know how she came to be Mrs. Hawthorne. There must have been a second marriage. The second husband, whoever he was, had clearly not been important, and he was dead, for Mrs. Foss had told him explicitly that Aurora was a real, and not what is called in America a grass, widow. From this second husband it must have been that she derived her wealth.

Lincoln and Peter Cartwright

By J. B. MERWIN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had a dramatic and amusing clash with Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist minister, that has escaped the thoroughgoing rakes of the biographers, who have not missed much of anything worth narrating. Lincoln told the story to me one day at his office in Springfield. I think his enjoyment in the telling was a little heightened by the fact that I was an ordained Congregational minister and that he had bested one of the cloth.

In the various biographies of Lincoln very little is told of his congressional campaign in 1846, when the Democrats ran Peter Cartwright against him. Cartwright, who enjoyed great popularity, had beaten Lincoln in 1832 when Lincoln was a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Illinois legislature. That was the only time he was ever defeated for an

elective office. When the Whigs nominated Lincoln for Congress in 1846 in the Springfield district, the Democrats, hoping to repeat their triumph of 1832, chose Peter Cartwright as their nominee. One of the issues of this campaign was religious orthodoxy. Lincoln was looked upon with suspicion because he would not subscribe to creeds. The Democrats thought they could beat him by injecting the religious issue. What Lincoln told me of the campaign warrants the assumption that there was nothing dull about it. Joshua F. Speed, Lincoln's friend, took a keen interest in Lincoln's fight and went about with him to various points in the district. Lincoln appointed a meeting for Cartwright's home town.

"Abe," said Speed, "you'd better stay away from there. That town is a Cartwright town. Cartwright's friends will

take it as an affront if you go there to speak."

"I've got as many friends there as Cartwright has," replied Lincoln, "and I'm going out there to talk to them."

As soon as the Lincoln afternoon meeting was advertised, Cartwright, not to be overshadowed, advertised a religious revival meeting for the same evening. Lincoln's meeting was very largely attended. Lincoln mixed with the people in characteristic fashion, and made a winning impression with his address.

"Speed," said he to his friend, "I want to hear what Dominic Cartwright has got to say to-night. I think he'll light into me. I'm going to stay over to the meeting to-night."

"Don't do it," cautioned Speed. "The old preacher is a fighter. Your presence at his revival meeting, after what he has said about your lack of religious regularity, will make it seem as if you were looking for trouble. Stay away from the meeting."

But Lincoln was determined to attend, and go he did. He sat in a rear seat, and probably his presence cast a depression over the meeting. Cartwright spoke powerfully along evangelistic lines, warning the unregenerate of their danger. Finally he gave the invitation about as follows:

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, and go to heaven, will stand."

A sprinkling of men, women, and children rose. After they were seated the preacher went on:

"All who do not wish to go to hell will stand."

All the audience responded to this invitation with the exception of Lincoln. Whereupon every one expected something would happen; and it did.

"Sit down," said the preacher.

"I observe," he continued when all was again still, "that many responded to the first invitation to give their hearts to God and go to heaven. And I further observe that all of you save one indicated that you did not desire to go to hell. The sole exception," continued the preacher, his voice growing more impressive, "is Mr. Lincoln, who did not respond to either invitation. May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln," said Cartwright, with great earnestness and in a loud voice, "*where you are going?*"

The tall form of Lincoln rose to its full height, and he replied:

"I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. I admit that the questions propounded by Brother Cartwright are of great importance. I did not feel called upon to answer as the rest of you did. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going? I desire to reply with equal directness: *I am going to Congress.*"

The reply was so unexpected that it upset the meeting. The people did not know whether to laugh or not. They held in as long as they could, and then Lincoln's admirers burst out in hearty laughter, very much to the chagrin of Cartwright, who soon dismissed the meeting. The popular verdict among the people was that Cartwright had exceeded the proprieties in directly addressing Lincoln, and that Lincoln, as he almost invariably did, turned the tables on his adversary.

In connection with this congressional campaign, Lincoln told me that the only money expenditure he made in that canvass was twenty-five cents for the care of his horse while he attended the Cartwright meeting.



Can a Democratic Government Control Prices?

An Interview with Joseph E. Davies of the Federal Trade Commission
Formerly U. S. Commissioner of Corporations

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "Wilson and the Issues," etc.

THE wonderful natural resources of the United States and the American genius for organization and industry make it possible for the population to live in comfort, health, and security. Instead of that, the great majority work in fear of to-morrow, and life itself is poisoned for the many by the sheer extortions of living. Not only does this leaping cost of the necessities of existence concern the happiness of millions, but it has equally vital bearing on the permanence of democratic institutions.

The government that permits such conditions is not a government that can or should endure. That there is full appreciation of the gravity of the problem is shown by the various investigations and innumerable laws that Congress is considering in connection with this thing called the "high cost of living." The solution, however, does not rest entirely with the President and the lawmakers; for fundamental action, after all, is largely dependent upon an enlightened, aggressive public opinion.

Mr. Joseph E. Davies has been a member of the Federal Trade Commission from its creation. Before that he was a leader in the great democratic movement in Wisconsin, the new type of lawyer, eager to be of social service, thinking in terms of the present, and refusing to be bound by every musty tradition of the past. By virtue of training and position, as well as by the bold, yet sanely constructive, trend of his thought, he is as able as any man in public life to speak with au-

thority on this question that terrifies America to-day.

What I asked of him was some big sweep that would take in the problem as a whole, breaking up crystallizations of thought and freeing the popular mind for original, independent thinking. Old ways have failed; people must break loose from habit and prepare for the new and untried.

"It is true," said Mr. Davies, when the general discussion had been concluded, "that even prior to the European War the advance of prices in the United States placed them almost one third higher than anywhere else in the world. For twenty years the purchasing power of American money has been diminishing steadily. What we got for a dollar in 1900 costs one dollar and fifty-four cents to-day.

"It is a mistake, however, to assume that unrestricted greed is entirely to blame, for certain natural causes have been at work. An increase in the volume of money, and in the use of credit as money, has necessarily raised prices. Then, too, there is the European War. It is not possible to withdraw thirty million men from the business of production without diminishing the supply, and on top of this there is an added demand for supplies, for investigations prove that the armies in the field are consuming more than the same men consumed when the nations were at peace.

"Nor is it fair for the people of the United States to imagine that they are alone in their misery. The average in-

crease in the price of food-stuffs in England on September 1, 1916, as compared with July, 1914, was 65 per cent.; in Berlin, for the same period, it was 117 per cent.; in Vienna, 149 per cent.; in Norway, 71 per cent.; in Switzerland, 40 per cent.; in Canada, 15 per cent., while in France, what could have been bought by a family for \$193.77 cents in 1914 now costs \$292. In March, 1916, the American consul in Sweden reported that of twenty-nine articles of ordinary household consumption, twenty-six showed an increase in price ranging from 3 to 125 per cent.

"As for the United States," he continued, "the average retail prices of food have shown a steady increase by months. Taking one hundred in 1915 as a basis, the prices charged in May, 1916, were \$1.07, July, \$1.09, August, \$1.12, and September, \$1.16. In plain terms, what could be bought for one dollar in 1915 cost \$1.16 in September, 1916.

"Money wages, it is true, have gone up, but the increase has not been as rapid as the increase in the cost of living, so that, as a matter of fact, real wages have decreased. It must be borne in mind also that these money-wage increases have been secured by the better class of workers, who, through combined effort, have been able to *compel*. Those unskilled and not united, constituting the majority of labor, have had the smallest increase; so that in two ways the load of higher prices has fallen squarely on those shoulders in the nation that are least able to bear it."

"Is n't it out of just such conditions that revolutions have always come?" I interrupted.

"No question about that," he assented quickly; "and never think that the danger is n't realized. Governments all over the world are making more adequate protection for the consumer a first task. Even before the war the problem was acute in Europe, and in Germany and England particularly effort was being made to solve it. Unemployment and sick insurance, old-age pensions, coöperative ventures, and home building by municipali-

ties—all had as their object the increase of real wages by giving something through the agency of the state that would otherwise have taken money out of the money wage.

"Since 1914 both the belligerent and the neutral nations of Europe have been compelled to adopt a more direct approach. Generally speaking, these government activities have been developed along five different lines.

"First, an attempt to fix by law the maximum price of articles. Germany took the lead in this method. France, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, and Spain followed the German example, making provision that municipal authorities alone, or else in coöperation with the military authorities, might fix maximum prices. In Egypt this power was delegated to a commission. Denmark fixed by law a maximum price for flour. Turkey passed laws setting fixed prices for petroleum, sugar, and flour. The home secretary of the British Government met with representatives of retail federations, and a standing committee was appointed to advise as to the maximum retail prices of food-stuffs. Bulgaria empowered municipalities to place maximum prices on all table and other living necessities. The difficulties entailed in such a scheme are of course the great diversity of conditions in different localities and the tremendous detail in administration to compel performance.

"Second, the direct entrance of the government into the business of producing in order to provide competition and to control prices in some degree. Certain of the states of Australia and New Zealand have engaged in the baking of bread, the slaughtering of cattle, and the furnishing of meats to their respective communities. Great success is claimed for this method.

"Third, government control of the processes of distribution by way of eliminating the profits of the middlemen. Great Britain bought large quantities of meat and sugar, and now proposes to purchase flour and wheat for direct sale to the consumer. By royal decree Italian officials were empowered to acquire foods

of which there was a scarcity either by requisitioning the foods or the factories in which they were produced. The Dutch Government took possession of the whole stock of wheat and handled its distribution. Switzerland ground and sold rye flour. Germany and Australia authorized the regulation of food supplies, providing for government seizure, and sale at fair prices. France took similar action.

"Fourth, tariffs and embargoes. Denmark, Great Britain, Egypt, Italy, Russia, Spain, and Turkey have removed all customs duties on certain food-stuffs and have passed an embargo on other exports. Holland refuses to let butter and cheese go out of the country, and Norway and Sweden also adopted limited embargoes.

"Fifth, the Canadian method. On November 10, 1916, the Dominion Government entered an order in council that struck at the root of the artificial conditions that jump prices. It provides that no persons shall combine or conspire to limit the production or distribution, or to enhance the price, of any necessity of life, also that no person shall accumulate, or withhold from sale, any necessity of life beyond that required for the consumption of his own household or that the ordinary uses of his business require.

"If such business is a commission business, only so much can be stored as may reasonably be required, and the excess must be sold at prices that are fair and just. The minister of labor is empowered to procure from all cold-storage, packing, or similar plants full information with reference to quantities held therein, for whom held, and the prices paid therefor. Each municipality is clothed with power similarly to investigate any local combinations or conditions affecting prices, and it is up to the attorney-general to prosecute. Violation of the act is a felony," he said significantly.

"Well and good," I exclaimed. "We know now what the rest of the world is doing. Just how far are these various remedies applicable to the United States?"

"Well," Mr. Davies answered, "as I have tried to point out, some of the high

cost of living is due to natural causes that cannot be legislated away. But government *can* take action against the human greed and selfishness. As I see it, the principal evil is the waste in our distributive system and our failure to smash the exorbitant profits of the middleman. Of course there are honest middlemen, and there may also be combinations among producers or manufacturers that raise prices; but, generally speaking, producers and manufacturers are receiving only fair returns. It is the distributor who is getting the money."

"Does that idea of a food dictator appeal to you?" I asked.

"No, I can't say that it does. It may work for a while under the stimulus of a great national necessity, but as a continuing force it breaks down. During the French Revolution they tried to fix maximum prices by law; but even though the penalty was death, the scheme would n't work. Germany's food dictatorship works through the municipalities and small local bodies, and is backed up by a practical inventory of all the food-stuffs in the empire, and, furthermore, by limiting the purchase through an individual ticket system. Even with the most highly efficient bureaucracy in the world and military rule, Germany is having a mighty hard time making the system work.

"No,"—he shook his head again decidedly,—“that plan would never do in the United States. Our efforts must be along the line of preventing the erection of artificial barriers in the natural channels of trade.”

"What about warehousing?"

"It has come to be as important as production itself," Mr. Davies agreed. "As an unregulated agency, warehousing is a menace. The business is vested with a public interest, and it has got to be brought under public control. For myself, I like the Canadian law. Take the case of that Chicago man who bought seventy-two million eggs at twenty-two cents a dozen, and then hoarded them in storage until he could extort a price of fifty or seventy-five cents a dozen. 'What

are you going to do about it?' he demanded, and his smiling insolence went unpunished. In Canada he would have been sent to prison. What federal and state authorities should do at once is to 'find out just what the warehouses of the country contain, so that people and law-makers may know the exact extent to which food is being cornered in storage.'

"If combinations that jump the prices of food, whether reasonable or unreasonable, were made a felony, and if vigorous federal prosecutions sent some of the gentlemen to the penitentiary, would n't that go a long way toward solving the problem?"

"Undoubtedly. The experience of Canada proves it."

Mr. Davies then went on to discuss the formation of coöperative societies by producers. He told how the cheese-makers of Wisconsin organized to sell directly to the consumer, and how the creamery men and fruit-growers in other States had formed their own selling agencies, thereby eliminating the wastes and the extortions of the middleman.

"And the parcel-post system ought to be brought into larger play," he said. "The service between cities and rural communities should be enlarged so that farmers and consumers can do business by mail. Rates must be reduced, of course, and the size of the food-stuffs basket-parcel raised above the present fifty-pounds limit. Also every city ought to have its municipal markets, not as a sudden adventure now and then, but as a fixed part of the city's business."

"Meyer London, the Socialist member of Congress," I said, "is on record with the suggestion that the Federal Government should issue bonds, purchase foods, control granaries, build warehouses, and establish markets. What do you think of that?"

"I don't reject it, by any means. If other methods fail, certainly we shall come to it. In the past we have quarreled over means until we forgot the end itself. Somehow I feel that we have come to a point in the United States where it is the

goal that is going to count. The world is moving too fast, and governments are doing too many things for people, for old prejudices to have much weight. A noted London bishop said recently, 'A year ago I abhorred Socialism, but we are all Socialists now.' The essential thing, however, is first to exhaust all individualistic efforts, and prove them to be failures, before we change the course of democracy.

"But is n't it rather a vicious conception of individualism that permits a person to prosper at the expense of society?" I urged. "Has n't our fear of Socialism driven us right into the hands of greed and rapacity? After all, is n't there a happy medium that will permit government to get down to earth with people instead of sitting up on a perch, idle and blindfolded?"

"Certainly." His assent was instant. "One of the first things we've got to do is to realize that America is at the rear of the procession when it comes to practical application of governmental forces to the business of living. In many ways the Government of the United States is further away from the people, less able to do things for people, than that of any other free country in the world.

"The trouble with us"—he smiled, swinging back in his chair—"is that in many matters we have made law an end instead of merely means to the end. A constitution, for instance, must be a living, growing organism; otherwise it becomes ossified and brittle, and is apt to break under the strain of the social forces that it tries to check."

"You spoke of New Zealand and Australia going into the business of bread-baking and cattle-slaughtering. There is n't anything very new in that, is there? Germany, for years before the war, got forty-eight per cent. of her revenue from government ownership of all sorts of enterprises. Why is n't it possible, Mr. Davies, for the United States to take some such step? As a matter of fact, is n't that the very thing that Secretary Daniels has been doing? When he began to manufacture smokeless powder for thirty-four

cents a pound, the trust quit charging from eighty cents to one dollar a pound. Same way with torpedoes, mines, etc., while the minute the bill for an armor-plate plant became a law, the trust cut its prices. Why is n't it feasible to adopt the same course with regard to food?"

"It is feasible, and many American cities have done it already. A parliamentary committee of the English board of trade, by the way, recently recommended the establishment by the Government of retail stores in order to introduce a competitive factor that would prevent the charging of extortionate prices.

"But did you ever stop to think," he continued, "that one fundamental remedy is to *increase* the food-supply? We may talk as we please about this or that law, but the fact remains that complete relief will not come, and cannot come, until we strike the land with some rod that will bring forth its full richness. *More* farming and *better* farming is the big thing.

"As it is to-day, only twenty-seven per cent. of the tillable land of the United States is under cultivation. Out of 1,501,000,000 acres that ought to be yielding harvests, just 311,000,000 acres are being tilled. Thousands of these acres, incredibly fertile, wait only for the magic touch of water. Private control of reclamation projects has proved slow, while the natural desire for large profits has made the original cost to the settler almost prohibitive.

"It seems to me," he declared, "that the Federal Government must assume this task in increasing degree, first carrying water to the land, then getting people to the land. Other countries are working out the problem. England, for instance, bought up the large estates in Ireland owned by absentee landlords, purchasing at actual value plus a ten per cent. bonus. Then the estates were divided into small parcels and sold to individual farmers on an amortization plan that provided for small annual payments over a seventy-year period. In addition, the Government loaned money for the purchase of stock and implements, all at three per

cent., and further furnished the various districts with scientific agriculturists.

"In 1910 there were thirty-seven tenant-operated farms in every hundred farms in the United States as compared with twenty-eight in 1890. And here are some more disagreeable facts," he went on. "Farms of a thousand acres or more, comprising nineteen per cent. of all farmland in the country, are held by less than one per cent. of owners. Of these thousand-acre farms, only 18.7 per cent. of the land is cultivated, as compared with seventy per cent. in farms from fifty to five hundred acres. More than four fifths of the area of the large holdings are being kept out of active use by speculators, while 2,500,000 farmers are struggling for existence on farms of less than fifty acres.

"But it is not enough to drive a plow and drop seeds. Farming must be made scientific. America, with the most fertile soil in the world, is behind the world in crop returns. Our average yield per acre is about half of that of European countries."

"Mr. Davies," I asked abruptly, "is n't it true that this whole high cost of living problem springs from one fundamental cause, and that for it there is just one fundamental cure? We have turned our natural resources, meant for all people, over to the exploitation of private profit, and we have put the necessities of life at the mercy of private greed. And is n't the cure such change or changes as will restore ownership to the people?"

He drummed with his fingers upon the desk for a space before replying, and then he answered very slowly and carefully:

"A few years ago that would have been a startling proposition, but things have been happening in the world. Manifestations of government control in Europe have revolutionized the American point of view. We have seen country after country take over its industries and natural resources, achieving almost instantly efficiencies and economies that were never dreamed of under private operation.

"It is a lesson that America must

learn, for it is a competition that America will have to meet. The only question to be determined is when and how and to what extent. Certainly we have reached a point, as you say, where the necessities of existence must be lifted above the power of extortion. It is idle to speak of vision, adventure, and individual initiative when the struggle just to live takes all time and all energy.

"What an absurdity it would be to turn the air itself over to private profit, permitting great corporations to fit every individual with a meter. Yet not the air itself is more vital to life than water, heat, light, food, and transportation."

"If you don't mind," I broke in, "I should like to hold the discussion right there for a few moments. Take transportation, for instance. Only recently the Interstate Commerce Commission reported on the physical valuation of two small roads. It found that one road, capitalized and bonded at about \$99,000,000, could be reproduced for about \$46,000,000, and another, capitalized at nearly \$41,000,000, could be reproduced for less than \$9,000,000. It is the story of almost every railroad in the United States. What of the reduction in fares and freight rates if every railroad were to figure profits on the real value of the property?"

"The public ownership of railroads is fast coming to be a general demand," Mr. Davies agreed.

"What about coal?" I insisted. "The Government still holds title to coal-fields rich enough to supply the whole world for hundreds of years, and yet we let private capital run up coal prices until winter is a time of horror for nine tenths of the people. If we do not wish to abolish private ownership of coal-mines, why can't the Government begin the development of its own coal-lands?"

"Go on and finish your argument," urged Mr. Davies when I paused for his answer.

"Well, then," I persisted, "What about our wonderful iron deposits on government land? And our water power? Does it not seem stupid to give these resources

away, and then, when they have been made into instruments of extortion, cry to Congress for laws that will afford relief? And there is oil and gasolene, almost as much entitled to rank with the necessities of life as corn or wheat. While the greater part of our oil-land has been given away or lost, in California alone the Government still owns a huge acreage rich in petroleum. A government receiver in charge of some reclaimed oil property in California started in to manufacture gasolene, and after every imaginable charge had been allowed for, he was able to market the product at six cents a gallon."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let me talk for a bit as an average American who does n't like organized greed any better than he likes organized paternalism, and who seeks some happy medium that will give equal justice without sacrifice of sane individualism.

"Government monopoly—government ownership of industry—means state Socialism, and the state Socialism of to-day, to my mind, is the negation of democracy. As human nature is now constituted, I should be fearful that industry owned and operated by government could be possible only under a bureaucratic and monarchical form of government, or in a government where altruistic instincts have reached a much higher degree of perfection than has ever been achieved by even a small group in the past. In plain, I feel that Socialism, imposed upon a democratic state, would lead inevitably to monarchy or oligarchy, and to the destruction of the form of government which seeks to be a government of and by its people.

"Our problem is to preserve as large a degree of freedom for individual opportunity and individual growth as is compatible with the welfare of the national community. Coöperation may be the agency by which democracy may preserve itself and yet serve men. The competitive system is the fundamental base of democracy, but it is not inconsistent with co-operation.

"Nor should we be thrown off our base by the big efficiencies that are induced by governmental activities in Europe," he declared emphatically. "Monarchical governments, or governments under the pressure of war necessities, can do certain things effectively that a democratic government, without the stimulus of necessity, might go to wreck upon. It is well for lovers of liberty to remember that too high a price can be paid for efficiency.

"Regulated competition, fair competition, a sane degree of coöperative activity, which still permits the forces of potential competition to operate, and which will still effect the big economies, may all be worked out in a democracy. But the principle we must not lose sight of is that the first concern of this generation and the generations to come in the United States should be the preservation of a democratic industrial state. What we must guard against is development into a state pretending to be free, but in fact controlled by selfish groups, or else drifting through processes of beneficent Socialism that will destroy the rule of the people, imposing eventually the rule of the oligarch or monarch."

"Granting the truth of everything you have said," I replied, "is it not possible to lift the necessities of life above the rapacities of greed without the slightest menace to democracy? As a matter of fact, if life ceased to be a wolfish struggle just to *live*, would n't competition be more sane, and would n't individual initiative take on a new hope, a more vigorous drive?"

"Don't misunderstand me," he exclaimed. "I did not mean that we should close our minds to the fact that even in a democracy certain activities in industry are so connected with the welfare of the whole people that they must be regulated and even owned in the public interest. It has come to many public utilities, and will and should extend itself still further."

"It comes down to a question, then," I argued, "of agreeing on some honest, limited definition of the necessities of life. You yourself mentioned air, water, light, heat, food, and transportation. Suppose we stop there, or, rather, that we begin with that list?"

"All call for regulation," he admitted.

"And if regulation fails?"

"Then public ownership is of course the inevitable resort."

Greek Epigram for a Parisian Paper Doll

By WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

DOROTHY made me: with her skilful pen
 She shaped my slender elegance, and then
 From her inventive brain she fashioned frocks,
 Taxing the wealth of her tin color-box:
 Hats, muffs, bags, fans, and all things else beside,
 Till I appeared a princess in my pride.
 Now sends me here that you once more may see,
 In the enchanted mirror,—memory,—
 Above the table, with her patterns spread,
 The little artist bend her golden head.

On the Altar of Friendship

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "The Persistent Little Fool," etc.

Illustrations by Edna L. Crompton

"RAPUNZEL, Rapunzel, let down your hair," chanted Wirt in his cool, laughing voice.

Minnie Bee, otherwise Mary Beatrice, with an obliging twist of the wrist, let down her hair. It rippled down in the full, silver light of the moon until it splashed the wood of the old porch seat. Between these dividing waves her face showed softly childlike, with deeply fringed lids. The eyes were unexpectedly dark, of an intense blue, like that sometimes to be seen in butterfly wings.

Roddy Ivor, crowded on the step below, where he had to exercise much ingenuity to avoid crushing Minnie Bee's widely settling blue ruffles, looked up at her disapprovingly and admiringly. He thought she made an awfully pretty picture in the moonlight; but he wanted to knock his cousin Wirt down for ordering a girl about like that before a porchful of laughing boys, and most of all he wished to take Minnie Bee for a walk, and talk to her like a brother.

Still, it was harmless enough. Even Roddy, who had been presented to Minnie Bee only five minutes earlier, could see that it was merely a case of a particularly charming flower and a cloud of newly emerged butterflies. So might one conceive of an over-appreciative butterfly bidding a rose turn its enchanting head this way or that. All the young faces lifted to Minnie Bee were smilingly satisfied, as at a pleasantly fulfilled expectation. Only that brute Seaton had another look.

Minnie Bee, too, felt an adverse influence. She flung a wide, peering glance to where Seaton glowered on his vine-smothered railing.

Wirt, who had turned about at Minnie Bee's glance, stared, and went to the railing. Seaton had swung himself over it, and was walking rapidly up the street in the direction of the Green Hotel, a college hostelry on the edge of the grove-like campus.

"Good riddance," muttered Wirt. He took the railing himself, gathered in Minnie Bee's golden-ribboned guitar, and began to strum one of those intermittent, non-committal accompaniments which go with any old—or new—thing.

"An hundred months have passed,
Lorena,"

hummed some one. A melodious buzz followed. They began to sing it definitely. Minnie Bee did n't know a word of the old thing. She sat silent, softly embracing her blue ruffles, her eyes fixed on Roddy's slightly averted face. Roddy knew every word of the song, and he was leading the singing in a brilliant baritone, vibrant with youth, and deeply colored with youth's strange, emotional foreknowledges.

All young creatures appear rapt with the music they make. Roddy now had that look added to his all-the-time looks of lordliness and gaiety and calm resolve. Wirt stopped strumming. The other voices died out one by one, chiefly because their owners had arrived at the ends of memory; but Roddy sang on, dreamily unaware, his gaze plunged into the dark of the campus trees.

He suddenly became aware that he alone sang, and stopped inquiringly, glancing up at Minnie Bee. She clapped softly. Roddy colored in the moonlight.

Roddy, facing the door in bidding Min-

nie Bee a short farewell, had a glimpse of her stout Aunt Annie ascending the stairway, heavily tired after the long day, an institution flourishing elsewhere than in great cities. Minnie Bee's stout Uncle Joe, owner of a small harness shop much patronized by college men who kept horses, came to stand for a moment in the door, pipe in mouth.

"Good evening, young gentlemen," he said.

Through an open window Roddy took in a small, bright parlor, its one rock of refuge Minnie Bee's piano, about which swirled waves of flimsiness.

"Well," said Wirt.

They went bareheaded down the steps, turning for a final glance at the awfully pretty picture of Minnie Bee with her golden hair streaming in the moonlight.

A few yards down the street they met another crowd bound for Minnie Bee's front porch. Wirt indicated the silent Roddy to them.

"Just had him to Minnie Bee's. First time. Don't speak to him. It's dangerous to waken them suddenly."

They pretended sympathetic understanding, and passed, tiptoeing with exaggerated caution. Their laughter broke behind the two. Beneath a street light Roddy stopped and regarded Wirt.

"You must n't misunderstand, you know," said Wirt in a careless tone.

"I'm not misunderstanding the darned insolent way you fellows have with her," said Roddy, scornfully. "'Rapunzel, Rapunzel!' I like your nerve."

"So does Minnie Bee," said Wirt. "Why, confound you, Rod, she's a regular pet with us all. She's had a crowd of boys on that front porch ever since she was fifteen. Every one of them adored her. I adore her. So do you—what?"

"And that fellow, Seaton?"

"Say," said Wirt, going on, "it's a queer thing, but, do you know, I believe Seaton's working himself up to the point of asking Minnie Bee to marry him."

"That brute!" said Roddy, shortly and hotly.

At Roddy's tone Wirt began to laugh

immoderately, steering him the while toward a tree-pillared lawn. Beyond the columns of the tree-trunks appeared the columns of the porch, rising as tall as trees to the mansion's roof. Withdrawn in the seclusion offered by these sat a placid group composed of Miss Page Presley, her mama, and her little sister Virginia.

Other boys dropped in. Miss Presley's hair was long and black, and would have been almost startlingly effective streaming around her against the glimmering white background of house front, but no one said, "Snow White, Snow White, let down your hair."

The sturdy, graying professor of Greek, her father, came to stand for a moment in the door, cigar in hand.

"Good evening, young gentlemen," he said.

As they bade the family good night Roddy glimpsed a familiar type of interior, spacious, cool, set discreetly about with old, valuable, rather terribly permanent possessions.

"Nice girl, Page," commented Wirt as they strolled off across the sparsely lighted campus, "but slow," he added, yawning.

On the porch of Roddy's temporary home sat the remainder of his temporary family: Cousin Andrew Morrison, professor of Latin, peacefully asleep in his long chair; Cousin Sally, his wife; and Roberta, their daughter.

Berta was one of those girls who never look girlish because they weigh ten pounds too much and have Roman noses. There was a kind fiction among her girl friends to the effect that Berta disliked boys.

She considered her brother Wirt and her cousin Roddy with suspicion which might be characterized as serial. It was always likely that they had been up to something of which she would disapprove could she find them out.

"Well, Rod's been initiated at last," announced Wirt, out of a mere impish desire to start something.

He gave Roddy his laughing, narrowed look, and settled himself comfortably on the railing. Roddy took the porch swing near Berta.

"That girl!" said Berta.

"If you mean Minnie Bee," murmured Wirt.

"Why, Berta, I'm sure Minnie Bee is a very nice, sweet, young girl," put in Cousin Sally, indescribably mingling patronage of Minnie Bee with ladylike disapproval of Berta's too violent emphasis.

"And I warn you right now, Roddy Ivor," continued Berta, "that if I meet you out walking with her you need n't expect me to speak to you. I don't speak to my own brother in those circumstances."

A tolerant smile grew on Roddy's lips.

"Women," said Wirt. It seemed to cover the ground for him.

"I presume," said Berta, "that you'd like me to call on Minnie Bee?"

Wirt addressed Roddy:

"That lovely, refined, talented girl is n't good enough for Berta, here, to visit."

"Her cousins are n't lovely and refined and talented, and you know perfectly well, Wirt Morrison, that, while Minnie Bee may be all you say, we girls can't possibly take her up. Heaven knows I'm not snobbish," said Berta; "no one can accuse me of *that*. I dare say Minnie Bee is much better looking and far cleverer than I am; but my relatives are at least presentable, and I know who my ancestors were."

A faint frown developed between Roddy's fine brows. Minnie Bee's cousins had been pointed out to him, vivid little girls with big, bold eyes and noisy voices. No harm in them, but not the girls you'd want your sister to be seen with; yet Minnie Bee had to be seen with them. Beyond doubt Minnie Bee's cousins were regrettable.

"Think I'll go on up," said Roddy, rising.

"Me, too," said Wirt.

He came on into Roddy's room.

"Confound such a town as this, anyhow!" said Wirt.

"Oh, clear out!" said Roddy. He pulled off his coat.

"Talk about India," said Wirt, taking out his cigarette-paper. "India's got nothing on this town when it comes to the caste curse."

He sat down on the foot of Roddy's bed and lighted up.

"Clear out, I tell you!" said Roddy, who wished to think about Minnie Bee in peace.

"First," said Wirt, "there's the military gang."

"I'll put you out," promised Roddy.

"The military gang," repeated Wirt, wafting a smoke ring perfect enough to be a fairy's bracelet, "which considers itself just a little bit better than anything else on earth because it has to do with the art of bossing the earth about."

"Tell me something I don't know," begged Roddy.

"And the college men are nearly as bad. Any doddering old professor of the deadest language there is thinks himself the superior of the cleverest business man in town."

"I told you I would," said Roddy, now in pajamas. He started for Wirt, who fended him off, laughing.

"And the larger merchants lord it over the smaller chaps, like Minnie Bee's uncle. Everybody's got some one to look down on until at length we arrive at,—” he nodded toward the stately colored gentleman who was bringing in a carafe of drinking water,—“and even there—” he broke off abruptly. “Sam,” he said, “did you see Dan Medley about hunting me up a dog for Miss Minnie Bee?”

“Now, Mr. Wirt,” said Sam, “yo' do *not* want t' 'ave no doin's at all wid dat po' white trash of a Dan Medlar. I'll fin' yo' a pup fo' de young lady fus day I takes off.”

He went out grandly, having settled the matter.

“What did I tell you?” demanded Wirt. “Talk about India.”

“Not to me,” said Roddy, removing the slenderer Wirt by main strength from the bed, and shoving him doorward. “You're worse than any of them. You were quite surprised a while back because that surly brute of a Seaton might actually ask a beautiful girl a thousand times too good for him actually to marry him, damn him!”



“ ‘Suppose,’ said Roddy, rising on his elbow, ‘we begin with friendship’ ”

Almost incoherently did Roddy thus assist the shamelessly laughing Wirt into the hall. He retreated alone into his room, holding the door ajar a moment to add, "And you."

He closed the door on Wirt, drew up his one arm-chair until it faced the window, and lay back in it in all the luxury of pajamas and a good conscience. His slippered feet on the window-sill tipped him back delightfully. His clasped hands made an absolutely comfortable pillow for his head. His eyes dwelt dreamily on a confused welter of small, moon-gilded clouds as he listened to his Cousin Andrew putting the house off to bed downstairs. There ensued a deep silence. Roddy, basking in it, began at last to think intelligently about Minnie Bee. He concluded that what she really needed was a friend.

Now, Roddy had given this matter of friendship deep thought since a certain disillusioning love-affair of his the previous year, and he had reached the conclusion that friendship with a girl whose nature was at once strong and yielding, tonic and sweet, might be an almost ideal relation. Of course one would prefer a beautiful girl. It was apparent to the most casual observer that Minnie Bee had an excess of adulation. It seemed clear to Roddy that he had been told off by destiny to disclose to her the soberer charms of friendship.

In pursuance of this purpose he called at Minnie Bee's the following afternoon. He had to cut math to do this; but Roddy was not one of those who ascribe undue importance to the academic aspect of a college career. It did not weigh upon his conscience in the least; but it would have vexed him could he have guessed the inopportuneness of his call, in the early afternoon, to a busy young woman.

When the bell rang Minnie Bee was, in fact, nearly worn out with the difficulty of deciding a question of much importance. All morning she had been sitting on the edge of her bed surrounded by lengths of filmy white stuff which she was converting into a dress. She was now en-

gaged in trying on the dress. It was all concluded except the neck. She was not satisfied with the neck. She had made a fichu for it. Then she had decided against the fichu. She would have the neck cut square. It might be more becoming cut square. So she turned it in square.

This indecision of Minnie Bee's may seem strange to writing men whose heroines always know to a shade their most becoming color, to a line their most enhancing style; but the reader may as well know the truth, which is that a girl goes through youth in an agony of indecision. What if she loses her complexion and gets gray, before ever chancing on the color and style created for her alone? Did the fichu look better, after all? Minnie Bee kept her caller waiting while she tried it on again. She twitched it off in a despairing mood, and went down with the neck square.

"Did I come too soon?" asked Roddy, fancying surprise in her greeting; but that was only because she had supposed it to be Seaton. "I thought maybe you 'd play for me if there was n't a crowd," wheedled Roddy.

It does n't matter what Minnie Bee played. It was beautiful and sad, and as she played it her face was rapt away from little things. Roddy, leaning there, listening, had a resentful feeling for Minnie Bee, as for one on whom fate had played blundering tricks. She met his eyes nervously.

"Do you really like music?" asked Minnie Bee.

Roddy answered her with a musing smile.

"Then please go sit down," said Minnie Bee.

Roddy went to sit in the window-seat. Minnie Bee was a lovely profile now. Her white throat pulsed with song. The September breezes made serious love to her hair. In the filmy white dress with the neck cut square she looked as angelic as the guardian saint of melody.

Her hands fluttered slowly into quiet on the keys. A movement of Roddy's made her glance around. He was stand-

ing up, as if to go, and smiling gravely down on her.

"Thank you for the music," said Roddy. "Do you mind my saying that you looked exactly like an angel, with all that white stuff floating around you, and the sun in your hair, while you were singing?"

Minnie Bee looked down at the white stuff. An impulse had its mad way with her.

"Wait a minute," she said. In a twinkling she was running up-stairs. In another she was running back, trailing a white triangle covered with infinitesimal ruffles. She tossed this over one shoulder, reached back, and coaxed it over the other.

"Now," said Minnie Bee, "I want an unbiased opinion."

"It sounds technical," said Roddy, "but I'll do my best."

"I can't decide about the neck of this dress," said Minnie Bee. "Does it look better this way or"—she twitched off the fichu—"this?"

"Ruffles," said Roddy, instantly, "and a rose."

One was peering in. He rewarded its curiosity by presenting it to Minnie Bee, who had donned the fichu again. She placed the rose where it belonged, and endeavored to survey herself in a tiny oval of purely ornamental mirror hanging between the windows. Roddy felt that it should have been a pier-glass. He would have liked two full-lengths of Minnie Bee just then. He looked at his hat again, smiling slightly. Perhaps he was thinking that this again was something which could never have happened at Pagie Presley's.

"Oh, don't go yet," said Minnie Bee. She sat down in the window-seat and patted the cushion beside her.

Roddy, however, took a chair, which he drew up facing her. He leaned forward in it, his clasped hands dropped between his knees.

"This is my third year here," said Roddy. "How queer that no one ever brought me to see you before."

Minnie Bee was n't going to tell Roddy that some one had asked to bring him two years before, and that she had

said pettishly: "Another Ivor boy! No, thank you." Nor was she going to tell him that he had been brought now only because she could n't very well have refused his own cousin; but how could she have imagined this Ivor boy to be so different from his brothers, who were notorious.

She said, rather flustered:

"I must have known your brothers," which was not at all what she wished to say.

Roddy's lips twitched. He saw at once that that explained it, though inadvertently.

"Come for a walk," he said suddenly, after a reflective pause. He had not meant to cut Greek, too.

"In this?" asked Minnie Bee.

Even a boy could see that the white ruffles might not survive the climb Roddy was contemplating. He looked vividly put out.

"But if you would n't mind waiting?"

"Certainly not. Run along," said Roddy, much relieved.

She ran along, and he looked after her approvingly. What a sensible girl now!

When Minnie Bee came back, unbelievably soon, Roddy thought her less an angel, perhaps, but the prettiest thing he had ever seen in his life. Yet she had on her oldest serge skirt, a far from new blue-silk middy, and a shabby cap of Confederate gray that one of the cadets had given her when she was a small girl. Her feet in their little brown shoes literally danced along. Something was singing itself in her golden head. Minnie Bee hummed it:

"Lo! there hath been dawning
Another blue day."

She did n't remember any more of it; just that much was all she needed. She continued to hum it as they went out in the blue day. She did n't ask where they were going; even when it seemed a long way she did n't ask. Even when they began to climb and climb she did n't ask.

"I don't know whether you've ever been up here," said Roddy, breaking a

cheerful silence. He stopped for a moment to cram his soft hat into a pocket of the coat which he was already carrying.

Minnie Bee, high up among unfamiliar hills, looked critically about her and said that she had never been up there.

They went on, Roddy slightly in the lead, his eyes shining with the surprise he had in store for Minnie Bee. A riotous wind was whipping his roomy shirt about his beautiful slant of back and shoulder. His head made a dusky glory in the blue day. Now and again he looked back at Minnie Bee with a smile, appreciative of her prowess thus far, and encouraging her to further feats. Minnie Bee, who felt lifted on wings of lightness, always smiled back. She was a hovering radiance in his wake. At the edge of the highest hill Roddy said in a quiet tone of triumph:

"Now."

They stepped over the crest. Far, far below, in a deep, wide cup, compacted of the colors of the fall, lay a green valley. In it a white town shone by a river of gold. The cup was brimmed with sunshine and patterned with cloud shadows. It offered up beauty forever.

"I came on all this of a sudden one day last fall," said Roddy, his eyes alight. Minnie Bee understood. He had wished her, too, to see it suddenly, like that, because it had been wonderful to him.

He spread his coat for her beneath a slender locust, and threw himself down near, among the thin, pointed little golden leaves, already scattered in the just seared grasses.

Minnie Bee looked at the white town. It was very far away, so far away that it was spanned by a spray of goldenrod. She hummed:

"Lo! there hath been dawning
Another blue day."

She did not know when she had ever felt so happy.

"Now," said Roddy, "let us talk about everything in the world."

"What must we begin with?" asked Minnie Bee.

"Suppose," said Roddy, rising on his elbow, "we begin with friendship."

"Friendship?" asked Minnie Bee in an odd tone, almost as if she had never heard of such a thing.

"Friendship," said Roddy, "is the most wonderful relation in the world. You can't always depend on your lover or your brother, but you can always depend on your friend."

"I never had one," said Minnie Bee.

She was thinking of the girls whom she had known in a way all her life, of the lovely, sweet girls in the town down there with whom she had gone to church and to school, but among whom she had never had a friend.

"You can have one now," said Roddy, deliberately, "if you want him."

"*You!*" cried Minnie Bee. It was the strongest exclamation.

Roddy colored furiously.

"I beg your pardon," he flashed in clean-cut words. His quick thought was that Minnie Bee had heard of a thing of which it was altogether unlikely she should have heard, a long-ago action of his, repented in full, paid for in full, done with forever, he had hoped, save as one never is done with anything.

Minnie Bee put an impulsive hand on his rigid arm.

"You see, I happened just to be thinking of *girl* friends," said Minnie Bee, somewhat shakily. "Why, I—I'd love to be friends with you."

He searched her with his gaze. She offered him her hand in the sweetest manner to seal their pact. Its firm, generous pressure reassured Roddy wholly.

"I'm glad," he said, still holding the convincing hand, "because, when I met you last evening, it was what you might call friendship at first sight with me."

Minnie Bee, still smiling beautifully at Roddy, took back her hand. She did not say what it had been at first sight with her.

ONCE more Minnie Bee and Roddy wandered on the sheer rim of the wide cup of the hills. Fire haze of Indian summer

obscured the land and blotted the sky. It turned the sun to the round red-paper sun of an astrologer's weird garment. It brimmed the cup of the hills with a universe of bluish, faintly irradiated particles. Minnie Bee and Roddy were as solitary as two persons in a dream. They were closed in by a dimness that might, for aught they could see to the contrary, stretch away to the farthest reaches of space and time. Wandering thus, as in an enchantment, they came on a forest of stickweed.

"Did you ever," asked Roddy, "do this?"

He broke a lance of stickweed stalk, nicked it just so far from one end, broke another slighter lance, and fitted an end of that into the nick. Holding these two lances high in air, he bent together their free ends, and with some adroit turn of wrist swiftly hurled the slighter one from him.

Minnie Bee exclaimed in delight and astonishment. It seemed impossible that the serpent of velvet black simulating Hogarth's line of beauty far above them could be the stickweed stalk hurled by Roddy the second before. It darted higher still. It did not turn in descent until it had flung itself, blazing, across the unreal face of the sun. It fell very slowly, while Minnie Bee held her breath. It was lost in the haze-brimmed cup of the hills.

"Look! look!" cried Minnie Bee in a joyous tone.

A second serpent was hurling itself from the rim of the opposite hill. It strove to outdo Roddy's serpent. It outdid it.

"I'll not take *that*," said Roddy.

He flung a second lance. The serpent it immediately became darted viciously toward the zenith, far, far above the unreal face of the sun. Minnie Bee's eyes sparkled. She might have fancied herself a legendary princess beholding the encounter of rival magicians. Evidently the unseen magician was not going to stand that either. A fourth serpent rose; but through some default of magic sank ignominiously into the deeper blue haze that marked the hills along the horizon. In-

stantly a fifth serpent hurled itself on the tail of the fourth.

"He 's mad," laughed Roddy, who had just sent his answer.

The unknown's serpent suffered from no default of magic this time. The two met in mid-air, and strove for supremacy. It was toss up between them straight above Minnie Bee's upturned face when they incredibly touched and fell slowly together, like enemies who had warily made truce.

"Bravo!" shouted Roddy in his ferry-call tremolo.

A return call echoed faintly, and was drowned, as the serpents had been drowned, in blue haze.

"Wonder who that was," said Roddy.

"Show me how!" pleaded Minnie Bee.

She did not learn the trick readily. Her stickweed lance remained a stickweed lance, falling stiffly close by, and never turning into a magic serpent at all.

"You have to begin doing it when you are a little tad," said Roddy, exploring a pocket. "Here, I'll show where I learned to throw stickweed." He took out a pack of kodak pictures. "Let us sit down." He made a place for her in the edge of the stickweed forest, and stood for a moment gazing at her. Pale brown of November grasses, vague blue of forest smoke, dim gold of withering, but still flaunting, autumn weeds, were all about them. With these Minnie Bee's vaguely blue dress and shining head made a harmony which even an untrained eye could appreciate.

He flung himself beside her, resting on his elbow, and arranging the pictures in order on the grass. He indicated one.

"On those old hills there," said Roddy, "right along the river. Mary and I used to see how far down it we could throw."

"Mary?"

"My sister; her name is Mary, too." He pronounced it "Murry." He smiled on Minnie Bee, "I'd like you two to meet."

Minnie Bee asked hurriedly:

"And who 's this?"

"My father," Roddy told her, pride in his voice.

"He looks clever and kind," said Minnie Bee.

Roddy nodded agreement.

"And what do you think of this pretty girl?"

The pretty girl laughed out at Minnie Bee from a loophole in a vine-hung lattice. Minnie Bee kept on looking until she discovered the girl to be rather mature, after all.

"It 's your mother," she guessed at a venture.

"Right-o," applauded Roddy. He looked at the picture for a good while himself. "You 'd love her," said Roddy, at last.

"And this?" asked Minnie Bee, again rather hurriedly.

"Oh, that is Bina, my cousin who is to be a trained nurse. I 'll tell you all about Bina some day."

"And this beautiful, beautiful creature?"

"That," said Roddy, in a thoughtful, but matter-of-fact, tone—"that 's Susy, Breck's wife, you know." He looked reflectively at the ground before him for a brief moment. "I dare say Wirt has told you a lot of nonsense?" He put it to her suddenly. She colored, and Roddy went on: "I was fearfully in love with Susy more than a year back, but old Breck came home and cut me out. They ran away together this summer and got married. Now they live at Cedarcliff with the rest of us. I 'm very fond of Susy, but I 'm not the least in love with her any more, of course. I 'm not in love with any one. Being friends is good enough for me," said Roddy. "And, by the way, I 've a poem about being friends which I 've been saving up in my head for you."

He began to recite, sitting up and clasping his knees, his eyes on the absurd red-paper sun.

"The one thing changes do not change,
The one thing mine quite to the end,
Time may not alter or estrange
Your heart, my little friend."

He gave her a calm, affectionate glance and continued:

"We do not love as lovers may;
Someway one gets diviner good
From this serene companionship
And surety of mood.

"That says it," commented Roddy, with superb certitude.

Minnie Bee had a quaint, tender feeling for Roddy just then. She thought there could n't be much to a girl, however beautiful, who could give up a splendid boy like Roddy for that slight, sneering, gambling, drinking Breck Ivor. She cast her scornfully face down, and turned to Roddy, who had taken up another picture. It was a lovely view of Cedarcliff, and it was the house and grounds of Minnie Bee's despairing dreams. She could not keep the slow tears of longing from welling. It looked so old and quiet and big and lived in and loved! She contemplated it so long that Roddy glanced at her curiously.

"Why, Minnie Bee!" he cried in amazement.

"I want to be *born* and *grow up* in a house like that," said Minnie Bee, ridiculously. "I hate little houses. I hate little yards. I hate little towns."

"Why, honey," said Roddy, "what 's it all about?"

His tone was distressed and thoughtful and more. It confessed to Minnie Bee's attuned ear that Roddy knew very well what it was all about.

"Is n't that a persimmon-tree, over there?" she asked, blinking her tears away.

"Looks as if it might be," said Roddy, cautiously following her lead.

"Please see," said Minnie Bee, calmly, as if she had not been making an idiot of herself a moment earlier. "I 'm very fond of persimmons—once a year."

"And surety of mood," quoted Roddy all to himself, going off to throw sticks at dangling, amber bunches of fruit. The persimmons came tapping down on the dry, brown grasses.

"Poor little kid!" murmured Roddy, tenderly.

Not many had fallen, so he flung more sticks. A lavish shower resulted, and,



" 'Minnie Bee,' said Roddy, 'you are a wonderful girl' "

turning to go back to Minnie Bee, he found her by his side. He filled her cupped hands.

"I don't believe they've had their three frosts yet," said Minnie Bee. She made a childish face over a persimmon, and tossed away the rest. They sank like bright-colored stones in the blue haze which filled the cup of the hills.

Continuing around the crest they encountered a remotely gazing figure. It was Seaton, also making a round of the hilltops. He glanced at Roddy.

"Was it *your* stickweed?" he asked.

Roddy made a gesture of assent, and Seaton turned to Minnie Bee, who stood looking off into the distance with a detached air.

"Well," said Seaton, smiling down on her, "it did n't get the better of mine, did it?"

He lifted his hat to Minnie Bee, and lounged off into the ubiquitous haze.

Roddy watched him from sight.

"He looks rather old to be here," he said, turning to Minnie Bee.

She answered carelessly:

"Oh, he finished here ages ago. He came back to take a graduate course in civil law, so as to be able to manage his property intelligently, he says. His father left him a sugar plantation in Louisiana."

"And you can see," said Roddy, "that he looks down on everybody except Adam and Beauregard. What's wrong?"

"This thorn vine; it's got my hem."

"We'll make it let go, then," said Roddy, getting to a knee.

But it was a tenacious wretch of a thorn vine, and held to Minnie Bee's hem so effectually that the soft fabric was pulled and slightly rent before the vine was cut and coaxed away.

"I'm afraid I've been a clumsy duffer over it," said Roddy, straightening up.

"It's not your fault," said Minnie Bee; "you did the best you could."

RODDY stood by Minnie Bee's bookcase, looking over a recent number of "The Fixed Star," their college magazine.

"This Heathcliffe makes me dead tired," said Roddy. He read a line aloud:

"The winter lies before like an endless sorrow."

"Like fun it does," said Roddy. He glanced at Minnie Bee, expecting complete agreement. Minnie Bee, however, was eying him queerly from her window-seat.

"Roddy," said Minnie Bee, "do you really mean that you are in your third year here without knowing that *I* am Heathcliffe?"

"You?" said Roddy. He stared at Minnie Bee, and saw that she was in earnest. "Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" asked Roddy.

"Why?" cried Minnie Bee, with a quick flare of the artistic temperament.

"Oh," conceded Roddy, "it's good enough; but that only makes it worse of you."

"Makes what worse of me?"

"The winter lies before like an endless sorrow,"

quoted Roddy again. "And I came to take you sleigh-riding this morning. Here, I'll have this out with you presently. Go get on your things, and wrap up well."

When she came back, though well wrapped up, she did n't seem to suit him.

"Where are your furs?" asked Roddy.

"Oh, I don't need furs," said Minnie Bee. Gradually faint color overspread her face from brow to chin in a warm pinkness. How was she to tell him that if she could n't have good furs she would n't have any? "This," added Minnie Bee, flippantly, "is the South, Roddy, where we pick flowers the year round."

Roddy smiled back at her.

"I guess the snow made me forget. Stupid of me." He forgave himself many more serious blunders, but he never forgave himself for asking Minnie Bee why she did not wear her furs on that nipping January morning.

"How," he asked as they drove under an arch of enchantingly improbable white boughs, "did you ever come to write for 'The Fixed Star'?"

"Why," said Minnie Bee, "I was always good in English in high school. The boys knew it. I began giving them stuff for the 'Star' ages ago." She laughed. "Sometimes I used to write nearly all of it except the ball news, and I could have written that."

"I like their nerve," said Roddy in tones of the deepest disgust. "A lot of lazy loafers letting a girl do all the work, and the college get all the credit."

"I did n't know you thought there was any," mocked Minnie Bee.

"I did n't say it was n't good enough; but your Heathcliffe is a perfect demon at a feast of woe. You 'd think he lived in a cage, and had all the pleasures of life spread before him and could n't get at any of them. And here are you, a beautiful girl whom every one loves, daring to tell me that *you* are Heathcliffe, confound him! Why, honestly, Minnie Bee, every time I read a 'Fixed Star'—and it seems to me the least a fellow can do is to take that much interest in his magazine—I have a fit of the blues. I have to come to see you before I can feel that anything is worth going on with. Think of *that*, if you please."

Minnie Bee threw back her delightful golden head, and laughed as if she would never stop.

"Oh, Roddy, Roddy," she gurgled, "some day I 'll put you in a story for 'The Fixed Star.'"

"Me?" said Roddy. He considered over it, seeing at once, as nearly every one does see, what an interesting and original character he would make. But he shook his head regretfully. "I 'd be no good to you. I 'm too cheerful." Then he added, "But you have n't told me yet why you do it."

"Oh," said Minnie Bee, casually, "according to you, I put all my blues in 'The Fixed Star.'"

A light stole in on Roddy.

"Still," said he, reflectively, "does n't it all seem rather silly—out here?" He was using the candor of the true friend.

Minnie Bee looked about her. They were sliding through a Christmas post-

card as large as life. Above them an azure sky soared in purest radiance. A snowy road sparkled beneath them. On each hand were white hills, crusted with snow as a birthday cake is crusted with frosting, and trimmed with diamond-dusted pines. It did seem rather silly out there.

"I 'd let 'The Fixed Star' go hang," said Roddy, relentlessly. "If I had your talent, I 'd write for something worth while. And while we 're deep in, I 'll just go on and say that I think precious little of those books I look into sometimes while I 'm waiting on you to decide whether you want it v or square. I could n't think where you got hold of such a lot of atonic—I got that word out of a preface to one of them—stuff. I suppose the fellows who call themselves literary editors unload it on you when they finally deprive the town of the honor of their presence, eh?"

Minnie Bee admitted this to be a good bit of deductive work.

"I 'll tell you what you need, Minnie Bee," said Roddy; "you need a set of Louisa M. Alcott."

A wistful look came to Minnie Bee's face. *Laurie* had been her earliest love.

"I did n't know she wrote anything else," said Minnie Bee.

Roddy seemed to understand. He said, smiling at this odd ignorance in one whose shelves showed many recondite names:

"Why, yes, a whole row." He held his hands apart to show her.

At this careless trick the hired team shied sharply.

"Watch out there!" called a roadside wayfarer.

Roddy, looking thoroughly vexed with himself, touched his hat-brim as they sped by, and Minnie Bee flashed a radiant smile.

"That was a fool break of mine," said Roddy, turning his attention to a small boy riding straight into them on a home-made sled, red scarf-ends flying.

"Right of way," said Roddy. He gave it good-humoredly.

"I 'd like to be a boy," said Minnie Bee.

Roddy did not ask why. Any girl

worth her salt always wished to be a boy. He glanced at her sympathetically as he turned the team about. They tore down the four-mile descent like a streak, never pausing until they drew up, breathless, at Minnie Bee's home, looking small and dreary, bereft of its gracing vines and summer boughs.

"Why," asked Roddy, belatedly and teasingly, "did you wish to be a boy?" He asked it, hat off, at her door.

Minnie Bee flashed him a look. She was dazzling with the color the wind had whipped into her cheeks and the mad things it had done to her golden hair.

"Oh, I don't know," said Minnie Bee, daringly, "I suppose I wished to be a boy so that I could make love to beautiful girls, Roddy." She ran into the house, laughing back at him.

"Minnie Bee," called Roddy up the stairs after her, "you are a rascal, that's what *you* are."

"WHAT have you been doing with yourself this nice spring day?" asked Roddy.

"Why," said Minnie Bee, "I've taken to sketching again since you made me give up writing for 'The Fixed Star.' I was out all morning. February is like spring to-day, is n't it? Let me show you my picture."

Roddy assented carelessly, and Minnie Bee showed it to him carelessly. His expression changed to one of astonished interest.

"Why, you can draw!" he exclaimed. He held it off. "Why, Minnie Bee, you are an artist!"

He continued to gaze delightedly at the sketch. It was a slight thing, a lift of far mountain, a stretch of near meadow, and a dash of dark woodland between; but the marsh-grass of the meadow was stirred as if by a soft spring wind, and little clouds of springtime seemed flying across the sky.

"Take it home with you," said Minnie Bee, amused.

"May I?" asked Roddy, eagerly. Minnie Bee could see that she had offered him a treasure.

"Minnie Bee," said Roddy, "you are a

wonderful girl. Do you know that you really are a wonderful girl? You can do anything you like."

Minnie Bee smiled at her good friend.

"Not *anything*," said Minnie Bee.

Laughing voices hailed them from the porch. The noisy little cousins had walked over from the other end of town. They came running in and encircled Minnie Bee with embraces. She smiled at them affectionately; but it was evident to Roddy that she was a creature of finer clay, that these embraces were in the nature of a sacrilege.

He stopped by the book-store on his way home to get a frame for his picture. He was standing by his desk fitting the sketch into this frame when Wirt sauntered in and sat on the edge of the desk, watching.

"Are you and Minnie Bee just friends?" asked Wirt, eyeing Roddy curiously.

"Wirt," said Roddy,—he paused while he straightened a tack,—"I'm quite over the vanity of imagining beautiful ladies in love with me. We are just friends."

"I think she likes you a lot," insisted Wirt.

"I hope so," said Roddy, calmly.

Wirt shrugged his shoulders. "She'll marry Seaton if he asks her."

"She's not in love with Seaton, you chump."

"But she'll marry him all right, all right, and I don't blame her, bless her heart! If I were in her place I'd marry any man who would take me away from this humbug-ridden town."

Roddy lay awake that night thinking about Seaton and Minnie Bee for a long time. Could it be that Wirt knew Minnie Bee better than he, Roddy, knew her? Would she marry Seaton just to get away? Was she not of finer stuff than that? But one thing came clear to him. He believed if Minnie Bee had the sort of friends she yearned for she would not be so averse to remaining in the town or so tempted to make a loveless marriage. It shows how young Roddy really was when he decided to get his sister Mary up to town and spring Minnie Bee on her unawares.

He thought how splendid it would be if they could invite Minnie Bee to Cedarcliff for the summer. She 'd forget all about Seaton at Cedarcliff. He lay smiling in the dark, thinking how fond every one there would get of her. Susy would be sweet to her, he knew. He drowsed off, head on arm, thinking of Minnie Bee and Susy until they merged into one indescribably lovely girl whom he was regarding with the serenest affection when the dark, sweet cloud of sleep descended.

BUT, after all, he did not have to use any arts on Mary, since he found her awaiting him in the porch swing the very next evening.

"Murry," said Roddy, by way of greeting, as he dropped to the step beside her, "are you game for a before-breakfast walk in the morning—to the old college?"

Mary, thinking nothing of it, said that she was. A before-breakfast walk to the old college was a town rite which she always observed during her visits to Aunt Sally's. But she had never before halted at a small house on the remote edge of the campus and waited until a musical, and evidently prearranged, whistle from Roddy brought a pretty girl to its door.

There *was* something special about Minnie Bee, some quality sensed instantly by the yet unprejudiced Mary, who found Roddy's little friend charming. Roddy, well pleased, left the girls to get acquainted, putting in an oar only when Mary endeavored to discover common friends in the town, which was worse than talk about caste.

Their progress along cobweb-bordered paths brought them at length to their excuse for a walk. It loomed large through the morning haze; but the old college was only an empty shell from which Time had thieved the kernel. They paused beneath a tall end wall which had wrapped vines about itself as a dimming beauty wraps veils about her once fair face.

Minnie Bee, not knowing of Roddy's sister, had brought sketching material. Mary was delighted. She declared it magical to sit there watching the deft fin-

gers as they portrayed the farther end wall and the rim of mountain beyond it.

"Is n't she a wonder?" asked Roddy.

Mary recognized his Bina tone, tender, proud, brotherly, and, above all, calm. She considered Minnie Bee with aroused keenness of vision.

While Minnie Bee's sensitive lips had a tender expression, her eyes, lifted by dark blue flashes beneath those fluttering lids, were neither sisterly nor calm.

What stupid men were, thought Mary, despite their being so big and important-looking. No wonder such a lot of things went wrong, with only men running the world.

Minnie Bee offered the sketch, though hesitatingly, to Mary as a souvenir of their morning stroll. Mary's action on receipt of this gift was one rare with her. She kissed Minnie Bee out of an impulse which was doubtless one of pity had she been able to define it.

"She writes, too," said Roddy, boasting on; "she 's Heathcliffe in 'The Fixed Star.'"

This did make Mary open her eyes. "The Fixed Star" was always taken at Cedarcliff on account of Breck having once been literary editor.

"If you are as clever as all that," said Mary, "I 'll be dreadfully afraid of you."

But Minnie Bee, blushing, and wishing Roddy would keep quiet, did not appear alarming.

"*And* play," Roddy continued to brag. "I 'm going to take you to hear her play."

"Is n't he going to bring you to call on me?" asked Mary of Minnie Bee.

Minnie Bee's smile might have meant anything. Mary gave it the natural significance. But Roddy, somewhat in the background, where he lingered to gather Minnie Bee an early violet, colored with annoyance. How the deuce was he to take Minnie Bee to call on Mary at his Cousin Sally's? They parted at the door of Minnie Bee's still-fast-asleep little house, making first an engagement. Roddy was to bring Mary next day to hear Minnie Bee play.

While walking down Main Street, just

roused to its waking yawn, Roddy resorted to unwonted subterfuge.

"I would n't mention Minnie Bee to Berta, Murry," said he, too carelessly.

Mary instantly turned on Roddy a suspicious glance.

"Berta has a sort of foolish prejudice against her," said Roddy, loftily.

"I see," said Mary. She held her head high, and walked along stiffly by Roddy now.

The idiot actually endeavored to convert her to his point of view. They were passing Minnie Bee's Uncle Joe's harness shop when he thus wasted breath. Mary turned her head, and viewed its swinging sign.

"I thought the name seemed familiar," said Mary. She had kissed Minnie Bee!

"The prettiest and cleverest girl in this confounded town," exploded Roddy. He had got white over it. He knew now who had invented the caste system. Women. The vain women who must have slaves and underlings to satiate their infernal selfishness. Imagine a world run by them! Bedlam, that's what it would be.

He lifted his hat sternly to Pagie Presley and Wirt, also returning from a before-breakfast stroll to the old college, taken in the opposite direction, a thing which would occur sometimes with unscrupulous young men in charge of the expedition. He stood aside sternly during the badinage which ensued. He accompanied Mary home, still sternly. In the hall he offered her the sketch.

"Perhaps *you* had better keep it," said Mary, hatefully.

At that moment Berta appeared with her basket of housekeeping keys, noticed the sketch, and insisted on examining it.

"One of Minnie Bee's," said Roddy, out of sheer, desperate bravado.

"We picked her up on our walk," said Mary. Her glance promised that Berta should hear all about that later on.

Berta comprehended at once that Mary had been the victim of a most shameful imposition. She said warmly:

"I did n't think you capable of an underhanded trick like that, Roddy."

Her tone was extremely severe. Roddy simply could not help feeling like a naughty little boy. He ignored Berta entirely.

"Are you going to call there with me to-morrow?" he demanded of Mary.

"Certainly not."

"Kindly inform me what excuse I am to give."

"Any you like."

"I think you had better, in common decency, go home," said Roddy, furiously.

"Oh, Roddy, you are too funny!" said Mary. Her tone changed to one of indulgence. "Certainly I have no earthly intention of going home before I get ready." She moved off with Berta, glancing over her shoulder to call out, "You can say to your little friend that I have toothache, if you like."

Roddy flung off to his room in the rage of his life.

HE went alone the next afternoon to call on Minnie Bee. He looked so unhappy when he lied and said that his sister had unexpectedly been prevented from accompanying him, and was very sorry indeed about it, that Minnie Bee made herself sweeter than he had ever seen her.

There was nothing petty about Minnie Bee. She had not the faintest inclination to take it out on Roddy, but, all the same, it was a turning-point. Motor-cars were not rare in town, of course, though some horses and persons still shied at them; but such a long, wicked-looking car as Seaton brought there was extremely rare.

Minnie Bee's smoke-blue bonnet and Seaton's rakish cap used every day to be seen bent together while Seaton drove Minnie Bee saunteringly along the lovely roads of spring. When Roddy did receive a modicum of her society it seemed to him that she was somehow different, that a new expression, almost one of recklessness, pervaded her loveliness.

He said to her once, with a hurt feeling at heart:

"I don't believe you care for me any more, Minnie Bee."

"Don't you, dear?" asked Minnie Bee.

She offered her hand, sweetly. Roddy's face quivered. He wanted to say to her that he could n't possibly help things turning out so; but, naturally, it was n't a thing he could say. He stooped his head, and kissed her hand instead; but Minnie Bee knew, sadly enough, that it was only a pretty piece of boyish chivalry.

There were other reasons than the ones made by Minnie Bee for Roddy's seeing her less frequently. He had a lot of work to make up. He would have felt a good deal of diffidence about going home if he had failed in exams. Not that his father attached undue importance to the academic aspect of a college career; but he did attach immense importance to Roddy's toeing the mark, wherever it might happen to be.

Roddy had to sit up nights and drink outrageously strong coffee; but though he detested cramming and coffee, he felt that but for him Minnie Bee might never have realized the satisfactions of friendship, and he had no regrets.

On the last day of commencement, returning from a solitary stroll, undertaken in hope of losing on the way the slight headache occasioned by burning so much midnight electricity for weeks on end, he sighted Seaton's car crawling up the long ascent. On reaching him it stopped, and Seaton leaned out.

"I was just wishing I might chance on you, Ivor," said he.

For the first time within Roddy's experience of him his striking, dark face wore an air of youthful happiness and gaiety. In fact, he did not look a brute at all.

Roddy glanced, puzzled, from Seaton to Minnie Bee.

"We 've just been married," announced Minnie Bee in a self-possessed manner. It was Seaton who colored. Smiling, Minnie Bee retied the veil-ends of a new, pinkish gray motoring bonnet.

Roddy continued to look at the two in an odd silence.

"Harry," said Minnie Bee, calmly, to Seaton, "please go and get me a bridal bouquet from the hawthorn-tree yonder."

Seaton, with a whimsical glance at Roddy, obeyed at once.

"Minnie Bee," said Roddy, the instant Seaton was out of hearing, "why did you do it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Minnie Bee, lightly. "Out of gratitude, perhaps, Roddy, for my first proposal."

Roddy stared at her, astounded.

"Why, no end of fellows must have made love to you!"

"Made love to me, *yes!*" cried Minnie Bee. So it flamed into words at last, though she had never meant it to.

"I—I—never—" Roddy halted, stammering.

"No," said Minnie Bee, her eyes on the far horizon, "you never did."

"But if I had," cried Roddy, passionately, "don't you believe I 'd have asked you to—to marry me?"

Minnie Bee turned the butterfly blue of her eyes on Roddy for a long, long time.

"Yes," she whispered at last.

Her eyes wandered to Seaton, who seemed about to move toward them. Her hand closed on the edge of the car. Roddy laid hold of it entreatingly.

"Minnie Bee," he said, "I can't believe a wonderful girl like you would marry a man you did n't love. I can't believe you are that sort of girl."

Minnie Bee looked down. Her fingers struggled slightly with Roddy's. A deep, beautiful blush flowed over her face.

"You *are* in love!" cried Roddy, triumphantly.

All at once Minnie Bee ceased to struggle. Her face flowered into blue eyes and whiteness. She looked up at Roddy, her heart on her sleeve.

Roddy felt extraordinarily happy. She was *not* that sort of girl.

"It 's so splendid of you, Minnie Bee," he said, "to make me quite contented about you." He could let go her hand now.

"Just a word," said Seaton at his elbow. He filled Minnie Bee's arms with sprays of the most heavenly fragrance as he went on speaking.

"You 're an awful ass, Ivor; but you

are a good chap, and you 've been a good friend to my girl here, and I want to say to you that I 'm going to spend the rest of my life making up to her for what this cursed town 's done to her. That 's all, except"—he wrung Roddy's hand so that it hurt—"confound you, and—bless you!"

Roddy, pardonably bewildered, moved away a little. He stood by the flowering hawthorn, his hat off, waving it, and smiling affectionately at them both as the car began to speed up the long hill.

He watched it until Minnie Bee's bonnet was withdrawn like a whiff of rosy cloud into the stealing evening. She was gone. Her friendship, not, after all, his to the end, was a thing of yesterday, and her wistful face only a picture on Memory's wall. Strange how a person may be your intensest present one moment and your irrevocable past the next!

Roddy stood motionless for a long time by the hawthorn-tree, gazing across a mile of sunset-colored air to the town where Minnie Bee could not be happy.

It was a fair old town of shining memories. Life had humanized it. Death had hallowed it. War had touched it with flaming sword. One of the greatest gentlemen of all time had lived and taught and died there. A young man could hardly gaze across to its walls and roofs, now golden in the rich evening light, without being thrilled by its legend of heroic youth. Yet Minnie Bee, having been born out of her caste, could not be happy there.

Vaguely, yet vividly, all this passed in the mind of the boy standing by the hawthorn-tree. But it was a problem of the ages which time itself might never find the leisure for solving, and Roddy was not quite twenty-one.

He let it go, and mused instead of his friend—of the look which had confessed her love for Seaton.

Roddy had been tremendously impressed with that look of Minnie Bee's. Some day, he hoped, a girl would love him like that.

To One Dead

By DAVID MORTON

I THINK that if you suddenly returned,
 A little bewildered by the light and air,
 But smiling secretly at all you learned,
 Shaking the grave-dust from your shining hair—
 I think if I should come with you to tea,
 I should not find you changed or grave or sad,
 But keen with talk of what there was to see,
 Laughing the while in that frank way you had.
 There would be stories of the shadowy host,
 And sprightly comment on the things they do:
 How this one was a most exclusive ghost,
 Or that one was adorable in blue.
 It would be good to hear the things you said—
 Your light and usual gossip—of the dead.

An Episode

By ROGER WRAY

THE male occupied the first-floor room overlooking the sea; the female had the room on the ground floor immediately beneath his. She had arrived only that evening, yet within a couple of hours she knew all the main facts about him; that is, she knew all that Olwen could tell her.

His name was Preston, and he had the rooms all the year round; he was about forty years of age; he was a science teacher in the local college; he had "some o' them letters, like, after his name"; he had "books and things" all round the room; he had a microscope and a piano and some old china ("as old as Adam"); altogether he was a "queer old stick" and he had a club-foot. Nobody ever seemed to come to see him. Sometimes he scarcely spoke a word for days on end; sometimes he was talkative: that was when he had "one of his piano-fits." But when he got his nose buried in his books he "never noticed nothing nor nobody." There was a lonely look in his eyes at times, and Olwen felt a strange compassion for him. She was certain he meant no harm. It was only his "studying ways" that made him like that.

The female listened to Olwen's description with a show of sympathy. From her window she scanned him comprehensively as he entered the house. It confirmed most of what the maid had said. She had him classified, as it were, and from that moment her curiosity, being satisfied, dropped asleep.

SHE slipped into his consciousness first of all as a faint perfume. He did not know that she was in the house. He had not heard or seen anything that might have given him the clue to her coming. That perfume was the only hint of her presence. When he went up to his bedroom he had

suspected nothing; but on going downstairs to his living-room a new odor had momentarily touched his senses. It was sweet and exquisitely subtle. Had it been weaker, he might not have noticed it at all; had it been more obvious, he would doubtless have given it a chemical formula and forgotten it. Its very elusiveness baffled him. It was to him the unknown, and it haunted him all evening.

It was curious how persistently his mind reverted to that triviality. He attempted to read the treatise on "Dynamical Isomerism" which had been sent to him by the author that afternoon. It had made him eager, almost excited, when it arrived; but it was no use. His eyes traveled down the pages with a scythe-like movement without gathering the meaning. It was strange, he fell to thinking, how instinctively one associates perfume with woman. She is essentially animal, as animal as a male; yet she contrives to suggest, well, not exactly the spiritual, but, at any rate, the oral. She eats beefsteak like a man, but she appears, somehow, ethereal. Her colors, her scents—her outline is an efflorescence; her petticoat is a corolla.

He was vaguely surprised that Olwen had not mentioned that a new visitor was expected. Olwen generally reported the affairs of the household to him when she brought in the tea. Perhaps he had not been in an approachable mood.

She must have gone up-stairs or come down while he was in his bedroom. There had been no voices, no footsteps, not a trace of her existence. If he had seen her face to face he would have thought no more about her, but this perfume was tantalizing. It was at once a luxury and a mystery.

He began to be seriously annoyed with himself. Women had never enticed his

curiosity like this. He had been far more enthusiastic over *Amœbæ* and *Rotifera* under a microscope. He saw them dispassionately and without emotion, as well-known specimens of a familiar species of fauna. He lived for his research. Science has her celibates and martyrs, as religion has. Of course he would see her and hear her to-morrow. Was she old or young? Was she married or single? A widow, perhaps? Was she beautiful? At that moment she was merely a waft of perfume on the stairs.

He tried the piano, but after strumming a few bars he closed the lid sharply and viciously. It was exasperating. He sat in the bay-window and looked out to sea. The sun had set, and the water was turning to those weird grays and blues one sees in some of Watts's pictures. It made him shudder. The sky-line was clearly defined—indigo against the waning light. He saw the summer visitors taking their after-dinner promenade along the road beneath him. Night after night he watched them. He knew most of them by sight, recognizing them in a desultory way. There was the daintily stepping French girl in her mauve frock and leg-horn hat. There was the lady who looked like an operatic singer, magnificent in physique and a splendid swimmer. After his fashion he admired them. But they were there, visible and tangible. They did not distract him with evasive odors and mysterious suggestions.

The next evening Preston made his second discovery about the female; in fact, he made several discoveries. First of all, he heard the rustle of her dress. He was in his bedroom at the time, and she ran up-stairs and into the room adjoining his own. Running! Evidently she was young and active. The discovery pleased him. She was not in her bedroom more than half a minute, and ran down-stairs before he had a chance of catching a glimpse. The perfume lingered for a little.

Through the open door he saw—he could not help seeing—her traveling-trunk. There was nothing impalpable

about that. It was covered with labels—cabin numbers, names of hotels, the careless scribble of customs. It was clear at a glance that she was rich. She had been to *Cajro*, *Buenos Aires*, *New York*, *Paris*, *Zermatt*, *Milan*, and *Mentone*. He did not intend being so curious, but the fact remained. She was still a mystery. Why should she want to stay in apartments when she could afford the European hotels?

He made a third discovery as he went out to post. Her room door was wide open as he passed, and he saw a box of cigarettes on the sideboard. For a moment he felt a resentment, but he excused her. Certainly she was young,—young and modern,—with dashing ideas and Parisian dresses. The cigarettes explained all that at once.

His fourth discovery took his breath away. He opened his door and stepped on the dark landing just as she came rushing full tilt up the stairs. She ran into him at the corner.

"Oh, desh!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon!" said Preston, instinctively.

"I 'm awfully sorry," she added, and was gone.

He trod out a spark on the carpet, and distinctly observed the two odors of scent and cigarette.

He returned to his room, and his heart was beating. He had not seen her,—it was too dark to see any one on that landing,—but he had had a host of sensations all in a bunch, and he wanted to sort them out. There were her voice, her animation, her impetuosity, her mettle.

"Oh, desh!" he repeated, but he could not get the effect as he had heard it.

Despite the darkness he gathered that she was tall, and also that she was dressed in something light, some silky material the color of which he could not even guess.

"Oh, desh!" he said again.

That pleased him best of all.

On the third evening the female had a companion. Preston could hear talking below him, and occasionally an outburst of clear laughter,—a rill of sweetness, it

seemed,—and, full of irrational despondency, he sat gazing at the sea.

It was stupid to be so obsessed with the woman. Of course she was married, and her husband was down-stairs with her then. The thought caused an indefinable melancholy to cast a shadow over him. He felt an unfathomable solitude. The warm things of life were not for him—ardent odors, colored jewels, soft voices, the sense of a bodily presence, kindnesses, caresses.

Some one ran up-stairs. It was she!

"Helena!" a voice shouted from below.

"Hullo!" came from above.

"Bring some music down with you."

No answer.

"Can you hear?"

"Yes."

"And bring my wrap, will you?"

"Yes."

It was not her husband, after all. Preston was relieved, immensely relieved. Yet what difference did it make? There were two ladies in the room beneath him, but their husbands would be coming over any day. Possibly they were in France.

He had made another discovery: she was Helena. It was a noble name. She must be fair and tall to merit such a name.

The chatter went on below, and the peals of laughter became more frequent. It was all so high-spirited, so brimful of vitality, that it made him feel young again.

There was the music, too. For some reasons Preston wished there had been no music. The singer had a sweet voice, a trifle too tremulant, perhaps, but very firm on the high notes. It had color, a certain vividness of color, that suggested a brilliant personality; but he wished she had sung something better than the latest songs. It seemed incompatible for a Helena to be singing that stuff. She might as well be reading penny novelettes at once. The pianist was very poor, indeed, but that was partly the fault of the instrument. In any case, it did n't matter. It was only Helena's companion.

Preston made no further progress in his discoveries that night.

There was nothing special the following evening. Helena and her friend had been away all day, and it was getting dusk when they returned. They were chattering and laughing with unusual animation in the down-stairs room, and the sound came in at his open window, mingled with the rhythm of the waves. He could not distinguish what they said, yet he imagined he knew the spirit of their conversation: there had been some diverting escapade that day, due to Helena's impetuosity, no doubt.

Later on they went out of doors and sat at the end of the jetty. Preston could not see what they were like, for it was almost dark; but he saw them as silhouettes against the sea. They were still talking with great eagerness, with swift gestures, and emphatic shakes of the head. He believed they were quarreling. He had no difficulty in deciding which was Helena. Her companion was shorter and plumper, and her temperament was less vivacious. She did not seem the type of woman who would rush headlong up the stairs in the dark. Nor would she say "Oh, desh!" when she collided with a stranger.

So many women, Preston mused, were sedate and dignified. They took their opinions ready-made and lived by social regulation. Helena was not like that. She was audacious, free-spirited, and inclined to please herself. Her very gestures bespoke a native fund of energy and independence. She would not care a rap what anybody thought. She had a knack of getting into scrapes and doing unconventional things and smashing her way out of difficulties. He wished he could see her face. He was sure she was beautiful. To-morrow, perhaps, he would be able to see her.

The next day was Sunday, and in the morning Helena and her friend went into the sea. They emerged from the house in dressing-gowns and ran down the jetty to the water. Helena's gown was pale blue, and she had a blue bandana cap. Dropping the gown, her bathing-dress was navy-blue, with white braid. The sunlight gleamed like ivory on her limbs.

It was sheer joy to watch Helena take to the water. She literally danced into the sea, as if the very touch of the living waves electrified her whole body. She danced and then dived, and, emerging with powerful side-strokes, swam out an immense distance. Her companion was a good swimmer, but she did not riot in the water as Helena did. They returned eventually, and sat on the beach, enjoying a sun-bath. The next time Preston looked they were in the water again, floating, with hands locked behind the neck. But he never saw them come indoors, and did not see them the rest of the day. At night-fall they sat at the end of the jetty again,—black shapes cut out of cardboard,—and the sound of laughter reached his ears from afar.

Preston did not see them for several days after that. On Wednesday, however, he saw Helena standing back to him in a telephone-box. She had a frock of wonderful color, like the palest of pale carnations. He noticed her big pearl earrings, which shook as she talked through the 'phone. She seemed to be excited, and he heard her saying:

"Look here, I want to know who told you. . . . Are you going to tell me? . . . I positively refuse to tell you. . . . Look here, who told you? I insist on knowing. . . . Hullo!"

He went away extraordinarily interested. The fragment of dialogue suggested all sorts of possibilities. No doubt she was in another scrape. It was just like her.

That night they went bathing in the moonlight. Nobody else was in the water, and a small crowd stood watching them. The people seemed to be apprehensive for their safety, but Preston laughed. Helena was not afraid.

Two evenings later, Olwen mentioned Helena for the first time.

"The ladies below are leaving in the morning," she said.

"Indeed?"

"We 'll be a bit quieter again when they 've gone."

"They seem pretty lively, don't they?"

"Reg'lar cautions, sir, both of them."

"Are n't they rather—well off?"

"Tons o' money, sir, but they know how to get through it."

"Well, if they enjoy it—"

"Don't they just!"

Preston did not ask anything further. Olwen would have enlightened him readily enough had he prompted her, but he felt an unaccountable reluctance. Olwen might tell him something that might spoil it all. He did not even know her name. For all he knew she might be Mrs. Jenkins or Miss Tomlinson. He wanted to think of her as Helena.

The thought of Helena was an elixir to him. She exhilarated. She made him feel romantic and adventurous. The sense of her proximity was almost an idyll. She was in the room below him at that very moment. He adored her, yet he had never seen her face. He had made the attempt to see her more than once. On this last evening he felt that he never should see her again. She would go away as she came, a mystery.

He was intensely aware of her existence. He wondered if she had been even dimly aware of his. She had made a difference to him, but he could not possibly have made any difference to her. He longed to tell her something,—something vital and splendid,—but such emotions never shape themselves in speech. They are, as she was, thrilling and elusive.

He remembered his piano. He had never opened it since the first evening she arrived, and then he could find nothing to play. But he wanted to play now, if only to declare himself, to make his great affirmation, and bid her good-by. He looked across the sea where the first star of evening, lovely and lustrous, was spilling drops of light. He gazed at it in wonder; it had never been so bewitchingly beautiful before. He sat down to the piano and played "O Star of Eve" from "Tannhäuser." Never until that hour had he felt its passionate ecstasy and pain.

He went on without a pause, extemporizing. He found articulation in music. He became aware of the beauty that leaps

and dances, that maddens with perfumes, and dazes with colors, the rapturous loveliness of the flesh, the glowing perception of animal vitality, audacity, the fearless spirit, the elusiveness of laughter, and of his impotence and desolation.

It cannot be put into language what he put into chords. Night fell upon the earth and sea in deepening tones of blue, but he still played in an ache of exultation. The big star grew whiter and more ravishing. From the room below came no sound.

He had always despised bodily beauty as something temporary; he knew then

that it alone was immortal. Three things possessed his soul: the sense of infinite time that came from the unresting sea, the sense of infinite space that came from the brilliant star, the sense of illimitable beauty and unfathomable hunger. He had never seen her face, he had never heard her name; but he told her that he, too, was a man. The male cried out to the female—the ancient cry older than the sea, younger than the star.

Next day she was gone.

Now at last he could give his whole mind to the treatise on "Dynamical Isomerism."

One Voice

By WINIFRED WELLES

YOU were the princess of the fairy-tale
 Who spoke in emeralds instead of words,
 Whose laughter left an exquisite, bright trail
 Of sounds as winged and visible as birds.

I never knew until yours went from me
 That any voice could love my name so much,
 That just to speak it made it seem to be
 A fragrance and a color and a touch.

My days are gestures of bewilderment,
 My nights are attitudes of listening,
 For fear you may have whispered as you went,
 And I shall lose the star-like echoing.





“Salome”

By HENRI REGNAULT

IF one were searching for a typical example of the art of painting in France in the late sixties, one could find nothing more representative than the now famous “Salome” of Henri Regnault. It epitomizes the art of the Second Empire, the period with which his brilliant career ended.

Gérôme had led the way to the Orient and first taught the Parisians to open their eyes to the “jeweled reproductions of the East,” and his influence was felt by several of the younger men. Regnault, while responding to the call, departed somewhat from the accepted standards of the day. Although he was a master of accurate design, he had at the same time a strange sympathy with fierce, dramatic energy, a quality illustrated by his “Judith and Holofernes” in the Salon of 1869 and by his “Execution without Judgment under the Califs” in the Salon of 1870. In this same year appeared also the “Salome.”

One’s first impression in coming into the presence of this work is of a figure in strong relief against a lighter background, and it is only after closer study that one discovers this effect has been attained by the subtlest modulations of color. Indeed, it must have been the color and pictorial effect that first made the appeal to Regnault, for Théophile Gautier says of him, “Happily there was not in him what the philosophers and critics call *thought*: he has but the ideas of a painter, and not those of a litterateur.” At first he wished to paint only the model, an African girl. Later, after fitting accessories had been added, the picture was called “The Favorite Slave.” After two years of work upon it, Regnault developed a definite purpose and gave it the title of “Salome.”

The dominant note in the picture is the mass of wild, black hair placed against the lightest part of a yellow satin curtain that forms the background. The childlike face, with large eyes and parted lips, although in shadow, is suffused with a delicate pink glow. The light falls full on the well-rounded shoulders, which are bare, and from which fall carelessly bits of drapery of light yellow and pink.

The “Salome” was an instant success in the Salon of 1870, and was sold at once. A little later it was resold, and in 1912, after most sensational bidding in which representatives of the Louvre took part, it came into the possession of friends of the Metropolitan Museum, and by them was afterward presented to that institution.

A. T. VAN LAER.



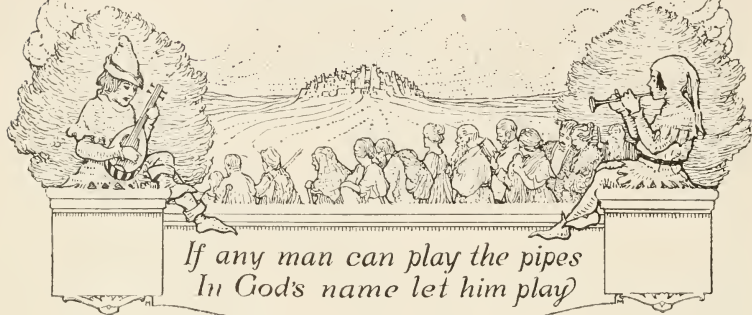
Oliver Herford

To a Cow

By OLIVER HERFORD

CORNIFEROUS wet-nurse of the human race,
Calm, comfortable cow, with placid pride
Yielding your offering at eventide
To the brown goddess who with rustic grace
Bends o'er the shining pail her knees embrace,
Clad in a simple smock and apron wide
Whose fickle folds make scant pretense to hide
The lissome lines they roguishly retrace!
Now all alone, with brimming pail, she wends
Her homeward way across the field, and now
The pathway of the meadow slope ascends,
Till gathered in the purple of its brow
Her fading shape into the twilight blends,
Leaving to me the darkness—and the cow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



*If any man can play the pipes
In God's name let him play*

Small Talk

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

THE other day, just as I stepped out the front door of my office on Fourth Avenue, intending to walk up-town, I met Mr. Bond, also walking up-town.

Mr. Bond is an imposing man. He is supposed to be one of the biggest exporters or importers or something in the city. He looks like a whole corporation on two legs. Whenever I meet him, which is not often, his dignity oppresses me with the thought that I, too, am a man of affairs and should show by my conversation that I am engaged with matters of moment. The thought is too much for me. Usually I see Mr. Bond some distance away and slip quietly across the street. But this time we met squarely.

"Hullo," he said. "Walking up-town?" I looked for a street-car. There was none in sight.

"Yes," I replied, and fell in beside him.

Immediately I cast about for something to say. The weather? No man of affairs begins with the weather. Besides, the weather was n't anything in particu-

lar; it was n't too warm or too cool or too windy or perfectly beautiful or thoroughly nasty; it was just a gray, neutral, ordinary afternoon. The news of the day? I had been too busy to see a newspaper. Politics? The subject frightened me; Mr. Bond would get me beyond my depth in no time.

We crossed Twenty-sixth Street. Mr. Bond said nothing.

"Well," I began boldly, "how 's the export business going to-day?"

"Import," he corrected. "Oh, it might be worse."

That finished that. I groped again. Usually, when I have nothing to say, I follow a simple plan. Suppose I meet X. The last time I saw him was at Y's. I say, "Well, have you recovered from that party that old Y gave?" And when he says he has, we tell each other what a bully chap Y is. I considered this possibility. But Mr. Bond and I had last seen each other at a small luncheon five weeks before, and it seemed over-solicitous to assure myself of his recovery. As I was

making this decision we crossed Twenty-seventh Street and approached Twenty-eighth. The silence was unbroken.

"This is ridiculous," I thought. "Anything will do. I don't have to say anything important. Any remark will do." I opened my mouth to make any remark. I could n't think of any remark.

Let me see—something I had been doing? Rapidly I reviewed my day. A letter from my family, scrambled eggs and a baked apple for lunch, an important button missing from my favorite soft shirt—it would be impossible to interest an exporter, or, rather, importer, in any of these matters. My life seemed devoid of incident. The silence hung heavy about us.

Then I had an idea—the theater. What had I been to recently? I meditated rapidly. (Twenty-ninth Street.) I might ask Mr. Bond if he had been to "Does your Mother Know you 're Out?" It seemed distinctly an importer's entertainment. Again I opened my mouth.

I could not say it. If I had asked him right off, it might have passed; but it was a silly question to take four blocks to work up to. Mr. Bond probably thought a knotty business problem filled my mind; it would be better to start off with something deep. Meanwhile I took a couple of deep breaths and put on a bit of swagger, to indicate that if I did n't talk much, it was because I enjoyed walking for the air and the exercise. (Thirtieth Street.)

Perhaps there was something about us to call Mr. Bond's attention to—something unusual which men of the world could discuss. A timely accident might serve. It would be a relief to be able to clutch my companion's arm and remark, "By Jove! that 's the third traffic policeman I've seen run over this autumn! I tell you, the situation is becoming intolerable," or, "I say, just watch that chap

falling out of the tenth-story window. One does n't often see that even in New York." But Fourth Avenue was as quiet as Sunday. Better plunge on the drama. (Thirty-first Street.) I cast the die.

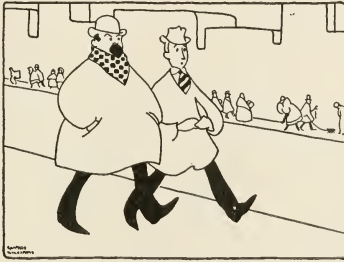
"Have you been to 'Does your Mother Know you 're Out?'" I asked timidly. My voice sounded weak. What a silly question after six blocks!

"No, I have n't," Mr. Bond replied. "How is it?"

"Pretty good."

I wanted to go on; I had interesting critical ideas about the show, which I was in the habit of expressing forcibly to my friends. But such matters would be beneath the notice of Wall Street. Again we came to a full stop. Flight became imperative.

We were approaching Thirty-second Street. Mr. Bond would clearly be continuing up-town. Probably he was bound for the Grand Central Station. I held my breath till



"The silence was unbroken"

we almost reached the curb.

"Well," I said smoothly, "I leave you here. Glad to have seen you."

"This is my street, too, as it happens," said Mr. Bond.

My heart sank. "Good!" I cried. "What a lucky chance!"

Together we turned to the left and walked westward along Thirty-second Street. In the next few blocks there were actually a couple of perfunctory rallies of talk. Mr. Bond was the server each time, and each rally ended quickly with a clean ace for him. I am afraid my mind was too busy with plans for escape.

This was how I reasoned it out: Mr. Bond was evidently bound for the Pennsylvania Station, not the Grand Central. He must therefore continue straight ahead on Thirty-second Street. I could hardly turn off to the left; for if I did this, he would wonder why I had stayed on

Fourth Avenue as long as I did. If I turned off to the right, I would have to have a destination between Thirty-second and Thirty-third, or else he would wonder why I had turned off Fourth Avenue as soon as I did. He might conclude that I had done so to rid myself of his company. Perish the thought! I was between two fires. Therefore I kept a sharp eye out for possible destinations within one block to the right.

We crossed Madison Avenue in the midst of a short rally on the situation in Wall Street. I saw no plausible excuse for turning off here. We crossed Fifth Avenue in silence. I could not make up my mind in time. Better to wait and turn off up Broadway.

"Well," I said, as we approached the next corner, "I'm afraid—"

"Not going up Broadway!" Mr. Bond was all hearty astonishment, and I chilled as I heard him. "Why, that's funny; so am I."

It was too late to play another card. Into the noisy northwest we turned together.

I became reckless. There are moments when we wish the earth would swallow us up. This was one of them for me. I should escape by diving into a hole in the ground.

We approached the Hudson Tube entrance. I chose my moment, fixed my most winning smile of farewell on my face, and began—

Then a remarkable thing happened. Simultaneously to the instant, as if we were rehearsing a speech marked *All* in a play, Mr. Bond and I announced, "Well, I'm taking the tube here."

The laugh that we laughed was forlorn, and the words that we murmured about "delightful coincidences" were feeble, as we descended the steps.

Was I never going to be free of this

man? I seemed to be doomed to go to Jersey with him. I did n't want to go to Jersey. I don't like Jersey. Besides, I must get home for dinner. But no self-respecting man in my place, having gone as far as I had, could keep from boarding a Jersey train. One was about to start. Mr. Bond and I stepped in.

After all, I said to myself, one should at least be cheerful. Be the clouds never so sullen, one should be sprightly and gay, should laugh and make jokes. I looked out the car-window, and my eye caught the posts which support the roof of the Thirty-third Street Tube Station. These posts are numerous and fat, and as each

is marked "33" in large figures, the traveler is confronted by 3's wherever he looks. A happy witicism occurred to me.

I pointed at the posts.

"One can't see the woods for the threes," I said to Mr. Bond.

The moment I got it off I was ashamed of it. It was n't a

good line. It did n't mean anything at all. But I could n't unsay it now.

The train started with a grunt and a heave.

"What?" said the importer.

Again I pointed at the window.

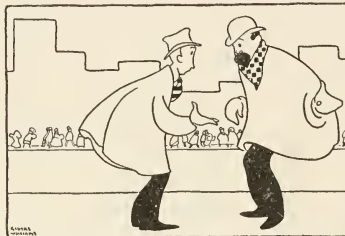
"You can't see the woods for the threes," I repeated flatly.

Mr. Bond looked again, and as he looked, the platform swept by and was left behind. He considered. The train roared on through the blackness.

"I'm afraid I did n't quite get that," he said above the uproar.

Have you ever had to repeat a fleeting jest in a forty-two centimeter voice to a deaf grandmother?

"It is n't important," I shouted at the top of my lungs. "I only said that you could n't see the woods for the threes. There were lots of threes on the posts in



"Simultaneously . . . Mr. Bond and I announced, 'Well, I'm taking the tube here'"

the station, and—and the idea occurred to me. It 's all over now. It 's gone by. It was back in the station."

I wished to heaven Mr. Bond would drop the subject. He merely looked puzzled. I knew he was asking himself what was back in the station.

"Did you say *woods?*" he asked finally. "Yes!"

A pause for further reflection.

"What woods?"

How could I explain to him that the thing did n't make sense? Discretion had left me.

"No woods," I yelled.

The train was just stopping for the Twenty-eighth Street Station. The door beside us slid open, and in a panic I stepped out.

Mr. Bond stepped out beside me.

Two or three other people pushed by. Then quickly, before I could make a dash for the door again, the importer stepped

back into the car. Clearly he had merely moved out to let the passengers by. The door shut.

I waved to him through the window. The train went off, carrying Mr. Bond with it. I was free.

Whenever I get complacent nowadays I try to imagine what Mr. Bond thinks of a publisher who goes from Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street to Sixth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street by way of Thirty-second Street and the Hudson Tube. Then I writhe.

Sometimes, though, I wonder if Mr. Bond was really bound for Jersey that afternoon. I wonder if he really stepped off the train just to let those passengers by. I wonder why he went all the way up to Thirty-third Street to take the Hudson Tube. I wonder— Then I stop writhing.

Personally, I think importers are pretty dull talkers.



" 'It is n't important,' I shouted. . . . 'I only said that you could n't see the woods for the threes' "

Elegy Written in a Country Coal-bin

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As though we could afford another ton.

Now fades the glossy, cherished anthracite;
The radiators lose their temperature:
How ill avail, on such a frosty night,
The "short and simple flannels of the poor."

Though in the ice-box, fresh and newly laid,
 The rude forefathers of the omelet sleep,
 No eggs for breakfast till the bill is paid:
 We cannot cook again till coal is cheap.

Can Morris-chair or papier-mâché bust
 Revivify the failing pressure-gage?
 Chop up the grand piano if you must,
 And burn the East Aurora parrot-cage!

Full many a can of purest kerosene
 The dark unfathomed tanks of Standard Oil
 Shall furnish me, and with their aid I mean
 To bring my morning coffee to a boil.

The village collier (flinty-hearted beast)
 Who tried to hold me up in such a pinch
 May soon be numbered with the dear deceased:
 I give him to the mercy of Judge Lynch.



FIRST CLASSMATE: "What has reduced you to these straits? Not drink, I hope!"

SECOND CLASSMATE: "No; faith in providence, high ideals, and trust in my fellow men."





Portrait of the Artist

PAINTING BY REMBRANDT

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE CENTURY

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No. 5



The President and his Day's Work

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WHAT a President of the United States can do is prescribed by the Constitution and innumerable statutes derived therefrom; what a President cannot do is a proscription imposed by society. The one defines his legal powers, the other limits his personal liberty. To survey not alone what the President must do to discharge the manifold duties of his office, but what he is by convention, custom, or other cause prevented from doing, one must observe from day to day his trials and tribulations, his vexations, his tangled problems, his unremitting labors, his opportunities for error, and understand something of his public and private worries and apprehensions. These constitute an unalluring, though fascinating, side of the Presidency of which the general public gets only an occasional glimpse. For while the office is the most powerful in the world, the paradox of it is that the President is at the same time the most restricted person in the country—restricted as to personal liberty, and the exercise of that degree of selfishness or desire for self-enjoyment, however small, with which every man is by nature endowed.

Few people ever stop to think what a captive of convention and dignity a President really is. The city of Washington is not his accustomed residence; it is, in

fact, the home town of few, being simply a house of transients, and in the later years of life intimate friends are not easily made. Therefore, unless the new President has previously lived amid Washington's migratory population and is acclimated to the city's periodic changes, he finds himself alone in a strange environment, a cold atmosphere depressing to the new-comer. Even after he has made friends he cannot call upon them casually or at random. Form, that ancient regulator of Washington life, is the immediate barrier. Discretion is another. The President may drop in on his friends now and then, but not too frequently. Such visits, unless distributed with calculating foresight, are apt to be misunderstood, and it is difficult to discriminate. So the new President must at once detach himself from private life, primarily because disinterested men are few. Somebody is always wanting something from the President.

Mr. Taft went about Washington freely, for he had lived there several years before being elected to the Presidency; but the general criticism of him was that he spent too much time socially, and his defense, it will be remembered, was that the White House was a lonesome place. Mr. Roosevelt provided his own recreation,—boxers, wrestlers, and rough-riders,

—but these were exceptional diversions, revealing, indeed, the artificiality of a President's position.

Though before his election to the Presidency a President may have been a sociable fellow, may have liked upon occasion to drop in at a club, lounge in the reading-room, or recline in an easy-chair enveloped in smoke-rings and gossip, he cannot now be a clubman in that sense. Even if he so desired, he would not find time for it and do his work conscientiously. Mr. Wilson plays golf, for instance, but rarely if ever stays longer at the clubhouse than is necessary to pass through it to a waiting automobile. He used to be fond of the University Club of New York, and frequently, as President-elect, went there to write personal letters or to read magazines. Doubtless he would now like to lose himself for hours in the retreat of a library, but he cannot; he is never completely alone. He is like one under arrest, always guarded, always protected, always awkwardly aware of his own troublesome presence.

But if the President's hours of play are confining, it is easy enough to imagine what must be his periods of work. The

office of chief executive of the United States combines nowadays the tasks of the railroad president, the department-store manager, the financier, the pastor, the theorist, the academician, the philosopher, and the politician. He must know a great deal about a great many subjects; he must be instinctively omniscient and apperceptive. His is a task with almost as many phases to it as there are special problems in our over-complicated national life.

The American people, moreover, demand efficiency. They elect a human being, but they really need a superman to do their work. Happily some of our Presidents virtually become supermen; they rise to great emergencies. It is the essence of American vitality, this power of integration, this energizing of a personality, this development of an aptitude for the new problems of the day as well as the chronic ills of a nation. And there is no preparatory school for the Presidency except the school of life, the daily contacts of men with men, and a contemporaneous use of those interpretative powers commonly assembled in the single phrase, understanding human nature.

In these extraordinary times an abstract



Copyright by Harris & Ewing

Joseph P. Tumulty, who stands between the President and the public



Copyright by Harris & Ewing

The clerks in the White House offices who sift the President's mail

view of the Presidency can be of only ephemeral value, for not in many years has there been such a legion of delicate problems massed before the chief executive of the nation. Our thinking about the Presidency is of course in terms of such men as we have seen in the White House in the last twenty-five years: Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Only the last four, however, have actually witnessed the marvelous industrial and commercial expansion of the United States, and the consequent progressive increase of executive problems. Recent tendency has been toward centralization of power, a new nationalism for efficiency's sake; and through force of circumstances President Wilson has been more heavily taxed with the new burdens of the age than any of his immediate predecessors.

Mr. Wilson is on the threshold of a second term. On him a world-wide attention is hopefully fixed. He is in the international as well as in the national lime-light. From a domestic point of view he has introduced many changes in the Presidency, among them a closer cooperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government, a new emphasis on party responsibility.

In the field of foreign affairs he has occupied for two years a position conspicuously coordinate with the rulers of the world. To him have been borne the outcries and heartaches of a stricken humanity. He is at the head of the most powerful nation of the world still remaining neutral. International complications have threatened the peace of the United States. It is an awful consciousness to have on one's mind or in one's hands the power virtually of war or peace, the good or ill of a hundred millions of people.

In recent years our Government has become essentially a one-man government. With President Roosevelt came the change, but President Wilson has been even more adept in emphasizing executive functions, especially in foreign affairs. European monarchs rely on their cabinets or councils to take a certain share of responsibility; but while the President of the United States may delegate tasks to individual members of the cabinet, the ultimate responsibility for their decisions is with him alone. Add to this, then, the incapacity of a single cabinet officer, and by just so much is the President's burden augmented. The obvious remedy is to substitute efficient for inefficient men in the cabinet. This requires courage as well

as a sense of discrimination; a man in the Presidency must learn how to part with his best friends. It is the severest test of true greatness and likewise the most disagreeable one. Whatever may have been the political or other expediencies that governed the original selection of his cabinet officers, Mr. Wilson's hands are now untied. His only obligation is to the nation and its posterity.

Mr. Wilson's first term must have taught him much about his task that should enable him to direct his own improvement. At the outset every man is an amateur in the Presidency; he must feel his way into it. The neophyte days of Mr. Wilson, his gradual transition from the empiricism of a novice to the steadiness of a sure-footed administrator, are interesting in retrospect. Many men are born executives; others become so in the sudden circumstances of great responsibility. Mr. Wilson has had many opportunities for self-instruction in the last two years.

Take one day last August as an example of what the President must sometimes do to meet the demands of his office. It was an extraordinary day, but it will illustrate the scope of Presidential duty and obligation.

Mr. Wilson rose early, breakfasted with his family in the state dining-room, glanced at the head-lines in the morning newspapers, and in a few minutes was in his study on the second floor of the White House, the historic room where Lincoln held his famous cabinet meetings long before the days of the new executive offices. Mr. Wilson was attended only by Charles Swem, his stenographer, one of the fastest shorthand men in the world. He had brought the mail from the executive offices, where a staff of clerks had sifted the letters and telegrams and collected the most urgent ones. The President read them all hastily, put aside some for a second reading, and answered others promptly. He dictated for half an hour or more. He rarely has to change or revise a dictated letter, for he has the rare faculty of being able to say at once ex-

actly what he wishes to say. His style flows on as easily in his dictated letters as in his books or speeches. This capacity for ready expression has been of inestimable help, as it would be to an executive in any business, public or private.

His dictation finished, the President hurried from the White House proper to the executive offices, passing through a latticed corridor, screened from public view and of course constantly guarded. As a rule his first engagement is at ten o'clock, but this day it was at half-past nine. Several congressmen and senators wished to see the President, and each said he wished only two or three minutes, and the secretaries at the White House had grouped the calls in that first half-hour. One by one Patrick McKenna, usher for many Presidents, showed them the way to the President's desk.

With hurried callers like these Mr. Wilson does not sit down. In their eloquence they might forget all about the clock. Some the President may keep longer. He wishes, perhaps, to know more about their errands. With others he finds it necessary to arrive at a decision on the spot. There is no time for procrastination. Persons who come to see the President, and who get an audience, usually have something of importance to say. Yet everything is important. The President is leader of his party as well as the nation's executive. He must perhaps determine a point of political strategy in a doubtful State. A congressman wishes somebody pardoned. The President promises to send for the papers in the case and read them. A senator has an invitation to present. If the President goes West, the people of the senator's State wish Mr. Wilson to stop at three cities therein. Mr. Wilson replies that he will keep it in mind; he has much to keep in mind. He makes a memorandum of the call, or the senator leaves a copy of the invitation.

Several senators then came to consult the President on legislative matters, and he examined the bill they brought. What should the committee do? What was the administration's desire? And Mr. Wil-

son must either decide the point at once, —the bill may have been in conference between the two houses,—or he must take the question under advisement, expecting to consult cabinet officers and others. Yet

and the railroad presidents, for it was at the time of the impending railway strike, and Congress was completing its work. The closing days of a long and laborious session were at hand. At such times it is

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

December 12, 1916

Memorandum for the President:

Henry M. Pindell of Peoria asks if he may have an opportunity to pay his respects to the President.

Thursday, 21, at 12.45 p.m. he is to be 30 long in town. This week has not a chance

A. W.

A typical memorandum prepared for the President by one of his secretaries, showing that Mr. Pindell is in town on December 12, and asks to pay his respects. By the time Mr. Pindell gets the communication reporting that Mr. Wilson cannot see him before the 21st, he has left the city

he is in such constant touch with the progress of legislation through Congress that he is often able to express the administration's wish without delay.

All this was only the beginning of a busy day. Ahead of the President were conferences with the Brotherhood chiefs

necessary to exercise unusual caution, as legislation becomes hurried, and frequently is stacked with "jokers" that nullify the fundamental purpose of the bills.

On that particular day the President's engagement-list included five minutes given over to the ceremony of signing four

important acts of Congress: the child-labor bill, an act granting virtual autonomy to the Philippines, and the two bills authorizing the reorganization of the army and navy and the expenditure of

The signing of the four important measures competed for attention with a dozen or more pressing questions, and committees of Congress had come to witness the ceremony. It was brief. Mr. Wilson said a

few words, hardly adequate, he admitted, to explain the significance of the new legislation; and the chairmen of the different committees by whom the bills had been drawn and completed stepped forward to get the pens with which the bills had been transformed into law, a souvenir habit that has run through many administrations.

The room was clear again, and the President sat down for another half-hour of conferences, this time with the secretary of the treasury and later with the secretary of commerce. At noon he was ready for another session with the railroad executives whom he had seen the night before. Until one o'clock he was debating, arguing, pleading with them, and finally walked over to luncheon, mentally worn out. One o'clock is the luncheon-hour at the White House, but that day it was not a breathing-spell. Ambassador Walter Hines Page and Ambassador William G. Sharp were home from London and Paris respectively on their first furloughs. They had made long cable and mail reports, but by way of supplement they had much to tell the President about the war in Europe, the state of opinion

THE PRESIDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS

Monday, July 3, 1916.

- ✓ 10:00 a.m. Respects
Rep. Hicks, New York, and party - 12 -
District Agent's Bureau Foreign and Domestic
Commerce
Mrs. W. C. Greenam - 2 minutes -
- ✓ 10:15 a.m. Rep. Baker - 5 minutes -
- ✓ 10:25 a.m. Rep. Hamill, - 2 or 3 minutes -
- ✓ 10:30 a.m. Senator Ransdell and Rep. Fitzgerald - 5 minutes -
- ✓ 10:45 a.m. Senator Thomas
- 11:15 a.m. Secretary Redfield
- ✓ 11:45 a.m. Governor Folk and Robt. J. Collier
- ✓ 12:15 p.m. Bishop Harding and Rev. L. J. O'Hearn
- 12:30 p.m. Executive Board of the Women's National
Democratic League - Grace Porter Hopkins,
Secretary
- 2:00 p.m. THE WHITE HOUSE:
The President and Mrs. Wilson to receive
the Japanese Ambassador and Baroness Chinda
- 8:00 p.m. THE WHITE HOUSE:
Mr. Haggood and Mr. Robins

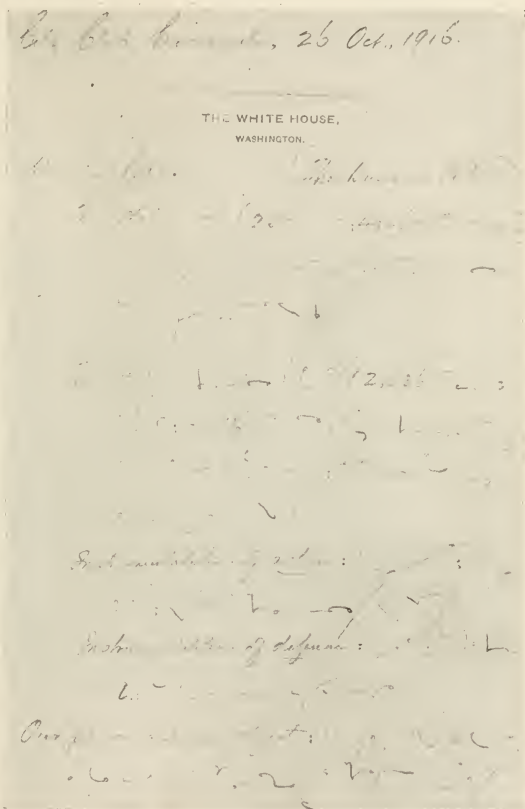
The schedule for the day which lies on the President's desk

more money for troops and battle-ships than at any other time in the history of the nation's peace. The President's eyes were blood-shot; his face was drawn and haggard. He had been up most of the night working on his message to Congress on the railroad situation, and had already done a day's work.

in the Allied countries, the possibilities of peace, the new offensive of the Allies, a great deal about the attitude of the Allied governments toward the United States, and the gossip of diplomatic circles in Europe—what the diplomats of Europe really think about the war in contradistinction to what they publicly say. There was no other time on the calendar for these ambassadors, so Mr. Wilson combined work and luncheon.

Immediately afterward the Japanese ambassador was due to call. He was in uniform, for he came to say formal good-by, and Mr. Wilson, attended by a military aide, received him. The formalities were over in a few minutes, and the President turned to his next callers. They were Vance McCormick, chairman of the Democratic national committee, and Henry Morgenthau, chairman of the finance committee of the campaign and an active political manager; for while Mr. Wilson was busy with public business, he could not forget the campaign. His opponent was stumping the country; the Republicans, not burdened by legislative responsibilities, were working day and night in the campaign. Mr. Wilson was consulted about his speech of acceptance and the general plan of campaign at Shadow Lawn. He was with his political aides for nearly an hour; it was his first conference in weeks.

Finally he took refuge from all this congestion of business in a motor-ride with Mrs. Wilson. There was no time for golf that day, but only for a cooling ride in Rock Creek Park; for it was midsum-



How Mr. Wilson prepared his speeches during the campaign: his shorthand notes for a speech in Cincinnati on October 26. The figures refer to munitions exports and the state of our commerce

mer, which means an average of eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

On the President's return, the secretary of state was waiting with a mass of cablegrams and diplomatic notes received from other governments. He made a brief comprehensive explanation of new developments, and together the President and he

determined the policy of the Government. There is not always time to wait for a regular cabinet meeting, and Mr. Wilson has avoided special meetings because of the exaggerated importance that might be given to the subject under discussion. Mr. Lansing brings to the President's attention only a few of the matters in his department—the matters of vital importance. He doubtless had brought noxious news from Mexico, disturbing reports about the German submarine raids, their slowly extending circle of operations, which might bring into question the validity of Germany's pledges. Requests for facts were despatched to a dozen consuls and embassies and legations which might be in a position to get news from survivors. Doubtless the secretary spoke also of the disquieting situation in the far East, the financial straits of China, and a number of other questions which in normal times would get hours of consideration, but now must be crowded in among matters of greater concern nearer home.

After the secretary of state had gone, the President received Franklin K. Lane, the secretary of the interior, whom he had sent for to discuss the railroad situation. Mr. Lane is the all-around man in the cabinet, the general-utility player. He has served on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and was therefore of much help in the railroad controversy. He knows about Mexico, railroad finance, conservation, politics, and a multitude of other problems. He was summoned specially to go over the message which the President had prepared to read to Congress on the railroad situation or to examine the proposals left by the railroad executives earlier in the day, for in a few minutes the President was to receive the Brotherhood chiefs.

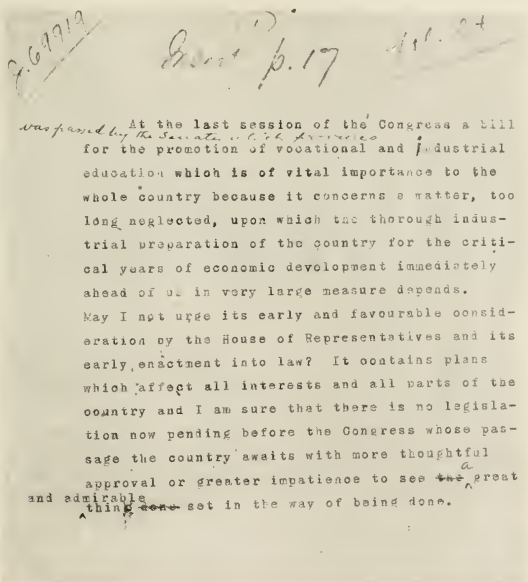
It was now after sunset and nearly dinner-time, and still the day was not ended for the President. It was an interminable procession of nerve-racking problems and duties. All day the oral tasks had absorbed Mr. Wilson's attention; now at night, after dinner, he repaired again to his study, there in solitary quiet to pore

over a mass of memoranda, pardon cases, confidential reports from abroad, important letters from prominent men in this country and in Europe, communications from various departments of the Government, and reams of suggestions or questions relating to the conduct of the political campaign. Mr. Wilson likes to have things in writing, and almost all of the business of the Wilson administration is conducted in that way. The cabinet has learned to submit virtually everything in writing. Mr. Wilson has no stenographer with him at night. He keeps a little type-writer beside him, and types a brief comment or reply to each of these long communications.

Even the President's private secretary, when anxious to lay before him a matter of importance, draws up a memorandum or brief, giving the pros and cons of the subject. He could just as well walk a few steps to the White House from the executive offices or even consult the President when he is in his office, but ever since he was governor of New Jersey Mr. Wilson has indicated that he prefers to have important questions placed before him on paper, so that they may be examined at his leisure, though the very word is a misnomer. No mind could retain all that is said to the President in a single day; so it happens that Mr. Wilson's desk is always piled high with papers; it is a constant battle against a constantly ascending pile. Part of the mountain is made up of official papers and commissions that merely require the President's signature, small bills and resolutions that have passed Congress. Of the thousands upon thousands of commissions for army and navy officers, appointments to West Point and Annapolis, commissions for postmasters and federal office-holders without number, all must bear the signature of the President. Writing one's name a hundred times is a monotonous undertaking, but the President must do it literally thousands of times a week. For example, requests for autographed photographs are eternal, and are not to be denied, for it is one of the easiest ways to dispense Presidential favor.

The President's mail is really voluminous. Aside from his official correspondence, people write to him on almost every subject under the sun. A staff of clerks does nothing else every day but sift the mail. Some people have the mistaken notion that religious prejudices somehow block letters to the President. Of one thing the public can be assured: Mr. Wilson has no patience with protestations

foreign. The President obeys Grayson implicitly, a fact which accounts for his good health. All work and no play would undermine a physique more robust than that of Mr. Wilson. On Saturday afternoons, therefore, the President steals away for a long automobile ride. The half-holiday is a survival of academic days, when the Princeton professors were wont to tramp the neighboring country with him. Mr.



An insert which the President wrote on his own type-writer, and included in his message to Congress of December 5

about religious intrigue. All reach him, but he has neither the time nor the inclination to read them. Crank letters are ever in the mail; a trained corps of readers can spot these in an instant.

Not all the days of the year are like the one described above, but there have been many such since the Wilson administration began, through the long and tedious sessions of Congress over the tariff and currency laws. There are fortunately also days of recreation. These are well-nigh compulsory, and here Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, is sov-

Wilson sometimes boards the *Mayflower* on a Friday night and cruises down the Potomac to Chesapeake Bay, but he is always in communication with the White House by wireless. He usually takes a mass of papers with him, too. He is never detached from his office, its anxieties, cares, and burdens; they always pursue him.

Many an evening Mr. Wilson seeks diversion at the theater. By his order "The Star-Spangled Banner" is not played when he arrives, and no ceremony attends his coming or going.

The President must always be on his

dignity; he can never relax. He cannot sit in the orchestra or in the balcony, away from everybody's staring glances. He cannot laugh too uproariously; he cannot fail to applaud. He is constantly on exhibition.

Dignity, after all, is the most terrible punishment that is inflicted on a President. He is constantly reminded of it wherever he goes. When he travels, he must appear at all the railroad stations that he passes through lest the impression get abroad that he is undemocratic. He may be tired or sleepy; it makes little difference, for he must be seen. It is not sufficient that the President modestly follow the ways of the ordinary man; he finds himself hedged about by the knowledge that while a private citizen can walk the streets at will, gaze in the shop-windows, and move about unmolested, the President cannot go anywhere without finding a big crowd tagging at his heels and a number of people pressing forward to shake hands.

This task of shaking hands is by far the most exacting of all the physical labors of the office. Unquestionably, the eagerness of the people to come into intimate contact with the President is appreciated by him, but after shaking hands with a few thousand people at public receptions, not only are the hands tired, but the neck and shoulders ache all over. Mr. Wilson has broken the precedents of previous occupants of the White House by cutting down the number of popular receptions; but still several thousand people shake hands with him every month. To senators and representatives it is important that they be able to present their constituents who visit the national capital. These are the courtesies which the President must not fail to observe.

Then there are the strictly social demands of the Presidency. Every winter four state dinners are given at the White House, to the diplomatic corps, the supreme court, the cabinet, and the speaker of the House, to each of which about fifty guests are invited. Every member of the cabinet also gives a dinner to the Presi-

dent. Four big receptions are held in the winter months, and a series of garden parties takes place in the spring. At least two thousand persons are received at the White House on each of these occasions.

Even the social function has in it none of the freedom of an ordinary social affair. It is like so much public business. Secret-service men are constantly on guard, indistinguishable from the guests. McKinley was shot at a popular reception, Garfield at a railroad station, and Lincoln at a theater. The precautions taken to guard the President are nowadays very elaborate. Not much is said about it in the public prints lest more cranks become possessed of a notion to outwit the detectives. A sane man, of course, would find it easy to break the barriers, but sane men are not assassins. Mistakes are frequently made by the secret-service men, but they proceed on the theory that it is best to take no chances. Yet the President must appear in public; he cannot be afraid or *seem* afraid. President Wilson, who is very much like Colonel Roosevelt in this respect, is always riding in open automobiles or carriages, bowing conspicuously to the street crowds.

The secret-service men are by act of Congress ordered to guard the life of the President. They never leave him. They are faithful, tireless men, companionable fellows, silent when silence is desired, conversational when conversation is invited, always, however, alert and ready for any emergency. The secret-service men are at his side wherever the President goes. They shop with him, they accompany him on the links, they sit in his limousine, they go to the oculist with him, to church, to the bank. And when the President arrives at the bank, for instance, every one is watching, and doubtless after he has gone the curious know just what he has drawn or deposited. And whenever a check goes through a corresponding bank, the clerks must needs examine it.

The President's private business becomes everybody's business. He cannot, for example, get married without having the whole world theoretically present, as

the news services must have a detailed account of the event. If the President has a slight cold, the world must be informed. If he cancels an engagement, the reason must be given or there is much ado among the newspaper men. If he is simply ex-

congressmen whose support is of course of the utmost importance recommend men for public office in the most laudatory terms. All the applicants are to their sponsors' minds possessed of the necessary qualifications, and Mr. Wilson, like many



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The usual bill-signing tableau: the President signing several bills on August 29 in the presence of the members of the congressional committees that framed them

hausted and wants to see no more callers for a few days, it is announced that the President needs a rest and a squad of newspaper men and secret-service men go along to help him "rest." The market bobs up and down on reports of whether he is only slightly ill or seriously indisposed. A policeman is always on guard at the bedroom door. The President, in short, is not a private person at any time; he is treated by the Government, the people, and the press as public property.

The Presidency is regarded by many persons as a philanthropic institution. Aid is invoked for all manner of good causes as well as by many private persons in distress. These are among the most difficult of all questions to handle. Personal friends constitute another embarrassment of consequence. Many of them cannot understand why the President has not time to receive them, or why he has not selected them for any of the numerous positions he must fill. All cannot be satisfied. Some deserving ones are no doubt ignored in the congestion. Senators and

another President, has neither the time nor the facilities for checking up information as to qualifications. Most appointments, therefore, are made blindly on somebody else's say-so. That is why many prove unfortunate. About the only remedy for this is the extension of the civil service, so that virtually all federal officeholders will be required to take competitive examinations at stated intervals.

Perhaps the most intrinsic phase of the Presidency is the quasi-judicial power it subtends—the necessity for decision. If not absorbed hours at a time in reading an application for a pardon, court records, etc.,—there are several of these every week,—the President is wrestling with a point in domestic policy that may involve party tradition as well as party solidarity. If he is not weighing a moot point in neutrality, a vague zone in international law, he is examining the rival claims of the railroads and Brotherhoods and the intricacies of railroad finance, rates, wage schedules, and a multiplicity of detail that he knows in his heart he cannot master in

the short time allotted to him to determine governmental policy. If he is not studying the cases of cadets expelled from West Point or Annapolis,—in his hands is the power of review, and some congressman or senator is always interested,—the President is occupied with military and naval reports on the needs of the army and navy, a business unto themselves. Appointments galore must also be made—appointments to the Shipping Board, the Tariff Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Farm Loan Board, vacancies on the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

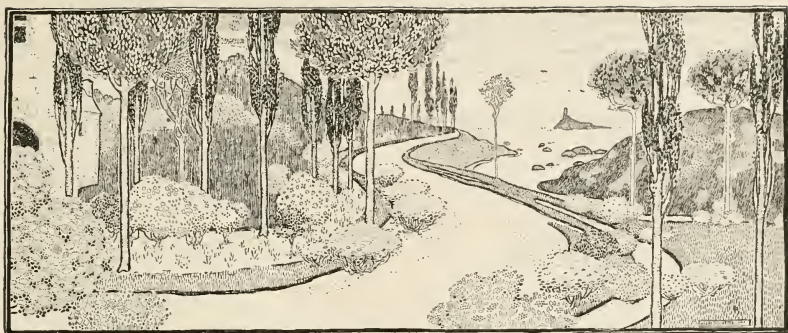
Picking the right men requires weeks and sometimes months of persistent search,—quiet search, too,—and then after locating the most available men, the President must frequently persuade them at financial sacrifices to themselves to abandon their accustomed occupations for public service. In countless matters of a similar character does the President often find himself confronted with a beggar's choice. Frequently he must make decisions of the efficacy of which he cannot himself be oversanguine. Many times he is well aware of the fact that, whatever the course he pursues, it will meet with severe criticism. The Mexican problem and questions of neutrality growing out of the European War, the eight-hour controversy and other domestic tangles, have furnished, as we have seen, ample field for such criticism. Hindsight is better than foresight, and few men and few newspapers are constructive in their criticisms of the President of this or any other administration. Few point out an alternative

course at the same time that a decision is compelling. Many are prolix when the failure of the policy chosen is perfectly obvious.

Bitter abuse is flung at the President by enemies visible as well as invisible. He is under a strain at all times. Is there joy or satisfaction in such an eminence? Is the intermittent applause of the populace the only recompense? Is the mental chaos of four or eight years and its enervating labor the price a President pays for intangible fame? There must be only one answer. The atmosphere of the Presidency is uplifting and of the highest morality. The very possession of a mighty power makes for earnestness. It inspires a passion for service.

On the whole, our Presidents are conscientious men. They do exactly what is expected of them; that is the best they know how in the circumstances. The American people sometimes misjudge their man; they raise too lofty an expectation. This can be and is corrected on the following election day. In the case of Woodrow Wilson, the majority must have felt, no doubt, that he did as well as could have been expected of him or of any other man in the unusual circumstances of the day. And if the meaning of their verdict were to be epitomized in a single phrase, it would be that Mr. Wilson was rewarded, after all, for that which in sports, in politics, and in the Presidency especially, the American people love to exalt—an honest effort. Which is little less than can be justly demanded of a President nowadays in a task that is slowly outgrowing the mental capacity and physical energy of a single human being.





From the Life: Sir Watson Tyler¹

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "Silent Sam," etc.

Illustrations by G. H. Mitchell

Tyler, Sir Watson, K. C. B.; *b.*, Coulton, Ont., May 24, 1870. Educ. public schools, Univ. of Toronto, grad. 1891; *m.* Alicia Janes, 1893. Pres. Coulton Street Ry. Co., Coulton Gas and Electric Co., Farmers' Trust Co., Mechanics' Bank of Canada, Janes Electric Auto Co., etc. Donor Coulton Conservatory of Music, Mozart Hall, etc. Founder Coulton Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven Choir, etc. Conservative leader Senate 1911. Privy Council, Minister without portfolio, 1912. Knighted 1915 for services to the empire.—"Canada's Men of Mark."

THE stairs which Wat descended—he had been christened "Wat," not "Watson"; he made it "Watson" later (I am writing of the autumn of 1892, when he was twenty-odd years old)—the stairs which Wat descended on that crucial Sunday morning had been designed by an architect who had aspired to conceal the fact that they were, after all,

stairs. He had disguised them with cushioned corner-seats and stained-glass windows, with arches of fretwork and screens of spindles, with niches and turns and exaggerated landings, until they were almost wholly ornamental and honorific. They remained, however, stairs, just as the whole house remained a house despite everything that had been done to make it what the Coulton "Advertiser" called a "prominent residence." And to Wat, that morning, those stairs were painfully nothing but stairs, leading him directly from a bedroom which he had been reluctant to leave down to a dining-room which he was loath to enter. In the bedroom, since daylight, he had been making up his mind to tell his family something that must soon be told to them. He had decided to tell them at the breakfast-table, and he could have forgiven the architect if the stairs had been a longer respite than they were.

In a dining-room that had been made

¹ [Copyright, 1917, by Harvey O'Higgins. All rights reserved.] Those curious to know how closely Mr. O'Higgins has followed fact in this story are referred to the Centurion column in the advertising pages.—THE EDITOR.

as peevish with decoration as the stairs he found his father, his mother, and his two sisters, already busy with breakfast and a Sunday paper, which, in those early days of Coulton, was imported across the border from Buffalo. His sisters were both younger than he and both pertly independent of their elders, and they did not look up from the illustrated sections of fashion and the drama, which they were reading as they ate. His father seemed always to seize on his hours of family leisure to let his managerial brain lounge and be at rest in the comfortable corpulence of his body; he was stirring his coffee in a humorous reflectiveness that was wholly self-absorbed. Mrs. Tyler smiled apprehensively at her son, but she did not speak. She did not care to disturb the harmony of the domestic silence. Both the harmony and the silence were rare, and pleasant to her.

Wat sat down, humped himself over his fruit, and began to eat with an evident lack of zest. The dining-room maid came and went rustling. Mrs. Tyler brushed at a persistent crumb among the ribbons on the ample bosom of her morning wrapper, and regarded Wat from time to time with maternal solicitude.

He had once been a delicate, fat boy,—before he took a four-years' college course in athletics,—and she had never been quite convinced of the permanency of his conversion to health. He had come home late the previous night, and he looked pale to her. His lack of appetite was unusual enough to be alarming. He did not begin his customary Sunday-morning dispute with his sisters about "hogging" the picture pages of the newspaper.

His mother, watching him in silence, broke out at last:

"What is it, Wat? Are n't you well this morning?"

"N-no," he stammered, taken by surprise; "I'm all right."

His sisters glanced at him. He was unthinkingly afraid that they might see his secret in his eyes,—they had all the devilish penetration of the young female,—and he looked down his nose into his

coffee-cup with an ostentatious indifference to them as he drank.

Naturally, they accepted his manner as a challenge to them. Millie remarked to Ollie that he seemed thin, which was far from true. Ollie replied, with her eyes in her newspaper, that he was probably going into a "decline." He pretended to pay no attention to them; but his mother interfered, as his sisters had expected her to.

"You've no business, now, making fun of Wat about his health," she said. "You know he is n't strong. He's big, but he's soft."

"Soft!" the girls screamed. "Paw, Maw says Wat's soft!"

It *is* incredible, but, at that day, to everybody in the household except his mother Sir Watson Tyler was a joke. And it *is* incredible, but, despite all the honorable traditions of convention to the contrary, these were the family relations in the Tyler home.

Mr. Tyler turned an amused eye on his wife, and she appealed to him with her usual helpless indignation:

"Well, I think you ought to speak to the girls, Tom. I don't think it's very nice of them to make fun of their mother."

"But, Maw," Millie laughed, "you say such funny things we can't help it."

"I don't. You twist everything I say. Wat *is* n't strong. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

She scolded them in a voice that was unconvincing, and they replied to her as if she were an incompetent governess for whom they had an affectionate disrespect.

Wat began to fortify himself with food for the announcement which he had to make. He ate nervously, determinedly, at last even doggedly. His mother retired into silence. His sisters continued to read.

When they got to discussing some of the society news he saw an opportunity of leading up to his subject, and when they were talking of a girl whom they had met during the summer at the lake-shore, he put in:

"Did you ever meet Miss Janes there?"

They turned their heads without moving their shoulders.

"Lizzie Janes?"

The tone was not enthusiastic. He cleared his throat before he answered:

"Yes."

Millie said, superbly casual:

"Uh-huh. Is n't she a *freak!*"

His face showed the effort he made to get that remark down, though he swallowed it in silence. His mother came to his rescue.

"Who is she, Wat?"

"A girl I met this summer. I went over there with Jack Webb."

His sisters found his manner strained. They eyed him with suspicion. His mother asked:

"What is she like?"

"Well," Millie put in, "she has about as much style!"

Wat reddened.

"She has n't *your* style, anyway. She does n't look as if her clothes—"

He was unable to find words to describe how his sisters looked: as if their limp garments had been poured over their shrinking shoulders, cold, and hung dripping down to their bone-thin ankles.

"I 'm glad you like her," Millie said. "She 's a sight."

He had determined to be politic. It was essential that he should be politic, yet he, the future leader of a conservative party, retorted:

"It 'u'd do you good to know a few girls like her. The silly crowd *you* go with!"

"Lizzie Janes! That frump!"

He appealed to his mother.

"I certainly think *you* ought to call on them, Mother. They 've been mighty good to me this summer while you were away."

"Well, Wat," she said, "if you wish it—"

"You 'll do no such thing!" Millie cried.

The squabble that followed did not end in victory for Wat. It was Millie's contention that they were not bound to receive every "freak" that he might "pick

up"; and Mrs. Tyler, who in social matters was usually glad to remain in the quiet background of the family, put herself forward inadequately in Wat's behalf. She succumbed to her husband's decision that she "had better leave it to the girls." He ended the dispute, indifferently, by leaving the table, and Wat realized with desperation that he had failed in his diplomatic attempt to engage the family interest for Miss Janes by introducing mention of her and her virtues into the table-talk.

He went back up-stairs to his bedroom, and locked himself in with his chagrin and his sentimental secret. It was a secret that showed in a sort of gloomy wistfulness as he stood gazing out the glass door that opened from one angle of his room upon a little balcony, an ornamental balcony the turret top of which adorned a corner of the Tyler roof with an aristocratically useless excrescence. You will notice it in the picture of "Sir Watson Tyler's boyhood home" in the "Canadian Magazine's" article about him. From the door of this balcony, looking over the autumn maples of the street through a gap between the opposite houses, Wat could see the top of the chimney of the Janes house.

A remarkable pile of bricks, that chimney! All about it were houses that existed only as neighbors to that one supreme house. And about those were still others, less and less important, containing the undistinguished mass of lives that made up the city of Coulton, in which she lived. The heart of interest in Coulton had once been his own home; as for example, when he came back to it from college for his holidays. Now, when he returned in the evenings from his father's office, he found himself on the circumference of a circle of which Miss Janes's home was the vital center. He saw his own room merely as a window looking toward hers. And this amazing displacement had been achieved so imperceptibly that he had only just become acutely aware of it himself.

His mother and his sisters had spent the summer on the clay-lipped lake-shore that

gave the name of "Surfholm" to the Tyler cottage in the society news of the Coulton "Advertiser," and Wat and his father had remained in town from Mondays to Saturdays to attend to the real-estate and investment business that supplied the Tyler income. (They also owned the Coulton horse-car line, but it supplied no income for them.) On a memorable Tuesday evening Wat had "stopped in" at the Janes's, on his way down-town with his friend Webb, to let Webb return to Miss Janes some music that he had borrowed. And by a determining accident of fate, as they approached the lamp-lit veranda of the Janes cottage, Alicia Janes was sitting behind the vine-hung lattice, reading a magazine, while her mother played the piano.

Observe: there was no veranda on the Tyler "residence"; no one ever sat outdoors there; and no one ever played anything but dance-music on the Tyler piano. Alicia Janes looked romantic, under the yellow light, in the odor of flowers, with the background of green leaves about her. Her mother had more than a local reputation as a teacher of music, and the melody that poured out of the open French windows of the parlor was eloquent, impassioned, uplifting. The introductions were made in a low voice, so as not to disturb the music, and it was in silence that Alicia put out a frank hand to Wat and welcomed him with the strong grasp of a violinist's fingers.

Wat's ordinary tongue-tied diffidence went unnoticed in these circumstances. He was able to sit down without saying anything confused or banal. The powerful music, professionally interpreted, filled him with stately emotions, to which he moved and sat with an effect of personal dignity and repose.

These may seem to be details of small importance; but life has a way of concealing its ominous beginnings, and of being striking only when its conclusions are already foregone. So death is more dramatic, but less significant, than the unperceived inception of the fatal incidents that end in death. And in the seemingly

trivial circumstances of Wat's introduction to the Janes veranda there were hidden the germs of vital alterations for him —alterations that were to affect the life of the whole community of Coulton, and, if the king's birthday list is to be believed, were to be important even to the British Empire.

Alicia Janes was dressed in a belted black gown, like an art student, with a starched Eton collar and cuffs. Instead of the elaborate coiffure of the day's style, she wore her dark hair simply parted, and coiled low on her neck in a Rossetti mode. Her long olive face would have been homely if it had not been for her eyes. They welcomed Wat with the touching smile of a sensitive independence, and he did not notice that her lips were thin and her teeth prominent. In dress and manner she was unlike any of the young women whom he had met in the circle of his sisters' friends; if she had been like them, the memory of past embarrassments would probably have inhibited every expression of his mind. Her surroundings were different from any to which he had been accustomed, and, as a simple consequence, he was quite unlike himself in his accustomed surroundings. Perhaps it was the music, most of all, that helped him. It carried him as a good orchestra might carry an awkward dancer, uplifted into a sudden confident grace.

When she asked him some commonplace question in an undertone, he replied naturally, forgetting himself. He listened to the music, and he looked at her, seriously thrilled. When Webb asked her if she would n't play the violin, and she replied that she always played badly before strangers, Wat begged her in a voice of genuine anxiety not to consider him a stranger. She said, "I 'll play for you the next time you come," and he was so grateful for the implied invitation to come again that his "Thank you" was sincere beyond eloquence. He even met her mother without embarrassment, although Mrs. Janes was an enigmatic-looking, dark woman with a formidable manner. She became more friendly when she un-

derstood that he was the son of the Tylers of Queen's Avenue, and he felt that he was accepted as a person of some importance, like herself. That was pleasant.

After half an hour on the veranda he went on down-town with Webb as calm outwardly as if he had parted from old friends, so deeply happy in the prospect of seeing her again that he was quite unaware of what had happened to him. The following afternoon he telephoned to her, eagerly. And that night he was back with her for hours, in the lamplight, among the vines, without Webb, talking, smiling, and listening with delight while she played the violin to her mother's piano.

Incredible the difference between Wat on that veranda and Wat at home! Under his own roof he was a large-headed, heavy-shouldered, apparently slow-witted, shy youth, who read in his room, exercised alone in a gymnasium that he had put in his attic during a college vacation, wrote long letters to former classmates in other cities, and, going out to post them, mooned ponderously around the streets till all hours. He had never anything much to say. Although he never met any one if he could avoid it, and suffered horribly in a drawing-room, he was, like most shy men, particular to the point of effeminacy about his appearance. He bathed and shaved and brushed his hair and fussed over his clothes absurdly, morning and night. He was, in fact, in many ways ridiculous.

On the Janes veranda nothing of the sort. As the son of the owner of the Coulton street-car line and the Tyler real estate he was a young man of social importance in a home where the mother earned a living by teaching music and the daughter had only the prospect of doing the same. He was a man of the practical world, whose opinions were authoritative. He was well dressed and rather distinguished-looking, with what has since been called "a brooding forehead." He was fond of reading, and he had the solid knowledge of a slow student who assimilated what he read. Alicia deferred to him with an inspiring trust in his wisdom

and his experience. She deferred even to his judgment in music, for which, it appeared, he had an acute ear and a fresh appreciation. She played to him as eagerly as a painter might show his sketches to a wealthy enthusiast who was by way of becoming a collector. Their evenings together were full of interest, of promise, of talk and laughter, of serious converse and melodic emotion.

There was in Coulton in those days no place of summer amusement to which a young pair could make an excuse of going in order to be together, so that Wat was never called on to make a public parade of his devotion. The best that he could do was to take Alicia to her church. But it was not *his* church. He was not known there. Mrs. Janes was the church organist; Alicia often added the music of her violin, and she always sat in the choir. Wat, in a back pew, down-stairs, was inconspicuous, and not coupled with her. It was for these reasons that his interest in Miss Janes was not at once generally known. That was entirely accidental.

But it was not an accident that he did not make it known to his family. At first he foresaw and dreaded only the amusement of his sisters. Wat "girling!" What next! And then he shrank from the effect on Alicia Janes of getting the family point of view on him. It was almost as if he had been romanticizing about himself and knew that his family would tell her the truth. And finally, as guilty as if he were leading a double life, he confronted the problem that haunts all double lives—the problem of either keeping them apart or of uniting them in any harmony. As long as his family had been at Surfholm it had not been necessary that they should recognize Miss Janes; but now that they were back in town, every day that they ignored her was an insult to her and an accusation of him. He had to tell them. He had to put into words the beautiful secret of his feeling for her. ("That freak!") He had to introduce Alicia to his home and to the shame of his belittlement in his home, and let his contemptuous sisters disillusion her about him.

A horrible situation. Believe me or not, of a life so distinguished as Sir Watson's this was the most crucial point, the most agonized moment. It is not even hinted at in the official accounts of his career, yet never afterward was he to be so racked with emotion, so terrified by the real danger of losing everything in the world that would make the world worth living in. And never afterward was he forced to choose a course that meant so much not only to himself, but to the world in which he lived.

That is why I have chosen this autumn Sunday of 1892 as the most notable day to scrutinize and chronicle in a character study of Sir Watson Tyler. I should like to commemorate every moment of it; but, as the memoir-writers say when their material is running short, space forbids. You will have to imagine him trying to dress in order to take Miss Janes to church: struggling through a perspiring ecstasy of irresolution in the choice of a necktie; straining into a Sunday coat that made him look round-shouldered because of the bulging muscularity of his back; cursing his tailor; hating his hands because they hung red and bloated below his cuffs; hating his face,—his moon face,—his round eyes, his pudding of a forehead, and all those bodily characteristics that were to mark him, to his later biographers, as a born leader among men, "physically as well as mentally dominant."

He never went to church, to his family's knowledge; so he had to wait until they had gone in order to avoid inconvenient questions. They were always late. He watched them, from the window of his bedroom, till they had rounded the circular driveway and reached the street. Five minutes later he was cutting across the lawn, scowling under a high hat that always pinched his forehead, on his way to the Janes house.

He did not arrive there. He decided that he was too late. He decided that he could not arrive there without having first made up his mind what to do. And he turned aside to wander through the residential streets of Coulton, pursued by the

taunts of the church bells. He came to the weed-grown vacant lots and the withered fields of market-gardeners in a northern suburb that was yet to be nicknamed "Tylertown." He ended beside Smith's Falls, where the Coulton River drops twenty feet over a ridge into the Coulton Valley, and he sat down on a rock, in the sunshine, on the site of the present power-house,—his power-house,—which has put the light and heat of industrial life into the whole community. He resolved to see his mother privately, tell her the truth, get her to help him with his father, and let his sisters do their worst.

But it was not easy to see Mrs. Tyler privately in her home on Sunday. They had a long and solemn noon dinner that was part of the ritual of the day, and after dinner she always sat with her husband and her daughters in the sitting-room upstairs, indulging her domestic soul in the peace of a family reunion that seemed possible to the Tylers only on Sunday afternoon, when they were gorged like a household of pythons. Wat retired to his bedroom. Every twenty minutes he wandered down-stairs, passed the door of the sitting-room slowly, and returned up the back stairs by stealth. They heard him pacing the floor overhead. Millie listened to him thoughtfully. The younger sister, Ollie, was trying to write letters on note-paper of robin's-egg blue, and she blamed him for all the difficulties of composition; it was distracting to have him paddling around like that. Finally, when his mother heard him creaking down the stairs for the fourth time, she called out:

"Wat! What *is* the matter with you? If you're restless, why don't you go for a walk?"

He answered hastily:

"I'm going," and continued down to the lower hall. Millie waited to hear the front door shut behind him. She had just remembered what he said at breakfast about Jack Webb taking him to see the Janes girl. She went at once to the library to telephone.

And she came flying back with the news that while they had been away Wat had

been spending almost every evening with "Lizzie" Janes, that he had been going to see her since their return, that Jack Webb thought they were engaged.

"And the first thing *we* know," she said, "he 'll be married to her."

Mr. Tyler tilted one eyebrow. He thought he understood that there were things that were not *in* Wat.

"Well, what 's the matter with him, then?" Millie demanded. "Why has he been hiding it, and sneaking off to see her and never saying a word about it, if he is n't ashamed of it and afraid to tell us? They 've roped him in. That 's what *I* think. Lizzie Janes is a regular old maid now. If she is n't engaged to Wat, she intends to be. No one else would ever marry her. I bet they 've been working Wat for all they 're worth. They 're as *poor*—"

Her father continued incredulous.

"Well," she cried, "Jack Webb says Wat 's been going to church with her twice a Sunday."

Wat's indolent aversion to church-going being well known, this was the most damning piece of evidence against him.

Mrs. Tyler pleaded:

"She can't be a *bad* girl if she goes to church twice a—"

"What difference does that make?" Millie demanded. "It does n't make it any better for *us*, does it?"



"He watched them, from the window of his bedroom"

"I 'll speak to Wat," Mrs. Tyler said.

"It 's no use speaking to Wat. *He* has nothing to do with it. Any one can turn Wat around a little finger."

"Do you know her?" Mr. Tyler asked.

"I used to know her before she went to—when she was at school here. She used to wear thick stockings—and woolen mitts."

Ollie added, as the final word of condemnation:

"Home-made!"

Mr. Tyler may have felt that he did not appreciate the merit of these facts. He made a judicial noise in his throat, and said nothing.

"She 's older than any of us—than Wat, too."

"Well," he said, reaching for his newspaper, "I suppose Wat 'll do what he likes. He 's not likely to do anything remarkable one way or the other."

"He 's not going to marry Lizzie Janes," Millie declared—"not if *I* can help it."

"Millie," her mother scolded, "you 've no right interfering in Wat's affairs. He 's older than you are—"

"It is n't only Wat's affair. She is n't only going to marry Wat; we 're thrown in with the bargain. I guess we have something to say."

"Tom," Mrs. Tyler protested, "if you let her—"

"Well," he ruled, "Wat has n't even taken the trouble to ask us what we thought about it. I don't feel called on to help him. It means more to the girls than it does to us, in any case. They 'll have to put up with her all her life."

"I guess *not!*" Millie said confidently.

"Now, Millie," her mother threatened, "if you—"

"If you want Lizzie Janes and her mother in this family," Millie said, "*I* don't. I guess it won't be hard to let Wat and them know it, either. And if *you* won't," she ended defiantly as she turned away, "*I* will."

She went out, and Ollie followed. Mrs. Tyler dropped back in her chair, gazing speechlessly at her husband. He caught her eye as he turned a page of his paper.

"All right, now," he said. "Wait till Wat comes."

They waited; Millie did not, not for long. She distrusted her mother's partiality for Wat, and she distrusted her father's distaste for interfering in any household troubles. She trusted herself only, assured that if Wat's ridiculous misalliance was to be prevented, it must be prevented by her; and she felt that it could be easily prevented, because it *was* ridiculous, because Wat was ridiculous, because Lizzie Janes was absurd. What was Wat's secrecy in the affair but a confession that he was ashamed of it? What was Lizzie Janes's sly silence but an evidence that she had hoped to hook Wat before his family knew what was going on?

What, indeed? She asked it of Ollie, and Ollie asked it of her. They had locked themselves in Millie's bedroom to consult together—Ollie sitting tailor-wise, cross-legged, on the bed, and Millie gesticulating up and down the room—in one of those angry councils of war against their elders in which they were accustomed to face the cynical facts of life with a frankness that would have amazed mankind.

And Wat, meantime, arrived at the door of the Janes house because it was impossible for him *not* to arrive there. Alicia greeted him with her usual unchanging, gentle smile. He began to explain why he had not come that morning to take her to church: that his family—

"There 's some one here," she said, unheeding, "some one who wants to meet you—my brother." And touching him lightly on the shoulder, she turned him toward the parlor; and ushered him in to meet his future in the shape of Howard Janes.

Janes was then a tall, gaunt, feverish-eyed, dark enthusiast of an extraordinary mental and physical restlessness, a man who should have been a visionary, but had become an electrical engineer. He had been working on the project to develop electrical power at Niagara Falls, and in ten minutes he was describing to Wat the whole theory and progress of the work, past, present, and future.

"In ten years," he said, "Niagara power

will be shot all through this district for a hundred miles around, and here 's Coulton asleep, with one of the best power projects in Canada right under its nose. Where? Smith's Falls. And here *you* are, with a dead town, a dead street-car line, a lot of dead real estate, and the power to make the whole thing a gold-mine running to waste over that hill. Why, man, if it were an oil-field, you 'd be developing it like mad. Because it 's electricity, no one seems to see it. And in ten years it will be too late."

He talked to Wat as if Wat owned the car line, the real estate, the town itself; and when Wat glanced at Alicia, she was *looking* at him as if he owned them. Irresistible the power of that look, hypnotic: he began to listen as if he owned them, to think as if he owned them, to ask questions, and finally to reply as if he owned them. Very grave, with his eyes narrowed, silent, he became a transportation magnate considering a development scheme proposed by an industrial promoter.

They were interrupted by the telephone in the hall. Alicia answered it.

"It 's for you," she said to Wat, looking at him significantly. "Your sister."

He went to the telephone, puzzled. It was Millie's voice.

"You 're to come home at once," she said.

Wat asked:

"What 's the matter?"

"You know what 's the matter," she snapped, "as well as I do. You 're wanted home here at once." And while the meaning of that was slowly reaching him through the preoccupied brain of the railroad magnate, still fired by the coming of great thoughts, she added,

"I don't wonder you were ashamed to tell us!" and slapped up the receiver.

He stood a moment at the telephone,



"He ended beside Smith's Falls"

pale; and in that moment history was made. He went back to Alicia, face front, head up. She looked at him expectantly.

"They want me to bring you to see them," he said.

It was what she had expected, he supposed. Mark it as the beginning of his great career. What she expected—there 's the point. That 's the secret, as I see it, of the making of Sir Watson Tyler.

After a moment's hesitation she went to put on her hat. He said to her brother:

"Can you wait till we get back? We 'll be only a few minutes. I want to go into this thing with you in detail." And when he was on the street with her, he explained merely: "I want you to meet mother. I don't suppose we 'll see dad. He 's always so busy, he does n't pay much attention to what goes on at home."

"I don't think I 've ever seen any of your family," she said, "except your sisters." She was thinking of them as she used to see them in their school-days, in short dresses, giggling and chewing candy in the street-cars.

"They 're very young," Wat warned her, "and they 've been spoiled. You must n't mind if Millie—she 's been allowed to do pretty much as she likes. Our life at home is n't like yours, you know. I think our house is too big. We seem to be—sort of separated in our rooms."

Strange! He appeared apologetic. She did not understand why, unless it was that he was fearful of her criticism of his family. She knew that they were not socially distinguished except by newspaper notice, but she thought she had no reverence for social position. And he could hardly be apologizing for their income.

The house, as they approached it, *was* pretentious, but that was probably the architect's fault. It was modestly withdrawn behind its trees, its flower-beds, and its lawns. For a moment she saw herself, in her simple costume, coming to be passed upon by the eyes of an alien wealth. Wat was silent, occupied with his own thoughts. He rang absent-mindedly.

A maid opened the door on a hall that was architecturally stuffy, and not furnished in the rich simplicity that Alicia had expected; and the sight of the drawing-room was a shock. It was overcrowded with pink-upholstered, shell-

shaped furniture that gave her a note of overdressed bad taste. The carpet was as richly gaudy as a hand-painted satin pin-cushion. The bric-à-brac, of a florid costliness, cluttered the mantelpieces and the table-tops like a tradesman's display. The pictures on the walls were the family photographs and steel engravings of an earlier home. It was a room of undigested dividends, and she began to see, she thought, why Wat had been apologetic. To his credit, he seemed uncomfortable in it.

"I 'll just tell them you 're here," he said.

He left her there and went out to the stairs. Millie was coming down to see who had rung.

"Well," she cried from a landing above him as he ascended resolutely, "will you tell us what you think you 're doing with that Lizzie Janes?"

He caught her by the arm. He said in a voice that was new to her:

"I 've brought her to call on mother. Tell her she 's here."

"You 've brought her to— I 'll do nothing of the kind. You can just take her away again. I don't want her, and *they* don't want her." She had begun to raise her voice, with the evident intention of letting any one hear who would. "If she thinks she can—"

"That 's enough!" He stopped her, angrily, with his hand over her mouth.

"You ought to be—"

She struggled with him, striking his hand away.

"How *dare* you! If you think that Lizzie Janes—"

He was afraid that Alicia might hear it. He caught her up roughly and began to carry her up-stairs, fighting with him, furious at the indignity; for he had caught her where he could, with no respect for her body or her clothes. No one in years had dared to lay hands on her, no matter what she did. The sanctity of her fastidious young person was an inviolable right to her; and Wat's assault upon it was brutal to her, degrading, atrocious. She became hysterical in a clawed and tousled passion of shame and resentment. He car-

ried her to her room, tossed her on to her bed, and left her, face down on her pillows, sobbing, outraged. She could have killed him or herself.

He straightened his necktie, and strode into the sitting-room.

"Why, Wat!" his mother cried. "What 's the matter?"

"Miss Janes," he said, "is down-stairs. I 've brought her to call on you."

She rose, staring. His father, surprised, looked at him over the top of his paper.

"Well," he demanded, "what 's all this about Miss Janes, anyway?"

Wat defiantly gave him back his look.

"She 's the finest girl I 've ever met, and I 'm going to marry her if I can."

"Oh," Mr. Tyler said, and returned to his news.

Ollie rushed out to find her sister.

Wat turned his amazing countenance on his mother.

"Yes, Wat," she replied to it, and went with him, obediently.

Of the interview that followed in the drawing-room there were several conflicting reports made. Ollie slipped down quietly to hear the end of it, after a stupefying account from Millie of what had happened; but *her* report to Millie is negligible. From that night both the girls ceased to exist as factors in Wat's life; he saw them and heard them thereafter only absent-mindedly.

Mrs. Tyler's report was made, in voluble excitement, to her husband, who listened, frowning, over his cigar.

"And, Tom, you would n't have known him," she said. "He was n't like—like himself at all! It was so pretty. They 're so in love with each other. She 's such a sweet girl!"

"Well," he grumbled, "I 'll have nothing to do with it. It 's in your department. If it was one of the girls, it 'u'd be different. I suppose Wat 'll have to do his own marrying; he 's old enough. I hope she 'll make a man of him."

"A man of him! She! Why, she 's as—no, indeed! You ought to see the way *she* defers to *him*. She 's as proud of him! And he 's as *different!*"

He was unconvinced.

"I 'm glad to hear it. You 'd better go and look after Millie. She accuses him of assault and battery."

"It serves her right. I 'll not go near her. And, Tom," she said, "he wants to talk to you about a plan he has for the railway—for using electric light to run it, or something like that."

"Huh! Who put that in his head?"

"Oh, he made it up himself. Her brother 's an engineer, and they 've been talking about it."

"I suppose," he said, "she 'll be working the whole Janes family in on us." He snorted. "I 'm glad some one 's put something into his head besides eating and sleeping."

"Now, Tom," she pleaded, "you 've got to be fair to Wat!"

"All right, Mary," he relented. "Run along and see Millie. I 've had enough for *one* Sunday."

As for Alicia Janes, it was late at night when *she* made her report, to her mother, in a subdued tremble of excitement. She had overheard something of Wat's scuffle with Millie on the stairway, but she did not speak of it except to say:

"I 'm afraid the girls are rather awful. The youngest, Ollie, is overdressed and silly, with the manners of a spoiled child of ten. It 's her mother's fault. She 's one of those helpless big women. Wat must have got his qualities from his father."

"Did you find out why they had n't called?"

"N-o-o; but I can guess."

"Yes?"

"Well, it is n't a nice thing to say, but I really think Wat 's rather—as if he were ashamed of them. And I don't wonder, Mother. Their front room 's furnished with that—oh, and such bric-à-brac!" She paused, she hesitated, she blushed. "Wat asked me if I 'd— You know, he had never really *spoken* before, although I knew he—"

Her mother said softly:

"Yes?"

She looked down at the worn carpet.

"And I really felt so sorry for him. The family 's awful, I know; but he 's so —I said I would."

She had said she would. And Wat, long after midnight, lying on his back in bed, staring up at the darkness, felt as if he were afloat on a current that was carrying him away from his old life with more than the power of Niagara. His mind was full of Howard Janes's plans for harnessing Smith's Falls, of electrifying the street railway, of lighting Coulton with electricity, and turning the vacant Tyler lots of the northern suburb into factory sites. He was thinking of incorporations, franchises, capitalizations, stocks, bonds, mortgages, and loans. He had been talking them over with Janes for hours, on the veranda, at the supper-table, on the street. There had been no music. As Wat was leaving he had spoken to Alicia hastily in the hall, asking her to marry him, in fact; and she had said "O Wat!" clinging to his hands as he kissed her. He could still feel that tremulous, confiding grasp of her strong fingers as she surrendered her life to him, depending on him, proud of him, humble to him. He shivered. He was afraid.

And that was to be only the first of many such frightened midnights. A thousand times, when he was alone, he was to ask himself:

"What am I doing? Why have I gone into this business? It 'll kill me; it 'll worry me to death."

He had gone into it because Alicia had expected him to; but he did not know it. The maddest thing he ever did was— It was when the power scheme had been successfully floated, the street railway was putting out long radial lines along the country roads, and the gas company was willing to sell out to him in order to escape the inevitable clash of competition with his electric light. The banks suddenly began to make trouble about carrying him. He was in their debt for an appalling amount. He felt that he ought to prepare his wife for the worst.

"Well, Wat," she said reproachfully, when she understood him, "if the banks

are going to bother you, I don't see why you don't get a bank of your own."

It was as if she thought he could buy a bank in a toy-shop. She expected it of him. Miracles, nothing but miracles. And it was the maddest thing he ever did, but he went after the moribund Farmers' Trust Company, got it with his father's assistance, reorganized it, and put it on its feet while he held up the weak-kneed power projects and Janes talked manufacturers into buying power sites. The Mechanics' Bank of Canada passed to him later; but by that time he was running at "Tylertown" an automobile factory, a stone crusher, a carborundum works, and the plant of Coulton's famous Eleco Breakfast Food, cooked by electricity; and the success of the whole city of Coulton was so involved with his fortunes that he simply could not be allowed to fail.

And here was the fact that made the whole thing possible: Janes had the vision and the daring necessary to attempt their undertakings, but he could not have carried them out; whereas Wat would never have gone beyond the original powerhouse, but with Janes talking to him and Alicia looking at him, he moved ahead with a stolid, conservative caution and a painstaking care of detail that made every move as safe and deliberate as a glacial advance. He worked day and night, methodically, with a ceaseless application that would have worn out a less solid and lethargic man. It was as if, having eaten and slept, and nothing else, for twenty years, he could do as he pleased about food now and never rest at all. He was wonderful. His mind digested everything, like his stomach, slowly, but without distress. His shyness, now deeply concealed, made him silent, unfathomable. He had no friends, because he confided in no one; he was too diffident to do it. Behind his inscrutable silence he studied and watched the men with whom he had to work, moving like a quiet engineer among the machinery that he had started and the uproar of it. And the moment he decided that a man was wrong, he took him out and dropped him clean, without feeling, with-

out any friendly entanglement to deter him, silently.

He had to go into politics to protect his franchises, and he became the big business interests behind the local campaigns; but he never made a public appearance. He managed campaign funds, sat on executive committees, was consulted by the party leaders, and passed upon policies and candidates. The Coulton "Advertiser" annoyed him, and he bought it. His wife had gathered about her a number of music-lovers, and they formed a stringed orchestra that studied and played in the music-room of Wat's new home on the hill above Tylertown. She expected him to be present, and he rarely failed. As a matter of fact, he seldom heard more than the first few bars of a composition; then, emotionalized, his brain excited, he sat planning, reviewing, advancing, and re-considering his work. Music had that effect on him. It enlivened his lumbering mind. He became as addicted to it as if it were alcohol.

He followed his wife into a plan for the formation of a symphony orchestra, which he endowed. When there was no proper building for it, he put up Mozart Hall and gave it to the city. She wanted to hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, so the orchestra had to be supplemented with a choir. He endowed the Coulton Conservatory of Music when she objected that she could not get voices or musicians because there was no way in Coulton to educate or train them. And in doing these things he brought it about that Coulton won fame as a musical center. (Lamp-light on the veranda, and Mrs. Janes playing the piano behind the open French windows!)

It was the campaign against reciprocity that put him in the Senate. He believed that reciprocity with the United States would ruin his factories. He headed the committee of Canadian manufacturers that raised the funds for the national campaign against the measure. The conse-

quent defeat of the Liberal party put his friends in power. They rewarded him with a senatorship. He was opposed to taking it, but his wife expected him to. A year later he went into the cabinet as a minister without portfolio. Inevitably. He was the financial head of the party; they had to have him at their government councils. When the war with Germany broke out he gave full pay to all his employees who volunteered. He endowed a battery of machine-guns from Coulton. Every factory that he controlled he turned into a munition works. He contributed lavishly to the Red Cross. And of course he was knighted. It is an open secret that he will probably be made Lord Coulton when the war ends and the readjustment of the colonial affairs of the empire takes him to London. He will be influential there; he has the silent, conservative air of ponderous authority that England trusts. And Lady Tyler is a poised, gracious, and charming person who will be popular socially. She of course is of no importance to the empire. She still looks at Wat worshipfully, without any suspicion that it was she who made him. Not the slightest.

I do not know how much of the old Wat is left in him. His silence covers him. It is impossible to tell how greatly the quality of his mind may have changed under the exercise and labor of his gigantic undertakings. I saw him when he was in New York to hear the Coulton Orchestra and Choir give the Ninth Symphony to the applause of the most critical. ("The scion of a noble house," one of the papers called him.) And it certainly seemed incredible, although I swear I believe it is true, that the solid magnificences of the man and his achievements were all due to the fact that when he came back from the Janes telephone to confront the expectancy of Alicia Janes on that Sunday afternoon in 1892, he said, "They want me to bring you to see them," instead of saying, "They want me home."

Another Arabian Night

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"I DON'T believe I have ever seen your face before," said the calif.

"My name is Winthrop, your Highness," said the young man with the gray hair and tired eyes—"Bradford Winthrop. I am corresponding secretary of the Intercollegiate Society for the Acquisition of Popular Tastes. If your Highness has only half an hour to spare—"

Harun-al-Rashid looked at his watch.

"If you tell your story quickly, we can just about make it," he said. "It 's the 11:34, is n't it?" he said, turning to Giafar.

"It is, Serenity," said the giant negro with the naked simitar.

"Your Highness commutes?" asked the stranger with the gray hair.

"Scarsdale," said the calif.

"I have found a villa which is the nearest thing to Bagdad I have seen since I left home. Only, instead of one large



The dancers

swimming-pool, they have seven baths and four showers."

The calif was in a kindly mood. He had spent the evening at the Russian Ballet and had enjoyed it, though the finer shades of Oriental atmosphere which had won the praise of all the newspaper critics were lost on him. He sat down on the park bench beside the stranger with the gray hair and beckoned to Giafar to take his place on the other side.

"Kindly proceed with your story," he said to the corresponding secretary of the

Intercollegiate Society for the Acquisition of Popular Tastes.

The latter began:

"I was not, O Commander of the Faithful, always the haggard invalid whom you see now. It is not so many years ago that I had health, a clear conscience, and a zest for the pleasures which

life can offer to a man of education, if I do say it myself. I had an ample income and social position. The income and the position I still control, but I can no longer enjoy them with the same unquestioning acceptance of the

world that was mine three years ago. I come of good family. We trace back through two presidents of Yale University to an ancestor who either came over in the *Mayflower* or was sufficiently contemporary with the *Mayflower* to have come over if he had chosen to."

"The *Mayflower*?" said Harun-al-Rashid.

"A small sailing vessel, your Highness, which reached these shores after a voyage of more than three months and from which America was populated."

"Another interesting variation of the Noah legend," said the calif, nodding to Giafar, who looked in front of him and yawned.

"Not that I mention the circumstance in a spirit of pride," the stranger hastened to say; "but the fact is pertinent to my



"He had spent the evening at the Russian Ballet"

story. The family is ancient, as we count it here. In the course of time it acquired a respectable place in the affairs of the commonwealth, both secular and religious, and culture. It was a bookish family. In addition to the college presidents I have mentioned, there were any number of clergymen, newspaper editors, and several names that have won an honored place in American literature. But there were also a good number of cotton-mills in the family, and we prospered through the natural process of careful inter-marriage. We made use of our opportunities. We went in for foreign travel and contact with the treasures of European art and culture; of course knew Madrid, Rome, Munich, Paris."

"Ah, Paris," said Giafar, and his eyes glistened.

"You know Paris?" said the stranger.

"The only Western capital in which Giafar's color was not held up against him," said the calif. "The people cheered him whenever we went abroad—him and Jack Johnson."

"But as my family went in for culture," continued the stranger, "it grew away from the main currents of the popular life in our own country. That is, I recognize the fact now; but my ancestors were not aware of it, nor was I until the great enlightenment of a few years ago. I inherited a passion for the choicest things in books, art, music. It was not affectation when I turned for my reading to Sophocles or George Meredith or the great New-Englanders in whom the best of the world's thought has been reflected with more or less of the original power and brilliancy. I was as happy in my library as a man could well expect to be. As for the products of contemporary American art and literature, I approached them from the point of view of the Old World masters. In this, as I see it now, I was false to the essential spirit of democracy."

"Democracy?" said Harun-al-Rashid.

"The principle that the life of the individual man has meaning only as it sinks its roots into the common life."

"The doctrine of the Koran," said the calif.

"Praised be Allah and his prophet!" said Giafar.

"The quiet current of my life," went on the stranger, "was disturbed by those very men from abroad in whose work I took delight, and to whose standard it seemed to me that American literature must approach as it attained its own full growth. Mr. Arnold Bennett and other European travelers and critics—"

"Critics?" said Harun-al-Rashid.

"Men, your Highness, whose business it is to pass judgment on what other men have done or to lay down laws in advance for other men to follow."

"Surely," said the calif, "these are functions reserved to Allah only and toothless grandfathers sunning themselves in the bazaar."

"That is as may be," said the stranger. "The fact remains that critics whom we honor in this country, especially if they come from abroad, have rejected our aspirations to work after the great models of world art and literature. Mr. Arnold Bennett insists upon our being ourselves. I had always supposed that we were true to ourselves when we tried to bring American life into line with the great world tradition. But no, said the foreign critics. And they told us to admire George M. Cohan."

"And what may that be?" said Harun.

"It means democracy and success," said the stranger. "Something immensely profitable, and, as the foreign critics are accustomed to tell the reporters at quarantine, something truly native to America. You see, we men of culture—I say this in no snobbish spirit—had been in the habit of thinking that if America was to develop a drama of her own, it would be by outgrowing her raw youth. Sometimes we thought of Molière; sometimes we thought of Ibsen. That is why we organized drama leagues—I was corresponding secretary of three such leagues—and endowed theaters. We played Ibsen, Echegaray, Wedekind, Björnson, Hauptmann, the modern Frenchmen, the modern



“He sat down . . . beside the stranger”

Englishmen. We thought we were making progress,—not very fast, but we were moving ahead,—and in a way we received encouragement. When visitors from Europe were interviewed at the hotel they were kind enough to say that some day we should produce an Ibsen or a Shaw. But when the reporter asked them what was the most significant thing in the American theater to-day they said George M. Cohan. It was confusing. And then there was the question of Puritanism.”

“And what would that be?” said the calif.

“Puritanism,” said the stranger, “is the philosophy of life developed by the Puritans, the men who came over in the *Mayflower*. They brought with them what, I admit, was a cramped vision.”

“Well, after three months in the ark,” mused the calif, succumbing to one of those mild jests which, emanating from

the mouth of royalty, go down in history despite their inherent feebleness.

“They were also an intense folk, the Puritans,” said the stranger. “Such persons as were unfortunate enough to disagree with them in religious matters they burned at the stake.”

Giafar looked up with interest.

“But,” continued the stranger, “they were just as hard upon themselves. They regarded the pleasures of life as evil. They practised self-repression. And they were potent enough to send down their spirit through the ages, so that to-day America, according to our critics, is hindered by the spirit of puritanism from developing a great literature and art of its own. This is all very well, but consider, on the other hand, that if we are Puritans, we are, and that is all there is to it. And when the foreign critics ask us in the same breath to be true to ourselves and to give

up being Puritans, where does it leave us? Just hung up in the air like Mohammed's —oh, I beg your pardon."

"Not at all, not at all," said the calif, graciously. "A very happy figure of speech, the prophet's coffin, except that with us it means a state of absolute certainty instead of just the opposite, as with you."

"At any rate," said the stranger, "we listened to Mr. Arnold Bennett and went in for George M. Cohan. There has been another factor impelling us in the same direction. Men of my kind have been accused of being intellectual snobs and of judging great art by its lack of popular effect. I will confess that we were a little bit inclined to think that because a book or a play was enormously successful it was rather low grade. You see, we had been brought up on Milton's selling 'Paradise Lost' for twenty-four dollars. And there was Homer begging for his living, and Dante eating other men's bread, and Ibsen maligned in his own country, and George Meredith. So we were hardly to blame for assuming that the finest products of man's imagination were not for the crowd."

"'Paradise Lost' is a long book?" said the calif.

"Very long," said the stranger, "and it keeps getting longer with time."

"And twenty-four dollars is a small sum?" asked the calif.

"Very small," said the stranger. "Though when you come to think of it, that was the sum for which Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians, which indicates that prices were in general very low about the time Milton wrote. Now, if he had bartered 'Paradise Lost' for Manhattan Island, he would have been regarded as making a very good thing out of it; but that is all fancy. I was saying that we did somewhat incline to look down on popular values. Mr. Arnold Bennett taught us better. Not to appreciate George M. Cohan became a mark of disloyalty, of hyphenated Americanism, so to speak. So we set out to readjust our standards, some

of us more violently than others. Not being a college professor, I have not gone to extremes. We organized the Intercollegiate Society for the Acquisition of Popular Tastes. We subscribed to the Sunday comic supplement. But it comes hard; it is a constant effort. The pitiful condition to which you now see me reduced is the result of this struggle not to be a high-brow, or, as we call it in Boston, a Brahman."

"Idolaters and accursed of Allah!" said Giafar.

The stranger looked up in astonishment.

"Not Boston? The kindest people in the world if you can get through the crust."

"Giafar is thinking of the infidel Brahmans of India," explained the calif. "And you don't like George M. Cohan?"

"I do," said the stranger. "But somehow I can't feel that the promise of America abides in him. Worse than that, I don't feel the immediate response to him that I ought to feel. I say to myself, Can it be that I am not at one with my countrymen, that I do not react to America as I ought to do? I should greatly deplore that. I am human. I do not want to be an exotic; I want to send my roots down into the common soil. I have tried hard, but just when I think I have succeeded, I experience a sudden fall from grace. I slip away to my library. I pull down my 'Œdipus Tyrannus'—"

"And in the original Greek, I wager," said the calif.

The stranger blushed furiously and hung his head.

"Yes," he whispered. "But I have not relapsed into the habit of carrying it about in my pocket with me. It would be inviting ostracism from my friends, who are chiefly college professors and read mild weekly periodicals. Of course sometimes things grow easier. It has been a great help, for instance, to learn of recent years that Shakspeare was essentially a popular dramatist. He wrote for money, of which he made a great deal. Shakspeare the money-maker is the subject of several recent books by professors of literature, to

which I turn for strength whenever my enthusiasm for George M. Cohan fails to rise. And once you get used to the idea, it is pleasant to think of Shakspeare writing for the crowd. It is rather fine, don't you think, that a man could catch the crowd with

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in the petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death?

"I have not yet discovered," continued the stranger, "anything in Cohan which quite suggests this vision of life. But that is perhaps because of the difference in methods, as my friend Professor Michael has pointed out in his book, 'Shakspeare and the Gallery.' Nevertheless, I try very hard to catch the message of Cohan. I have lost twenty-seven pounds in the process, and have passed through no fewer than three severe nervous crises. Sometimes I succeed. But too often, I must confess, I succumb, and before I know it I am reading Keats."

"And what are Keats?" said Harun-al-Rashid.

"The question has been asked before, your Highness," said the gray-haired stranger. "Keats are lovely Ionic maidens pursued by Apollo around the eternal circle of a Greek vase, or magic casements opening up on perilous seas, always something three thousand years away or five thousand miles away, quite far from the common life. If I were to prefer staying at home to-night with Keats instead of going to the movies, I should be an esthetic and an alien. The movies are the hardest of all upon people of my sort. Take Charlie Chaplin—"

Giafar smote his huge palms on his knees and broke into a roar of laughter. The calif smiled indulgently.

"He 's perfectly mad on the subject," he whispered, pointing to the black giant. "Do you know, I have great difficulty in getting him out with me on our nightly patrols in Bagdad. He 'll come in with a

cock-and-bull story about the mother of his fifth wife being dangerously ill and having to sit up with her. Then he sneaks off to the picture-palace. I have traced him there myself, and watched him laughing at Charlie Chaplin by the hour."

"By the hour, your Majesty?" said the stranger.

Harun blushed faintly.

"It is a faithful animal, and I hate to interfere with his amusements. At home, they tell me, Giafar practises smashing up chocolate cakes with his simitar, like this man Chaplin's cane."

"So you will understand, your Highness," said the stranger. "The movies bore me to extinction. But I should be an outcast and a prig if I ventured to doubt, among my friends, that the movies are an art. The common people, you will observe, do not insist on calling them an art. They go because they like the pictures. But all my literary friends insist that the movies are the art of the future. True, they insist with such painful eagerness that I sometimes suspect they are very much in the same case as myself, trying to make up in zeal what they lack in conviction. Still, several college professors have written books to show that if Shakspeare were alive to-day he would be the premier scenario-writer. I frequently argue with myself. I say to myself, This thing to which hundreds of millions thrill must have its roots in the universal emotion of mankind. So I go to the movies to watch the great popular heart thrill. What I see is six hundred people or perhaps two thousand people sitting perfectly quiet and staring. The automobile hurtles down a cliff. Fine! The wicked district-attorney reforms and marries the slum landlord's daughter. Fine! The walls of Babylon crash down. Fine! Banana-picking in Guatemala. Fine! Ten-thirty. Bed for mine. Be good.

"I don't believe you could get a cupful of emotion out of that audience of two thousand," continued the stranger. "I don't believe the two thousand go there for any other reason than that it is the cheapest way to kill time, which has al-



“The comfort of Allah be with you!”

ways been the greatest occupation of the greatest number. But my well-educated friends insist that the movies are a great art because it is popular, and they are losing weight trying to believe it. It's pretty hard, you know, to like George Meredith and to give him up for the movies. And the pity is I don't see any way out."

Harun-al-Rashid ran his fingers through his perfumed beard.

"I do see the way out, my friend," he said.

"Tell me, your Highness," cried the stranger, and the color mounted to his pallid cheeks.

"Time, my friend," said the calif—"time which cures all obsessions and kills all fads. What you have said about your class as snobs is true. Formerly you were what Giafar calls high-brow snobs; now you are low-brow snobs. The professors you mention are profes-

sional low-brows. I do not blame them for their discontent with the thinnish culture of New England; but the remedy is not in George M. Cohan. What you can borrow from him is the ingredient which your literature has lacked: whim, gusto, sweep, red blood, as our great poet Firdausi calls it. Your New England was too much pinched. Well, let yourself go. You have been lacking in reality. Get reality. But when you put an exact facsimile of a popular lunch-room on the stage and fill it with people whose souls are utterly false, you are worse off than with James Russell Lowell. Your popular literature is not art. It offers you the physical likeness of life with no suggestion of a real soul behind it. The trouble is you have no middle class."

"We are a democracy, your Highness."

"A middle class, I insist," said Harun-al-Rashid. "For instance, with you, if it

is not Cohan, it is Ibsen; if it is not Charlie Chaplin, it is the verse drama. There is apparently no choice between being amused in vaudeville and being bored in a high cause. But if you stood on middle ground, if you did not assume that to be literature is to be dull, why have n't you a James M. Barrie?"

"They are not made to order," said the stranger.

"Perhaps not, but they may be had by due encouragement. Only, if you got one, you would not know where to put him. He is not quite George M. Cohan, and he is not quite Strindberg or Chekhoff or Giacosa or a lot of foreign rubbish of the kind. So you rush from one to the other. As for the critics from abroad, do you know why they encourage you? Out of a certain condescension in foreigners, as our poet Sadi has said. They come and look you over. 'Nice, raw, unintelligent, well-meaning people, these Americans. Funny to see them try to do Ibsen!' And it is funny. 'Why don't they do the only thing a mob nation can do? The rough stuff.' That 's what the foreigners think in their hearts. But why should you let Mr. Arnold Bennett tell you what the true American expression of life is? You intellectuals who are wasting away under the strain of trying to be popular, why don't you mix red blood with your intellect? Look at the French, the most intellectual nation on earth and full of the devil. Why don't you act up to your Puritan ancestors who sang hymns and burned witches? Look at the Russian Ballet."

"You have been there?" said the stranger. "Why, of course. How stupid in me!"

"I came to New York to see Bakst's show," said the calif. "It 's good fun, and it 's a good deal of a joke. I had some difficulty in keeping Giafar from climbing over the footlights. He was looking for the author behind the scenes. Scheherazade is hardly recognizable. I know Scheherazade. You are apt to know a woman after she has talked to you for a thousand and one nights. She was n't an Oriental temptress, snaky, seductive, and all that. The fact is, she was a quiet little creature. Her father brought her from the convent to marry me. She had spent her time reading romances and studying domestic science. How she could cook! The author of the 'Arabian Nights' has forgotten to mention it, but she knew three hundred ways of preparing rice with stewed lamb. But that is neither here nor there. I was saying, see what Bakst has done. He takes a child's tale and applies mind to it. You shiver, you laugh like a child and like an intelligent man. It 's high-brow, but it 's thrilling and funny. That 's your recipe."

"I think I understand," said the stranger.

"One thing remember, above all," said the calif. "No poetic drama. That 's what drives people to the movies."

"I am grateful," said the stranger, and the light of a new hope shone in his eyes.

"The comfort of Allah be with you!" said the calif, glancing at his watch. "We are late, Giafar; a taxicab!"



At the Gate

By MYLA JO CLOSSER

A SHAGGY Airedale scented his way along the highroad. He had not been there before, but he was guided by the trail of his brethren who had preceded him. He had gone unwillingly upon this journey, yet with the perfect training of dogs he had accepted it without complaint. The path had been lonely, and his heart would have failed him, traveling as he must without his people, had not these traces of countless dogs before him promised companionship of a sort at the end of the road.

The landscape had appeared arid at first, for the translation from recent agony into freedom from pain had been so numbing in its swiftness that it was some time before he could fully appreciate the pleasant dog-country through which he was passing. There were woods with leaves upon the ground through which to scurry, long grassy slopes for extended runs, and lakes into which he might plunge for sticks and bring them back to— But he did not complete his thought, for the boy was not with him. A little wave of homesickness possessed him.

It made his mind easier to see far ahead a great gate as high as the heavens, wide enough for all. He understood that only man built such barriers, and by straining his eyes he fancied he could discern humans passing through to whatever lay beyond. He broke into a run that he might the more quickly gain this inclosure made beautiful by men and women; but his thoughts outran his pace, and he remembered that he had left the family behind, and again this lovely new compound became not perfect, since it would lack the family.

The scent of the dogs grew very strong now, and coming nearer, he discovered, to his astonishment, that of the myriads of

those who had arrived ahead of him thousands were still gathered on the outside of the portal. They sat in a wide circle spreading out on each side of the entrance, big, little, curly, handsome, mongrel, thoroughbred dogs of every age, complexion, and personality. All were apparently waiting for something, some one, and at the pad of the Airedale's feet on the hard road they arose and looked in his direction.

That the interest passed as soon as they discovered the new-comer to be a dog puzzled him. In his former dwelling-place a four-footed brother was greeted with enthusiasm when he was a friend, with suspicious diplomacy when a stranger, and with sharp reproof when an enemy; but never had he been utterly ignored.

He remembered something that he had read many times on great buildings with lofty entrances. "Dogs not admitted," the signs had said, and he feared this might be the reason for the waiting circle outside the gate. It might be that this noble portal stood as the dividing-line between mere dogs and humans. But he had been a member of the family, romping with them in the living-room, sitting at meals with them in the dining-room, going up-stairs at night with them, and the thought that he was to be "kept out" would be unendurable.

He despised the passive dogs. They should be treating a barrier after the fashion of their old country, leaping against it, barking, and scratching the nicely painted door. He bounded up the last little hill to set them an example, for he was still full of the rebellion of the world; but he found no door to leap against. He could see beyond the entrance dear masses of people, yet no dog crossed the threshold. They continued in their patient ring, their gaze upon the winding road.

He now advanced cautiously to examine the gate. It occurred to him that it must be fly-time in this region, and he did not wish to make himself ridiculous before all these strangers by trying to bolt through an invisible mesh like the one that had baffled him when he was a little chap. Yet there were no screens, and despair entered his soul. What bitter punishment these poor beasts must have suffered before they learned to stay on this side the arch that led to human beings! What had they done on earth to merit this? Stolen bones troubled his conscience, runaway days, sleeping in the best chair until the key clicked in the lock. These were sins.

At that moment an English bull-terrier, white, with liver-colored spots and a jaunty manner, approached him, snuffling in a friendly way. No sooner had the bull-terrier smelt his collar than he fell to expressing his joy at meeting him. The Airedale's reserve was quite thawed by this welcome, though he did not know just what to make of it.

"I know you! I know you!" exclaimed the bull-terrier, adding inconsequently, "What 's your name?"

"Tam o'Shanter. They call me Tammy," was the answer, with a pardonable break in the voice.

"I know them," said the bull-terrier. "Nice folks."

"Best ever," said the Airedale, trying to be nonchalant, and scratching a flea which was not there. "I don't remember you. When did you know them?"

"About fourteen tags ago, when they were first married. We keep track of time here by the license-tags. I had four."

"This is my first and only one. You were before my time, I guess." He felt young and shy.

"Come for a walk, and tell me all about them," was his new friend's invitation.

"Are n't we allowed in there?" asked Tam, looking toward the gate.

"Sure. You can go in whenever you want to. Some of us do at first, but we don't stay."

"Like it better outside?"

"No, no; it is n't that."

"Then why are all you fellows hanging around here? Any old dog can see it 's better beyond the arch."

"You see, we 're waiting for our folks to come."

The Airedale grasped it at once, and nodded understandingly.

"I felt that way when I came along the road. It would n't be what it 's supposed to be without them. It would n't be the perfect place."

"Not to us," said the bull-terrier.

"Fine! I 've stolen bones, but it must be that I have been forgiven, if I 'm to see them here again. It 's the great good place all right. But look here," he added as a new thought struck him, "do they wait for us?"

The older inhabitant coughed in slight embarrassment.

"The humans could n't do that very well. It would n't be the thing to have them hang around outside for just a dog—not dignified."

"Quite right," agreed Tam. "I 'm glad they go straight to their mansions. I 'd—I 'd hate to have them missing me as I am missing them." He sighed. "But, then, they would n't have to wait so long."

"Oh, well, they 're getting on. Don't be discouraged," comforted the terrier. "And in the meantime it 's like a big hotel in summer—watching the new arrivals. See, there is something doing now."

All the dogs were aroused to excitement by a little figure making its way uncertainly up the last slope. Half of them started to meet it, crowding about in a loving, eager pack.

"Look out; don't scare it," cautioned the older animals, while word was passed to those farthest from the gate: "Quick! Quick! A baby 's come!"

Before they had entirely assembled, however, a gaunt yellow hound pushed through the crowd, gave one sniff at the small child, and with a yelp of joy crouched at its feet. The baby embraced the hound in recognition, and the two moved toward the gate. Just outside the hound stopped to speak to an aristocratic St. Bernard who had been friendly:

"Sorry to leave you, old fellow," he said, "but I'm going in to watch over the kid. You see, I'm all she has up here."

The bull-terrier looked at the Airedale for appreciation.

"That 's the way we do it," he said proudly.

"Yes, but—" the Airedale put his head on one side in perplexity.

"Yes, but what?" asked the guide.

"The dogs that don't have any people—the nobodies' dogs?"

"That 's the best of all. Oh, everything is thought out here. Crouch down,—you must be tired,—and watch," said the bull-terrier.

Soon they spied another small form making the turn in the road. He wore a Boy Scout's uniform, but he was a little fearful, for all that, so new was this adventure. The dogs rose again and snuffled, but the better groomed of the circle held back, and in their place a pack of odds and ends of the company ran down to meet him. The Boy Scout was reassured by their friendly attitude, and after petting them impartially, he chose an old-fashioned black and tan, and the two passed in.

Tam looked questioningly.

"They did n't know each other!" he exclaimed.

"But they 've always wanted to. That 's one of the boys who used to beg for a dog, but his father would n't let him have one. So all our strays wait for just such little fellows to come along. Every boy gets a dog, and every dog gets a master."

"I expect the boy's father would like to know that now," commented the Airedale. "No doubt he thinks quite often, 'I wish I'd let him have a dog.'"

The bull-terrier laughed.

"You 're pretty near the earth yet, are n't you?"

Tam admitted it.

"I 've a lot of sympathy with fathers and with boys, having them both in the family, and a mother as well."

The bull-terrier leaped up in astonishment.

"You don't mean to say they keep a boy?"

"Sure; greatest boy on earth. Ten this year."

"Well, well, this is news! I wish they'd kept a boy when I was there."

The Airedale looked at his new friend intently.

"See here, who are you?" he demanded.

But the other hurried on:

"I used to run away from them just to play with a boy. They'd punish me, and I always wanted to tell them it was their fault for not getting one."

"Who are you, anyway?" repeated Tam. "Taking all this interest in me, too. Whose dog *were* you?"

"You've already guessed. I see it in your quivering snout. I'm the old dog that had to leave them about ten years ago."

"Their old dog Bully?"

"Yes, I'm Bully." They nosed each other with deeper affection, then strolled about the glades shoulder to shoulder. Bully the more eagerly pressed for news.

"Tell me, how are they getting along?"

"Very well indeed; they've paid for the house."

"I—I suppose you occupy the kennel?"

"No. They said they could n't stand it to see another dog in your old place."

Bully stopped to howl gently.

"That touches me. It's generous in you to tell it. To think they missed me!"

For a little while they went on in silence, but as evening fell, and the light from the golden streets inside of the city gave the only glow to the scene, Bully grew nervous and suggested that they go back.

"We can't see so well at night, and I like to be pretty close to the path, especially toward morning."

Tam assented.

"And I will point them out. You might not know them just at first."

"Oh, we know them. Sometimes the babies have so grown up they're rather hazy in their recollection of how we look. They think we're bigger than we are; but you can't fool us dogs."

"It 's understood," Tam cunningly arranged, "that when he or she arrives you 'll sort of make them feel at home while I wait for the boy?"

"That 's the best plan," assented Bully, kindly. "And if by any chance the little fellow should come first,—there 's been a

lot of them this summer,—of course you 'll introduce me?"

"I shall be proud to do it."

And so with muzzles sunk between their paws, and with their eyes straining down the pilgrims' road, they wait outside the gate.



A Timorous Shepherd

By MORRIS BISHOP

I AM weary of shepherding,
 And I sleep not night and day,
 For fear the slender wattles break,
 And my little sheep frolic away;
 And briars and pits and adders wait
 For little sheep that stray.

These are the names of my little sheep:
 Self-Seeking, Love of Ease,
 Hatred of Censure, Wantonness,
 Sleep, and Desire to Please;
 And Greed and Gluttony are there,
 And many more than these.

Some shepherds have torn down their cotes,
 Careless of adder-stings,
 And followed their flocks out over the moors
 On mad adventurings;
 And some are rich and happy men,
 And some of them are kings.

But I—I am a timorous shepherd,
 And I sleep not night and day,
 And my fingers bleed with mending withes,
 But I cannot watch away;
 And the little sheep they snuff the breeze,
 And the barriers crack and sway.



The central square of Bogotá

The Cloistered City

Bogotá, capital of Colombia

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras," etc.

WHEN we had made a "stake" as Canal Zone policemen, Leo Hays and I sailed for South America. The languid two-weeks' journey up the Magdalena had passed smoothly enough, but it was not without misgiving that we turned our faces from Girardot, in the "hot lands" of Colombia, toward lofty Bogotá. The train descending from the plateau the night before disgorged a crowd heavily laden with blankets, rugs, and overcoats, and not a native of tropical Girardot could speak of the capital without shivering as with the ague, some even crossing themselves as often as they pronounced its name.

Our train left soon after six in the morning. By the rules of the line—the "Ferrocarril de Girardot"—we were obliged to check our baggage, containing all our extra clothing. For hours we were surrounded by mountains, but still on a

plain between them, slightly rising. Gradually the mountains closed in, squeezing us upward. At eleven we were picked up by a mountain-climbing engine, made in Schenectady, with the boiler well forward, the water-tanks along the sides of the boiler, and a small, upright coal-bin behind. At noon, as we began a series of switchbacks, I caught a breath of white man's air for the first time in half a year, and the taste was so delicious to the lungs that the sensation reached clear to my tingling toes. Passengers began to put on overcoats, blankets, steamer rugs, ponchos, gloves, to turn up their collars, to wrap towels about their necks, and to turn red-nosed.

The landscape of meadows with grazing cattle, backed by towering mountains, suggested Switzerland. Then we passed the one tunnel on the line, and entered an immense valley walled by row after row

of blue ranges. Higher up we came to vast, stony, bleak highlands, like a more rugged Scotland in late October, though cultivation was almost general and roads were numerous. It struck us as strange that human beings, the most ubiquitous of the world's fauna, would shiver and toil for a scant livelihood here when a day's walk would bring them to perpetual summer and nature's well-filled larder. A plant, one can understand, must remain where it chances to be born, but why man also?

At three-thirty the train had finished its task of lifting its breathless passengers into the thin air of Facativá and set us down in a bleak, stony city where all who had overcoats wore them, and scores of half-frozen, barefoot children and adults dismally wandered the streets. The blue-nosed policeman on the corner, muffled to the ears, assured me that it was colder here than in Bogotá, for which Hays gave fervent thanks. Evidently the heat of the tropics was still in my blood, for I still felt comfortable.

An hour later we were speeding across the plateau by the "Ferrocarril de la Sabana," a government railroad equipped with real trains of American cars. All the languor and ragged indifference of the tropics seemed to have been left behind. The conductor was as businesslike as any in our own land, and as light in color. We stopped briefly at stations and towns that had all the adjuncts of civilized life, somehow dragged up to these lofty realms. Here was a country built from the center outward. The nearer we came to its capital and the farther we left the world behind, the more modern and well furnished did it become. It reminded us of fairy-tales of men who, after toiling for weeks through unknown wildernesses, burst forth suddenly on an unknown valley filled with all the splendors of an ancient kingdom.

But we could not but wonder why, once they had reached this lofty plateau, the inhabitants had not built their city here instead of marching far across it to the inclosing mountain-range. A full thirty-

five miles the train fled across an immense plain that was like one of our Northern States in early April, cut off here and there by barbwire fences. Vast yellow fields of mustard appeared, spread, and disappeared behind us. Great droves of splendid-looking cattle frisked about in the autumn air as if to keep warm. Well-built country dwellings sped by, stony and bare in setting, but with huge paintings on the walls under the veranda roofs. The sun had barely smiled upon us since noon, and now as the day declined I began suddenly to grow cold, bitterly cold, more chilled than I had been since descending from the Mexican plateau seven months before. Our fellow-passengers looked like summer excursionists suddenly caught in their straw hats by grim, relentless winter. The temperature was that in which we of the North sneak out for the first interurban pleasure-ride, wondering if the buds are starting yet, and come back blowing our noses and with the knowledge that they have not; of the day on which an unchastened street-car company puts on its first open cars, to take them off again next day.

Then at length, as evening was descending, the plain came to an end, and at the back of it, at the very foot of a forbidding, black mountain-range, spread a vast, cold city, a smokeless city of bulking domes and towers. We had reached at last, after eighteen days of travel, the capital of the land reputed to hate Americans with a deadly hatred.

Our entrance into Bogotá was not exactly what we had planned or anticipated. In the Canal Zone we had carefully worked out a costume that seemed best adapted to comfort and durability on the road, and at the same time would pass muster in the cities of the Andes. It was of olive drab, breeches and Norfolk jackets, with leather leggings and campaign hats. But Bogotá quickly demonstrated that the cities of the Andes have stern proprieties in the matter of costume. The crowd that filled the station and its adjacent streets in honor of the thrice-weekly linking with the outside world was dressed



Our rooms were in the building on the left, overlooking the plaza in which the students do much of their studying, walking up and down book in hand

like one in an American city in February, except that here black was more nearly general, and choking high collars and foppish canes were *de rigueur*. Wherefore, seeing two men of foreign aspect suddenly descending upon them in strange, feather-weight uniforms, a mob surrounded our horse-car, and veritable throngs of boys and youths raced beside us, feasting their eyes on us until we were swallowed up within the portals of the recommended hotel. Hays, who was nothing if not self-conscious, to say nothing of tropical blooded, lost no time in putting on every wool garment his baggage contained, and dived under four blankets and a pair of quilts, vowing never again to be seen in public.

But the hunger of the highlands soon asserted itself. We seemed to have reached the center of this anachronistic civilization of the isolated fastnesses of the Andes. Beyond the hotel patio, a garden of flowers of some arctic species, lay a thick-carpeted anteroom, which anted all the way back to the kitchen. Our room was in reality a suite that took up an entire second-story corner of the building. There were thick carpets in which even our

American feet sank half out of sight; upholstered easy-chairs as comfortable as beds; sofas and divans in every corner; tables equal to those of a French château; pier-glass mirrors; gleaming chandeliers; excellent lamps, with double burners and shades in addition to excellent electric lights; a great parlor opening on a balcony over the street, its huge windows magnificent with lace curtains; a bedroom with a street balcony; and two old-fashioned bedsteads deep with mattresses, as inviting as a cozy dog-house on a wintry night, their many blankets covered by rich vicugna hides. We seemed far indeed from the frontiersman steamers of the Magdalena River. When we sneaked down to the sumptuous dining-room we found the menu and the cooking and the service easily equal to those of some travelers' palace on the Champs-Élysées, and the breakfast that was placed beside our beds in the morning would have graced a boudoir of royalty. All this, borne to this lofty isolation by methods the most primitive known to modern days, was ours at the paltry sum of a dollar and a half a day. Truly the cost of high living had not yet reached the altitude of Bogotá.

It was evident that if we were to live in Bogotá as anything but public curiosities we must patronize her clothing stores. The Zone costume was splendidly adapted to our plan of tramping through the Andes, but, unfortunately, to Bogotanos it was original, and nowhere does originality of garb cause greater stir than in Bogotá. When he had screwed up his courage to sneak forth the next afternoon, Hays dodged into the first tailor shop that crossed his path, instantly agreed to take whatever happened to be first offered him, at any price the tailor chose to inflict, and returned, to remain in hiding for the ensuing twenty-four hours while the articles were altered. Meanwhile I succeeded more quickly and economically in reducing myself to the requisite sartorial distinctiveness in a ready-made establishment, and sallied forth inconspicuous in a native shirt that came near being born a pajama and a heavy, temporarily black suit of cashmere with a misgiving tightness across the trousers.

On second thought it was not strange that this far-away city of the Andes should be exacting in dress. A backwoods people, using the term loosely, virtually cut off from the world, they were supremely fearful of being taken for backwoodsmen, and to forestall that unspeakable misery spent much of their time and attention in trying to look and act as their imagination, abetted by such hints as filter up to these isolated heights, deceived them into believing that great outside world habitually looked and acted. The result is a tailors' paradise. Passing for the moment the *gente del pueblo*, who dress with impunity in anything obtainable, the city is sternly "European" in attire down to the last waistcoat button, and somber, not to say jet-black, in its taste. No one who aspires to be ranked among the *gente decente* ever dreams of permitting himself to be seen in public lacking any detail of equipment, from derby to patent-leather shoes, that figures in the bogotano mental picture of a Parisian *boulevardier*. At first we took this multitude of faultlessly dressed men to mean that the city

rolled in wealth; but as time went on, many a dandy of fashion that we had taken for a bank president or the son of some great financier turned out to be a side-street barber or the keeper of a four-by-six corner book-stall, if not indeed even without so legitimate a source of income. It is no doubt due to some misinterpretation of the fashion sheets that the main street corners were habitually blocked even long before noon by men and youths in Prince Alberts, who spent the greater part of the day leaning with Parisian nonchalance on silver-headed canes. A man cannot have a reputation in Bogotá without a cane. In the matter of laundries there is less insistence, since for every score of tailor shops in the city there is by no means one laundry. The man whose white collar has long since lost its virgin hue and inflexible uprightness is still in no danger of having the air-tight doors of the *gente decente* compartment closed upon him.

Thus far, of course, I have been speaking of the men. The women of the upper class, on the other hand, are never seen disguised as Parisians except on rare gala occasions. At morning mass or in their circumspect tours of shopping they appear swathed in jet-black from head to foot, the *manto*, a shawl-like thing of thin texture, being wound about head and body to the hips, leaving only the front of the face and a bare glimpse of their blacker hair visible. To us the costume was pleasing in its simplicity. Bogotanos, however, complain that it is *triste*, sad, and in time we, too, came to have that impression, as if the sex had gone perpetually into mourning for the ways of its male relatives.

The great mass of the population of Bogotá has, as I have said, no requirements in the matter of dress. In general the "men of the people" wear shoddy or cotton trousers of indeterminate hue, *alpargatas*—hemp soles held in place by strips of canvas—without socks, a Panama hat commonly very much soiled and always very much out of place in this climate, a colored or invisible shirt, and, chief of all,



A typical street in Bogotá

the *ruana*, a native-woven blanket with a hole in the middle through which to thrust the head. Their women almost never wear black. In very simple gowns of some light color, especially on Sundays, after which its whiteness decreases, they go commonly bareheaded, often barefooted, and always stockingless. Now and then one is seen in *alpargatas* and the same plain straw hat as the men, but every scene from street to cathedral is enlivened by the bare legs of women and girls who are often decidedly attractive in appearance—to those with no great prejudice for the bath.

Bogotá is remarkable chiefly for its location. Take it somewhere else, and it would be much like many another city of Spanish ancestry. Its streets are wide, straight, and singularly alike; a few paved in macadam, more in rough cobbles; somewhat grass-grown, with three streaks of flat stones, worn smooth by the feet of generations of carriers, running the length of them. The chiefly two-story houses toe the entirely inadequate little sidewalks, on which two can seldom pass abreast, as so often in Spanish-speaking countries, and there is nothing unusual in the architec-

ture to those who know Spain or her former colonies. The streets cross one another at solemn right angles, and those which do not fade away on the plain fetch up against the rusty-black range that backs the city. The excellent system of street numbering is marred by the habit of the volatile Government of changing familiar names as often as some new or forgotten patriot is called to its attention. Thus the Plaza San Agustín had been, up to a short time before our arrival, the Plaza Ayacucho; yet even before we left it became the Plaza Sucre in honor of a newly erected statue of that general. In like manner the Plaza de Egipto was transformed before our very eyes into the Plaza de Maza. This weakness of the Colombian for honoring new heroes is characteristic of the entire country. Not only are its provinces frequently renamed, but the very country itself has basked under half a dozen designations in the short century since its independence; namely, La Gran Colombia, Nueva Granada, Confederación Granadina, Estados Unidos de Nueva Granada, Estados Unidos de Colombia, and, since 1885, República de Colombia, and there are evidences that it is not yet

entirely satisfied. He who can picture every new administration in our own land changing the names not merely of our cities, squares, and streets, but of the States themselves, from Jackson, Buchanan, and Tilden to Johnson, Hayes, and Parker, and quickly back again at the next election, can imagine the attitude of the non-governing Colombian. It is even conceivable that a congressional decree commanding that the country be hereafter known as *Lincolnia* might arouse among us a whisper of protest.

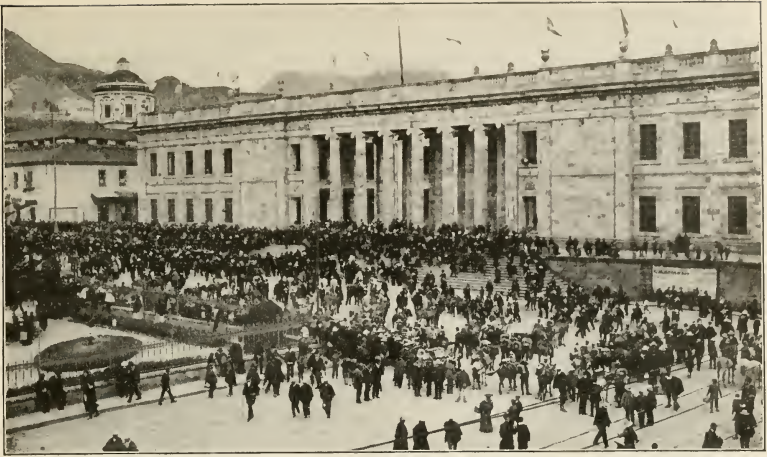
Bogotá stands 8630 feet above the level of the sea, at the back of a great plateau and close under the skirts of a sheltering range. Looking down upon it, the misinformed traveler might easily fancy the broad *sabana* the level world of some Northern clime, never guessing that forty miles to the west it falls away abruptly into the torrid zone. The vast majority of its inhabitants are born, live, and die here in their lofty isolation. It is small wonder that they commonly consider the city the chief center of the universe and the seat of all worth-while learning. Those who travel a little way out into the world see nothing to compare with its splendors. The scant minority that reach Paris are credited with fervid imaginations, if indeed the picture of what they have seen has not been effaced during the long, toilsome journey back to their own beloved capital. This makes it the most nearly of any city of to-day what a newly discovered one must have been to the happier explorers of earlier times. About every inhabitant hovers a glamour of romance. Either he has always lived in this miniature world or he has at least made the great laborious journey up to it. Shut away by weeks of wilderness from the outside world, alone with its own little trials and triumphs, it seems something long ago left behind up here under the chilly stars by a receding wave of civilization. At times there comes upon the traveler the regret that it is not entirely cut off instead of nine tenths so, that it might have evolved a civilization entirely its own and not form, as it certainly forms now, merely

a rather crumpled copy of familiar world capitals.

A recent census sets the population at 122,000. Looking down upon the city for the first time, one feels that this must be an under-estimation; but gradually one realizes that not only are its houses low, often of a single story, but are largely taken up by interior patios. Then, too, there are more than a score of churches, besides innumerable chapels, eight large monasteries and convents, several seminaries, and many residences of the favorites of the church. All this takes room. Add to this the many government buildings, and bit by bit the traveler skeptical from experience with Latin-American figures grows to wonder if these are not inflated. There is not a wooden building in town. Treelessness governs the architecture, for the surrounding country has no forests, though hundreds of imported eucalyptus-trees are grouped here and there in groves and line roads and patios.

Bogotá is a white man's city. Indeed, there is hardly another of its size south of the Canadian border in which the percentage of pure white inhabitants is higher. Brunettes predominate, of course, but even blondes are by no means rare. The boot-black who served us now and then was a decided towhead. Red cheeks are almost the rule. Slight atmospheric pressure, bringing the blood nearer the surface, no doubt largely accounts for this, though there are other evidences of general good health. The violation of most of the rules of sanitation is lightly punished at this altitude. The temperature, cold enough to be invigorating, yet not cold enough to require our health-menacing artificial heat, combined with the simple, placid life of the place, makes it a town of plump, robust figures, particularly among the women, unmarked by the habits of dissipation of the males. Many of them may frankly be termed beautiful, even despite a widespread tendency of the sex to wear distinctly noticeable black mustaches.

Unlike many places of high altitude, this is not a "nervous" city. There are lower places in Mexico, for instance, in



Congress opens in the new capitol building

which the nerves seem always at a tension. Here one feels serene and unexcited all day long, as in the first hour of awakening from long, refreshing sleep. Unfortunately, the Bogotano is not a believer in exercise or the systematic caring for the body. Scorning every unnecessary exertion, he lets himself grow up haphazard, and is notably round-shouldered and hollow-chested. An American long resident in the city seriously advised us to "get a hump into your shoulders like other people, and you won't attract so much attention."

Even the Indians, descendants of the Chibchas, that make up much of the population of the outskirts and the surrounding country, have a tinge of russet in their cheeks, and are by no means so dark as our copper-skinned aborigines. Daily they swarm into the city that was once theirs. Short, yet robust and muscular, carriers and arrieros, as often female as male, pass noiselessly and unobtrusively through the streets with the produce of their country patches. Girls barely ten and old women, many of decidedly comely features despite the encrusted filth of years, dressed in matted rags, their feet and legs bare almost to the knees, besmeared with accumulated evidence of barn-yard and high-

way, plod past under burdens an American workman could not carry a hundred yards. Girls and boys alike are trained to this hardy life of toil from their earliest years, never looking forward to any other. Of the existence of schools they have no inkling.

The altitude of Bogotá seldom fails to impress itself upon the new-comer. Despite a recent residence on the plateau of Mexico, I found myself with the faint third cousin of a headache and several mild attacks of nose-bleed, a light-headedness above the temples, and a soreness of all the body, as if from undue pressure of the blood. During the first days I was content to march slowly some six or eight blocks up one of her slightly inclined streets. Many travelers do not risk the sudden ascent from the virtual sea-level of Girardot to the capital in a single day, but stop over the forty-eight hours between trains at a half-way town. Energy is at its lowest ebb, and time passes on leaden wings until the first effects wear away. The effect on mood is as marked as upon the character of the permanent residents. From the moment of his arrival the traveler feels again that foresighted, looking-to-the-future attitude toward life common to our temperate zone. All the

light, airy, gay, and wasteful life of Panama and the tropics in general fades away like the memory of some former existence, and it is easy to understand why the temperament of the Bogotano of all classes is quite different from that of the inhabitants along the Magdalena.

"Who was that idiot who used to rave about the perpetual spring of Bogotá?" cried Hays. "I'd give five dollars—Colombian—to have him here long enough to make him stand out on our balcony an hour to-night in his night-shirt."

We had moved from our hotel to a room in the third story of the municipal building, on the site of the palace of the viceroys. Down below lay the main plaza of Colombia, with Tenerani's celebrated statue of Bolivar. The still-unfinished capitol building stretched along the square on our right, on the opposite side of it we could look in at the door of the ancient cathedral,—and shake our fists at its constantly clanging bells,—while beyond, much of the city spread out before us, the thatched huts of misery spilling a little way up the foot of the dismal, black range that filled in the rest of the picture. Well-

dressed men in gloves and overcoats, with derbies or silk hats, walked briskly across the hard stone pavements on their way to theater or the Circo Keller; women in furs made their way to the electric street-cars. It was strikingly like a theater crowd of a Northern town of America in the last days of winter before the snow flies. Yet this was July, and we were barely five degrees from the equator. Beside us lay the latest newspapers from New York, half-way to the north pole, bristling with such items as: "Wanted—Nice cool rooms for the summer months." "Four Dead of Heat Prostration." The air was raw even at noon except in the actual sunshine. The wind from off the backing range or across the plain cut through our winter garments as if they were cheese-cloth. By night the Bogotano wears an overcoat of the greatest obtainable thickness; he dines and goes to the theater in a temperature that would make outdoor New York in early November seem hospitable. The thermometer falls much lower in other places, but here artificial heat is unknown, and a more penetrating cold it would be hard to find.



Carlos Restrepo, President of Colombia, mounting the steps of the new Capitolio to open the first session of congress. He is the man without the beard. Notice the discipline of the soldiers. At "present arms" three of them are looking in three different directions



The city slaughter-house, with the carrion-crows waiting for a chance at the feast

Yet it is a peculiar climate, in which the poorer people, inured to it from birth, seem to thrive in bare legs and summer garb. Flowers bloom perennially, and frost is unknown, not because the temperature does not warrant it, but because it evaporates in the thin air. Once the sun has set, nothing seems quite so attractive, whatever the plans made by day, as to read an hour huddled in all spare clothing, with the windows closed, then to throw them open, and dive into bed under as many blankets as a Minnesota farmer in January. The Bogotano, of course, does not believe in open windows. Though he scorns a fire, even if the thought of one ever occurs to him, he has a quaking fear of the night air, which he charges with a score of diseases from colds to the dreaded pneumonia of these altitudes. Those who venture out of doors at night habitually hold a handkerchief over mouth and nostrils. Yet at least this can be said, that nowhere is sleep, if one is properly tucked in, more sound and refreshing.

Were they less hump-shouldered, the policemen of Bogotá might easily be taken for Irishmen, and an absent-minded American fancy himself back in the New York

of a decade ago; for the uniform of the day force is an exact copy of that of our own metropolis before the helmets were abolished. But at night the scene changes, and on every corner spring up officers who might have stepped direct from the streets of Paris, with the high cap, the long cape, and even the short sword in place of the daytime "night stick." They constitute a well-disciplined body of men, little like the childish, inefficient guardians of order familiar south of the Rio Grande. A policeman of Bogotá would no sooner be seen sitting, lounging, or smoking on duty than one in our own large cities. Though their salary is extremely low by our standards, it is agreed that they have little or no illicit income. "Graft," in so far as it exists in municipal Bogotá, goes directly to those "higher up." As in all Latin-American countries, however, the chief drawback to a truly efficient service is the caste system. The police are of necessity recruited from the *gente del pueblo*, and though they have no hesitancy in arresting one of their own people, the sight of a white collar paralyzes them with their ingrained deference for the more powerful class. The result is that a well-dressed

person can commit anything short of serious crime under the very eyes of the police. The officer may keep him under surveillance, but he rarely summons up courage actually to lay hands on him until he has definite orders to that effect from a white-collared superior.

The Colombian capital is a religious, not to say a fanatical, city, as is to be expected from its isolation. Here, contrary to common Latin custom, men as well as women go to church. The superstition of isolation hangs particularly heavy over the head of the uneducated masses. An infernal din of church bells of the tone of suspended pans or boilers makes the earliest morning hours hideous and continues at intervals through the day. But of late years the "liberals" and Masons have grown nearly as strong as the conservatives, and do not hesitate to express themselves freely even in public, knowing that in case of attack any representative body of the population includes fellow-liberals who will come to their rescue. Every such gathering is pregnant with possibilities of an outburst between the two divisions of society, and policemen armed with rifles liberally sprinkle every meeting in theater, church, or public square. A dozen policemen and citizens had been killed in a religious riot at the bull-ring shortly before our arrival. It was a bare three years since a Protestant missionary had been stoned by the populace, but he now held his services in peace in what, despite the lack of outward signs, was virtually a church. The very school-boys talk politics—which is here inextricably entangled with religion—by preference, and the foreigner who wishes to hold the attention of a Colombian for a conversation of any length must have some knowledge, or at least a plausible pretense of knowledge, of political questions.

A native of another part of Colombia had assured us as far away as Panama:

"All they do in Bogotá is study and steal."

We had only to glance out of our windows to find basis for the first part of the assertion. The plaza below was always

alive with students from the local institutions of higher learning marching slowly back and forth conning the day's lessons. The fireless houses are cold and dungeon-like, particularly in the morning, and the city long ago formed the habit of studying afoot. It was a commonplace to pass in almost any street of the town men even past middle age strolling along with an open book in one hand and the ubiquitous silver-headed cane in the other.

In colonial days Bogotá won the reputation, if not the actual position, of "literary capital of South America." To this day she has a considerable intellectual life, wider, perhaps, than it is deep. Every one writes. He is a rare public man who has not at least published a handful of *versos* in his youth. Poets, writers, painters, and musical composers are more numerous than in many a larger center of civilization. The placid isolation of her life, almost completely severed from the feverish distractions of the modern world, makes this natural. There is nothing else to do. Then, too, lack of opportunity to compare their work with that of a wider world no doubt gives the *litteratos* of Bogotá a self-confidence that might otherwise be slighter. The cheap local printing-presses pour out a constant flood of five-cent volumes of the local "poets," those same *cachacos* in long-tailed coats who lean on their canes with such Parisian grace on the principal street corners. The youth who sees his smudged likeness appear on the yellow tissue-paper cover of the weekly pamphlet seethes with suppressed joy at his entrance into the glorious, if crowded, ranks of the *intellectuales* of his native land. It is a dilettante literature, rarely of material reward and of no visible connection with life. But a considerable stream of flowery verse, languidly melancholy in its aspect and not overburdened with deep thought, flows constantly, and the boiling down by time has left Bogotá credited with a few works of genuine worth. Her speech, too, is the best Castilian of America, with little of that slovenliness general from the Rio Grande southward.

A lecture was given one evening at the Jurisprudence Club on the momentous subject of "The Necessity of a Legal Revolution in Colombia." Hays renigged at the last moment, but I accepted the invitation issued to the "general public." I was the only foreigner among the hundred present, yet no American audience could have been more generally white in complexion. The gathering was indeed strikingly like a similar one in our own country—on a March evening when the furnace had broken down or the janitor had gone on strike. All wore overcoats and kept constantly bundled up. The solemn whispering of the audience as it collected, the general unattractiveness of the women present, all of whom had left youth behind them, the staid mien of the men in their frock-coats, gave the scene the atmosphere of a meeting of "high-brows" in some corner of far-away New England. But there was superimposed a pompous solemnity and a funeral tone native to the Latin-American, of a race that lays more stress on the correctness of its manner than on the weight of its material. A misstatement or a palpably erroneous fact or conclusion might pass muster, but not a slip in the urbanities of society or the incorrect knotting of a cravat.

It was a "lecture" in the French sense. When the president had taken his place and all was arranged in faultless Parisian order, the speaker set the glass of water on his rostrum an inch farther to the right, removed his neck-scarf, and began solemnly to read from type-written manuscript. He was a man in the early forties, wearing glasses, and with the perpendicular wrinkles of close study in his brow. A score of countries could reproduce him *ad libitum*. He read in the dreary, monotonous voice of his race, with constant care never to spill over into the merely human. The discourse based itself on the narrow national patriotism common to Latin-America. Yet at times he spoke plainly and baldly, openly admitting that Colombia is eighty-eight per cent. illiterate, and that half of the twelve per cent. left can barely read and write. The

church he assailed bitterly for its shortcomings, yet never mentioned it directly. In time, as every public meeting in Colombia is sure to do sooner or later, he drifted into the great national grievance, and mourned through several pages the "wickedness of the taking of the rebel province of Panama away from us, a weak and helpless country." Here I noticed several of the audience gazing fixedly at me, as if they fancied I had had some active part in that debatable action. Through all the latter part of the lecture the church bells across the way kept up a constant jangling that swallowed up completely whatever conclusions he had gained from his laborious dissertation. It was strangely as if the voice of religion and superstition was trying by din and hubbub to drown that of reason and reflection, as it has since the first medicine-man danced howling into the circle of elders in conference in the stone age.

We had put it off a long while before we gathered courage and all our woolen garments and hurried off through the wintry night to Bogotá's main theater. As in other restricted societies, entertainments are frequently "gotten up" here, chiefly with companies of local talent. It is a long way to any other talent in Bogotá. This one was a *velada* in honor of a recently deceased intellectual. The audience was fortunately large enough to keep the place moderately warm. Every detail, every movement, the very toilets of the distinctly good-looking, if mustached, ladies in boxes and stalls, were as exact copies as were humanly possible of a similar scene at the opera in Paris—copies in miniature, and bearing the earmarks of having been taken from some novel of the boulevards. Señora la Bogotana used her lorgnette exactly as she had read of her Parisian counterpart doing. The men, in evening dress down to the last white eyeglass ribbon about the neck, struggled to act exactly as they conceived men did on similar occasions in the wider world. Again all was burdened by the solemn artificiality of the race. One after another six men in faultless evening attire

burst genteelly upon the stage and spouted something or other in that painful, flamboyant ranting beloved of the Latin. All the cut-and-dried forms of cultivated society were solemnly carried out. Flowers, some one had read, were always presented

It is not true that Bogotá never bathes. Judging from the number of its bath-houses—there are two—and their size and general activity, at least one in every score of her inhabitants must bathe several times a year if he does not forget it or finds the



Rear view of the well-built penitentiary of Bogotá

to the performers on such occasions, and even the podgy, pompous old fellow who forgot his "piece" several times and boggled his entire performance had solemnly thrust upon him by a stage lackey in gorgeous livery two immense wreaths of chilly blossoms, just as if he deserved some reward.

In one matter at least they were at an advantage over amateurs of other lands. Natural declaimers and reciters from babyhood, their tongues always itching for utterance, utterly devoid of that bashfulness that works the undoing of the less-fluent, but deeper-thinking, races, they seemed seasoned actors wherever strictly histrionic ability was called for. In a less pompous theater a few nights later we saw several comedies presented by a large company of local amateurs in which we were astonished at the excellence of the work. That of a few of the principals would have won praise on any stage.

establishment closed. Ever since our arrival Hays and I had been threatening to patronize one of the places rumor had it existed, but in a land where the temperature rarely reaches fifty, and floors are tiled, it takes courage. We had been satisfying ourselves and our duty to humanity by bravely splashing a basin of icy water over our manly forms every morning on arising, though it suggested an arctic explorer having a bath at his farthest north from a hole cut in the ice, with a tent over it. There are two bath-houses in town with a first-class bogotano reputation. We several times made strong resolutions to be up at six and visit one, and came so near keeping it that we were actually out of bed one morning before seven, and by eight were wandering about the streets with towel and soap under our arms, looking for one of those elusive *casas de baños*, and stared at by all we met. We found "La Violeta" at last, next door

to a blacksmith's shop and a foundry, but after waking up the keeper, we were told we could have a cold bath if we wanted it, but that the sign on the front wall, "Hot baths at all hours," was to be taken with a bogotano meaning. We hurried back

soon stripped. But the shower was icy cold. I bawled my repertory of profane Spanish at the youth, who could be seen through a hole above, pottering with some sort of upright boiler and fire-box, and now and then peering down upon



A bill-board on which is a bulletin of "The Chocolate Soldier"

home for our usual basin bath, as we had foreseen from the beginning.

But the next morning we did actually find the other establishment open. We entered a large patio, with various buildings, the most striking of which was a round, or, rather, eight-sided house, and after some time succeeded in arousing the establishment to the extent of bringing down upon us a youth who was hugely excited at the appearance of a crowd of two whole bathers at one time. It turned out that each of the eight sides of the strange building was theoretically a bath-room of the shape of a slice of cake, with a frigid tile floor and an aged porcelain tub in which a bath cost ten dollars—Colombian. At the back was a larger, though none the less dreary, cake-shaped room with a *regadera circular*, or needle shower-bath. The youth assured us there was plenty of hot water, and we tossed for the first chance. I won, and was

me. Gradually the water grew warm, then hot, then hotter and hotter, until two minutes after I had spoken I was scrambling out into the frigid atmosphere and dancing half-scorched on the icy tiles. The boiling-point continued for some time, during which I sneaked nearer, and soaped myself from crown to toe in the steam. My eyes were tight closed when suddenly the water began to turn cold again and then stopped entirely. I bawled at the youth above.

"Es que el agua caliente se acabó," droned the youth. ["It is that the hot water has finished itself."]

There being no deadly weapon at hand, I turned on the icy-cold water and, dancing in and out of it, managed to get some of the soap off and to race into the dressing-room in an invigorated glow. Meanwhile Hays had all but stripped, and was gazing at the youth through a hole in the door.

"Well, is n't there any more hot water?" asked the former policeman.

"Not now, Señor; but there will be soon again."

"Good. How soon?"

"Early to-morrow morning, Señor."

"But I want to bathe now."

"Ah, you want to bathe?" asked the youth, with wide-open eyes of astonishment.

"No, you cross-eyed son of Spigdom, I came over here and stripped to an undershirt that I might dance in my bare feet on this tile floor in honor of Bolívar! Get up on that roof and fire up or I 'll—"

But already the youth was stoking feverish armfuls of wood under the upright boiler, and by the time I left for home Hays was shadow-boxing to keep warm, with a fair chance of getting a bath before the day was done.

Of the many views of Bogotá, that is best from the top of Guadalupe, where a bit of the backing range juts forth in two peaks that seem almost sheer above the city, each with an ancient little white church on its summit. We climbed to the higher in something more than an hour, massed clouds breaking away now and then to flood with sunshine the ever-widening view of the city and its great surrounding plain to the encircling mountains, which seemed in the hazy distance to cut off the world completely. A barely marked path through rock-patched coarse grass, a kind of heather, led us out on a grassy platform where we could look down, like the astonished conquistadores, on the vast plain and, unlike them, on the city they founded. We were said to be exactly two miles above the sea.

North and south the bleak, treeless range on which we stood stretched into the misty, blue distance. At our feet the mountain fell abruptly away for hundreds of almost perpendicular feet to the suburban huts of the city and her encircling Paseo de Bolívar. Every plaza and patio, every window and roof-tile, was plainly visible. We could count the very panes

of glass in our own window. From end to end of the city may be four miles. Irregular enough in its outskirts, where it breaks up on uneven ground into the houses of laborers and the huts of poverty that scramble a little way up the range at our feet, its main avenues and cross streets cut it up into exact squares.

Everything was plainly visible, though the people were so tiny that we had to look carefully for them, as for microbes on a carpet, before we could make them out by hundreds crawling along the streets and specking the plazas. Eucalyptus-trees in clumps and groves rose here and there. The noises of the city came up to us faintly, at times borne fully away on the wind, and even the diabolic din of the church bells reached us here almost soft and musical. Factories being unknown, as we understand the word, not a fleck of smoke rose above the dull-red expanse of the stoveless city.

But the best of the scene was that which the conquistadores themselves saw—the vast, unbroken plain stretching like some sea bounded and completely shut in by a tumbled haze of blue mountains. The plain is unwooded, yet hundreds of clumps of tall, slim, dark-green Australian gums speckled it here and there and stretched out along roads and railways. Here and there, too, flat towns were dimly seen, and a farm-house or a cluster of them in a eucalyptus-grove, but these made a slight showing against the general appearance of one vast, treeless, houseless stretch of the world. Six highways sallied forth from the city, to march somewhat waveringly across the plain, mere ribbons a bit browner than it, and lost at last in the tumbled surrounding ranges. Beyond all else, at times almost lost in clouds, at others plainly visible, lay the main range of the cordillera over which we must pass on our journey southward to Quito. Though much more than a hundred miles away, it still bulked high in the distance like some vast wall, with the broad, snow-capped cone of Tolima piercing the sky.

(In his next article Mr. Franck will draw a graphic and uncompromising picture of Quito, "city of the equator," capital of Ecuador.)

Should We Fight for Prohibition?

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

WHEN I went to Norway last summer I was immediately struck with the high state of sobriety and temperance prevailing among the people of that country. On landing at Bergen I noticed at once the absence of low drinking-places along the waterfront; in fact, it was this phenomenon that started my curiosity concerning the subject. I saw no drunkenness either in the cities or in a rather leisurely journey through several country districts; but not wishing to rely too much on mere haphazard observation, I made inquiry, and found that there is really very little drunkenness there. Further, to my surprise, I discovered that the per capita consumption of alcohol in Norway is less than in any other European country, and only a third of what it is in the United States.

Knowing that Norway, like Sweden and Russia, had a very bad history of alcoholism, the state of things as I saw it interested me greatly. My friends gave credit for it almost entirely to the Norwegian system of excise control, which they claimed to be the best in the world. They had all heard of our efforts to regulate the liquor traffic, and apparently shared the general European disbelief in them. It seems that in the course of gathering light on the subject Norway had sent a government commission here a few years ago, and this commission had made an extremely unfavorable report of our licensing system, our method of local option, and, above all, our experiments with prohibition. My friends suggested that I should study their plan for its very practical merit of success at most points where other plans had failed, saying frankly that they thought their experience might help us in our future dealings with the same social problem.

The basic difference in theory I found to

be that excise legislation in Norway aims primarily at reform, while in America it aims at revenue—revenue first and reform afterward. To be more precise, perhaps, our laws aim at only so much reform as may not interfere with getting all the revenue the traffic will bear. Undoubtedly it is this hypocrisy in our excise system that has driven many of us to conclude that prohibition is the only effective way to stop this immoral and shameful leeching of an industry that, bad as it may be, is never the better for this sort of treatment. By the exercise of ordinary intellectual honesty Norway has saved herself this counsel of despair. One does not feel flattered by this contrast between a small and poor country like Norway, beset with a temptation almost amounting to necessity to get revenue wherever it can, and a great and rich country like the United States.

A second important difference is that Norway looks on beverages of low alcoholic content as useful and effective aids to temperance, while we suppress them. Our prohibition laws bar the sale of fermented drinks as well as the products of distillation. Europe as a whole recognizes alcoholism as attributable solely to the misuse of liquors of high alcoholic content, discriminating sharply between spirits and cider, hydromel, beer, common wines, and similar beverages.¹ The prohibition decree in Russia, and the measures proposed for prohibition in France

¹ "Il est même raisonnable de ne pas considérer la consommation du vin, du cidre et de la bière comme un mal nécessaire et sans remède et de regarder plutôt l'habitude du vin comme, pourrait-on dire, un des antidotes de l'alcoolisme."—Viaud and Vasnier, "La lutte contre l'alcoolisme," p. 14. This essay was awarded the Félix de Beaujour prize in 1905 by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and is one of the very few important additions to the literature of the subject in recent years. Unfortunately, it has never been translated into English.

last December by M. Briand, applied only to spirits and liqueurs. The wise, firm, and moderate policy of the British Board of Control recognizes the same distinction. Even Continental prohibitionists regard any drink carrying 2½ per cent. of alcohol as a "hygienic," or temperance, drink. Canada has exempted these in her recent drastic legislation. The United States alone has failed to make this important and, from the point of view of reform, necessary distinction except in the case of cider, which was exempted in the early days of prohibition politics in Maine as the price of the farmers' vote; and the same consideration, since prohibition prevails only in agricultural States, has kept it a free product ever since.

My Norwegian friends told me that the trouble they found with prohibition was in nature's own apparent enmity toward it. Nature runs so easily to alcohol that she defeats any such hand-over-head method. Distillation requires no skill, no selection of material. Anything will do from peat to potato-parings, and only about a dollar's worth of apparatus is needed. They had an impressive object-lesson in the appalling experience of Sweden during the period of home distillation, they had heard of the struggles of France when she was in the grip of the *bouilleurs de cru*, and what reports they got more recently of kitchen stills and general moonshining in prohibition districts of the United States confirmed them in their suspicions of this method.

The problem that confronted them, then, was this: to find a policy of continuous repression and discouragement that would make spirits hard to get, but yet just a hair's-breadth easier than the trouble and risk of distilling them privately. The elements of such a policy were, first, disinterested management. This could be had only by taking the profit out of the business, thus abolishing competition and the incentive to push sales, adulterate stock, abet disorder, or evade restrictions. The suppression of profit would also take the business automatically out of politics. The second element was appropriate regu-

lation, and the third was the encouragement, chiefly by differential taxation, of other beverages.

The mechanism they devised for this policy is extremely simple. Wherever a demand for spirits is expressed by vote, a company of public-spirited citizens is formed, in part appointed by the national commission and in part elected, and the Government confers on this company the monopoly of the sale of spirits at retail, under specified regulation, in that city or town. In return for this public service the company gets five per cent. of the net profits; no more. The rest goes in various percentages to certain charities and to the state. Distillers can sell only to these companies, and no one else may import spirits. This is all there is to it; nothing could be simpler.

In practice I found it came to this: in Christiania, for instance, there are two or three of the company's establishments, situated inconveniently, and open for only a short time every day,—two hours, if I remember correctly,—and at an inconvenient time. There were no attractions of any kind in these places, and no sociability was encouraged or apparently tolerated. If one wanted a drink of spirits, one could go there and get it; but one would get it from a man who had no interest whatever in selling anything, and did not care whether he had a hundred customers or none. One might then go out and walk around the block, make some change in one's appearance, come back, and perhaps get another drink, if the man was busy or did not notice. In no other circumstances could spirits be bought in Christiania.

Thus the incidental drinking of spirits, the worst of many evils under our system, is abolished. One must make a deliberate business of it, and it is a laborious task, and few find it worth while. At the same time the plan is fair; if one wants spirits, one may get them legally and aboveboard by going to the necessary trouble. There is no coarse and indiscriminate paternalism about it. Furthermore, while it actively and continuously discourages the

drinker, this plan does not, like prohibition, encourage private distilling and illicit distribution. It carries the suppression of spirits to what may be called the margin of moonshining, and holds it there relentlessly, but goes no further.

On the other hand, the lighter alcoholic drinks are sold everywhere, and are very cheap and good. "Have you tried our tax-free beer?" my friends kept asking. "We are very proud of it." Fermented drinks running as low as 2½ per cent. of alcohol are free of all taxes. They are sold as cider is sold in the United States; no license is necessary. Beverages carrying a higher percentage are subject to a graded tax that rises on a steep scale according to alcoholic content. Beer above five per cent. of alcohol is not allowed to be made or sold. But so far from all this conducing to excessive beer-drinking, the experience of Norway has quite substantially proved the efficacy of these beverages as an ally to temperance. The consumption of beer per capita has remained nearly stationary from year to year for a period of forty years, while showing a slight actual decrease over the whole period. Thus, in 1875, Norway drank 23.3 liters of beer per capita, 20 in 1901, and 17.8 in 1902, while for the five-year period between 1906-1910 the average was 18.4 liters. Meanwhile the total consumption of all intoxicants, measured in terms of pure alcohol, has fallen to 2.37 liters, which is the least of any European country. The corresponding figures for Canada are 3.31, for the United States 6.89, and for the Argentine 10.21.

My purpose in writing this paper is not to propose that the Norwegian system be transplanted here root and branch, but the far humbler one of suggesting that we take account of this and other systems in a serious attempt to find out whether our own efforts at reform are on the right track. It is surely a remarkable fact that the Federal Government, while accepting the prodigious annual dividend of \$250,000,000 as a sleeping partner in the liquor industry, has never offered the States and municipalities a single guiding word for

the regulation of the traffic. In shaping our estimate of the social effects of alcohol, we have been left to the propaganda of the trade, the patter of the agitator, and the pestilent dabbling of political amateurs. Fanaticism, sciolism, Bourbonism—these are the influences that we permit to form our opinions about this great and inherently dangerous traffic.

Meanwhile the agitation for national prohibition goes on. Since I began writing this article, the papers announce that the House committee has reported a bill for submitting a prohibition amendment to the national Constitution. Doubtless it will not pass, and is not expected to pass; not, however, because it is an unwise measure, but because Congress will not sacrifice the revenue. And even if Congress, wearied by the harassments of persistent agitators, should decide to "pass the buck" to the state legislatures, these would not ratify the amendment; not, again, because the amendment is unwise, but because state prohibition has always been conditioned on the individual citizen's being able to maintain his own personal habits undisturbed, and national prohibition would put a stop to this. But while there is no great likelihood of national prohibition, the public preoccupation with alcohol has reached a point where we ought to demand a scientific and serious reckoning.

For my own part, I see no appropriate agent for this purpose except the Federal Government. The liquor traffic is one of the largest industries in the country; it supplies the National Government with about one third of its regular income. What, then, could be more natural than that Mr. Redfield should ask Congress for money enough to make a competent investigation under the department of commerce to ascertain whether prohibition is really the right way to go about temperance reform?

At present no one knows. We all think we know,—I along with the rest,—but really we do not. Whose word are we taking? What influences have determined our opinions? Whose statistics and con-

clusions are we following, and what do we know about their authority? We do not know the judgment that impartial foreign critics have passed on our experiments hitherto.¹ We do not know how far those experiments were founded in reason and logic and how far in emotionalism. We have not measured their legal or social consequences or their educative value. We do not know the constructive courses that other nations have followed. I dare say that the little sketch I have here given of the Norwegian system will have news value to nine readers out of ten. In short, we have set about this important

¹ Viaud and Vasnier say, in "La lutte contre l'alcoolisme," p. 171, at the conclusion of a long examination of our practices, "Il ne faut donc pas plus se décourager aux États-Unis qu'en Europe; mais nous avons moins d'espoir dans le succès des mesures adoptées aux États-Unis que dans celui des dispositions prises en Suède, Norvège, Russie, Suisse et quelques autres états européens."

problem without method, without intelligence, and without disinterested leadership.

To correct this state of things, out of which no permanent good can possibly be expected, I repeat, nothing would be more effective than a departmental investigation of a most comprehensive kind, at least equaling in scope and authority the work of the Norwegian and Swedish commissions, and I trust surpassing them by virtue of the superiority of our resources over theirs. Reform of some kind there must be and will be; if we do not get a wise and real one, we shall get a stupid and nominal one. In these circumstances it seems that the very least the Federal Government can do is to use its superior advantages in determining what reforms ought to take place in the traffic, and how we shall set about them.



The Invalid

By LEOLYN LOUISE EVERETT

NOW as I lie month after month so still,
 The world that was so full of life, so gay
 With varied joy, fades like a dream, becomes
 Incredibly remote, as if a mist
 Had risen up before my eyes, and far,
 Oh, very far away, I saw pass by
 A theater pageant where, in rags and gold,
 The people agonized their hearts away
 For sins and virtues that were only shams
 That did not matter in themselves at all,
 But might be worn like silken masks or gloves,
 And so dispensed with, if they only knew.
 Once had I given judgment on the play
 As I partook of it, had drawn aside
 From evil and praised valor; now their hue
 Has met and mingled to such utter gray
 I cannot separate them. With amaze,
 Dismay, amusement, and a kind of ache
 I see the bitter warfare that is made
 By those who would so tabulate and name,
 So mark in stated value, fantasy
 Less real than this thin hand the sun shines through.

The Bunker Mouse

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

Author of "Galway Intrudes," etc.

Illustrations by David C. Hutchison

LARRY WALSH slowly climbed the stairs of a house near the waterfront, in a run-down quarter of old New York. He halted on the top floor, blinking in the dim light that struggled through the grime-coated window of the hallway. After a time he knocked timidly on the door before him.

There was nothing in the pleasant "Come in" to alarm the small man; he started to retreat, but stopped when the door was thrown wide.

"Then it 's yourself, Mouse! It 's good for the eyes just to look at you."

The woman who greeted Walsh was in striking contrast to her shabby surroundings. Everything about the old-fashioned house, one floor of which was her home, spoke of neglected age. This girl, from the heavy, black braids encircling her head to the soles of her shoes, vibrated youth. Her cheeks glowed with the color of splendid health; her blue Irish eyes were bright with it. Friendliness had rung in the tones of her rich brogue, and showed now in her smile as she waited for her visitor to answer.

Larry stood before her too shy to speak.

"Is it word from Dan you 're bringin' me?" she encouraged. "But there, now, I 'm forgettin' me manners! Come in, an' I 'll be makin' you a cup of tea." She took his arm impulsively, with the frank comradeship of a young woman for a man much older than herself, and led him to a chair.

Larry sat ready for flight, his cap held stiffly across his knees. He watched every movement of the girl, a look of pathetic meekness in his eyes.

"You 're right, Mrs. Sullivan," he said

after an effort; "Dan was askin' me to step in on my way to the ship."

She turned quickly from the stove.

"You 're not tellin' me now Dan ain't comin' himself, an' the boat leavin' this night?"

Larry was plainly uneasy.

"Well, you see—it 's—now it 's just like I 'm tellin' you, Mrs. Sullivan; he 's that important to the chief, is Dan, they can't get on without him to-day at all."

"Then bad luck, I say, to the chief! Look at the grand supper I 'm after fixin' for Dan!"

"Oh, Mary—Mrs. Sullivan, don't be speakin' disrespectful' of the chief, an' him thinkin' so highly of Dan!"

Mary's blue eyes flashed.

"An' why would n't he! It 's not every day he 'll find the likes of Dan, with the strong arms an' the great legs of him, not to mention his grand looks." She crossed to Larry, her face aglow. "Rest easy now while you drink your tea," she urged kindly, "an' tell me what the chief be wantin' him for."

She drew her chair close to Larry, but the small man turned shyly from her searching gaze.

"Well, you see, Mrs.—"

"Call me Mary. It 's a year an' more now since the first time you brought Dan home to me." A sudden smile lighted her face. "Well I remember how frightened you looked when first you set eyes on me. Was you thinkin' to find Dan's wife a slip of a girl?"

"No; he told me you was a fine, big lass." He looked from Mary to the picture of an older woman that hung above the mantel. "That 'll be your mother,

I'm thinkin'." Then, with abrupt change, "When did you leave the old country, Mary?"

"A little more 'n a year before I married Dan. But tell me, Mouse, about the chief wantin' him."

"Well, you see, Dan 's that handy-like—"

"That 's the blessed truth you 're speakin'," she interrupted, her face lovely with its flush of pride. "But tell me more, that 's a darlin'."

Larry thought rapidly before he spoke again.

"Only the last trip I was hearin' the chief say: 'Dan,' says he, 'it 's not long now you 'll be swingin' the shovel. I 'll be makin' you water-tender soon.'"

Mary leaned nearer, and caught both of Larry's hands in hers.

"Them 's grand words you 're sayin'; they fair makes my heart jump." She paused; the gladness faded quickly from her look. "Then the chief don't know Dan sometimes takes a drop?"

"Ain't the chief Irish himself? Every man on the boilers takes his dram." Her wistful eyes spurred him on. "Sure 's I 'm sittin' here, Dan 's the soberest of the lot."

Mary shook her head sadly.

"Good reason I have to fear the drink; 't was that spoiled my mother's life."

Larry rose quickly.

"Your mother never drank!"

"No; the saints preserve us!" She looked up in surprise at Larry's startled face. "It was my father. I don't remember only what mother told me; he left her one night, ravin' drunk, an' never come back."

Larry hastily took up his cap.

"I must be goin' back to the ship now," he said abruptly. "An' thank you, Mary, for the tea." He hurried from the room.

When Larry reached the ground floor he heard Mary's door open again.

"Can I be troublin' you, Mouse, to take something to Dan?" She came down the stairs, carrying a dinner-pail. "I 'd thought to be eatin' this supper along with him," Mary said, disappointment in her

tone. She followed Larry to the outer landing. "It 's the true word you was sayin', he 'll be makin' Dan water-tender?"

Larry forced himself to look into her anxious eyes.

"Sure; it 's just as I said, Mary."

"Then I 'll pray this night to the Mother of God for that chief; for soon"—Mary hesitated; a light came to her face that lifted the girl high above her squalid surroundings—"the extra pay 'll be comin' handy soon," she ended, her voice as soft as a Killarney breeze.

Larry, as he looked at the young wife standing between the scarred columns of the old doorway, was stirred to the farthest corner of his heart.

"They only smile like that to the angels," he thought. Then aloud: "Bad cess to me! I was forgettin' entirely! Dan said to leave this with you." He pushed crumpled, coal-soiled money into her hand, and fled down the steps.

When Larry heard the door close creakily behind him, he looked back to where Mary had stood, his eyes blinking rapidly. After some moments he walked slowly on toward the wharves. In the distance before him the spars and funnels of ships loomed through the dusk, their outlines rapidly fading into the sky beyond—a late September sky, now fast turning to a burned-out sheet of dull gray.

Larry went aboard his ship, and, going to the fore-castle, peered into an upper bunk.

"Your baby 's not to home, Mouse," a voice jeered. "I saw him over to Flanagan's awhile ago."

A hopeless look crossed Larry's face.

"Give me a hand up the side, like a good lad, Jim, when I come aboard again."

A few minutes later the little man was making his way back to the steamer, every step of his journey harassed by derisive shouts as he dodged between the lines of belated trucks that jammed West Street from curb to string-piece. He pushed a wheelbarrow before him, his knees bending under the load it held. Across the



“‘Rest easy now while you drink your tea,’ she urged kindly”

barrow, legs and head dangling over the sides, lay an unconscious heap that when sober answered to the name of Dan Sullivan.

LARRY WALSH, stoker on the coastwise freighter *San Gardo*, was the butt of the ship; every man of the crew imposed on his good nature. He was one of those persons "just fool enough to do what he's told to do." For thirty of his fifty years he had been a seaman, and the marks of a sailor's life were stamped hard on his face. His weathered cheeks were plowed by wrinkles that stretched, deep furrowed, from his red-gray hair to the corners of his mouth. From under scant brows he peered out on the world with near-sighted eyes; but whenever a smile broadened his wide mouth, his eyes would shine with a kindly light.

Larry's defective sight had led to his banishment as a sailor from the decks. During a storm off Hatteras a stoker had fallen and died on the boiler-room plates.

"It don't take no eyes at all to see clean to the back of a Scotch boiler," the boatswain had told the chief engineer. "I can give you that little squint-eyed feller." So, at the age of forty or thereabouts, Larry left the cool, wind-swept deck to take up work new to him in the superheated, gas-stifling air of the fire-room. Though entered on the ship's papers as a sailor, he had gone without complaint down the straight ladders to the very bottom of the hull. Bidden to take the dead stoker's place, "he was just fool enough to do what he was told to do."

Larry was made the coal-passer of that watch, and began at once the back-breaking task of shoveling fuel from the bunkers to the floor outside, ready for the stokers to heave into the boilers. He had been passing less than an hour during his first watch when the coal ran short in the lower bunker. He speared with a slice-bar in the bunker above. The fuel rested at a steeper angle than his weak eyes could see, and his bar dislodged a wedged lump; an instant later the new passer was half buried under a heap of sliding coal. Be-

wildered, but unhurt, he crawled to the boiler-room, shaking the coal from his back and shoulders. Through dust-filled ears he heard the general laugh at his plight.

"Look at the nigger Irishman!" a stoker called.

"Irishman!" came the answer. "It's no man at all; it's a mouse you're seein'—a bunker mouse."

From that moment the name Larry Walsh was forgotten.

THE *San Gardo* was late getting away that night; two bells of the evening watch had sounded when at last she backed from her pier into the North River and began the first mile of her trip to Galveston. Though she showed a full six inches of the red paint below her water-line, the loading of her freight had caused the delay. In the hold lay many parts of saw-mill machinery. When the last of this clumsy cargo had settled to its allotted place, there was left an unusual void of empty blackness below the deck hatches.

"It's up to you now, Matie," the stevedore had said to the impatient first officer. "My job's done right, but she'll roll her sticks out if it's rough outside."

"That's nice; hand me all the cheerful news you have when you know they hung out storm-warnings at noon," the officer had growled as the stevedore went ashore.

Signs that both the Government and the stevedore had predicted correctly began to show as soon as the vessel cleared the Hook. The wind was blowing half a gale from the southeast and had already kicked up a troublesome sea. The ship, resenting her half-filled hold, pitched with a viciousness new to the crew.

There was unusual activity on board the *San Gardo* that night. Long after the last hatch-cover had been placed, the boatswain continued to inspect, going over the deck from bow to stern to see that every movable thing was lashed fast.

In the engine-room as well extra precautions were taken. It was Robert Neville's watch below; he was the first of the three assistant engineers. Neville, a

young man, was unique in that most undemocratic institution, a ship's crew, for he apparently considered the stokers under him as human beings. For one of his fire-room force he had an actual liking.

"Why do you keep that fellow they call Bunker Mouse in your watch?" the chief once asked.

"Because he 's willing and the handiest man I have," Neville answered promptly.

"Well, suit yourself; but that brute Sullivan will kill him some day, I hear."

"I don't know about that, Chief. The Mouse is game."

"So 's a trout; but it 's got a damn poor show against a shark," the chief had added, with a shrug.

Neville's watch went on duty shortly after the twin lights above Sandy Hook had dropped astern. The ship was then rolling heavily enough to make walking difficult on the oily floor of the engine-room; in the boiler-room, lower by three feet, to stand steady even for a moment was impossible. Here, in this badly lighted quarter of the ship, ill humor hung in the air thicker than the coal-gas.

Dan Sullivan, partly sobered, fired his boiler with sullen regularity, his whole bearing showing ugly readiness for a fight. Larry, stoking next to him, kept a weather-eye constantly on his fellow-laborer.

Neville's men had been on duty only a few minutes when the engineer came to the end of the passage and called Larry.

"That 's right," Dan growled; "run along, you engineer's pet, leavin' your work for me to do!"

Larry gave him no answer as he hurried away.

"Make fast any loose thing you see here," Neville ordered.

Larry went about the machinery-crowded room securing every object that a lurching ship might send flying from its place. When he returned to the fire-room he heard the water-tender shouting:

"Sullivan, you 're loafin' on your job! Get more fire under that boiler!"

"An' ain't I doin' double work, with that damn Mouse forever sneakin' up to the engine-room?"

Larry, giving no sign that he had heard Dan's growling answer, drove his scoop into the coal, and with a swinging thrust spread its heaped load evenly over the glowing bed in the fire-box. He closed the fire-door with a quick slam, for in a pitching boiler-room burning coal can fall from an open furnace as suddenly as new coal can be thrown into it.

"So, you 're back," Dan sneered. "It 's a wonder you would n't stay the watch up there with your betters."

Larry went silently on with his work.

"Soft, ain't it, you jellyfish, havin' me do your job? You eel, you—" Dan poured out a stream of abusive oaths.

Still Larry did not answer.

"Dan 's ravin' mad," a man on the port boilers said. "Will he soak the Mouse to-night, I wonder."

"Sure," the stoker beside him answered. "An' it 's a dirty shame for a big devil like him to smash the little un."

"You 're new on this ship; you don't know 'em. The Mouse is a regular mother to that booze-fighter, an' small thanks he gets. But wait, an' you 'll see somethin' in a minute."

Dan's temper, however, was not yet at fighting heat. He glared a moment longer at Larry, then turned sullenly to his boiler. He was none too steady on his legs, and this, with the lurching of the ship, made his work ragged. After a few slipshod passes he struck the door-frame squarely with his scoop, spilling the coal to the floor.

"Damn your squint eyes!" he yelled. "You done that, Mouse! You shoved ag'in' me. Now scrape it all up, an' be quick about it!"

Without a word, while his tormentor jeered and cursed him, Larry did as he was told.

"Ain't you got no fight at all in your shriveled-up body?" Dan taunted as Larry finished. "You 're a disgrace to Ireland, that 's what you are."

Larry, still patient, turned away. Dan sprang to him and spun the little man about.

"Where 's the tongue in your ugly

mouth?" Dan was shaking with rage. "I 'll not be havin' the likes of you followin' me from ship to ship, an' sniffin' at my heels ashore. I won't stand for it no longer, do you hear? Do you think I need a nurse? Now say you 'll leave this ship when we makes port, or I 'll break every bone in you."

Dan towered above Larry, his arm drawn back ready to strike. Every man in the room stopped work to watch the outcome of the row.

At the beginning of the tirade Larry's thin shoulders had straightened; he raised his head; his lower jaw, undershot, was set hard. The light from the boiler showed his near-sighted eyes steady on Sullivan, unafraid.

"Get on with your work, an' don't be a fool, Dan," he said quietly.

"A fool, am I!"

Dan's knotted fist flashed to within an inch of Larry's jaw. The Bunker Mouse did not flinch. For a moment the big stoker's arm quivered to strike, then slowly fell.

"You ain't worth smashin'," Sullivan snarled, and turned away.

"Well, what d' yer know about that!" the new stoker cried.

"It 's that way all the time," he was answered; "there ain't a trip Dan don't ball the Mouse out to a fare-you-well; but he never lays hand to 'im. None of us knows why."

"You don't? Well, I do. The big slob 's yeller, an' I 'll show 'im up." The stoker crossed to Sullivan. "See here, Bo, why don't you take on a man your size?" He thrust his face close to Dan's and shouted the answer to his question: "I 'll tell you why. You ain't got sand enough."

Dan's teeth snapped closed, then parted to grin at his challenger.

"Do you think you 're big enough?" The joy of battle was in his growl.

"Yes, I do." The man put up his hands.

Instantly Dan's left broke down the guard; his right fist landed squarely on the stoker's jaw, sending him reeling to

the bunker wall, where he fell. It was a clean knock-out.

"Go douse your friend with a pail of water, Mouse." Dan, still grinning, picked up his shovel and went to work.

WHEN Neville's watch went off duty, Larry found the sea no rougher than on countless other runs he had made along the Atlantic coast. The wind had freshened to a strong gale, but he reached the forecandle with no great difficulty.

Without marked change the *San Gardo* carried the same heavy weather from Barnegat Light to the Virginia capes. Beyond Cape Henry the blow began to stiffen and increased every hour as the freighter plowed steadily southward. Bucking head seas every mile of the way, she picked up Diamond Shoals four hours behind schedule. As she plunged past the tossing light-ship, Larry, squinting through a forecandle port, wondered how long its anchor chains would hold. The *San Gardo* was off Jupiter by noon the third day out, running down the Florida coast; the wind-bent palms showed faintly through the driving spray.

Neville's watch went on duty that night at eight. As his men left the forecandle a driving rain beat against their backs, and seas broke over the port bow at every downward plunge of the ship. To gain the fire-room door, they clung to rail or stanchion to save themselves from being swept overboard. They held on desperately as each wave flooded the deck, watched their chance, then sprang for the next support. On freighters no cargo space is wasted below decks in passageways for the crew.

When Larry reached the fire-room there was not a dry inch of cloth covering his wiry body. He and his fellow-stokers took up immediately the work of the men they had relieved, and during the first hours of their watch fired the boilers with no more difficulty than is usual in heavy weather.

At eleven o'clock the speaking-tube whistled, and a moment later Neville came to the end of the passage.

"What are you carrying?" he shouted to the water-tender. "We 've got to keep a full head of steam on her to-night."

"We 've got it, Mr. Neville—one hundred and sixty, an' we 've held between that and sixty-five ever since I 've been on."

"The captain says we 've made Tortugas. We lost three hours on the run from Jupiter," Neville answered, and went back to his engine.

During the next hour no one on deck had to tell these men, toiling far below the water-line, that wind and sea had risen. They had warnings enough. Within their steel-incased quarters every bolt and rivet sounded the overstrain forced upon it. In the engine-room the oiler could no longer move from the throttle. Every few minutes now, despite his watchfulness, a jarring shiver spread through the hull as the propeller, thrown high, raced wildly in air before he could shut off steam.

At eleven-thirty the indicator clanged, and its arrow jumped to half-speed ahead. A moment later the men below decks "felt the rudder" as the *San Gardo*, abandoning further attempts to hold her course, swung about to meet the seas head on.

Eight bells—midnight—struck, marking the end of the shift; but no one came down the ladders to relieve Neville's watch. The growls of the tired men rose above the noise in the fire-room. Again Neville came through the passage.

"The tube to the bridge is out of commission," he called, "but I can raise the chief. He says no man can live on deck; one 's gone overboard already. The second watch can't get out of the fore-castle. It 's up to us, men, to keep this ship afloat, and steam 's the only thing that 'll do it."

For the next hour and the next the fire-room force and the two men in the engine-room stuck doggedly to their work. They knew that the *San Gardo* was making a desperate struggle, that it was touch and go whether the ship would live out the hurricane or sink to the bottom. They knew also, to the last man of them, that

if for a moment the ship fell off broadside to the seas, the giant waves would roll her over and over like an empty barrel in a mill-race. The groaning of every rib and plate in the hull, the crash of seas against the sides, the thunder of waves breaking on deck, drowned the usual noises below.

The color of the men's courage began to show. Some kept grimly at their work, dumb from fear. Others covered fright with profanity, cursing the storm, the ship, their mates, cursing themselves. Larry, as he threw coal steadily through his fire-doors, hummed a broken tune. He gave no heed to Dan, who grew more savage as the slow hours of overtoil dragged by.

About four in the morning Neville called Larry to the engine-room. On his return Dan blazed out at him:

"Boot-lickin' Neville' ag'in, was you? I 'd lay you out, you shrimp, only I want you to do your work."

Larry took up his shovel; as usual his silence enraged Sullivan.

"You chicken-livered wharf-rat, ain't you got no spunk to answer wid'?" Dan jerked a slice-bar from the fire and hurled it to the floor at Larry's feet. The little man leaped in the air; the white-hot end of the bar, bounding from the floor, missed his legs by an inch.

Larry's jaw shot out; he turned on Sullivan, all meekness gone.

"Dan," he cried shrilly, "if you try that again—"

"Great God! what 's that!"

Dan's eyes were staring; panic showed on every face in the room. The sound of an explosion had come from the forward hold. Another followed, and another, a broadside of deafening reports. The terrifying sounds came racing aft. They reached the bulkhead nearest them, and tore through the fire-room, bringing unmasked fear to every man of the watch. The crew stood for a moment awed, then broke, and, rushing for the ladder, fought for a chance to escape this new, unknown madness of the storm.

Only Larry kept his head.

"Stop! Come back!" His shrill voice

carried above the terrifying noise. "It 's the plates bucklin' between the ribs."

"Plates! Hell! we 're sinkin'!"

Neville rushed in from the engine-room.

"Back to your fires, men, or we 'll all drown! Steam, keep up—" He was shouting at full-lung power, but his cries were cut short. Again the deafening reports started at the bows. Again, crash after crash, the sounds came tearing aft as if a machine-gun were raking the vessel from bow to stern. At any time these noises would bring terror to men locked below decks; but now, in the half-filled cargo spaces, each crashing report was like the bursting of a ten-inch shell.

Neville went among the watch, urging, commanding, assuring them that these sounds meant no real danger to the ship. He finally ended the panic by beating the more frightened ones back to their boilers.

Then for hours, at every plunge of the ship, the deafening boom of buckling plates continued until the watch was crazed by the sound.

This new terror began between four and five in the morning, when the men had served double time under the grueling strain. At sunrise another misery was added to their torture: the rain increased suddenly, and fell a steady cataract to the decks. This deluge and the flying spray sent gallons of water down the stack; striking the breeching-plates, it was instantly turned to steam and boiling water. As the fagged stokers bent before the boilers, the hot water, dripping from the breeching, washed scalding channels through the coal-dust down their bare backs. They hailed this new torment with louder curses, but continued to endure it for hours, while outside the hurricane raged, with no end, no limit, to its power.

Since the beginning of the watch the bilge-pumps had had all they could do to handle the leakage coming from the seams of the strained hull. Twice Neville had taken the throttle and sent his oiler to clear the suction. The violent lurching of the ship had churned up every

ounce of sediment that had lain undisturbed beneath the floor-plates since the vessel's launching. Sometime between seven and eight all the bilge-pumps clogged at the same moment, and the water began rising at a rate that threatened the fires. It became a question of minutes between life and death for all hands. Neville, working frantically to clear the pumps, yelled to the oiler to leave the throttle and come to him. The water, gaining fast, showed him that their combined efforts were hopeless. He ran to the boiler-room for more aid. Here the water had risen almost to the fires; as the ship rolled, it slushed up between the floor-plates and ran in oily streams about the men's feet. Again panic seized the crew.

"Come on, lads!" Sullivan shouted above the infernal din. "We 'll be drowned in this hell-hole!"

In the next second he was half-way up the ladder; below him, clinging to the rungs like frightened apes, hung other stokers.

"Come back, you fool!" Neville shouted. "Open that deck-door, and you 'll swamp the ship!"

Dan continued to climb.

"Come down or I 'll fire!"

"Shoot an' be damned to you!" Dan called back.

The report of Neville's revolver was lost in the noise; but the bullet, purposely sent high, spattered against the steel plate above Dan's head. He looked down. Neville, swaying with the pitching floor, was aiming true for his second shot. Cursing at the top of his voice, Dan scrambled down the ladder, pushing the men below him to the floor.

"Back to your boilers!" Neville ordered; but the stokers, huddled in a frightened group, refused to leave the ladder.

It was only a matter of seconds now before the fires would be drenched. Bilge-water was splashing against the under boiler-plates, filling the room with dense steam. Neville left the men and raced for the engine-room. He found Larry and the oiler working desperately at the

valve-wheel of the circulating-pump. Neville grasped the wheel, and gave the best he had to open the valve. This manifold, connecting the pump with the bilges, was intended only for emergency use. It had not been opened for months, and was now rusted tight. The three men, straining every muscle, failed to budge the wheel. After the third hopeless attempt, Larry let go, and without a word bolted through the passage to the fire-room.

"You miserable quitter!" Neville screamed after him, and bent again to the wheel.

As he looked up, despairing of any chance to loosen the rusted valve, Larry came back on the run, carrying a coal-pick handle. He thrust it between the spokes of the wheel.

"Now, Mr. Neville, all together!" His Celtic jaw was set hard.

All three threw their weight against the handle. The wheel stirred.

As they straightened for another effort, a louder noise of hissing steam sounded from the boilers, and the fire-room force, mad with fright, came crowding through the passage to the higher floor of the engine-room.

"Quick! Together!" Neville gasped.

The wheel moved an inch.

"Once more! *Now!*"

The wheel turned and did not stop. The three men dropped the lever, seized the wheel, and threw the valve wide open.

"Good work, men!" Neville cried, and fell back exhausted.

The centrifugal pump was thrown in at the last desperate moment. When the rusted valve finally opened, water had risen to the lower grate-bars under every boiler in the fire-room. But once in action, the twelve-inch suction of the giant pump did its work with magic swiftness. In less than thirty seconds the last gallon of water in the bilges had been lifted and sent, rushing through the discharge, overboard.

Neville faced the boiler-room crew sternly.

"Now, you cowards, get to your fires!" he said.

As the men slunk back through the passage Dan growled:

"May that man some day burn in hell!"

"Don't be wishin' him no such luck," an angry voice answered; "wish him down here wid us."

THE morning dragged past; noon came, marking the sixteenth hour that the men, imprisoned below the sea-swept decks, had struggled to save the ship. Sundown followed, and the second night of their unbroken toil began. They stuck to it, stood up somehow under the racking grind, their nerves quivering, their bodies craving food, their eyes gritty from the urge of sleep, while always the hideous noises of the gale screamed in their ears. The machine-gun roar of buckling plates, raking the battered hull, never ceased.

With each crawling minute the men grew more silent, more desperate. Dan Sullivan let no chance pass to vent his spleen on Larry. Twice during the day his fellow-stokers, watching the familiar scene, saw the big man reach the point of crushing the small one; but the ever-expected blow did not fall.

Shortly after midnight the first hope came to the exhausted men that their fight might not be in vain. Though the buckling plates still thundered, though the floor under their feet still pitched at crazy angles, there was a "feel" in the fire-room that ribs and beams and rivets were not so near the breaking-point.

Neville came to the end of the passage. "The hurricane 's blowing itself to death," he shouted. "Stick to it, boys, for an hour longer; the second watch can reach us by then."

The hour passed, but no relief came. The wind had lost some force, but the seas still broke over the bows, pouring tons of water to the deck. The vessel pitched as high, rolled as deep, as before.

As the men fired their boilers they rested the filled scoops on the floor and waited for the ship to roll down. Then a quick jerk of the fire-door chain, a quick heave of the shovel, and the door was snapped shut before the floor rolled up

again. Making one of these hurried passes, Larry swayed on tired legs. He managed the toss and was able to close the door before he fell hard against Dan. His sullen enemy instantly launched a new tirade, fiercer, more blasphemous, than any before. He ended a stream of oaths, and rested the scoop ready for his throw.

"I 'll learn yuh, yuh snivelin'—" The ship rolled deep. Dan jerked the fire-door open—"yuh snivelin' shrimp!" He glared at Larry as he made the pass. He missed the opening. His shovel struck hard against the boiler front. The jar knocked Dan to the floor, pitched that moment at its steepest angle. He clutched desperately to gain a hold on the smooth-worn steel plates, his face distorted by fear as he slid down to the fire.

Larry, crying a shrill warning, sprang between Sullivan and the open furnace. He stooped, and with all the strength he could gather shoved the big stoker from danger. Then above the crashing sounds a shriek tore the steam-clouded air of the fire-room. Larry had fallen!

As his feet struck the ash-door, the ship rolled up. A cascade falling from Dan's fire had buried Larry's legs to the knees under a bed of white-hot coals. He shrieked again the cry of the mortally hurt as Dan dragged him too late from before the open door.

"Mouse! Mouse!" Horror throbbed in Sullivan's voice. "You 're hurted bad!" He knelt, holding Larry in his arms, while others threw water on the blazing coals.

"Speak, lad!" Dan pleaded. "Speak to me!"

The fire-room force stood over them silenced. Accident, death even, they always expected; but to see Dan Sullivan show pity for any living thing, and, above all, for the Bunker Mouse—

The lines of Larry's tortured face eased.

"It 's the last hurt I 'll be havin', Dan," he said before he fainted.

"Don't speak the word, Mouse, an' you just after savin' me life!" Then the men in the fire-room saw a miracle, for tears filled the big stoker's eyes.

Neville had heard Larry's cry and rushed to the boiler-room.

"For God's sake! what 's happened now?"

Dan pointed a shaking finger. Neville looked once at what only a moment before had been the legs and feet of a man. As he turned quickly from the sight the engineer's face was like chalk.

"Here, two of you," he called unsteadily, "carry him to the engine-room."

Dan threw the men roughly aside.

"Leave him be," he growled. "Don't a one of you put hand on him!" He lifted Larry gently and, careful of each step, crossed the swaying floor.

"Lay him there by the dynamo," Neville ordered when they had reached the engine-room.

Dan hesitated.

"'T ain't fittin', sir, an' him so bad' hurt. Let me be takin' him to the store-room."

Neville looked doubtfully up the narrow stairs.

"We can't get him there with this sea running."

Sullivan spread his legs wide, took both of Larry's wrists in one hand, and swung the unconscious man across his back. He strode to the iron stairs and began to climb. As he reached the first grating Larry groaned. Dan stopped dead; near him the great cross-heads were plunging steadily up and down.

"God, Mr. Neville, did he hit ag'in' somethin'?" The sweat of strain and fear covered his face.

The vessel leaped to the crest of a wave, and dropped sheer into the trough beyond.

"No; but for God's sake, man, go on! You 'll pitch with him to the floor if she does that again!"

Dan, clinging to the rail with his free hand, began climbing the second flight.

At the top grating Neville sprang past him to the store-room door.

"Hold him a second longer," he called, and spread an armful of cotton waste on the vise bench.

Dan laid Larry on the bench. He straightened his own great body for a



"Dan, clinging to the rail with his free hand, began climbing the second flight"

moment, then sat down on the floor and cried.

Neville, pretending not to see Dan's distress, brought more waste. As he placed it beneath his head Larry groaned. Dan, still on the floor, wrung his hands, calling on the saints and the Virgin to lighten the pain of this man it had been his joy to torture.

Neville turned to him.

"Get up from there!" he cried sharply. "Go see what you can find to help him."

Dan left the room, rubbing his red-flanneled arm across his eyes. He returned quickly with a can of cylinder oil, and poured it slowly over the horribly burned limbs.

"There ain't no bandages, sir; only this." He held out a shirt belonging to the engineer; his eyes pleaded his question. Neville nodded, and Dan tore the shirt in strips. When he finished the task, strange to his clumsy hands, Larry had regained consciousness and lay trying pitifully to stifle his moans.

"Does it make you feel aiser, Mouse?" Dan leaned close to the quivering lips to catch the answer.

"It helps fine," Larry answered, and fainted again.

"You 'll be leavin' me stay wid him, sir?" Dan begged. "'T was for me he 's come to this."

Neville gave consent, and left the two men together.

BETWEEN four and five in the morning, when Neville's watch had lived through thirty-three unbroken hours of the fearful grind, a shout that ended in a screaming laugh ran through the fire-room. High above the toil-crazed men a door had opened and closed. A form, seen dimly through the smoke and steam, was moving backward down the ladder. Again the door opened; another man came through. Every shovel in the room fell to the steel floor; every man in the room shouted or laughed or cried.

The engine-room door, too, had opened, admitting the chief and his assistant. Not until he had examined each mechanical

tragedy below did the chief give time to the human one above.

"Where 's that man that 's hurt?" he asked as he came, slowly, from an inspection of the burned-out bearings down the shaft alley.

Neville went with him to the store-room. Dan, sagging under fatigue, clung to the bench where Larry lay moaning.

"You can go now, Sullivan," Neville told him.

Dan raised his head, remorse, entreaty, stubbornness in his look.

"Let me be! I 'll not leave him!"

The chief turned to Neville.

"What 's come over that drunk?" he asked.

"Ever since the Mouse got hurt, Sullivan 's acted queer, just like a woman."

"Get to your quarters, Sullivan," the chief ordered. "We 'll take care of this man."

Dan's hands closed; for an instant he glared rebellion from blood-shot eyes. Then the iron law of sea discipline conquering, he turned to Larry.

"The blessed Virgin aise you, poor Mouse!" he mumbled huskily and slouched out through the door.

AT midday the *San Gardo's* captain got a shot at the sun. Though his vessel had been headed steadily northeast for more than thirty hours, the observation showed that she had made twenty-eight miles sternway to the southwest. By two in the afternoon the wind had dropped to half a gale, making a change of course possible. The captain signaled full speed ahead, and the ship, swinging about, began limping across the gulf, headed once more toward Galveston.

Neville, who had slept like a stone, came on deck just before sunset. The piled-up seas, racing along the side, had lost their breaking crests; the ship rose and fell with some degree of regularity. He called the boatswain and went to the store-room.

They found Larry in one of his conscientious moments.

"Well, Mouse, we 're going to fix you

in a better place," the engineer called with what heart he could show.

"Thank you kindly, sir," Larry managed to answer; "but 't is my last voyage, Mr. Neville." And the grit that lay hidden in the man's soul showed in his pain-twisted smile.

They carried him up the last flight of iron stairs to the deck. Clear of the engine-room, the boatswain turned toward the bow.

"No. The other way, Boson," Neville ordered.

The chief, passing them, stopped.

"Where are you taking him, Mr. Neville?"

"The poor fellow 's dying, sir," Neville answered in low voice.

"Well, where are you taking him?" the chief persisted.

"I 'd like to put him in my room, sir."

"A stoker in officers' quarters!" The chief frowned. "Sunday-school discipline!" He disappeared through the engine-room door, slamming it after him.

They did what they could, these seamen, for the injured man; on freighters one of the crew has no business to get hurt. They laid Larry in Neville's berth and went out, leaving a sailor to watch over him.

The sun rose the next day in a cloudless sky, and shone down on a brilliant sea of tumbling, white-capped waves. Far off the starboard bow floated a thin line of smoke from a tug's funnel, the first sign to the crew since the hurricane that the world was not swept clean of ships. Two hours later the tug was standing by, her captain hailing the *San Gardo* through a megaphone.

"Run in to New Orleans!" he shouted.

"I cleared for Galveston, and I 'm going there," the *San Gardo's* captain called back.

"No you ain't neither."

"I 'd like to know why I won't."

"Because you can't,"—the answer carried distinctly across the waves,—“there ain't no such place. It 's been washed off the earth."

The *San Gardo* swung farther to the

west and, with her engine pounding at every stroke, limped on toward the Mississippi.

At five o'clock a Port Eads pilot climbed over the side, and, taking the vessel through South Pass, straightened her in the smooth, yellow waters of the great river for the hundred-mile run to New Orleans.

When the sun hung low over the sugar plantations that stretch in flat miles to the east and west beyond the levees, when all was quiet on land and water and ship, Neville walked slowly to the forecabin.

"Sullivan," he called, "come with me."

Dan climbed down from his bunk and came to the door; the big stoker searched Neville's face with a changed, sobered look.

"I 've been wantin' all this time to go to 'im. How 's he now, sir?"

"He 's dying, Sullivan, and has asked for you."

Outside Neville's quarters Dan took off his cap and went quietly into the room.

Larry lay with closed eyes, his face ominously white.

Dan crept clumsily to the berth and put his big hand on Larry's shoulder.

"It 's me, Mouse. They would n't leave me come no sooner."

Larry's head moved slightly; his faded eyes opened.

Dan stooped in awkward embarrassment until his face was close to Larry.

"I come to ask you—" Dan stopped. The muscles of his thick neck moved jerkily—"to ask you, Mouse, before—to forget the damn mean things—I done to you, Mouse."

Larry made no answer; he kept his failing sight fixed on Dan.

After a long wait Sullivan spoke again.

"An' to think you done it, Mouse, for me!"

A light sprang to Larry's eyes, flooding their near-sighted gaze with sudden anger.

"For you!" The cry came from his narrow chest with jarring force. "You! You!" he repeated in rising voice. "It 's always of yourself you 're thinkin', Dan Sullivan!" He stopped, his face twitch-

ing in pain; then with both hands clenched he went on, his breast heaving at each word hurled at Dan:

"Do you think I followed you from ship to ship, dragged you out of every rum-hole in every port, for your own sake!"

He lay back exhausted, his chest rising and falling painfully, his eyelids fluttering over his burning eyes.

Dan stepped back, and, silenced, stared at the dying man.

Larry clung to his last moments of life, fighting for strength to finish. He struggled, and raised himself on one elbow.

"For you!" he screamed. "No, for Mary! For Mary, my own flesh and

blood—Mary, the child of the woman I beat when I was drunk an' left to starve when I got ready!"

Through the state-room door the sun's flat rays struck full on Larry's inspired face. He swayed on his elbow; his head fell forward. By a final effort he steadied himself. His last words came in ringing command.

"Go back! Go—" he faltered, gasping for breath—"go home sober to Mary an' the child that 's comin'!"

The fire of anger drifted slowly from Larry's dying gaze. The little man fell back. The Bunker Mouse went out, all man, big at the end.

War Debts and Future Peace

By JOSEPH E. DAVIES¹

Formerly United States Commissioner of Corporations, and now a member of the Federal Trade Commission

THE European War is being run on borrowed money. That is the startling fact, of which but little is thought. In the determination of the terms of peace, however, it may be of far-reaching and impelling force. There are many altruistic and humanitarian forces addressed to effecting permanent peace, but, powerful as these forces may be, they may not be as potent in peace councils as the forces of unrest that are being generated by the accumulation of war debts, the interest charges upon which future generations will have to pay, and which will be a heavy burden upon the incomes, and perhaps even an overwhelming encroachment upon the living wage, of the peoples of the various governments now engaged in war.

BOND ISSUES FINANCE MODERN INDUSTRY AND MODERN WAR

THIS war is the greatest business project of all times. Formerly men financed their enterprises on the immediate capital which

they could gather together. That is changed, and large modern industries are generally projected and financed to a large degree out of the funds derived from long-term bonds, which are expected to remain virtually a permanent charge upon the property. Formerly wars were financed out of current revenues. Napoleon, for instance, was able to make his wars virtually pay their way. Modern wars, however, are financed by modern methods, and the money is generally raised by loans, either direct or by paper-money issues, which are, in fact, loans forced from the people by the government that issues the money.

WAR EXPENDITURE AND CURRENT INCOME

It is easy to spend borrowed money. Under such a financial arrangement neither the Government nor the people feel the immediate pinch of war costs. If these costs were paid out of the annual income of the warring nations, the true cost

¹ This article is the personal expression of the writer, and does not in any manner purport to be the opinion of the Federal Trade Commission.

would be more nearly appreciated. The direct cost of the war to all the belligerent countries is about 110 million dollars a day, as contrasted with a daily income of approximately 130 million dollars a day. The cost is more significant when compared with the daily savings out of income. The aggregate savings of all the peoples of the warring nations have been estimated at twenty-one million dollars a day. In other words, the daily direct war cost is a sum nearly five times as great as the daily savings of these nations in peace and in times of greatest prosperity. If costs were to be paid out of income, every day of the war would take the total savings of every man, woman, and child of the warring countries, and requisition in addition thereto the accumulated savings of four other days. If the direct war costs were paid out of income there would not be enough left to provide for even the physical minimum of subsistence.

The expedient of using borrowed money disguises the facts, places the burden to a large degree upon the future, relieves immediate pressure, and makes possible still greater expenditures.

INTEREST ON WAR DEBTS, TAXATION, AND PEACE

SOME day, however, these debts have to be retired. The interest charges at least must be paid every year. Borrowing may go on and on, and the pressure be not much felt. When the interest charges themselves become burdensome, however, then it is that statesmen and those conducting wars begin to feel the limitation of their power. For it is generally through taxation that the money must be raised to pay the interest charges, and there is a limit to the taxation which any representative government may impose upon its subjects with safety. This is especially true in democracies, though it is also true where governments are more autocratic. The menace of military power, the shadow of the man on horseback, may hold back the social pressure arising out of the economic unrest of burdened subjects, but even under such conditions there is a limit

to the extent to which the burden of taxation may go. It is essential to the preservation of government itself that in the long run taxation must be confined within reasonable limitations. It is a consideration to which the statesmen of the warring nations are giving much attention.

The per capita indebtedness of the Federal Government of the United States is ten dollars and fifty-nine cents (\$10.59). The per capita indebtedness of the warring nations at the present time will vary from six to forty times that amount.

ENGLAND'S DEBT AND HER POLICY OF PEACE

THE Napoleonic wars lasted twenty years and added 500 million pounds to England's debt. In 1816 the interest charge on the war debt of England alone absorbed more than one half of the whole public revenues from taxation. It was doubtless this fact that gave to English statesmen pause, and then caused them to give very grave consideration to the question of the degree to which a government could withstand the strain resulting from the taxation that the payments of interest on war debts necessitated. It was probably these conditions that caused Robert Hamilton of the University of Aberdeen to write his famous "Essay on the National Debt." There is no doubt that the necessity for retrenchment in public expenditures was reflected in the manifest policy which England adopted, with a result of thirty-nine years of peace.

WAR DEBTS CHARACTERIZED BY RAPID GROWTH AND BY SLOW RETIREMENT

WAR debts grow with tremendous leaps in very short periods of time; but it is equally true that they have been retired most slowly. Following the Revolution of 1688, for a period of 128 years England alternated between periods of peace and war. During the sixty-four years of war approximately 825 million pounds were added to the national debt, and during the sixty-four years of peace the debt was reduced by only thirty million pounds. The Crimean War, lasting twenty-seven

months and seven days, added thirty-three million pounds to the public debt of England. Thirty-three months of the Boer War wiped out the savings of thirty-six years that had been applied to the reduction of the national debt. England's most brilliant statesmanship has always been addressed to the British Exchequer and to the retirement and reduction of the national debt, and yet the most remarkable achievement of her fiscal statecraft did not succeed in retiring a sum greater than eleven million pounds in any one year. Less than two days' expenditures of the present war wipes out that entire amount. All of the savings of the imperial government of the richest country in the world, from the Revolution of 1688 down to 1914, a period of 226 years, would be sufficient to finance only eighty days of the present war. The taxpayer of Great Britain to-day is still paying taxes to cover the interest on the debt incurred by his forefathers in the American Revolution, the wars of the Napoleonic era, and Queen Anne's War.

If the experience of England in the last 200 years in the retirement of national debt is to be taken as a criterion, it will probably be safe to conclude that a thousand years in the future the English people will be paying taxes to meet the interest on the debts now incurred.

Consideration of these facts makes clearer the economic significance of the present unprecedented war expenditures, with the enormous national debts which are now being piled up.

BURDEN OF DEBT IF PEACE WERE NOW DECLARED

OF the total war cost of the first two years, three fourths, or approximately forty billion dollars, were raised by loans of the warring nations. Upon the same basis it may be conservatively estimated that the combined loans of all the warring nations at the end of this, the third year of the war, will be at least ninety billion dollars. To get the aggregate indebtedness of all the nations there would have to be added the indebtedness of twenty-

four billion dollars that existed at the beginning of the war. It was one of the axioms laid down by Hamilton that to the cost of the war up to the treaty of peace there would have to be added an additional year of expenditure to cover the total cost of the war. If the present war, in Europe, then, were to end within the next six months, the total war debts of the warring nations would probably approach the enormous sum of 130 billion dollars.

This is a sum greater than the total national wealth of either England or Germany; it is in excess of the national wealth of France and Italy combined. The interest charge on this sum alone would exceed the total expenditures of all the warring nations for all governmental purposes, civil and military, during the last year of peace (six billion four hundred million dollars). If to the annual interest charge which this indebtedness entails there were to be added a sum equal to the current expenses of the governments for the last year of peace, it would represent a sum to be raised by taxation which would probably exceed one fourth of the total gross annual money income of all the nations engaged in the war. However, if, in addition to this, it were necessary to resume the same degree of military expenditure as existed prior to the war, the interest on the war debt and other governmental charges would, in time of peace, take twenty-five cents out of every dollar from the income of every man, woman, and child in the warring nations. If to this annual sum that had to be raised by taxation there were to be added sums in addition for the preservation of the present armaments or naval equipment which would be in proportion to the present war footing, the burden on the taxpayers of the nations at war would be increased to an incredible amount. Even if the armaments of all the nations at war were to be abolished by the terms of peace, the additional cost to the governments arising through pensions and expenditures for social amelioration would be equal annually to, or in excess of, the sum formerly spent

for armaments in the years of peace preceding the war.

The resumption of peace on the basis of present war debts, whether on a basis of continued armaments or not, will entail an enormous burden upon the warring peoples to meet current charges and interest.

ENGLAND'S EXTRAORDINARY WAR TAXES

OF all the nations engaged in the war England alone, apparently, is trying to make the war "pay its way." Germany and the other Central Powers seek to pay the cost of the war out of imperial treasury loans and a moderate issue of paper money. The total indebtedness of Germany at the end of the second year of the war, including her peace debt, was a sum greater than her total war cost for those two years. The issue of German government bank currency, not redeemable in gold, has trebled since the war began. France in a somewhat lesser degree is following the same policy. The paper currency in France has also greatly increased, as has also her bonded indebtedness. England's issue of paper currency, on the other hand, is negligible. All of her paper currency is redeemable in gold.

England's revenue derived from taxable sources for the year ending March, 1914, was 163 million pounds; for the year ending March, 1915, 189 million pounds; and for the year ending March 1, 1917, will be 330 million pounds. Through the most remarkable system of war measures the revenues from taxation have been raised 167 million pounds over the amount raised in the last year of peace. Of this 167 million pounds, however, thirty million is estimated to be a munition profit tax that will stop with the war, leaving a net increase of income from taxes of 137 million pounds a year.

To secure this enormous increase in revenues from taxation in two years has required most extraordinary war measures. The minimum income tax prior to the war was two fifths of one per cent. That has been raised to one per cent. The maximum income-tax prior to the

war was thirteen per cent. That has been raised to forty-one and one half per cent. Nor is the significance of this alone measured by the increases in the tax rate. Of equal or greater significance is the reduction of the exemption from 800 dollars per person to 650 dollars. This has increased in a very marked degree the number of people who are paying income taxes, as well as the amount every taxpayer pays. In addition thereto, of all the increases in the profits of all businesses in Great Britain during the war, sixty per cent. has been taken directly by the state. Taxes have been imposed upon amusements, railroad tickets, matches, mineral waters, and have been reimposed upon war profits, motor-cars, incomes, sugar, cocoa, and many similar commodities. Thus it would appear that England, the wealthiest of all the nations at war, in the white heat of patriotism and in the midst of the greatest of war enthusiasm, is to-day able to raise by taxation, despite her remarkable efforts, only one sixth of the current war expenditures.

ENGLAND'S REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES

ENGLAND'S daily expenditures are five and three fourths million pounds a day, or approximately 2180 million pounds a year. According to a recent statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the revenue from all sources, including that from taxation, for this year was estimated to be 502 million pounds, which would leave a deficit of 1678 millions to be covered by loans. From the total cost of the year there should be deducted the amount used for civil purposes, which would probably reduce the war expenditure to approximately 1800 millions; and it therefore appears that of the 1800 millions used for war purposes approximately only one sixth is paid by revenues raised from taxation.

At the present rate England is amassing a debt at the rate of at least 1600 million pounds a year. Thus in one year England accumulates nearly three times the debt that she had accumulated in the previous 227 years. At the end of the present fiscal year her total indebtedness for this war

will be 3500 millions, a sum that is five times the debt at the beginning of the war.

Each succeeding year of the war will probably show an increase in cost of at least one third over the year preceding. Another year of war would make England's debt approximately 5500 million pounds, and if peace were to come then, we should still be obliged to apply another year's expenditures, under the Hamilton rule, and the total indebtedness would approximate 7000 million pounds. The significance of this sum translated into dollars—35,000,000,000—is seen when one realizes that the total assessed value of all real and personal property for purposes of taxation in the entire United States amounted, according to the last census, to 69,452,936,000, or only about twice the sum of this gigantic war debt. The total levies of all property taxes for state or local purposes in the United States amounted, according to the last census, to only 1,349,841,000 dollars, a sum sufficient to pay about four per cent. on the probable debt of Great Britain at the end of another year of warfare.

ENORMOUS BURDEN OF TAXATION

THE interest upon such a debt at six per cent. would be a sum almost twice the total of all the revenues of Great Britain from all sources in the last year of peace, and the interest on this war debt alone would exceed the enormous sum that is now raised by taxation under these unusual war conditions. The entire revenues from taxation would be needed to pay the interest on the public debt alone. If the army and navy were to be sustained on no more extensive a scale than in the last year of peace, the sum needed to run the Government and pay current interest charges would be greater than the total amounts now obtained by taxation under the stress of war conditions.

The expenditures on the navy during the last year of peace were forty-nine million pounds, and on the army twenty-eight million pounds. The expenditures last year, currently reported, were four times

as great for the navy, in the sum of 190 million pounds, and over twenty-five times as great for the army, in the sum of 715 million pounds. If, with the restoration of peace, the army cost were to be reduced to one fifth of its present amount, the annual cost would be over 140 million pounds; and if the navy expenditure were to be reduced one half, the annual cost would be 95 million pounds, a total of 235 million pounds. This is a sum forty-two million pounds in excess of the total requirements of the Government for all purposes during the year 1914. If such a sum were to be required in addition to current civil and standing expenditures and current interest charges, the total revenues required for each year of peace would be almost double the present amount of revenue that is raised by taxation.

BRITISH SOLVENCY UNQUESTIONED

THE purpose of this estimate is not in any way to reflect upon the solvency of Great Britain. This computation does not include the wealth or resources of her empire. It is addressed only to the British Isles, and to indicate what the burden of taxation may be. Astonishing as is the present indebtedness, it is not such as to be necessarily alarming to creditors. It is really not so great, when the ratio of indebtedness to national wealth is considered, as previous debts which Great Britain has successfully sustained. The per capita debt after twenty-three years of the Napoleonic wars was 226 dollars, while the per capita wealth was 672 dollars. The present estimated per capita wealth of Great Britain is approximately 1900 dollars, and the indebtedness of Great Britain could still be more than doubled over its present condition before the same ratio would obtain as between per capita debt and per capita wealth that obtained at the end of the Napoleonic wars. England worked out her fiscal salvation from that situation, and probably will again. The resilience of England's finance has been remarkable. Outside of the Bank of England, the English banks in the first two years of war increased their deposits

250 million pounds, their cash 72 million pounds, and their investments 165 million pounds. England now nominally redeems all of her currency in gold.

The purpose of citing England in this connection is only to illustrate the situation as to taxation and war indebtedness.

ENORMOUS FUTURE BURDENS OF TAXATION FOR ALL WARRING NATIONS

IF conditions such as these obtain in the wealthiest nation, then the conditions described would obtain with still greater force in the other warring countries. Indeed, the conditions in those nations which are making no effort to meet war expenditures out of current revenues may perhaps be still more disturbing than in a country where such tremendous effort is being displayed to pay at least a part of the war burden by means of taxation.

Every year of the war which is financed on borrowed money will increase the debt of the nations at war and of many neutral nations as well. With each succeeding year of the war not only will the interest rates increase, but the discounts on government paper will be greater, and at the same time the purchasing power of money will be reduced.

With each succeeding year of these conditions the gross annual sum which will have to be paid for interest as fixed carrying charges in time of peace will increase.

With the resumption of peace, then, there will remain this tremendous burden of national debt. Unless repudiation comes, the interest will have to be met every year. The other expenses of government will go on increasing as in the past, and all these expenses must be paid by taxation, direct or indirect, or from other sources of government income. If to these obligations which must be met to preserve credit there must be added the

great expense of sustaining armies and navies, the burdens upon governments will be appalling, and greater than any governments in the world have heretofore been required to sustain.

ECONOMIC PRESSURE AND PEACE PROPOSALS

IT is not strange, therefore, that from the chancelleries of Europe on both sides of the conflict there comes the constant reiteration of the suggestion that the coming peace must be a peace of a permanent character, which will make future wars impossible. It is possible that upon the resumption of peace the burden of debt alone will be sufficient to tax the capacity of governments to meet their obligations without the imposition of any additional taxation to sustain or create armaments either to protect a present peace or to prepare for a future contest. And so it may come that the economic pressure rising out of these conditions may be one of the most impelling considerations in the determination of what shall constitute the terms of peace. Armaments, of course, will have to be sustained unless the terms of peace are predicated upon such conditions as will not sow the seeds for a still more horrible war in the future.

The altruistic and humanitarian impulses of humanity to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of so horrible and awful an experience as this war will have their weight, but it is characteristic that considerations of this kind soon fade away into a memory. The economic considerations involved in the question of national debts and the payments of interest thereon may be a more compelling force in the promotion of permanent peace. For these economic factors will continue, and their influence will be felt for hundreds of years to come.



Mrs. Fiske to the Actor-in-the-Making

A conversation remembered by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IF Mrs. Fiske were ever to take herself so seriously as to write a book on the art to which she has somewhat begrudgingly given the greater part of her life, I am sure she would call it "The Science of Acting." Let every one else from George Henry Lewes to Henry Irving make utterance on "The Art of Acting"; hers would be on the science.

It was one glittering Sunday afternoon last autumn that I attempted to explore the psychology of that preference. We had been strolling through Greenwich Village in quest, for some mysterious and unconfided reasons of her own, of beautiful fan-lights, and quite naturally we wound up at a small, inconspicuous Italian restaurant in Bleecker Street where certain wonderful dishes, from the *antepasto* to the *zabaglione*, may be had by the wise for little. Mrs. Fiske had stressed the word "science" with positive relish.

"I like it," she confessed. "I like to remind myself that there can be, that there is, a complete technic of acting. Great acting, of course, is a thing of the spirit; in its best estate a conveyance of certain abstract spiritual qualities, with the person of the actor as medium. It is with this medium our science deals, with its slow, patient perfection as an instrument. The eternal and immeasurable accident of the theater which you call genius, that is a matter of the soul. But with every genius I have seen—Januschek, Duse, Irving, Terry—there was always the last word in technical proficiency. The in-born, mysterious something in these players can only inspire. It cannot be imitated. No school can make a Duse. But with such genius as hers has always gone a supreme mastery of the science of acting, a precision of performance so satisfying that it continually renews our hope and belief that acting can be taught.

"The science of acting," she went on, "is no term of mine. I first heard it used by the last person in the world you would ever associate with such a thought—Ellen Terry. It may be difficult to think of her indescribable iridescence in terms of exact technic, yet the first would have gone undiscovered without the second."

Undiscovered? Who shall say, then, how many mute and inglorious Duses have passed us in the theater unobserved for want of this very science? Mrs. Fiske would not say. For her own part, she had detected none.

"As soon as I suspect a fine effect is being achieved by accident I lose interest," she confessed. "I am not interested, you see, in unskilled labor. An accident—that is it. The scientific actor is an *even* worker. Any one may achieve on some rare occasion an outburst of genuine feeling, a gesture of imperishable beauty, a ringing accent of truth; but your scientific actor knows how he did it. He can repeat it again and again and again. He can be depended on. Once he has thought out his rôle and found the means to express his thought, he can always remember the means. And just as Paderewski may play with a different fire on different nights, but always strikes the same keys, so the skilled actor can use himself as a finely keyed instrument and thereon strike what notes he will. With due allowance for the varying mood and interest, the hundredth performance is as good as the first; or, for obvious reasons, far better. Genius is the great unknown quantity. Technic supplies a constant for the problem."

And really that is all Mrs. Fiske cares about in the performances of others.

"Fluency, flexibility, technic, precision, virtuosity, science—call it what you will. Why call it anything? Watch Pavlova

dance, and there you have it. She knows her business. She has carried this mastery to such perfection that there is really no need of watching her at all. You know it will be all right. One glance at her, and you are sure. On most of our players one keeps an apprehensive eye, filled with dark suspicions and forebodings—forebodings based on sad experience. But I told Réjane once that a performance of hers would no sooner begin than I would feel perfectly free to go out of the theater and take a walk. I knew she could be trusted. It would be all *right*. There was no need to stay and watch."

"And how did she bear up under that?" I asked.

"She laughed," said Mrs. Fiske, "and was proud, as of course she should have been. What greater compliment could have been paid her?"

And it is because of just this enthusiasm for the fine precision of performance that Mrs. Fiske laments the utter lack in this country of

anything approaching a national conservatory. To the youngster who comes to her hat in hand for advice she may talk airily and optimistically of "some good dramatic school."

"And when he reminds me that there is none," she said, "what can I tell him? How can I deny it? I have half a mind to start one myself. Seriously, I may some day. It is an old dream of mine, for while I have never particularly admired

my own acting, I have always been successful in teaching others to act.

"And how can I give him any assurance that he will encounter one of the half-dozen scattered directors likely to do him more good than harm? The young actors are pitched into the sea, poor children, and told to sink or swim. Many of them swim amazingly well. But how many potential Edwin Booths go to the bottom, unchronicled and unsung? Though I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "that a real Booth would somehow make his way. Of course he would."

But surely something could be done. In default of a real conservatory and much chance of a helpful director, what then? In order to find out, I brought from his place at a near-by table an ingratiating, but entirely hypothetical, youth, made a place for him at ours, and presented him as one who was about to go on the stage.

"Here he is," I said, "young, promising, eager to learn this science of yours. What have you to tell him? What is the first thing to be considered?"

Mrs. Fiske eyed the imaginary newcomer critically, affected, with a start, to recognize him, and then quite beamed upon him.

"Dear child," she said, "consider your voice; first, last, and always your voice. It is the beginning and the end of acting. Train that till it responds to your thought



Mrs. Fiske as *Hannele*

and purpose with absolute precision. Go at once, this very evening, my child, to some master of the voice, and, if need be, spend a whole year with him studying the art of speech. Learn it now, and practise it all your days in the theater."

"Pantomime," I suggested, "fencing, riding—"

"All these things, to be sure," she agreed with less ardor of conviction; "everything that makes for health, everything that makes for the fine *person*. Fresh air, for instance—fresh air though you madden to murderous fury all the stuffy people in the coach or room with you. But above all, the voice."

"Mr. Lewes hazards the theory that Shakspeare could not have had a good voice," I reminded her. "Everything else that makes the great actor we know he had, and yet we never heard of him as such."

"And we would have," Mrs. Fiske approved. "It must have been the voice; it must have been. One would be tempted to say that with the young good and perfectly trained, our young friend here might forget all the rest. It would take care of itself," she assured him. "And such a nicely calculated science it is! Just let me give you an illustration. You are to utter a cry of despair. You could do that? Are you sure it would sound perceptibly different from the cry of anguish? Do they seem alike? They are utterly different. See, this cry of despair must drop at the end, the inescapable suggestion of finality. The cry of anguish need not. They are entirely different sounds. And so it goes. Does it seem mechanical? Do these careful calculations seem belittling? They are of the *science* of acting. Only so can you master the instrument. And next your imagination."

"What," I asked, "must he do with his imagination?"

"Use it," said Mrs. Fiske, with mild surprise, while the postulant for dramatic honors eyed me scornfully. "With his voice perfectly trained, he can then go as far as his imagination. After all, an actor is exactly as big as his imagination.

"Most of us would put the imagination first in the actor's equipment. Miss Terry did, and I suppose I should. Knowledge of life, understanding, *vision*—these, of course, are his strength. By these is his stature to be measured—by these and his imagination. If I put the voice first, it is a little because that is something he can easily develop; because it is, after all, concerned with the science of acting; and because also," she added in a conspirator's stage-whisper obviously not intended for the imaginary ears of our young friend, "he is likely to forget its importance, and if we put it first, he will remember it longer. The all-important thing, then," she concluded, "is the voice."

I began to chuckle.

"What," she asked, "are you laughing at?"

And I confessed to a vision of Mrs. Fiske discovering Diderot at his old trick of slipping quietly into a rear seat at the theater, covering his ears with his hands, and so, for his own greater enjoyment, transforming any performance into pantomime.

"What would you have done," I asked, "if you had come upon Diderot stopping up his ears?"

"Boxed them," said Mrs. Fiske. "The voice, then, and the imagination. And be reflective. Think. Does this seem so obvious as to be scarcely worth saying? Let me tell you, dear child, that an appalling proportion of the young players who pass our way cannot have spent one *really* reflective hour since the stage-door first closed behind them. I am sure they have n't. It would have left *some* trace. Why, the whole world may be the range of the actor's thoughts. I remember how delighted I was when I saw Duse quoted somewhere as saying that in her own art she had found most helpful and suggestive her studies in Greek architecture. That was so discerning and charming a thing to say that I'm afraid she did n't say it at all. But she should have.

"Be reflective, then, and stay away from the theater as much as you can. Stay out of the theatrical world, out of its petty

interests, its inbreeding tendencies, its stifling atmosphere, its corroding influence. Once become 'theatricalized,' and you are lost, my friend; you are lost.

"There is a young actress I know, one of really brilliant promise, who is losing ground every year, and I think it is just because she is limiting her thoughts to all

late on his Ibsen, his Shakspeare, and his Bible, but pores greedily over every little column of theatrical news, is a lost soul. A club arranged so that actors can gather together and talk, talk, talk about themselves might easily be dangerous to the actor-in-the-making. Desert it. Go into the streets, into the slums, into the fash-



Anna Pavlova—"Fluency, flexibility, technic, precision, virtuosity, science—call it what you will. . . . Watch Pavlova dance, and there you have it!"

the infinitesimal struggles of the green-room, all the worthless gossip of the—dreadful word!—of the Rialto. Imagine a poet occupying his mind with the manners and customs of other poets, their plans, their methods, their prospects, their personal or professional affairs, their successes, their failures! Dwell in this artificial world, and you will know only the externals of acting. Never once will you have a renewal of inspiration.

"The actor who lets the dust accumu-

ionable quarters. Go into the day courts and the night courts. Become acquainted with sorrow, with many kinds of sorrow. Learn of the wonderful heroism of the poor, of the incredible generosity of the very poor—a generosity of which the rich and the well to do have, for the most part, not the faintest conception. Go into the modest homes, into the out-of-the-way corners, into the open country. Go where you can find something fresh to bring back to the stage. It is as valuable

as youth unspoiled, as much better than the other thing as a lovely complexion is better than anything the rouge-pot can achieve.

"There should be, there must be, a window open somewhere, a current of new air ever blowing through the theater. I remember how earnestly I wanted to play *Hedda Gabler*, as though she had just driven up to the stage-door and had swept in not from the dressing-room, but out of the frosty night on to the stage. This you cannot do if you are forever jostling in the theatrical crowd. There you lose the blush of youth, the bloom of character. If as author, producer, director, or actor you become *theatricalized*, you are lost. The chance to do the fine thing may pass your way, but it is not for you. You cannot do it. You have been spoiled. You have spoiled yourself.

"It is in the irony of things that the theater should be the most dangerous place for the actor. But, then, after all, the world is the worst possible place, the most corrupting place, for the human soul. And just as there is no escape from the world, which follows us into the very heart of the desert, so the actor cannot escape the theater. And the actor who is a dreamer need not. All of us can only strive to remain uncontaminated. In the world we must be unworldly; in the theater the actor must be untheatrical.

"Stay by yourself, dear child. When a part comes to you, establish your own ideal for it, and, striving for that, let no man born of woman, let nothing under the heavens, come between it and you. Pay no attention to the other actors unless they be real actors. Like *Jenny Wren*, we know their tricks and their manners. Unless it is a bitter matter of bread and butter, pay no attention, or as little attention as possible, to the director, unless he is a real director. The chances are that he is wrong. The overwhelming chances are that he is 'theatricalized,' doing more harm than good. Do not let yourself be disturbed by his funny little ideas. Do not be corrupted, then, by the director. And above all"—and here Mrs. Fiske

summoned all her powers of gesture—"above all, you must ignore the audience's very existence. Above all, *ignore* the audience."

I tried to interpret the baffled look in the no-longer scornful eyes of our hypothetical visitor.

"But can't he learn from them?" I protested in his behalf. "Can he not perfect his work just by studying their pleasure and their response?"

"If you do that," said Mrs. Fiske, "you are lost forever. Then are you doomed indeed. Audiences, my friend, are variable, now quick, now slow, now cold, now warm. Sometimes they are like lovely violins, a beneficent privilege. Then you may be happy, but you must not count on it. An actor who is guided by the caprices of those across the footlights is soon in chaos. A great artist, a great pianist, say, must command the audience; no actor can afford to let the audience command him. He must be able to give as true a performance before three frigid persons as before a house packed to the brim with good-will. That is his business. Otherwise he is a helpless cork tossing on the waves.

"I distrust from long and bitter experience the person in the theater who does all his work with one eye on the orchestra-circle. I could slay with pleasure the low type of stage-director who counts his curtain-calls like a gloating miser, and who is in the seventh heaven if a comic scene 'gets more laughs' to-night than it did last night. 'Getting laughs,' forsooth! How appropriately vulgar! See what an unspeakable vernacular that point of view employs! How demoralizing to the youth who comes to the theater bringing with him the priceless gift of his ideals!

"After all, a piece of acting is not only a thing of science, but a work of art, something to be perfected by the actor according to the ideal that is within him—within *him*. The painter does not work with his public at his side, the author does not write with his reader peering over his shoulder. The great actor must have as

complete, as splendid an isolation. The critic who is within every artist should be his only acknowledged audience.

"Besides," she added, "the audience often tells you wrong. I tremble for you if you are confirmed in your weakness by popular success. Beware of that. Perhaps you have not done your best. The audience may forgive you, the reviewers may forgive you. Both may be too lenient, too indulgent, or they may not know what your best really is. Often that is the case. But you cannot forgive yourself. You must not. It seems to me that Modjeska once told me there was nothing easier in the theater than to get applause. Remember that, and beware of an ovation. If you have had a great night, if they have laughed and applauded and called you again and again before the curtain, accept their warming kindness gratefully, but on your way home that night, as you value your artistic soul, bow your head, look into your heart, and ask yourself, 'Did I *really* play well to-night?' Or, better still,"—and here I caught Mrs. Fiske's eyes twinkling as if she only half meant what she was saying, but would say it for the young man's good,—"turn to the critic within you and ask, 'What was so very *wrong* with my performance to-night?'"

With which parting admonition we watched our young friend betake his

thoughtful way toward the door and out into the hubbub of Bleecker Street. Then we devoted ourselves to a most extraordinary confection, the *zabaglione* aforesaid. It had arrived unbidden, as a matter of course. Even this could not banish

a persistent phrase, "You must forget the audience's very existence." It lingered in the air and brought trooping in a host of old memories—old memories of Mrs. Fiske confiding her emotions to the back-drop when it was apparently no part of her intention that those out front should catch the exact content of her speech, memories of many a critic's comment on her diction and many a player's fretful complaint that sometimes he "could n't hear a word she said." I could not resist singing a bit of F. P. A.'s "bit of deathless rhyme" at this point.



Madame Réjane—"A performance of hers would no sooner begin than I would feel perfectly free to go out of the theater and take a walk!"

"Time was, when first
that voice I heard,
Despite my close
and tense endeavor,
When many an
important word

Was lost and gone forever;
Though, unlike others at the play,
I never whispered, 'Wha' d'd she say?'"

"Some words she runstogetherso;
Some others are distinctly stated;
Some cometoofast and some too slow
And some are syncopated.
And yet no voice—I am sincere—
Exists that I prefer to hear."

"Charming!" said Mrs. Fiske, vastly pleased.

And did she defend herself? Not she. Quite the reverse.

"My friend," she confessed, "that was no part of a misguided theory of acting; it was simply slovenliness. For years I had no appreciation whatever of the importance of careful speech. Only of recent years, after some preliminary lessons given to me by Victor Maurel, have I learned to use my voice. Three hours of voice practice every day of the season—that, properly, is the actor's chore. He *must* have such practice at least one hour a day. With any less time than that it is absolutely impossible to keep the instrument in proper condition, absolutely impossible. Without such practice the voice will not respond instantly to every tone requirement; yet the actor must be able to play with his voice as Tetrizzini plays with hers. Indeed, he must have more than one voice. He must have at least three—three complete registers. You could write a book about this long, delicate, mysterious, and interesting science, a book that every actor should study. From it he could evolve his own method. Monsieur Maurel taught me how to teach myself. The practice followed, and still goes on. Only so, and then only in the last few years, have I even begun to speak *decently* in the theater. Before that it was monstrous, so dreadful that I should not have been allowed to act at all. I should have been wiped out. And I suspect that, if the American theater had been in a state of health, I would have been."

This confession would in all probability surprise a good many of Mrs. Fiske's critics as well as a good many of her most fervent admirers who have, I fancy, been rather flattering themselves that they were merely growing accustomed to the articulation of a voice, "staccato, hurried, nervous, brisk, cascading, intermittent, choppy," or who had vaguely accepted an occasional moment of inaudibility as in some way an essential of that kind of acting which has inspired many a chapter headed "Restraint."

"Restraint!" said Mrs. Fiske, a little amused at its inevitable recurrence. "I seem to have heard that word before. But is it anything more than normality in acting, the warning from the critic that dwells in the inner consciousness of every artist? Is it not merely good taste controlling the tumult of emotion?"

"There has been a disposition in some quarters to speak of it as a modern factor in the actor's art, but was it ever better expressed than in *Hamlet's* immortal advice to the players? I think not. Perhaps there has been more stress upon it in our generation, but that was merely because it followed immediately upon a generation somewhat given to violent hysteria in what they absurdly call emotional acting, as if there was any other kind. But that was the exception, not the rule, a passing storm, gone, I think, for good.

"It offends us all now; I think it offended some of us always. But it was something more than an offense against taste. The actress who used to shake the very theater with her sobs, and sometimes—actually, I have seen it—knock over the lamp and tear down the curtains in the excess of her woe, was a humiliating, *degrading* spectacle. Such acting, the hysterical emotionalism of a day gone by, was ignoble, essentially *ignoble*. Human beings are far better than that, less selfish, more gallant. The woman, on the stage or off it, who wildly goes to pieces over some purely personal, and therefore petty, grief of her own is ignoble. 'My head is bloody, but unbowed'—*there* is the ideal. The quivering hand, the eyes moist, but the upper lip stiff, the brave smile—that is it. The brave smile in the face of adversity has more of the stuff of tragedy than all the outward emotionalism ever ranted, more moving to the reflective mind, touching far more readily the human heart than all the stage tears ever shed."

It was probably inevitable that the old question of stage suffering—how much does the actor really feel?—should arise then. Mrs. Fiske warned me not to trust any player's analysis of his own psychology, not hers or any other's.

"I have known," I admitted, "one of our most tear-stained actresses to give forth gravely a long account of how she did it; but I doubt if she really knew."

"Probably not," Mrs. Fiske agreed

"It is a little that way with all of us. Does the actor feel the grief he tries to picture? It is different with different players. I should say he feels an intense sympathy. Knowledge of life and vision



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Eleanora Duse—"With such genius as hers has always gone a supreme mastery of the science of acting"

Photograph by courtesy of Frederick A. King

"Often we're the last who can really tell how we do what we do. I remember Réjane sitting in my dressing-room one evening and keeping us all in gales of laughter by telling of the long, solemn treatises that had been written in Paris on the significance of her way of blowing out the candle in 'A Doll's House.' She blew out half a dozen imaginary candles for us then and there, and asked us frankly what there was to that. Much to this matter-of-fact Frenchwoman's surprise, they had discovered a whole philosophy of life and a whole theory of acting in something she had happened to do unconsciously.

are his stock in trade. Why, if you have ever wept over a story or at the play you yourself know the feeling and its extent. But in his case, in addition to that sympathy, the more poignant his expression, the more cheering is the approval from the critic within him. He may be sobbing his heart out, but, such is the dual nature of the actor, at the same time he hears the inner voice saying: 'Well done to-night! Well done!' And he is glad.

"And the intense suffering he may feel in the earlier performances becomes a matter of memory. He remembers the method, the symbols, by which at first he gave it expression. He remembers the

means, and relying on that memory, need not himself feel so keenly. The greater the artist, the less keenly need he feel. The actor with no science must keep lashing his own emotions to get the effect a master technician would know how to express with his thoughts at the other end of the world. I suppose Paderewski does play a little better with his mind on the composition before him, but so skilled a virtuoso can afford to spare his own feelings."

"And you?" I suggested.

"Oh, I have found the tragic rôles wearing beyond my strength. *Hannele, Rebecca West, Tess*—such racking parts as these I shall never play again. Hereafter you will see me only in comedy. For, let me tell you something,"—and her voice dropped to a whisper,—“I have retired from the stage.”

As I knew perfectly well that she was at that very time embarking lightly on something like an eighty-weeks' tour of the country, I suppose I looked incredulous.

“That 's because no one ever withdrew so modestly. Usually, when an actor retires, the world knows it. I have retired, but nobody knows it. I am a little tired, and I must husband my strength. So from now on for me only 'play' in the theater. But this question of 'to feel or not to feel' which actors solemnly discuss until they are black in the face, it is all set forth here by a man who was not an actor at all.”

She extracted then from under my hat on the chair beside me a little green volume which I had just been rereading. Obviously she approved. It was George Henry Lewes's "On Actors and the Art of Acting." Indeed, it must have been some chance reference to this that started the whole conversation.

"Here we have the soundest and most discerning treatise on the subject I have ever read, the only good one in any language. Every actor would agree with it, but few could have made so searching an analysis, and fewer still could have expressed it in such telling, clarifying phrases. Some of it is so obvious as to

seem scarcely worth being said, and yet many reams of silly stuff about the stage would never have been printed if the writers had had these same obvious principles as a groundwork of opinion. For all the changing fashions, what Lewes wrote forty years ago and more holds good to-day. Thus fixed are the laws of science. I think," she said, "we 'll have to rename it 'The Science of Acting,' and use it as a text-book for the national conservatory when the theater's ship comes in.

"And see here," she said, turning to the introduction and reading aloud with tremendous solemnity:

"A change seems coming over the state of the stage, and there are signs of a revival of the once splendid art of the actor. To effect this revival there must be not only accomplished artists and an eager public; there must be a more enlightened public. The critical pit, filled with players who were familiar with fine acting and had trained judgments, has disappeared. In its place there is a mass of amusement seekers, not without a nucleus of intelligent spectators, but of this nucleus only a small minority has very accurate ideas of what constitutes good art."

"Dear man," said Mrs. Fiske as we gathered up our things to depart, "that might have been written yesterday or a hundred years ago. In fact, I imagine it was. Of course it was. I have never known a time when a writer of the stage was not either deploring the 'degradation of the drama,' as Mr. Lewes does here a little later, or else desecrating on the horizon the promise of a wonderful revival. Do you know that they were uttering this same lament in accents of peculiar melancholy at a time when Fielding managed one theater, when Sheridan was writing, and when you had only to go around the corner to see Kemble or Garrick or Mrs. Siddons?"

As we strolled up through Washington Square Mrs. Fiske became a little troubled about her admonitions to the imaginary would-be actor.

"Of course," she confided to me, "we

were a little toplofty with that nice young man. For his own good we said a great deal about the need of ignoring the audience, and so forth. When he is a little older he will understand that to try to please the audience is to trifle with it, if not actually to insult it. He will instinctively turn for judgment to the far less lenient critic within himself. But I wish we had told him he must go on the stage with love in his heart—always. He must love his fellows back of the curtain. He must love even the 'my-part' actor, though he die in the attempt. He must love the people who in his subconsciousness he knows are 'out there.' He must love them all, the dull, tired business man, the

wearied critic, the fashionably dressed men and women who sometimes (not often) talk too loud, and thereby betray a lack of breeding and intelligence. There are always splendid souls 'out there.' But most of all he will love the boys and girls, the men and women, who sit in the cheapest seats, in the very last row of the top gallery. They have given more than they can afford to come. In the most self-effacing spirit of fellowship they are listening to catch every word, watching to miss no slightest gesture or expression. To save his life the actor cannot help feeling these nearest and dearest. He cannot help wishing to do his best for *them*. He cannot help loving them best of all."

(The topic of the next article will be "Mrs. Fiske Designs a National Theater."—THE EDITOR.)

The Blundering in Greece

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "Rome Rampant," "The Economic Heresy of the Allies," etc.

IT long since became a truism that in the present war the Balkan Peninsula has been the graveyard of Allied diplomatic and military reputations. From the hour when the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* dropped anchor in the Golden Horn down to the latest disasters on the Rumanian plains, the Entente powers have marched with uncanny regularity from disaster to disaster. Yet nowhere has this Balkan fatality wrought a more pathetic tragedy than in Greece. The result of Entente ineptitude has here been the temporary ruin of one of the most promising of European races, with no commensurate gain to the Allies themselves. How this came to pass will appear from the melancholy story.

When the Great War broke out in the summer of 1914, the Allies, so far as Greece was concerned, held all the cards. For two of the Entente powers, France and England, the Greek people felt an al-

most filial veneration. Prime sponsors at the Greek birth and indulgent watchers over the rather trying crises of Hellenic adolescence, England and France had ever posed as Greece's best friends, and this traditional Philhellenism the Greeks requited by a warm affection for the great powers of the West. Lord Byron was one of Greece's national heroes, while French culture and French ideals were vital factors in Greek intellectual and social life. Toward Russia, it is true, Greek feeling was by no means so cordial, and this for many excellent reasons. Nevertheless, this coolness toward Russia was of slight moment beside Hellenic sympathy for the Western powers.

But Anglo-French sympathies were not the only bonds which drew Hellas toward the Allies. The whole Balkan political situation as it then stood tended to range Greece on the Entente side. The upshot of the recent Balkan wars had been an

alliance between Greece, Serbia, and Rumania against beaten Bulgaria to avert a Bulgarian war of revenge. Indeed, this general agreement was supplemented by a special Greco-Serbian insurance treaty mutually guaranteeing their Macedonian pos-

many, it is true, Greece had no ill feeling. Germany had never shown herself hostile to Greece. On the contrary, only the year before, the German kaiser had proved a valuable friend in the Balkan peace negotiations at Bucharest. Again, for a genera-



sessions against Bulgarian attack. But all this patently tended to draw Greece into the Entente camp. For Serbia was already fighting the Entente's battles, while Rumania's strong French sympathies and intense hatred of Austria-Hungary foreshadowed her ultimate adhesion to the Entente cause.

Even this was not all. If Greek sympathies were predominantly on the Allied side, Greek antipathies wrought no less powerfully to the same end. For Ger-

tion or more German ideas and methods had been steadily permeating Greece. Much German capital had been invested in the country, many Greek officers had sought their military education at Berlin, while in Hellenic university circles German intellectualism was fast breaking down the former cultural monopoly of France.

However, this growing sympathy for the chief Teutonic power was far outweighed by burning antipathies toward

Germany's actual or potential partners. For Austria-Hungary there was felt both aversion and fear. From the days of Metternich down, Austria had shown Hellas scant good-will, and for many decades the goal of Austria's Balkan ambitions was obviously Salonica, the apple of the Greek people's eye. With regard to Germany's probable Balkan allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, things were even worse. To the Greeks, heirs of the Byzantine Empire and the Orthodox "elect," as they consider themselves, the Turk was not merely the hated conqueror of the Hellenic home-land, but also the infidel usurper of Constantinople and Asia Minor, both claimed by the Greeks as integral parts of their "Great Idea," a revived Byzantine Empire destined to win back the whole near East to Hellenism. As for the Bulgarians, the ferocious exterminations of 1913 were only the modern echo of medieval wars such as had given one Byzantine *basileus* his proud title of "Bulgar-Slayer" nearly a thousand years before.

For all these reasons it is not surprising that the outbreak of the European War evoked a wave of pro-Ally feeling throughout Greece. From the first day of hostilities it became evident that the hearts of the overwhelming majority of the Greek people were with the Allies, and this feeling was patently shared by the Greek premier, Eleutherios Venizelos, a statesman whose recent triumphs had profoundly endeared him to his fellow-citizens.

THE opening months of the European cataclysm had little direct effect on Greece. Despite Turkey's adhesion to the Teutonic side in November, 1914, the Balkan Peninsula was relatively untroubled. Serbia showed herself well able to repel all Austrian attacks, and since Bulgaria remained quiescent, Greece could view the situation with reasonable equanimity.

It was with the Anglo-French naval bombardment of the Dardanelles at the end of February, 1915, that the woes of Greece began. It was this same event which also first clearly revealed Allied

incompetence regarding the near East. Had the great Allied armada struck at the very beginning of the war it might have succeeded, since the Turkish defenses were at that time in by no means the best of shape. But six months' intensive work by skilled German engineers wrought a complete transformation, and in February the forcing of the strait by a mere fleet action had become impossible. Still, there was just a chance if the fleet was backed by a land army. Yet no such army was at hand, and no preparations had even been made for its sending.

As soon as the full strength of the Dardanelles became apparent, the Allies turned to Greece. She was to furnish the army which the Entente powers had failed to provide. The Allied diplomats found Premier Venizelos in a thoroughly receptive mood, but their hopes were quickly dashed by the opposition of the Greek general staff. On March 4, King Constantine called a royal council, where the matter was thoroughly threshed out; yet despite all the prestige and eloquence of Venizelos, the majority of Greece's soldiers and statesmen declared the sending of a Greek expedition to the Dardanelles a practical impossibility. The king accepted this majority finding, and so informed the Entente powers. His reply ran substantially as follows:

We are willing to join you on principle, but the circumstances make it impossible. Our general staff has long ago worked out this problem. Here are its plans. Look at them. You will see that the strait cannot be taken except by the immediate despatch of a great army. And such an army we cannot give. We have just come out of two wars. We are much exhausted. We need virtually every soldier to guard against an implacable Bulgaria ready to strike us down at the first sign of weakness. We must protect our lives and homes first of all.

This Greek refusal reveals clearly the basic factor in the Hellenic attitude toward the present war. Greece has often been pictured as a nation spurred by

boundless ambitions and insatiate land-hunger, and this is largely true. But in the present clashing of the Titans these promptings are sharply restrained by the adverse influence of a deadly, sickening fear. Her recent experiences in the Balkan wars taught her that in that seething caldron of elemental passions the penalty of defeat might be nothing short of national death. To live, tiny Greece must walk warily, with due thought for the morrow.

And how frightful was her dilemma in those March days of 1915! The Allies were, indeed, prodigal of promises. They beckoned to the Ægean shores of Asia Minor, where a dense Greek population a million strong cried aloud for reunion with the Hellenic home-land. But to the north lay the dark cloud of Bulgaria, backed by the incalculable forces of a patently reviving Ottoman Empire. And behind these, again, rose the Teutonic powers. King Constantine and his generals were professional soldiers. Trained in the Berlin military schools, they knew the terrible efficiency of the German war-machine. They did not believe that marvelous mechanism could be shattered. In their opinion the war would end in some sort of draw. By quick and competent action, it is true, the Allies might crush Turkey before Germany could blast through Serbia to her aid; but was such Allied action to be expected? The Dardanelles fiasco had profoundly shaken Hellenic confidence in Entente understanding of the near-Eastern problem. Should Greece now throw in her lot with the Allies and then be left unsupported at the crucial hour, her doom was sealed. They dared not take the risk. They must remain neutral and wait.

So reasoned King Constantine, the general staff, and most of the Greek statesmen. Venizelos thought otherwise. In his eyes the triumph of the Western powers was for Greece a matter of life and death. Even should the Teutonic powers win on land, England and France would remain masters of the sea. And for Greece, virtually an island, drawing her

very life from commerce and trade, the favor of the sea powers must at all costs be retained. Greece must also on no account witness the triumph of her hereditary enemies, the Bulgar and the Turk. For both these reasons Greece must therefore throw herself unreservedly into the arms of the sea powers, trusting to their gratitude to reward her devotion, and chancing temporary risks. Thus reasoned Venizelos and his supporters. But they were a minority, and when their voices did not prevail, Venizelos resigned.

The situation was rendered still more tragic by the manner in which Greece's refusal was interpreted by the Entente powers. Both England and France had hitherto considered Greece as absolutely devoted to their cause, a sort of liquid asset to be drawn upon whenever required. The unexpected sequel was a blow to their calculations. Instead, however, of recognizing the natural consequences of their own shortcomings, they gave free rein to their angry disappointment and imputed Greece's decision to sinister motives. In their eyes fear of death became pro-Germanism, and to London and Paris King Constantine soon appeared the kaiser's lackey, dragged at his wife's apron-strings. The mental strabismus which could see in this big, self-willed, bluff-spoken soldier, for years past on exceedingly bad marital terms with his Hohenzollern queen, an uxorious puppet docile to curtain-lectures "made in Germany," is one of the roaring farces of the time. Unfortunately, war dulls the sense of humor, and this absurd misconception regarding King Constantine was to cost his subjects dear.

Meanwhile the Allies were doing everything possible to justify Greek doubts of their capacity to solve the Eastern question. After two months' delay a mixed Anglo-French army made a land assault upon the Dardanelles. But the Turks had used their time well. The attack was delivered in exceedingly blundering fashion, and despite the splendid heroism of the Allied troops, it soon became evident that the Dardanelles were impregnable. This was just what the Greek general staff had

prophesied at the beginning of March. It had also pointed out the proper path—an attack on Constantinople through Bulgaria. To this end, therefore, Entente diplomacy now turned, and of course Greece was asked to join the undertaking. The new premier, M. Gounaris, expressed willingness on principle, but asked for certain definite guaranties. Greece, asserted M. Gounaris, could not join the Allies before either Bulgaria had been won over or the Allies had furnished several hundred thousand men for the crushing of Bulgaria and Turkey combined. M. Gounaris also required a definite guaranty for the integrity of Greek territory in Europe and a clear delimitation of the sphere which Greece was to receive in Asia Minor.

The Allied powers had, it will be remembered, held out this reward ever since their first demand for Greek assistance in March. Their promises were couched in exceedingly alluring language, but exact specifications were lacking. And Greece did not like this, for there were two other pressing claimants for western Asia Minor territory, Russia and Italy. The Russian Government's recent revelations have informed us that it was about this time that England and France made their definite arrangements with Russia regarding Constantinople and Russia's projected Asia Minor sphere. This was also just the period when the Entente negotiations with Italy were approaching their conclusion. Now, neither Russia nor Italy was on cordial terms with Greece. With Italy especially Hellenic relations were distinctly bad and showed every prospect of becoming worse. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the Hellenic Government should hesitate to bleed Greece white in Entente service, with the danger of finding itself after the war with mere general promises of compensation, which might be whittled down to the vanishing-point between an expansive Russian sphere in northern Asia Minor and an equally expansive Italian sphere to the south. The Greek Government's apprehensions were certainly not allayed by their inability to

obtain any definite satisfaction on this point.

In June, 1915, came the parliamentary elections. The result showed clearly the line-up of Greek public opinion at the time. The lines of cleavage ran sharply according to geographical situation and economic interest. The islands and port towns, which were prospering greatly by the war, yet whose prosperity was of course entirely at the mercy of the sea powers, voted for Venizelos. The peasantry everywhere showed itself averse to fighting, and voted for continued neutrality. Macedonia in particular, exposed as it was to the full brunt of all possible foreign complications, went almost solid for peace. It is true that Venizelos did not run on an out-and-out war platform, since he admitted that conditions had changed since March, and asserted that, if returned to power, he would be guided by circumstances. Still, his sympathies were known, and since the Venizelists won by a slight majority, it was evident that the Greek people were at the moment rather in favor of intrusting their destinies to Venizelist hands.

Venizelos assumed office in August; but before his return to the premiership Greece had been thrown into a tumult by a new move of the Allies. Entente diplomacy had long been seeking to win over Bulgaria. Both Greece and Serbia had warned the Entente of their belief in Bulgarian trickery, and subsequent events were to prove pretty conclusively that Czar Ferdinand was even thus early pledged to the Teutons. But the wily "Balkan fox" played the game with consummate skill and fooled the Allies to the top of their bent. The climax came when, on August 3, the Entente powers informed the Greek Government that they had offered Bulgaria a large part of Serbian Macedonia and the eastern portion of Greek Macedonia in return for Bulgaria's adhesion to the Allied cause! This astounding communication fell like a bomb-shell among the unhappy Greeks. All of them, without distinction of party, maintained that the integrity of both the Greek

and Serbian frontiers in Macedonia was an absolute necessity if Salonica was to be safeguarded against the Bulgarian peril. It was for this alone that the 1913 insurance treaty with Serbia had been made. Yet here were the Allies, without so much as a "By your leave," offering Bulgaria the very things which Greece considered vital to her existence, territories of which, so far as Greek Macedonia was concerned, they had not the slightest right to dispose! The effect on Greece can be imagined. The worst suspicions of the Neutralists were confirmed, and cries of rage arose from every side. It is from this moment that we can trace the appearance of a genuinely anti-Ally and pro-German party—a party carefully fostered by an exceedingly clever German propaganda, established in Greece since the beginning of the war, but hitherto laboring with little success.

In order to appreciate the reasons for the Entente's conduct we must note the attitudes of both the Allied governments and Allied public opinion. The Entente leaders are practical men, conducting a life-and-death struggle, and it is a truism that "judicial niceties" always sag beneath the strain of war. It was therefore inevitable that "the rights of small nations" would bulk larger on public manifestos than in privy-council chambers. Also, since Venizelos and his followers were forever declaring that Greece must at all costs keep the Allies' favor, Allied statesmen might well imagine that, whatever they might do to her, Greece would submit without giving serious trouble. At the same time they might have hesitated to go to extremes but for the radical shift of public opinion in France and England regarding Greece. In both those countries Philhellenism was rapidly giving place to mingled anger and contempt. For refusing to requite past services Greece was held a coward, a recreant, almost a traitor. Indeed, the interesting theory was propounded that Greece was not really a sovereign state at all, but an Anglo-French protectorate, and as such legally bound to conform her foreign pol-

icy to the good-will and pleasure of the Allies. In fine, Western public opinion washed its hands of the Hellenes and prepared to acquiesce in whatever strong-arm methods its statesmen might employ.

When Venizelos entered the premier-ship in August a crisis was patently at hand. The great Teutonic drive into Russia had put the Muscovites temporarily out of the running, and the Central powers were evidently resolved to use this golden opportunity to blast Serbia to dust and open the vital highroad to Turkey and the East. In face of this colossal peril, what was Greece to do? If Venizelos had his way, Hellas would fight. Though momentarily staggered by the Allied note of August 3, Venizelos nevertheless remained true to his convictions, and insisted that, come what might, Greece must stand with the sea powers and must run every risk rather than sit idly by while Serbia was crushed in the Teuton-Bulgar vise. The crisis broke at the beginning of October, when Serbia called upon Greece to aid her in her hour of peril. Venizelos had already mobilized the Greek army, had permitted the landing of Anglo-French troops at Salonica, with only a paper protest against this violation of Greek neutrality, and now asked the king to begin military operations. The Neutralists inveighed furiously against this policy, and a wild debate raged in the Greek chamber. But Venizelos kept his party fences, and was upheld by a majority of the deputies.

Then the king interfered. As in March, he had consulted a council of Greek generals and statesmen, and the majority verdict was against war. The general staff was convinced that Serbia was doomed; that before the impact of the great German war-machine which had just smashed through Galicia and the heart of Poland, aided as it now was by the Bulgarian side-stroke, Serbia must quickly go down. The Allies had virtually no troops in Serbia, and no available army in sight. For Greece to enter the war in these circumstances would mean simply sharing Serbia's fate, and such a catastrophe King Constantine refused to allow. Venizelos

thereupon again resigned, the Venizelist Chamber was soon afterward dissolved, and a Neutralist cabinet took charge of the country.

The Allies made the most desperate efforts to remedy this disaster. England went so far as to offer Cyprus if Greece would enter the war, but all was to no avail. As the Greek general staff had foreseen, Serbia was crumbling fast, and the weak Anglo-French reinforcements rushed through Salonica into Serbia at the eleventh hour were rapidly being driven back upon the Greek frontier. At this juncture Constantine made a last desperate effort to preserve Greek Macedonia from the horrors of war. He urged upon the Allies a complete evacuation of the Balkans, pointing out the uselessness of further resistance now that Serbia was lost, and offering to protect their peaceable withdrawal from Teutonic pursuit. In this effort he came within an ace of success. England was quite ready to cut her losses and retire from the Balkans. Lord Kitchener appears to have been of this mind, while the most eminent British military critics inveighed against throwing good money after bad, and urged complete concentration against the German lines in the West. But France resolutely opposed the abandonment of Salonica, Russia was equally intractable, and England gave way. Salonica was retained as the base for a future Allied Balkan campaign.

But this spelt woe unspeakable to Greece. For any such major operation, not merely Salonica and the Vardar valley, but all northern Greece from Kavala on the east to the distant Adriatic seaboard on the west, would be required. This implied that Greece's fairest provinces might be ground to dust beneath the shock of huge armies battling in all the savage fury of Balkan war. Against that fearful prospect the Greek Government struggled desperately, while the Entente powers wrought no less grimly to bend Hellas to their imperious will. This is the key to the long series of Allied aggressions and Greek procrastinations which fill the next half-year.

THE first Allied move was to gain complete mastery of their Salonican base. The Greek army was still fully mobilized, and a considerable portion of it was massed at Salonica. The retirement of these troops was now demanded by the Allies, who forced compliance by declaring a "commercial blockade" of Greece. This hit Greece in her tenderest spot. A sterile, mountainous country living largely by commerce and trade, Greece does not raise enough food to feed her people. Coming thus without warning, this mid-winter blockade caught her with neither bread nor coal. Accordingly, she soon capitulated, and the Allies clinched their victory by seizing control of the civil authority at Salonica as well. On December 30, 1915, the foreign colonies of all the Central powers at Salonica, including their consular representatives, were seized and expelled, while in the succeeding weeks all Greeks known to be opposed to the Allies were rounded up, imprisoned, or shot. By February, 1916, the Entente hold on Salonica was complete.

While these events were taking place, Allied encroachments on the Greek islands were occurring both to east and west. It is true that as far back as the spring of 1915 the Allies had occupied certain Greek islands off the Turkish coast as bases for the operations against the Dardanelles; but now the Allied fleets began treating both the entire Ægean archipelago and Greek waters generally as their own territory. Corfu, in the Adriatic, was likewise seized, and used as a Serb refugee training camp. This seizure appears to have aroused special bitterness in Greece, since the island's perpetual neutrality had been formally guaranteed by all the great European powers.

Meanwhile, as the Allied army at Salonica grew stronger, it proceeded to enlarge its sphere of occupation. In western Macedonia all went according to schedule, the Greek garrisons retiring under protest; but to the eastward things did not run so smoothly. Eastern Macedonia, that long tongue of Greek territory lying between the Bulgarian mountains and the Ægean

Sea, was solidly held by heavy Greek forces, which refused to budge. The Allies thereupon tried a local "commercial blockade," evidenced by acts such as the blowing up of the great Demir Hissar bridge, the sole railroad connection with eastern Macedonia. Virtually cut off from supplies as it now was, the condition of the army in eastern Macedonia soon became pitiable, many Greek soldiers actually dying of hunger. Nevertheless, the Greek army obeyed orders and doggedly stuck to its guns.

Such was the state of affairs when, at the end of May, the Teutonic powers delivered their counter-stroke. On May 28, a German-Bulgar force demaded and received the surrender of Fort Rupel, the key of eastern Macedonia. Although Greece uttered a formal protest, subsequent events showed that the whole affair was prearranged. The fact was that the Greek Government had been reduced to a state of furious despair by the Allies' continual usurpations, and had good reasons for believing that the Entente powers meditated a general seizure of all northern Greece as the preliminary to a grand Balkan advance.

Any such advance was, however, now dealt a crushing blow. Salonica's very safety depends upon eastern Macedonia, the key of which was now in Teutonic hands. Henceforth any Allied northward push up the Vardar valley into Serbia was impracticable. The bulk of the Entente forces had to be held at Salonica to guard against a sudden hostile thrust, which, if successful, would cut the Allies' trunk-line and doom them to absolute destruction. The same reason precluded a violent overthrow of the Greek Government. To overrun Greece large Entente forces would be required, yet any depletion of the Salonica army would be the signal for a general Teutonic advance which might drive the Allies into the sea. The Greek Government's clever tactics had thus established a balance of forces between which it might hope to maintain itself.

The Entente powers were further deterred from violent counter-measures by

the disquieting attitude of the Greek people. A year or even six months earlier, a Bulgar irruption into passionately treasured Macedonia might have roused the Greek nation to a pitch of fury which would have swept it into the Entente camp regardless of ultimate consequences. But the long series of bitter humiliations inflicted by the Allies had so wrought upon this proud, hypersensitive folk that the Entente cause was fatally damaged in large portions of Greek public opinion. Save in Venizelist circles, the occupation of Fort Rupel awakened only sullen sorrow or bitter satisfaction.

However, the Allies still held one trump-card—Venizelos. The ex-premier had never swerved from his attitude of whole-hearted devotion to the Entente, and continued to call for war against the Central powers. Furthermore, he and his party claimed that King Constantine's dissolution of the Venizelist Chamber in the preceding autumn had been a disguised *coup d'état*, and denounced the existing Greek Government as illegal and unconstitutional. This converted what had at first been merely a dispute about foreign policy into a quarrel over fundamental principles, and the Greek nation was rapidly splitting into two irreconcilable factions, Royalists and Venizelists. As in all such cases of internecine strife, both parties were growing fanatical, and ripe for violent measures. This gave the Allies good hopes that they might ultimately see the king and his followers forcibly ousted by a Venizelist government pledged to an Entente alliance and war. During the summer of 1916 the Entente powers did everything possible to undermine the Royalist régime. Another twist of the "commercial-blockade" screw forced Constantine to demobilize his army in part, dismiss many Royalist officials, and consent to the establishment of an Entente foothold in Athens itself.

The crisis came at the end of August with Rumania's entrance into the war. Now if ever was Venizelos's chance to get control of Greece, and Venizelos apparently did his best. All through Sep-

tember a furious political struggle raged at Athens, but in the end, despite the vigorous backing of his Entente friends, Venizelos failed. His confession of failure was his flight from Athens and the institution of a revolutionary movement in Crete. To be sure, many Ægean islands and the Salonica district, of course under Allied control, joined his standard; but the mainland stood unequivocally by the king. The army in particular showed itself Royalist to the core. It is a political axiom that revolutions must win rapidly if at all. Accordingly, the unshakable royalism of continental Greece soon showed that Venizelos's revolution had miscarried. In fact, a bare three weeks after his flight from Athens found Venizelos at Salonica, behind the bayonets of the Allies.

THE failure of the Venizelist revolution was a heavy blow to the Entente powers. Their last hope of effective Greek co-operation was gone, while the Greek Royalists were more dangerously embittered than before. And this was not the least of their troubles. The whole Balkan sky was fast growing overcast with lowering clouds. The new Rumanian ally had already shown ominous signs of weakness, while the Bulgars, anticipating an Allied advance from Salonica, had burst savagely in on both flanks, rendering any rapid Entente northward push impossible. The Greek king was openly predicting Rumania's fall, and every war bulletin tended to confirm his popular reputation as a true prophet.

In these desperate circumstances the Allies' only recourse was force. The Greek Royalists were regarded as irreconcilable foes, and in that surmise the Entente statesmen were now undoubtedly correct. A year ago this had not been true, but the same political evolution which had turned the Venizelist opposition into reckless revolutionists had thrown the Royalists full into the arms of the Germans. The Entente's aim was therefore clear—the crushing of the Royalists and the military occupation of continental Greece. The only trouble was the means.

King Constantine still had nearly fifty thousand good troops under arms, and could readily raise this force to over a hundred thousand. Should these troops strike the Allied rear in conjunction with a Teuton-Bulgar drive from the north, the whole left wing of the Salonica army might easily be annihilated and all Greece laid open to the Germans.

Since Greek resistance could not be shattered at a single stroke, it must be sapped piecemeal. The first step to this end was the appearance of an Allied fleet before Piræus, the port of Athens, bearing an ultimatum for the instant surrender of the Greek navy. This accomplished on October 11, further demands were made, involving the internment of the whole Greek army in the Peloponnesus, the turning over of all central and northern Greece to Allied control, and finally to the surrender of the entire armament of the Greek kingdom. The news of these sweeping demands roused furious outbursts among the Athenian populace, but the Allies merely took advantage of this rioting to occupy Piræus and send strong marine detachments to Athens itself. In the face of all this Constantine feinted and sparred for time, while to the north the great German war-machine was steadily grinding Rumania into bloody pulp and riveting upon the Balkans a grip of iron not to be broken.

In these circumstances an open breach was inevitable. The clash came at the beginning of December over an Allied ultimatum for the immediate surrender of the entire equipment of the Greek army. This was a demand which the Royalists could not accept. It meant not only handing over Greece to absolute Entente control, but also exposing their own persons to the tender mercies of the fanatical Venizelists. To any one who knows the ruthlessness of Balkan politics, the peril of this latter eventuality will be patent. Precisely what happened during those early December days we do not yet know. Apparently, the Allied ultimatum synchronized with a Venizelist plot to seize the Government. The result was a gen-

eral explosion. Athenian public opinion had already been heated to the boiling-point by the presence of three thousand Allied marines quartered in the principal buildings of the capital and by the Entente's seizure of the post-offices, telegraphs, and police control. At any rate, on December 2 the Allied garrison was overpowered after sharp fighting by the Royalist troops while the Venizelists were hunted down by furious Royalist mobs. The Allies incontinently retired to Piræus, and could not conceal their moral defeat.

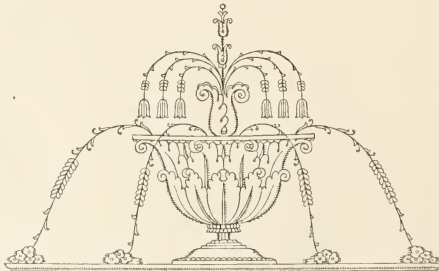
So things stood by the middle of December, when the Entente forced on King Constantine a capitulation through the starvation menace of another "commercial blockade."

What the end will be is now a matter of relatively minor importance. The Teutonic conquest of Rumania has solved the Balkan military problem, since no conceivable Entente counter-stroke can henceforth cut the German highroad to the East. That was the vital point at issue, and it has now been decisively settled.

But the plight of poor Greece remains pitiable to the last degree. However the Balkan struggle may end, Greece has virtually ceased to exist as a self-sustaining nation. Half her territory is in foreign

hands, and, what is even worse, her sons are split into irreconcilable factions the fanatical hatreds of which inhibit national solidarity and may yet forfeit the Hellenic race heritage.

And the saddest part of it all is that Greece herself is little to blame. The chief responsibility for the Greek tragedy must unquestionably be laid at the Allies' door. When the war broke out Greece was their devoted friend. They could have had her aid for the asking if they had only shown themselves resolved to impose their solution of the Eastern question. Greece asked only one condition, a thoroughgoing diplomatic guaranty and reasonable military support. But the Allies persisted in regarding the Balkans as a sort of side-show wherein Greece was to take the vital risks. They refused to recognize the stern fact that self-preservation is the first law of nations as of nature; instead, they termed it treason, and answered with recrimination and ruthless coercion, which outraged Hellenic national honor, reduced the Greeks to despair, and finally drove them into the arms of the Teutons. The Allies stubbornly invoked the phantom of a Germanophile Greece; they ended by making that poor ghost a grim reality.



His Father's Business

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

THEY have no shepherd now at St. Largess.
Good, easy flock;
It always keeps its fleece so white
It scarcely needs a shepherd.

You know St. Largess church,
That gray stone pile
Built by one of our best architects,
On the best site in town,
And attended only by our best citizens.
The organist comes from abroad,
From some famous cathedral,
And his choir of men and boys is an achievement,
So he says,
For any American city.

Everything at St. Largess is the best,
And everybody knows it;
So the new rector must needs be superlative
To fit into the generally excelling scheme.

At last, after many were considered,
The choice narrowed to two men,
Both excellent,
Both famous,
One a stranger,
The other a native of the town
Who had won some honors elsewhere.

The stranger was chosen to-day.
Why?
If the vestry dared to tell the truth
They would say
That had they chosen the native born,
It would have been embarrassing
To point to their rector's father,
A mere tradesman here in town.

What trade does he follow?
Well, that is not important.
To put his best foot forward,
The preacher might say,
"My father is a builder";
But those who listened
Would know very well
That the rector is only a carpenter's son.

Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—XII—Two young American women, Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne and Miss Estelle Madison, appear in Florence, Italy, and beg the good offices of Mr. Foss, the American consul, in setting up an expensive establishment in the city. They have money, no culture, but Aurora especially has a vast fund of kindness, and the consul's wife and eldest daughter assist them in their plans and introduce them into society. At a ball at the house of the consul, Gerald Fane, an unsuccessful young American artist, long a resident of Italy, much against his own wish is drawn by the consul into offering to guide Aurora about Florence. It is clear from their conversation in private that Aurora and Estelle are charming social impostors, and have not disclosed their true names and origin.

Meanwhile Gerald and Aurora advance slowly toward friendship. She has not cared for his work, but on his expressing a desire to paint her portrait she gives him sittings. The portrait he paints is not in his usual manner, and it delights her; but later he paints another portrait of her more in accordance with his usual manner. She is at first hurt and then attracted by this representation of herself as one who has known sorrow, and she ends by telling him in part the story of her unhappy early life.

Chapter XIII

EVEN had Aurora been able to apprehend the measure and quality, the fine shades, of Gerald's dislike to the thought of her doing a turn in the society variety-show, it is more than doubtful that she would have let it weigh against her strong desire to take part. It is fine to have such delicate sensibilities regarding the dignity of another, but it is foolishness to entertain anything of the sort regarding your own.

"If there 's one thing I love, it 's to dress up and play I 'm somebody else," Aurora had said when first the subject of the benefit performance was discussed.

Mrs. Hawthorne was so certain to give generously to the cause of the convalescents that it was felt only fair to flatter her by seeking to enlist the service of her talents; but apart from this, the promise of her appearance was counted upon to create interest. She being obviously less restricted by conventions than other peo-

ple, there existed a permanent curiosity as to what she might do next; and it could not be denied that she could, when she chose, be funny.

Aurora felt so sure of the general friendliness that not the smallest pang of doubt, of deterring nervousness, assailed her while preparing her scene; and when she once occupied the center of the stage the spirit of frolic so possessed, the laughter of the people so elated and spurred, her, that she would have turned somersaults to amuse them, and done it with success, no doubt, for all that Aurora did on this occasion was funny and successful. Aurora, intoxicated with applause, was that night in her simple way inspired. Her state was, in fact, dangerous. Discretion deserted her, and before the end, carried away by the desire to please further, to make laugh more, she had done a foolish thing—a thing which she half knew, even while she did it, to be foolish, per-

haps wrong. But not having leisure to think, she took the risk, and in time found herself, as a result of her mistake, to have made an enemy; yes, changed her dear and helpful friend Charlie Hunt into a secret enemy.

In an old palace on Via dei Bardi a stage had been set, filling one fourth of the vast saloon. A goodly representation of Anglo-American society in Florence crowded the rest. Beautifully hand-written programs acquainted these, through thin disguises of name, with the personalities of the performers. Only one name was really mysterious—Lew Dockstader.

After a lively overture by piano, violin, and harp, the three Misses Hunt, in Japanese costume, gave a prettily kittenish rendering of "Three Little Maids from School," selection from one of those Gilbert and Sullivan operettas latterly enchanting both England and America. The tub-shaped Herr Spiegelmeier, dressed like a little boy and announced as an infant prodigy, played a concerto of prodigious difficulty and length. Lavin, of the tenor voice rich in poetry and prospects, humbled himself to sing, "There was a Lady Loved a Swine," with "Humph, quoth he" almost too realistic. Then came Lew Dockstader.

Now, report had spread that Mrs. Hawthorne was to appear as a negress; no one was prepared to see her appear as a negro. The surprise, when it dawned on this one and the other that that stove-black face with rolling eyes and big red-and-white smile, that burly body incased in old, bagging trousers, those shuffling feet shod in boots a mile too large for them and curling up at the toe, belonged to Mrs. Hawthorne—the surprise was in itself a success. Then, as has been said, Aurora was undeniably in the vein that evening.

She had seen Lew Dockstader, the negro minstrel, once in her life, but at the impressionable age, when you see and remember for good. It had been the great theatrical event of her life. "What, have n't seen Lew Dockstader! Don't know who he is!" thus she still would measure

a person's ignorance of what is best in drama and song. She loved Lew. When she impersonated him she did not try to imitate him; she simply felt herself to be he.

In this character she now told a string of those funny anecdotes which Americans love to swap. She sang divers songs, pitched in her big, velvety chest tones: "Children, Keep in de Middle ob de Road," "Fluey, Fluey," "Come, Ride dat Golden Mule." With the clumsy nimbleness and innocent love of play of a Newfoundland pup she flung out her enormous feet in the dance.

The crimson curtains drew together upon her retreat amid unaffected applause. Recalled, she gave the encore prepared for such an event. Recalled over and over, like singers of topical songs, to hear what she would say next, Aurora, a little off her head with the new wine of glory, exhausted her bag of parlor tricks to satisfy an audience so kind. Then it was that she made her mistake. Recalled still again, she invented on the spot one last thing to do. She recited a poem indelibly learned at public school, giving it first as a newly landed Jewish pupil would pronounce it, then a small Irishman, then a small Italian, finally an English child. To add the latter was her mistake, because her caricature of the English speech was very special.

The sound of it started an idea buzzing in the head of one of her audience—Charlie Hunt, who sat well in front, and in applauding raised his hands above the level of his head so that actors and audience alike might be encouraged by seeing that he gave the patronage of his approval.

He did not immediately connect Aurora's English accent with a rankling remembered episode, but the thing was burrowing in his subconsciousness, and an arrow of light before long pierced his brain. He reconsidered the conclusion upon which he had rested with regard to the black crow who at the *veglione* had put to him an impertinent question. Could it be that *not* the particular lady whom he

had fixed upon in his mind as being fond of Landini, consequently jealous of Mrs. Hawthorne, had by it expressed her spite, but that— He saw in a flash a different possibility.

When the show was over and the performers had issued from the dressing-rooms in the clothes of saner moments, Charlie Hunt approached Mrs. Hawthorne, who, flushed with excitement, was looking almost too much like an American Beauty rose. He paid his compliments in a tone tinged with irony, all the while watching her with a penetrating, inquiring, ironical eye. But the irony was wasted. She was too pleasantly engrossed to perceive it.

"Has anybody here seen Mr. Fane?" she asked after a time, when her glances had vainly sought him in every corner.

Estelle told her that she had not set eyes on him the whole evening; and, which was more conclusive, little Lily Foss said he had not been there.

CHAPTER XIV

AURORA, unable to see beyond the footlights, had never dreamed but Gerald was among the audience. Her capers had at moments been definitely directed at him. Discovering that he had kept away, she was not so much hurt as puzzled.

"Who 'd have thought he cared enough about it to be so mean!" she said to herself. "Well," she said further, "let him alone. He 'll come round in a day or two."

She really expected him that same day. When he did not come, or the day after, or the day after that, she tried to recall passage for passage their talk on the subject of the show. She did not remember his saying anything that amounted to giving her a choice between renouncing it or renouncing his friendship.

Aurora did not know what to think. From hour to hour she looked for a call, a message, a letter, and because the time while waiting seemed long, she neglected to note that the actual time elapsed was not more than Gerald had sometimes al-

lowed to pass without her attributing his silence to offense. He had his work, he had other friends; Abbé Johns might be in town again visiting him. This silence, however, had a different value, she thought, from others. They had seemed so much better friends after their confidences that long evening over the fire, she expected more of him than she had done before it.

At other moments she was disposed to find fault with herself. She supposed she was a big, coarse thing, unable to appreciate the feelings of a man who apparently had n't as many thicknesses of skin as other folks.

It was at such a moment, when she made allowances for him, that she thought of writing, making it easy for him to drop his grouch and return. But here Aurora felt a difficulty. Aurora thought well, in a general way, of her powers as a letter-writer, and she was proud of her beautifully legible Spencerian hand; but for such a letter as she wished to send Gerald fine shades of expression were needed beyond what she could compass. She was fond of Gerald; in this letter she must not be too fond, yet she must be fond enough. What hope that a blockhead would strike the exact middle of so fine a line?

She could obviate the difficulty by sending him a formal invitation to dinner. But suppose she should receive formal regrets?

After that the whole thing must be left to him; the tactful letter meant to hurry him back would no longer be possible.

"Oh, bother!" said Aurora, and formed a better, bolder plan.

Aurora had not seen the plays, had not read the books, where the going of the heroine to visit the hero at his house for whatever good reason under the sun has such damaging results for her fair fame. Aurora was innocent of good society's hopeless narrowness on the subject. If she made a secret of her plan to Estelle it was merely because Estelle had permitted herself wise words one day, warnings with regard to Gerald, in whom she specifically

did not wish her friend to "become interested."

"You 're too different," Estelle had said. "You 're like a fish and a bird. I won't say I don't like him. He 's nice in a way, but it 's not our way, Nell. You 'd be miserable with him, first or last."

"My dear," Aurora had replied, "if you knew the sort of things we talk about when you 're not there you would n't worry. If you can see Gerald Fane in the part of my beau you must be cracked. And if you think I 'm soft on him, you 're only a little bit less cracked."

But not wishing to rouse any further uneasiness in her friend, she no more after that spoke frankly of Gerald whenever he came into her mind. And when she declined Estelle's invitation to go with her to Mlle. Durand's, where she would hear the pupils of the latter recite Corneille and Racine, she did not tell her what she had planned to do instead, fully intending, however, to reveal it later.

GERALD meanwhile did not flatter himself imagining Aurora unhappy because he stayed away longer than had lately been quite usual. Time dragged with him, but the calendar told him that just so many days, no more, had passed. He pictured her going her cheerful gait, occasionally saying, perhaps, "I wonder what has become of Stickly-prickly?"

He had not gone to the mid-Lent entertainment as a matter of course. Aurora had shown small knowledge of him when she thought he would consent to see her disport herself before the public as a negress. On the day after, when he learned that she had been the star of the evening as a negro, his frenzied disgust itself warned him of the injustice, the impropriety, of exhibiting it to her. He chose to remain away until it should have sufficiently worn down to be governable. By that time the poor man had developed an illness, that cold of which for some weeks he had been carrying around in his bones the premonition.

With reddened eyelids and thickened nose, a sore throat and a cough, he felt

himself no fit object for a lady's sight. He stayed in to take care of himself.

Giovanna knew what to do for her *signorino* when he was *raffreddato*. She built a little fire in the studio; she brought his light meals to him in his arm-chair before it. She administered remedies. All day Gerald sat by the fire and read, sometimes dozed and dreamed, and read again. And days passed, while his cold held on.

He thought of writing Aurora to tell her. But if he told her, she would at once come to see him; of so much one could be sure. And he did not want her to come. The eccentric fellow did not want her to come precisely because he wanted her to come so much.

"This is the way it begins," he said to himself, with horror, when he became fully aware that his nerves, now that he could not go to find Aurora when he chose, were suggesting to him all the time that the presence of Aurora was needed to quiet that sense of want, of maladjustment to conditions, haunting him like the desire for sleep.

Every time the door-bell rang—it was not often, certainly—his attention was taken from his book, and he listened. And so, on Mlle. Durand's French afternoon, Gerald, having heard the bell, was listening, but with his face to the fire and his back to the door. When Giovanna knocked, "Forward!" he said, without turning. The door opened.

"*C'è quella signora*" ["There is that lady"], dubiously announced Giovanna.

Gerald turned, and beheld that lady filling the doorway.

Then it was as if a bright trumpet-blast of reality, breaking upon a bad dream, dispelled it; or as if a fresh wind, blowing over stagnant water, swept away the cloud of noxious gnats. All he had latterly been thinking and feeling seemed to Gerald insane, sickly, the instant he beheld Aurora's comradely smile. He was ashamed; he found himself on the verge of stupid, unexplainable tears.

"Well!" said Aurora.

At the sound they were placed back on the exact footing of their last meeting,

before thinking and conjecturing about each other in absence had built up between them barriers of illusion.

"Well!" he said, but less pleasantly, because he was mortified by the awareness of himself as an uninviting sight, with his old dressing-gown, neglected beard, and the unpicturesque manifestations of a cold.

But Aurora's face was reassuring; she did not confuse him with the accidents of his dressing-gown and beard and cold. Aurora's face beamed, so much was she rejoicing in her own excellent sense, which had told her that one look at each other would do a thousand times more to make things right between them than innumerable letters could have done.

"I did n't know what to think," she said, "so I came to find out. First I'd think you were mad at me, then I'd think you had gone away and written me, and the letter had n't reached me, Gaetano had lost it on the road. Then I'd think you might be sick, and there was nobody to let your friends know. I don't know what I did n't think of. What made you not send me word?"

"I did not know you would be uneasy. I did not rightly measure, it seems, the depth of your kindness. I should certainly have written to you before long in case I had continued unable to go to see you."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I am not sick, dearest lady; I only have a cold. In order to make it go away more quickly I have to remain in the house. But how good, how very good, of you to come! Sit down, please do, and warm yourself. I will ring for Giovanna, and she will make us some tea."

Aurora, smiling all the time with the pleasure she felt in not finding him angry or estranged or in any way altered toward her, took the arm-chair from which he had just risen, while he drew a lighter chair to the other side of the chimney-place. His fires were not like hers. Two half-burned sticks and a form of turf smoldered sparingly on a mound of hot ashes; he eagerly cast on a fagot, and added wood with, for once, an extrava-

gant hand. Then, looking over at her, he smiled, too.

"Now tell me all about yourself," she commanded. "I want to know what you're doing for this cold of yours."

"Please let us not talk about my cold," he at once refused. "Let us talk about something agreeable. Tell me the news. I have not seen any one for days."

"You say you have n't seen any one for days," she said. "Now the Fosses, for instance, who are your best friends, don't you let them know when you're shut in?"

"You have no conception, evidently, of my bearishness, dear friend. They have. They never wonder when they do not see me or hear from me for weeks."

They went on talking, without much thought of what they said. It was immaterial, really, what they said, or even whether they listened to each other, while they had in common the comfort of sitting together in front of the fire after a long separation filled with doubts and dismays. She told him about the Convalescents' Home, the sum they had raised for it. No word, prudently, was spoken by either of her share in raising it.

Aurora's attention became closer when Gerald related his interviews with De Brézé and Costanzi, both of whom he had succeeded in convincing that Antonia had had nothing to do with intriguing them at the *veglione*.

His attention, on the other hand, was complete when she told him how she had dealt with Ceccherelli; she was considerate enough to-day to make the effort to pronounce the gentleman's cognomen.

"I was savage at him, you remember," she said. "I was going to take his head off. Then when it came to it, and I had told him what I thought of him and the disgraceful scrape he had got me into, do you know, he cried, he felt so. He just cried on his knees, and did n't try to get rid of any of the blame. All he wanted was that I should forgive him. And what could I do? As long, particularly, as I knew that a good deal of the fault was my own. So now he comes to the house with a look as if he'd just been

baptized. And he tells me only stories fit, he says, for a convent."

Both of them were pleasantly aware of a tray placed on the table near them, as if descended from heaven, laden with teapot, bread and butter, jam. Neither of them really saw Giovanna, who brought it in, or was struck by the stern expression of her face.

Aurora turned her attention to the tray. Gerald wished to serve her, and she first noticed his weakness when she saw the tea-pot tremble slightly in his hand. She went on chattering, but she was observing him.

"Is your carriage waiting before the door?" he suddenly asked, after a space during which she had suspected that he was not attending to what she said. Aurora's monogram, daintily executed, adorned the door-panels of her carriage.

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

As if he had not heard, he changed the subject. After a while he asked, again irrelevantly:

"How was it that Miss Madison did not come with you this afternoon?"

"She was going to a different tea-party." Supposing that his question was a way of politely desiring news of Miss Madison, she went on to talk of her. "She 'll be sorry to hear you 're sick. Don't say that again, Gerald," she silenced him, letting her anxiety at last plainly appear. "Don't tell me you are n't sick, for I know better. Your cough is so tight it sounds as if it tore your lungs. Give me your hand. It's as hot, dear boy, and as dry! Wait, let me feel your pulse."

He laughed at her light-headedly while with serious concentration she counted the beats in his wrist.

"I 'm going to stop at Dr. Gage's on my way home," she said, letting go his hand, and not heeding what he said. "And I 'm going to tell him to come and see you."

"Please do not! If I need a doctor, there is my own, an Italian, the same for years."

"An Italian? Do you think they 're as good?"

"Better for my own case."

"Now, if I have any influence with you, Gerald, if you love me one little bit, you 'll promise to go right to bed, and you 'll give me your doctor's address, so that on my way home I can leave word for him to come."

"You shall not take that trouble. I can send Gaetano."

"You promise me you 'll do it, then?"

"I seem to have been left no choice, dear lady."

"That 's real sweet of you. You 'll go to bed the minute I 've gone?"

"Yes. But don't go quite yet!"

"With that temperature, I don't see how you can care who stays or who goes, or anything in the world but to lay your head down on a pillow. I won't stay any longer now. Go to bed like a good boy. To-morrow I 'll run in and see how you 're getting along."

His last word was, after a moment of seeming embarrassment:

"I hope Miss Madison will be able to come with you next time."

"Yes, yes," said Aurora, lightly, taking it for a mere amiable message with which he was charging her for Estelle.

FEVER no doubt colored all Gerald's dreams that night, and was in part responsible next day for his thoughts, as he passed from languor to restlessness, and from impatience back to the peace of the certain knowledge that before evening he should have visitors—fair visitors.

When it seemed to him nearly time for them, he ordered Giovanna to make the room of a beautiful and perfect neatness, hiding all the medicine bottles and humble signs that one is mortal. She was directed to lay across his white counterpane that square of brocade which often formed a background for his portraits. She was asked to brush his hair and beard, and wrap his shoulders in an ivory-white shawl, thick with silk embroideries, which had been his mother's. In a little green bronze tripod a black pastil was set burning, which sent up, slow, thin, and wavering, a gray spiral of perfume.

Keenly as he was waiting, he yet did not know when the ladies arrived. He opened his eyes, and they were there, shedding around them a beautiful freshness of health and the world outside. Estelle, in a soft green velvet edged with silver fur, held toward him an immense bunch of flowers. Aurora, in a wine-colored cloth bordered with bands of black fox, tendered a basket heaped with fruit. Both smiled, and had the kind look of angels.

They sat down beside his bed. They talked with him; all was just as usual. They asked the old questions pertinent to the case, he made the old answers, and by an effort kept up for some minutes a drawing-room conversation with them.

Then Aurora said:

"Hush! You must n't talk any more!" And when he thought she was going away, he wondered to see her take off her gloves.

She stood over him; he wondered what she meant to do. She felt of his forehead with her cool hand. With her palms, which were like her voice, of a velvet not too soft, she smoothed his forehead and temples; she stroked them over and over in a way that seemed to draw the ache out of his brain. Her fingers moved soothingly, magnetically, all around his eyesockets, pressing down the eyelids and comforting them.

At first he resisted. Perversely, he frowned, as if the thing increased his pain, annoyed him beyond words. He all but cried out to the well-meaning hands to stop.

"Does n't it feel good?" asked Aurora, anxiously.

He relaxed. Without opening his eyes, he nodded to thank her, and as he yielded himself up to the hands it seemed to him that those passes drew his spirit after them quite out of his body.

"I DON'T think I'll go up with you," Estelle said unexpectedly when on the next day they stopped before the narrow yellow door in Borgo Pinti. "I'll wait here in the carriage. I'm nervous myself to-day. Give my best regards to Gerald. I hope you'll find him better."

Aurora did not take time to examine into the possible reasons for her friend's choice. She climbed the long stairs sturdily, managing her breath so that she did not have to stop and rest on the way.

She followed the stern Giovanna, unsubdued by the latter's hard and jealous looks, to the door of her master's chamber.

She went toward the bed, smiling at the sick man over an armful of white lilacs.

He half rose in his bed and quickly, disconnectedly, impetuously said:

"My dear friend, this is most good of you. I'm sure I thank you very much. I'm very, very much better, as you can see. I shall be out again in a day or two." He was visibly trembling; his eyes flared with excitement. "That being the case, my dear lady, I earnestly beg you will not trouble to come like this every day." He stopped to choke and cough, then wrenched himself free from strangulation. "Aurora,"—he changed his key and tune,—"do let me be ill in peace! Here I am on my back, with a loosened grip on everything, and it's taking an unfair advantage to invade my privacy as you do. Take away those lilacs with you, won't you, please? We have n't any more vases to put them in; they'd have to be stuck in a bedroom water-jug. Giovanna won't let me have flowers in my room, anyhow; she says they are bad for me. Don't be offended! I know you mean nothing but to be kind, but the thing you are doing is devilish. What do you think I am made of? I don't want you to be offended, but I have got to say what I can to keep you from coming to this house and troubling me in my illness. I have got to say it plainly and fully because you, Aurora, never understand anything that is not said to you in so many words. I might try and try my best to convey the same idea to you in a gentle and gentlemanly way, and not a scrap of good would be done. I've got to talk like a beast. I wish to be alone. Is that clear? I've just struggled and waded my way out of one quagmire; I do not wish to enter another. Is that plain? I wish to feel free to be ill as much and



"Gerald turned, and beheld that lady"

as long as I choose. It concerns nobody. It concerns nobody if I die. It would be an excellent thing, saving me the trouble later of blowing out my brains. My God, Aurora, have you understood?" he almost shouted.

"Yes," said Aurora in a voice that sounded pale, even as her face looked pale. "I have understood, and I won't come again. Just one thing, Gerald. Put your arms under the bedclothes and keep them there."

"WHETHER he's better or worse I truly could n't tell you," Aurora said in answer to Estelle's first question. After a moment she added, "I can't make him out."

Estelle saw that she was deeply troubled, and, herself troubled at the sight, did not press her for explanations.

During the drive home Aurora made only one other remark. It was delivered with a certain emphasis:

"One thing I know: I sha'n't go *there* again in a hurry!"

Her lilacs, after wondering a moment what to do with them, she had quietly deposited outside Gerald's entrance-door.

It was unimaginable, of course, that the childhood's friend should so disregard the rules of the game as to leave her old playmate's curiosity long unsatisfied. Estelle accordingly learned before evening that Gerald had been guilty of an attack of nerves, in the course of which he had said something which Aurora did not like. What this was Aurora would not tell, saying it seemed unfair to repeat things Gerald had spoken while he was not himself and that he perhaps did not mean. From which Estelle judged that Aurora had already softened since she returned to the carriage looking as grim as she was grieved.

That Aurora had something on her mind no observant person could fail to see, and Estelle was not unprepared to hear her say as she did on the third morning at breakfast, after fidgeting a moment with a pinch of bread:

"I'm so uneasy I don't know what to do. That boy is much sicker than he

knows," she went on to justify her disquietude, "and he's in a bad mood for getting well. I don't believe Italian doctors know much, anyhow. I've heard that they still put leeches on you. All he has to take care of him, day and night, is that old servant-woman What's-her-name, who, he told me himself, doctors him with herb-tea. I'm so uneasy! The sort of cold he has, I tell you, can turn any minute into something you don't want. He's all run down and a bad subject for pneumonia. I'm thinking I shall have to just go to the door and find out how he is."

"You could send a servant to inquire," suggested Estelle.

Aurora appeared to reflect; she might have been trying to find a reason for not taking the hint, but she said frankly:

"No; I should feel better satisfied to go myself."

At the last moment, when they were ready to start, Estelle found Busteretto's nose hot, and decided not to go. She stayed at home and called a doctor. For some days the pet had not seemed to her in quite his usual form.

Aurora, climbing Gerald's stairs this time, felt very uncertain and rather small. The street door, when she had pulled the bell-handle, had unlatched with a click, but no voice had called down, and when she reached the top landing the door in front of her stood forbiddingly closed. She waited for some minutes, wondering whether she was doing right. Suppose Gerald were enough better to be up again and, Giovanna being out, should himself come to open the door. How would she feel, caught slinking back, after she had been requested loudly and roundly to stay away?

Well, set aside how she felt, the object of her coming would have been reached; would n't it? She would know that he was better. She rang and listened.

Certain, as soon as she heard them, whose footsteps were on the other side of the door, she held in readiness her Italian. She counted on understanding Giovanna's answer to her question, for she had, as she

boasted, "quite a vocabulary." But much more than to this she trusted to the talent which Italians have for making their meaning clear through pantomime and facial expression.

As soon, in fact, as Giovanna opened the door, and before the woman had said a word in reply to "*Come sta Signor Fane?*" Aurora had understood.

Giovanna's eyes, stained with recent weeping, looked up at the visitor without severity or aversion, seeking for sympathy; the unintelligible account she gave of her master's condition was broken up with sighs.

Aurora felt her heart turn cold, and such agitation seize her as made her reckless of all but one thing.

"I shall have to see for myself," she thought.

With the haste of fear, she flew before Giovanna down the long hallway, around the dark corner, to the door of Gerald's room. It was half open. Checking herself on the threshold, she thrust in her head.

He was so lying in his bed that beyond the outlined shape under the covers she could see of him only a dark spot of hair. And she felt she must see his face, whether asleep or awake, to get some idea. She tiptoed in with the least possible noise. At once, without turning, he asked something in Italian, and speaking forced him to cough; and after he had finished coughing, Aurora, who was near, could hear his breathing rustle within him like wind among dead leaves.

Giovanna had gone to the head of his bed and whispered a communication. Upon which he twisted sharply around, and Aurora, moved by an overpowering impulse, rushed to his side.

"Hush!" she said at once. "Don't try to talk; it makes you cough. I just wanted to know how you were. It would be funny, now don't you think so yourself, if, such friends as we've been, I should stop caring anything about you because you were cross the other day? I had to come and see if there was n't something we could do for you."

The attempt to speak choked him again; he had to lift himself finally quite up from his pillow to get breath. Quicker than Giovanna, Aurora snatched up a gray shawl from a chair to put over his shoulders. The room felt to her stagnantly cold. He stopped her hand in the act of folding him in, and she knew that it was not the Gerald of last time, this one who, with an afflictive little moan, clasped and pressed her hand.

She hushed him, every time he tried to speak, until his breathing had quieted down, when he came out despite her forbidding with a ragged, interrupted, but obstinate eagerness:

"How can I ever thank you enough for coming, dear, dear Aurora? I have lived in one prolonged nightmare ever since I saw you, knowing I had behaved like a blackguard, and fearing I should never have a chance to beg your pardon. I really thought I should never see you again. And here you are, so generous, so kind!"

"Hush, Gerald! Don't make anything of it. Of course I came. Keep quiet now; you must n't try to talk."

"Dearest woman," he insisted, with his voice full of tears, "I don't even know what I said to you, but I know that the whole thing was atrocious. You standing there like a big angel, with your innocent arms full of flowers, and I barking at you like a cur!"

"Nothing of the sort. You were sick. Who lays up anything against a sick man?"

"Excuse it in me like this, Aurora, if you can: that having such regard for you, I had pride before you and could not endure that you should see me when I felt myself to be a disgusting object. So, mortified to the point of torture, I lost my temper,—I've got that bad habit, you know,—and insanelly railed to keep you off."

"And did n't succeed. Come, come, what nonsense all this is! Put it out of your mind and think of nothing but getting well. Now you—"

"It is not nearly so important that I

should get well," he testily persisted, "as that I should ask your forgiveness. It has been weighing upon me and burning like bedclothes of hot iron, the horror of having in so meanly and ungratefully offended you."

"Why should you feel so bad about it as long as I don't? Put it all out of your mind, just as I do out of mine. There, it 's all right. Now keep still except to answer my questions. You 've had the doctor?"

"Yes, dear."

"What 's he giving you?"

"You can see—there on the stand—those bottles."

"And hot things on your chest?"

"Yes; *semedilino*. I don't know what you call it in English."

"Flaxseed, I guess. How can poor old Giovanna do everything for you?"

"I don't know," he answered vaguely. "She does."

Perceiving that by a reaction from his excitement he was suddenly fatigued to the point of no longer being able to speak at all or even keep his eyes open, she asked nothing more, but with a practised hand straightened his bolster, smoothed his pillow, and drew the covers evenly and snugly up to his chin.

"Don't you be afraid," he heard her say above him, as it seemed to him a long time after, at the same moment that he felt her give his shoulder a little squeeze to impress her saying: "I won't let anything happen to you."

HE entered a state which was neither quite sleep nor quite waking. He was not dreaming, yet the world within his eyelids was peopled with creatures, and varied by incidents, departing from the known and foreseen. Something malevolent pertained to the personalities, something disquieting to the actions; suffering and oppression resulted from his inability to get away from them. They came and went, one scene melted into another, sometimes beautiful, sometimes repulsive, a sickly disagreeableness being common to all, and the fatigue involved with watch-

ing the spectacle of them weighing like a physical burden.

But yet beneath the unrest of fever dreams there was in Gerald, after Aurora's visit, a substratum of quiet and content. As a good Catholic, having confessed and received absolution, would be less troubled by either his symptoms or any visions that might come of Satan and his jms, so Gerald, with the weight of his sins of brutality and ingratitude lifted off him, could feel almost passive with regard to the rest.

He had moments through the night of recognizing the deceptiveness of his senses. He knew, for instance, that the solemn clerical gentleman in a long black coat and tall hat, whom he saw most tiresomely coming toward him down the street every time he opened his eyes, was only a medicine bottle, full of dark fluid, outlined against the dim candle-shine. And he knew that the tower of ice, solitary amid snows, lighthouse, or tower of defense on some arctic coast, was nothing but a glass of water. And when it seemed to him, late, late in the night, that Aurora was in the room, he knew off and on that it was Giovanna, who through one of those metamorphoses common in fever had taken the likeness of Aurora. She lifted him to make him drink, and supported him while she held the glass to his lips, then laid him easily back. The delusions of fever had the sweet and foolish impossibility of fairy-stories: Aurora, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, placing upon his stiff and lacerated breast balsamic bandages of assuaging and beneficent warmth!

The night was full of torrid heat and fiery light, in which everything looked unnatural, shifting, uncertain, but daylight, when it finally came, was of a crude coldness; under it everything returned to be itself, meager and stationary, and he knew that it was no phantasmagorical Aurora making preparations to wash his face.

He spoke no word to signify either pleasure or displeasure. He let it be, like a destiny too strong to withstand. With this acceptance there took place in him,

body and spirit, a relaxing, as when supporting arms are felt by one who had been fearing a fall.

BEFORE going for her rest, Aurora always waited to see the doctor, who made an early visit. After they had reissued together from the sick-room, he was interviewed by her with the help of an interpreter, Clotilde, who was in and out of the house during all that period, making herself useful. Estelle instead came only for a moment daily, having a case of her own to nurse, who was down, poor crumb, with those measles-mumps-whooping-cough of puppyhood, distemper.

On the day when Doctor Batoni had agreed that with prudence there would be nothing more to fear, the patient might be considered as having entered convalescence, Aurora covered him with a wide and warming smile.

"Je suis son bonne amie," she translated the explanation of her unconcealed happiness, "I 'm a good friend of his," nodding at the old man with the full sweetness of her dimples, blushing a little, too, with the pride of addressing him directly in French.

That morning Aurora was so happy she could not hurry; humming an old psalm tune she dawdled about her room, the longer to enjoy her thoughts.

When she finally slept it was more deeply than usual, and she woke with a start of fear that it was past the time. The line of sky showing between the curtains retained no remembrance of the day. It must be late, certainly. Then she heard a faint stirring just outside her door, the thing probably which had drawn her out of a sound sleep. It was the rustle of some person listening at the crack.

She bounced from her bed and went to open. It was as she expected, Giovanna come, she supposed, to see if she was ready to go on duty. At Giovanna's first words, though she did not entirely understand them, she became uneasy, because Giovanna interspersed them with sighs. Her voice sounded as if she might have been crying.

Aurora had grown accustomed to the fact that those hard old eyes of Giovanna's took easily to tears, and that she sighed by the thousand the moment she was in anxiety over her *signorino*. She knew she must not take Giovanna's fears at her own valuation. She gathered from her comedy now, combined with her talk, that Gerald, so quiet until to-day, had become restless. Aurora, though not permitting herself to be alarmed, hurried with her dressing.

"Ain't it always so," she questioned her own image in the glass, "that the moment you feel safe something goes wrong?"

When she tiptoed into the big dim room where Gerald lay, she could not at first make out what it was that had troubled Giovanna to the point of tears. He seemed quiet enough. After she had taken his pulse and temperature, her heart subsided with a blessed relief.

He could not tell her, because he did not himself know, that just because he was better he, paradoxically, was worse. Thoughts and responsibilities had begun to trouble him again.

"Should you mind very much," he asked suddenly, "if I worked off my nervousness by singing? I have kept still, not to worry you, exactly as long as I can."

"Certainly," she said, "go ahead. I never knew you were a singer. What are you going to sing?"

"The queerest rigmarole you ever heard!" Aurora called what followed, a chanted Italian spelling-exercise for little beginners. It might have been funny to hear him, only it was disquieting, he did it so earnestly and so obstinately kept it up.

When he had finished, Aurora held a sedative powder all nicely wrapped in a wet wafer ready for him. He knew what it was and gratefully gulped it, composing himself after it to wait in patience and self-control for its operation. Aurora, reposing on the magic of drugs like a witch on the power of incantations, watched for the drooping of his eyelids and relaxing of his frown.

He had lain still for so long that she

was congratulating herself upon the result so easily obtained, when he opened his eyes twice as wide-awake as before, and began to talk, as if really the object of an opiate were to rouse a man fully and not to stupefy him. Under its influence he was almost garrulous. His vivacity partook of delirium. All that passed through his mind pressed forward indiscriminately into utterance, as if the sentinels placed on guard over his thoughts had been taking a few hours off.

Aurora heard him in wonder and perplexity. He was not incoherent, he was not extravagant. He was merely talkative, expansive, and this in his case was obviously pathological.

"You're talking lots more than is good for you, Brother," she endeavored to stop him. "Now I want you to quiet down and give those sleepy-drops a chance to work. Here, drink this; this'll help the other to do the trick."

Slipping an arm under his neck, she lifted him and held the glass to his mouth. When it was empty and he turned his head away from it, he found his cheek resting against her shoulder.

"Now, Aurora," he said solemnly, "be perfectly still."

He was very still, too. After a moment he suddenly said:

"Aurora, do you remember the first evening I ever saw you? You came down the middle of the room all by yourself like something in the theater when the stage has been cleared for the principal character to make an effect. You were a fine, large lady in a sky-blue frock with bursts of pink, your hair spangled with diamonds, a fan in one hand, a long pair of gloves in the other. That at least is what everybody else saw who looked at you. But me, what I seemed to see was America coming toward me draped in the stars and stripes. Now, you know how I feel about my dear country. If I loved it, why should I have fixed my abode once and for all over here? And yet when I saw it coming toward me across the room, with your eyes and smile and look of home, I felt like the tiredest traveler and

exile in the whole world who wants nothing, nothing but to get home again."

"Poor Geraldino!" she pitied him in the lonely past.

"Then do you remember the first time I went to see you, and you introduced me, dearest woman, room by room, to the somewhat gruesome mysteries of your house? You walked before me with a lamp. In the ball-room, hazy with vastness, you held the lamp high, like a torch. And I had the vision of you as America again, or Liberty, or something, lighting the way for me. And when at the end of the evening I was leaving, do you remember, Aurora, wrapping in paper some pieces of maple-sugar and forcing me to take them home in my pocket? I felt absurdly like a little boy, and again you seemed like big America. Something exhaled from you that made me think of slanting silver-gray roofs and the New England spring of apple-blossoms and warbling robins; yes, and of October foliage intolerably bright, and Fourth of July celebrations, not things I dote on exactly, but things I was born to, and restful to me after my years of chasing what is not to be caught, wanting what is not to be had,—restful as this heavenly shoulder on which I have wished how many hundred times to lay my head like this and not move again, or speak again, or have anything ever change. Aurora, don't say a word, dear. Particularly, kindest Aurora, don't make any of your little jokes. Keep perfectly still, like a good darling, and let me forget everything except where my head is, and be perfectly happy."

As seriously as if a god had commanded it, Aurora preserved the silence and immobility requested of her, only making her shoulder as much wider and softer and more comforting as she could by wanting it so.

When by and by she felt him slip a little as he began to lose himself in sleep, she clasped her hands around him supportingly and held him in place.

A single candle burned in the room, with a book to shade it. Aurora's eyes, fixed and starry, rested upon the little

flame where it was reflected in a mirror on the wall opposite, but she did not see it at all, so absorbed was she in her thoughts. In her feelings, too; in the wonder of the hour.

Memories that moistened her eyes resulted from feeling her arms full of the breathing warmth of a beloved form. Those defrauded maternal arms! That other, who would have been five years old at this time, and would have been called little Dan, after Dan, her big father, how she would have nursed him through his childish ailments, how she would have held him and rocked him! No, she should never stop yearning over him. One must suppose that God knows best.

Gerald's breathing was deep and quiet. When sure that it could be done without waking him, she let him gently down on to the pillow.

Confident that he would want nothing more for the rest of the night, she arranged herself in her easy-chair for a good sleep, too.

SITTING bolstered up in bed to eat his first real meal, he looked, with his long hair parted in the middle and brushed down over his hollow temples, like one of those old masters in the Ewe-fitsy, Aurora told him. A St. John the Baptist, she specified.

She chipped the top off his egg and cut finger sizes of bread for him, so that he might have it in the way he preferred.

While he languidly ate, yet with pleasure, the door softly swung inward, revealing faces of women,—Estelle, Clotilde, Livvy, Giovanna,—all equally kind, all craning for the delight of a peep at him eating his soft-boiled egg.

Because he was still weak, tears came into his eyes, and because he could not permit them to be seen, he waved and haggardly smiled toward the smiling and nodding faces without inviting them nearer.

Women! women! What a great deal of room they had occupied in his life! How much he owed them for affection! Mother, sister, servant-girl, friends!

THE vacuous, almost happy languor of the sick was replaced in Gerald by an irritable gloominess, decently repressed, but unconcealable.

"There 's no mistake; you 're getting well," remarked Aurora, when the unrest of a mind troubled by many things expressed itself in indignation against innocent inanimate objects, a drop of candle grease for burning, an ivory paper-cutter for snapping in his impatient hand. "You 're getting well. I guess I can go home and feel easy about you."

And sooner than Giovanna had dared to hope when most fervently she invoked the Holy Mother, lo! the intruders, mistress and maids, bag and baggage, had left in their places room and silence. So much sooner than expected that Giovanna, clasping in her hands an incredible fee, almost found it in herself to feel regret.

CHAPTER XV

ON their last day together Gerald had asked Aurora to find the key of a certain desk-drawer, and to bring him the miniature strong-box locked in it. He had taken out one by one, to show her, the little store of trinkets once belonging to his mother, and given her from among them the one he thought most charming, an old silver cross studded with amethysts and pearls.

Her own house, when she reëntered it, looked faintly unfamiliar, as if she had been away much longer than she had by actual count. But her big soft bed looked good to her, she told Estelle, after the bed of granite framed in iron she had lately occupied.

She was in high good spirits. Gerald out of the woods, the amethyst cross. Estelle and her beautiful commodious house returned to, vistas ahead of good times and heart satisfactions, a sense of success and the richness of life—Aurora was in splendid spirits.

Estelle and she slept together on the first night, so as to be able to buzz until morning, as they had used to do in their young days, when one of them was al-



"Aurora's eyes, fixed and starry, rested upon the little flame."

lowed to go on a visit to the other and stay overnight. There ensued a very orgy of talk, a going over of all that had happened since their separation, quite as if they had not once seen each other in the interval.

It might have been thought, when their remarks finally became far spaced, as they did between two and three of the morning, that this happened because the streams were running dry as well as because the talkers were growing sleepy; but no such thing. Each had loads more that she might have told; but each, as had not been the case in the old days, was keeping back something from the other. Each locked in her breast a secret.

There had naturally been talk of Gerald. Estelle was immensely nice about him, and Aurora appeared immensely frank, but yet both knew that he was to be a delicate subject between them thenceforward, and that thoughts relating to him could not be exchanged without reserve.

There had been laughter over Estelle's subterfuges in order not to let it be learned from her, and this without directly lying, that Aurora was actually living at Gerald's. "It's a case of a cold," she had explained her friend's non-appearance upon one occasion, without mentioning whose cold.

The details of Busteretto's illness and danger had caused him to be reached for in the dark and kissed and cuddled anew.

"My, but it's nice to have you back!" Estelle said in the morning, fixing a bright, fond gaze upon her friend across the little table in the bedroom, where they sat in their wrappers eating breakfast. "A penny for your thoughts, Nell. What are you thinking about?"

Nell smiled rather foolishly, then, putting Satan behind her in the shape of a temptation to prevaricate, said:

"I was thinking what they were doing over there. Whether Gerald has had a good night, and about Giovanna, and what it's all like without me. It's hard for me now to think of the place without me. I miss myself there."

"I suppose you'll be driving round to inquire sometime in the course of the day," Estelle said, with true generosity; at which Aurora tried to look as if she were not sure; she would think about it.

With arms around each other's waists they went through all the rooms for Aurora to renew her pleasure in them after absence. They came to a standstill before her portrait in the drawing-room.

"There's no mistake, he's talented," Estelle admitted good-humoredly, after a considerable silence. "That's a fine portrait."

Aurora did not say she thought so, too. Alone in her room later, while Estelle was dressing to go out together, she looked at the other portrait to see if she was "any nearer educated up to it." It seemed to her she was a little bit.

She started to dress. Being given to homely rather than poetic fancies, she subsequently thought of herself as having been, during the process of making herself fine for the afternoon drive and call, like some Cape Cod young one trotting happily along with her tin pail full of blueberries, just before a big dog sprang out of the roadside tangle and jostled the pail out of her hand, so that all the berries were spilled.

Even as she was buttoning her gloves a letter came for her with a parcel. All rosy with delight, she quickly found in her purse a reward for Gaetano, the bringer. Then, without too much hurry, like a person not eager to shorten a solid enjoyment, she opened the letter. It did not strike her as surprising, certainly not as ominous, that Gerald should write when he might expect to see her so soon. She read:

This is the fourth letter, dearest Aurora, that I have written you since waking, after a very bad night, in such a black humor that you would know I am quite myself again and life has resumed for me its natural colors. I destroyed those letters one after the other because, although written with the effort of my whole being to be what you call sweet, they sounded to me insufferably

disagreeable. And now whatever I write I shall have to send because if I destroy this letter also I shall not have time to write another before you come to see me as you promised. And the reason for my wretched night was that I was haunted by all the reasons there are why you should not come. They are so difficult to put into words that I despair, after three attempts, of doing it in any but an offensive manner. Pity, Aurora, the plight of your poor patient; permit him not to go into them. Just don't come.

Alas! that cannot be all. I have the vision of your puzzled face. Well, then, it is for yourself, in part. I have no excuse for profiting by a kindness that may be harmful to you. It is my duty to regard for you the conventions you are big-heartedly willing to disregard. I deplore the fact that I was ever so weak as to forget it.

But it is also for myself, who must not further be demoralized and spoiled.

I must not, moreover, be laid further under obligations of gratitude, the less, my dear Aurora, that gratitude is not precisely what I feel. No. I so little dote upon life that I should be glad if a merciful angel's attention had not been drawn to me, and I perhaps might have escaped the dreary prolongation of years. I am sorry, but so it is.

Pray do not conceive any relation between what I have just written and the request that follows. Will you be so kind as to return the object belonging to me which I miss from the little table-drawer at the head of my bed? You had no right to take it.

Vincent Johns is coming in a day or two. Do not think of me, therefore, as lonely or neglected.

I find I must hurry or be too late. This letter is beastly and ought to be torn up like the others. It simply cannot; it must go. I can only pray, Aurora, that you will understand.

Aurora went back to the beginning and read the letter a second time. Then she turned to the accompanying parcel and noticed that it was done up in a shabby piece of old newspaper. It contained a

pair of fur-lined velvet shoes, a bow-knot of blue satin ribbon, and a bottle of almond milk, things of her own which through carelessness had been left behind. She could not know that the honest Giovanna alone was responsible for this return of her property. Coming at that moment, it formed the occasion for two stinging tears rising to the edge of Aurora's eyes. She swept them away with the back of her glove, and forbade any more to follow. To prevent them she took her lips between her teeth, and with all her strength called upon her pride.

Then she read Gerald's letter over again, really trying to understand, to be fair, to interpret it in the high-minded way he would wish.

"When all is said, it amounts to this,"—she reached the end of that exercise by a short cut,—"he wants to be let alone."

And after every allowance had been made for him, and all due deference paid to his excellent reasons, still it seemed to her what she could not call anything but a poor return. Because his letter was bound to hurt her, and he must have known it. His sending it, therefore, argued a lack of any very deep affection for her. After she had come, just from his own words and actions, to supposing—

"This is what you get for not remembering that if a person is practically a foreigner you can never expect to know them except in spots," she admonished herself.

AFTER they had driven in the Cascine and around the Viali for the sunshine and air, Aurora asked suddenly:

"Have not we had enough of this?" and ordered the coachman to go home.

"Why," exclaimed Estelle, astonished, "I thought we were going to Gerald Fane's to see how he's getting along!"

"No, I guess we won't. I think it's time, after living with him for three weeks, that I began to look after my reputation, don't you?" said Aurora, with a forced lightness of rather bitter effect.

"I had a note from him, anyhow, just before we came out," she added after a moment. "He's doing all right."

AFTER Estelle had gone to her own room for the night, Aurora sat down to compose an answer to Gerald's letter. She had reflected a good deal since receiving it, and out of confusion and complexity singled one clear and simple thought or two.

Gerald had of course never said or intimated that she had forced herself upon him when he was too ill to help it; but the truth was she had done that, after all his shying rocks at her, too, to keep her off. Nor had Gerald suggested that one of his reasons for wishing her not to haunt his bedside was a fear of her becoming inconveniently fond of him. A hint could be found, if one chose, that he feared becoming too fond of her, but of the other, no vestige, no shadow, or ghost of a shadow. Yet by those two points the spirit of Aurora's reply must be inspired. Centuries of civilization have ground into the female of the species one particular lesson.

So the irascible man's nervous, hurried, and harried scrawl, written with sputtering pen that at several places tore clean through the paper, and written under the compulsion of his soul and his good sense, received from the best of women an answer in her calmest hand, deliberately calculated to give him pain, at the same time as to convey to him unambiguously that, so far as she was concerned, he was freer than the birds of the air. She wrote:

My dear friend Gerald: What I want principally to say is just *don't worry*. Don't worry for fear I 'll come, and don't worry for fear I won't understand, and don't worry because you think my feelings may be hurt. And above all the rest, don't worry about *gratitude*, for I don't feel you owe me any at all. Don't you think for a moment that I saved your life. You were not as sick as you imagine, I guess. It was a very light case, or how would you have got over it so soon? You were not near as sick, according to all accounts, as poor Busteretto, who has been having what they call here the *cimurro*. I took you in hand because *I am*

a nurse and I could n't keep my hands off, just as an old fire-engine horse will start to gallop when he hears a fire-alarm even if he is n't on the job.

Now about the thing I took from the drawer of your night-stand. I am very sorry I can't give it back, because I flung it out in the middle of the river. That is what I did with it, and I am not sorry either. You know that we at home don't look upon certain things as you apparently do over here. We think it a disgrace for a man to kill himself. I myself am old-fashioned enough to think that *that door leads to hell*. I have been astonished to find that over here it is thought quite respectable, that some Italians look upon it as an honorable way, for instance, of paying their debts, and a natural way of getting over an unhappy love-affair. As I know you have a good many foreign ideas, and as you have once or twice made a remark that showed me you thought of that solution of difficulties as a possible one, I grabbed your nasty old pistol when I found it in the little drawer, and it reposes now at the bottom of the Arno. Don't get another, Gerald. No burglars are going to enter your house to steal your Roman tear-bottle or your books. When you are so blue you feel like killing yourself, say your prayers. I am very glad your friend the abbé is going to come and stay with you. He is a *good influence*, I feel sure, and a good friend.

I suppose I shall see you again some time, even if I don't do the visiting. But don't be in any hurry, not on my account. I hope that in the meantime you will get back your strength quickly.

Good-by, my dear Gerald. Please accept the very best wishes of

Yours sincerely,

AURORA HAWTHORNE.

P.S. I did not write four letters and tear three of them up, like you. I wrote one and corrected it, and here I have copied it out for you, hoping that in it I have made my meaning as clear to you as you made yours clear to me in your letter.



The New York Police

An object-lesson in wise municipal government

By HENRY ROOD

VISITORS to New York remember the typical New York policeman of past days, and not so long past at that. He might have been American by birth and parentage, but he was n't. Occasionally he was Scandinavian, sometimes he was of German extraction, generally he was a proud and haughty descendant of Ireland's kings and queens. At least he distinctly gave that impression as he leisurely patrolled his post or stood at the corner, bulky of neck, which was as red as his face, huge as to girth, ponderous as to feet. He had gimlet-like eyes, closely cropped hair, and an aggressive, bristling mustache. He was appointed to the force through the fiat of a political boss. One of his duties, as his "bosses" taught him, was to see that no band of visionary reformers interfered with the orderly process of government by getting out enough votes to defeat the "organization." His less important duties, as then understood, were to impress the public with his ornamental appearance, to catch such thieves as were unprotected by powers

higher up, and to see that ordinary "drunks," so-called, did not make too great nuisances of themselves. When compelled to arrest a person helplessly intoxicated, he would send for a patrol-wagon if one was available; otherwise he would commandeer a peddler's push-cart, load the drunken man into it, and wheel him off to the station-house. This used to be a common sight on the lower East Side.

But the fat, lazy, inefficient officer has virtually vanished from the New York police department of to-day. In place of such a type, made familiar to the country through comic papers, one finds an army of eleven thousand men, most of them at the height of their physical and mental powers, officered by commanders of experience; the whole vast engine directed by a commissioner filled with the enthusiasm that comes from liking one's work, equipped with first-hand knowledge of police administration in most of the American and European capitals, and unceasing in his efforts to develop the finest

force in the world. Owing to revolutionary changes in habits of life and methods of business and to the enormous growth of the city, he is solving problems which never before confronted the police. He is guarding life and property for a population of more than five millions; he is dealing with new classes of criminals, as will be understood presently. His experiences are worth careful consideration by the taxpayers of every other city, large or small, in the land; for to a greater or less extent corresponding conditions obtain throughout this country, and the problems they present must be solved.

As in the case of an efficient army or navy, the key-note of success for a modern police department lies not merely in suppressing disorder, but in being prepared for any one of a score of unexpected emergencies. For example, when the bottom suddenly dropped out of two or three blocks in Seventh Avenue, New York, and crashed down into the subway then being excavated far below, the police force was ready. Hundreds of men had been blasting rock and digging there. Picks and shovels, compressed-air drills and dynamite, had been tearing a great gash in the hitherto untroubled earth. Directly over these busy human moles traffic kept on as usual: motor-cars, trucks, delivery-wagons, and furniture-vans swept up and down without a thought of danger; hundreds of pedestrians crossed and recrossed the street heedless of untoward happening; thousands passed and repassed on the sidewalks; the shops were open for business; the great tenements lining the thoroughfare were thronged. Then suddenly, with a crash and a roar, two or three blocks simply

dropped out of sight, carrying down street-cars in which a score of men and women were riding; wagons, from which drivers pitched head first, and wild-eyed horses struggling to get free in that moment of terror.

From the enveloping cloud of dust that burst out of the yawning cavern came sounds of smashing glass, snapping timbers, screams and shrieks for help; yet almost before astonished spectators could realize what had happened police were arriving by squads and battalions; lines were formed, telephone service with headquarters was established, and with a score of hospitals, through which were despatched orders prepared long beforehand for just such an emergency, and a portable desk

was set down near the curb as part of temporary police headquarters. From commanding officers down to patrolmen, clerks, operators, messengers, every man knew just what to do, and did it unhesitatingly. It was a striking example of what may be termed systematic completeness.

Additional reserves arrived, as well as fire-companies with ladders and other rescuing equipment; ambulances dashed to the scene, each one taking its specially appointed position, and from them sprang surgeons, nurses, and attendants; in a jiffy a complete electric lighting system was introduced in the dark regions below.

While the rescue-work was at its height a newspaper reporter came upon a slender young man with smooth face, smiling eyes, and black hair showing traces of gray here and there. Few of the thousands by this time looking from windows and crowding adjacent roofs recognized him as Arthur Woods, police com-



Arthur Woods, Police
Commissioner

missioner in command of the entire force; but the reporter recognized him, and asked if he was personally in command of the situation.

"No," said the commissioner. "You see, I did all my work on this accident six months ago."

What Mr. Woods meant was that half a year previous he had completed the plans for coping with just such a disaster. This is an example of what New York to-day terms "police preparedness." It has caused a transformation in the New York police department during the last three years, and has created a new and far-reaching vision of combined duty and service.

Largely as a result of several great disasters, among them the wrecking of West-

ern river towns by flood and fire, the San Francisco earthquake, and the European

War, the New York police department is fitting itself to deal with any great crisis that may arise. Within a short time after hostilities broke out in the summer of 1914 it seemed possible that the United States might be drawn into the struggle. In that event the chances were that a hostile fleet would at least try to strike an overwhelming blow at the most populous, most exposed, and richest of cities, New York. The obvious thing for an enemy to do, after disposing of our

own fleet, would be to take position off the Long Island shore, pouring down upon it, upon Brooklyn, upon the lower end of Man-



A typical modern patrolman: Edward F. Doyle, who was awarded the Rhineland Medal for extraordinary courage in saving human life



A section of the map at headquarters which shows by pins the location of fatal and non-fatal street accidents

hattan Island itself, such masses of high explosives as would devastate Long Island towns and villages, smash Brooklyn flat to earth, and blow to atoms hundreds of the banks, trust companies, huge office buildings, churches, and structures that crowd Manhattan Island from the Battery northward. Of course the police would have comparatively little to do in the way of military defense,—that would be in the

It was a problem never before considered by the police, yet during the ensuing two years it was worked out to the most minute detail by a special committee of experienced police inspectors acting in conference with the war department and the navy department. In addition to the possibility of a bombardment by an enemy's fleet, it was necessary to consider an attack by hostile land forces coming toward New



The traffic officer at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street is one of the busiest men in New York. In ten hours, according to recent count, 18,800 vehicles and 113,780 pedestrians passed his post, an average of about one vehicle every two seconds and three pedestrians a second

hands of the Federal Government,—but it would have a tremendous task in looking out for the civilian population of the city and the horde of refugees. Many would be ill or injured; many more, aged and frail. Shelter, food, clothing, medical attendance, nurses would have to be found for them. Manhattan, already jammed with its normal population, could not possibly care for an influx of half a million or a million refugees. What could be done to prepare for so colossal a calamity, unexpected, yet one that might occur almost without warning?

York from the north or from near-by points in New England. The first step of such an enemy might be to cut New York's water-supply; this done, the city would be at the mercy of the army of invasion, and would capitulate.

At that time the water-supply, coming for scores of miles up the State and as far as the Catskill watershed, was unguarded. It is not the case at present. During the early winter of 1915 I had the pleasure of sojourning for a short time at the camp of a detachment of engineers of the United States army who were quietly spending a

week here, a few days there, in a carefully planned route along the water-supply. The country folks thought that the soldiers were merely out on a camping-trip. As a matter of fact, they were not only designating points of danger so far as New York's water was concerned, but were marking places where troops might be mobilized in an emergency, gathering accurate data as to the local food-supply and forage for horses, mapping the railway facilities, the rivers, lakes, high hills, broad plains, all of which would be of vital importance should military occupation ensue. It is said that this military survey has been completed along the Atlantic Coast from Maine southward. At the time referred to not fewer than a dozen out-of-the-way points were found where a man might go by motor, plant his dynamite bombs, and hurry away unseen, in full confidence that suddenly New York would find itself facing a water famine.

According to the police, New York City is never provisioned for more than four days in advance. In the event of an invasion of the coast region, the Federal Government would virtually take control of all means of transportation; yet the city must have its food, and therefore, in connection with the army, certain railroad lines have been set aside for bringing supplies to New York. Furthermore, more than a year ago the police made provisional arrangements at sources of supply in the West and Northwest for enormous quantities of food to be rushed to New York when called for in a time of great emergency, such as bombardment, invasion on land, a devastating earthquake, wide-spread floods, or a conflagration covering a large area and rendering thousands homeless and dependent.

In such a crisis the single most important thing to guard would be a system of immediate communication, whereby police headquarters could keep in constant touch with every inspection district, every precinct station-house, and every outlying region, far down on Staten Island, over on Long Island, or up in the Bronx. With-

out such communication for giving and receiving orders the police would be powerless to act as a whole. Five minutes might be enough time to wreck completely the police telephone system. Realizing this, Commissioner Woods, after consultation with General Leonard Wood, organized a signal squad, with a central station on top of the Municipal Building, and with stations for relaying signals on the roofs of other tall buildings throughout the city. Owing to the peculiar tone effect of New York's sky-line atmosphere, and its background of buildings, ordinary signal-flags could not be used, so others of special colors were devised.

But the Municipal Building itself might be destroyed; therefore, with approval of army officers, the police prepared mobile wireless stations, which can be set up at the intersections of streets at any point in the city within two minutes, as has been shown by repeated tests; and the commanding officers of the various precincts will soon have in their station-houses receiving-apparatus so compact that it can be carried in an ordinary suitcase.

Should a great disaster occur, making it necessary to remove hundreds of thousands of panic-stricken men, women, and children from one part of the city to another, adequate means of conveyance must be ready. For this purpose there are at headquarters lists of thousands of motor-cars, with the names and telephone addresses of their owners, location of garages where they are kept, the types of car, carrying capacity, and other details. Also there are contracts with owners of aeroplanes and hydroplanes that could be used by the police, the location of each craft, the name, address, and telephone number of its pilot, and other related information. This data is so arranged and preserved as to keep it absolutely safe from destruction. On other cards are listed the names and addresses of surgeons and physicians and trained nurses; the location and floor space of every public and private school, hall, museum, church, or other large building which might be turned into an emergency hospital; the name, location,



Photograph by International Film Service

A troop of mounted police starting on their three-hundred-mile ride to the Syracuse fair. One object of this hike was to show the up-state farmers that the New York police are an alert and soldierly body of men

and telephone of every wholesale and retail dealer in arms and ammunition, together with the number and type of weapons and explosives usually carried in stock. In this list is included those pawnbrokers who loan money on revolvers and guns. One may find, on separate cards, full details as to the location, with nearest stations of subway and elevated roads, of every valuable collection of paintings, statuary, jewels, ivories, carvings, and tapestries in the city. Other drawers contain cards giving information as to electric lighting plants, power plants, railway and steamship terminals, and other points which would have to be guarded with special care in time of emergency.

So far-reaching is the general plan of police preparedness worked out in the last two years that sites have been mapped in public parks, as well as in open spaces far out of town, where camps of refugees might be established. Following the ad-

vice of United States army officers who have had experience with civilian refugees in time of flood and earthquake, the police plans call for camps each accommodating not more than two thousand refugees. Water-supply systems have been plotted for every camp; cooking equipment has been arranged for; incinerating plants and shower-baths have been decided on; and every detail relating to tents, camp furnishings, clothing, food, hospital supplies, cots, bedding, knives, forks, spoons, cups, and plates has been worked out, and the police know just where to obtain these various articles if needed. The magnitude of the plans may be understood when it is remembered that in order to care for a million refugees it would be necessary to establish five hundred separate camps. Of course the police never expect to be called upon to care for a million refugees, or ten thousand, for that matter; but after repeated consultations with army officers,



Photograph by the Greeley Photo Service

The mobilization of the police: a bicycle ambulance

Commissioner Woods determined to get ready for the most unexpected thing that could possibly happen.

While the chief inspector at headquarters was talking of this police preparedness one day a question naturally suggested itself. The plans seemed to be methodically worked out, but how long would it take to set any of them in motion? How soon, in other words, could headquarters grapple with a sudden crisis?

The chief inspector smiled.

"Take out of the vault any card you choose," he said, "and hand it to me."

I selected a card at random; it happened to be one giving details as to location, points of access, and surroundings of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Let us suppose that the museum has just been wrecked by explosion or earthquake," Inspector Schmittberger con-

tinued. Then he flashed open a deep drawer, lifted out a large portfolio, and instantly drew forth a police order already made out for this particular emergency, except that the number of police to be despatched was not mentioned, or the date stamped on the order, or the chief inspector's signature affixed. Five seconds were needed to write in a supposititious number, such as "950" men; three seconds to stamp the date; ten for Schmittberger to sign his name, which is rather a long one; and in a few additional seconds that order could have been delivered to the bureau of communications, several floors above, whence a staff of expert operators would have sent it speeding over telephone wires to commanding officers, all of whom were referred to in the document. Within three minutes from the time the chief inspector signed that



The Sixth Precinct company of the Home Defense League drilling on the roof of the New York Life Insurance Building during the forty minutes which they are given by their employers once a week (at noon) for this purpose



Learning wireless telegraphy at the police training-school

order a regiment of police would have been dashing at full speed to surround the museum, to rescue the injured, to guard its priceless contents.

In a general way it may be said that the New York police have always been strong enough to handle any ordinary rioting; but as the European War developed in intensity, the wisdom of preparing against unusual rioting, if it were started by sympathizers with one belligerent or another, became clear. Large numbers of mounted police were trained to act as cavalry units; much larger numbers of the uniformed force were trained with modern rifles to serve as infantrymen; warrant officers from the Brooklyn Navy Yard were detailed to drill picked squads of the harbor police in the use of machine-guns mounted on the high-power launches that preserve law and order throughout more than four hundred miles of waterways within the city's boundaries. Arrangements were completed for additional machine-guns to be used on land, with swift motor-trucks and experienced drivers to man them if it were necessary at any moment to rush machine-guns and crews from one point to another. Wide-spread rioting was not expected, but the

police department purposed to be ready to strike swiftly and overwhelmingly should such disorder break out. It was ready during that week of strain following the *Lusitania* horror, and to-day is even better prepared.

It is not practicable in the space of a single magazine article to describe even approximately the comprehensive plans of the police for preparedness to meet grave and extreme emergencies; enough has been said, however, to indicate some of the more important steps taken. Consideration should also be given to the reverse side of the picture—the transformation of the police department in its attitude toward the individual citizen, and the citizen's attitude toward it. Before entering public service Commissioner Woods was a teacher in one of the most famous of American schools for boys. He seems to have realized long ago that ignorance lies at the root of most forms of trouble which afflict humanity, and determined to remove as far as possible what apparently was a wide-spread misunderstanding as to the functions and duties of the police. Like many other large cities, New York has seen an endless stream of young offenders coming into court year after year. Re-



The ounce of prevention: a sergeant of police telling a group of truck-drivers at their noon hour what they can do to prevent street accidents

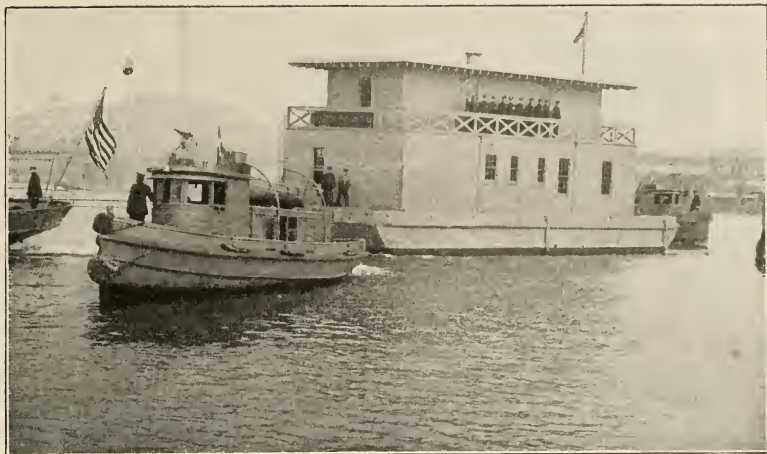
formatories, workhouses, jails, and penitentiaries received this element or that, and when the prisoners had served their terms and were discharged from custody, it was taken for granted that a large proportion of them would come back. Those who handle criminal and semi-criminal classes cherish few illusions; they know that while even desperate criminals have been truly and wholly reformed through religious appeal or other, these are striking exceptions to the rule. Commissioner Woods decided to follow the plan of modern medical practitioners, and institute preventive measures. It is accepted as an axiom that in the United States the average criminal first comes into contact with the police at some time between the ages of fourteen and nineteen years. The boy who passes his twentieth birthday anniversary without being arrested may, of course, commit a crime even at the age of seventy or eighty, if he lives that long, but he is usually safe from becoming a professional criminal.

For many reasons the active, energetic boy, overflowing with animal spirits, regards the policeman not as a friend, but

as an enemy. This is particularly true in congested quarters of great cities. A mother who is weak in character and shirks responsibility, instead of punishing a little boy for repeated disobedience, often threatens to "call the policeman." The child is early impressed with the idea that a policeman is one to be feared. Not long ago a splendid type of policeman told me with genuine emotion that the hardest thing he has to bear is the sight of children who dodge past him in fear.

"Those little ones have been lied to by lazy, ignorant mothers," he said. "They grow up to fear us, hate us, and count it a victory if they can steal fruit from a stand, or commit some other minor offense, and get away without being caught."

Commissioner Woods has been working enthusiastically on this end of police business—to solve the "boy problem." He went to many parts of the city and quietly studied boys who were trying to play in streets crowded with cars, motor-trucks, horse-drawn vehicles, and pedestrians. He sent young officers, the best examples of the new policemen, fresh from the training school, into these districts in plain



Photograph by the Greeley Photo Service

A floating station-house

clothes to be boys again and report to him on the evils confronting the "kiddies."

One thing the commissioner did was to order the police of a certain precinct to set aside an entire block adjacent to a large public school, to permit no vehicles to pass through, to tell the boys and girls of neighboring tenement regions that this was to be used as their playground, and for them to go there and have just as good a time as they could have. At last the miraculous had happened in New York's child life. Last summer more than sixty streets were thus set aside for playgrounds, and during certain hours traffic therein was prohibited, while in each of these blocks children were freely permitted to carry on games under the care of a man in uniform. More would thus have been used if the infantile-paralysis epidemic had not started and compelled the board of health to interfere. The necessity for such playgrounds becomes apparent when it is known that even with sixty in operation, street accidents in the city during the year caused the death of 290 children under the age of sixteen, and the injury of 7386 others. Of those killed 106 were under the age of six years; of the injured, 2301 were less than six.

One thing the present commissioner did was to instruct the police of New York not to arrest boys for pranks in the street. A boy is warned, and if warning is not heeded, he is told to be at home at a certain hour when his father also will be there. At the appointed time the boy and his father and his mother are called on by a man in uniform who explains the situation. Boys must play somewhere, said the commissioner, recently, but it is not right for them to play in a crowded street. It is n't safe for them, and it is n't a fair deal for the policeman who is trying to direct traffic and has his hands full in other ways.

"Now, I don't want you to whip Tommy," the visiting bluecoat says, addressing Tommy's father; "but I want you and him to talk this over in a reasonable way, and see if Tommy won't help me. You know, Tommy, I've got a boy of my own about your age and two little girls. I'd feel pretty bad if they were to get knocked down by a motor-truck or run over by a brewery wagon. And your father would feel just as badly if you got hurt. But it's up to you to help me, and to keep the other fellows of your gang from getting into trouble."

This is a revelation to Tommy. He

learns that the man in uniform is human, that he has a boy of his own, and that he actually is friendly. At once Tommy feels a new and surprising sense of responsibility; he has been invited to act as an unofficial assistant to the police of New York. Instantly his mental attitude changes; he begins to see the policeman in a new light. This is what happens in a single instance. Multiply that call by many others, and imagine how great is the change as a whole. In order to grasp its full importance, remember that during recent months the police of New York have been making five hundred such calls every day.

One result of the experiment, which long ago passed the experimental stage, was the formation of the Junior Police of the City of New York, an organization for boys between the ages of eleven and fifteen, who are regularly trained, drilled, and instructed in athletic sports, civic duties, and good conduct under competent and responsible supervision. The idea did not originate with Commissioner Woods. It occurred first to a police captain of the East Side—Sweeney of the Fifteenth Precinct. The commissioner and several civilians got together with Sweeney, and the idea was worked out. To-day the junior "force" is well organized, with inspectors and captains and other young of-

ficers, and a growing membership that will reach five thousand and over by spring. Uniforms are permitted, but are not insisted on; every junior, however, is entitled to wear a special badge, which is never worn on the outside of coat or jacket excepting at drills or other gatherings. Duties of the junior police include the use of clean and decent language at all times, in all places. The code continues thus:

Never "hitch" on wagons or street-cars; always cross the street at the corners; do not build bonfires in the streets; do not break windows or street lamps, or deface buildings or sidewalks with chalk; do not smoke cigarettes or play "craps"; see that garbage-cans are kept covered, that garbage and ashes and waste paper are not mixed in cans; that cans are promptly removed from the sidewalk after being emptied; that persons are requested to keep sidewalks and areaways in front of their buildings clean, and that they do not throw refuse in the street.

In the performance of such duties the junior police are forbidden to enter any building in any circumstances. Meetings of the various bodies of juniors are held in public schools, public libraries, and other buildings of the kind, and where these are not available, in parish rooms of churches,



The inspectors and captains of the Junior Police

in armories, and in Y. M. C. A. buildings, etc. In order to stimulate interest in the movement, auxiliary organizations of parents are formed, and in the discretion of the adult local leader public meetings are held, to which the people of the precinct are invited.

This plan of replacing ignorance of the police with knowledge as to their functions has been carried still further. For nearly two years a number of sergeants, carefully chosen for special qualifications, have been systematically visiting the schools of New York, and explaining to the pupils why the police are maintained, what they do, how they strive to protect the children and their fathers and mothers from harm, and how the boys and girls can help in this work. The talks are delivered informally, and as a rule in the assembly-room of the school. But those talks have been most carefully prepared so as to interest the audiences for which they are intended. One of the ablest of the nineteen police inspectors has devoted himself to training this staff of sergeants, and to seeing that the lectures are effectively delivered. This inspector is one of the busiest "superintendents of education" one might find in a long search among teachers of the young.

With a view to encourage further cooperation between the public and the police, another organization of citizens, the Home Defense League, has been formed in New York. This was first thought of at a time when many persons saw the possibility of war between the United States and a foreign nation, and the league was created solely for purposes of defense against invasion. Immediately upon announcement from police headquarters that such a league was to be formed, five thousand citizens sent in their names as recruits. Within a year the number increased to twenty-two thousand. Of this paper strength, fifteen thousand have been actively organized by companies in the ninety or more police precincts of the city. During the winter months members of the Defense League, under supervision of precinct captains and army drill-masters,

are given a course of instruction in police matters and in light gymnastic work. The men of each company choose their own company officers. Among the important duties these volunteers have already rendered may be mentioned that of helping to guard school-children at intersections of traffic-crowded streets, while many of them were gladly availed of in the sanitary patrol of the city during the summer of 1916, when an epidemic of infantile paralysis for several weeks caused grave anxiety. A provision in the constitution of the Home Defense League specifically mentions that its members shall not be called upon as a body for police duty during labor disturbance; yet many companies permitted it to be known that they were ready to volunteer for maintaining law and order while the traction strike was at its height a few months ago. The Home Defense League is a big asset both morally and physically to the police department.

Turn again to still another human side of this new contact between the public and the police. Despite numberless charitable, philanthropic, and religious efforts, the population of New York includes a multitude of children who have never seen a Christmas-tree in all their poverty-stricken little lives. Early last autumn word went out from the commissioner's office at headquarters that when the Christmas season arrived a tree might be set up in each precinct station-house; that the citizens of each precinct might, if they desired, send to the station-house toys, clothing, food, books, candies, and other gifts; and that if such gifts were sent, the police could distribute the presents to children who would appreciate them. This was a new idea with a vengeance—an idea that might make the old-time policeman turn over in his grave. But the men of the transformed police department sprang to meet the idea half-way, and as this is being written they are carrying it out with enthusiasm. No citizen is asked to contribute anything toward this great Christmas celebration, but he is given the privilege of doing so if he chooses to avail himself of the opportunity.

Imagine the psychological effect on the plastic consciousness of scores of thousands of boys and girls who have been taught to regard the station-house as a place to be feared and shunned. In this one departure Commissioner Woods may be building better than he realizes for the future of law and order in New York. It may be a momentous step which he is taking; time alone can decide.

DURING the last decade the old-time type of criminal has largely passed away—the burly, desperate hold-up man, the cracksmen of banks, the burglar as formerly known. A number of these survive, as may be seen by the newspapers, but their efforts are sporadic. To-day society has to deal more and more with the mental and moral defective, especially with the weakling poisoned by drugs that deprive him of all moral instinct, render him possibly insane for the time being, and incite him to commit the most vicious crimes. In 1915, through coöperation with members of the faculty of Columbia University and other scientific men, the police department set up a psychopathic laboratory for the purpose of studying criminals who are feeble-minded or defective, and separating them from those who are normal. During the first two months twenty-nine suspected of abnormality were picked out of a total of 409 prisoners at the daily

line-up; and when careful medical examination had been made of the twenty-nine, it was found that twenty-one were mentally incompetent. Many of these, ranging in age from twenty to thirty-five, were found to have the brain development of children of seven or eight. To-day, instead of being sent to prison, where many of them had already served terms for previous crimes, such unfortunates are taken to insane-asylums, institutions for the feeble-minded, and other places of restraint, the incurable cases being distinguished from those that might recover.

In rigorous effort to suppress the illegal sale and use of habit-forming drugs the New York police are now arresting annually about 900 persons, and securing 700 convictions. Of these fully seventy-five per cent. have had previous police records, which include every crime in the statutes. This is an official statement, one of sinister portent. It means that law-abiding society is facing a human element new and exceedingly dangerous; so grave, in fact, that one of the most important duties of the police lies in stamping out this traffic. The danger is by no means confined to large cities like New York; it is probably growing in towns and villages all over the country. Police investigations have revealed an appalling increase of drug-addicts; more than one half of those confined in the city prison, the



Photograph by the Greeley Photo Service

A company of police on duty as infantrymen

Tombs, were victims. Men and women following virtually every business, trade, and profession were included. Even school-children became addicted to the habit of using these drugs.

It is with full knowledge of such occurrences that the police are doing everything possible to stop illegal traffic in drugs. Criminals of this class present a problem even more difficult than the old-time bank robber and general crook. The police may arrest a thousand offenders annually, but the problem will not be solved until boys and girls are taught the terrible

results which follow upon the use of habit-forming drugs. It is at this point that teachers of physiology and personal hygiene must lend powerful cooperation.

The competent policeman of to-day should be sanitary officer, thief-chaser, peace officer, soldier, and counselor in citizenship, all rolled into one. This many-sided man is being developed by the New York police department. The work of the department furnishes a lesson in city government which should be carefully studied in every municipality in the United States.



Ironstone

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

MARY arranged her skirt carefully and sat down on a patch of heather at the edge of the cliff. She did not do this to admire the view, though it was a singularly fine view. She despised views, and thought them the perquisites of visitors, a despicable people.

The Cornish headland, bold and rough, stood out into the sea like some carved figurehead fronting a ship. Heather and bracken and gorse flamed to the land's edge, and the cliff, formed of black ironstone, dropped sheer into green waters.

Heather, sea, and clean, keen wind as sweet as wild honey were parts of Mary's existence. She never noticed them, because she had never been without them. She lived at Trelinnock, which has a popula-

tion of one hundred and twenty people, sees a newspaper once a week, and generally has a post in the course of twenty-four hours unless there should be too heavy a gale blowing. Mary sat on the edge of the cliff because it was a quiet place in which to think about David. David was also a part of Mary's existence, and it is not until things go wrong that you begin to think about your existence.

It was the close of a late-summer day. The light rested upon the world like a spell; it held the luminous, green edges of the sea, the single ghostlike spires of the ling, the robust, bright heather, Mary herself, in her twentieth year, burned brown by the sun, in a deep-golden glow.

Mary had never heard of Giorgione,

but Giorgione would have known in a moment what to do with the glow. He would have made the color of it on Mary's heavy, brooding face shine through her flesh as light strikes through water. He would have got languor and pleasure and youth into Mary, and then he would have got the weight of a deep, mysterious sorrow, and with that he would have left her.

Mary sat quite still and gazed down into the green waters; she looked as if she were searching for something lost. But she did not see any green waters; she saw only David.

Mary was not one of those who wish the world to be wide. She wished it to be much narrower; she wanted it to hold only herself and David.

All Trelinnock had welcomed visitors except Mary; she had set her face against them from the first. Trelinnock had pandered to their strange tastes; it had sold picture post-cards to them, morbid in color and structurally impossible; it had put up bathing-tents on the strand, where rocks had always done; it had let lodgings, and given way to unnatural instincts for hot water at unreasonable hours.

In the first rush of their enthusiasm over these money-bringing hordes, the inhabitants of Trelinnock had even let out their boats to visitors who had thought they could sail boats, apparently under the impression that winds were malleable and could be kept quiet while one tried experiments; but this had proved expensive. Trelinnock winds blew where they listed and blew hard; boats were lost, and incidentally visitors (not enough of them, Mary thought) were lost with them. Boats at Trelinnock are more important than houses, and when visitors began losing boats, they were stopped hiring them without a fisherman. They could easily, if they wished to be drowned, bathe. A good many visitors were drowned all along the coast; they seemed to expect the sea to put itself out for them.

The sea behaved, just as Mary would have done in its place, precisely as it was accustomed to behave. When it had

formed the habit of swirling round a rock with dangerous swiftness, it swirled round the rock, and if it carried some one out to sea with it who did n't know that where there is a swirl there is an undertow, that one was drowned (very rightly, Mary thought) for not knowing it. The natural laws were against visitors and on the side of Mary.

Mary's father had a small farm. A good deal of it was granite, but there was enough grass for half a dozen cows, and Mary was very knowing about all animals—cart-horses, cows, pigs, and poultry. She worked hard from early morning till the dews fell, but on Sundays she only fed the animals, went twice to church, and took a walk with David. The walk with David was also a religious institution. She had walked with him for four years; she would walk with him for another, and then she would marry him. She had meant to marry him all her life.

She was only six years old when the word "sweetheart," flung at her as a taunt, sank burning into the bottom of her heart. From the earliest years she and David had shared the same pools, the same rocks, the same punishments. The same waves wet the same portions of their persons insisted upon by parents as portions which must, in all circumstances, be kept dry. They went to the same school, and wept uncomprehendingly over the same sums.

As the years advanced, some vague, invincible law stepped in and swept them apart, but there was nothing personal or permanent in it. It was nature's method of keeping a sharper significance for their companionship later on.

David retired into groups of boys and killed whatever he could find to kill, and Mary retired into groups of girls and giggled at whatever she could find to giggle at; behind the accomplished deaths of small animals and the wall of feminine laughter their attachment progressed invisibly, as Nature herself progresses, without noise and without haste.

Theoretically David despised girls, but knew that Mary was different; and Mary

thought boys nasty and rough, but made, even while the assertion was on her lips and her head tossed to accentuate it, a mental reservation in favor of David.

Then Mary was confirmed, in white muslin, with her hair up. This settled David. He was seventeen, and girls suddenly ceased to be to him as trees walking. He knew that they were girls, and he wanted to walk with them.

He did not know how to put it into words; for though he was a carpenter of quite exceptional skill for his years, words had always evaded him. But he knew when Mary would come home from milking the cows, and at this hour he met her in the fields, by a gray stone covered with golden lichen, and said:

"Hullo, Mary!"

Mary knew in an instant that she had been waiting all her life to hear David say just those words in just that voice, and she replied, after a moment's pause, in which both their hearts stood still:

"Hullo, David!"

Their hearts went on again after that, but they went on differently; they went on together, and they had gone on together ever since.

The golden glow faded from the cliffs. It left Mary's face first, and little by little the ling became more ghostly, and the red heather burned on with a light of its own; a shadow fell to the land's edge and left all the color on the sea. The sinking sun lit up the waters into fiery emerald, and the spray flung up its white, tossed veil, shining like drops of morning dew.

Mary shivered as she sat there, but it was not with cold. She took a stone that lay under her hand and let it drop over the edge. She did not throw it; she let it drop.

It did not fall sheer into the boiling surf. It rattled through the heathery fringe, and then struck on the ironstone, and sprang back, like something affrighted, into the air, and struck again lower down, and then once more; and Mary, leaning over, saw the surf take it. A moment's gap, and the waters closed again. Nothing was any different. A gull, flying high

above her, came down on easy wings to look at her more closely. It passed so near her head that she heard the hiss of the air cleaved by its passage.

"'T is a gull," she said to herself, defensively; "'t is but a gull."

The color withdrew from the waters into the sky; the whole arch of the heavens became a deep-rose color, and beneath its screen of fire the sea turned black and very cold. Mary got up and went home.

The farm was a quarter of a mile from the cliffs. It lay in a fold of moor; a copse of small and shuddering beech-trees, with their backs bent double by the wind, softened the outline of its granite walls.

It was there that Mary and David picked beechnuts together in the autumn. Below the farm was a small wind-blown orchard. Mary's heart contracted in sudden pain when her eyes fell on it. She had meant to have her pain out on the cliffs, but some of it was waiting for her under the apple-trees. Last night she and David had had words in the orchard.

They had had singularly few words, but this is the most terrible form that words can take. Torrents of temper burst like surf and seldom drown, but when words are few, meaning is deep. Mary had seen David from the house, and had gone out to meet him; but she had known that he was not there for her.

She had gone straight to him under the small trees, noticing carefully as she went that the apples were forward for the time of year, and when she had reached him she had said breathlessly and as if the words hurt her:

"'T is me, not her. You can't have the two of us; you must choose. Choose *now*, David!"

David had n't wanted to choose, and he was taken by surprise. He had naturally supposed that Mary had noticed nothing; he was not sure how much there was to notice. He was suddenly not sure of anything. He said:

"Hullo, Mary, what 's wrong?"

He wanted her to put it into words, so that he could look at it; this was usually the way they arranged life. But Mary

was not arranging life now; she was de-stroying it. Her eyes blazed at him, and she said:

"You know what 's wrong well enough."

"There 's no harm in looking at a maid," said David, cautiously. "Her 's different."

And Mary, stung beyond endurance, cried:

"Then take her!" and went back as swiftly as she had come, with the word "different" sticking in her heart like a sword.

Of course Lizzie was different. She was almost a visitor; she would have been a visitor if she had not been a relative. She was Mary's first cousin, come from London, a place which Mary saw vaguely as larger than Plymouth, filled with vast crowds of people in muslin and high-heeled shoes, buying picture post-cards, and drinking inordinate quantities of ginger-beer. Lizzie had come from this place for a holiday. She worked in a shop in Oxford Street, and wore brown boots every day and a silk sport-jacket. She had several muslin frocks, left over from sales, and she had brought large hats, unsuitable for windy cliffs, and ribbons that Mary rejoiced to know would have the color taken out of them by the sea.

Lizzie would have told you that she meant no harm, a phrase which prepares the conscience for an unearned repose after the harm has happened; but she generally did a little just to keep her hand in, and because, if other girls want to keep their young men, they ought to look sharp about it.

Mary had n't looked sharp. David came in on the evening of Lizzie's arrival. Lizzie, who had been previously told about David, looked at him, during the course of an hour or two, perhaps three times. David was an extremely good-looking young fellow, but he did not know that, possibly because Mary, who was quite used to his appearance, did not know it either. The first time Lizzie looked at him it occurred to David that he was handsome; the second time that Lizzie

looked at him he wondered if by any chance he could be clever, too; and the third time she looked at him he hoped that Mary had n't seen.

Mary had seen every time, but she supposed that London ways might be different and Lizzie might not mean any harm by it. She never supposed anything at all about David. She took for granted that he would dislike everything in Lizzie that differed from Trelinnock, and yet, since she was Mary's cousin, he would consent to overlook the objects of his dislike. They would include, Mary supposed, an affected voice, very movable, provocative eyes, a great deal of wholly unnecessary conversation, and an appalling ignorance of the simplest natural laws.

When Lizzie asked David how many tides there are in a day, Mary colored with shame and confusion for her. She did not dream that David was pleased at being asked idiotic questions, or that men in general enjoy imparting what they know to conversational young women with provocative eyes, whose knowledge, however circumscribed in one direction, is quite sufficient in another.

But Mary learned this lesson; she learned very silently and reluctantly half a dozen other lessons in the course of a few weeks, and all she asked while she was learning them was that neither her father nor her mother might see the accumulation of her knowledge. The farm was some distance out of the village, so that the prying eyes and sharp tongues of neighboring gossips could be kept at bay; but those tender spies of love in her parents' hearts, how long could she mislead them by artificial laughter or hide from them the traces of her secret tears?

David fell into the habit of bringing his friend the blacksmith up to the farm, and the four young people behaved as much like visitors as Mary would consent to behave. They went for walks on the cliff, and made expeditions to neighboring coves and villages. Mary had never seen so much of the country in her life as she saw with Lizzie, and it confirmed in her the desire to remain at Trelinnock and

keep everybody else out of it, including relatives.

Mary felt she could have borne it if Lizzie had been worth David, but Lizzie was worth no man's love. She was as light and cold as foam. She had told Mary things that Mary had never dreamed any woman thought, far less did.

Trelinock was no better than other places, but it was more limited, and it had no edges. You were good or bad in Trelinock, and all Trelinock knew which you were, and acted accordingly. Lizzie lived upon edges, and it was in the light of a fresh edge that she considered David. She was going to go as far as she could with David, and then she would return to London and leave Mary with what was left of David's heart. There would not be very much left of it, and what there was would be broken. That was the last of the lessons Mary learned from Lizzie.

David did not come to Tremayne Farm the evening after Mary had been on the cliff. There was a good deal of conjecture as to why he did n't come, but Farmer Tremayne had heard that Job Oldcastle, the most ancient fisherman at Windyhazle, had died that morning, and it was settled that probably David was employed upon his coffin.

"Death," said Farmer Tremayne, with a chuckle, "won't wait 's long as a maid. Mind that, Mary!" And Mary, looking across at Lizzie, minded it.

It was a day when the whole of summer was let loose upon the air. The sea lay stretched out under the sky, a smooth, unbroken mirror of pale blue. The air shimmered and danced with the heat, and every breath of it was filled with meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, and the tonic wildness of the sea.

The farm-work was over, and Lizzie and Mary set off toward the cliffs. Mary had heard that morning that her aunt was in trouble with a sick cow; it was a four-mile walk to her aunt's farm.

"I reckon," she said to Lizzie, "I 'll be back an hour after sunset."

Lizzie was going down to the strand to

bathe; Mary believed that she had a secret arrangement to meet David at the strand. Their ways parted on the edge of the cliff.

"My," said Lizzie, "the air is just like scent! It is reely. I often wonder, Mary, you don't buy any scent. Men like it. It was only last night that David said to me, 'You 're as sweet as a flower.' He did reely."

Mary stood quite still at the cliff's edge.

"'T is all sweet here," she said quietly. "We don't need glass bottles for to hold it. 'T is all clean sweet."

"No," said Lizzie, scornfully; "nor, with your knowledge of the sun and the tide, you don't need watches to tell you the time. All the same, it 's a pretty thing to wear on your wrist, and it pays to wear pretty things and take a little trouble over yourself. I only tell you for your own good, Mary. Lor'! the strand 's a long way off; I never can get there in this heat. Is n't there a shorter way down by the cliffs? David said, if you knew them, there was many a short cut."

"There is a way," said Mary; her voice sounded strange and hoarse in her ears. "There is a nearer way," she said,—and then twenty years of conscience broke through her reluctant lips,—"but the cliffs are mortal' dangerous an' all."

Lizzie tossed her head.

"Who 's afraid?" she said airily. "I 'll tease David about them; he wanted me to promise not to try to get down without him with me—he'did reely. But catch me promising a man anything! As long as you 'll not promise, they do; the moment you begin, they stop. I know men."

Mary did not dispute her cousin's knowledge; she took her boots off without speaking, and slung them together by their laces round her neck.

"You don't find me taking my boots off," said Lizzie; "my feet are n't as tough as yours, and the Lord only knows how I 'd get them on again. Are you coming, too? I thought you 'd got to go and help that aunt of yours about a sick cow. I must say you do funny things in the country; no wonder you can't dress properly."

"I 'll see you down-along," said Mary, briefly. She led the way by a grassy path to the heathery verge. The slope looked easy, and was possible for the sure-footed. Half-way down it changed abruptly into a sheer drop of ironstone rock; one could not see the edge until one was upon it.

Mary began to descend very methodically and slowly. She never left a foothold until she had found and tested the one beneath it; as the slope grew steeper, she laid her hands lightly, without trusting her weight, on bracken and heather. She heard Lizzie laughing above her.

"Lor'!" her cousin cried, "you are a cautious, slow cat, Mary! I shall be down in half the time you take over it."

Mary looked up above her at the brown boots, with high heels, and once more her conscience shook the words out of her. "You 'd best take off they boots!" she shouted up; but even as her words left her lips, she saw Lizzie's eyes change to startled horror. The smooth, grassy slope was as slippery as ice, and the brown boots had no grip; she found herself moving without volition, swiftly and still more swiftly over the short, dry grass. In a flash she was on a level with Mary, and then past her. She began to clutch wildly at the bracken and heather; tufts of them came off in her hands. She screamed spasmodically, like a toy doll. She was not really frightened at first, but she screamed hilariously, ceaselessly.

Mary stood firm in her foothold and, leaning forward, saw the drop beneath and the murmurous, blue water moving to the cliff's edge, softly back and forth, with scarcely a ripple. Then Lizzie's scrambling rush changed to a fall; her body turned right over, and she saw what was beneath her. A sound came from her that seemed to shake the cliffs; it rang across from side to side, a horrible, tormented sound.

Mary caught a glimpse of her face turned upward. Her mouth was wide open, and her eyes were blind with fear. They glared up at Mary, blind blue eyes, horribly fixed and intent. And then her hair shone, and she turned over and over, while her screams were shaken out of her

—short, convulsive sounds, trailing into silence.

Mary still looked. There was a ledge of rock before her on which she crept on hands and knees; from there she saw the body tossed like a bounding stone into the gulf, and Lizzie's waving hands, full of grass and heather, flung up toward the sky. Mary saw no more than that, but she heard a muffled sound of blows when the body struck rock—iron rock; and then all the earth was like a pause. Even the sea was still. Gulls circled noiselessly over the cove. Perhaps they saw something, but Mary only saw the smooth, blue mirror of the sea, and heard nothing but the soft whisper of it as it lipped the rocks beneath.

It was a great relief to Mary that there were no more cries. She climbed up to the summit of the cliff and turned her back upon the sea. There was no one in sight. She sat down on a clump of heather and put on her boots. It seemed to her as if she had just had a dream, a shocking, iniquitous, involuntary dream. As soon as she had fastened her boots she hastened to her aunt's farm, but she need not have hastened. Ten minutes had been enough to cover a fallen life.

The cow was worse, and Mary boiled the kettle and laid fomentations on the moaning beast, and as the day darkened slowly, she lit a lantern and hung it over the stall.

"You 'm praperly knowledgable with cows, Mary," said her aunt, approvingly.

"If you 'll bide to bed, I 'll watch with her till morning," Mary promised. She wanted to be alone with the cow. Its agonized eyes turned to her appealingly. The fitful light, the long, dark shadows, the sweet-scented hay, and the dire need of ministering to physical pain worked like an anodyne in Mary. She no longer saw the wavering, helpless hands in which the heather and the earth still lay, nor heard the screams louder and louder in her brain, reverberating like the sound of a deep bell when an hour has struck. The troubled breathing of the beast beside her eased her heart. It was alive, and she was

helping it, and all her life until that day she had been helping what was alive. Then she heard a tap on the stable window, saw David's face in the shadow, and heard him say:

"Where be your cousin Lizzie?" He asked her twice before her lips would move to answer him.

"I dun not know," said Mary, hoarsely. "I dun not know, David."

"Where did you see her last?" asked David. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow, his eyes were wild and hungry. Mary's heart beat against her side like some plunging bird.

"I saw her last upon the cliff-side," she said. "'T were after work was over, and the sun was full high; happen 't was three o'clock."

"God help her, then!" said David, passionately. "O Mary, I do believe her 's over them iron cliffs! Her 's not been seen upon the strand nor in the village nor any gate."

"If 't is so," said Mary, slowly, "the dawn tide will bring her in, David."

"Iss," said David, heavily. "I 'll go down and meet the sea, Mary."

The cow cried out, and Mary turned back to her. She could speak better to David without looking at him.

"You be a praper sorrowful man, David," she said gently. "'T is a dreadful thing that have come to 'e."

"'T is all of that," said David, heavily, "and 't is kind of 'e to take it so, Mary. Happen we 'll forget them words in the orchard?"

"Happen we 'll forget them," she repeated without tears; and David left her and went down to meet the sea.

The tide brought Lizzie in at dawn, and laid her broken and mauled and bitterly disfigured under the fringe of the black rock where the surf had flung her.

David never told any one that half her hair, half the wonderful gold plaits he had so marveled at, was false. Even David knew that they were false.

He buried them reverently and deeply under the heather, and there he buried with them all his moments of romance, and

turned back forever to Mary and to faithfulness.

In a year they were married, just as they had always arranged to be. But the village said her cousin's death had "overtaken" Mary. She was changed from that day. She had always been a woman of few words, but they had come from a serene and satisfied cheerfulness and they had carried with them a sense of solid peace; now they were fewer than ever, and her eyes were strange while she uttered them. They seemed to be looking at something that was not there, and hearing something which had no sound.

After her marriage Mary and David went to live in Trelinnock. David was afraid Mary would miss the cliffs and the sea, and every Sunday he took her out to Tremayne Farm and home by the cliffs. Mary made no protest, but she went by his side like a sleep-walker, with fixed and sightless eyes.

Once when they sat on the edge of the heather above a grassy slope David dislodged a stone and would have thrown it down, but Mary gave a scream and caught his hand back. It was a strange, shrill scream, like a wild bird's, and her face suddenly grew white and crumpled. For a moment David saw her youth dead in her eyes—dead and transfixed, like a live thing turned to stone.

"Dun not throw it down, David!" she gasped. "Dun not throw it down! 'T would fall into the sea."

David gazed at her, and then he said curiously, in a sharp, high voice:

"Mary, if 't were a body that fell, them rocks would strike at it praperly hard. 'T would crush a human head in like an egg-shell, if 't were struck down on they."

Mary's lips moved, and her eyes darkened till they looked as black as wet ironstone.

"Surely 't is hard," she said, with sudden fierceness—" 't is mortal hard to fall on they; but 't is not so hard, David, as to fall on a fickle heart."

"Mary," whispered David—"Mary—" Then he turned his head away, and asked her no more questions.



NEW YORK IN WINTER

Six Photographs by

James B. Carrington

FIFTH AVENUE AND THE WASHINGTON ARCH
THE FLAT-IRON BUILDING FROM FIFTH AVENUE
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AT WORK
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, LOOKING EAST
MADISON SQUARE
IN THE BOROUGH OF THE BRONX



THE FLAT-IRON BUILDING FROM FIFTH AVENUE.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AT WORK



THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, LOOKING EAST



MADISON SQUARE



IN THE BOROUGH OF THE BRONX

Romantic Albania

By DEMETRA VAKA

Author of "She who Sowed the Seed," etc.

THE first time I visited Albania I went with my brother, who was one of a party of officials sent to investigate a recent uprising. As usual, the cause had been taxes, discussed with rifles and knives, and as usual the outcome had been none too favorable to Turkey. Now, to save her face, she was resorting to that commonest form of useless governmental activity, "investigating."

After the diplomatic work was over, the intention of our party had been to push on through central and northern Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, and Bulgaria, and so back to Constantinople by way of the Black Sea. Unfortunately, one of our members, a slim, fascinating Frenchman, had brought with him an unnecessary amount of French gallantry. The Albanians took his gallantry too seriously, and it cost him his life, although officially he died of typhoid fever. Our mission was to pacify, not to seek further trouble. The incident dampened the spirit of our party.

"One must have a strong stomach to stand the diet of Albania," one of the Greeks remarked, with a grimace. "Mine has always been delicate, and I have tasted enough of this savage country to give me indigestion for the rest of my life. I go no farther."

The rest sided with him. They were pampered city men, and the coarse food, the unavoidable hardships, the constant traveling on muleback along trails that made them dizzy, coupled with the risk of losing their lives should they chance to offend the untutored Albanian sense of propriety, were not to their taste. But for my brother the Balkans possessed an allurements he could never resist. As for me, I was young and full of enthusiasm; my world had been made up of books, and

the mystery of the Balkans attracted me beyond the desire for comfort.

"Oh, *do* let us go on!" I urged my brother, who needed no urging. Thus our party of many dwindled down to us two and one zaptieh, a southern Albanian and a good fellow, who knew how to control the muleteers, and how to obtain what we needed from the Albanians without getting into fights with them. Moreover, he had a good voice, and enlivened our long rides with weird Albanian songs, which seemed to invoke the spirits of that wild country. The rest of the military escort we dismissed; for, as my brother remarked, it added to our danger, not to our safety, since one could see the hair of the Albanians rise, like the ruffs of angry dogs, at sight of the Turkish soldiery.

Albania is not only the oldest child of the Balkans, but the oldest country in Europe. It is a part of ancient Illyria, and has survived the attacks of the Romans and the Huns, the Macedonians and the Greeks, the Serbs and the Bulgars, and seems likely to survive those of the Turks. Yet it lacks the two great fundamentals that unite a people and make a nation, a common language and a common religion. Capable of resisting aggression and of fighting fiercely and stubbornly, the Albanians have never been able, despite their great pride in, and love for, their country, to put aside their family, their tribal, and their religious feuds in order to form a homogeneous whole.

We found the southern part Greek in speech, Greek in looks, and Greek in faith. When we entered the mountainous region that, after several days of arduous muleback riding, brought us to the plateaus of central Albania, most of the people were Mohammedans, though only the officials,

who came from Constantinople, spoke Turkish. Turkish, indeed, was little known among the Albanians except among those who had worked in Constantinople as body-guards, a career for which their faithfulness and bravery eminently fitted them.

These Mohammedans of central Albania were despised alike by Turks and by Christians. The fact that they had turned Mohammedans to save their lands and to keep on the right side of the conqueror made them an object of contempt to the Turks and of hatred to the Christians. It is true that this happened in the fifteenth century, but in the Balkans they have long memories. Being in the majority here, however, they are a powerful faction, and in addition to their periodic risings against the Turks they have fierce religious feuds with the orthodox Albanians of the south, and with the Albanians of the north, who have become Catholics through Austrian and Italian influences. Though religion sits lightly on the shoulders of these wild mountaineers, in its various forms it has helped to fashion those differences which have impeded the welding of the country into a homogeneous whole. The only certain bond between the various tribes is their excessive pride in Albania and their lust for blood. Every rock, every stronghold, every mountain has its history, and that history is written in blood.

Yet they compel one's sympathy, and they compelled my admiration. If at times they exasperated me with their boastfulness of being the greatest country in the world because they were the greatest fighters, if I became weary of hearing how once, under Iskander Bey, they had held millions of Turks at bay, I had to remember that they were only children in civilization, and that greatness, from their point of view, consisted in the capacity to shed blood.

After we left the south, we did not take our own mules with us. We reasoned that the best way to procure guides for the interior would be to hire mules with their muleteers. Our reasoning proved false. To begin with, we discovered that

the muleteers knew only the main-traveled roads, if one may thus dignify the mountain trails which connected one part of the country with another; and in addition, since all our muleteers "owed blood," they had to leave us at most inconvenient spots, since their feuds had not at all been arranged with a view to the convenience of travelers.

During the first three days of our journey we encountered little that was interesting beyond our unexpected changing of muleteers. The villages we passed through, whether large or small, were squalid and miserable. The contrast between the grandeur of the landscape and the human misery was overpowering. Amid these wonderful, lofty heights one expected to see wonderful edifices and men and women of intellect; and one saw only huts, women bowed under the burden of heavy work, and men, armed to the teeth, ready to take life. At times it seemed to me that I could actually hear Albania moaning, and begging for peace, that she might end this existence of always tearing to pieces. An unfathomable sadness settled upon me. My smallness, my incapacity to help, crushed my spirit. I heard Albania call, and all I could answer was: "No, Albania, I cannot help you. No one can help you, because you are the key to Constantinople from the Adriatic; and all the great Christian nations, pretending they are trying to preserve the balance of power, have their greedy eyes fixed on the Golden Horn and the terrible hegemony of Europe, to which everything else must be sacrificed. Bleed on, Albania; for through your blood each one hopes to wade to Constantinople."

At one of the larger villages where we spent the night our trouble with guides came to an end. We always made it a point, while our tents were being pitched, to call on the religious head of the community, whether a Mussulman, a Catholic, or an Orthodox. We were always courteously received, and since we spoke their respective languages, we came into direct communication with them. As a rule they were men of simple minds, and

although they were desirous of putting an end to the feuds, one felt that they were more or less imbued with the spirit of the country. Indeed, I regret to say that we found more animosity between the two branches of the followers of Christ than between the Christians and the Mohammedans.

In this particular village there were two flocks: the Greek, which was mostly Vlach, and the Mussulman. We called on the heads of both, and both offered us the hospitality of their houses. The Mussulman had a most charming wife, so sweet and childlike that I wished to stay with her; and we chose fortunately, for not only had I a delightful bed to sleep in, but a bath, which was the most ingenious thing I had seen in Albania. It was a hole sunk in the floor of the kitchen, about the size of a barrel, and made of cement by pretty Emmené Hanoum's husband himself. He had built it to keep vegetables in, but Emmené Hanoum used it as a bath-tub.

She was a delightful and vivacious hostess, and waxed eloquent over the peaceful spirit that possessed their villagers, and the friendship that subsisted between the Christians and Mohammedans. "We have n't had a blood-feud or an uprising for ever and ever so long," she declared. Holding up two rosy fingers, she went on impressively, "Not for more than two years."

Her hands were pretty and well kept. The Mussulman Albanians treat their wives better than the Christians do, and whenever they can afford it, they engage Christian women to wait upon them. Sweet Emmené had "never put her hands into cold water," as the saying is, which means that she had always had a maid. She was tall and slender, and her two little sons were always climbing in her lap or up on her back. She could neither read nor write, but embroidered wonderfully. The village, she told me, was unusually prosperous, and there were men there who owned as many as a hundred sheep. They were all very hospitable, and every prominent citizen wished to entertain us. Those

to whose houses we could not possibly go, for it would have taken us a month to accept all the invitations, gave us presents of meat, eggs, vegetables, milk, and fruit. Indeed, provisions for several days were thrust upon us, and the people begged us to tell the Government what a worthy, peace-loving community they were.

The Greek priest here was a find. He was not only an educated, but a broad-minded, man, and, unlike most Albanians, he realized the fact that Albania was not the greatest country in the world, with a past to which the past of Greece and Rome was as nothing. He was a southern Albanian, an Epirote, and his Greek was delightful. Certainly his salary could not have come from his small flock, and we concluded that Greece was awakening to the possibility of Albania's being divided, and that the Albanians had better be prepared to choose wisely. It was owing to Father Basil that the Orthodox Christians and the Mussulmans got along well together. These two religions, I believe, had formed an alliance against the Catholics; for Turkey viewed the protégés of Austria and Italy with greater disfavor than those of little Greece. Greece only dreams of the redemption of Constantinople; Austria planned to acquire it.

Father Basil saved us from guides and the troubles that went with them for the rest of our journey. He took us to his heart; for he had seen nothing of civilization since leaving Constantinople a few years before, and it was really on his account that we stopped as long as we did in that village. Holding sway over the entire Orthodox population of that part of Albania, he had traveled a great deal about the country and as far up as Montenegro. He was quite aware of all the political intrigues at work, and now and then would close one eye and remark, "You see how things work up here."

After he heard of our troubles with the muleteers, he caressed his silky beard in silence for some time.

"I wonder," he murmured at length, and again, "I wonder."

"What?" my brother asked.

"I wonder if Acheron, the fairy's son, would consent to go with you. He knows all northern Albania. Moreover, he owes no blood, and none is owed to him, and every one likes and respects him."

"Whose son did you say he was?" my brother asked.

"A fairy's. You see, he was found in the woods by a Mussulman when he was only a few months old. He had been kept alive by a goat, which daily stood over him and gave him suck."

"But what makes you think his mother was a fairy?"

"Because the honor of Albanian women is above reproach; hence his mother could only have been a fairy. And since he was found near the river Acheron, he was named Acheron, although the man who found him adopted him, and brought him up in the faith of the prophet."

"Oh, *do* get him for us!" I cried. Both his origin and his Homeric name fascinated me.

"I will try, though I don't say he will come. Just now he is guarding his adopted father's flocks in the mountains. I shall send for him to-day."

The next evening at dusk Acheron appeared. He certainly did justice to his origin. He was the handsomest specimen of a Greek I had seen in Albania. Tall and well built, with classical features, he might have been Achilles in person. He wore the fustanelle, the starched white kilts of the southern Albanians; and the long blue tassel of his fez fell gracefully on his shoulders, mingling with his hair, which he wore rather long. He was as different from the average unkempt shepherd as a thoroughbred is from a cart-horse. His leggings, his waistcoat, his coat were all beautifully embroidered: it seems that the women of Albania took pleasure in giving him handsomely embroidered garments to propitiate the fairies, his kinsfolk.

Acheron liked my brother, and having looked me up and down, said he would go with us if the priest would get some one else to guard his father's flocks. This Father Basil promised to do, and at the

next daybreak we were off, the father admonishing us not to dare offer money to Acheron. "He will tell you what he would like to have, and you can send it to him," he told us.

Acheron proved to be the greatest delight of our journey. With all his other good points, he was clean and loved to bathe. How he could have acquired such habits in Albania I cannot imagine; heredity must be very strong. Whoever his parents were, I am sure they could have been no common people. Although he was a Mussulman, Acheron adored the Virgin Mary, of whom he spoke as "the little Christian fairy." He had also picked up Greek as uneducated people rarely do. It had come natural to him, as had his love for poetry and his graceful manners. He was Homeric in name, face, and disposition. He believed absolutely in his fairy origin, and played the part with fervor.

Our journey became Acheron's journey. He knew the hiding-places of birds, snakes, and beasts, and was quite at home with them. Had we been following any particular route and in a hurry, he would have been the most exasperating of guides. As it was, we stopped whenever he wanted us to, and we awoke and started on whenever he told us to. Thus we saw the northern part of Albania as that handsome, irresponsible creature knew it. It was in the springtime, and the peaks were yet snow-capped; the trees were in blossom, and millions of wild flowers tapestried the precipitous flanks of the mountains. And we had Acheron to explain everything, mingling fancies fearlessly with facts and speaking of the fairies as ever present.

Bathed in blood as Albania is, one would imagine her devoid of all except the fierce romance of armed strife; yet together with the rifles and knives and blood-feuds live the fairies and all sorts of woodland and mountain spirits, who, like the millions of wild flowers, bring beauty and charm to the wild country. And Acheron was the embodiment of mystic, romantic Albania. Even its horrors were not horrible to him. He told of the

killing of men with the same simplicity with which he one day brought me a snake to play with, never imagining that I might not care to touch it. To him all wild animals were friends.

Once at dusk as we were riding along a steep mountain-side, he walking by my mount, suddenly he seized the reins of my mule, bringing it to a dangerous halt, at the same time ordering the others to stop. As we waited breathless, not knowing what to expect, we heard from afar the hoofbeats of a galloping horse coming toward us at full speed.

Considering that our mules had to walk on our rocky path with the utmost caution, this was marvelous. Acheron was greatly excited, and so were my brother, the zaptieh, and I.

The sound came nearer and nearer, and we strained our eyes to see the daring rider. Yet although the sound passed close to us in the gathering dusk, I saw neither horse nor rider; I only saw Acheron salute and heard him say:

"May thy journey be of good omen!"

"Did you see the rider?" I questioned.

"No; but I know who it was."

"Who was it?"

"The bride of the mountains."

He had often spoken to me about this particular fairy who, mounted on an invisible steed, galloped over the roughest defiles of the mountains. There was not the slightest doubt but that Acheron believed what he said, and I, being young and in Albania, and in the deep dusk of a towering mountain—I do not know whether I believed it or not. At any rate, I heard the galloping hoofs; and although my Philistine brother explained them to me, when we were alone, as the reverberations of some curious trick of echo among the mountains, like the whispering galleries in certain churches, his reasoning did not wholly convince me at the time.

Before it became dark we pitched our tents, and lighted the brilliant fire which was to keep wild beasts away from us; and wonderfully well I slept that night, and every night in the Balkans, after many hours in the saddle.

During our trip we passed many small villages where the women, prematurely old, worked in the fields, and at evening we always met them returning to their homes, carrying tremendous loads on their heads, with little children towing from their skirts. The women perform every labor in Albania in order that the men may preserve their strength for fighting. Near many of these villages we dismounted to talk with the women, and they stopped their work to talk with us or to fetch us milk or cheese or even to go home with us and cook mutton for us. As a rule they were absolutely uneducated, but honest, shrewd, and capable.

After leaving one of these villages, we came upon a place where four paths crossed, and there, securely fastened in a sort of sling, a baby was hanging.

"Acheron," I cried, "there is another fairy baby like you!"

Acheron shook his head.

"No, that is an ill-omened baby, and it is left here, where four paths meet, to break the spell."

"What kind of spell?"

"All his brothers and sisters have died, because the jinn have crossed the threshold of his home; so now they hang him here, with three Maros [Marys] watching, to break the spell." He pointed to three women seated at the foot of a tree a little distance off, and continued: "Every magic requires three or seven or nine Maros. That is why every family, whether Musliman or Christian, names one girl Maro, after your little Christian fairy. There was once a village where all the Maros died. The inhabitants knew there must be a spell over their village, so they all left it."

The three Maros had got up, and met us before we reached the baby. They asked us to say a prayer as we passed beneath it, to help break the spell, in order that it might live, and not die like all its brothers and sisters.

In the outskirts of another village we came upon a group of children feasting about what looked like a small, newly made grave.

"What are they doing?" I asked Acheron.

"They have buried a cat," he replied. "You know, a cat is a sacred animal, because Christ produced one from his sleeve. When a cat dies, the children of the household invite their friends to come and help bury it, and then they sit about the grave and feast."

These were Mohammedan children, but throughout Albania we found Christian and Mohammedan beliefs and superstitions commingled almost without regard to the particular creed of any particular person.

On arriving at a town of some size, my brother suggested that I wait there a few days while Acheron and he climbed to the summit of a certain mountain. I was invited to stay in the household of the pasha of the town. The house was more like a fortress than a home. It was two stories high, built around three sides of a courtyard, and the outer wall was pierced with windows only just wide enough to permit the muzzle of a rifle to be poked through.

The household was tremendous. The wife,—and in Albania most Mussulmans are monogamous,—the sons and their wives, the daughters and their husbands, numerous near and distant kin, besides guests, all lived in this one abode. The women of the household went about unveiled and were permitted to talk with men. All wore richly embroidered bloomers reaching to the ankle, with an ankle-piece of exquisite embroidery, and short jackets, or waistcoats, with long coats of blue and white. All evinced the greatest interest in my journey, and especially in the conditions we had found in those regions where uprisings had occurred.

Every one wanted to do something to make my stay as pleasant as possible. I slept in a large room where several beds were made up on the floor every night for guests. Among us there was a young girl, with an extremely attractive Oriental face, who wore especially well embroidered clothes. I could not make out what her position in the household might be. At meal-times, when we sat down, cross-

legged on the ground, around a huge, revolving-table, she seemed to have no special place. Despite my youth, I was placed next the head lady. This particular girl took any place that happened to be vacant, yet everybody petted her, and the old *hanoum* often pinched her cheek and called her naughty and endearing names.

On the second day of my stay I chanced to see this girl—her name was Kouzé—sitting in a small, hidden arbor with a young man, and he had his arm around her waist. Knowing how the Albanians felt about their women, I was seized with the fear that in a short time I should be in the midst of a feud, when first this young man, and then all his male relatives, would have to be killed.

An hour later, when we assembled for our evening meal, Kouzé, bright-eyed and unconcerned, came in. The more I looked at her, the more she puzzled and attracted me. Deyiltry was in every glance of her eye. After dinner I began to talk with her, and her humor surprised me. As we were parting, I said:

"Do tell them to put your bed next to mine to-night."

She shook her head till the long, gold-blue tassel of her fez danced.

"You have too large eyes," she answered; "they see too much." Nevertheless, when I went to bed, hers was next to mine.

At dawn I was awakened by a whistling in the courtyard under our windows—a whistling which turned into a soft song.

Kouzé rose quietly, slipped on her bloomers and her long coat, and crept to the window, scrambled over the sill, and with the dexterity of a cat sprang to the ground.

I rushed to the window just in time to see the arms of the same young man encircle Kouzé before the two disappeared among the trees beyond the courtyard. Though it was still very early, I slept no more. Who was there that I could warn without bringing on the catastrophe I wished to avoid?

At breakfast-time Kouzé came in as

debonair and impish as ever. After the meal was over, I joined her.

"You rose very early," I ventured to say.

"So I did." There was laughter in her eyes and on her lips. She pinched my cheek, and, bending like a bird, gave me a kiss that was more like a peck. "Come, and I'll show you some of my pretty clothes."

From a cupboard in the room in which we slept she brought forth an armful of the most exquisite clothes, besides a lot of silver brooches and bracelets. "They are all mine," she said.

I wanted to warn her of the danger she was running, yet somehow I could not manage it. I felt that I should receive only ridicule in reply.

That afternoon the mother invited me to drive with her, and as we were returning through the woods I espied Kouzé, and then made out that the young man was again with her. Quickly I turned my head away, afraid to look lest I should attract attention to her. Yet it was my hostess's laughter which made me look again.

"Madcap children!" she murmured, "madcap children!"

"Who are madcap?" I asked innocently. She laughed again.

"Why, Kouzé and her husband."

"Her husband?" I cried. "Why, is Kouzé married?"

"Yes, she 's married to my youngest son."

I gasped. My tragedy had blown away in smoke.

"Then why does she live the way she does?" I asked.

"Because she has no children. Though she has been married a year, no child is coming yet; so she has no standing in the

household, and must take whatever is left."

That night when we were in bed, I reached over and took Kouzé's hand.

"I am so sorry, dear," I said. "This afternoon your mother told me all."

Kouzé dropped my hand, got up, pulled her mattress nearer mine, and then took my hand again in hers.

"Why are you sorry?" she asked, her face very close to mine.

"You are treated terribly just because you have no children."

"You," she answered, "are a simple goose. I am as happy as a new moon, I'm happy as a young rose, I'm the happiest of olive-trees."

"Happy without being able to see your husband?" I cried.

"But I do see him all I want. Sometimes I go to him, and sometimes I don't, and I make him suffer. Sometimes I let him kiss me, and sometimes I don't, and he is madly in love with me. It is a year we are married, yet his hand trembles in mine. I pray to the moon and to the stars and to all the trees that grow on the mountains that they may withhold my son's coming yet another year. I shall be fifteen when the frost comes in; why should I bother? And it is such fun, and I am the lord of my master. We are lovers now. When children come we shall be old married people, and I don't want to be old. Besides, if I had an apartment, he could come to it as his right: Now I hold that right, and it is as it should be."

In amazement I listened. That wild Albanian child, who could hardly read and write, was promulgating sentiments which years later I was to hear again from the lips of the most advanced feminists of America.



This Distrust of Democracy

By SEYMOUR DEMING

WE begin to repent of our democracy. It is a high-class popular tune. At the directors' table, in the smoke-dimmed privacy of the club, in the studious glooms of the scholar's library, at dinner-tables agleam with silver and snowy linen, in the mellowed shabbiness of the author's den, beside the ash-strewn hearth of the statesman's town house, over the mahogany desk of the professional, wherever men of learning most do congregate, this refrain is hummed in complaint against the founders of the republic: how thoughtless of them to let us in for it! Democracy may have been well enough in their day; in ours it is going to be a nuisance or worse.

In a time when, by the democratization of government, the moneyed class is losing its money, and the intellectual aristocracy, by the democratization of education, is losing its prestige, is it any wonder that the twain unite in a distrust of democracy? The increased supply of these trained minds has so whittled down their earning power that unless their generosity and idealism are equal to the stress they resent the process which has reduced their market price and which threatens, unless they are willing to change from a quasi-ruling class to the highest type of a serving class, to push them out of the fuge altogether.

Distrust of democracy is the class view of a class not as yet class conscious. They suppose their hostility to be directed against a form of government. It is really directed against that form of government which would deprive them of mastery, which form happens to be democracy. This hostility is no more consciously reasoned than the policeman's when he bludgeons a striker or the soldier's when he shoots down a Boer farmer in behalf of a London broker. It is automatic. He

who has been dedicated and trained to the service of a particular class reacts to that class. Thus it is not to be questioned that those who distrust democracy are quite sincere in their opinion, never having traced it to its source. They reason, just as oligarchs have always reasoned, that oligarchy is better for society because it is better for *them*. And they are, of course, society. They forget that never in the history of the world has an aristocracy been permanently proof against the temptation to betray its stewardship. With commerce so organized that he who would continue in trade must protect himself at the expense of and, if need be, by the ruin of, his rivals, we need hardly wonder that men of business should distrust a system which is now aiming at the rescue of the most pitiable victims of the existing order. With education hitherto enslaved, if not to the theory, certainly to the practice that its benefits were to be converted into an increased earning-power first and an increased serving-power only second, we need hardly wonder that men of education should distrust a system which aims to reverse that order, and to set up in place of an aristocracy of brains an aristocracy of service.

That democracy is beset with perils is not denied. No one is suggesting that the millennium lies over the next rise of land. But with prophets of ill so multitudinously eloquent of these perils, it might be well to inquire whether they are perils of democracy or perils of those whom democracy imperils. At the same time, let us consider as premature the brisk announcement that "democracy is a failure," when democracy has never yet been tried. Even Nietzsche admits that, an admission which, extended quite as justly to Christianity, might have induced that other *Pistol* fury of his to abate.

Democracy has been tried to about the same extent that Christianity has been tried—in spots, tentatively, a little at a time, with a string hitched to its left leg to yank it back again in case it waxed frisky.

The lords wrested a share of the power from their king. That was the meaning of democracy for the lords. The middle class wrested a share of the power from their lords. That was, and is, the meaning of democracy for the middle class. And now the working-class is wresting a share of the power from the middle class. That will be the meaning of democracy for the working-class. And then will everybody be happy? Not at all. But fewer, on the whole, will be unhappy; just as fewer have been unhappy since the lords and the middle class won those liberties which they now grudgingly concede to their fellows one degree lower in the scale.

Democracy, like water, is seeking its lowest levels with a force as irresistible as gravity's own. Is there sinister significance in its downward direction? No more sinister than the dropping of the gentle rain from heaven, which falls first on the stern and rugged peaks, then on the bold and aspiring slopes, and finally on the broad and fertile plains where the patient millions live and earn their livings. The peaks for lonely seers, the slopes for restless, adventuring spirits, the great plains for that vast and kindly human family without which the ascents of the seers and the emprises of the adventurers would be meaningless, would, indeed, never have been inspired. For the higher they climb, even unto the peaks, the greater appear the plains.

Your challengers of democracy are usually two: the frankly bitter Tory, who cannot see why hungry people should be so unreasonable as to complain when he has just had a square meal himself; and the intellectual, regretfully skeptic. For the former, anything is good enough to throw at the dog, whereas the mood of your skeptic intellectual is that of the sophomore in the memorable ode who

. . . set aside ideas of God
With cozy, sad negation.

He would like to believe,—he would, dearly,—but he finds it quite out of the question; quite. As thus:

In the democratic state, the tendency is toward wider suffrage, even to universal suffrage, because the ruling classes find it difficult to carry out their policies without a greater voting power, but the masses have begun to reflect that this power of the ballot can be used for their own well-being through the control of the governing machinery of the state. The use of such a power is, however, fraught with a great danger, a danger always inherent in a democracy, but in this case emphasized by the wider activities of the state. That danger is the possible loss of individual liberty and the dominance of incapable and demagogic leaders. To these are but two possible off-sets in a state not yet socialistic; the maintenance of civil liberty, and *the submission of the people to rational guidance.*

We conclude, you observe (like the modern symphonists, perfectly happy if they can wind up their harmonic contortions on a strong "C-dur Schluss"), in the initial key of "Attention, children: teacher will explain all." And what, pray, is this "rational guidance"? It is none other than our old friend, the democracy of "Let us do it *for* you."

"But we prefer to do it ourselves."

"You would make mistakes."

"Naturally. That is how one learns."

"Your mistakes would be costly."

"Perhaps. But pardon us if we say that willingness to stand the cost, whatever it may be, is not diminished by the history of the ten or twenty centuries of democracy by proxy."

Sincere as these warnings often are, the dangers of which they clamor are felt to be exaggerated. The common objection to democracy heard on these shores is the risk of enfranchising "ignorant immigrants," a procedure which ought to have wrecked us a century or two ago if there had been any ground for the panic which

has been chronic with our ante-inter-and-post-*Mayflower* immigrants ever since the Bay State Colony persecuted the Quakers, and the refugees of the Irish famine were pelted in the streets of Boston in the forties. But the masses, while they might not, in the short run, pass expert judgment on issues of railroad rates, can be relied on, in the long run, to pass expert judgment on moral issues, and to whip knaves and impostors out of the seats of authority; else what, in the name of revolution, is the meaning of history?

The mischief-maker has been this immemorial notion that human progress is a one-man show, that history is a five-foot shelf of hero-worshipping biographies. We have been bestridden by innumerable dynasties of strong men of one sort or another who, though they have thought, like the cow-puncher who consigned the prize bull to the treadmill, that they "done it for the critter's own good," were, after all, responsive to no higher conception of leadership than its personal power. To us of to-day, Carlyle's formula, with all its idealism, reads sorely awry. Drovers' persuasion. "There is the way; darn ye! now go!" It is not so simple as hero-mongers suppose. Chesterton feels this same defect, and comes out with it that Carlyle's philosophy remained "absurdly unaware of the complexity of things; as when he perpetually repeated (as with a kind of flat-footed stamping) that people ought to tell the truth; apparently supposing, to quote Stevenson's phrase, that telling the truth is as easy as blind hookey."

Carlyle talks of leaders. He thinks of drivers. And so does everybody else who speaks that language. Can men be driven into any path of salvation when the essence of salvation lies in the desire to be saved?

There is found a better way than the pedagogue rule, "This matter is too complex for you; leave it to your leaders." It is felt to have been left too long to the leaders, and with too much misleading as the consequence. The new spirit is thus

expressed by an eminent pacifist in his elaboration of his thesis of the economic futility of war:

Nor is it true that the better understanding of this matter is beyond the great mass of men; that sounder ideas depend upon the comprehension of complex and abstruse points. . . . Things which seem in one stage of thought obscure and difficult are cleared up merely by setting one or two crooked facts straight. . . . A schoolboy to-day would scout the evidence which, on the judgment of very learned men, sent thousands of poor wretches to their doom in the eighteenth century for witchcraft. These judges would have hopelessly worsted the 19th century schoolboy in any argument on the subject. The point is, however, that the schoolboy would have two or three essential facts straight instead of getting them crooked.

The least disturbing of these subterfuges is the one propounded with the most assurance by those using them: that the modern militant democracy of the working-class is out principally for the loaves and fishes. It is. Naturally. Having been underfed for centuries, it would be strange if it were not. This reproach is as if the company at a polite dinner-table rebuked a party of beggars because they asked for a slice from the roast instead of an orchid from the floral center-piece. Christ had thought this out before He taught the disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then "forgive us our trespasses." Almost the first piece of news brought back from the front by the settlement-workers in the nineties was that to talk soul-saving to a hungry vagrant was not only waste of breath, but a profound and elemental insult which he simply declined to tolerate. And though we have been, as the vaudevillians say, rather slow in the uptake, the lesson has begun to soak in. And it does not dishearten us to put the material before the spiritual; for we have begun to perceive that democracy is an imperfect instrument to achieve material good for the many in order that spiritual good may follow.

Meanwhile, it does not strike us as reasonable to vulgarize the mob by every engine of industrial oppression and then, with upturned nose, complain that the mob is vulgar.

But is it vulgar? I ask not because the point troubles me even a little, but because it appears to trouble my contemporaries so much. And if democracy is to become an issue of table manners, we must, if we would protect our finer sensibilities from outrage, lose no time in beginning to teach the proletariat the proper use of the fork. This finger-bowl test of human equality, orthodox on 8:30 A.M. trains to the city, was propounded, with devastating frankness, by a gentleman in no wise exalted above his fellows in virtue or riches or wisdom or ability or wit or experience, who delivered himself thus, "After all, you must admit that the rank and file of humanity are mutts." Saving, of course, you and me and our set. Yet he and I were plain enough folks. Seen on the opposite curbstone, there would have been no means of distinguishing either of us from "the rank and file of humanity." At least, I hope not.

It was a view depressingly recognizable as typical of the large and influential class of house-and-lotters, though here expressed without that gingerly discretion of phrase which usually muffles its harsh atrocity. Oh yes, we had met before, this view and I. We were old acquaintances. At the last encounter we were both in evening clothes at a diplomat's dinner-table; the host was lamenting the hopelessness of the common people in only slightly different language from that of this my newest or star witness, who, by way of clinching the point that men who work in boiled shirts are framed of other clay than men who work in jumpers, volunteered the astounding intelligence that "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

During a terrific strike which was shaking the floors and rattling the windows of many a stately town house, it appeared impossible to convince polite acquaintances (in said town houses) that there could be

any good in the strike-leaders. They were self-seeking demagogues, disturbers of the peace, desperate characters, dangerous citizens, unscrupulous knaves, lawless agitators who ought to be shot down like mad dogs—well, the usual line—until polite acquaintances were told of a certain Yorkshire weaver, member of the strike committee, whose task it was to distribute relief to the destitute. His working hours at this job were from 5 A.M. to 2 A.M. of the following day, including two speeches a day. He had never made a speech in his life until two weeks previously. Life had taken him by the scruff of his neck and pitched him into this struggle. Also, it appeared that in more peaceful times he and another operative had been in the habit of reading Burns and Walt Whitman aloud during the noon hour to their comrades on the curbstone.

At this point genteel hostility, to do it justice, invariably relaxed. I am far from suggesting that appreciation of Burns and Whitman affected the moral rank of my friend Phil Andrews. It is merely creditable to the human sympathies of gentlefolk that they can conclude from Burns and Whitman that a strike-leader may have something human about him, after all.

When cultivated persons cultivate themselves out of all sympathy with genial, kindly common life, it is hardly strange that they should betray themselves into laying a disproportionate stress on mere intellectual experience, and presently find themselves denying the human equality of people who have not read the same books that they have read.

To distrust democracy is to distrust great nature herself, is to think ill of the mother that bore us, is to doubt the very soil out of which springs all this divine and wondrous life. I am not concerned with proving this. It *is*. No proof can strengthen, no question shake it. I am merely concerned with pointing out certain absurdities and impoverishments of disbelief.

Who cares to maintain the proposition that groove-trained minds are necessarily

superior? Even to rest the case on as simple a basis as that obvious mental agility which we call cleverness, who shall say who is more clever and who is less? Jean Sibelius commands symphonic rhythms and epic splendors of instrumentation which can raise harmonious seas to thunder against the rock-girt shores of Northern moors; but were I obliged to voyage in a coasting-schooner from Sambro to Glen Margaret over those actual seas of salt water along the rock-girt shores of reality, I would vastly prefer Captain Tristram Cleveland at the wheel. M. Rodin comprehends certain marvelously subtle relations of mass to contour; but on a coasting-schooner in a drizzling easter, with fog, I would prefer the skipper on whose balanced mastery of head and hand would depend not mere subtleties of the imitation of life, but life itself—his own and mine.

We are "clever," you see, at different sorts of things. To suppose that any one of us is clever at "everything really worth while" produces that insufferable bore and prig whom all sane men agree quite cordially to detest and avoid. To assume, likewise, that exceptional training for finance or jurisprudence or coloristic painting or a doctorate of philosophy or that idiotic compound of idle hobbies known as general culture constitutes any special claim to moral advantage over—to say nothing of capacity to legislate for—our less-favored fellows, is virtually equivalent to a voluntary abdication of the very qualities pretended to. Besides, such an assumption is a breech-loading barrel which will shoot out of either end. Along comes another and dubs us "an inferior sort," which doubtless in some sort, not his, we are.

Let me ask two questions on the chance of their charting this befogged coast a little more negotiably.

The first is, whether, after developing that gracious virtue of personal modesty, it would not be well to cultivate, especially among the cultivated, a still more gracious virtue of class modesty?

And the second is like unto it: though

the class lines of bread-and-butter run horizontally across human society, do not the class lines of character run up and down, from top to bottom?

The amazed testimony fetched back by every timid first adventurer out of his own clique and clan is his discovery of affinities and antipathies, duplicates of himself and of everybody he has ever known, in each stratum from stoke-hole to first cabin. Such being the case, if democracy is indeed a failure, we might as well waste no more time. Better all run down to the nearest wharf and jump in.

The sea-bottom of human equality lies deeper than any sounding-lead cast by human hands. It is down there somewhere under the dim, mysterious, green fathoms of the fact that we are all in this muddle together, and that we are, on the whole, getting through it as creditably as we can.

Do the faces jolted along in the street car on the seat opposite look joyless, loveless, in a sodden stupor? Confess: most of us have felt, in some moment of lowered vitality, that they do. Well, what do we know of them—their forbearances, their renunciations, their stoic courage in the face of an old age of certain loneliness, neglect, and want; their patient burden-bearing; their difficult self-conquests; their bitterly repented faults; the bereavements which have been almost as the death of their own souls, all but robbing the rest of their lives of any meaning; the wrongs and misfortunes which have left them stunned and maimed; the hopeless tears that have fallen in the solitude of dark nights; the faithfully tended hearth fire of affection, dear though fuel be, which is all that warms and comforts some fellow-creature to keep up the struggle against the daily odds? We look on the coarse husks. What can we know of the precious kernel, the seed of all this eternal life? How guess the splendid, obscure heroisms which lie secreted under these drab veils, deeds which, if known, would shame us to our knees in reverence to that which aspires under rags and ignorance, through sin and shame?

Come, look at your own friend as through the eyes of the stranger sitting opposite. He is a comrade known to you for a heart of gold, tested in a hundred furnaces. And yet you must admit that one eye squints; that his jaw is undeniably lopsided; that his nose, even though handsome, is large; that his hair, what there is left of it, is just plain hair-colored hair; and that just at this instant he happens to be looking as if the ice-man had called and found nobody home. *You* know better. But how should he?

If it were possible for every one to know as much about us as our friends know, would we not all be as tolerant of others' shortcomings as we are now blind to their virtues? What is a friend but a fellow human who, knowing all there is to know about us, the best and the worst, still keeps coming around? Is such a relation impossible to sustain with more than two or three people in this our mortal life? I say that the great saints have got along very well by loving and pitying and sympathizing with whomsoever they met without troubling themselves over how much they could expect of the lower classes. They took a sporting chance on humanity, on "the divine average." If the rest of us were willing to do as much, what would become of this distrust of democracy?

Or perhaps you know some one who is not clever at all,—what a relief!—some one whom others consider rather heavy and inarticulate. Perhaps that some one is vastly better than clever or distinguished or proficient or learned; is forbearing, is loyal, is kind, and has, under a by no means fancy exterior, a worth beyond all titles and rewards—a worth known to us by some mystical sense which teaches us the falsehood of all the standard tape-measures of human stature. In the presence of such qualities,—and they are universal,—what becomes of the petty

little distinctions of rank and learning on which, in our superficial moments, we so preen ourselves? In the presence of the single, crushing fact of death, where are they? In a shipwreck, creed, estate, gentle breeding, where are they? Leveled all in the great democracy of death, second only to the great democracy of being born, the democracy of living.

What is this talk of greater or less? The voice that spoke comfort when we were sick at heart, did we consider whether it used good grammar? How gentle those hands that soothe us at the day's end! Are not other hands as gentle to others? Behold this little farthing rushlight of human affection, kindled by sympathy out of the fuel of suffering; this feeble, wind-blown candle-flame in the black, shuddering void! How, beside it, two lonely souls, chancing to meet, look into each other and are comforted for a season! Until a rude gust puffs out the flame, and the two sit in darkness, and there is a sound of weeping; or one is caught back into the void and the other sits desolate, waiting to be snatched back into the same murk, in the desperate hope of there regaining its fellow.

Here for so brief a stay, is there any time to waste in talk of greater or less? And if another is not in any way "exceptional," as our prating has it, look deeper; for there may lie the mysterious, wondrous, most exceptional gift of all—that of not being exceptional, but of being the plain woman who takes the tired head in her lap; who bears the children gladly, without complaint; the plain man who lifts the tired body of his brother and staggers on under the added burden over the stony places.

Friends, friends, think of such as these, of the least of these my brethren, before ye go distrusting democracy! Take heed lest ye enter not at all into this, the kingdom of heaven, on earth.



The Story of the Eel

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

THROUGHOUT the ages, wherever men have speared or trapped that hard-dying, slippery eater of carrion, the eel, it has formed the nucleus of much superstitious lore. Until a few decades ago even men of science admitted that the eel embodied one of nature's most puzzling mysteries, because they had been utterly unable to discover when or where or how it mated and multiplied. To-day the mystery is solved, and in its place we have another mystery. For such are the strange, elusive ways of life that her one reason for permitting us to extend our knowledge seems to be a desire to reveal still more clearly the immensity of our ignorance. All she does, apparently, is to tell us a fairy-tale now and then, and we, poor children, swell out our chests and imagine ourselves magicians and readers of sphinxes. But her tales are good, and one of the best as well as newest is that which gives us the life-story of the eel.

If on your map of the North Atlantic you draw a triangle connecting the Faroe Islands, the Azores, and Bermuda with one another, the sides of it will pass through the principal breeding-grounds of the common eel. It is born far down in those silent, cold, and bitter mid-sea deeps, where the pressure is like that of hundreds of steel safes piled on top of one another; where dwell some of the most monstrous and some of the most exquisite organisms known to man, and where the only light ever seen is a pale phosphorescence that flashes from some shadowy hunter or some equally shadowy prey.

Down there the eel begins its life as a tiny, transparent speck of organic matter, one of ten million eggs dropped from the bursting ovaries of the same mother-eel. Who knows how many of those millions are eaten or otherwise destroyed while floating about in those remote and myste-

rious depths? Within those that survive subtle changes take place as they rise little by little into regions where an opalescent dawn bespeaks the presence of the sun above.

And one day the egg turns into a larva, a little creature resembling one of those conventionalized fishes drawn by some early Christian on the wall of a catacomb. It is as thin as a razor-blade, transparent, and colorless. One might take it for a slight condensation of the water itself. The eyes alone show like tiny dark spots on the head. When such larvæ were first discovered in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and long before anybody suspected their connection with the eel, it was the actual and relative minuteness of that head which caused scientists to name them *Leptocephalidæ*, or small-heads.

By and by the larva grows to a length of about three inches. And it grows unaccountably, for it never takes food. Yet it is trembling with an energy that keeps its tail swishing incessantly. Thus it moves steadily upward and shoreward. For miles and miles the waters may be teeming with such little creatures. There are millions upon millions of them, all urged by the same mysterious instinct to make blindly, but inexorably, for the distant shores whence came the parent fish.

No sooner has the larva attained its full size than another change takes place. It begins to lose its excessive height. Soon it looks like a ribbon. Then it begins to shrink along its axis, too; and at the same time its sides begin to fill out. After a while the miniature flounder has been transformed into a miniature knitting-needle, and measures and weighs about one third less than did the larva at the height of its growth. In that shape it has long been known to layman and expert alike as a glass-eel, or elver. Still it re-

mains colorless except for the eyes; still it refrains from taking food; still it persists in swimming landward.

One day the shore is reached; but still the search and the onward push go on, until at last the mouth of some hospitable river is achieved. Whether it be the Hudson or the Thames, the Neva or the Rhine, the story is the same. Those fresh waters pouring down from the uplands seem to draw the hordes of little glass-like creatures magnetically, and into those waters they turn as if steered by some unseen hand. Were you there to watch, you might think that all the little fishes in the world had dropped their eyes, and that all those eyes were moving up the river in endless parade. That is what, since of old, has been called an eelfare.

It is spring then, and the eel-to-be is about a year old, while about eighteen months have passed since the previous generation came down like silvery streaks with the autumn flow of some similar river, bound for the breeding-grounds abroad. During that first year of its life as egg and larva and glass-eel it has taken no sustenance from without (or at least we have not been able to find any proof of its doing so), and yet it has been discharging energy uninterruptedly, as if its minute body were stored with some radioactive element.

But with the feel of the fresh water comes appetite, and with the food comes color. It creeps into the transparent body from the tail, and appears in spots along the flanks. At the same time a twofold process of growth and of solidification occurs, and finally we behold a young eel of the familiar type, with its color of muddy yellow, its pugnacious lower jaw, and its fin crest, which lines the greater part of its back and much of its belly.

This creature seems to live for one thing only, to feed. To its larder the quick and the dead are equally welcome. It devours eggs and those that have laid them. It pokes its spade-like head under stones and overturns them in order to get at the small fry hiding beneath them. It peers into every hole in search for prey.

The night is its favorite hunting-time, and it travels while hunting, always against the descending waters, always farther into the rising uplands. Through tributary rivers, creeks, and brooks it pokes its way. It crosses lakes and ponds and pools. It goes squirming across fields and meadows even, lest any well or spring remain unsearched; for this strange creature of pelagic origin can live for a long time out of water if some emergency should so require. And as it hunts and travels it grows in size and strength and wiles, until it becomes the terror of the waters in which it lives. This may go on for four or five or six years, until the female measures from three to four feet, and the male about twenty inches less.

Then all of a sudden, on some crisp and windy autumn day, the secret call is heard from the far-off, salty deeps. The eel, wherever it be at the time, knows it and obeys. Its mating-time has come. It ceases to hunt. It cares no more for food. Its snout grows narrow and peaked. Its eyes grow large and lustrous. Its muddy color turns into a sheen of silvery gray. Those are the nuptial garments.

At the same time strange stirrings pass through that lithe, glistening body. New processes are starting up within. The next generation is in the shaping. And all at once the eel turns its head downstream and goes flashing through the favoring waters as if it knew the way and the goal beyond all doubt or misgiving. And as it came, so it goes, not singly, but in great companies, "hurtling with the spate down to the sea," as one naturalist puts it. The males go first; then come the females, already swelling with their burdens of new life.

If, as may happen, the eel had traveled three or four thousand miles to reach the spot where it was overtaken by the message out of the distant deep, it will travel back that many miles. But the route which took a year or two for its covering in one direction, will be traversed in six months when the direction is reversed. There is no needless zigzagging, no tarrying by the roadside, no hesitancy. Life



has spoken, and in this primitive creature there is no reason to make it question life's command or quarrel with it. If in captivity when the message is received, the eel will do its utmost to obey; and failing, it will die. It seems quite incapable of reaching full sexual maturity apart from the peculiar conditions of pressure, salinity, and temperature characterizing its birthplace.

But even if it is able to follow the mystic call, it must die as soon as the goal is reached and its mission fulfilled. For the law of the eel is this: from the heart of the sea to the heart of the land and back again it may travel once, but to travel twice in either direction it is never permitted. Like a flower, it is doomed to die in turning to fruit. Upon its return to the destined spot there must follow some kind of courtship, some ecstatic dance through the darkling waters, but of all that we know nothing.


What we do know is that no sooner has the eel dropped its burden of milt or roe than the mark of death is upon it. It is as if its allotted store of vital energy had been passed on in its entirety to the new generation. The eel has done its duty, and the eel can go. Decay sets in: its bones grow soft; its flesh ulcerates; its teeth fall out; sight fades from its eyes. And at last the end comes, but just how who can tell? The story of the eel is finished, but only to begin all over again in everlasting reiteration.

For half a century American, Italian, and Danish men of science have been at work coaxing this wonderful tale from the reluctant lips of life, taking down a letter or a word at a time, and reconstructing every passage a score of times before they dared to grant it final acceptance. Even now the tale is not complete, but one need have no fear; it will be finished some day—up to a certain point.





Rembrandt, a Self-Portrait



(See frontispiece to this number)

REMBRANDT was his own best model. From the earliest of his self-portraits, painted when he was seventeen, to the Altman portrait here presented, which was one of the last, we have a most remarkable series of human documents, illustrating every stage of his strange career. In his first attempts he seems to have been more concerned with the study of light and shadow and less with an accurate likeness, and at times he posed before the mirror merely for the sake of a picturesque or grotesque costume. As he grew older he gave more heed to the resemblance, even catching the mood of the moment. In them all, even in the many etchings, we have the unmistakable features of the great painter: the wild, bushy hair, the keen, searching eyes, the thick nose, and the sensitive mouth barely hidden by the thin mustache.

The Altman portrait is dated 1660, when he was fifty-three years old. This was a year of anxiety for him. He had just been declared a bankrupt. He saw his collection of art treasures disposed of at auction and himself deserted by his pupils and his friends, with no studio of his own in which to set up his easel. In this portrait we have a work of mature years, when he brought all the skill and resources of a lifetime to its creation. He does not hesitate to show by the wrinkled brow and the worried expression the troubled condition of his mind. Technically this portrait shows Rembrandt at his best. The hat, a rich black, and the background, a warm green, are smoothly painted. The shadows in the face are thin, warm, and transparent, while the lighter parts, as on the cheek, are laid on with a well-loaded brush, suggesting the texture of the flesh and made to glow with color. Over a red waistcoat Rembrandt wears a heavy, brownish coat.

Though this great artist lived several years longer, they were years of misery, and he painted only one more great work, "The Syndics of the Cloth Hall," now in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam. His great reputation suffered an almost total eclipse, although to-day he is probably the most popular painter that ever lived. Yet he never lost his courage, and as we see him in this portrait he carries his head bravely and wears his hat jauntily, as if in defiance of the evils that engulfed him. Heretofore we may have felt acquainted with Rembrandt the painter, but now we know Rembrandt the man; for just so he must have looked to his neighbors in the troublous year 1660.

A. T. VAN LAER.





Turkish Dick

By THOMAS NEWELL METCALF

Illustrations by the author

FOREWORD

STERN, arbitrary fathers, who
Explode, and burst their waistcoat
buttons,
Should read this simple story through.
And now, as authors put it, to
Our muttuns.

BOOK I

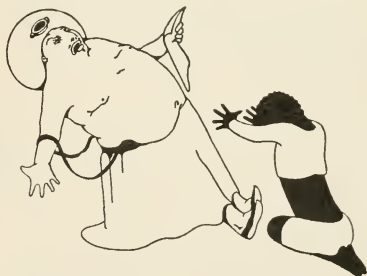
Young Turkish Dick loved Sue, the child
Of Abu R. Chibouk Effendi;
But Abu claimed Dick had too wild
A *modus*—Allah! Dick was riled—
Vivendi.

“Espouse my gal you never can;
And I may add that such a hope ’ll
Be furnished to none other than
The Galahad of all Constan-
Tinople.”



“ ‘Espouse my gal you never can’ ”

Dick straightway, with revenge in view,
On Abu R. Chibouk a deal works;
He fixes it so lovely Sue
And he may take a saunter through
The steel works.



“ Her dad exclaimed: ‘Oh, what the deuce!’ ”

They made a comprehensive tour
’Mid smelters steely, smelters
brassy.
“Here ’s where they heat ’em up
for sure,”
Said Dick—his French was very
poor—
“*En massy.*”

One hot, immeasurable vat,
By way of *dénouement*, he
showed her,
Insisting, “Take a squint at that,”
And in it, as you ’d drown a cat,
He threwed her.

BOOK II

When chiseled out, the lady's weight
 Was equal to a bronze Apollo's.
 Dick franked her dad-ward with a hate-
 Ful note which we abbreviate
 As follows:

"Of horror of an ill-assor-
 Ted match for Sue you 've been about
 full.
 No need to fret on such a score.
 That she will marry now is more
 Than doubtful."

Her dad exclaimed: "Oh, what the
 deuce!

My child, by thus so heavy growing,
 You 're palpably of little use
 Except to keep my papers loose
 From blowing."

Now, Turkish magistrates are frail
 As well as venal; so our friend Dick 's
 Still unacquainted with a jail,
 Or possibly he 's out on bail.



"Now, Turkish magistrates are frail"

APPENDIX

Treat gently passion's tender bands,
 Nor seek a lovers'-knot to sever.
 Take Abu's case: his daughter stands
 A heavy weight upon his hands
 Forever.



On First Looking into a Subway Excavation

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MUCH have I traveled, a commuter bold,
 And many goodly excavations seen;
 Round many miles of planking have I been
 Which wops in fealty to contractors hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 Where dynamite had swept the traffic clean,
 And every passer-by must duck his bean
 Or flying rocks would lay him stiff and cold.
 As I was crossing Broadway, with surprise
 I held my breath and improvised a prayer:
 I saw the solid street before me rise
 And men and trolleys leap into the air.
 I gazed into the pit with doubtful eyes,
 Silent upon a peak in Herald Square.



“There was a fearful crash”

Big Game

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

WHEN the Robbs invited me up to the Adirondacks for a week in October, I knew they meant hunting, and was disquieted; for my experience as a sportsman was limited. I had killed my spider and my garter-snake, I had a couple of thousand mosquitos to my credit, and once I had wounded a clay pipe in a Broadway shooting-gallery; but the pursuit of larger game was strange to me. I am not one to miss an opportunity, however. I accepted. And my first morning in camp, while the crowd was still huddled about the living-room fire, I took Alice Robb aside and made confession.

“Alice,” I said, “I am going to put myself in your hands. I know so little about hunting that I don’t know what I don’t know. Won’t you introduce me to one of your most presentable rifles, and let us get acquainted with each other out in a big field with a target or something in it?”

Alice is as kind as she is beautiful.

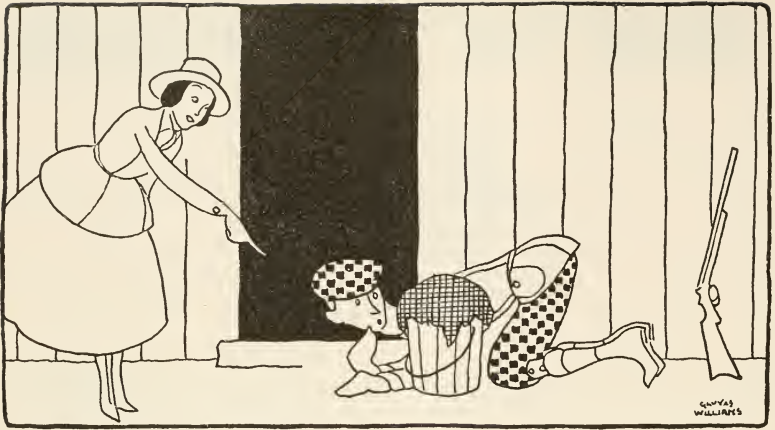
“We two are going out to get a little target-practice,” she said to the crowd round the fire, and she took a couple of rifles off some pegs on the wall. Together we went out beyond the lesser camp-buildings—laundries and ice-houses and

woodsheds and things—to where, between the lake and the gorgeous October woods, there was a stretch of tangled grass spotted with black stumps. At one end a fence inclosed a patch of withered plants that claimed to be a vegetable garden in summer. Over at the other end a wooden target lay on its face in the grass. Alice set it up against a stump. Then she returned with me to an unnecessary distance and proceeded to teach me the anatomy of riflery.

“The most important thing,” she began, “is to know how to half cock the gun so as to make it absolutely safe. Look—you pull back the hammer, hold it hard, and then pull the trigger, letting the hammer gently down. Now—see?—it can’t go off, no matter what happens. Then as an additional precaution you pull down this thing,”—here she disconnected a loop of metal that looked like the handle of half a pair of shears,—“now it ’s perfectly safe.”

Whereupon she promptly made it dangerous again and told me to do what she had done.

Timidly I seized the weapon, cocked it with a trembling finger, held hard, pulled



“‘Cruel! cruel! cruel!’ she cried”

the trigger gradually, gently. There was a fearful crash, and the gun leaped in my hands.

Alice gasped.

“Horrors! You put a bullet into the ice-house! I ought to have told you to point it the other way. You might have killed the cook.”

“So I might.” I brightened at the thought. “Fancy being photographed in my hunting tweeds with my foot on Maggie’s prostrate form. Caption, ‘A Proud Moment: His First Cook.’”

But Alice was out of hearing. She had gone to appraise the amount of damage done.

I ran after her.

“Think,” I said, “how happy the others will be when we come back with the vegetables we have shot in the ice-house refrigerator. ‘Away, poverty!’ we will cry. ‘Father has been a-hunting; he has killed a baked potato and a plate of spinach.’ Such are the exploits of the huntsman.”

Alice was examining the wall of the ice-house. “I don’t see anything,” she reported. She stepped into its arctic interior. I followed sheepishly. She investigated rapidly.

“All safe,” she decided. “You probably—no, here we are!”

With a little cry of triumph she pointed

to the ice-cream freezer, which stood quietly outside the ice-house door. There was a bullet-hole in it.

“Cruel! cruel! cruel!” she cried.

“Would you like its pelt, Alice?” I asked magnanimously. “For a muff, perhaps, or a set of furs? ‘Shot on our own place by one of our guests, a friend of mine?’”

“No,” decided Alice in her most judicial tone, “I think it would be just a touch too conspicuous. We’d better just have him for dinner.”

I nodded.

“Only we must tell them to look for bullets in the dessert.”

Alice led me out into the field again, and the lesson went on; a few minutes later I was bursting my ear-drums making practice shots toward the target, taking great pains to walk up to it at intervals and go through the form of looking for holes in it. As I explained to Alice, there would have been more of these had I been able to tell just when the gun was going to go off; the end of it always waved a bit, and I never knew what part of the wave we’d be in when the explosion occurred.

After I had qualified as a sharp-shooter by making my second hole in the target, we set out after deer through the golden

woods. I was filled with delight by the warm sun on the back of my neck, the burning red of the maples, the browns and yellows of the oaks and beeches, the intricate pattern of silvery branches and golden leaves against a brilliant sky.

"Don't make such a noise with your feet!" Alice said sharply. "There 's no necessity for going fast."

"It is n't really my feet that are making the noise," I pointed out. "It 's the leaves. I 'm walking as spongily as can be."

Alice's warning had its effect, however. Within the next hour I became the model huntsman. I prowled noiselessly, rifle eagerly clutched in hand; at some slightest sound, which the uninitiated observer would have fancied to be merely the chuckle of a chipmunk or the rustle of a breeze in a bush, I would stop as if frozen into instant silence, and balance on one foot until I satisfied myself that what I had heard was, after all, only the chuckle of a chipmunk or the rustle of a breeze in a bush. It was thrilling. There is nothing like stalking, with a great murderous gun, what you imagine to be at least a dozen caribou, only to find it is a couple of branches rubbing together in the wind.

After a while, however, I craved relaxation. I stopped and stretched, and Alice put down her gun, and we had a

little talk. We had just got to the heart of the Mexican situation when we heard a scampering noise and a couple of little thuds in the bushes behind us.

"Quick," said Alice, "there 's a deer now!" I caught the glimpse of a white tail bobbing off through the trees, and then—well, I had to think what was the first thing to do, which was to fix the handle of half a pair of shears; and after that I had to think what came next, which was to cock the gun; and by the time I was ready, the deer was only a memory of waving bushes.

But I did n't give up hope. I stalked him. I pointed like a dog; I think my nose trembled a little as I sniffed the breeze. Over hill and dale I picked my way, avoiding twigs and following the direction I was sure the deer had taken. I did n't know just what he would look like or what he would be doing when we met, but that did n't bother me. I was all eyes.

At last, when I was deciding that the deer had gone straight on into Canada, I detected him. He was sitting in a dense place in the bushes, facing me; he was hardly distinguishable from a stump. Trembling, I put up my gun. Carefully I aimed the wobbling thing. I pulled the trigger.

Crash!



"I prowled noiselessly, rifle eagerly clutched in hand"

Silence.

The deer did not rise. I had got him. Triumphantly I plunged through the thicket, and came face to face with my victim—a stump.

Disconsolately I returned to where Alice was sitting in the path waiting for me.

"I've had him paged," I reported, "and he's not in the hotel. Do you wish to leave a message for him, ma'am?"

Alice was not to be kept from the point.

"You missed him?"

"Don't let's talk about it," I said. "It was a case of mistaken identity—very unfortunate. It seems that what we heard in the bushes was not a deer; it was a stump."

Alice smiled indulgently.

"Let's go back to lunch. I'm hungry."

The whole party were sitting in the sun on the camp veranda when we returned, cleaning guns and eating marshmallows and smoking and gossiping.

"What luck?" they cried. The gun-cleaners stopped cleaning, the eaters

stopped eating, the smokers held their breath and awaited the *communiqué* from the firing-line.

We laid down our guns.

"A thin morning's sport," I announced brightly. "We bagged a couple of caterpillars; but they were little ones, and we threw them back."

But Alice remembered the incident of the freezer.

"He is modest," said she. "He shot some mousse."

"Moose!" You could have knocked the whole crowd of them over with a feather, supposing, for the sake of argument, that you had had one ready for the experiment.

"Quite so. Chocolate mousse. Two quarts of it. We're going to have it for dinner to-night."

And Alice vanished, which was really horrid of her. The joke was bad enough, but there was something worse: I had to explain what she meant. And any hunter will tell you that the hardest part of hunting is making the explanations afterward.

One Who Benefits

By E. L. MCKINNEY

"O ZLOTA LIPA, Lutzk, Péronne,
Przemysl, Ostrowa,
O Charleroi, Bapaume, Rocroi,
Dixmude, and Czenstochowa;
O Łódz, Cracow, and Petrograd,
O Halicz, Budapest,
Tsing-Tau, Visé, Breslau, Cambrai,
Muelhausen, Bucharest."

It was a care-free man who sang,
And as he swung along
From all the houses softly rang
The echo of his song.

"And art thou from the war," I said,
"Or why this raucous rattle?"
"Me—from the war!" He shook his
head,
"I never saw a battle."

"A correspondent?" "No, indeed."
"A poet?" "Can't allow it, sir."
"A strong ally? A German?" "I—
I never saw a howitzer."

"Who are you, then, you son of Mars,
Why gladly these words you fling?"

"Dear sir, I name the parlor-cars,
And that is why I gaily sing:

"O Scutari (for N. Y. C.),
Soissons (D. L. & W.),
O Ypres, Chambley (for B. & A.),
These thoughts, I hope, don't trouble
you.

For years I've struggled to keep up;
My future's now on any map.
Good-by (Sezanne, Verdun, Louvain).
Farewell (Kuestrin, Raon-l'Étape)."



A Portrait of a Lady of the Late Seventies

PAINTED FOR "THE CENTURY" BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

Illustrating "The Whims of Fashion"



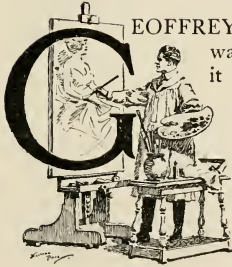
The Derelict

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

Part I. Chapter I



GEOFFREY AMBERLEY was at an age when it did not strike him as surprising that everything should happen exactly as he wanted it to happen. Probably other things, too, he thought to himself, would go on happening in the same satisfactory way, though he doubted if he should ever feel again quite the same high pitch of satisfaction and ecstasy.

It was n't only that he was happy. Other young men had been fairly well off and engaged to be married to girls with whom they were in love; but what distinguished Geoffrey's happiness was that what pleased Geoffrey should, for the first time in his life, please the rest of his family.

It is an isolating thing in a world of average intelligence to be stupid; but it is a far more isolated position—it is even a hostile one—to be cleverer than your own

family. Families are tolerant of their fools; they may be proud of, but they always resent, an intellectual superior in their bosom. Not that the Amberleys were in the least proud of Geoffrey; they merely resented him. They might have been proud of him if he had done well the things that they cared to do, but the things Geoffrey did well were the things no Amberley cared to do at all. He painted pictures; and no real Amberley would have so taken to heart the absence of approval of other Amberleys. They simply went their way; and if anybody got into it, they knocked him down.

But Geoffrey cared intensely what his family thought of him, and the things that got into Geoffrey's way could n't be knocked down. They were awkward, intangible things that stuck into his heart of hearts forever.

What he did n't like was to see anything ugly; what he did like with an embarrassing delight was to see things that were beautiful. The rest of his family did n't know what was beautiful and what was not. They had a simpler standard. If one liked pork, one killed pigs.

and there was an end of it. This indelicacy of fact seemed to Geoffrey sublime, but he never reached it. He continued to like pork and to try to prevent pigs being killed. It was an attitude that made the whole of his family suspicious of him. Lady Amberley had a private theory that Geoffrey was not so strong as the others, and always urged him to take second helpings at meals; but Sir Thomas, with sterner insight, felt that Geoffrey was morally unsound.

"Mark my words," he said to his wife, with an unaccountable flight of imagery, "one of these days Geoffrey will put his foot into it."

It was at Oxford that his foot first presented itself as off the proper course. He took a very good second, but he could no longer keep it a secret that he knew successfully how to draw. A magazine actually took some of his illustrations.

The Amberleys bore it extremely well from the moment they saw it was going to pay, but they never liked it. There is all the difference in the world between a peculiarity that takes things off your shoulders and a peculiarity that is likely to put them on; still, even the less noxious kind of peculiarity *is* a peculiarity.

Geoffrey's earnings took him to Paris, and kept him there for two years with very little assistance from a belated allowance. Sir Thomas was n't stingy, but he declined to see any necessity for Geoffrey's going to Paris when there were plenty of subjects to draw in England.

When he found that Geoffrey was really getting on, he gave him an extra hundred a year. Geoffrey did n't need it then, and there had been earlier times when he had needed it; but he wrote a suitable letter of thanks, and returned to England a few months later with a picture that had won the much-coveted Salon prize.

Sir Thomas inspected his son's work in London; he disliked it very much, but he at once bought two of the least objectionable and quietest pictures, and gave them as wedding presents to his nieces. They had to have something.

Sir Thomas understood both his other sons, Tom, who helped him with the estate and kept hounds, and Billy, who was the fast one of the family. There had always been a fast Amberley. Billy spent too much money, drank too much whisky, and liked driving unchaperoned young ladies with big hats and uncertain hair upon the front seat of a four-in-hand. Sir Thomas knew there was no harm in Billy, but a son who neither kept hounds nor caused scandals might be up to any trick.

Sir Thomas did not understand his daughters, because it is not necessary to understand girls,—they get on all right without it,—but he was very generous to them, and allowed each of them to keep a dog.

Now Geoffrey looked forward to his interview with his father for the first time in his life. Sir Thomas might not approve of French prizes or Post-impressionist art, but he would be quite certain to approve of Emily Dering. The whole family approved of Emily. His mother considered her a distinguished young woman, and Lady Amberley did not easily distinguish young women. She lumped them generally into two classes, the kind that are all right and nobody ever looks at, and the kind that everybody looks at and who are not very good for one's boys.

Emily, on the contrary, was both pleasant to the eye and yet could be desired to make one's boys wiser. Geoffrey's sisters idolized her. She chose their Mudie books for them and lived in London, and yet when she came to stay with them she walked miles and played an excellent game of tennis. She had had four hundred a year left her by her grandmother, and would be an heiress when her parents died. They were rather young and very pleasant parents, and great personal friends of Sir Thomas and Lady Amberley's; still, there was no harm in remembering that their death would set loose an indefinite supply of remarkably good investments.

The point that filled Geoffrey with surprise as well as with delight was that he

himself liked the marriage, liked with ardor, for the first time he could remember, what all his family would accept with satisfaction.

He adored Emily. She was clever and charming, and yet never gave him the impression of yesterday's cigarette ashes and insufficiently combed hair, which he had supposed were the necessary accompaniments of intellectual women. Still less did she remind him of those awful hours, under mulberry-trees, at garden parties, with some of his sisters' less enlightened friends. These young women had looked beautifully clean, but their innumerable baths had apparently washed the color out of their minds.

Emily was quite as clean, but she had retained her color. She had golden-bronze hair, blue eyes so far apart that they gave to her bright young face an air of noble benevolence, and a complexion which was made up of sun and air and very faint rose color. She would n't have fitted into Geoffrey's idea for a portrait; he preferred less prosperous and more curious types. Emily was like one of his father's favorite works of art—a very round, very ripe peach lying in a sunbeam.

"That," Sir Thomas had said to his son on one occasion, brandishing his stick within an inch of this satisfactory canvas, "is my idea of a picture."

It had n't been Geoffrey's idea of a picture, but it had very soon become his idea of a wife. He had asked his father for an interview at his club, and Sir Thomas had come up for the occasion.

"This time," Sir Thomas had said to his wife, "there 's sure to be trouble; if it was n't trouble, he would say what it was."

Sir Thomas had prepared for trouble by a solid lunch and by reading three even more solid leaders in the "Times." He was still immersed in this guide to human knowledge when he saw Geoffrey bursting into the room. Geoffrey always came into a room as if he wanted to get there, and all the rest of the family came into rooms as if they did n't.

"Ah," said Sir Thomas, "I was expect-

ing you." Sir Thomas liked to say he was expecting people when they kept an appointment which they had previously made. It crystallized the transaction.

Geoffrey should have replied:

"Yes, it is three o'clock." Instead of which he said: "It 's the jolliest day in the world; all the trees are out in the park. Don't you want the window open?"

Sir Thomas looked pained. Trees were naturally out in the park,—where else should they be?—and he was an open-air man who very much disliked any of it getting into houses. He felt that Geoffrey should have known that if he had wanted the window open it would be open.

"Well," he said a little briskly, shaking his head toward the window, "I hope nothing is wrong. You 'd better sit down and tell me all about it. Your letter asked for an interview, but you gave me no idea what it was you wanted. You know I am not fond of surprises."

Geoffrey did n't sit down. He moved about the room. He was aware of his father's pale-blue eyes following him with disapproval. Sir Thomas never moved about a room unless he wished to put something down or pick something up.

"It 's not bad," Geoffrey asserted slowly. "On the whole, I am quite sure you 'll like it. It 's simply Emily."

Sir Thomas cleared his throat.

"Simply Emily," he repeated. "I don't quite follow. Are you alluding to a musical comedy which you wish me to attend?"

Geoffrey sighed impatiently. That was the worst of the Amberleys. If you were perfectly succinct and to the point, they did n't understand what you meant, and if you gave a subject the right amount of expression, they understood it still less.

"I mean," he said, "that there 's nothing in the world I want as much as Emily, and that I 've got her. I can't explain what she sees in me, but I suppose she sees something. Anyhow, she 's taken me on. It only happened yesterday—by the Serpentine in the gardens—the wonderful bit by the bridge."

Sir Thomas gazed solemnly into the space between two leather arm-chairs.

"Has Emily Dering consented to marry you?" he asked.

Geoffrey did n't like to explain that he and Emily had never mentioned marriage. The understanding at which they had arrived had glided grotesquely over details, and had taken the form of their simply seeing themselves always together, somewhere near the Serpentine, under the trees. Geoffrey felt instinctively that this view of an engagement would hardly appeal to Sir Thomas.

"Yes, it's all right, sir," he explained; "and what seems to me awfully jolly is that you'll like it yourself."

Geoffrey regarded his father a little anxiously. Delighted people seldom look so solemnly at leather arm-chairs.

"I think you extremely fortunate," said Sir Thomas, gravely, "to have won the affection of so charming and sensible a person. One can only hope you will retain it. You have made a very wise choice, but one can hardly expect the Derings to feel the same. I shall, however, assist them to do so, as far as it lies in my power, by settling two hundred a year

what Emily herself possesses, will bring your income up to a thousand a year. It is not very much, but many people have begun married life successfully upon even less. When is the marriage to take place?"

"Oh, sometime or other, I suppose," said Geoffrey, restlessly. Of course he wanted to be married, but he did n't like the idea of a marriage taking place; it made him think of an appointment at the dentist's.

"I should settle the date as soon as possible if I were you," said Sir Thomas. "This is the last of April; June is an excellent month for a wedding. Emily will of course fix her own date, but she will not do so unless you urge it upon her. I disapprove of long engagements. She will be married from Campden Hill, of course; probably, I should suppose, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington."

"Oh, damn St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington!" exclaimed Geoffrey, unexpectedly. Quite apart from the fact that it sounded like a line of poetry, no Amberley would have dreamed of damning a church. They damned dogs, boot-laces, or butlers.

Sir Thomas was seriously annoyed.

"If you are going to approach your marriage in this tone," he said severely, "I shall doubt its ever taking place."

"I can't think why you always do doubt me," said Geoffrey, impetuously kicking at a footstool. "It's jolly unfair. You seem to suppose I don't know my own mind; and yet I always have known it, and done what I wanted with it as well."

"This is the first time," said Sir Thomas, dryly, "that I have ever known you wish to do a really sensible thing; you cannot, therefore, be surprised if I am anxious as to whether you will succeed in doing it or not."

"If Emily were sensible, I dare say I should n't do it," said Geoffrey, recklessly. "Fortunately, she's adorable."

Sir Thomas folded the "Times" carefully and laid it on the nearest table.

"You will find," he said, "in after life that Emily is even more sensible than she is adorable."



"That," said Sir Thomas, "is my idea of a picture."

upon Emily when the marriage takes place. This, with what I already give you and your own earnings, added to

"Oh, damn after life!" said Geoffrey, even more recklessly.

thoroughly, as she did everything she thought was right. Human nature was her particular hobby; but it was notice-

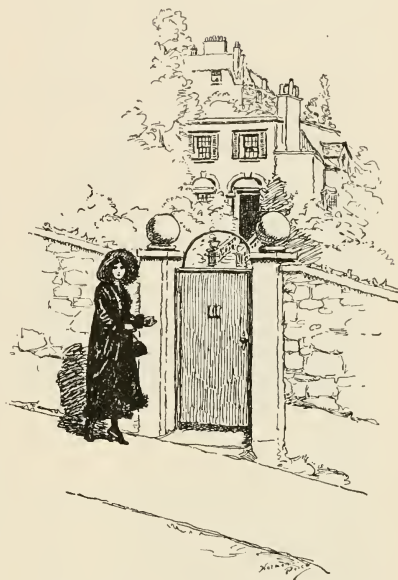
CHAPTER II

EMILY'S house was n't in the least like other London houses. It was half-way up Campden Hill, and had a little red door in the wall. If you opened the door, there was a garden, a real lawn, with velvety green turf and with trees at an agreeable distance from the windows. A bigger house in a row would have been considerably cheaper, but big houses in rows have an air of five meals a day, family prayers, and heavy balances in banks. Emily's house never reminded any one of an income or lent itself to the congregational use of prayer. You were quite safe as to meals,—the cook was French and excellent,—but they came upon you unawares, without the menace of a gong.

The house was full of flowers and light. There was very little furniture, and what there was, was unexpectedly comfortable. It would have been incredible if the house had not contained a good and beautiful woman. Strictly speaking, perhaps, Emily was not beautiful, but no one was ever strict in the appreciation of Emily; her goodness was undeniable. She was neither tall nor short, and it must be confessed once and for all that she was not slim. She paid eight guineas a pair for her stays, and was wise to do so. She had wonderfully fine hair, which managed never to appear brassy; her nose and her mouth were not good and never mattered.

But to whatever you attributed Emily's charm, it was there with all the force, and with none of the inconveniences, of an avalanche. Her radiance penetrated the house, which seemed like an advance-guard of Emily's; it hung about her clothes, which she bought with industry and inspiration once every year in Paris. They were the kind of clothes possible only to people who have command of a restrained taste and an extravagant expenditure.

Emily thought it a woman's duty to look as well as she could, and she did it



"Emily's house . . . had a little red door in the wall"

able that she generally preferred unhappy people, for whom much could be done, to happy people, who like to be left alone. The unhappy people who prefer to be left alone Emily had never had the misfortune to meet, or if she had, she had mercifully overlooked them. She had sufficient vitality to face the victims of an earthquake, but one could imagine her losing very quickly her interest in the earlier stages of the garden of Eden. When Emily was sympathetic, and she was almost always sympathetic, nothing could stop her, not even the object of her sympathy.

Falling in love had not stopped her; it had simply signaled to her as a mission the needs of less happy lovers. She would carry her personal happiness like a torch into dark places, and Geoffrey would carry his with her.

She took an enormous interest in Geof-

frey's work; when he was n't carrying a torch she expected him to be a great artist. In the back of her mind (but Emily did not often visit the back of her mind) she felt that great artistic success and torches always came from very comfortable homes. She was a little hurt with Geoffrey for coming to her on the second evening of their engagement and saying that he wanted to be married at once. She felt that marriage had nothing to do with the first principles of their future life, and that he ought to have wanted to lay a triumph at her feet. The Salon prize was a triumph, but she felt, like Sir Thomas, that she would have preferred something more noticeable in London. Geoffrey told her that he had n't any principles and that he wanted to start living.

"I can't, you see," he explained, "live without you. I want you always, all the time, and *now*."

"I see, I see," Emily murmured, gazing with her benevolent eyes into the vista of a redeeming future. Geoffrey, speechless with satisfaction, watched her. It was wonderful to be going to marry a woman who "saw."

She was n't only all beauty; she was all wisdom, a kind of divine, omnipotent olive-branch spread out over angry floods of ordinary people to encourage them with the hope that one day the floods would subside and they would all cease to be ordinary. Geoffrey explained to her how she would help him with his family.

"You 'll put me right," he said with enthusiasm. "They 'll believe in me then, and if they believe in me, I think I can get on with them better. I tried foot-ball because I had a feeling that if I did well at footer I should understand more what they wanted me to be like at home. However, it did n't do any good. I might as well have read Shelley."

"Darling!" said Emily, with a warmth that involved a close embrace; but when this had finished, Emily did not go on with the discussion about marriage.

"I shall love making them believe in you," she said. "It 's too stupid of them

not to. They 're dear, wonderful people, but they 're not intelligent; they 're simply figures in the landscape. One can't imagine Amberley without them, but still less can one imagine Sir Thomas without Amberley. I suppose Amberley goes to Tom?"

"Mercifully," said Geoffrey. "I should hate to have a place. When will you marry me?"

Emily sighed.

"I think," she said, "we must wait a little. After all, I 'm an only child; you will be in London, and we shall have such beautiful times together. I shall help you work this first critical year in London. I sha'n't be in your way; I shall stand by you and watch you succeed."

Geoffrey looked uneasy. He was n't quite sure that success followed in the wake of being watched, and he was quite sure it did n't follow in a year.

"And you 'll help me," Emily went on, "about *my* work, won't you? I have n't told you much about it yet,—we 've had so little time really to talk,—but I have a work. I try—I try to help people a little."

Geoffrey nodded. Of course she helped people. Her existence without effort must have simplified the lives of every one she knew. He told her this; Emily laughed at him. She had a distinct sense of humor when she remembered about it; but the intensity with which she brought it to mind sometimes took the edge off her fun.

"Oh, it 's not me!" she exclaimed. "It 's the things I *have*. I try to share—and now this new, this greatest thing, love! That 's my idea of life—to use all that comes for others. If we all did it,—don't you see?—half the poverty and misery of the world would be healed. I want you to help me heal it."

Geoffrey looked vaguely puzzled.

"That sounds such a tall order, Emily," he said—"the whole world! And shall we ever get any time together?"

"We shall be always together," said Emily, firmly. "It seems to me the only way of being always together."

"Oh, then you can count me in," said Geoffrey, decisively. "But you 'll have

to give me tips. I 've never healed anything yet. You ought to talk to Marcel Dupin,—he 's my sculptor friend, the one I lived with in Paris,—but he would n't have agreed with you. He had quite the opposite idea; he thought you had to keep fit, and tow your line. He used always to say to me I did n't tow it enough. He wanted me to have experiences—all kinds of funny ones—and use 'em in my work. I believe he 'd have been hanged, to learn how you feel about it, if he could have come back and had a go at it afterward. I 've never had theories. You 'll have to teach me a lot."

"What I should like most," said Emily, "is to find those who have been betrayed and lost and ruined by human love,—love gone wrong,—and lift them up again."

"Oh, don't!" said Geoffrey. "I mean, must you? People like that are such a confounded nuisance; and then, you know, when they 've got as far as that, it seems to me you may as well let 'em rip. I don't see how you *can* work them in afterward."

"It is that attitude," said Emily, gravely, "which makes it impossible. You must have faith, Geoff. Human nature has wonderful recuperative powers; the very force with which it goes wrong can be turned to set it right. I have seen it happen not once, but many times, with drunkards and the poor girls on the streets. They *can* be brought back and retrieved and made whole again; but only by two forces, faith and love."

Geoffrey bowed his head. He was very much touched and concerned. He was touched because he thought it was beautiful for Emily to feel in such a way toward the unfortunate, and he was concerned because he knew that getting mixed up with the unfortunate is very rarely safe. It is not even safe for the unfortunate. He would have seemed a brute if he said this, but he was n't sure that Emily understood that unfortunate circumstances do not always make unfortunate people, and that a certain type of person will make any circumstance, however redemp-

tive, strikingly unfortunate. Mrs. Dering came into the room and relieved him from the necessity of stating this belief.

Geoffrey knew the Derings well, but he had never given much thought to either of them before. They were a pleasant, well-bred, middle-aged pair who seemed equally happy together or apart.



" 'Mark my words,' he said to his wife "

Mrs. Dering was n't in the least like Emily; she had no charm, and she kept remarkably still. She did not attempt to congratulate or embrace her future son-in-law; she simply gave him her hand, and remarked with a faintly amused, but kindly, smile:

"Fancy, you and Emily!"

CHAPTER III

If there was a side of Emily's nature which Geoffrey admired more than he appreciated, it was her wonderful instinct for assistance. Philanthropy with Geoffrey had never taken up much time; it had been an affair of furtive half-crowns. But Emily went into the question of lame dogs with the eye and hand of the reformer. She was at direct variance with the psalmist, who suggests with cynical emphasis that it costs too much to redeem a soul, and that one should leave this particular adventure alone forever.

Emily had an undoubted faculty for making people stand on their own feet,

and it was Geoffrey's fault if he did n't care to meet them in this ameliorated attitude. He thought that Emily's protégées had had too many disasters. He could have stood one or two, though his hours with Emily had been curtailed on several occasions by the time it took to relate them; but Geoffrey felt as if people who insisted on so many troubles had made a habit of misfortune. He was therefore more annoyed than interested when Emily rang him up one afternoon to tell him of a fresh discovery.

"I've found her," she said through the telephone. "O Geoff, I've found her! It's too pitiful; I never dreamed there could be such *lonely* misery. It's very strange, too, for I was hoping that just now I might find some one we were specially meant to help together, and I am sure it is Fanny. She has simply been sent to us."

"What for?" asked Geoffrey, nervously. "I mean—who is Fanny?"

"She's just a girl," Emily said softly, "who has been cut to pieces by life. I found her in a hospital—the one I always visit. She's had a terrible operation, but when I came across her she was just going to be sent out, with no home or friends to be sent to, and no money. Is n't civilization awful? She's almost a lady. I feel as if that made it so much worse, don't you?"

Geoffrey said he did. Generally, when they were n't ladies, Emily saw them in the housekeeper's room, and he had only to hear about them afterward.

"Poor thing," Emily went on, "she's been literally at death's door. She wants to give up her old way of life now and start quite afresh. It's been so wonderful watching the new light dawn!"

"What *was* her way of life?" Geoffrey asked a little suspiciously. Emily's voice became vague.

"Oh, did n't I tell you?" she explained. "She's not been—respectable, you know. It's all been *very* dreadful, but I do wish you'd come and see her; we might think of something together. I can't quite make her out. She's strangely reticent."

Geoffrey gave a sigh of relief. Fanny's reticence seemed the one palliating fact in the situation.

"Could n't your mother take up Fanny, if she's got to be taken up?" he feebly suggested.

Emily's voice sounded as if something cold and wet had been suddenly dropped upon it.

"I think not, dear," she said patiently. "The modern mind can deal at such a different angle with stories like poor Fanny's. Besides, mother would n't like it at all. She's been a little difficult as it is. She won't let me have her to stay in the house because of the servants. Fanny is here now, but only in the dining-room till tea. You will come, won't you?"

Geoffrey agreed instantly to come, but he secretly approved of the dining-room.

Emily was very particular about Geoffrey's work in the mornings. She never interrupted him, but she thought his work would naturally be over by two o'clock in the afternoon. She always rang him up then to find out, and if Geoff could see Emily, his work always was over at two o'clock.

He hastened to the Derings', and was immediately shown up into the dining-room. Mrs. Dering was cutting out children's underclothes upon the dining-room table. It was an old oak table, charmingly narrow and gate-legged, which, though a little uncomfortable at meals, was obviously four hundred years old. It reminded Geoff of early Renaissance pictures of the last supper, and did very well for cutting out.

Emily was sitting near the open window smoking a cigarette, a thing she did only to put other people at their ease, for she rather disliked smoking. She gave Geoffrey a radiant, confident look—the look of a woman who has received nothing but happiness and security from the hand of the man she loves.

Fanny was not smoking, but when Geoffrey's condemnatory eyes rested upon her, he could not have supposed that she was otherwise than easy. Her attitude seemed to imply that it was a great thing



Fanny

to be sitting in a comfortable arm-chair for half an hour, and no use bothering much about what was going to happen afterward.

She did n't appeal to Geoffrey as a flower that had been caught in a storm,—this was the way Emily described her to him afterward,—she looked like a damaged poster.

Fanny had a peculiar and rather sinister resemblance to the Sistine Madonna. Her eyes and the long curved lashes which swept her cheeks were like a fawn's, except that they looked incapable of being

startled. Her features were singularly beautiful; her mouth, a little spoiled by its slash of carmine, was curved with the tilt of wings under a very short upper lip. She had dark lines beneath her eyes, and her cheeks were hollow and colorless, except for the usual patches of not very misleading rouge. Her hair rose over her forehead in thick, purple-black waves. It was altogether too glorious a covering to sustain a battered scarlet straw hat trailing an inevitable feather.

From her neck to her feet she was covered by an olive-green opera-cloak. It

must once have been a handsome garment, but it had now the peculiar unattractiveness of stained and crumpled velvet. She wore no gloves, and her shoes, which had very high heels, were shabby.

She looked at Geoffrey as women look who have had men as the material of their daily bread. It was a swift, apprising look, and it enraged Geoffrey. He was not a cruel man, but he wanted to take Fanny by the shoulders and turn her out into the street, where she belonged. In a world dedicated to Emilys there was no place for Fanny.

What had put her out of her place could be blamed, if necessary, afterward. Geoffrey had taken no part in any such destruction. He was in a position to cast a stone, and in so far as his mind went he cast it. Emily's happiness was safe in his hands, and Fanny's had nothing whatever to do with him.

Perhaps Fanny herself came to this conclusion, for her eyes rapidly left him and returned to the tip of her shabby brown shoes, which she was pushing into the deep carpet just to see how far they would go.

"This is the friend I told you about, Fanny," said Emily in her charming, encouraging voice. "I thought perhaps he could help us to think of a profession. Men know so much about work, don't they?"

Fanny's eyes lifted themselves again to Geoffrey.

"Some do," she admitted; but she did not look as if she thought Geoffrey was one of them.

"Poor Fanny," Emily went on gently, "has been so very ill! We don't want to rush her into anything, Geoffrey; we only want to talk things over. Before we really settle anything, I want her to have a fortnight at the seaside. We ought to be able to manage it."

Fanny looked at Emily this time.

"How?" she asked laconically. She was so monosyllabic that it was difficult to discover how much education she had had. Her voice was low, and she did not speak with any accent; but it might be worse when she was stronger.

Mrs. Dering took no part in the conversation; she looked as if the only important things in the room were the scissors and an expanse of thick, white calico. Still, Geoffrey was glad that she was there.

"Oh, a nice convalescent home," said Emily. "I had rather thought you might like Folkestone."

"The usual kind won't do for me," said Fanny; "they told me so at the hospital. They would n't take me."

There was a moment's pause. Emily smoked harder; Geoffrey looked at his boots.

"I am sure we could manage something," Emily said gently. "There are religious sisterhoods—"

Fanny interrupted her.

"I had better tell you first as last," she said resolutely, "that I can't stick religion. I don't want to be nasty about it, but I can't stick it at any price; that's the way I'm made. Besides, I've had it. Lots."

Emily flushed.

"Oh," she said, "I would n't dream of thrusting religion upon you. It's one of my strongest theories that it must come of itself, along the line of each person's nature—"

"That's all right, then," said Fanny, cheerfully. "I thought I'd better just mention it in case you had it up your sleeve. Most people who want to help you have. I don't suppose you'll find any religion along the lines of my nature, but you're welcome to look for it, provided you don't want me to go to church half a dozen times a day and bark out prayers."

Mrs. Dering paused in her cutting out.

"I think she'd better go into lodgings," she said—"nice, comfortable, quiet lodgings. Perhaps she has some girl friend she knows who'd go with her."

"That," said Fanny, alert with eagerness, "would be nice." Then she sank into her former listlessness. "No," she said regretfully, "I don't think it would do, after all. She would n't be quiet. It's different for me. You see, I've been ill."

"I know, I know," said Emily, sooth-

ingly. "It's a new life you want. I have a little cottage in the country, not by the sea; but you might go there for a fortnight. I have a nice caretaker in it who would look after you, and there is plenty to read, and a cat and a dog to play with. I'd come down for the week-ends and see you myself."

Fanny said:

"You're very kind, Miss Dering. I like animals; they leave you alone. I dare say I could stand the country for a fortnight."

A faint frown showed between Emily's arched eyebrows; her cottage was the final privilege of the redeemed. She was using it up rather early on Fanny. She turned a little less eagerly than usual to the question of a profession. Geoffrey, helped by the sound of rending calico, suggested dressmaking.

"I could n't do that," said Fanny, "for two reasons. One is, I never could sew; another is, there'd surely be trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" Emily asked a little impatiently.

"Oh, just trouble," said Fanny, vaguely.

Mrs. Dering intervened again.

"She could n't earn her living as a dressmaker," she objected, "unless she knows how, and it would take two or three years before she could be properly taught."

"Fancy!" said Fanny, conversationally. "And by that time we might all be dead. You never know your luck, do you?"

Emily had one of her swift and tender inspirations.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "how stupid of me! I know the very thing. My mother and I are interested in a little orphanage for crippled children; you might help us with them."

Fanny drew back as if Emily had struck her.

"Oh, I could n't do that!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "It's bad enough for them to be orphans; they don't want a girl like me to look after them. You don't understand, Miss Dering; except for ladies who want servants cheap and

laundries there is n't much work I could do. I'm not strong enough for factories."

"Oh, no, no!" said Emily. "But, my dear Fanny, you must be wrong. You are educated; surely we can find something more suitable."

Fanny shook her head.

"No, I'm not," she said, "not properly. We were too poor for that. I've got just about as much education as a London sparrow; about the same kind, too, I should think! If I could get somewhere and rest for a fortnight I'd be awfully grateful; heaps of people can't. I'll be all right afterward. I can look out for myself then. When I was ill and you came to see me it was jolly talking about a different life. It helped me awfully then; it made me think I wanted to get better. But, you see, it's the same life when you do get well again, is n't it? Don't you bother about it. Your friend he thinks the same as I do; he thinks it's just about what I'm good for. What's the use of thinking you can get out of things? And if you did, how do you know you'd like it? What you've had you're used to, and what you have n't had you might n't like. So there you are."

"You shall *never* go back to that life," said Emily, with intensity. "You quite misunderstand Mr. Amberley. Does n't she, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey cleared his throat. He was n't going to admit how unmistakably Fanny had understood him.

"Have n't you any ideas yourself?" he suggested, addressing Fanny for the first time. "Is n't there anything you'd like to do,—lighter work than you mention,—bookbinding or leather work, which you could do more or less independently?"

Fanny considered this question.

"Well," she said at length, "there is something I have thought of. There's a girl I used to know once; she was a model,—for the figure, you know,—and she said it was n't bad; tiring, of course, but a good deal of variety and fun in between. It would be easier for me to stick to a job if there was a little fun in between."

"Oh!" said Emily and Geoffrey, simul-

taneously; but Geoffrey said it because he could n't say "Damn!"

Mrs. Dering ripped some more calico; it made a sound like the sudden breaking of a squall at sea.

Then Emily said slowly:

"I do believe you *could* be a model, Fanny, if Mr. Amberley can tell us of any *nice* artists, and the right kind of pictures for you to sit for."

"If I'm to earn my living," said Fanny, inexorably, "I shall have to sit to all kinds of artists and for whatever pictures they have in their heads. When you can start picking and choosing it's because you don't need money."

Emily evaded this iron truth.

"There must," she said, appealing to Geoffrey, "be a great many women artists now, are n't there, Geoffrey?"

"Oh, heaps," said Geoffrey, eagerly. "I can make a list of them, and send you a few introductions."

"And, then," said Emily, with another inspiration, "you can paint her yourself."

"I thought," said Mrs. Dering, "that you told me, Emily, artists had always to choose their own subjects?"

"I have a feeling," said Emily, earnestly, "that Geoffrey could paint Fanny. Could n't you, Geoffrey?"

Quite apart from hating to resist Emily's feelings, Geoffrey knew that he could.

He had seen it, solidly seen it, from the moment he came into the room. It was n't her beauty,—he would almost rather she had been plain,—it was simply that she could be almost anything you liked, and always with that look of life in her, so indelibly stained and marred.

All her lines were histories; in the depths of her mysterious, hardened eyes were crushed and drowned a hundred secrets. She had not been easily bad; there was in her none of the dullness of the path of least resistance. She had resisted; perhaps she was still capable of resistance. Life had made her what she was, and in return had left in her firm, perfect lips, in the chiseling of her delicate, strong chin, some hint of her power to mold others. She had a terrible power.

"Is he an artist?" Fanny asked indifferently. "Well, you never can tell, of course. I should have thought he was just an ordinary man."

(To be continued)





Panniers
of the
Marie
Antoinette
period

The Whims of Fashion

By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

Illustrations by Anna Whelan Betts

IN the country, in the "provinces," it is good to come across those old albums of fashions. One happens on them, forgotten in a corner of the library, among the romances of Paul de Kock and the works of Eugène Sue, near the collection of family relics, under the plays of M. Scribe and the poems of Mme. Desbordes-Valmore. What does n't one find in a country library? A thick layer of dust covers them; their leaves have been blown about in the wind, and their covers have gone through terrible ordeals. Evidently the children of the household have amused themselves with these old albums, and after the children have grown up they have been put back again in their places, never to be disturbed again.

From their retreat I lately drew out a volume of the "Courrier des Dames," another of the "Sylphide," a third of the "Follet"—priceless discoveries. There one by one I saw the dresses my grand-

mother once wore, others that were the latest thing when my mother was young, antiquated riding-habits, waistcoats of a superannuated cut, like those of the old uncles who used to dance me on their knees and who remained faithful to them to the end of their lives. I saw once more the organdie petticoats of the time of Louis Philippe, the fichus à la paysanne, the stringed bonnets of *gros de Naples*, the flowered hats of rice-straw. What strange dresses they wore, those ladies of the time of the citizen-king! What wasp-like waists men had in those days, what masses of hair! Then there were the crinolines of the Second Empire, the abbreviated under-petticoats brought in by Princess Metternich, and the bustles, those famous bustles of the period after 1870. Whatever put it into the heads of women to encumber themselves with such a bizarre, superfluous piece of furniture? As I was marveling over so remarkable

an invention, I put my hand upon an ancient album of photographs, and there passed before my eye certain celebrities of fifty years ago: M. de Viel-Caspel in a stove-pipe hat as big as himself; the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, whose trousers were so tight that they must have prevented him from sitting down; and the emperor himself, wearing a jacket so short that it had the air of a jest.

Heaven knows this was not the first time that I had looked through an old album of photographs and fashion-plates going back to Louis Philippe and Charles X. But always on these occasions I am surprised and astonished at the same time. The fashions of the time of Louis XIV disconcert me less, I think, than those of our own grandparents, and I cannot get used to the things they took it into their heads to wear. It all seems so far away, so out of date, so obsolete, so comic, to be frank. What surprising, uncouth shapes they present! And what embarrassment, what a scandal, what a revolt there would be if we were condemned, one of these days, ladies and gentlemen, to put on again those costumes that passed not so long ago as the last word in elegance!

But it is a mistake to feel so astounded. After all, the fashions that charm us today will appear just as extraordinary to our grandchildren, and there is nothing at all to prove that our grandchildren will not return to the styles of Napoleon III. In fact, one can even say as a certainty that they will, since everything has already been tried, worn, and worn again. One can even say as a certainty that in the twentieth century no one will be able to boast that he has created anything absolutely new. The crinolines of the Empress Eugène were a reminiscence of the panniers of Marie Antoinette, and long before her time, in the Orient, women had conceived the idea of enlarging their skirts by means of hoops. In 1915—I should

say in 1912—women of fashion affected high waists and sheath dresses; but before them Mme. Récamier had done the same thing, and the dresses of Mme. Récamier were suggested by the Greeks and the

Romans. In short, like everything else, fashion is a part of the same everlasting come-and-go. We do not advance as we are so prone to imagine; we repeat our steps. In politics nations inevitably pass from republic to monarchy, only to become republican once more; in art the formulæ that are called classic replace at

almost regular intervals other formulæ that appear not to be, and so, in conformity with the universal law, tight dresses and loose dresses yield to each other in turn. For, in their main lines, the evolutions of fashion amount to nothing more, and if full costumes triumph at one moment, the scantier style very quickly gets the upper hand again. Questions of detail I leave to professionals.

Considered from this point of view the whole matter is plainly nothing if not monotonous. What really is worth noting is the reason that determines these changes—changes that are ephemeral and futile, if you like, but which, for all that, if you consider them a little, touch the actual customs and the history of an epoch. The mere whim of a fashion-designer or the fancy of a pretty woman is not enough to explain this. The one or the other of course can momentarily set the vogue in this or that detail of the toilet, revive a manner of dressing the hair, resuscitate a forgotten color, launch a new fabric. But there is no denying that where any really important innovation is in question, if this innovation has no connection with the ideas and the exigencies of the moment, it never succeeds in establishing itself at all durably. A few years ago I remember that one of our great fashion-designers conceived the unfortunate idea of wishing to make the women of Paris wear trouser-





Costume of the First Empire

skirts. Long articles were published in the newspapers intended to pique feminine curiosity. Balls and dinners were organized where only those women were to be admired who dressed according to the new rite. It finally reached the point where trousers of an exquisite design were distributed free to all those who would promise to show them off at the races. In vain. After a month of effort this magnificent project had to be given up, and the so-called "trouser-skirts" survived merely as a memory or more exactly as a myth. One was forced to suppose that their hour had not yet come.

No, fashion has very deep roots; it is bound up closely with our habits, our intimate tastes. Its variations, if we care to note them, correspond with our changes of humor, and these changes of humor are themselves the result of facts great and small, events of all sorts. That is where the interest of the question lies, fashion being in sum nothing but the perpetual reflection of our tendencies and our needs. We do not think of the costumes pictured in the album of the "Courrier des Dames," but of the people who wore them, their way of living, their environment,

their furniture, their books, the knick-knacks they loved. A coiffure, a simple collar of the time of the Duchesse d'Angoulême can, in the strictest sense, explain a certain state of mind which was not that of the preceding epoch; it can evoke the memory of a whole past age. One thinks of the influences that determined the vogue of such and such a feminine costume. These influences are innumerable, complex, insignificant and childish sometimes, but nevertheless real. Everything is mixed up in them: public events and minute happenings of the day, the appearance of new books, the success of a new school of painting, the appearance of a play or a ballet at the opera, even the conditions of life itself, and those thousand mysterious currents which manifest themselves at the same moment in all countries and the charm of which we feel without being entirely aware of them.

The subject is inexhaustible, and by laying history under contribution we are able in a sense to explain fashion by tracing it back to the very remotest epochs. But undoubtedly, as we approach our own time, the transformations and their causes become most apparent and

most easily understood. Take the nineteenth century at its outset. One recalls the modest finery, the pretty, unassuming costumes one catches glimpses of in the paintings of Boilly, the sort that women adopted during the Revolution. Money was scarce then, and it was the part of prudence not to be conspicuous. The coquettes had not forgotten to make their charms count, but at the same time they were mindful of the importance of saving their heads. They dressed discreetly. Following the Directory, a time of relative security, there was a general blossoming out. People had passed through terrible times, and they were determined to amuse themselves again, to amuse themselves furiously. They had to make up for lost time. The old society found itself scattered and decimated. New-comers had taken their place, bankers, brokers, army-contractors, all of whom, having profited by the public ruin to accumulate sudden fortunes, asked only for an opportunity to throw their money to the four winds. There was an explosion of mad holiday-making, a debauch of senseless caprices, a prolonged carnival. The orators of the Convention had done nothing but invoke Rome and the Romans; the citizen David had exalted on his canvases Brutus and Cato. Fashion, too, affected the antique. But what a strange notion of antiquity its devotees had! For Mme. Tallien or Josephine de Beauharnais it was merely a pretext for going half clothed, and nothing could have been more extraordinary than those dinners of Barras, where the women, dressed in floating tunics so diaphanous that they were virtually nude, really imagined that they resembled the Greeks of Tanagra or the Romans of Pompeii. After that came General Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, and the turbans, the scarfs, the dresses, along with the hangings and the walls, were ornamented with designs and figures reminiscent of the Pharaohs. It was altogether a surprising mixture, representing a complete and final break with the preceding age.

In 1805, Napoleon became emperor of

the French. He had his court at the Tuileries, his dignitaries of the crown, his chamberlains, his ladies of honor. Fashion immediately took its cue and turned to pomp and decorum. The styles became heavy and grandiose. For the newly made duchesses it was not merely a simple question of playing to the gallery; they had to live up to their titles, they had to be majestic.

This note was accentuated still further with fresh nuances at the return of the Bourbons. Along with Louis XVIII a part of the old court came back to France, and naturally the old court could not sufficiently show its disdain for that of Bonaparte. In the eyes of the gentlemen of the old school there was always an abyss between them and the newly made nobility. They set out to show these upstarts what good manners could be. The women especially took particular pains in this matter. They made a study of correctness, of the absolute in good form, of the *comme-il-faut*, the supreme distinction of restraint, in order to react against the rather flashy, vulgar luxury of the imperial epoch. Imperceptible touches were enough, it appeared, to reveal at once a really well-bred person, an intangible poise, a discreet familiarity of manner, a fashion of speaking in a sort of murmur, a way of placing a kiss on the tips of the fingers, at the edge of the lips, the use or avoidance of certain expressions, the observance of certain epithets in vogue that were considered as the height of good form. And this pointed manner, this sort of prudery, revealed itself as much in matters of dress as in language and ideas. Undoubtedly the mode issued directly from that of the preceding reign, but it seemed to have become unnatural and strained.

One has to come to Louis Philippe to encounter again the languid, simpering, mincing little women whom Eugène Zann and Derdira have represented in their engravings. It was the reign of the bourgeoisie, but also that of Romanticism, and the new plays, poems, and romances had an undeniable influence on fashion. From



An equestrienne of 1814



Man of the period of 1830

certain ideas conceived by Victor Hugo, designed by him, and given to the actors in "Hernani," the *couturiers* and dress-makers worked out a medieval style altogether unexpected in cut and outline. It quickly ran to exaggeration. The hair-dresser of the Romantic period heightened, augmented, and amplified everything his hands touched. The female head became, about 1835, something prodigious and immense. Those leg-of-mutton sleeves, also designed by Hugo after a portrait of Francis I, which were seen in "Le roi s'amuse," those famous crenelated toques that were eagerly seized upon by the ladies and are worn by opera-singers even to our day, those beribboned bonnets, those buskins, became indispensable appurtenances of the elegant class whose artistic preferences, in contempt of the classics, were turned toward the Middle Ages, toward *trouvères*, *chatelaines*, and Gothic cathedrals.

Romanticism declined. Louis Philippe fell, and in his turn Napoleon III mounted

the throne. Once more immense fortunes had been piled up, and anxious to react against certain parsimonious and bourgeois ways of the preceding reign, everybody felt seized with an irresistible desire to display his opulence. The sovereigns and the court set the example. They went in for bigness, for showy effects, for lavishness in everything. At last the crinoline appeared and imposed itself upon the world. It was a curious phenomenon that the larger the crinoline grew, the more the empire dominated Europe. There was no doubt that Paris had money, which it used and abused. The smart world gave itself over altogether to vanity, ostentation, enjoyment. No longer fashionable, alas! are the great wide victorias, so supple and so airy, over which flounces and peplum shawls spread themselves out ravishingly, each contributing its own special striking and varied note, from "Solferino," "Marengo," or "sang-de-bœuf" red, to "azuline" blue, "soleil" or "aventurin" yellow, and even that "Bismarck"



When Princess Metternich introduced short skirts

shade that was the rage in the capital during the Exposition of 1867. This was the year when Princess Metternich, the leader of society, introduced *basques plates*, short skirts, Polish boots, and miniature toques, the year when the *gandins* and *cocotes* wore those little hats falling over the eyes, trousers of the color of mastic, and the jackets called "pince-nez," "saute-en-barque," or "montretout," and arrayed in this fashion, with their chins in the air, and their side-whiskers floating, clattered about in their blue-and-silver cabriolets.

Certainly it was extravagant, overdone; but whatever one can say, it was remarkably droll and entertaining. All those eccentric inventions had something unexpected about them, a certain military dash, a flavor of insolence that could not fail to amuse the eye. How engaging and seductive that Paris of the empire, where it was forbidden to talk politics, must have been, how gay, how radiant, how wonderfully picturesque, enlivened by those fanciful costumes, those little Zouave waist-

coats, those military toques adopted by the women and recalling the smart uniforms of an army that had come back victorious from Castiglione and Solferino!

Let us not for all that decry the Paris of our own time or the modes of to-day, for they, too, have their charm and their piquancy. What strikes me particularly is the immense number of dressmakers and *couturiers*, who still, it seems, go on increasing. The great artists are always there, but beside them, in their train, the supernumeraries grow and multiply. And each of them to a certain extent goes his own way, obeys his own inspiration. Of course in its main line the fashion is always the fashion, imposing its usages and its new laws. But more and more every one takes it upon himself to interpret these laws in his own way, turning his own taste to account. And also more and more changes succeed one another with bewildering rapidity. Forms and models follow and vary like moving-picture views. In this respect again fashion cor-

responds with what takes place in other fields. In literature, in painting, we have the great schools, classic, romantic, realistic by turns, under the banner of which entire generations enroll themselves. Little groups are always being formed, coteries of extremists and intransigents; but they never achieve an authority that is uncontested or even of wide influence. If unconsciously, involuntarily, he is obedient to the main currents, the tendencies of his time, the painter or the writer endeavors to find an original note, to produce a work peculiarly his own; and there is certainly nothing wrong in that.

There is another point that deserves to be noted in our contemporary fashions, and for that matter in all the succeeding fashions of the last hundred years and more, the want of structure in so many feminine toilets corresponding to the poverty in architecture of the nineteenth century and our own. Before the Revolution, the most extravagant dress preserved despite all a sort of harmony, resulting from a sense of measure and proportion which in our day seems to have completely disappeared. There is as little construction in a toilet of 1916 as there is, alas! in some of our modern buildings or in a landscape of Claude Monet. In default of drawing, Monet happily possesses the gift of light and color, which is half the equipment necessary for a great painter, and this precious gift our *couturiers* have fallen heir to. To be convinced of this, it is enough to visit an exhibition of gowns at Poiret's, the youngest and perhaps the most ingenious of our great fashion-creators. The proportions will be sure to astonish you; here and there the lines will shock you: but everything will be made up for by the delightful display of fancy, the undreamed of colors, the incomparably harmonious general effects.

What dominates our tendencies of today, the most characteristic trait of our epoch, is unquestionably the retrospective taste. I have observed that fashion never does anything in its main line but repeat itself, that the Directory took its inspiration from the antique, that under Louis

Philippe people dreamed of nothing but the Middle Ages, and that the crinoline of the Second Empire had a certain affinity with the panniers of Marie Antoinette. But still in none of those periods, I think, was there anything like such a deliberate appeal to the past. It is no longer simply a question of vague reminiscences, approximate, and more or less comic interpretations. No. The *couturiers* look up and study with the greatest pains the modes of former times. At a recent fashion-show that took place in New York I saw dresses that not merely suggested, but could have been mistaken for, costumes contemporaneous with Mimi Puison and the "Vie de Bohème." There were of course certain new and ingenious points to them, but the tones, the style, the general effect of the toilets were precisely those of sixty years ago. There was also a series of Spanish dresses of the times of Velasquez and Goya, with bead embroideries, black hairnets on a delicate pink ground, balloon skirts, flat in front and back, and spreading out at the hips. Connoisseurs have been praising the Spanish painters so long that it was inevitable the *couturiers* one day or another would fall under this general influence. For they are not by any means satisfied to seek their inspiration in France. The exotic every day plays a larger part in the world. I have seen dresses that called up in every detail the splendors of the Italian Renaissance, others that had come straight out of Russia, and sometimes from farther still, from Smyrna, from Bagdad, from Teheran. Every one knows the sensation the Russian ballets created in Paris, and the transformations they have been effecting in our decorative arts. As to these costumes, in all of them one finds the same care for accuracy, or, rather, the same knowledge of the past, the same historical sense.

We must be fair and allow our epoch to have what seems best to it. Never before have people known how to study history as in our day. It has been studied on a grand scale and still more on a superficial and conventional one. People have never taken such microscopic pains over

this or that period, such and such a minor personage; they have never so penetrated into the ways, the very life of our forefathers, never so crossed the threshold of their intimate beings. A great deal has been written in all departments these latter years; but in France at least, if anything remains, I think it will be these historical works. As ever art and fashion have submitted to the same influences that have been dominant in other fields.

Is it a good thing, this taste, this really fine and profound understanding of the

past, which reveals itself even in the form of our clothes, or is it more than anything else the mark of an atrophy of the creative faculty, the sign of an impoverishment that is against nature and life? Our great spirits of the seventeenth century looked upon the Gothic cathedrals as barbarous monstrosities, bearing the evidence of a rather limited taste. Yet, when one thinks of it, perhaps this obliquity enabled them to conceive Versailles and the Salon Rouge; I do not see that our epoch is likely to conceive anything comparable to Versailles.



“ 1917 ”

The Man Who Talked Backward

By CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," etc.

ONE morning in 1890, after inquiring my way through several confusing thoroughfares in the neighborhood of the Panhandle station, I at length found myself on Vine Street, in the strange city of Cincinnati. In one hand I carried a small valise and in the other an object that would appear to be a wall-map of the United States, but which, upon being unrolled, displayed itself as a large, flexible blackboard. The valise held a supply of spare linen and a box of chalk which had several times been refilled and was again nearing depletion; and along with these few necessities was a copy of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for July, 1890, which I was careful to show to nobody and equally careful not to lose. To me it was most important.

On my way up from the station I had bought the morning papers, and now I set down the valise and rolled-up blackboard while I turned to see what the press might have to say about me. Having found the announcements satisfactory, though in certain regards a little disconcerting, I put the papers in my pocket, took up my belongings, and proceeded briskly down Vine Street.

At the particular period in history of which I am writing I had finally become of age, a fact which I remember because I had recently passed through the sore disappointment of being four months too young to vote for Grover Cleveland. As it was then early in the reign of Benjamin Harrison, I had to look ahead years and years before I could see myself casting a ballot for President. At that time adventurous grown-ups were beginning to ride the new kind of bicycle, the States of Washington and North and South Dakota were just a year old, and bangs had

grown out so that with a little pains they could be pinned back.

If I was four months too young according to my theory of the universe, I had the distinct advantage in my present vocation of looking fully as young as I was, a fact which would occasionally be obtruded upon my attention by the newspapers when they made mention of my boyish appearance or went entirely out of their way, as it seemed to me, to speak of my "frank, open countenance." Some of these yellowed clippings are now before me, and I must admit that they give me a better idea of my appearance at that time than my own memory ever would.

Following the directions of a boy, who told me that the object of my quest was a short distance up the street, I soon found myself in front of the Vine Street Dime Museum, a large building which one could hardly fail to recognize once he came in sight of it.

Before going in and announcing my arrival I paused to look with admiration upon the "front." It being Monday morning, the front was resplendent in its weekly dress of highly imaginative pictures fresh from the studio of the museum artist. In those prosperous days of the dime museum the larger establishments did not depend upon such posters or side-show pictures as the attractions might bring with them, but had their own artists, equipped with the scene-painter's outfit. As they could afford to pay salaries as high as were paid by the best lithographic or engraving establishments, they could frequently get men of no mean ability. The delicate distemper colors, worked on large stretchers with broad and fearless draftsmanship, were far more fetching than the painted side-show pictures; and

in this medium the museum artist could give rein to his wildest flights of fancy.

On this Monday morning it was evident that the artist had had to exercise much ingenuity. On the main stretcher, about fifteen feet long and occupying the central position above the entrance, was a picture of a man talking into a phonograph, and from the explosive flames which burst from the machine it was evident that the sort of language that he was using was too much for iron and steel. In large black letters was the announcement, "Stewart, The Man Who Talks Backward." In the corner was the artist's signature—Winsor McCay.

Flanking the entrance were the usual upright stretchers devoted to the same theme. These again bore announcements intended to impress upon the mind of the public the wonders of talking backward. Inside the lobby were smaller pictures lending new novelty to the usual grist of fat women, bearded ladies, and tattooed men; and most prominent in this space were the pictures of Charlie Howard's New Orleans Minstrels.

One look at this front was supposed to inform the people of Cincinnati just why they should not miss the "curio" hall that week. Museums, in the height of their glory, were run on the feature system, and the great drawing card was in the curio hall. In addition to the more familiar figures of the side-show, some overtopping and unparalleled wonder was provided to attract the hourly throngs and keep the institution working to the limit of its capacity.

At a time when there were no "movies" and vaudeville had not yet been invented the dime museum was the public's sole dependence for amusement at all hours; it was, in fact, the original discovery in popular-priced amusement and was consequently remunerative. As the museums in the metropolitan circuits were piling up fortunes for their owners, and bona-fide wonders were scarce, the whole world was drawn upon to furnish the supply, such, for instance, as Chang, the Chinese giant, and the sober-visaged Che Mah,

who was as little as Chang was big. Then, too, we had those vagaries of nature: The Ossified Man; Millie Christine, the Two-headed Girl; George, the Turtle Boy; and others in the feature class, the whole available supply of which in the United States could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands. And inasmuch as great freaks, like poets, are born and not made, these stood in a class by themselves, quite apart from the snake-charmers, the sword-swallowers, the human anvils, and others who had made freaks of themselves. The latter could be indefinitely duplicated at competitive salaries, while the born freaks were the highly paid aristocrats of the profession, unique monopolists in a necessary line. It was these that the people flocked in greatest numbers to see, while they manifested only a passing interest in the other things that served to draw out the lecture in the curio hall. One such was depended upon for the weekly feature.

As I looked up at the front and took in the significance of the artist's work it bore itself in upon me anew that this boastful building had rested its weight on me for the coming week. The press-agent had been a little daring in his claims. Not only could I talk backward fluently and spell backward instantly any lengthy sentence or combination of words that might be repeated to me, but I could—and here is where I chewed the cud of bitter fancy—I could define any word whatever, "no matter how long, how difficult, or how technical," and do the same with that.

The latter part of this claim did not suit me exactly. It is all very well to go along and do a thing to the best of your ability, letting the results speak for themselves as you have uniform and pleasing success; but it is quite another to proclaim infallibility in the form of a challenge. Pride goeth before a fall.

I cared little how far a press-agent might go in the matter of talking backward, but this claim of being a walking cyclopedia was no work of mine. This conception of me was always sprouting up, and I would discourage it as being

unnecessary. Then it would sprout up again.

However, I had no control over the conceptions the public and the newspapermen formed of me, and still less over what the museum men might do about it. By telegraphic advices received from other museums in the circuit or by the latest press-notices of one's performance, they decided a week beforehand what one was able to do, and they acted accordingly. I could see that this claim was a natural result of my doings in Chicago and Fort Wayne, especially the latter; for besides being considered an infallible speller and definer, it finally got to the point where school-children would come to me with moot questions which "teacher" had told them to ask me. On such occasions I always did my best, but this claim that I was infallible struck me as going a little too far. What if Cincinnati—and my experience in the world was sufficient to tell me that this is just what she would do—should set to work and dig up a lot of words that I had never heard before? Then I would be an egregious failure.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. I went in and announced my arrival. The manager, who struck me as being of a different type from any I had yet encountered, received me with distinct cordiality. The manager of the Vine Street Dime Museum was, in fact, one of the ablest in his line of business. He had formerly been manager of a Cincinnati newspaper,—whether of "The Enquirer" or "The Commercial Gazette" I cannot recall,—and he was the only one I ever met who would leave his managerial sanctum on purpose to express appreciation of any extra effort you had made in behalf of the institution. He kept close watch and was an excellent public psychologist.

He took me up-stairs and showed me where my station was to be. At the end of the curio hall was a stage similar to that used by the actors on the floor below. Instead of sitting with the "freaks," whose platforms were arranged around the walls, I was to have this stage to myself, and

there would be a man to raise and lower the curtain for me. Thus I would dominate the curio hall.

Left alone in this scenic sanctum, I set to work behind my curtain and fastened up the blackboard on a depiction of a corn-field which I rather fancied and which I let down for the purpose. Then, ensconced behind the wings of my stage, and enjoying the first privacy I had ever experienced within the walls of a museum, I sat down and began to take further thought upon my situation.

The museum-man who first got hold of me, in Chicago, had put me on a platform with the general run of museum attractions, being uncertain as to what he had found except that, as he confidently remarked to his partner, I was "better than the fat lady." In those first few days I was bashful and unused to the public gaze. When the lecturer, calling attention to the wonder on the next platform, caused the whole mass of people to come surging in my direction, it was about as pleasant an experience as being lynched. However, with the discovery that I could do things which excited wonder, that feeling was gradually outgrown. In the present juncture I had no such panicky premonitions, though I was still decidedly worried about the oncoming of those words.

Presently, warned by sounds on the stairs leading down from the menagerie and a thunderous scuffle coming in my direction, I knew that the first performance was about to begin. The man appeared and began working the ropes that raised my curtain. Then, after the lecturer had made a few introductory remarks, I stepped forward and braced myself inwardly for intellectual combat.

The first word that came in my direction was sufficient evidence that Cincinnati was alive to a challenge. It sounded like this, "*Chap—i—too—lass.*"

I never heard a more welcome sound. I snatched it out of the man's mouth, as it were, and as fast as the chalk would fly I had written on the blackboard: "Tchou-pitoulas; a picturesque thoroughfare in the Crescent City. It is evident that the

gentleman is acquainted in New Orleans." Stepping then to the corner of my stage and standing with my face to the audience and my eyes tightly closed, I ran through the string of letters backward with special rapidity, so rapidly, in fact, that none of them, watching the letters on the blackboard, would be able to follow me. Having done this, I reduced my speed and did it again so as to fall within the scope of the majority of the audience; and immediately I said it backward, thus: "snaelrowennidetniauqcasinamelnegehttahttnedivesityictneqsercehtnierafhguorohiteuqseruticipasaluoituohct." That is to say, if one were to pronounce this all as one word with unhalting fluency, letting the accents fall in their proper places, it would be talking backward.

From a certain premonitory silence I could see that this thing was sinking in. To my further satisfaction, I could see that the former newspaper manager, who was standing at the back of the crowd to see what would happen, was himself gazing at me with a look of astonishment. Then came a burst of applause.

This applause, however, did not give me the replete and perfect joy that it would a public favorite who had scored a triumph in his art. It is a peculiar fact that the acrobat or avowed strong man who fails in his go at a double somersault or a difficult feat of lifting has the sympathy of the audience on his side, and they are all holding their breath to help him along. His triumph is their triumph. This is so true that acrobats purposely fail in order to get the coöperation of the audience and thus achieve a greater popularity. And as to the worker in comedy or tragedy, the actor who has given the public a certain amount of pleasure can depend upon its counting to offset any little shortcomings.

But make a pretense to intellectual superiority and see what happens. The world is against you. Depend upon it, they will take a particular interest in getting you into trouble.

Now, this brilliant success with the very first word was just what I had been

hoping for; at the same time I had simply put myself under greater obligations to perform wonders. The challenge had automatically reasserted itself; and if I fell from this height, great would be the fall thereof.

I now felt myself banded against them, so to speak, and with all the assurance that I had learned from the showmen I stepped to the middle of the stage and told them to come on with their words. With readiness they came.

What struck me as unusual, and different from anything I had yet encountered, was the frequency of medical terms. I afterward learned that it was due to the large number of medical students in Cincinnati, and they had turned their attention in my direction. They were generous with such words as thoracic, phalanges, metatarsal, and duodenum, and now and then some choice specimen culled from the realm of *materia medica*. In defining these I would work in still more medical erudition, and when I had filled the blackboard I would turn on my heel and spell and say the whole thing backward with malicious rapidity. And when I had made my bow and the curtain went down I had spelled victory for that time at least.

I now retreated into a corner behind the wings of my stage and continued to live unto myself alone. I felt specially grateful to those medical students for coming there and trying to make things unpleasant for me. Naturally, a boy who, after quitting school at fourteen, had worked nine months in a drug store and tasted everything that was not poison would know all about *materia medica*. And as to anatomy, that and civil government were always my stronghold. I wished the medical students would come back. I felt confident that I knew the taste of more drugs than they could give name to.

I wished that the Tchoupitoulas man would come back, too. Naturally, a boy who had worked on the Missouri and Mississippi and been left to wander the streets of New Orleans nearly all winter on an empty stomach would be quite fa-

miliar with all that was to be learned on the lamp-posts.

Once every hour, when the theater below was disgorging the old crowd, I would come forth and face the new. Thus I spent the forenoon and afternoon, reflecting in my corner, going out and pitting myself against the crowd, and going back to reflect again. By supper-time I was beginning to feel a sense of mastery. No one had "got me," but many had tried. After a hasty meal I hurried back with growing interest and new assurance to face the evening jam.

And in those days there *were* jams. I have often wondered that those big, remodeled buildings, with their slender supports of iron posts, ever stood up under the weight of humanity that was sometimes put upon them. It was a menagerie, a domesticated side-show, and the first beginnings of vaudeville all in one, the complete and final adoption by the public of Barnum's Great Moral Show. It was replete with "scientific" interest, and always changing for something new—all except the bored and shop-worn lion, the self-engaged troop of monkeys, and the well-fed cinnamon bear. Midway between the animals on the top floor and the entirely human actors on the ground level were the "freaks" in the curio hall, and it was here the polysyllabled lecturer held forth. At a time when variety-shows were not respectable and women could not be taken to them, the dime museum, with its menagerie, its curio hall, and its continuous specialty show, offered entertainment to the whole family, and was the only recourse of the random seeker for amusement. It drew its crowds from all classes of people, and when something in the curio hall, with its thin veil of "scientific" interest, had caught the people's curiosity, they came in such numbers that the hall would be filled to suffocation before the theater below was ready for the next consignment. And it was when something came along that might be construed as "scientific" that the largest number of soberly respectable people came in to be edified.

When I got back after supper I could see that this latter had taken place. The words were of the more or less difficult literary variety, intermingled with others of a less bookish nature. Sometimes a mechanic, unschooled in such sources, would bring one straight from the inside of a steam-engine or dynamo, and nod with approval to see it properly put on the stage. The medical students, after a few dozen trials, seemed to be taking me for granted, and there would be only an occasional term of that variety.

Nothing had happened to give me pause, and at ten o'clock the day was done. As the last man followed the tail of the procession down the stairs to the auditorium, the living wonders rose and quit work. Simultaneously I put my chalk into the valise and ceased to be the man who talked backward. As I walked out of the big front door in company with my fellow-workers, the fat lady, the tattooed man, and the armless wonder, it was in the consciousness of a day's work having been well done.

On the second day things began to develop. Early in the afternoon I received a telegram offering me a hundred dollars a week to come to Buffalo. I put it into my pocket to think it over. The newspapers, having watched developments on their own account, now began to make comment.

In the pleasing course of the delightful programme of novelties at Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum a modest, unassuming young gentleman, with a frank, boyish face appears on the Bijou stage, who, in two minutes, establishes the fact that he is one of the greatest psychological wonders of the age. His mental powers are simply amazing, and his store of acquired knowledge seems inexhaustible. His name is Charles D. Stewart and he is known as The Man Who Talks Backward. Any one in the audience may select any word, no matter how long or difficult to pronounce it may be, and he will spell it backward and pronounce it backward with lightning rapidity and write its definition on the blackboard.

I read this with considerable gratification. Then I turned to see what the next paper might have to say. Here it was,—“The Cincinnati Enquirer,” October 13.

Charles D. Stewart is one of the most wonderful mental geniuses of the age. This fact was amply and ably demonstrated by the young gentleman himself in his orthographic performances before delighted and amazed audiences at Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum yesterday. He is known as the man who talks backward. Given a word, no matter how long, how technical, how difficult of pronunciation, he will with lightning rapidity pronounce and spell it backward and write it and its definition upon the blackboard. Attempts to puzzle him are frequent but futile. He seems to have the whole fund of word knowledge at his command.

There is no denying that such notices pleased me. But (the fly in the ointment) why did they pay so much attention to this impromptu defining and forget to say that my real business was to talk backward? This claim of omniscience would get me into trouble after a while. Some day I would be stuck. But here was another, a short one. This was better:

If you will turn your footsteps toward Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum, purchase a ticket, pass upward to the main curio hall and forward to the Bijou stage, you will hear a man talk backward. And it does n't sound a bit awkward either. Mr. Stewart is the only man in the world who can spell and talk backward, and students of language should not fail to hear him. Charlie Howard's New Orleans Minstrels are giving splendid shows in the auditorium.

These clippings serve to illustrate a point in dime-museum management as based upon public psychology of those days. The curio hall was what drew the crowds. I was myself, in a five-minute performance, dominating a whole minstrel show. But down on that other stage we see “variety” gradually growing popular and ready to ripen into vaudeville.

It is usually considered that the old variety-theater was the precursor of vaudeville; but this is a mistake. Nothing in the world could have popularized the variety-show at this time, reeking in the public mind with the fumes of bad cigars, the seat-to-seat peddling of beer, and the general understanding of “for men only.” It was the dime museum, run on a plane of respectability, which paved the way and bridged the gap by making variety popular. The most important vaudeville circuits of to-day and the finest vaudeville theater in Chicago were founded by men who had made their money with the museums; it was their next step in the natural growth of things. When museums were on the wane, such of them as were left tried to prolong their existence by sensations of an unsavory sort, fell into bad repute, and soon passed out.

But to continue our narrative. On the afternoon of that day, while I still had the telegram from Buffalo under consideration and was struggling against its temptations, the manager came and offered me a second week in Cincinnati. This was a startling revelation of the prominence I was achieving in the “show business.” It was unusual to place dependence upon a curio-hall feature for two weeks running.

I had now a problem to solve for once and all. Throughout my six weeks' experience, this being my seventh, I had been telling myself that I was only doing this temporarily, until I could save some money and be free to do other things. Also, in that part of my brain in which a lot of Covenanters, dead and gone, seem to have a good deal to say there were constant murmurings of disapproval and not the least appreciation of this sort of success; and that sort of spoiled things for me. And then, what was more a subject of my own interest and concern, there was that thing I had in my valise. But this was a secret and had to be kept hidden from everybody. The whole upshot was that even before receiving the telegram I had decided to let this be my final

week and then drop obscurely out of public memory. The best time to put out a fire is before it has got started.

My warm admirer on the floor below thought I was a foolish young fellow not to accept the Buffalo offer and then invade the East, especially as I could get two or three hundred dollars a week as easily as one, a price that even the educated donkeys commanded. His kindly nature was much exercised over this mistake of mine, and he no doubt accounted for my strange intractability as being one of the afflictions of genius. But, alas! I could not explain the facts to him. They were out of his line of thought, and he would not understand. I could not even tell the intelligent newspaper men; it would only start a new line of public gossip and make matters worse. The true reason, whatever I might pretend, was hidden away like a skeleton in a closet, which is to say, in the flap of my valise. In the valise was a copy of *THE CENTURY* for July, 1890, and in *THE CENTURY* was a contribution entitled "Reflections, by Charles D. Stewart." I had written them when I was nineteen, and after much casting about and final acceptance, and then a long, long wait, they at last came out in the magazine. And there were others yet to come.

Strange as it might seem, these two things, the museum and the magazine, would not get along together and agree. Mere facts in the family of truth, they persisted in giving each other the lie and pretending that there was no relationship between them. The one, blazoned on a building and asserting itself stridently in the press, and the other, in vestal attire and mute reserve, did not want to be brother and sister. Whenever they met in my mind they passed each other by and refused to speak; and they seemed to look to me, whose name was stamped on both, to give an account of myself. It was evident that I could not be the father of two such fames. One or the other would disown me. Little sister regarded big brother as an outcast, and, to make matters worse, that lot of Covenanters, who

ought to be dead and safely buried, were always rising up and taking her side.

For my own part, I could see no occasion for any such trouble. I wished they would consent to be congruous. But they would n't; and every time that magazine came out of the valise there was trouble. Those "Reflections" were insistent thinkers and would not down.

In short, that contribution in the magazine represented my goal; the other, the way I was going. One whispered to me of the East, the fabled East of my fancy, the holy land of literature that lies up and down the Massachusetts coast. And the other!

Invade the East? Shades of Whittier and Longfellow, of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, who, by the way, were all living at that time, what was this thing that I should go and do it! The *Hamlet* of the situation regarded me with accusing eyes and said, "Look upon this picture and then on this." And then I would have to admit that one of them was a satyr.

The fact of the matter, dear reader, was that literature, at least in those days, moved in select company. She abjured slang and had ideals. This being the case, I had come to a pass where I had to choose a career. It was the forks of the road; the Judgment of Paris had to be performed. Thus it was that I cast in my lot with the fair lady who is content with poverty and high ideals, and I cast from me forever the dark lady who beckoned from Buffalo and coaxed me to come on.

One very practical and common-sense idea occurred to me, however. As I was already as notorious in this particular city as I could very well become, and as it would take no longer for two weeks to pass into oblivion than one, I decided to accept the manager's offer to stay another week in Cincinnati. It was very flattering to be offered this extension; and besides, I needed the money.

And now I suppose the reader is asking, How about those words and sentences? Were there any failures in the two weeks?

Perhaps it will be pardonable to refer again to that mummified scrap-book, long deposited among the family relics with an uncle in Ohio and just recently resurrected. The final paragraph contains a record of how I was coming along. Not to include the first part would, I think, be a distinct loss to the literature of American showmanry.

"The mnemonic, orthographic, linguistic, phonetic wonder of the age," as the press-agent expresses it, is Mr. Charles D. Stewart, the accomplished young gentleman who gives an entertainment on the Bijou stage at Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum this week. He is a shining example of what assiduous practice and close study of the science of mnemonics will enable a person to accomplish. He is known as "The Man Who Talks Backward." He invites any one in the audience to call out a word. It matters not how long or technical or difficult of pronunciation the word may be. With the rapidity of lightning he spells and pronounces it backward and then writes its definition upon the blackboard. He spells whole sentences backward, showing his wonderful memory.

So far no one has given him a word he could not instantly and correctly spell backward and define. He will undoubtedly attract the attention of Cincinnati's educators, and he will deserve it.

As to this "science of mnemonics" and the "assiduous practice" it was news to me. But things have to be accounted for in some way, and as I was as unable to explain how I did it as any one else would be, I saw that I might as well let them have any theory that suited them. My business was to fill the blackboard as full as it would hold of anything the audience might suggest, turn my back to the board, and "rip it off" backward. And that's all I knew about it.

In two weeks I missed one word. And that word was *grecque*. Oh, fatal *grecque*! When that word rapped on the tympanum there was no reply from Memory's halls. I stood and waited, but noth-

ing came. It was a mere raucous sound. Finally the benevolent-looking gentleman in gold-rimmed glasses had to inform me that it was a part of a coffee-pot.

To have missed that particular word was peculiarly irritating. When as a boy I lived a while with two lone and loving sisters in the French Quarter of New Orleans, the one a widow and the other she who had been in a convent (and to whom I have paid a fond debt in "Partners and Providence"), I often made and helped to make coffee in the Creole manner in a drip coffee-pot, and the little removable strainer through which the coffee percolates is nothing more or less than the *grecque*. The realization that I had been for weeks right where that word was, that by some perversity of chance I had never happened to be on hand when it was spoken,—probably bringing in coal or putting the blower on the grate,—and that all the time it was going to be the very word which I would need in Cincinnati to make my record clear, was exasperating. It stuck in my soul like a nettle, and it is still able to scratch after twenty-seven years. It was unfair and unjust. A part of a coffee-pot, forsooth! Thus do we search far afield for knowledge the while its fragrant font is passing right under our nose.

Now that I had settled the question of my future I began to take a new enjoyment in my present situation, the more so as my uniform success, with the exception of this deplorable word, showed me that I had little to fear from the next performance. Not being obliged, like the other "curios," to sit on a platform all day and submit to the public gaze, or like the actors on the stage below to be confined to my dressing-room by a make-up, I was a peculiarly privileged member of the institution. As a citizen of two worlds I could mingle with the crowd in the menagerie and listen to people's comments as they took in the show, or I could go down behind the scenes and visit the infant donkey and his fond mama, that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Again, I could go down with the crowd

and see the show as often as I pleased, and instead of having to pay for a seat, like the rest of the world, I would receive an honored smile and a bow of acknowledgment as I passed scot-free. I could enjoy the comedian's newest joke about the "backward scholar" up-stairs; and tiring of that, I could retire to the sanctity of my own stage, a capacious private nook, and lose myself in some queer volume that I had picked up at the second-hand bookstore. Most flattering of all flatteries, however, and one not to be denied by any man even if he were President, was the tribute of the newsboy, who, as I appeared on the street, would put his hand to his mouth and say in a whisper that could be heard a block away, "Dere goes Stewart."

Preferably, however, I spent my idle hours watching Winsor McCay as he bodied forth pictorial promises for the week to come. All who are familiar with the altitudinous dreams of *Little Nemo* and the fine color world he lived in, may imagine what his creator was able to accomplish in those days when he had the real nightmares of nature to begin with.

The regulation museum of those days had three floors, the menagerie, the curio hall, and the auditorium; but some of them had a fourth floor, and this was entirely given over to the artist. Around its walls stood the sheeted stretchers newly sized with zinc white and waiting their turn with the artist. Every week the old pictures would be washed off with a sponge, and the surface would be given a new coat of white. The artist, in order to reach all parts of his picture conveniently, stood on a platform rigged with ropes and pulleys by which he could let himself up and down as on a big freight-elevator; and at the back of this, like a long chicken-trough divided into many compartments, was his palette wherein the colors, beginning with white, ran the gamut of buffs and yellows and reds and blues and so on down to black.

In such a place an artist was in a heaven of his own. His Bohemian temperament was free from all commercial harassments, and each week his latest masterpieces were

hung where all could see. Expense did not bother him. He could buy carmine by the pound if he wished or indulge in solid masses of the most expensive blues; and as to the body and hang of his brushes, he could satisfy his most artistic whim. Naturally such retreats attracted men of considerable ambition, some of whom, when the museums were on the wane, continued their careers with credit. Of much fame in Chicago was Melville, whose tropical imagination had good draftsmanship behind it. Lithographic artists of the first class have been known to go to the museum every Monday morning to gather ideas from the latest combinations in color.

Not to be omitted from a record of those days is the freak boarding-house. If the circus or theater is a world unto itself, the dime museum was even more so. As these "curios," strange people whom Nature had struck off in her most daring moods, could hardly sit around the table with the rest of the human family,—even the American boarding-house being too orthodox to take them in,—they had to have stopping-places of their own. In Chicago they all resorted to a place on West Madison Street where a motherly German woman received them as a matter of course,—the fat lady, the living skeleton, the giant, and the midget,—and maintained a bounteous table. Here in a world that did not gaze at them they settled into homelike surroundings and were comfortable in the atmosphere of their own profession.

In Fort Wayne, where there was no such metropolitan specialization, they were boarded by the owner of the museum, and a true showman's wife made them feel at home. As I was then inexperienced in hotels and generally inclined to do as the Romans do, I always went along with them; and thus, from being invited to spend the evening in the room of the Chinese midget or the What-is-it, or from meeting them all in a social hour before going to bed, I became a member of their charmed circle.

In Fort Wayne it was the custom to

gather for a smoke and a talk in the room of Che Mah, the Chinese Midget, who spoke good English, and who, perched high on the edge of his trunk, led the conversation, as became a man of wide experience and a philosophic cast of mind. Che Mah was a pocket edition of a mandarin, perfect in every detail, and with his scanty black beard and diminutive stature he looked as if he had just stepped off a tea-caddy. From a wide experience with chairs—he would have been entirely lost in a rocker and could hardly have sat on the edge without having it tip over on him—he had forsworn all such contrivances and made a habit of sitting on his trunk, which was of the extra large variety and had a flat top. Once he had climbed up here and hung his feet over the edge, he was somewhat on a level with the rest of humanity and had the sort of seat that fits all sizes of men. In public exhibition he sat on a high dais and wore silken robes with the demeanor of a Chinese aristocrat; but in his room he took comfort in common clothes, an evening smoke, and the top of his trunk.

As the lecturer had disappeared that week, and I, as a man of words, was called upon to meet the emergency,—a responsibility I would have declined were it not that Che Mah was the only one in the hall who really needed to be lectured upon,—it was I who ascended his throne, introduced him to the public, and pronounced the hourly eulogy upon his unparalleled littleness. From being his lecturer, I became uncommonly well acquainted with him, and as he was much older than I was and widely traveled, I was greatly edified by his words of wisdom. As to his size, the little girl of the household could have picked him up and carried him away, which would have been a most undignified proceeding in view of his grave and reverend countenance.

As my final Saturday night in Cincinnati drew near, and the falling curtain of that ten-o'clock performance which would forever shut me from the public gaze, I must admit that I felt a certain regret to leave it all behind. The excitement of

travel, the exhilaration of the crowd, and the electric thrill of meeting the instant situation at every performance were things well fitted to suit the spirit of youth. But in view of the fact that once I had gone back to the regular treadmill of life it was a thing to be carefully forgotten, I was already looking at it in retrospect. I have never left anything so utterly behind; for while it was yet to be dropped from the record, it was already erased from the future—a *nudum pactum* with oblivion.

I believe I could have been induced to keep on provided there had been a way of pursuing such a calling without attracting any attention. One thing and another, however, conspired from the first to push me forward. Particularly memorable is an incident which early in my experience selected me from among the veterans to make test of my "drawing power."

It was during a Saturday night jam at the West Side Museum in Chicago. Whenever the time approached for the hourly performance on the variety-stage, the people would, as usual, crowd and push toward the head of the stairs leading down to the auditorium in a general endeavor to get the best seats. Across the opening at the top of the stairs there was a strong wooden bar so arranged that it could be lifted the moment the auditorium was ready for the new crowd, and there was a man stationed here to wait for the word. On this Saturday night the pack of people was unusual. There were so many that they could not move about freely, and when the lecturer went his hourly round, instead of being followed by the usual crowd, there would simply be a jam in a different part of the mass as he called attention to the next curiosity. And, as usual, a large number had taken time by the forelock by getting places at the head of the stairs before the lecture was over.

When the people saw that the lecturer was nearing the end there was a general turning of attention toward the head of that coveted stairway, and all the pressure was brought to bear on the ones who were jammed up against the wooden bar.

As the theater below was just emptying, the man at the bar could not let it up in time to avoid this crush, because he would be turning one crowd down on top of another and there would be a dangerous jam on the stairs. On the other hand, if he lifted it now, provided he could have got it up at all, the people in front, being suddenly released, would be projected pell-mell down the stairs, with the others on top of them; and the ones behind could not be got to move back because they were held tightly in place by the crowd still farther back. Meantime the ones pinioned against the bar were undergoing a painful experience and becoming excited; a woman was becoming hysterical, and the man at the bar was trying to keep them quiet in order to avoid anything that would start a panic.

Sitting on my platform at the other end of the hall, I was unaware of the seriousness of the situation till suddenly the manager, a decisive little man who would have made a good mate on a steamboat, came running back on the platforms and jumped down in the clear space behind the crowd. I heard him say "Stewart," and as he caught my attention he snapped his fingers and said, "Start something." It did not take me long to gather that there was some reason for quick action. I jumped up and, to the best of my ability, started a sensation in the world of words. While I announced in stentorian tones the wonders I was now going to perform, I called attention to the blackboard; and as there was no one to pro-

pound words to me, I propounded a few to myself. The ones in the rear, thinking something unusual had been missed, began coming back; and as I kept up my sensational demonstrations to the crowd about me there was a general drift in my direction. The man at the head of the stairs took the opportunity to lift up the bar, and a large part had made their escape down the stairs before the rest had discovered the hoax.

In the Twin Cities I was not aware of achieving anything more than museum prominence, there being a great difference in cities in this respect. It was when I struck the intellectual belt at Fort Wayne, Indiana, that I began to feel myself spreading; and when it was seen that I was running in successful competition with such an attraction as Che Mah, my fame preceded me to Cincinnati. And there I came into that prominence which, by making me take serious thought, drove me out of the business.

Yes, I can still talk backward. There have been few times, however, in the last quarter of a century when I have done it, which shows that I did not deserve the credit of "assiduous practice."

The friends of those days who knew that I did it are many of them dead, and the rest are scattered we know not where. The scrap-book is yellow with time, and the papers from which the clippings came were long ago buried deep under the daily snow of news. Time hath a wallet at his back, and in it is yesterday's newspaper.





Mr. and Mrs. William M. Chase

William M. Chase: the Man and the Artist

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

IN consideration of a painter's art two phases are involved—its influential or historical interest and its intrinsic value. The first is concerned with the impress a man has left upon his time, the direction his personality may have given to the trend of art; and the other with the pleasure-giving quality of the canvas itself.

William M. Chase influenced American art profoundly as an original painter expressing himself in a new way at the time when contemporaneous painting was in that period of candy-box art which produced Bouguereaus and Lord Frederick Leightons; as a teacher of an enormous number of pupils from all over the country; and as a juror serving upon the committees of most of the important exhibitions for the last thirty-five years, forfeiting by that unselfish allegiance to the cause

of art his own eligibility to medals and prizes.

On the other hand, the influences that worked upon him and went to form his individual style are interesting not only because of the part they played in his own artistic destiny, but because they are concerned with the great transition period of modern art. When the talented young American boy was a student in Piloty's studio in Munich he painted brilliant old masters. His particular gods then as afterward were Hals and Velasquez. From that stage he passed to that significant period when, in the language of criticism, he "found himself." That he was deeply influenced by the Spanish masters and by the introduction of Eastern art in the form of the Japanese print all painters and students of pictures know. The influ-

ence of Dutch art is noticeable in his treatment of interior subjects; that of the French painters Villon and Chardin in his still life, a form of art that he made peculiarly his own. From Manet and Whistler he also imbibed points of view; but the thing that developed out of these influences and associations, this opening out of new vistas, was so essentially his own that one always identifies as such not only a real Chase, but anything in the manner or imitation of one. More than one pupil has never got beyond the stage of making little Chases.

The direct influence of Japanese art upon Chase is obvious in the decorative use of the kimono-clad figure, the Japanese arrangement, the manner of introducing Japanese color notes. The indirect influence, in eliminations, in color composition, and in pattern, is infused into the very fiber of his art. The Spanish suggestion is less definite. In the painting of face, hair, or figure, in the treatment of the actual Spanish subject, in the masterly handling of blacks and whites, one glimpses the Velasquez lesson; but the trail that contact with the art of Spain left upon the painter's imagination is something less specific than the influence of any one painter, however great. It is an essence as light and elusive as the rhythm of a Spanish dance.

The artist's material may be found anywhere; the subject exists in the eyes of the painter. It becomes art when he shows us how he has seen it. The lay mind does not imagine the ancient fish-basket to be a paintable object; yet there is one in a Chase canvas, allied to a pink fish and others, proclaimed with subtle brushes of rose and brown, that is as unforgettable to the artist or student as a Botticelli Madonna is to the sentimentalist. But fish are of the wonders of the sea, miracles of light and color. Few painters could discover the possibilities of the too neighborly seaside cottage as a subject; yet Chase has so treated a group of these drearily trim little houses that they have the light charm of a Japanese print.

In his portraits the type of the subject

or the costume often influenced the point of view, as in the picture of his daughter Dorothy. The old costume of rose-colored satin seemed to suggest the eighteenth-century pose and atmosphere. The texture of satin is ever fascinating to the painter. In the good modern canvas it is often beautifully handled, crisp, clean, sharp, and fine, with all its play of light felt and recorded; yet often, despite that fact, it remains the material of the shop-window, whereas the satin gown in a Chase portrait has the dignity and distinction of an immemorial fabric.

Although remarks concerning the so-called "soul" of the subject, that mysterious thing which is supposed by picture-lovers with the emotional and literary point of view to be impaled upon the canvas, somewhat disturbed the serenity of Chase, he was willing to discuss it in his suggestive fashion with the pupil not yet free from sentimental yearnings.

"Do not imagine that I would disregard that thing that lies beneath the mask," he said; "but be sure that when the outside is rightly seen, the thing that lies under the surface will be found upon your canvas."

The proof lies in his portraits. Less startlingly than Sargent, but not less convincingly, he was able to catch the personality of his sitter. In the portrait of Clyde Fitch, painted from memory after his death, in those of Emil Pauer, of the late Dean Grosvenor, of Mr. Gwathmey, and of Louis Windmüller, to cite a few examples, he has presented not only quietly brilliant bits of virtuosity, but portraits in the truest sense of the word.

In formulating Chase's most obvious contribution to the development of art, one would naturally state first his introduction of and emphasis upon the value of still life as material for the painter, and his masterly demonstration of the painting of interior light; more directly, with his pupils, his reiteration of the fact that a painter's first consideration must always be the purely technical side of painting; and his insistence upon what is in truth the very spirit of Greek art—the joy of



Portrait of Mrs. Chase

the creative impulse, the reflection of which should inform the slightest sketch as well as the finished picture. "You must enjoy what you are doing if others are to enjoy it with you," he often used to say to his pupils.

In a final consideration of Chase's art itself one must decide that this painter's most distinguishing qualities are his style, rarest of gifts, and his use of color, including his painting of blacks and whites.

But essential artist that he was, he was ever humble before the great spirit of art. In his mind there remained always the distance between his ideal and his achievement, a deep feeling beautifully expressed once when, after showing a number of his pictures to a guest, he pointed to a blank canvas. "But that is my masterpiece," he said—"my unpainted picture."

In a special sense Chase belongs to America. Born in Indiana, with real Americans for his ancestors, except for his student years in Europe and his frequent visits to the Old World to gain contact with its art and atmosphere and to pass on the appreciation of it to his pupils, he spent all of his life in America. He studied first

in Indianapolis with Benjamin Hayes, and after that two years in New York with J. O. Eaton. In St. Louis, to which he went next, he was specially struck by the work of an artist who had studied in Munich, and when some interested patrons furnished the opportunity for the young painter to go to Europe, he chose the Bavarian city.

"The best place to study is anywhere," he remarked characteristically, adding, "I went to Munich instead of to Paris because I could see wood in Munich instead of frittering in the Latin merry-go-round."

In Munich he immediately attracted the attention of his master, Piloty, then reckoned one of the greatest of living painters, but aroused his ire when, in a prize competition in which the subject to be treated was Columbus, he placed the figure of the great navigator with his back to the spectator, which was young Chase's manner of showing his contempt for the popular historical subject of the time. The picture took the prize, but Piloty forced his pupil to make a second sketch. In this he consented to reveal a glimpse

of Columbus's face. Both of the sketches are now the property of Mrs. Chase, and give a most interesting foretaste of the painter's characteristic quality. Piloty was so much interested in his American pupil that he furnished him with a studio and all possible means for making a large, complete picture from the Columbus sketch; but the inventive Chase finally escaped the unloved task by persuading his master that he could not properly deal with the great subject until he had visited Spain and seen the people in their native environment. Before he left Munich, the

gifted pupil was commissioned by Piloty to paint the portraits of his five children.

Of the painters who were Chase's companions at different periods of his career, the only one whose influence is in any way perceptible in his art was Whistler. Of their association, concerning which Chase remarked that they invariably bade each other an eternal and wrathful farewell at night, to be reconciled and unable to part with each other the next day, much has been told and written. Nothing in the annals of the career of the eccentric Whistler is more entertaining than the action and reaction of the minds of these two wits, both painters, upon each other.

Whistler at last became permanently offended with Chase for taking up and using for exhibition purposes his own epithet, "A Monstrous Lampoon," for the famous Chase portrait of Whistler. Later, when an American friend, calling upon Whistler in London, said to him, "Why, you have a hat like Chase!" Whistler, with a blank stare, replied: "Chase? Who is Chase?"

Chase always recounted with great relish the tale of Whistler's delicately poisoned rapier-thrusts. He was too utterly devoid of petty vanity himself to be disturbed by conflict with the egotism of another artist. When the violinist Wilhelmj came for his first sitting at Chase's studio he was kept waiting a few minutes. The artist arrived, to find the virtuoso in a temperamental state of excitement.

"Do you realize," Wilhelmj violently demanded of the painter, "that my time is worth a thousand dollars a minute?"

"Indeed," replied Chase, instantly, without a change of expression. "Mine is worth two thousand."



Portrait of Piloty's son, from the painting by William M. Chase

Although a peaceable person, Chase had in his nature a great capacity for righteous indignation. The demand for justice was one of his beautiful qualities. Yet his psychological processes were such that the results of his acts were not infrequently in ludicrous contrast with his eminently praiseworthy intentions. A typical adventure of this sort befell him in Madrid.

He had heard a great deal of the cruelty of the Spaniard to animals, stories to which the painful sights of maltreated horses and donkeys usual in Latin countries had given corroboration. One of the tales that had particularly inflamed him was a statement that the Spaniards were in the habit of giving a small quantity of poison to dogs, but not sufficient to kill, in order to amuse themselves with the sight of the animal's suffering. Whether true or not, the story made a great impression upon the artist's mind. One day as he was passing a house in Madrid a dog, frothing at the mouth and contorted in apparent agony, tumbled out of a doorway, accompanied by a pursuing crowd of men. The painter's humane indignation being instantly aroused at this horrid proof of the truth of the tale, he acted swiftly. Mercy demanded that the animal be put out of its misery at once. He raised his cane, and with strong and unerring aim brought its head down upon the animal's skull, promptly ending its supposed sufferings forever. But the result was a mob, much tumult, an angry and threatening babel of voices in an unknown tongue.

Upon the sea of this picturesque, but not reassuring, mob Chase was borne along the narrow street until they chanced upon a circus tent. At its door stood a ticket-man who was able to act as interpreter, and then it was revealed that the



Mr. Chase and his son Roland Dana Chase

dog had been suffering merely from a common fit, and however he may or may not have been treated in life, he was now, it seemed, passionately mourned by his outraged master, whose grief demanded that Chase fight a duel with him on the spot. A sort of truce was patched up, and the painter was allowed to go home; but that afternoon he received an invitation to visit a certain café in the evening in order to discuss the matter further. It became evident that the idea of vengeance still possessed the mind of the bereaved dog-owner.

Now, Chase was a crack shot. He accepted the invitation to the café, and while they sat there in clouds of smoke, to the accompaniment of guitars, he amiably amused his audience with exhibitions of his skill,

such as cutting a thread with a shot, shooting a tiny tack suspended from a moving string, and splitting a card placed edgewise in a crack in the wall. And as the enthusiasm of his audience waxed greater, from the tail of his eye he saw his enemy shrivel against the wall. It was clear that he had lost all desire for a contest of arms with the painter. Chase heard no more of the duel of the dog.

In Chase artist and man were engagingly mingled. It was never certain which would come uppermost, the unhuman detachment of the artist or the entirely human side of the man. Those moments in which the painter displaced the man at the very times when man might have been expected to remain uppermost resulted in some extraordinary situations, as upon the occasion of his eldest daughter's wedding, when he decided to have the drawing-room pictures rehung about an hour before the ceremony. Up to the very day of the event the painter had refused to accept his daughter's engagement as serious, much as he liked the young man of her choice.

"That child to be married! Absurd! nonsense!" was his only remark when details of the approaching ceremony were mentioned to him. But when at the very last the realization came that little "Cosy" actually was to be married, the first form that awareness took in the painter's mind was that art's tribute to the occasion should be impeccable. Accordingly his most severe and concentrated attention was bestowed upon the arrangement of the pictures, his own and those of other painters. The result was dissatisfaction. He decided to have them all changed. But when this imagined improvement was accomplished, his final verdict was that they had, after all, been better as they were. Hastily recalling his man in the act of removing the step-ladder, he ordered them all replaced in their original positions. In the ardor of this task a pot of palms that proved to be abnormally full of earth was overturned upon the carpet, and a great deal of dried Christmas green—for it was holiday-time

—was scattered upon the floor and corduroy-covered furniture, where it clung tenaciously. When the mother of the bride, only partly forewarned by the sounds of scratching and scraping from below, descended the stairs to take a last look at the drawing-room before the arrival of the wedding guests, she silently and swiftly removed her pearl-gray gloves and spent the remaining moments in a greater activity than she had expected.

Practicality has never been one of the most strongly marked characteristics of the artistic temperament. Chase was addicted to impulsive hospitality, but that day when, having carelessly stated before going to his class that he had invited two students to lunch, he brought home seventeen was one remembered for some time afterward by the painter's wife, for it happened at Shinnecock, where markets do not lie around the corner. Another example of the artistic reaction upon the squalid facts of life was displayed at one of those periods, usually recurrent in artist's lives, when a temporary economy seemed desirable, and it was judged wise to part with some pictures out of his large and valuable collection. To this martyrdom the painter gloomily consented. He came home from the sale as from a funeral and would not be comforted; but one day not long afterward he returned to his family in excellent spirits. They were not surprised when the explanation proved to be that he had bought back several of his choicest art treasures—at a considerable advance upon the price he had sold them for.

Chase's home life was one of special harmony. Although an extremely nervous man, he never seemed disturbed by the presence of his children even in his studio, perhaps because they understood well how to keep their freedom from becoming intrusion. Between him and his youngest son, Roland Dana, a peculiar sympathy existed. Whether the boy becomes a painter or not, he has had from the first an innate understanding of art. One time after he had been posing for some time his father said to him, with that

princely generosity of artists more limitless than that of kings, "Now, my son, to reward you for posing so nicely, you may choose any one of my pictures that you want for your very own." And the boy, true son of his father, chose a Vollon still life. The painter's delight in his son's discrimination was greater than any disinclination he might have felt at parting with one of his most cherished possessions.

Chase's marriage was a peculiarly happy one. Alice Gerson, the daughter of a family well known to the artists and writers of the day, became the wife of the successful painter several years her senior when she was a very young girl, and surely no woman ever more completely filled a man's life than she did his. That he valued her criticism as he did that of no one else is well known to their friends, but the countless ways in which her devotion has contributed to his success can never be fully enumerated. That aside from the question of human happiness she made to a great extent his art expression possible there seems little doubt. Many times in the history of artists has the light of genius been obscured and expression thwarted by an antagonistic or destructive environment. It is no reflection upon the inevitableness of this painter's gift to



Portrait of Whistler

say that his was a nature peculiarly dependent upon harmonious surroundings. In addition to the usual susceptibility of the artist, he had a nervous organization

that made it possible for his mood—that mood of receptive serenity so essential to the working of the creative spirit—to be easily disturbed. So completely was he aware of this psychologic fact that he used to warn his pupils against the spirit of controversy in art. "I would cross the street to avoid discussing art with a man I disagree with," he used to say. For while no man was more broad-minded than he in admitting the value of various phases of art, he did not believe in argument, once the painter's own creed and convictions were fully established. And it seems more than probable that Chase's art might not have come to the full and varied expression it has had if not been for the all-encompassing protectiveness, the unflinching coöperation and sympathy, of his wife. She built around him a wall that defended, but never restricted; a barrier that he might pass at will, but through which things hostile and antagonistic could not reach him. And if the absorbed artist was often unaware of the specific act, he was fully aware of the atmosphere created about him, and gave in return not only an amusingly abject personal dependence and an unreserved artistic deference, but an absolute and truly romantic devotion to his wife. When asked once why he specially singled out a certain daughter as a subject and companion, the painter finally replied, after a moment's reflection: "Why, I don't know. She very much resembles her mother."

As a teacher Chase was extraordinary. There are comparatively few painters who do not actually dislike teaching, and among those who do not the majority are men whose gift is rather for theory and analysis than for expression with the brush. With Chase the case was entirely different. He loved to teach, but his criticism was always a painter's criticism, suggestive rather than explicit. "Try to think of it as if it were something else," he would say to the pupil using water-color in the conventional, tinted water-color manner. "Could you see as much as that?" he asked a pupil too faithful in detail. And

to the honest young student in the museum who said she did not like the Manet "Woman with the Parrot," his kindly, amused remark: "No? Oh, but you will," was always remembered as a starting-point. Concerning those things that can come only with the growth of perception he did not instruct, but left to time. To the pupil with a tiresome literal manner who needed a vigorous shaking-up he spoke more incisively, but never unkindly. The weapon of ridicule I believe he never used. Indeed, more than one unpromising pupil who seemed in student days utterly lacking in the sense of art has somehow, under his inspiring influence, become a real painter.

The style that was the magic and secret of his brush had its evanescent counterpart in his wit. Some of the flavor of his utterances may escape in print, for he had also the actor's gift of giving point and effect to his utterances. Much lay in the implication and inflection, but the point was also always there, light, keen, and penetrating.

A neat aphorism, somewhat too quotable, but none the less true, informs us that art is the reflection of life. Perhaps more precisely art is life seen through the medium of a personality. In the case of painting it is the exterior beauty of the world as seen by the eyes of a painter. Beauty, it is hardly necessary to explain in these days of the eccentric, grotesque, and decadent in art, does not mean obvious beauty. The sin of prettiness against which William Chase revolted was the vice of the Victorian age. Before he died he came to inveigh with equal consternation against the sin of meaningless ugliness and inept pretentiousness rampant in the secession art of the hour.

"Try to queer your composition somehow. See it in some way in which it would never occur to you to approach it," he used to say to the conventionally minded pupil, hoping to jog the routine mind out of its rut. But such "queering" of composition and everything else as has run riot for the last nine years in Europe and the last three or four in America was

surely the farthest thing from the imagination of this intrinsically sane painter.

"I have often thought that those old Dutch painters were fortunate in having such ugly subjects," he would say in his talks to students; but that was before the day of ladies with one eye and no mouth, executed as with the ill-regulated brush of the five-year-old, and solemnly or insincerely signed by the mature painter.

The long list of his pupils includes Lydia Field and Ellen G. Emmet; F. Luis Mora; Eugene Paul Ullman; Dora Wheeler Keith; Lucia Fairchild Fuller; Gifford and Reynolds Beal; Irving R. Wiles, now one of the foremost American painters; M. Jean McLane; and C. W. Hawthorne.

In addition to the help of generous criticism, Chase has assisted pupils in many ways that are not generally known. He was a generous patron of the arts, buying not only the pictures of many other artists, but those of his own pupils at the beginning of their careers, when such recognition meant everything to them.

The debt of American art to William M. Chase has yet to be computed in its entirety. It will gather interest with the years. And though it may seem that he went before his work was finished, since up to the last it had gained steadily in quality, in that fact of its unimpaired excellence there is consolation. Too often has the great master's work deteriorated in his later years, whereas Chase's last portraits, such as that of Mrs. Eldrege Johnson, of Mr. Gwathmey, and of his daughter Dorothy, are among his finest canvases.

A few days before he died he sent for his friend and pupil Irving R. Wiles, the only person outside the family to see him during his last illness. Although very weak and near the end, he had sent to his studio for some pictures which he requested to have hung upon the wall. "I think Wiles would like to see them," he said. A painter in and through his innermost soul, that last most characteristic act has a touching significance to those who knew and loved him.



How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla

By GILBERT FRANKAU

TO the lower hall of Valhalla, to the heroes of no renown,
Relieved from his spell at the listening-post, came Rifleman Joseph Brown.
With never a rent in his khaki nor smear of blood on his face,
He flung his pack from his shoulders, and made for an empty place.

The Killer-men of Valhalla looked up from the banquet-board
At the unfouled breech of his rifle, at the unfleshed point of his sword;
And the unsung dead of the trenches, the kings who have never a crown,
Demanded his pass to Valhalla from Rifleman Joseph Brown.

"Who comes, unhit, to the party?" A one-legged corporal spoke,
And the gashed heads nodded approval through the rings of the endless smoke.
*"Who comes for the beer and the woodbines of the never-closed canteen,
With the barrack-shine on his bayonet and a full-charged magazine?"*

Then Rifleman Brown looked round him at the nameless men of the line—
At the wounds of the shell and the bullet, at the burns of the bomb and the mine;
At the tunics, virgin of medals, but crimson-clotted with blood;
At the ankle-boots and the puttees, caked stiff with the Flanders mud;
At the myriad short Lee-Enfields that crowded the rifle-rack,
Each with its blade to the sword-boss brown, and its muzzle powder-black.

And Rifleman Brown said never a word; yet he felt in the soul of his soul
His right to the beer of the lower hall, though he came to drink of it whole;
His right to the fags of the free canteen, to a seat at the banquet-board,
Though he came to the men who had killed their man with never a man to his sword.

*"Who speaks for the stranger rifleman, O boys of the free canteen?
Who passes the chap with the unmaimed limbs and the kit that is far too clean?"*
The gashed heads eyed him above their beers, the gashed lips sucked at their smoke;
There were three at the board of his own platoon, but not a man of them spoke.

His mouth was mad for the tankard froth and the biting whiff of a fag,
But he knew that he might not speak for himself to the dead men who do not brag.

A gun-butt crashed on the gateway, a man came staggering in;
His head was cleft with a great red wound from the temple-bone to the chin,
His blade was dyed to the bayonet-boss with the clots that were scarcely dry;
And he cried to the men who had killed their man:

*"Who passes the rifleman? I!
By the four I slew, by the shell I stopped, if my feet be not too late,
I speak the word for Rifleman Brown that a chap may speak for his mate."*

The dead of lower Valhalla, the heroes of dumb renown,
They pricked their ears to a tale of the earth as they set their tankards down.

"My mate was on sentry this evening when the general happened along,
And asked what he 'd do in a gas-attack. Joe told him: '*Beat on the gong.*'
'What else?'

'Open fire, sir,' Joe answered.

'Good God, man,' our general said,
'By the time you 'd beaten that blood-stained gong the chances are you 'd be dead.
Just think, lad.' 'Gas helmet, of course, sir.' 'Yes, damn it, and *gas helmet first.*'
So Joe stood dumb to attention, and wondered why he 'd been cursed."

The gashed heads turned to the rifleman, and now it seemed that they knew
Why the face that had never a smear of blood was stained to the jawbones blue.

"He was posted again at midnight." The scarred heads craned to the voice
As the man with the blood-red bayonet spoke up for the mate of his choice.
"You know what it 's like in a listening-post, the very candles aflame,
Their bullets smacking the sand-bags, our Vickers combing your hair,
How your ears and your eyes get jumpy, till each known tuft that you scan
Moves and crawls in the shadows till you 'd almost swear it was man;
You know how you peer and snuff at the night when the northeast gas-winds blow."
"By the One who made us and maimed us," quoth lower Valhalla, "*we know!*"

"Sudden, out of the blackness, sudden as hell, there came
Roar and rattle of rifles, spurts of machine-gun flame;
And Joe stood up in the forward sap to try and fathom the game.
Sudden, their shells come screaming; sudden, his nostrils sniff
The sickening reek of the rotten pears, the death that kills with a whiff.
Death! and he knows it certain, as he bangs on his cartridge-case,
With the gas-cloud's claws at his windpipe and the gas-cloud's wings on his face.
We heard his gong in our dugout, he only whacked on it twice,
We whipped our gas-bags over our heads, and manned the step in a trice;
For the cloud would have caught us as sure as fate if he 'd taken the staff's advice."

His head was cleft with a great red wound from the chin to the temple-bone,
But his voice was as clear as a sounding gong, "I 'll be damned if I 'll drink alone,
Not even in lower Valhalla! Is he free of the free canteen,
My mate who comes with the unfleshed point and the full-charged magazine?"

The gashed heads rose at the rifleman o'er the rings of the endless smoke,
And loud as the roar of a thousand guns Valhalla's answer broke,
And loud as the crash of a thousand shells their tankards clashed on the board:
"He is free of the mess of the Killer-men, your mate of the unfleshed sword;
For we know the worth of his deed on earth, as we know the speed of the death
Which catches its man by the back of the throat and gives him water for breath;
As we know how the hand at the helmet-cloth may tarry seconds too long
When the very life of the front-line trench is staked on the beat of a gong.
By the four you slew, by the case he smote, by the gray gas-cloud and the green,
We pass your mate for the endless smoke and the beer of the free canteen."

In the lower hall of Valhalla, with the heroes of no renown,
With our nameless dead of the Marne and the Aisne, of Mons and of Wipers town,
With the men who killed ere they died for us, sits Rifleman Joseph Brown.

From the Life: Thomas Wales Warren¹

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-Eaters," "Don-a-Dreams," etc.

PEOPLE have to be governed seven days in the week, and although this was a Sunday, and a hot July Sunday, Warren was at his desk. Not, however, Justice Thomas Wales Warren of the Supreme Court of the United States. Not yet. Not even Thomas W. Warren, United States Attorney-General and "Warwick, the King-maker" at Washington; but "Tom" Warren, attorney-general of his native State, unknown to the national cartoonists, obscurely engaged in local politics, foreseeing his conspicuous future as little as a man foresees the view from the top of a hill which he is with difficulty climbing.

Within twelve hours he was suddenly to decide that he would not follow the open road to that hilltop; that he would make an adventurous short-cut to it over the steepest obstructions. Of this decision he was at the moment unaware. But it is because of the decision and the circumstances impelling him to make it that I wish to "do" him on this otherwise commonplace and outwardly uneventful Sunday. Tom Warren crossing the Rubicon! A historical moment, fraught, as the historians say, with mighty consequences.

I do not need to describe him; he had already the rather repellent features that have since become familiar to the American people. But I should like to explain that some of his features quite belied him. He had not yet his famous mummified appearance, with the bony nose of a Pharaoh; but he had begun to look parched, and his dark skin was dry and leathery. This was not an indication of any moral evil: it was due to indigestion; poverty had ruined his stomach in his youth. Also, he had the deep furrow between his eye-

brows that the caricaturists have made a sinister feature of his face; and he had the weasel-mouthed, weak look that they exaggerate in his lower jaw. But the furrow was not really sinister. In its origin it was a harmless pretension. He had contracted it at law school, listening to lectures with an intense expression of attention that had been designed to impress the lecturer with his studiousness. He had long since ceased trying to impress any one,—quite the opposite,—and now when he was most attentive he looked most bland and blank.

As for his weak lower jaw, if, as he sat at his desk there, you could have drawn back his lips to bare his teeth, you would have found that the lower jaw was closed up inside the upper one almost to the palate. And that was a malformation of the mouth that he had unwittingly forced upon himself in the struggles of his ambitious boyhood, when he had lived with his jaws clenched, literally, dramatizing to himself his wrestle with adversity, consciously assuming a pose of determination to succeed, and biting his jaws together as if he were fighting physically while he studied; or when he was threshing around his unheated room at night to get warm before he went to bed; or, in later years, when he was facing any opposition to his advancement. It was not a weakness in his mouth; it was rather a pathetic sort of strength. It now showed chiefly when he confronted any serious problem of policy that had to be grappled with in the secrecy of his private sessions with himself.

He was already growing bald,—indigestion again,—but he wore a toupee. This toupee he had taken off because he was hot, and it lay on his desk-blotter be-

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fore him, like the scalp of an enemy. He was apparently studying it, crouched forward on the arms of his desk-chair, with his hands clasped in a loose entanglement of his long fingers. And his tight little skull shone with the gloss of a coffee-colored ostrich-egg in the warm gloom of his old-fashioned library, its windows covered with Venetian blinds that showed between their slats the green glow of locust-trees and sunlight outside on his lawn.

If you could have put your face down between him and his toupee, you would have seen that his eyes were focused on nothing nearer than the center of the earth. He was concentrated on an invisible perplexity. And his problem was this: a county sheriff in the town of Middleburg, in the southern extremity of the State, had telephoned to the governor that the farmers of the district were arming to come into Middleburg that night to break open the jail and lynch some negroes. The governor was out of the State, on his way East to a political conference, and the sheriff's warning had been sent to Warren from the state-house. Warren, having elected the governor on a law-enforcement platform, was busy with a campaign to have him nominated for the Presidency, with the reversion to himself of a place in the cabinet. Middleburg was the governor's home town, and a lynching there might be used by his political enemies and his party rivals to give him "a black eye" nationally.

How? Well, if the governor was to show himself a man of conspicuous strength before the nation, he would either have to prevent the lynching with armed force—and perhaps kill some of the embattled farmers of the county—or make a grand-stand play of prosecuting the lynchers vigorously after the event. By either method he might alienate the support of his home district, for it was far enough South to be on the border of parts where the white voter administered lynch law as an extra-judicial form of law enforcement against the black, and the solid South might even be persuaded to turn solidly against the governor as a nigger-

sympathizer who was playing for the Jim Crow vote.

Some one once asked Warren, "How did you ever think of *that*?" when he had outwitted a threatening situation instantly, without a moment's pause of hesitation. And Warren replied, "You don't have time to think. It has to *be* there, or you can't do it." And in this case he remained staring at his problem, through his toupee and his desk-blotter, a much briefer time than it has taken you to read of his doing it unless you have skipped.

He pressed a call-button to summon his secretary, put on his toupee, and began to walk up and down his library with the long, slow strides of a wading-bird. As he walked, his mouth relaxed into a sort of pout or dreamy satisfaction, and he played with a loose button on his coat, incessantly sliding his thumb under it and around it while he mused.

That unconscious habit, and the protrusion of the lips which accompanied it, make another thing about Warren that I wish to explain. His mother had died of privations and malnutrition before he had been weaned, and his spinster aunt, a dressmaker, had raised him from infancy. His only "comforter" had been a bone button sewed on a rag; it had been on a button that he had cut his teeth; even as a growing boy he had gone to sleep sucking a button on his night-shirt,—secretly, of course,—and there was still for the attorney-general the satisfaction of a repressed instinct in this button play, although he was ignorant of the reason for it or the origin of it.

He stopped it as soon as he heard his secretary at his door, and turning, he stood in the center of the room and watched the young man enter. It was characteristic of Warren so to turn alertly to any newcomer, and it was characteristic of him to regard even Pritchard with a mechanical habit of scrutiny, as he regarded every one who came to interview him. He used to say that he could tell if a man was going to lie to him by the way he crossed the room, and he was aware at once, though his mind was on another matter, that

there was something not quite right about the boy.

To the casual glance Pritchard was merely a good-looking youth with smooth, black hair that may have been pomaded; a small, black mustache that looked petted; long, black eyelashes; a dimpled, plump chin; and a dark mole on his cheek that touched off his girlish complexion like a beauty-patch. He was somewhat flushed. As soon as he came in the door Warren said abstractedly, "Shut that, will you?" And Pritchard, as he closed it, turned his back to Warren, looking down at the handle.

Ordinarily he would have closed the door with a hand behind him, his eyes inquiringly on Warren. Warren noticed something unnatural in this difference without really formulating what the difference was. And he had already observed that Pritchard was in high color.

"Get your note-book," Warren said in the same thoughtful tone, "and take this down."

Pritchard went to the desk, found his note-book, sat down in his usual chair beside the desk, and prepared himself to take dictation. He looked at his hands a moment, waiting. And then, looking up quickly at Warren, he watched the attorney-general and at the same time furtively turned a ring on his finger so as to conceal the setting.

Warren was apparently not noticing. He was gazing meditatively ahead of him, but out of the corner of his eye he saw Pritchard's action with the ring.

If he had expressed the matter to himself, which he did not, he would have concluded:

"This boy feels guilty toward me. He has something to conceal from me. It's connected with a ring, which he does n't wish me to recognize. He's wearing that ring instead of his seal-ring. He has probably changed rings with some one, and he does n't want me to know it. Why?"

Still thoughtful, he said to Pritchard:

"One of our detectives, Ben Teague, is down in Middleburg on a case. He's

probably at the Mansion House there under the name of Bert Todd. Make a note of it—Bert Todd. I want to get a message to him without disturbing his cover. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go out to a telephone booth, in the Holman Hotel, and get him on the wire—Bert Todd, representing the Consolidated Farm Implement Company. Say to him—take this down: 'I have some confidential information to give you on behalf of the president of the company, who is temporarily out of the State, and I cannot give it explicitly over the telephone.'—He was dictating in the tone of a business communication.—'The counsel of our company has just received this information from an officer of the company whose name is Steinholtz, the same name as the sheriff of your county there. He informs us that a competitor by the name of Lynch is likely to make trouble for us in his district. You understand it's the president's home district, and any such disturbance of our prestige in that locality might seriously affect the reflection of the company's present management by the stock-holders. It is therefore imperative that Mr. Lynch be headed off.

"Mr. Steinholtz has asked us for assistance. You must make arrangements to see him at once—instantly. There's not a moment to lose. As soon as you have seen him, 'phone on his private-office wire to our head law office. Our lawyer will be there till you report. He'll be there all night if necessary. You understand the importance of it. The company depends on you.'

"That's all. Now read that over to me."

Pritchard read it monotonously, following the lines of shorthand with his pencil. Warren studied the thin gold band of the ring on the young man's finger. He had of course already begun to suspect that the ring belonged to his daughter Meta.

When the reading was finished, he said: "All right, Will. Go ahead now. I'll be at the state-house. I'll 'phone here for you if I want you."

Pritchard hurried out with eager alacrity. Warren sat and considered him and Meta.

Let me explain something further. Warren, as an orphaned boy inadequately supported by an underpaid sewing-woman, had gone on the streets to "mooch" and sell newspapers as soon as he was old enough to walk. By working after school hours, delivering newspapers, running errands, doing odd furnace jobs at night, and generally foraging like a stray cat, he had contrived to get an elementary public-school education. Then, at the age of twelve, he had gone to work as an office boy for Judge Stephen Wales, and the judge in the end had virtually adopted him. (Hence the "Wales" in "Thomas Wales Warren.") He sent Warren to law school, he took him as a partner in his office, he even accepted him as a son-in-law, proud of the boy and his ability. And when the judge died, Warren and his wife were already living in the old Wales home as the accepted heirs.

This was Judge Wales's library in which Warren now sat thinking. It was Judge Wales's granddaughter Meta of whom he was sitting there to think, and she was much more the judge's granddaughter to Warren than she was his own child. She looked like a Wales; she spoke and moved like a Wales; she had all the high, impractical ideals of a Wales. And Warren felt before her the same class inferiority that he had felt with her dead mother. In his own mind he had always been Tommy, the office boy, to the judge's daughter; and still, subconsciously, he was Tommy, the office boy, grown old, with the judge's granddaughter. It was some sort of arrested immaturity in him, like his playing with the button. Neither the mother nor the daughter had ever suspected it. They had never suspected, when they looked at Tom Warren, that they were not looking at a husband or a father, but at a devoted, adoring, confidential servant, who understood them affectionately and protected them shrewdly from the predatory world to which he belonged—the world that would have de-

stroyed Judge Wales and his fine old benevolence and his unworldly idealism if Warren had not defended him.

Warren had now to defend the judge's granddaughter. That was how he saw the situation and his duty in it. He had nothing against Pritchard except that he was a subservient, inoffensive, secretarial valet who would never be anything else; no man to take care of a gentle girl and protect her and her children from the dangers of a cruelly competitive social system. If it was *she* who had given Pritchard the ring—

He first arranged the necessary machinery for finding that out. He removed a paper-fastener from the corner of a type-written report, put a box of cigars on the edge of the top of his desk, and laid the loose sheets of the report on the box; then he went to his door and called Meta.

She answered from the front room. He returned to his desk and began to gather up some papers. She came to the door and stood there not quite smiling, but with the happy recollection of an interrupted smile still lingering in her face. She was of the type of dark Southern beauty that matures young; but she was still girlish, and she waited in a girlish attitude, with her hands clasped behind her.

He said, looking for something in his desk:

"Tell Fred to bring the car around. I have to go to the state-house. They're having trouble down at Middleburg, and I'll have to handle it in the governor's absence. I'm afraid I'll not be back till late."

"Yes?" she said.

He had reached out as if to open the cigar box. He upset the type-written pages. They slid with a rustle to the floor, and scattered, assisted by his clumsy effort to catch them.

"There!" he said disgustedly, and made as if to stoop.

"Let me, Father." She crossed the room with a graceful quickness, and knelt among the papers in a whorl of white skirts. He looked down at her hands as

she gathered up the pages, and he saw that her ring was gone—a little, single-ruby ring that her dead mother had given her.

He began at once to manœuvre against that conspiracy of events, as he had begun to manœuvre against the menace from Middleburg. And I wish to give his tactics in these two cases because they are typical of the man and his methods, because they can be more briefly reported and more readily understood than the more complicated intrigues of some of his national manipulations, and because I believe that they were just as astute and subtle in miniature as any of his later strategies have been in the large.

"I'm growing old," he said. "It makes me dizzy to stoop." He began to pace up and down the room rather dejectedly. "And I'm working too hard—at thankless work. People don't know how to govern themselves, but they revolt against any man who tries to govern them. You have to do it without letting them know you're doing it. That's what makes our politics so hypocritical." He may have believed that or he may not; he was not considering the truth of what he said, but its effect on her. He asked, as if casually, the question to which he had been leading, "Did you read the attack that this man Miller is making on me—'Wardrobe Miller?'"

"Yes, Father," she confessed. He never discussed politics with her. She felt, as he intended her to feel, that he was appealing to her for a sympathetic understanding. She did not quite know how to give it.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "Miller's turn will come. He'll satisfy them for a time with this pretense of 'letting the people rule' with their direct primaries and their initiative and their referendum and all the rest of it; but there has to be a captain to the ship, and as soon as they find out that Miller's the captain, they'll mutiny against *him*, too, and throw him overboard."

"Are they going to defeat you?" she asked, distressed.

"No," he said; "not this time, I think.

But *they* believe they're going to do it, and the parasites are beginning to desert me already and fasten themselves on Miller." And that last was the significant statement to which all his preamble had been directed.

"It is n't pretty, is it?" she said. She had put back the loose sheets of type-written manuscript on his desk, and she stood looking at him with a wistful desire to aid him showing in her large eyes.

"It's a strange business," he went on, as if philosophizing idly, walking up and down. He never philosophized idly; he rarely talked except with a purpose. "When I first came into office—before you were old enough to remember—at the head of a reform movement of business men, we turned out the thieving politicians and professional office-holders who were looting the treasury, and we put them in jail—many of them. And I was a popular hero. Your mother was very proud that day.

"And now they're in revolt against our 'business administration.' They can't say we've not been honest; we've given them good government, and the State's been prosperous. But it's labor that wants to rule now, and the working-man; and they say I represent business and the corporations and the trusts.

"It all amounts to this: a man is born with the ability to rule, as he's born with any other ability. It happens that during his life some one class is governing, and he governs for them. Then another class surges up, with a new ruler; and then another. But the people never govern. They can't, any more than an army can command and direct itself. They're always killing one king to put his crown on another. Yesterday it was King Birth; to-day it's King Money; to-morrow it will be King Labor."

He may have believed that, too, or he may not. He was saying it with a purpose, not with a belief. He smiled at her.

"Well, I'll soon be out of it all, I hope, and begin to live like a human being. I have n't had any life—home life or any

other. I'm going to get a holiday. How would you like to go to Washington with me?"

"Oh, I'd *like* it," she said. Then her face changed. She looked down at her hands; she hesitated. He was afraid that she was going to confess her affair with Pritchard.

"Well," he put in hastily, "run along and call the car. They're probably preparing their riot in Middleburg while I chatter. That's a very becoming dress."

"Do you like it?"

"I like it very much, my dear," he said, "and I like you in it."

"Thank you, Father," she said shyly. She went out in a little flutter of pleased embarrassment. He put the type-written report in his pocket. It was a summary of all the direct-primary laws that had been passed in the Western States and of the court decisions that had confirmed or voided those enactments.

He stood a moment in deep thought. The girl, certainly, was not out of his reach, and he had given her mind an impulse in the direction that he wanted it to take. He could manage her if he could manage Pritchard.

He shut his door noiselessly. He sat down to his desk telephone and called a private number.

"Is that you, Robert?" he asked in a low voice. "Know who's speaking? It's Tom Warren. Can you come at once to my office in the state-house? The side entrance will be open. And my private door. I'll be alone. Yes, right away, if you can. I'm going right down. I have a personal favor to ask. Yes. Thanks."

He hung up the receiver with a quick click. The man with whom he had been speaking was Robert Wardrup Miller, the "Wardrobe" Miller of whose attacks upon him he had spoken to his daughter, the Miller to whom the "parasites," as he had said, were already beginning to attach themselves.

He went out to the hall. She brought him his soft felt hat. He bent to give her his usual perfunctory kiss; but she wished to show her loyal sympathy with him in

the worries of political life and the defections of the parasitical, and instead of turning her cheek, she took the caress full on her lips, as if it had been her lover's, avidly. Warren understood that Pritchard had been kissing her. She smiled up at him, and it was the assured smile of a girl whose ears were full of her lover's praises of her.

"Good-by," he said. "I'll 'phone you."

He hurried to his automobile.

"The state-house, Fred," he directed his chauffeur.

The chauffeur nodded in the informal, friendly manner of Warren's servants. They always liked him and served him and were proud of him. I mention it because his ability to obtain loyal and righteous support was one of the significant attributes of "the most sinister figure in our national life," as one of his political opponents afterward acclaimed him.

It was necessary, perhaps, for him to have such an atmosphere of friendliness and private credit in which to live. At any rate, he had an instinct for obtaining it. He played politics as a club gambler plays poker, sociably, with a sympathetic geniality, winning by any means, without a scruple, but always as if he were more amiably interested in his opponents than he was in his own play. It was characteristic of him that he would not openly interfere between Pritchard and his daughter, as he would not openly interfere between the people and their desire for the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, and the other reforms proposed by the Direct Legislation League. But he believed as confidently that he knew what was best for the people of his State as he believed that he knew what was best for his daughter; he believed that in either case it was unwise to arouse opposition by asserting his superior wisdom, and he moved against Pritchard, as he moved against "Wardrobe" Miller and his Direct Legislation League, secretly, without showing any ill will, and without exciting any.

I should perhaps explain that when the "wild-eyed reformers, agitators, and

demagogues" of the State first began to demand measures of direct legislation, "in order," as they said, "to destroy the moneyed control of political machines and make the elected representatives of the community responsible to the electors." Warren had watched the agitation interestedly, wondering how the man who would have to rule in the future would be able to rule over a people equipped with independent law-making powers of their own. He had studied it as one might study a chess problem with a dummy for opponent. When the agitators organized, he saw the problem with an opponent sitting behind it. He had arrived at no solution, so he took his opponent "into camp." He insinuated machine men into the Direct Legislation League; they got control unostentatiously of the executive committee, and the league nominated for the governorship Mr. Robert Wardrup Miller, whom Warren had privately chosen for that empty honor.

Miller had accepted his nomination in good faith. He was a wealthy young idealist who had become an ardent follower of a national leader in reform, and he knew as much about practical politics as a nun. He was a member of the City Club, to which Warren belonged, and it was Warren who had encouraged him to enter public life.

"Mr. Warren," he replied to that encouragement, "if I do, I shall have to oppose *you*." And Warren said:

"Robert, a healthy opposition is the life of party politics. Oppose me, by all means, and I'll oppose you. I'll enjoy it, and it will be a good training for *you*."

Miller frowned determinedly. He felt that he was a strong character asserting his independence and compelling even Warren to bend to him with assumed jocularity. When he was nominated by the Direct Legislation League, he defied the lightning in a speech in which he named Warren as the man most responsible for preventing the introduction of a direct-primary law into the last legislature. And now, when Warren telephoned to ask him to come to the state-house, Miller showed

his fearlessness, as Warren had hoped he would, by accepting the invitation instantly.

It was Warren, by the way, who had had him nicknamed "Wardrobe" Miller by privately starting the story that Miller had three hundred and sixty-five neckties and thirty-one pairs of trousers in the closets of his bachelor apartments.

Warren arrived at the state-house, passed the doorkeeper with a hasty greeting, and climbed the flight of stairs to his office in long strides of two steps at a time, taking out his keys as he went. His telephone was ringing as he entered his private office. He caught it from his desk and said, "Yes?"

It was the detective Teague, in Middleburg; he was calling from the sheriff's office, where he had no need of cover. Warren's face, as he listened, settled into its mask of concentrated impassivity. He sat down.

"I see," he kept saying. "I see. Yes. I see." He cleared his throat. "Are the Sunday closing laws enforced in Middleburg? I thought not. Those saloons along the river-front will be pretty well filled, won't they? I see. Well, Teague,"—he cleared his throat again,—"just go down to those joints and tell all the roughs and gunmen you can find that a lot of rubes are coming into Middleburg to rough-house the town. Understand? Work up their natural antagonism to the hayseeds. And tell them if this lynching is pulled off in Middleburg, we'll have to start a campaign of law enforcement that'll end in a strict closing law and a dry Sunday. Do you get me?"

"Well, enlist as many of them as you can, and then tell the sheriff he's to swear them in as deputies. Post them around the outskirts, with orders to arrest every farmer they see coming into town; and search him; and lock him up if he's armed. Now listen. This is important: you have to do this on your own. You must n't mention me or the governor or any orders from here. Understand?"

"Yes. Yes. Report to me whenever you can. It's imperative that this lynch-

ing be prevented. If the jail won't hold them all, take their guns away from them and turn them loose—the least dangerous-looking of them. Yes. I'll be here. All night if necessary. I say I'll be here all night if necessary. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver hastily; he had heard some one at his door. He took his type-written report from his pocket, slipped it into a drawer, and went to the door, looking suddenly worried. When he was really worried, he showed no signs of it.

"Well, Robert," he greeted Miller, holding out his hand, "I'm obliged to you for coming. It's a personal matter. I won't bore you with politics. Sit down."

Miller was a baldish young man with a rather intense, flat face. He was well dressed in light-gray clothes, with a white waistcoat. His mouth was tightened in an expression of solemnly defensive self-importance.

"Anything that I can do," he said, "of a *personal* nature—" and he emphasized the word "personal" invidiously.

"Yes, yes," Warren interrupted. "I knew I could rely on you. It's a family matter. I have a daughter Meta. You know her, I think?"

Miller said unnecessarily:

"A charming girl."

"Exactly. And I have a private secretary named Pritchard. Know him?"

"I've seen him—when he came to the club for you."

"I've just found that there's practically an engagement between them. Without my consent or my knowledge. They're not even aware that I've heard of it yet."

Miller looked puzzled. Warren explained apologetically:

"I have to tell you this in order to account for what I'm going to ask you."

He had begun to walk up and down the room. Whenever he was finessing in an interview he moved distractingly about in this way.

"The girl," he said, "has her mother's spirit, and if I oppose her, I'm afraid I'll drive her into his arms. As a matter

of fact, I'm not opposed to her marrying any honest young man, such as Pritchard seems to be, if it will make her happy. But Pritchard has no prospects. He's a clever stenographer and a trustworthy private secretary, and I suppose he aspires to promotion in the public service. I like him. I'd be glad to trust my daughter's future to him if his own future were n't so uncertain." He turned abruptly. He said, with an almost pathetic paternal distress, "I need hardly say that this—is altogether confidential."

"Oh, surely. Surely," Miller replied, embarrassed.

Warren continued pacing his carpet.

"It's his future—that's what worries me. If he stays with me he'll become a machine politician—a practical, professional politician. He'll have to make compromises. Unless he's an exceptionally strong character he'll become involved in things that are n't—well, pretty. You know what our sort of politics means. I don't want my daughter to marry that sort of politician."

He sat down and leaned forward on his desk to look the astonished Miller straight in the eyes.

"The future is with you men. *We're* fighting a losing fight here. I want you to give this boy a chance with *you*. I want you to offer him a place as stenographer either for the league or for you personally. I'd prefer the latter. I know I could trust him with you. I have n't so much faith in your executive committee; I know some of those men of old. But try him. If he's not what I think he is, discharge him."

Miller began:

"Well, Mr. Warren—"

"I know what you're going to say," Warren interrupted, rising again to walk. "With my influence in this city I could find him a dozen places without imposing on you. But if he has any training at all, it's for political life. And if he's to go into politics, I want him to go in with ideals, among men who have ideals. I'm not speaking to you as a politician now, you understand, but as a father. If this

boy's to have my daughter's future in his hands, I want them to be *clean* hands. I'd be willing to pay his salary while he's with you. I know, I know; that could n't be done without scandal. I don't propose it. And, you understand, I can't appear in the matter at all. I can't even let *him* know that I've asked this of you, because I don't want to seem to interfere in their love-affair in any way. I can't let my daughter know. I can't tell her that I'm aware of her little romance without saying either yes or no to it, which I'm not prepared to do."

"Well, Mr. Warren," Miller said, "it can be easily arranged, I think. I can use a good stenographer. We're rushed with work."

The attorney-general sat down. His face cleared with relief.

"I knew I could depend on you. You see," he said, smiling benignly, "I may be too much the anxious parent. It may be just a passing boy-and-girl fancy due to proximity. And if it *is*, it'll solve itself if we separate them. That's another reason why I want him to leave me. I'll miss him. He's a good boy. I've confided in him." This was certainly untrue. His smile broadened playfully. "I'm putting all my secrets in your hands, Robert, if you can get them from him."

Miller started to protest.

"No, no," Warren stopped him. "I'm only joking, of course. What I really want to say is this: my daughter showed a disposition to tell me of her engagement this morning. That's why I intruded on your Sunday afternoon. I want the boy to go before she tells me; otherwise it would look as if I had got rid of him. And if you'll write him a letter, offering him the position, and send it here by messenger this afternoon, you'll help me out of a difficulty that has worried me more than a campaign. Will you do it?"

"If you wish it."

"My dear boy, you put me under a great obligation. I dare n't keep you here any longer for fear he might come in and see you. It makes me feel like a conspirator." He rose, smiling. "I hope you'll

not avoid me at the club now that we're political enemies. I see you're giving me some sharp raps. I wish I were a good public speaker; I'd come back at you."

Miller held out his hand.

"Mr. Warren," he said, "I'm free to confess that this little affair this afternoon has given me a better opinion of you than perhaps I had."

Warren patted him on the shoulder.

"It has n't changed the opinion I had of *you*, Robert. I'm a pretty good judge of character; better, perhaps, than you are." He added at the opened door, "And in my capacity as a judge of character let me whisper something: 'Keep an eye on your executive committee.'"

Miller lifted an eyebrow. "I'm watching them."

That was what Warren wished to know.

"Good," he said. "Good-by and good luck."

When he had closed the door he returned to his desk, got out the report on direct primaries, and began at once to read it with methodical and patient care.

Now, I do not wish to misrepresent Warren in this matter. He had to get rid of Pritchard or allow his daughter to marry badly. He could not discharge the secretary without precipitating a crisis, which he wished to avoid. It was wiser to provide Pritchard with a better place to which he could go. True, he had told his daughter that the parasites were deserting him to go to Miller; and if Pritchard went to Miller, it would certainly outrage the girl's ideal of loyalty. But he was not compelling Pritchard to accept Miller's offer. He was leaving that to the boy's own choice. Pritchard might refuse it. He might endear himself to the girl by refusing it. He might—he might do many things if he were not what Warren thought he was.

The success of the whole stratagem depended, as Warren's success usually depended, upon his insight into the character of the man whom he was outwitting. And that insight was so accurate that it was, I think, intuitive. He knew where to

reach a man as the wasp knows where to sting a beetle so as to paralyze a nerve-center that nothing but careful dissection under a microscope would seem sufficient to locate. He had never dissected Pritchard, and it is scarcely worth while to do it here; but to that well-dressed and good-looking young secretarial valet the offer of a place with the rich and "classy" "Wardrobe" Miller would be a flattery and a temptation hard to withstand.

As soon as Miller's letter arrived Warren telephoned to Pritchard, put the letter in the outer office, and returned to his work. Having absorbed the report on the direct primary, he was engaged in drawing up alternative bills, to be introduced at the next legislature if the popular demand for a direct primary became too clamorous. One of the bills provided for a direct primary, with a convention that should preserve to the party machines the control of nominations. The other was a direct primary bill that would surely be declared unconstitutional by the courts because it contained no provision to prevent Republicans from voting in a Democratic primary or vice versa. He was making drafts of these two bills in his small, neat handwriting, to file them for future use, when he heard Pritchard in the outer office. He listened. Pritchard evidently read the letter over several times. Then he brought it in hesitatingly.

"Here's a funny thing," he said, giving it to Warren.

The attorney-general glanced through it.

"Well, Will," he said, handing it back, "I'll be sorry to lose you, but I don't want to stand in your way, and this salary is much higher, to be frank with you, than any I could get the State to allow me for a secretary."

"It is n't the salary," Pritchard put in. "No, I understand that, of course," Warren said; "but the salary should be considered. And added to the greater prospects of advancement—"

"It's the idea," Pritchard said, "of going over to Miller."

Warren looked surprised.

"Miller? Oh, I see. Yes, I see. Of course, in a sense, we are opposed to each other; but Mr. Miller is a man whom I greatly respect, though we differ in our opinions of what is wise in matters of public policy. And I don't suppose for a moment that he had any idea, or thought that you would lend yourself, if he *had*, to any betrayal of confidence—"

"No, no, I did n't mean *that*," Pritchard cried, in confusion.

Warren glanced at his watch.

"Have you consulted any of your family?"

"No-o."

"You should talk it over with *them*. They're the ones best able to decide. And if you give me twenty-four hours' notice, I'll have Miss Davis relieve you until I can find some one to take your place. I'll be sorry to lose you, Will," he said in the tone of an employer accepting a resignation, "but I've long felt that a boy of your abilities should be seeking a larger field. In a few years you'll be thinking of marrying. I know, of course, that it can't have entered your mind yet." Pritchard flushed. "You're still too young, and unable to support a wife. But you must prepare for such things while there's time, so as not to be taken unawares. To marry such a girl as a boy of your character would naturally aspire to, you'll have to be something more than a stenographer." He was reaching for his pen. "I'll be here late, but you need n't come back. I'll see you in the morning."

Pritchard folded and refolded the letter. "Well," he said at last.

"And put the catch on the door as you go out," Warren dismissed him.

He knew that if Pritchard consulted his family they would use every argument to persuade him to accept the higher salary. He knew, also, that Pritchard would have to go home to dinner before he saw Meta. That is what he had been calculating when he glanced at his watch before asking, "Have you consulted your family?" And if he was practising some duplicity, remember that Pritchard had begun that game.

He went back to his work on the direct-primary bills. Every now and then he was interrupted by messages from Teague, the detective, who telephoned to report progress. The roughs of Middleburg had enlisted under the sheriff eagerly.

"Say, Ben," Warren asked, "how about that River Front gang that you've been after? You know them when you see them, don't you? Then why can't you manage things so as to have some of them sworn in as deputies, and grab any one of them that brings in a prisoner, and lock *him* up, too? Eh?" And later, when Teague reported not only that the rubees were being gathered in, but that two desperadoes of the River Front gang had been held on John Doe warrants, with their prisoners, Warren chuckled. He said: "Good work, Teague. Look out now. Be careful, or you'll have both parties storming your jail."

He telephoned to his daughter to say that he would not be home to dinner, and the cheerfulness of her disappointment seemed to betray that she was counting on his absence for an opportunity to see Pritchard. He telephoned again some hours later, when he hoped that Pritchard would be with her, and her voice was shaken with an agitation that he understood. By this time he had finished his work on his direct-primary bills, and he locked them away in a private drawer. He even allowed himself a cigar, and sat back smoking it with a miser's satisfaction, his eyes on the shining metal of his telephone, waiting.

When Teague reported that the lynching had been averted, that thirty-odd of the would-be lynchers were in jail, with five members of the River Front gang, and that the negroes and these five criminals were being taken out of the county for safe-keeping, Warren replied with great heartiness:

"Teague, you've done a good day's work. Have Judge Keiser hear those cases in the morning, and have him fine them for carrying weapons. Nothing must be said about the attempted lynching or about your part in preventing it.

You understand me? The situation is too delicate for publicity. Good night."

He called up his daughter immediately, and asked her to have a late supper prepared for him, and invited her to come for him with the car. Her voice was toneless and dejected. He went back to his cigar and his waiting.

When he heard her knock, he threw away the cigar, passed his handkerchief across his lips, and opened the door in an absent-minded manner, looking around at his desk. She came in with a black lace scarf on her head, holding herself stiffly erect. He began to gather up his papers.

"Sit down a minute, my dear," he said abstractedly.

She sat down on the edge of a chair. She did not look at him.

"Pritchard is leaving me now," he announced. "*He's* going to Miller, too." She did not speak. He glanced at her quickly, and appraised her set expression as a girlish look of high tragedy. He said with cheerfulness: "I suppose he thinks the old ship is sinking. I imagine we'll disappoint him there. I'm not done yet."

"Father," she said in an unexpected voice, "I want to go away."

He sat down. He asked: "What has happened?"

She replied:

"I'm not happy here. I want to go away."

"Well, my dear," he temporized, with a patronizing suavity, "you're to do whatever you wish. We're going to see that you *are* happy. What's the trouble?"

But suavity did not succeed. She shook her head, looking away from him, as if to evade his insincerity.

"I can't talk of it. I want to go away."

He tried another trick. He asked:

"Are *you* deserting me, too?" She kept her eyes averted. "You're all I have," he said.

She did not reply. He got up from his desk, crossed the room to her, and took her hand paternally. His face did not betray his gratification in feeling her missing ring on her finger. He said:

"I don't want to ask you anything that

you don't want me to know. But—perhaps I could help."

She turned away from him to hide her tears.

"No," she said, choked. "No. It does n't matter."

"You been disappointed in some one?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Some one you were fond of?"

She nodded her head, unable to speak.

"One of your girl friends?"

"No, no. I don't want to talk about it." She wiped her eyes hastily. "I should have told you long ago. I could n't. He knew you would n't—approve."

"And you? You knew it?"

She said:

"I did n't understand."

"Is that all?" he asked. "Are you concealing nothing else?"

"Yes," she said, "I am. We quarreled because he said you were n't—honest—in politics."

"Ah!" He dropped her hand. "That 's it."

She waited, without speaking, watching him.

He began to walk about very slowly. Then he sat again at his desk and gazed at her thoughtfully.

"Tell me first," he asked, "do you want him back?"

She answered at last:

"No. He 's not what I thought he was."

"If he *had* been," he said, "he would n't have been afraid to tell me of your engagement."

"Yes."

"You don't like cowards."

"No," she said deeply. "No."

"You 're not a coward yourself."

"I *have* been."

"And you want to go away because you can't be happy here if what he says of me is true. Is that it?"

She caught her breath. "Yes," she said.

"You 're afraid it *is* true."

She stared at him, her lips trembling, white. "No."

"Don't be a coward," he said, rising to confront her.

She tried to swallow the catch in her throat, and her eyes were full of pain.

"He told you the truth," he said harshly. He took his papers from his pocket and tossed them on the desk. "Now we can go away together."

"Father!"

He turned on her.

"My life here has been what the necessities of my position have made it. It has n't been honest in the sense that *you* mean. And it *can't* be if I continue here. Very well. Let 's be done with it, then. Let some one else struggle and scheme and be the scapegoat. I 've sacrificed—a great deal. I 'm not going to sacrifice my daughter's confidence." She had stumbled across the room to him, weeping, with her hands out to him. He took her in his arms. "My dear," he said, patting her on the shoulder, "give me a week to wind up my office here, to get the governor to accept my resignation, to make my plans to go East. He 's been wanting me to take charge of his campaign for the Presidential nomination. I 'll do it. Politics in this State are small and corrupt. We 'll escape from them into the national field and the larger issues. You 'll come with me to Washington, and if you never reign like another Dolly Madison in the White House, at least you 'll be the friend of the Dolly Madison who *does*. And you 'll never be ashamed of your old dad."

"I 'm not ashamed of him," she sobbed.

"No," he said, "but you might have been if I 'd stayed here. Come along now. I 'm as hungry as if I 'd been to a funeral."

And that was why Warren resigned from the control of his native State and went to his career in Washington. Moreover, it is why his career in Washington followed the lines that it did. Warren never philosophized; he handled facts as an artisan handles his tools. But if he *had* philosophized, his theory of life would probably have been something like this: there is no justice, there is no morality, in nature or in natural laws; justice and morality are laws only of human society. But society, national life, and all civilization

are subject in their larger aspects to natural laws that contradict morality and outrage justice, and the statesman has to move with those laws and direct his people in accordance with them despite the lesser by-laws of morality and justice. His daughter abided by the by-laws. He had to conceal from her that he did not abide by them. He had to conceal it from the public. "The American people," he once said in confidence, "still believe in Santa Claus. They believe that if they 're good, and wash their faces every morning, prosperity and well-being will come down the chimney to them. They don't realize that some one has to pay for the full stocking, and that *they 're* that some one."

Consequently, in his first participation in national affairs, he kept behind the scenes. He was the stage-director of the convention that nominated his governor for the Presidency, but his name was not even on the program. After he had accepted his place as attorney-general in

Washington, he remained unknown except to the inner and higher circle of politics. It was not until he became secretary of state, in the third year of his President's administration, that he grew conspicuous. Then his daughter married the son of a man who was certainly able to protect her from the dangers of a competitive social system,—the real danger was that the social system would not be able to protect itself from *him*,—and Warren was at once violently criticized and viciously lampooned. It was for his daughter's sake that he ascended from this persecution into the perpetual felicity and peace of the Supreme Court. Since that translation concerning Thomas Wales Warren "nothing but good." There he sits listening benignly to an eternity of argument, with his jaw peacefully relaxed, and with a curious protrusion of the lips occasionally when his mind wanders and under cover of his judicial robe he fingers blissfully a loose button on his coat.



My Daughter's Hair

By DOROTHY LEONARD

WHILE she is buried deep in fairy-book,
 I look and brush and brush and look and look.
 Hue of the lambent goldfish in their globe,
 Fine as a thistle-puff, wide as a robe;
 Frisking before me all such curly things
 As grapevine tendrils coiled in tiny springs,
 Little ducks' tails, and bursting balsam seeds,
 A shoaly river rippling over weeds,
 Or all those little crinkled clouds that lie
 In quiet drifts across an autumn sky.
 The web is not yet brodered, gold-thread spun
 Reflects so lustrously its sovereign sun.
 Mornings I finger it in blissful stealth,
 And feel a miser gloating unguessed wealth.



"They can shadow forth a whole continuous action." The ride of the Ku-Klux Klan, from the Griffith production "The Birth of a Nation"

Moving-pictures: A Critical Prophecy

By BRIAN HOOKER

Author of "Mona," "Shakspeare and the Movies," etc.

WHAT is to become of the moving-picture? Just at present nobody seems to know, and the powers who control the immediate destinies of the new art confess themselves as benighted as the rest. The days when any sort of picture, done in any sort of way, would return a gambler's revenue are passing or already past, and the industry balances precariously between vast gains and overwhelming losses in a desperate endeavor to find out what the public wants. An exciting question, but a futile one; for the public itself does not and cannot know what it wants. It can only recognize, when confronted therewith, what it has been wanting, and this by some subtle instinct which it is altogether unable either to understand or to explain. Meanwhile we have pictures and more pictures of every imaginable kind. Novelties to the exhaustion of all conceivable inventiveness and meticulous

imitations of the latest success alike mysteriously succeed or as mysteriously fail. Author and dramatist and the director risen from the ranks dispute their respective knowledge of a subject whereof each admits his ignorance. High-brow and Low-brow continue interminably their katydid recriminations. The producer tries everything until he succeeds, tries that again until he fails, and then tries to try something else. And the great wanton public goes contentedly along, lavishing blind approval and incomprehensible disdain, as swift and sure in its decision as it is unreasonable in its motives.

The moving-picture must of course remain in general a popular and public art, and as such the swing of its immediate and temporary fashion must be as puzzling in anticipation as to forecast tomorrow's weather. Not even the expert can say with certainty that we shall see



"With a vividness beyond words and an illusion beyond paint and tinsel we shall review the wars of heroes." One of the battle-scenes from "The Birth of a Nation"

the sun rise in the morning; but any of us may with a little trouble declare in what quarter of the heavens it will eventually appear, and plot the direction of its diurnal course. Just so it is quite possible to predict not what the moving-picture will achieve next year or at any certain place or time, but the general and eventual direction of its development. Sooner or later it will select certain material as specially its own; sooner or later it will prefer to deal with certain forms of human thought and action, occurring in particular environments, and represented to the mind of the audience by certain more or less conventional means. This it will do by the operation of that same law which conditions the development of any art along its proper line of least resistance, which is to say, in the direction of its own strongest expression and appeal. Thus painting and sculpture both began in the crude drawing upon stone; since when, although low relief survives for decorative effect, and painted statues continue to smile in our shop-windows, the two arts

have in the main grown separate, the one within its proper province of sheer form, the other exploiting light and shade and color. Thus music and poetry were once at one in song; but now, though song remains, each art has sought what it alone can perfectly express, the one abstract, the other concrete, emotion. Thus the novel and the drama are in our time much more distinct than ever heretofore, since the crises of human life can best be represented upon the stage, whereas the development of an action through cause and effect may be more vividly presented to the reader. And thus, as between forms within a single art, the novel and the short story, undistinguished in Boccaccio's day, have gradually evinced a more and more specific and diverse evolution. So far as their conditions have been known, any of these evolutions might have been predicted from the first as definitely as it may be observed in retrospect. Any intelligent caveman, for example, might have decided that the human form would come to be carved solidly in stone, and the land-

scape to be painted on the wall. The momentary fashion of an art may waver with our whims; its general trend, whether we will or no, depends upon pure reason. Step by step the public must be the arbiter, because the artist must in general please or perish; but in the long run the public will inevitably come to like best that which it finds best expressed.

Now, the moving-picture is before all else a photograph that moves; a device, that is, for visualizing before an audience whatever has taken place and time before the camera. In the beginning the mere novelty of represented movement was interesting enough; so the first pictures were of actual happenings, taken at haphazard: a steamer sailing, the arrival of a train, a bathing beach, a busy city street. Such record of the actual survives in the news films of the present day, but with this

difference that familiarity has long since transferred our interest from the representation to the thing represented: we care to see upon the screen only what would excite us in reality. The news film must have a strong news value; and where once we wondered at a company of soldiers marching down the street, we now demand to see them fighting for their lives among the trenches. Meanwhile the artistic use of the invention, not to record facts, but to represent an imaginary story upon the screen, has so far outgrown its other uses as to be here the subject of our principal concern. And its history has more slowly followed the same course. While it remained interesting that a story could by this means be told at all, any story would do; then, with the shift of interest from the manner to the matter of the art, came a steadily more insistent and

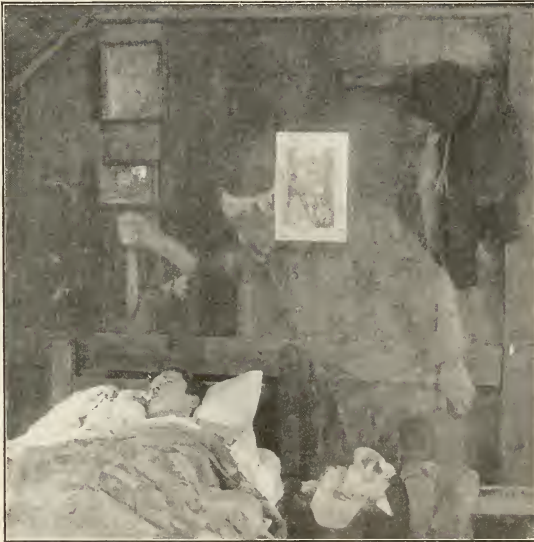


“‘The Birth of a Nation’ . . . succeeded . . . by its historical and pictorial appeal.” The representation of Sherman’s March to the Sea

more discriminating demand for improvement. This was at first appeased by the sheer heightening of effects: the comedy must be wilder, the melodrama more intense. But we have approached the possible limit of hairbreadth escapes and hilarious accidents. The technical interest also was for some time restimulated by rapid improvement; but in this regard we are rapidly approaching not, indeed, the bounds of excellence, but the bounds

ity instead. Just as the film of fact now needs a news value, so in the film of fiction we are coming more and more to demand an art value—the value, that is to say, of expressing vividly such ideas as it is peculiarly fitted to express. There is no help for it; everything has been tried, and the moving-picture will soon have nothing left to do save that which it can do best.

To discover what the picture can do



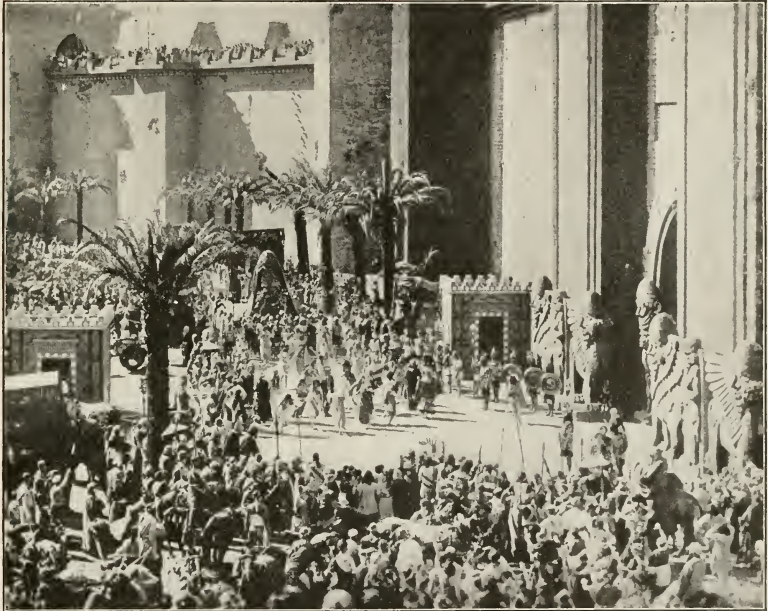
"In a world of shadows, one shadow as well as another can be accepted for very substance." *Pip's dream*, from The Famous Players' production of Dickens's "Great Expectations"

of popular appreciation. The average picture is now as well photographed, as well acted, and as well produced as the average audience can understand. Then came the craze for novelty, which still persists as a forlorn hope. But there is nothing in the world so ephemeral as the appeal to novelty alone, for it destroys itself. Every new thrill not only leaves one novelty the less, but enfeebles the power of surprise. And the moving-picture gathering draws daily closer to that of the novel and the theater, which, having exhausted mere invention, turns perforce to original-

best, therefore, is to predict the trend of that development which is already well begun. And this we may do more easily through comparison with those other arts by which a human story can be told—fiction, that is, and the drama. A play comprises only such portions of a story as can be revealed in speech and action upon the stage within the limits of a few hours' acting time and a few feet of acting space. It must be imagined not as a whole story occurring in actual place and time, but as the external and essential sections of a story enacted within the physical possi-

bilities of the stage. The drama therefore concerns itself properly with the crises of human affairs, be they serious or sportive. But in return for this restriction it gains enormously in vividness and immediacy of appeal. Neither the novel nor the picture can compete with its living presence of action and passion, its physical fact of human beings who laugh and weep and struggle before our ears and eyes. The

happening anyhow or anywhere or within any time, since the novelist may, if he will, describe a moment at great length or compress within a page the continuity of years. And the picture, while inferior in range to the novel and in realism to the drama, combines in compensation something of the capabilities of both. Its moving shadow-shapes cannot so thrill us with the human presence of the scene;



"We shall watch Babylon fall and Rome not builded in a day." A scene from the Griffith film-play "Intolerance," showing how the motion-picture can achieve the spectacular

novel, on the other hand, makes no direct appeal to any sense; but what it resigns in vividness, it makes up by its entirely unrestricted range. It tells the whole story or even more; for it may freely color and analyze and expound the story, dealing alike with outward or with inward action, and employing thereto the whole power of language to convey thought or to arouse emotion, with no other limit than the author's ability to impress the reader. It has therefore taken all life to be its province. It imagines the story as

but they can shadow forth a whole continuous action, changing the scene instantaneously and at will, in setting also beyond the scope of the stage, riding the roads or sailing on the sea, remote against the vista of broad miles and in a twinkling brought close before the eyes, without restraint of time or space or numbers. Again, its narrative cannot, like fiction, transcend the horizons of sight or convey thoughts and emotions without the intermediation of a physical sense. The story must be told in visible action, but so with

all additional vividness that comes from seeing the tale unfold before us; not the outward action alone, but so much also of thought or dream as can be translated into action, and with all our imagination set free from that first hard labor of visualizing, to penetrate and embellish events which, having seen, we may most easily believe. The art of the screen is therefore inherently narrative in its material, and dramatic in its presentation of that material; narrative, so to speak, in structure, and dramatic in style, told in action, not in words, but continuously, and as in the actual environment in which it is imagined to have taken place.

Now, the moving-picture is first of all a means to visualize events as actually happening, and there lies its chief advantage over the stage. The modern theater says the last word in realism, only to pause perforce not far beyond the threshold of romance. Mr. Belasco can realize a room

up to the point of physical fact, but he cannot realize a mountain gorge, or the shore foamed upon by insurgent ocean. And so far as his scene transcends what can be actually set upon the stage, just so far will the contrast between his actors, who are in truth flesh and blood, and their environment, which is not what it seems, but only light and paint and canvas, become more patently incongruous. The picture-producer in such a case will veritably transport his players to the mountains or the sea, and so, by realizing action and environment in equal measure, will achieve a satisfactory illusion. Wherever the camera can follow, the action of a picture may be staged: the sweep of a battlefield, the interior of a safe, the course of an uninterrupted journey. Earth, air, and water have no place too large or too confined or too mutable, and the scale enlarges to include the march of a distant multitude or contracts to magnify the ex-



"The sweep of a whole country-side." The approach of a group of horsemen in the Fox film "The Honor System"



"History will be known as never before, . . . revived before us to the very life."
 One of the great moments of "The Birth of a Nation," when Booth cries,
"Sic semper tyrannis," after assassinating Abraham Lincoln

pression of a single face. One cannot without absurdity burn a house or wreck a train in the theater; but such events, having been actually recorded by the camera, can readily be reproduced upon a thousand screens. Or, where an imagined action cannot be actually produced, it is necessary to deceive only the unquestioning lens in order to create a satisfactory artistic illusion to the watchers. The *Ghost* may walk as visibly as *Hamlet*, the *Fairies* of "Midsummer Night" may dance upon a kerchief's breadth of gossamer, the *Witches* may fly by night across the blasted heath; for all such unrealities will appear neither more nor less real than the genuine surroundings with which they are instinctively compared. Imagination follows the camera; and in a world of shadows, one shadow as well as another can be accepted for very substance.

The first great trend of the moving-picture, therefore, if not in time, yet certainly in importance, will be toward an extraordinary development of those materials which we are accustomed to generalize as costume and fantasy. Experiments

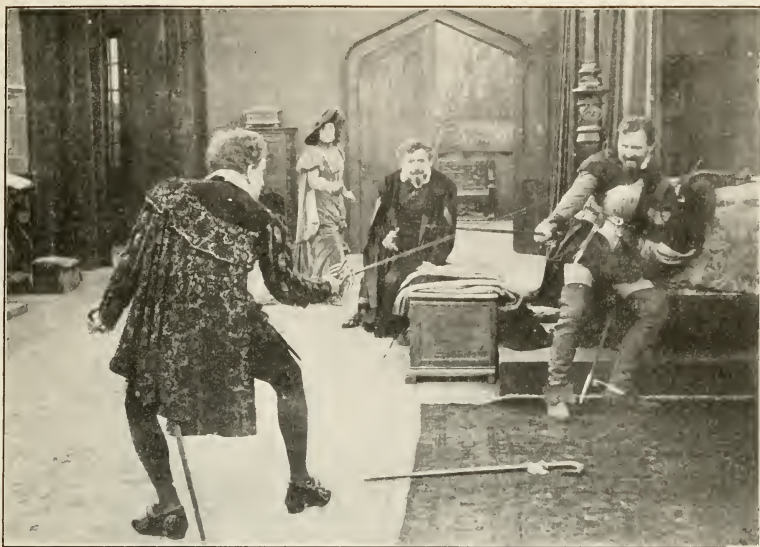
in this, as in every direction, have of course already been tried, and their success or failure rather generally misinterpreted. When a bad costume picture fails, the general intelligence can be counted upon for more or less wholesale condemnation of costume. It happens also that the theater outwore a fashion of historical plays ten years back, and is just now finishing a fashion of fantasy, while the current dogma of the triviality of old times does not encourage popular interest in affairs beyond the memory of this generation. These temporary facts, however, can only for a time retard the inevitable development. The truth remains that here is something which the picture can do supremely well, and which, therefore, it must eventually do. History will be known as never before, for it will be seen and not heard, revived before us to the very life, and reenacted in our presence. We shall watch Babylon fall and Rome not builded in a day. And as with history itself, so with the whole wonder of legendary and historical story. We shall see tall Troy burning, Robin Hood hunting

the king's deer in Sherwood, and Lancelot and Tristram riding through Broceliaunde; the sun shall flash on Cæsar's armor, the foam about the bows of the *Argo*, and through fire as veritable as himself *Sigurd* will go to *Brunhild*. So with a vividness beyond words and an illusion beyond paint and tinsel we shall review the wars of heroes and the loves of gods of other days. Nor need the new field be confined to the seriously beautiful alone; there will be room enough for all that is merely fanciful and entertaining. Gods are no better material than fairies, and George Washington would look as well cutting down the cherry-tree as crossing the Delaware. If Lancelot would make a fine figure in the pictures, so would *Don Quixote*; the "Iliad" would show no better in its kind than "The Little Mermaid" or "Hänsel und Gretel." For the special power of the screen is to present more actually than the novel or the play can represent them whatever may be wonderful to behold. Its motto must be "seeing is believing," and its office is to verify before our sight alike all history and fable and romance.

And because romance comprises all that the world has held "for to admire and for to see," it follows that the development of the picture in the realm of modern fact will continue only second to its concern with fancy and the past. There is most truly a romance of here and now; second to the romance of then and there in this alone, that whereas our own time may be more wonderful than any one time of old, it still cannot contain more wonders than all old times together. In this material of modern marvel the picture already has wrought much and will yet work better and more. But in order to understand either its present or its future choice in this kind, we must examine precisely the distinction between the realistic and the romantic interest in art. We enjoy recognizing in some book or play or picture the verity of things within our own experience; that is the realistic interest. Or we enjoy marveling at the verisimilitude of things beyond our actual scope; and

that is the interest of romance. It matters nothing whether these last be fact or fancy, past, present, future, or beyond place and time; they have for us a news interest, though it be news from nowhere. For the things we have known are realism and the things we have not known are romance. Wisdom and wonder, science and religion, the expert and the child. The farmer at the fair has the one pleasure in noting with an experienced eye the points of the prize bull, and the other in observing of the giraffe that there ain't no such animal; and the fact that this incredible creature did verily run wild in darkest Africa remains utterly irrelevant to his enjoyment. With the same emotions would he envisage a dinosaur or a chimera. What is new to him is news to him, and so also romantic; and being a simple soul, he would perhaps most of all enjoy seeing a prize bull with two heads. For this would set before him the marvelous in terms of the familiar, and without too strange an effort to set off the wonder of it against the well known.

This explains in part the present demand for novelty in picture stories, especially when that novelty takes the form of an apparently new handling of some familiar plot or problem. It explains further the present insistence upon modern and local settings for the wildest fabrications of adventure; as in the case of those serials which build a Babel tower of mad melodrama upon the foundation of such daily life as the penny press records. The public behold in effortless astonishment these marvels happening to folk dressed like themselves and performing plausibly modern miracles amid their own ordinary environment, until their souls climb goggle-eyed up to the gates of heaven. One must consider at this point that the picture public is not yet the public of the drama or of the novel. It is rather the old public of the circus and the county fair, preferring the side-show to the menagerie as being somewhat easier to imagine. It will always prefer even poor romance to good realism, in the teeth of all uplifters; but it is rapidly educating itself



The return of the costume romance in the motion-picture: a duel from the Vitagraph production of "An Enemy to the King," with E. H. Sothorn

to prefer good romance to bad. So, in dealing with modern material, the trend of the pictures will be toward a better development of its melodramatic and adventurous aspect; romantic still, but as Dickens made contemporary London romantic, as O. Henry illuminated New York's Arabian Nights, as Kipling discovers the romance of machinery and the sea. People will seek the true portrayal of modern life in the theater, where realism remains supreme; they will find its interpretation in the novel; and for the revelation of its mystery and wonder they will go to the moving-picture.

Thus far chiefly of material; of the subject-matters in which our natural interest is of such a kind as the screen must remain peculiarly able to arouse and satisfy. Because the picture is competent especially to visualize as actual occurrence events beyond the power of the stage to contain or of the novel to vivify, it appears that the proper province of the picture is romance. But for precisely this same reason its romantic material calls for

the utmost realism of treatment. The screen can show us marvelous things, but its power to do so inheres in showing them sharply and convincingly, in making them meet the eye. And nowhere is it so necessary to be precise as in delineating the mysterious. In painting, for example, some common object like a red brick may be most roughly colored and drawn and yet not fail of recognition; but to portray the dream of love upon a lovely face will tax very genius for the needful precision of line and shade and hue. So also the most careless writer may sufficiently express crude animal fear of flood or fire; whereas to convey that vague malaria of the soul which hung about the House of Usher demands the subtlest accuracy of language. And thus the moving-picture compels our pleasure in the unfamiliar only by the most meticulous actuality of detail. Where a train can be wrecked, wrecked it must veritably be; *Juliet* mourning in the tomb dare show no substitute for actual tears; and where a stage fight might be harmless, the picture actors must liter-

ally fisticuff one another. The gatherings at moving-pictures feel this instinctively, and will pass over the absurdly incongruous in plot or character, only to pounce upon the slightest visual incongruity. They will believe that the heroine sold her virtue to buy medicine for her ailing child, but not that she entered the villain's room wearing laced boots and came out again in buttoned ones; and I have seen an audience accept a bevy of mermaids with the utmost frankness until swimming disclosed the unmermaidly stiffness of their tails. Even where the eye is to be deceived, we must have perfect accuracy of illusion; no ghost is real unless you can see through it, and fairies may dance upon a mushroom if only that mushroom fits visibly into its surroundings. News interest in the material is the rule, achieved through literalness in the method of presentation; realism in the detail of romance.

And the same principle holds through all questions of the structure and technic of the production. That which the picture excels in doing must be done excellently well; whereas that for which it is unfit will be condoned as a convention precedent to general pleasure. Thus a narrative rather than a dramatic handling of the story is conditioned by the expedients at hand. Because we can shift scenes instantly and at will, following and discovering the action wherever it naturally goes; or as easily change the scale to include the sweep of a whole country-side and again the gestures of a fly upon the pane; or visualize some dream within a dream, the imaginings of an imaginary character in the tale; or create an illusion of the spectral or fantastic as convincingly as an illusion of sheer fact—it follows that we must do these things. Since, on the other hand, effects of speech and color in the pictures are perforce inferior, there is no reason for attempting them at all. Be the invention never so perfected, it cannot produce an illusion of the screen comparable with the actuality of the stage or in harmony with the moving-picture as a whole. We do not color statues, or have

novels read aloud upon the phonograph; for however well these might be done, we can do better without them. And the absence of speech and color from the screen is an already accepted convention of the art, compensated by worthier advantages. As regards, however, the flashing of printed words upon the screen to explain an action or to impute speech to a character, there is a needful distinction to be drawn between the moving-picture and pure pantomime. The convention of the latter is that living persons shall enact a story without speech; in return for which rather artificial restriction, it becomes amusing to see how much they can thus silently express. The form exists and entertains by its restriction, like walking the tight-rope or drawing in silhouette. The silence of the pictures, on the contrary, is not basic, but incidental: though the tale be told only to the eye, yet there is no presumption of telling it without words. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that pictures will or need come to be enacted in pure pantomime, without the use of inserts or subtitles. The sort of picture the story of which is really told in inserts to which the action adds merely a moving illustration is indeed doomed as inartistic, for it puts the cart before the horse. The story must be told in action, inherently emphatic and complete; but this being done, there can be no other objection to the accessory convenience of unspoken words than to the illustration of a book. It is a matter of taste and convenience. The case of accompanying music is much the same. It may well focus attention on the screen by clothing sweetly the stark fact of stillness, or even go further and subtly enhance the appropriate momentary mood. But musically to comment upon the action, or seek to force an emotional color upon the watchers, is to enter vain competition with opera, and to defeat its own use by distracting that attention which its office is to concentrate. Likewise, the position of sheer pictorial art in the moving-picture is precisely analogous to that of sheer verbal art in literature: it is the style, not the

substance. And as such, whatever it adds of beauty or of emphasis to the general effect will be so much clear gain, provided it remains secondary to action. All that such art can do to make the story

ness the office of which is to please the public it can have no concern with artistic considerations. They hold the same opinion of the modern theater. But we have heard these people many times before, and



"The things we have not known are romance." The camera takes us to the ocean floor in the Universal Film picture "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea"

more compelling through imaginative light and shade and composition is to be desired,—it may, and does often, support a feeble story or make a good one great,—but after all, the story is the thing. The pictorial element in the moving-picture is the most important of accessories so long as it remains subordinate to movement. For the screen is indeed a device for making things appear, but chiefly for making things appear to happen.

It will be said, of course, by sundry superior persons that the moving-picture is unworthy of serious consideration as an art. Doubtless they said the same thing about drama in the sixteenth century. Others, by whom practice without theory is termed practical, maintain that as a busi-

ness the office of which is to please the public it can have no concern with artistic considerations. Certainly in any concrete case the public pleasure must be law, because the public holds the purse.

But the public in the most literal sense of the words does not know its own mind. Its decision will be usually quite right; but if you ask why it has decided thus or so, you will be answered with the wrong reason or with unreason or with any nonsense that comes into its many heads. Press your inquiry, and the creature becomes uncomfortable, and presently retires, like the cuttlefish, backward into a cloud of its own secreting.

It is, therefore, that we must predetermine upon grounds of reasonable criticism what the public ought to like, and then

test our induction by experiment. A picture succeeds or fails, but its success or failure is commonly misinterpreted, and by no one more often than by the producer himself. "The Birth of a Nation," for example, succeeded not by its story or by its moral or as a huge, expensive spectacle, but by its historical and pictorial appeal. It brought people into the visible presence of the Civil War in a series of scenes of which many were beautiful or impressive. To have understood this at the time might have avoided subsequent spectacular failures.

Out of the present chaos of centrifugal expediency comes an increasing cry for better stories. In so far as the story is the essential thing, this is well; yet it is not good stories merely that are needed, but good stories of the proper kind, not good novels primarily, or good plays. For the picture must be a drama of narrative, a novel of outward action. For such tales we shall come to look upon not as the by-product of novelist or playwright or director, but as the special work of men who make

the picture story their peculiar craft. Their work will be at best and eventually romantic in material and realistic in presentation of detail; it will deal largely with history and legend, with costume and spectacle and fantasy; but only less largely in those aspects of modern life the appeal of which is to the sense of wonder, the interest in unfamiliar sights. Of the two, this latter vein will probably be developed first. It will be narrative in structure, dramatic in motive and action, neither disdaining as immaterial its natural accessories of words, music, and pictorial art, nor exaggerating them beyond secondary importance. It will make the utmost use of that freedom of scale and scene, that power of naturalizing events in their local habitation and creating one perfect illusion of fact and fancy which is peculiarly its own. It will be neither a pictured play nor a pictured novel, but an art in and by itself. And it will do all this simply because the moving-picture is primarily a device for visualizing imaginary action as actually taking place.



Sleep

By JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

THE shoreless and the starless sea of night
 With solemn tide of radiant moonlight flows,
 And gently through the window-lattice throws
 Upon your bosom checkered shade and light.
 Like a cathedral, bathed in gloom and bright
 With sumptuous splendor, now your body shows,
 In the stern marble of serene repose,
 Where reigned the sovereign and supreme delight.
 Hushed is your bosom's choir, and deep rest
 Broods on the altar; empty is the throne,
 And silent is the answer in your breast
 That but so lately echoed to my own.
 Where are you fled from me, on what far quest,
 In bright disdain, leaving me here alone?



What Shall England Do?

The Aftermath of the Social Revolution

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Golden Lads," etc.

ENGLAND is becoming an industrial democracy, but the talk is all of speeding up production and making a better machine of the worker. The solutions of reconstruction necessitate a consideration of new automatic machines and subdivisions of repetitive process. There is talk of a still hotter war of competition than in the old dreary factory days. All these discussions of the British Association and the Round Table and the Fabians and the government-reports lean in the direction of Americanizing and Germanizing England. When you have made a good workman in that sense, you have n't made a good man at all. You have made a sharpened tool of production or a narrow, concentrated huckster. I feel in all this program something alien to the English nature. Half the fine virtues of a liberal life lie outside such competitive industrial requirements.

Once the question of "wages and hours" is settled, and that is only a detail of management which will be settled, we reach the heart of the problem. Can the curse be removed from machinery? Can joy be put into work? What of the jobs that are monotonous? Will they lessen in number?

The instant that joy enters into work the problems of overtime and fatigue disappear. Elasticity of spirit gives a swift recovery. Freedom to choose one's work, the right to arrange one's working conditions, skill in doing the task, pride in the product—these are the elements that result in "joy in work," are they not? What promise does the future give us that this quality of joy will enter into the work of the masses? An eight-hour day and a minimum wage of forty shillings a week

do not help us here at all. Will the increasing control of working conditions by the workers themselves remove this curse of monotony, the grind of the machines on the human spirit? Will the fact of control alter the effect of the work, so that automatically it will pass from a condition of slavery to a condition of freedom? Will the worker, in exercising his will on the terms and conditions of his employment, find a full release for his powers, with the resulting sense of self-expression and its accompaniment of joy?

Or will the increasing control of working conditions by the workers result in a fundamental remodeling of the nature of the work itself? If so, in what forms will that change show itself? For instance, the happiest communities of the past were surely settled agricultural communities. Will the workers in part return to the land, rendered more fertile by modern methods of intensive agriculture? Will there be an era of noble building like that of the twelfth century? Will the modern democracy find it worth while to create beauty?

Then there remains the use of leisure. Are we to learn an art of living? Will creative activities be honored? Nothing is more striking in the last hundred years than the fact that the poet and the saint "do not count." They have lost control over the channels of power. The artist in any of the great forms has little influence to-day. It is easy to reply, "Let the great artist come, and we will listen"; but to produce great persons, the heart of the people must be turned that way. We are not quiet enough or responsive enough to form and nourish such growths. Not only are the masters of modern industry

materialistic, but the workers are materialistic. The trades-union program, the socialist platform, the reforms of the social experts—all these center about matters of physical well-being and industrial efficiency. What has all this to do with outlook on life, the knowledge of true values, an understanding of the meaning and end of existence? Outlook on life is determined by the use of leisure—by the pictures one sees, the music one hears, the books one reads, the talk one shares, the games one plays. The only education an adult receives, apart from that of the working-day, with its repetitive processes for most employees, is in the recreation of his leisure hours. School ends for most of the human race at fourteen years of age. The lives of modern workers are dark with drudgery for the working shift and spattered with cheap surface sensation in the hours of release. Fatigue and excitement march together through our city streets.

These are the two great questions of our time: Can the nature of work be ennobled? Can spiritual values be restored to modern life? For fifteen years these questions of what use shall be made of life under a true industrial democracy have seemed to me the most important, the least discussed questions of our day. Now that industrial democracy is arriving in England, I have put these questions to the leaders of public opinion. I have talked with Lloyd-George, experts of the Home Office, of the work councils, with John Burns, Seebohm Rowntree, Snowden, Button, MacDonald, Mallon, every type of mind in the industrial struggle. No one person is responsible for the conclusions which I give, but they seem to me a just summary of the best English opinion.

Will industry slide over into an old-fashioned balance between agriculture and factory labor? Can the curse be removed from machinery, so that the worker will find in his day's work some of the same lift and satisfaction which Gilbert K. Chesterton finds in writing books, who told me, "I have fun in writing my books"? These questions have been wres-

tled with since machinery came in. Hate of the machine was voiced by Ruskin and Morris. The hope of a new and simpler civilization has been stated by Edward Carpenter.

The answer is clear. The present tendencies of all the leading nations are altogether in this one direction of more productive power through machinery driven by skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers. Whether there is not a wholly different sort of life possible, with a simpler organization and richer values; whether the old England of hardy seamen and quiet farmers and yeomen was not a more admirable place than the modern city, is to pose an academic question in the face of an obvious overwhelming tendency. All the nations are becoming Americanized and Germanized. The result is that a cheap, hasty product in unlimited quantity, a race for new markets, hustling and advertising are in command of modern life. All that is fragrant and choice and spacious in the older England is being caught into the whirl of these wheels. This tendency is summed up by two words: some call it progress, and some call it civilization. It is the judgment of experienced men that the mass of the people will never flow back to agriculture in an industrial country. England will not become more like Russia. On the contrary, Russia will become more like England. The machine is in permanent control of industrial life. New automatic appliances will be created; new subdivisions of process will be devised.

To offset this dead uniformity, there is the constant demand for new goods. No sooner has the manufacture of one article become standardized than the demand for something quite new arises. It is only after this has been manufactured for a considerable time on a large scale that its manufacture becomes standardized. Meanwhile there is much skilled work in connection with it. But the percentage of highly skilled men who make the tools, install them, and direct this new process is small. There remains the vast and ever-increasing mass of semi-skilled workers

who perform the endlessly repeated processes. The highly skilled man finds a measure of satisfaction in the exercise of his craft. A certain few machines have a delicacy of touch, and turn out a beautiful product, so that those who tend them receive a pleasure in superintending the operation. Seeböhm Rowntree told me of a machine in his York factory which lays down three colors at one time on shiny paper, and does it with a finger manipulation which seems semi-human. The men in charge of this process thoroughly enjoy their silent partner. Work for them is not monotonous. But these workers of skill or happy processes are few in number compared with the millions in industry. For the great majority of workers there is little joy in their tasks or small pride in the products. The worker does not look on the *Mauretania* and say to himself, "I built her," because he tooled the rivets which went into the engines, though that is exactly the thing which the workman did say eight centuries ago when he chiseled his masonic mark on the gray stone of the cathedral. To-day he seeks for an escape from the monotony of a weary process in other things than in the work itself. He regards machine labor as a drudgery. The series of motions is beginning to become standardized. Experts go through factories distributing cards that analyze the motions required to convert raw material into commodities. The worker is shown how to economize effort, how to make fewer strokes, and how to shorten the stroke, how to lessen the time of production from four hours to two hours and thirty-three minutes. This drift toward organization and mechanical efficiency will never be checked. It will gather momentum. The worker himself is often in favor of the automatic labor-saving machine if his standard of living is maintained and raised, as against the machine that calls for an exercise of skill. He prefers to save his vitality, his mental reserve forces, for his life outside the factory, for the creation of social values in his neighborhood.

There is a clever and aggressive school of industrialists in England who will try to speed up industry without winning the coöperation of the worker. They will seek to install a scientific piece rate based on time study of factory operations, standardization of equipment, motion study of the actions of the worker in performing a piece of work, instruction-cards governing every bodily movement of every worker, and a set of "speeders-up"—speed boss, repair boss, shop disciplinarian. This Americanizing of industry does not look genial to the British workman. He will not accept it if it precedes the installation of work councils; that is, boards of control, in which he is represented. He will insist on his share in workshop control. He will obtain it. Then industrial organization will proceed along the inevitable lines of efficiency and scientific management. The further this tendency goes, the wider becomes the separation between the handful of skilled workers who shape the tools and set them up and the mass of unskilled workers directed by cards, routing, and scheduling.

There will be no return to a peaceful peasant folk. The dreams of Ruskin and William Morris must be laid aside. The mechanical processes of industry cannot be humanized; they can only be mitigated. The relations between employer and employed can be humanized; the Welfare Department of the Government is humanizing them. Individual employers have long struggled to humanize them; but this coöperation, this kindlier atmosphere, is itself only a mitigation of the conditions of work, and cannot alter the nature of the work. Not in the work itself, but in the creation of values outside the working shift, must the mass of people find their escape from monotony. As the worker receives his higher wage and his margin of leisure, he must by individual and collective enterprise lift himself from the machine-made mediocrity of our modern world. The worker will not become a man till after hours. A blessing can be wrung from the machine only on its own terms. It is a comfort, although a stern

comfort, to know the direction in which we are going. Knowing that, we can govern the pace and better the road. Such is the answer on removing the curse from machinery.

What of the worker's conditions after hours? The solutions of almost all our social problems are already in operation locally in patches in parts of Europe. Denmark has solved one problem, Sweden another, and Belgium a third. It needs now experts to pool these solutions into a program and apply it wholesale. Transportation and housing lie at the heart of the problem of environment. Where the worker lives, and in what sort of home he lives, determine the conditions that surround him outside his working hours. State action here is necessary, and state action will be taken.

For two years prior to the outbreak of war a committee had been sitting to consider land and housing reform, and had brought in definite and far-reaching proposals. These proposals were being very seriously considered by the Government. It is probable that a bill covering many of the reforms suggested would have been introduced but for the war. There is every reason to believe that these reforms will come to the front as soon as the war is over. One of these measures deals with compulsory town-planning. Instead of building from thirty to forty houses to the acre, only thirteen will be allowed. This means that every workman's house will have its decent privacy, its bit of garden. Another proposal is for a system of general transportation by means of light railways. Belgium has had about seventy miles of light railways for every three and a half miles in England. This gives a network of cheap transportation covering the entire area around the great industrial centers. I used to ride into Ghent from Zele, from Melle, from every one of the smaller towns outside the city. Wherever I have stayed in Belgium, whether at Furnes, Dixmude, La Panne, Nieuport, or Ostend, the whole country-side was woven with tiny steam railways, carrying passengers for a few sous. This system

gives easy transportation for the worker from his home in the suburb to his lathe in the factory. It means that he can live on a little land and, with his family, carry on light gardening, reducing his cost of living, with an occasional sale in the market. The combination of the two measures,—town-planning and cheap transportation,—applied to England, will end the slum by draining it dry, and by substituting a village community in pleasant surroundings. It means a gradual, but, in the end, complete, remaking of the environment for the workers. And an environmental change so vast will recreate the physical life of the nation.

These measures are nothing but simple primitive justice. They are merely animal rights. They do not deal with the basic spiritual needs of the community. Having won his emancipation from poverty and the serf conditions of industry, the worker must face the intellectual barrenness of his life. Through no fault of his own he is poorly fitted for the rôle he is now called on to play. He is uneducated, unimaginative, unequipped to create the values in life which an industrial democracy will require in order to survive the dreary hours of monotonous machine work, however shortened and however highly paid, and the increased hours of leisure. Failing a solution for his overplus of vitality and for the unemployment of his higher faculties, he will be thrown back on rebellion as release for his unfunctioning energy.

The supreme need of English labor is wise leadership. That leadership will not allow this new energy, released by better wages and shortened hours, to spend itself in strife and rebellion. The tragedy of the labor movement has been that its leaders have often been sucked up by the Government, becoming official investigators, parliamentarians, committee-men. Or the skilled intelligent worker has passed over into the ranks of the employer. The succession of lost leaders has quenched the enthusiasm of the mass of the people, lessened their power of vision, and made them cynical of lifting themselves to a

full, free life. If the shoulders of the people are used by their most vital representatives only to be climbed upon into positions of individual prestige, the people themselves will be little bettered by generating men of power. The labor leader must find his career inside his class. He must forego the easy advantages of a thousand-pound government salary. There are few wise leaders to-day inside the ranks of the workers.

As the result, the immediately practical next steps in the social revolution are clearly seen, but the creative readjustment that will make England into a free, liberal community is not seen. The worker is about to share control of his working conditions with the "management." His hours will be shortened, his wages will be increased,—the increase has already reached about one third of the industrial population,—he will have a voice in workshop conditions, his physical environment in his leisure hours will be ameliorated. His house will be situated in a decent community, with space around it for flowers and home gardening. Vocational training will be given to his children. This will come by a series of experimental measures, beginning with part-time employment in industry for those between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

But a greater reconstruction than all this journeyman's work is needed. If the workers are able to develop leaders and to retain them, that leadership will concern itself in part with the cultural life of the people. There is no great future for labor except through education. The American film, the public house, the ha'penny newspaper, and professional foot-ball are not sufficient of themselves to make a new world. If English labor contents itself with gains in the mechanic and physical conditions of life, the form of solution will crystallize into its own kind of neo-Toryism. The same meaningless materialism will continue to sterilize and wither the minds of men. Now the minds of officials and experts, workers and employers, are malleable, now the national consciousness has been melted into hot and fluid

form. Now is the time to shape and fuse that molten mass.

"We are going around to-day with a different brain under our cap from the brain we carried three years ago," a leading official of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers said to me.

This is true of him and his fellow-workers, true of the politicians, and true of the employers. Before that brain cools to a new case-bound orthodoxy it must come to grips with larger principles of social reconstruction than any it has been dealing with in trades-union regulations. There is no discharge in this war. We need a new community, eager and unsatisfied, aiming after a nobility of life of which the modern world has had no vision. Let labor look to its task. Time presses. In five years England will have cooled down, and the impulse of the war, throwing old values into the furnace, will have spent itself. Men will reproduce the old world, with its barrenness of materialism, its hunt after cheap amusements, its immense mediocrity, its spiritual deadness, its nervous restlessness, its suppressions of vitality, and its explosions of rebellion, the same old round of dirty little intrigue, because there will be no great purpose to which life is directed, no creative dream of the people.

And in command of the community will be the same old gang of clever politicians feeding out materialistic catchwords of "Peace and prosperity," the adroit editors ministering to sensation as a substitute for creative activity. If the workers dodge and postpone this fundamental point in their emancipation, they will give us a world little better than the Victorian mess. They will give us something very like a prosperous American industrial city such as Detroit. The privileged class, with its neat formulae of restricted education and established church, has long lost its control of the community. The brief reign of the captains of industry, contributing no ideas on ethics and social relationship, ended in August of 1914. Now comes the worker. Let him better the management of life. Patient,

kindly, slow, very loyal to the man and the cause in which he believes, the English worker is the greatest democratic force in the world. For our own salvation we must call on him to use his brain. He allowed the first industrial revolution to swing in on top of him in its meanest and most sordid form. Now that he takes control of the second industrial revolution, he must not try to compress humanity into narrower terms than those which the innumerable varieties of the human spirit have always demanded. The masters of industry tried this, and wrecked their world.

Into the forefront of their immediate program of action the workers must put the demand for an abolition of child labor and for the creation of a general, full-time elementary schooling up to the age of sixteen years. There must be secondary and continuation schools for all promising pupils up to the age of eighteen. There must be a larger number of universities, and a democratization of all the universities. The best men among the workers must be as thoroughly equipped in modern science, economics, and sociology as the governing class used to be in the humanities. The hope of an enlightened democracy lies in the general extension of state education and in the expansion of individual initiative in such experiments for adults as the Workers' Educational Association.

But the workers must insist that the education shall not be limited to vocational training, to science of research and application, to the imparting of facts. Education must give an interpretation of life. It must construct and impart a system of ethics fitted to our time. A living wage is no answer to such a tangle as that of sex; it is no answer to the concerns of empire and the treatment of the colored races. These are ethical matters, demanding hard thinking and new interpretations of old values. There are a dozen problems clamoring for an answer; and on no one of them is there an adequate body of recorded facts, with the tendencies deduced from them. Apparently, everything

is to be solved by plunging boldly into activity and letting results come. What one feels the absence of in the labor movement is fundamental brain-work. Here are new processes being developed, new areas opened, a revolutionary shifting of the directive control of the modern world from the little historic group of captains to the vast army of the people themselves; and yet there is no realization that so mighty a transfer of forces calls for a philosophy and ethics of its own. If the workers fail us in this, the patient old-time spirit will brush aside their little artificial structure like an empty shell and begin building again.

The whole range of moral problems has been left out of the reckoning. Changed conditions have resulted in an entire alteration of human relationship; but no one has stated the new ethics that will give guidance to the plain man's desire for a free, human, liberal life and for an answer to the meaning of life. The cry of Dostoyevsky still lifts itself in our night: "Surely I have n't suffered simply that I, my crimes, and my sufferings may manure the soil of the future harmony for somebody else. I want to be there when every one suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer."

What interpretation of modern life have we had? Not one. Frederick Taylor tells us to bind every thrust of the hand, every throb of the brain, into an iron scheme of regularity; Tolstoy tells us to jump out of the system altogether. But neither they nor our other literary and scientific prophets have faced all the facts resolutely and thought their way through to a synthesis. Neither peasant mysticism nor scientific management will put greatness into the lives that ninety out of every hundred obscure persons must live. We cannot hope for any saving word from the clever manipulators who cut the cost of production or from isolated artists, high above the combat. The word must come from the worker who, refusing to be factory-bound, turns from his ma-

chine after extracting a living wage and becomes an interpreter for his fellows. We wait for this word. It will be a word made flesh, and it will dwell among us. It will not utter itself in handicraft communities or on the lonely farm. It will neither flinch from the immutable economic basis of life or try to feed the human spirit on applied science and novel devices of speeding-up alone. It will be a word of faith.

Modern essayists write retrospectively of the "age of faith" as if faith was possible only among naïve men in an age of mental darkness. But faith is the product of a vitality that is fully expressed. It has therefore always been the possession of vital and effectual men, and is found alike in Cromwell and Walt Whitman. It is as inevitably the sanction of wholesome living as joy is the accompaniment and sanction of the creative impulse in love and art. It is not a blind belief in what is not true. Faith is the expression of a belief in life. The last century has been faithless not because it was dynamic and enlightened, but because it was darkened and weary. Democracy, with all its striving, has produced thus far only three men of genius, Mazzini, Lincoln, and Walt Whitman, and one of them said:

Give me, give him or her I love this
 quenchless faith.
 Is it a dream?
 Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
 And failing it life's lore and wealth a
 dream,
 And all the world a dream.

We moderns have side-stepped these fundamental questions of a spiritual basis for existence because they troubled our surface life. Meanwhile we heaped up the immeasurable inner forces of unanswered desires, unexpended spiritual vitality, and frustrated impulses until they finally came roaring through and over-swept Europe.

There was a time when religion answered this need of the race for a vital expression. It still answers the need of

a part of the community. There are liberal tendencies inside the church making for a faith which does not offend men's intellects and does not preach submission and renunciation. A small, but influential, group of workers still govern their lives by religious faith. But religion in any organized form, in any terms that are concrete and susceptible of measurement and analysis, has ceased to exist for the mass of the people. The old religious penalties and sanctions have been undermined by modern thought. Our new, vague social consciousness has failed as yet to develop any stringent system of ethics of its own, any code of relationship which is binding. In labor a class war, in sex a medieval suppression, were the extent of present-day vision up to the hour of the war. For many generations the life of spiritual aspiration has been starved. There is no longer any appeal made to it. Our development is altogether in the direction of a materialistic conception of life, by legislation to conquer poverty, by machinery to achieve happiness. It looks on organization as the sole method of progress, efficiency as the end of being, science as answering all the needs of the human consciousness, and scientifically directed force as the final master of human affairs. It is not that the young or the poor go wrong, but that we all go wrong in our commercial civilization. We all live for sensation, for a visible standard of success in terms of sense-pleasures. To make life easy, to escape the old perils and hardships, the old disciplines and responsibilities, has become the chief aim of the modern community.

England must make imperious demands of the new democracy. We refuse to rest satisfied with their improved housing, easier transportation, better working conditions. These are only the means to worthy living. They do not deal with the business of living itself. If the workers of England can create a community that "looks good," the example will be irresistible, and civilization will respond to it in every nation. It is only in the creation of such communities, where the

life of peace is a thing of joy, that we can look for the end of wars. But in their community they must find a place for the life of the spirit, for faith, for the finer values of nationality, for the rewards of merit, energy, and initiative. Because initiative in the old industrial serfdom only bound them the tighter to the management, they have practised "ca canny." But when they take control, failure in initiative will cut the tap-root and spinal nerve of their productivity, their prosperity, and final well-being. They are called on for a wholly other set of qualities than those which they have developed under the stresses of wage conflict. Every situation now demands a different reaction from the one produced when a profiteering employer pulled the strings. Every new invention, every automatic machine, every shortened process, every device for directing muscular force that will cut the cost of production, is working for their benefit. But their newly used initiative must carry further than the workshop. It must wreak itself on the community, and devise a wisdom of life, fulfilling the inextinguishable longing of the human heart, which has gone unanswered in recent years till it found its answer in world war.

Unquestionably in the last fifty years the labor movement, reacting vigorously against the defenses of privilege projected, often unconsciously, by organized religion and class education, has made a drive against the life of the mind and the life of the spirit. Itself a vital movement, fighting for freedom and justice, it has included among its enemies forces which are themselves the very source of freedom and justice. It has done this because these forces had created institutions, such as the established church and the great universities, which had lagged in the movement toward continuing emancipation. But labor cannot carry on a war with intelligence and spirituality without in the end being burned up by their fine violet ray. No philosophy of income will survive against the higher demands of the human spirit. Labor must be willing to

work with these victorious forces, not against them. In scorning the free play of intellect in the realms of art and pure research, and in scorning the efforts of the spirit to find an interpretation of life leading to spiritual peace, the labor movement has hardened and strengthened the very materialism which is its own worst enemy. If labor holds that it is too busy with its immediate emancipation to trouble with "theoretical considerations," it will be in the position of an army which allows itself to be outflanked and surrounded because it is concentrated on a drive at the center. This is the gravest issue which labor faces. It has won its fight for a decent standard of living and for a measure of control in industry, but it will certainly lose the future if it continues to regard the writer, artist, and ethical teacher as parasites, and if it continues to see them as idlers who are living indolently on the hard work of better men. The labor movement is itself largely the product of a few thinkers, unconnected with organization, members of no party. It will destroy its own sources of supply and will become dried up if it discourages fresh liberations inside its own organism. Its one outlet into the future is its capacity for throwing out experiments in the creation of new varieties, like a plant. It must distrust its own orthodoxy and status quo, its own accepted formulæ and popular teachers, as it distrusts the utterances of bishops and class-bound captains of industry. Only so will it manifest a principle of vitality charged with unflinching impulses. Falling short in this, it will betray itself as only a single unrelated, short-lived impulse, clothing itself in one more limited institution, which will become its tomb. The worker must not only tolerate radical interpretative thinking outside his own ranks; he must welcome it among his fellows. The initiative of his leisure hours must lead out into regions of which he has been shy and suspicious. He must develop his own teachers and prophets and artists. The men of Ghent had already done a little of this inside their coöperative community.

The English worker must be as glad of his sculptor and his poet as he is of his labor leader. By the creative use of his leisure he will justify his control over the coming age. In place of smart revues and sentimental plays perhaps he will give us drama, which has been an unused literary form for three centuries, worthy of revival.

For one hundred years the world has been silent on the meaning of life. The masters were busy with their new devices to squeeze profits, and the workers were too heavy with their toil to think at all. But by these unseen moral compulsions, by the values we create, every free act of our life is governed. Everything we say and do is shot through with the color and accent of our conception of life.

If life is "playing the game," what is the game, and what are the rules? If life consists in making good, what is the good we are making, and what is the method of the making? If life is noblesse oblige, who are the élite, and what is the nature of their obligation?

The Christian ethics, for instance, have never been tried. Do the workers intend to attempt them? Will they state them for us in modern terms? What precisely is our moral foundation to-day? What is the basis of our happiness and virtue?

The suppression of the human spirit, the soul,—that congeries of impulse, desires, and memories,—has gone on under

the industrial revolution with its applied science, its emphasis on realism, and its mechanical detail. How faintly the life of industry has taken hold of the human spirit was revealed by the great burst of released force that broke through with the war. The nations had been gathering steam for several generations till they blew the lid off. All the time that the hands were busy in repetitive processes the secret subconscious mind was generating its own forces. Suddenly men saw a release from modern life, an escape from the machine, and a substitute for the materialistic conception of existence, and seven nations went out with faith in their hearts. The workers themselves were among the first to go not because they were herded and conscripted, but because adventure and change and faith had returned to a very flat world. There came an almost universal exultation that at last there was something in which to believe, something impersonal and vast on which the primal forces of emotion could discharge themselves. The old industrial order received its sentence then; but unless the new industrial democracy wins for us a creative peace, it, too, is doomed. It must give us an interpretation of life which commends itself to our nobler faculties and not alone to our body needs, or men will again turn themselves to killing in order to escape the greensickness of materialistic peace.



John Fairchild's Mirror

By JENNETTE LEE

Author of "Uncle William," etc.

Illustrations by James O. Chapin

IT had been a raw, blustering day, the pines showing a white light where they tipped beneath the wind that blew across them. November had stripped the fields, and over the whole landscape lay only the high serenity of earth and sky.

Gabrielle Eaton, walking across the great meadow, lifted her face to the sky. She had come out from faculty meeting tired and depressed and longing for a breath of air. The meeting had droned through its three interminable hours of detail and bickering. Little dried-up morsels of men had argued and plotted and counterplotted over the mental and spiritual food that should be served out to vigorous, growing girls. And each had voted with a thrifty eye to the advance of his own department. The small minority that cared for education as a whole and saw the subject in its wider relations had been far outvoted. To-morrow, she knew, there would be lobbying and small factions at work for each other and for themselves, and next week would see the same miserable travesty repeated. She lifted her face again and breathed deep. How was one to bear a life that choked and stifled at every turn? For twelve years she had been teaching girls, and each year she came to feel less certain of what was best for them, what to give, and what to withhold. And Professor Harben's small,

round, intelligent face in spectacles, with its pointed beard spearing at knowledge, flashed before her. He had no doubts as to what was best for the young. In his flat, thin voice he had talked for half an hour, explaining, elaborating, systematizing ways of educating girls. And at home, Gabrielle knew, Mrs. Harben, small and flat-chested, with the three little Harbens about her, was trying to make two thousand dollars do the work of four in the college community.

And men whose business enterprises affected a continent and involved millions intrusted the care of their daughters, the discipline and nurture of their minds, the training of their bodies, to Professor Harbens—to men to whom in their business they would have hesitated to trust the care of office buildings.

The long, low line of mountains to the west beckoned her. She lifted a level gaze to them. She was a tall, thin woman, with dark eyes and flexible, curving lips that seemed half ready to mock at herself, and caught themselves in a little smile. It was the smile that gave the face a subtle beauty, something on-looking, forward-reaching, not to be denied. Suppose she gave up the work? She walked more slowly. A letter in the pocket of her coat brushed against her hand as it swung idly. Suppose she gave up her work?

The light lessened and deepened. The



"Little dried-up morsels of men had argued and plotted"

mountains caught a glow above their blueness and became mysterious. The sky lifted itself, vaulting, and a single star hung out above the meadow. She walked slowly, looking down. Why could she not respond, give up this vexing work, and join hands with him for the rest of life? There was no lack of fire in the letter thrust carelessly into her pocket. It was the letter of a man ardently in love. Could she give up her work for John Fairchild, take her place in the world with a man already distinguished, administer his house, receive his guests, and represent him in the world, and be at last in a home of her own? She threw back her head, breathing in the clean-swept November air.

So this was what they might come to—all her dreams! What had forced her to put the dream aside every time it strove to shape itself in the form of some man and held out its hand, beckoning her? Now she was thirty-five, and life again was holding out what it called reality to her. "Come away from your dreams." The flexible lips smiled; then the light filled her face, and she turned back, walking slowly, her skirt touching the tall grass on each side and bending it a little as she went.

He was coming next week, and he had begged her not to answer the letter. He wanted to look in her face, he had said. The flexible lips mocked a little. Then the smile flooded them, and her face was beautiful again.

What had life to give a woman who would not love, who followed a dream! Ah, but she *did* love. Her heart was filled with the ache of it, a longing that beat upon her and set her searching every face for the life that was her right. Why should it come to some woman, and not to her? She saw Mrs. Harben's thin-chested little figure breasted to the fight, her whole life devoted to Charles and the children. And then suddenly, deep in Mrs. Harben's eyes, she caught a glimpse of something that startled her—something akin to this force in herself that drove her, stripped and desolate and searching.

So some women were false to it, as a man might be false to the vision when he turned aside to work for money? It was not money that had tempted Mrs. Harben. She smiled a little. But there were other things that drew one aside—respectability, convention, timidity, even curiosity. Had she not known them all! She had shrunk from a life of unfulfillment almost with a fierce repulsion. Then her dream had shimmered, and she had followed it. And it had no shape or color or name; only the forward walk into the dark.

The college buildings came in sight, crude, ugly in line, built for use—to shelter the spirits of growing girls! Almost terrified, she gazed up at them. The tower clock struck six, and she quickened her steps.

When she entered the dining-room a little later the evening hubbub was in full swing: plates clattered, voices rose above the clashing of knives and the rattle of forks, and over and under it all rose and swelled a crude, unshaped soul taking its food. As she slipped quietly to her place at the head of one of the long tables one or two girls looked up and smiled. She had not spoken, she seemed hardly to have glanced down the long table; but a little change had come to it. It was as if she had gathered up a loose handful of threads and held and steadied them. Her voice



"She lifted a level gaze to them"

could not have carried half the length of the table had she spoken, but something had invaded it, and traveled and touched each chattering girl. The table seemed to emerge from its shapelessness and noise



"She slipped quietly to her place"

and babble. All about it surged the chaotic murmur and push of voices and the sound of dishes. It was hardly possible to talk, to think. Three times a day, seven times a week, one must give oneself in the breaking of bread with them.

AFTER dinner, when in the quiet of her room she drew forward a round table to the fire and arranged the drop-light, with books at hand, and settled comfortably into her deep chair before the fire, the noise and clamor of college life seemed shut away.

As she sat turning the leaves of her book she was subtly aware of the room about her, and happy in its quiet. The room, glimmering in its shadow, had come to express her as few women's homes can express them. The pictures on the wall were there because she had chosen them, each for its place. And the rows upon rows of books were not a conventional library in any usual sense of the term. Each was a phase of her life. Had she suddenly been lifted from her deep chair by the fire and transported to some other world, she would still have remained in the book-lined walls. Not till they had been torn apart, distributed one by one into other hands, would Gabrielle Eaton

have ceased to exist. The books were her outer shell, her protection and defense against encroachment. And within them she dwelt, with her drop-light and easy-chair and the scattered pieces of furniture, each old and precious, and gleaming bits of brass and biting green of bronze and little pieces of rare earthenware. She had an artist's delight in these things, and the connoisseur's eye. All that was spurious had been rejected long since. The portière that shut off the narrow bedroom just beyond was of Persian weaving; its soft folds drew and held the eye. On the wall across from the fireplace a Florentine mirror caught the flames, and reflected them from its surface and its burnished frame. Everything was perfect of its kind and beautiful. The whole room expressed and surrounded and comforted her, and the fire purred a little on the wide hearth. Alone, within these four walls, she was herself. And this was the extent of her kingdom—four walls square! Her book fell to her lap. Her eyes studied the flame.

All the unrest of life seemed crushing in on her, invading the quiet room. The books on the table beside her were suddenly trivial. She turned to them idly. Butler's "Life and Habit"—how fascinated she had been when she glanced into it in the book-shop! She gave the book a little push aside with her finger. And Lowes Dickinson on the war, and Bin-yon, and Bennett's new novel, and Wells's last essays, and Tagore. She pushed them all aside and leaned her head on her hand, looking into the fire.

It seemed suddenly a makeshift, this life and the beautiful room, and all the eager choosing and seeking for right shape and color. It moved away in perspective to something small and trivial. The letter that had been taken from her coat-pocket lay on the table by the drop-light. She picked it up and opened it and spread it on her lap, smoothing it with thoughtful fingers.

Then she took it up and read it through from beginning to end. It was a long letter, and all the light of the fire seemed to

gather and play in the face under the shading hand that stirred only now and then to reach down and turn a closely written sheet.

A sound in the hall startled her, and she glanced up hastily at the clock and slipped the letter into its envelop.

A knock had sounded on the door. There was a murmur of voices and laughing, drifting sounds along the hall.

"Come in!"

Her voice had a welcoming sound, and the group of girls in the open door came forward as if the room with the woman sitting by the fire, her hands folded in her lap, were a wanted and happy place. They grouped about her, on chairs or cushions, or on the floor by the fire, all centering toward her with unconscious ease. Sometimes in the physicist's laboratory a magnet will make pretty patterns of the bits of steel it passes over. The book-lined walls seemed to have lost their almost repellent orderliness, and the subdued Oriental coloring, touched with the orange or vivid green or scarlet of sweaters and scarfs in the firelight, woke from its age-long quiet. Even the Persian portière seemed to stir slightly in the little movement of life and color and laughter.

The voices settled into quiet discussion; other voices joined them, and the group about the fire, broken only by the coming and going, narrowed a little as the evening went by. Except that they centered always toward Gabrielle Eaton, it might have been difficult at times to guess from the talk that she was the older, dominating personality among them. There was an equality, a sense of outreaching in her mind as in theirs. For all of them the future held a secret. They bent their heads to catch the whisper of it, or lifted their faces as it seemed to pass them swiftly by. It was the rare comradeship that seems to exist only where men or women are sequestered for some chosen aim. And this, too, was a perfect thing of its kind. No more beautiful friendship could be imagined than these young girls gave to Gabrielle Eaton. To enter into this companionship, to understand it and be re-

newed by it, was her life, as narrow as the walls of her room, but as fresh and springing as youth itself.

It was not till they had all gone and the clock had struck its late hour that her fingers, dropping to a fold in the chair, touched the letter.

She drew it out and held it a moment thoughtfully in her fingers. Then she bent forward and laid it on the fire, and the flame blackened the edge and ran up eagerly and engulfed it.

She watched it burn to a char. She would wait till she saw him.

At first he had seemed arrogant, a little insistent. They had gone for a long walk across the meadows, and he had pointed out all he should be able to do for her. He could make life beautiful and care-free. And at last he had begged her, almost humbly, to accept what he could give her. She was a little touched. She knew he was not accustomed to asking favors of any one. It was probably years since John Fairchild had asked any man or woman to do a favor for him. He was accustomed to granting favors. He was a little awkward about it, almost like a boy, and slow to take in her refusal when she tried to



"Sat turning the leaves of her book"

explain to him how she felt. At the end he had refused to go away as an ordinary polite suitor would have done after dismissal. He assured her he was not an ordinary suitor or a polite one. He had

known her ever since they were children together. He should stay on as a neighbor, not as a rejected suitor. So she had acquiesced with a smile, and had ordered dinner for them in her sitting-room. The thought of taking him into the din of dishes and voices that made up the college dining-room was not to be contemplated.

The little maid set out the table before the fire and laid the cloth and brought in the tray and disappeared; and Gabrielle Eaton found herself facing her suitor across the table with a curious sense of domestic intimacy she had not counted on.

She had put out a sign that would prevent their being disturbed for the half-hour he might stay. She had assured herself it could not be longer than half an hour. She counted on his being safely out of the way before her girls came for the evening talk by the fire.

She was aware of a desire to free the room of his presence. There was something disturbing in the big man who sat so easily opposite her, looking appreciatively about the room, at the book-lined walls and the bits of soft color and the

and selected a single rose, half-blown and firm-stemmed, and set it in the middle of the table. The great bowl was removed to the side of the room.

Her eyes studied the effect happily—the single flower in its straight glass.

Suddenly she glanced at him with a half-embarrassed smile.

"I know you think I am silly to care about a little thing like that."

"Why should n't you care? The world is made up of little things." He spoke with a serene common sense, the tolerance of a man who allows for foibles, and she felt he had not a glimmer of understanding of the feeling that had urged her. He accepted the change courteously, as he would accept anything she chose to do; but he would never know the fierce insistence for perfection that had driven her to it, that drove her always. He liked her room, she knew. She had noted the quiet glance he threw about him as he came in. But he could never comprehend the severe, almost religious zeal that had gone to make it what it was, so perfect that not a line could be altered without marring it. Sometimes, it is true, there were even now days of upheaval; but they had become rare. Almost the only things that changed from day to day were the flowers her girls sent her, or a parcel of new books from the shop; and even these must keep their place for the beauty of the whole.

All this played like an undercurrent beneath the surface of talk. She was subtly aware of a force stirring in her room. Something seemed to break and give a little, and she found herself looking anxiously behind her. All her familiar treasures were safe in place.

They talked of life in Dalton, the home town where they had grown up together, and of acquaintances and friends; and the little maid reappeared and carried away the great tray; and still John Fairchild had made no move to go.

Voices were sounding in the hall; they paused outside her door, and came softly through the closed panels.

"She's engaged! What a shame!"

Then the voices drifted away, and John



"They had gone for a long walk"

great dish of roses in the center of the table. He moved a hand to them.

"Wonderful color!" he said.

"Yes; one of my girls brought them. They are really too many for this small table." She looked at them critically. "If you don't mind my getting up?"

He nodded with amused glance.

She brought a slender, clear-glass vase

Fairchild's eye twinkled a little. His fingers had barely touched the end of the cigar that rested in his waistcoat pocket. He glanced about him with a little shake



"Selected a single rose"

of the head and settled more comfortably in his chair.

Her quick glance noted the movement with a look of surprise. He was evidently expecting to stay! But the quiet restfulness in his face touched some chord in her, and she moved the drop-light a little and took up the knitting that lay beside it.

"Would you like to smoke?" she asked casually.

"Here?" He cast a humorous glance behind him, and she smiled.

"It is permitted," she said dryly.

"Gracious lady!" He leaned forward with a match to the hearth, and the smoke from his lighted cigar drifted slowly up.

It touched the books, brushing carelessly along the leather bindings and obscuring gilt letters and titles; it circled about Gabrielle Eaton and even seemed to tangle itself in the needles and the light wool that played about them in the fire-light; and mounting to the ceiling, it grew tenuous and disappeared.

And John Fairchild watched it with a quiet smile.

The drop-light shadowed her face; but the firelight was playing on it as it bent above her needles.

Presently she looked up.

He nodded quietly.

"I should like to take you away from it all," he said.

"From this!" She made a quick movement, almost a gesture of protection, toward the room. "I thought we had settled all that." She spoke a little stiffly.

"No,"—he removed his cigar and looked thoughtfully at the tip,—"we did n't settle everything, did we?"

"But you understood—" She lifted a swift look to him.

"I understood, yes. You will not marry me."

The fire blazed suddenly, and a crash of sparks went scurrying up the chimney. She leaned forward to adjust the sticks. It surprised her to see that her hand, reaching to the tongs, was trembling.

"Let me do it," he said.

She relinquished the tongs, and he replaced the wood, busying himself with building a skilful pyre of sticks through which the flames played. He kept the tongs in his hands, bending forward to the hearth, his back a little turned.

"I meant what I said," he remarked quietly.

"When?"

"Just now. I want to get you out of this." He was studying the fire thoughtfully.



"'She's engaged! What a shame!'"

Her work dropped to her lap.

"What do you mean, John?"

"I don't see why I have left you here so long," he said impatiently.

She stared her surprise, and a little fear of him had come into her look.

The man's strong face had turned and was watching her. Then he seemed to put himself and his wishes aside.

"Do you like it? Do you like all this?" He waved his hand at the self-contained room, and the gesture seemed to include the campus and the college world outside. "Do you like it?" he demanded. "Does it satisfy you?"

She shook her head with a smile. Something that had frightened her for a moment in his face had disappeared.

"No, I don't like it—altogether; but I do not know anything I should like better."

"Think!" he said. "Be a sport! What would you choose, in all the world, if you could have it?"

• She leaned forward.

"In all the world!" she repeated softly. He nodded.

"Would you like to travel?"

"Travel? No." She brushed it aside.

"Well, then, what? You won't marry me, nor any man, I suppose." He was watching her face. "What is it you want?"

She moved vaguely.

"Why should I tell you?" she murmured.

"Because I love you," he retorted in a matter-of-fact tone.

She flushed slightly.

"That is n't a reason."

Again the voices hovered outside her door, with a sound of protest, and moved away.

"You don't even have an evening you can call your own." He motioned to the closed door.

Her lips parted.

"You don't understand."

"I am trying to."

"They are all that makes it endurable."

She motioned to the door. "When I think of them it seems worth while. You could never guess the waste there is in a place like this—the wicked waste of it!" She caught her breath.

"Tell me," he said gently.

And while she told him he listened with close attention, smoking thoughtfully. And his thought ran ahead and seemed to meet her at every turn. His comprehension startled her.

"You *do* understand!" she cried.

"I understand business. I know when a plant is behind the times," he said dryly.

"And there is nothing I can do, so I live with my girls. That at least is worth while—what I give and receive from them."

They were silent a little.

"You might start one of your own," he suggested.

"One what?"

"College."

She laughed shortly.

"Why not? I will finance it. If I cannot have you, my money is of no particular value. All you can do with money is to buy pictures or endow a hospital or a college. I'd rather endow you."

She gazed at the vision a minute. Then she shook her head.

"It would n't be fair."

"Oh, I am not altogether unselfish."

She cast a swift look at him.

"You would make terms?"

"Don't most millionaires make terms?"

"Yes, unless they're dead. Sometimes they do even then," she said regretfully.

"I'll make only one term. This institution—"

She held up her hands, protesting.

"Well, school, college, whatever you



"Bending forward to the hearth,
his back a little turned"

choose to call it, must be located in Dalton."

Her breath came with a cry of pleasure. "But I should love that!"

"So should I. So that 's settled." He beamed on her, and she felt strangely shaken from the things about her. She seemed to be gazing through some window into a serene bit of country where through the trees a little river went its glimmering way.

She turned and looked at the man across the hearth.

"You really love me, don't you?" she said wonderingly.

"I really do," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "Have you thought out your plans? Do you know what you want—buildings, laboratories, and all that?"

She seemed still wrapped in the dream.

"I don't know—yes. I was reading something the other day—" She got up and crossed to a stand for a book. She knew where it lay, and her hand reached out to it, and paused. Her back was to the man by the fire. But as she lifted her eyes to the Florentine mirror above the stand she caught a glimpse of his face turned to her. There was hunger in it, and a look of quick suffering; all the businesslike indifference was swept away. She stood for a moment staring at it. Then her glance dropped to the book in her hand, and she stood turning the leaves idly. Wave after wave of unknown feeling swept over her, lifting her, engulfing her. The look in his face! She longed to take it in her hands and smooth it away—all the pain and repression in it. Not one of her girls, with eager questing for life, had stirred her as that glimpse of a man's face in the mirror on her wall.

She turned slowly, and faced the successful man of business.

She crossed to him quietly.

"This is the book," she said.

He reached out a hand for it.

With new eyes she saw that it was not quite steady as it reached to her.

"You want something like this?" he asked absently.

"Oh, no, not in the least like it!" she cried.

He looked up, surprised. She caught herself.

"It was reading it that gave me an idea. And when I went to get it just now I had—another idea."

"Yes?" He was feeling absently in his pocket for a pencil.

She watched his fingers nervously. Only the memory of the mirror held her. She threw out her hands a little impatiently.

"I did n't know you cared—like that!" she said.

She crossed to her chair and sat down, facing him almost sternly.

He stared at her. Then he got up and came over slowly.

"What do you mean, Gabrielle?"

He seemed very tall as she looked

up to him. She put up a hand.

"I 'd like a school of my own better than this,"—she moved her hand a little,—"but more than anything in the world I want love." She said it swiftly under her breath.

"But I—I—love you!" He was clearly bewildered. He held himself in check. "I love you," he repeated. "I have n't done anything but tell you so for the last month."

"Oh—telling!" It was a little assent of scorn.

Again the swift look she had seen before swept his face, and she felt the grip of his hands on her shoulders.

She winced a little. Then she smiled, and the grip lightened.

"I am hurting you," he cried.

"Don't you know I want to be hurt? What is life for?"

She reached up to his face and drew it



"Caught a glimpse of his face"

down to her, and all the wontedness of life seemed breaking up. She brushed a swift hand across her eyes.

His own searched them, unbelieving.

"You—care!" he said under his breath.

She nodded. A little smile came to her eyes.

"You—slow—incomprehensible creature!" she murmured.

"I! Slow! Well!" He was looking down at her with humorous eyes as he drew her toward him.

"And I might never have known!" she said softly. She glanced toward the mirror on the wall. "Looking-glass, looking-glass, that hangeth on the wall—"

"Whom in the wide world do you love best of all?" he quoted slowly. "I used to read it to you, Gabrielle, when we were children."

She nodded.

"All children love it. I have been so

foolish!" She said it with a little restful sigh.

"So you don't want your school?" His face was turned to her.

"Of course I want it—more than ever! We will have it together. I need *you* for it." A sudden thought touched her, and she looked at him.

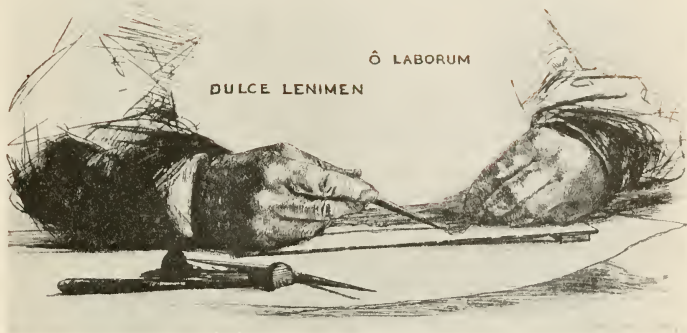
"Do you know, I think I have been immensely selfish," she said slowly. "I have not for one moment thought of anything but myself and what *I* want!"

His answer was not perhaps what she expected. He bent to her and kissed her. Then his glance traveled about the perfect room and he smiled.

"Now you will be selfish for me," he said. "I may not always be able to live up to your selfishness; but I want it."

And all the perfect room seemed a little shocked. But Gabrielle Eaton laughed quietly.





Hands etching, by Sir Francis Seymour Haden

The Making of an Etching

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF



HERE can be no doubt about the quiet, but steady, increase of interest in etching. This does not mean, however, that all people who look at etchings without being awed or bored, and with an appreciable amount of pleasure, can give an intelligent answer to the question, "What is an etching?" In fact, an attitude frequently encountered even among admirers of the art is that of diffidence before the mysteries of processes technical.

And yet, when these processes are explained in simple, straightforward manner, the public shows an interest. The exhibition illustrating the making of an etching, held in the print gallery of the New York Public Library, drew thousands of visitors, many of whom had ap-

parently had little or no previous knowledge of the subject.

This interest in methods is not only natural, but necessary. Appreciation of etching must be based in part on knowledge of the manner of production. In an art of any kind the medium—that is, the tool with which and the material from which a work of art is produced—must inevitably leave its impress on the result. Every medium has its limits and its possibilities; the artist must respect the one and avail himself to the full extent of his power of the other. Bracquemond once said that a work of graphic art must bear on its face, undisguised, the characteristics of the technic by which it was produced.

What wide diversity of expression can be given to one and the same medium may be seen in the case of etching by comparing the work of such men as Rembrandt and Jacque, Whistler and Bracquemond, Haden and Ostade, Meryon and Buhot, Breenberg and Brangwyn, Lalanne and Jongkind, Lepère and Zorn. Each of the two here coupled represent strong, sometimes antipodal, differences in method, in-



An aquatint from Goya's "Caprichos"

fluences, point of view, and subject; yet all of them understood and expressed the nature of the medium, and all worked fundamentally with the same materials, copperplate, etching-needle, and acid—materials that have been essentially the same for three centuries.

On one side of a polished copperplate the etcher lays a thin coat of so-called etching-ground, which may consist of white wax, mastic, and asphaltum. This is smoked over, and the design is drawn on the plate thus prepared with a steel point—the etching-needle. As this needle pierces the ground and lays bare the copper, the lines that it traces stand out

brightly against the solid black of the smoked surface, which, of course, was smoked with that purpose in view. Thus far the copper has simply been laid bare wherever the point has passed, and nothing has been done to create a printing surface. That is the work of acid. The plate, its back protected by a coat of varnish, is placed in an acid bath, and wherever the copper is exposed the acid makes its attack. Furthermore, since some portions of the picture are to appear darker and stronger than others, the plate is taken from the acid when the lightest lines of the picture have been bitten into the copperplate by the acid, and these parts are

then covered with "stopping-out varnish," which prevents further action of the acid at that point. The plate is then again immersed in the acid, which continues to

the action of the acid during all the consecutive bitings.

When the work of the acid is finished, the ground is cleaned off, ink is applied,



An etcher's studio

From Bosse's treatise on etching, 1758 edition

act on such portions as are still unprotected. The process can be repeated until the last biting, which adds the finishing touch to the portions which are to appear darkest, and which have been subjected to

and the plate, with a sheet of paper laid over it, is made to travel between the two rollers of a copperplate press. The great pressure draws the ink out of the lines bitten into the copper and transfers it to



"Nocturne—Salute," by Whistler

There are very few lines, the effect being produced by manipulation of the ink on the surface of the plate



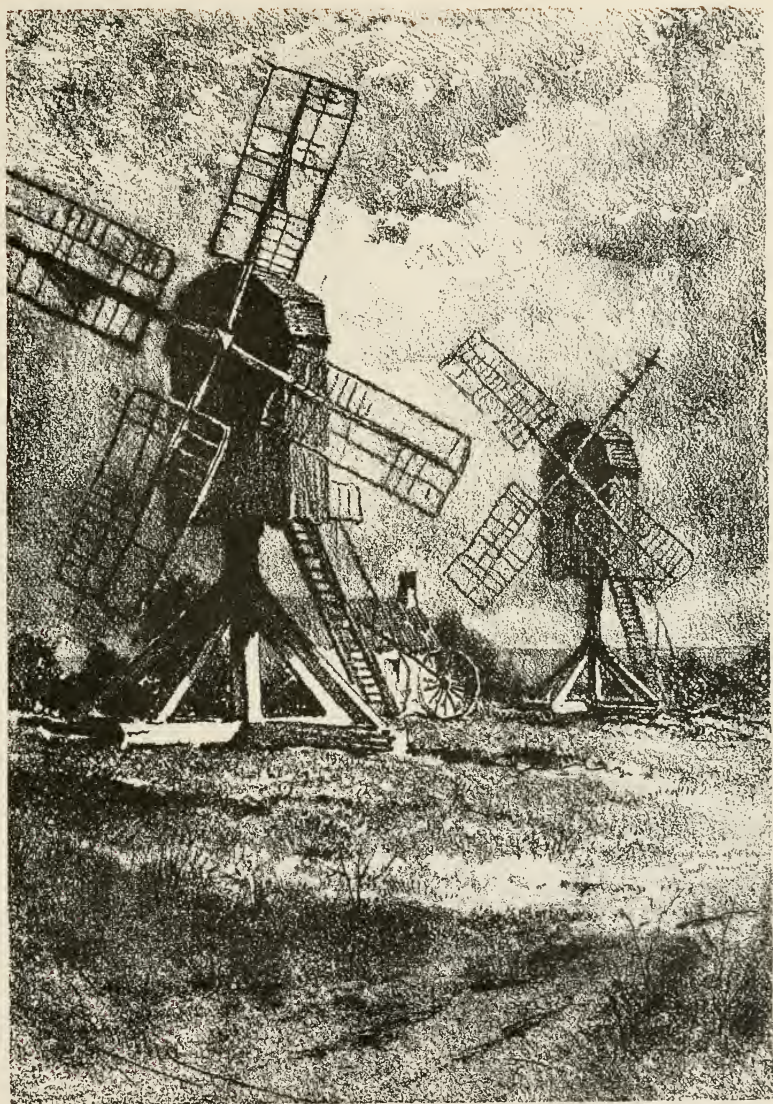
Whistler at the press

From a photograph taken about two years before his death

the paper. The ink thus lies on the surface of the paper in ridges that, where the lines have been very deeply bitten,—as in Haden's "Calais Pier" or in some plates of Turner's "Liber Studiorum,"—are of a very appreciable thickness.

Now, in the process itself are to be found the reasons why etching has served preëminently as a means for original expression as a painter art. We speak of "painter" or "original" etching, the direct product of the artist's intent, as distinguished from reproductive etching, in which the works of other artists are reproduced by the etcher. The needle in

the hand of the etcher plays freely over the plate, and to the resultant freedom and spontaneity is added the effect of the irregular action of the acid, which adds a further quivering vivacity to the line. But the artist's possibilities extend even to the inking. Before attempting to print, the ink that has been applied to a plate must obviously be removed from the surface, leaving only that which has lodged in the bitten lines that form the printing medium. There is a difference, however, in the manner of removing the ink. It may be taken off cleanly, so that the lines print almost as sharply as those of a name



"Old Mills, Coast of Virginia," soft-ground etching by James D. Smillie



“Le repos,” by Charles Jacque. First state

on a visiting-card, or more or less of a film of ink may be left on the surface of the plate between the lines. Furthermore that film may be teased with rags, or the rags may be used in *retroussage*, a peculiar twist which lifts some of the ink out of the lines and deposits it on the surface of the plate, producing an unctuous richness.

How much inking and printing may do for a plate one may see in an etching like Whistler's "Nocturne—Salute," in which there is a mere skeleton of line-work, about which ink is built up in an effect which will naturally vary in the different impressions.

The importance of the final step in the production of an etching has naturally led



"Le repos," by Charles Jacque. Fifth state

Between the first and the fifth states the herdsman has wandered about on the plate, and the sheep have been changed into cattle

etchers to be their own printers. Whistler was photographed at the press, and many of his prints bear in pencil, after the signature, the letters "imp."

The texture, quality, and color of the paper used are also factors in printing. Note, for example, the difference in effect

between an etching by Meryon printed on white paper and one on the greenish paper that he favored, or run through some portfolios of the work of Buhot and mark how he experimented with various kinds of paper. Happy is the etcher who lights on a supply of old hand-made paper, or



One of Mary Cassatt's noted "mother and child" dry-points. The plate has been canceled by drawing lines across them, so that no more impressions can be taken

on the special kind that fits the particular case, as when Cadwallader Washburn printed his old Buddhist priest on gray paper taken from the window of a Japanese temple.

Printing, however, does not necessarily indicate completion of the plate. It may mean simply that the artist is proving his work. An impression (trial proof) is

taken to see how the work already accomplished appears in print. The plate is then again coated with ground, though not smoked, and the ground, being transparent, permits the artist to make any desired changes. This process, of course, can be repeated as often as the artist desires. In reproductive etching especially, "proofs" and "states" of a plate are at times fairly

numerous, as one may see by referring to the work of Bracquemond or Waltner or Köpping.

In this description of the etcher's art reference has been made only to pure etching, with only such aid as manipulation in printing may give. But there are various auxiliary processes that have served etchers, though usually only to a limited extent, to give an accent here or there.

For instance, the burin, the line-engraver's tool, was used by Meryon, and the roulette, a small, toothed wheel that produced a dotted line, shows its work in the water of Whistler's "Doorway," while in some of Heinrich Wolff's plates it is used independently. When the ground has not been properly laid, and gives way in spots before the acid, "foul biting" results, spoiling the plate by its dots. But applied intentionally, it gives a sort of coarse spatter-work effect at the desired places.

There are also various ways of roughening the surface of the plate so that it will print a tint. It may be rasped with

a file, corroded with powdered sulphur, rubbed with Scotch stone (as in Mrs. M. N. Moran's "Twilight, Easthampton"), brushed with acid, passed through the press with sandpaper laid upon it, the particles of sand being forced through the ground and opening a way for the acid. The most familiar tint method, however, is aquatint. In that, minute particles of a resinous substance are deposited on a copperplate. When the plate is placed in a bath the acid attacks it only between the resinous particles. Aquatint, generally used as an auxiliary in combination with line etching, more rarely in its pure state, may be studied in the works of Goya, Fortuny, Klinger, Mielatz, and many others. In color work it is also combined at times with soft-ground etching. In this the ground is mixed with tallow to make it soft. On this is laid a piece of paper on which the drawing is made with a pencil. Wherever the pencil touches, the ground adheres to the paper and comes off with it. So, again, the copper is bared for the ac-



The late William M. Chase etching a pen-drawing by Robert F. Blum, photographed on a zinc plate, and etched, S. H. Horgan superintending the process

tion of the acid, the lines in this case being broken, as in a pencil-drawing on grained paper. Finally there is dry-point, which is not etching at all, but is often employed in combination with etching. Dry-point indicates drawing with a needle directly on the copper, without any ground and without the use of acid. The "point" in this case penetrates the surface of the copper, and, as it passes along, throws up ridges along the lines, as the plow throws up the earth along the furrow. These ridges, known as "burr," catch much ink, and print a rich, velvety black; but they are soon crushed down in the press, so that the plate yields only a comparatively small number of good impressions.

Here are plenty of aids, then, for those of experimentative bent, a characteristic strong in Buhot, a veritable juggler with processes, and in Guerard, but found also in Fortuny, Bracquemond, and in our own J. D. Smillie and Mielatz.

Etching, like all other media, has limits that must be understood and respected. It has characteristics that must be felt and expressed. To realize what possibilities lie in copper and needle and acid, one has only to recall some of the characteristics of various artistic individualities that have

found expression in this art, at once incisive, suave, definite, and supple. There rise before one the big simplicity of soul, the warmth of human sympathy, that pulsate in the art of Rembrandt; the fastidious selectiveness, the exquisite sense of adjustment, peculiar to Whistler; the haunting strangeness of Meryon's translation of Paris back into its past; the strong mastery with which Haden expressed his affection for the beauties of his native land.

There are, too, the bucolic charm of Jacque; the Gallic vivacity of Buhot; the masterly versatility of Bracquemond; the calm, smooth sureness of Lalanne; the discreet color accents of T. F. Simon; Jacquemart's revelation of the beauty of inanimate objects; the power, seriousness, and refinement of Legros; the beautiful truthfulness of Mary Cassatt's mother-and-child pictures. There's no need of keeping on. He who looks may find opportunity. The field is wide and varied. The intimacy of enjoyment of prints is intensified by one's understanding of the artist back of his work; and a student of the process is much helped toward such an understanding by some knowledge of the elements of technic.



Out of the Mist

By GEORGE T. MARSH

Illustration by Clifford W. Ashley

"WHEEL, w'at you t'ink, Loup? De Albancee onlee leetle piece now? We do good job to mak' for de sout' shore, eh?"

With a whine the great slate-gray husky in the bow turned his slant eyes from the white wall of mist enveloping the canoe to his master's face, as if in full agreement with the change of course.

The west coast of James Bay lay blanketed with fog from the drifting ice-fields far to the north. Early that morning, when the mist blotted out the black ribbon of spruce edging the coast behind the marshes of the low shore, Gaspard Laroque had swung his canoe in from the deep water. For hours now he had been feeling his way alongshore toward the maze of channels through which the Albany River reached the yellow waters of the bay.

Fifteen miles of mud-flat, sand-spit, and scrub-grown island marked the river's mouth, and his goal, the Hudson's Bay Company post, Fort Albany, lay on the easternmost thoroughfare of the delta. There waited the dusky wife and children he had not seen since his trip down the coast over the sea-ice at Christmas with the dog that now worried at the scent of the invisible flocks of geese that rose clamoring through the fog ahead of the boat. Bought when a puppy from an east-coast Eskimo at the Bear Islands, the husky had been his sole companion through the lonely moons of the winter before on the white wastes of his subarctic trapping-grounds.

"Wish you, Loup! Here we go!"

Swinging the nose of the boat well off the flat shore, the half-breed dropped to his knees, placed a battered brass compass on a bag in front of him, and, following the wavering needle at his knee, started

straight out through the smother of mist across the delta of the many-mouthed Albany. Two, three hours passed, and still the narrow Cree blade bit into the flat surface of the bay as though driven by an engine rather than by human thew and sinew, when suddenly the husky lifted his nose, repeatedly sucking in and expelling the baffling air. Then with a whine he suddenly sat up, throwing the canoe off its bottom.

"W'at you do, Loup? You crazee? Lie down!"

But the husky did not lie down. Instead, his black nostrils quivered in long sniffs as he faintly sensed the strange odor that the moisture in the heavy air almost obliterated. Then the hairy throat of the great dog swelled in a low rumble as he strained against the bow brace, peering into the impenetrable mist.

"Ah-hah!" chuckled the Cree, interested. "W'at you t'ink you smell, eh? No goose mak' you so cross; mus' be seal."

In answer the hair on the dog's back lifted from ears to tail, and raising his nose, he broke into a long howl, a warning which his master knew full well meant that from somewhere out of that wilderness of mist human scent had drifted to the husky's palpitating nostrils.

Again from the dog's throat rolled the challenge of his wolfish forebears to the hidden enemies, and out of the fog ahead floated the answer of a human voice.

"Quey! Quey!" called the Cree in reply, and ceased paddling.

Again the voice called from the fog; again Laroque answered, and started paddling slowly in the direction of the sound. It was a canoe from Moose, he surmised, bound for Fort Albany, and he was nearer the south shore than he had reckoned.

Then of a sudden out of the mist ahead broke the black mass of a ship.

The paddle of the surprised half-breed hung suspended over the water while the dog bellowed his rage at the mysterious thing looming through the fog. Clearly it was not the small company steamer from Moose Factory, which was not due at Albany for a month, after the fur-brigades had arrived from the up-river posts, but one of the big ships.

Still, what was one of the company ships from across the big water, which never entered the treacherous mouths of the Moose or the Albany, but unloaded at Charlton Island, a hundred miles east, doing here? Then it flashed across the Cree's brain that the vessel had missed the island in the thick weather and had run clear to the Albany flats, where she had anchored.

"Quey! Quey!" Laroque gave the Cree salutation to the men at the rail of the ship as he paddled alongside. "You goin' travel up de Albanee?" he added, with a grin. But there came no answer to his question.

Shortly a gold-braided cap crowning the bearded face of an officer appeared at the rail, and a gruff voice demanded:

"Where are you from and where bound?"

"I go to Albanee; been huntin' up de wes' coast las' long snows," replied the Cree, while the excited dog bared his white fangs in a snarl at the strangers peering down at the canoe.

"Keep your dog quiet!" the officer rasped.

Gaspard spoke to the husky.

"Now make your boat fast to the ladder and come aboard."

After the long months he had spent alone with his dog, the half-breed welcomed the opportunity for a chat and a meal of ship's rations with the crew of the vessel. Furthermore, she was out of her course, in a dangerous position, close in on the Albany shoals, and the captain needed the information he could give him. So lashing his canoe to the rope ladder dropped over the side, Laroque clambered

aboard, followed by the yelps of his deserted dog.

Twice Laroque had seen ships of the Hudson's Bay Company loading furs at Charlton Island, but he knew at once from the looks of the long deck-house and the size of the vessel that she was not one of these. A group of sailors, talking together in a strange tongue, eyed with frank curiosity the swart trapper with gaudy Hudson's Bay sash, skinning-knife at belt, and sealskin moccasins as he followed one of the crew aft. At Charlton Island the men of the company ships spoke English and were friendly to Cree and Eskimo, he thought. Surely there was something queer about this ship.

On the after-deck three men in uniform were conversing in low tones. As he approached the group, the restless eyes of the Cree made out, behind the officers, two long shapes covered with tarpaulin, which failed to conceal their heavy metal standards rising from the deck-plates. What could these things be, he wondered. No Hudson's Bay ship carried such strange gear on its after-deck.

The curious eyes of Laroque were suddenly shifted to the bearded officer who had hailed him from the ship by the abrupt question:

"What 's your name?"

The domineering manner of the speaker and the undisguised curiosity and amusement with which the others inspected the half-breed, from fox-skin cap to moccasins, stung the trapper's pride. He had boarded this ship to render the captain a service. The manner of these people was not to his taste. His face set hard as his small eyes met those of his questioner when he answered:

"Gaspard Laroque."

"You are an Indian?"

The tone of the officer brought the blood leaping into the face of Laroque. He, Gaspard Laroque, who held the record for the bitter Fort Hope winter trail from Albany, whose prowess as canoeman and hunter was known from the Elkwan barrens to Rupert House, was no sailor to be treated like a dog.



“ The paddle of the surprised half-breed hung suspended over the water while the dog bellowed his rage at the mysterious thing looming through the fog ”

Squaring his wide shoulders, he flung the thick hair from his eyes with a toss of the head and said defiantly:

"My fader was French; my moder Cree. But I tell you somet'ing: eef de win' rise from de nord or eas', dees boat land on de beach lak dat," and leaning forward, Laroque snapped his fingers in the captain's face.

Choking with rage, the officer stood for a moment inarticulate. Then shaking a fist wildly, he loosed a torrent of unintelligible words at the half-breed, who watched him coolly through narrowed eyelids.

"Answer my questions promptly," the big sailor finally managed to sputter in English, "or I 'll have you—" Then regaining his self-control, he continued in calmer tone:

"You say you are bound for Fort Albany?"

The Cree nodded.

"How far do you think we are off the mouth of the river?"

"You are ver' close; onlee t'ree, four mile'. Dees ees bad place for beeg boat, ver' bad."

The reply had a decided effect on the officers, who conversed for some time in low tones; then the captain turned to Laroque.

"You know the Albany River—the channel up to the fort?"

The secret was out: this was not a company ship. These people were strangers to James Bay or they would know that the treacherous river channels were un-navigable for big boats. But what business could a strange craft have at Albany—a craft manned by a crew speaking a tongue unknown to the bay, with a captain who spoke English as no skipper of company ship or Newfoundland whaler spoke it?

"De channel to de fort no good for beeg boat," replied Laroque, his swart features, stone-hard in their immobility, masking the thoughts which harassed his brain.

"How deep is the channel at low tide?"

"Onlee seex, eight feet ovair de bar.

No good for beeg boat," insisted the Cree, searching the bearded face before him for a glimmer of the purpose behind the question.

At the reply the captain turned to the men beside him, and spoke rapidly in the alien tongue, while the restless eyes of Gaspard Laroque swept deck and rigging, to fall again upon the shrouded shapes rising from the after-deck which first had baffled his curiosity. His inspection was interrupted by:

"How far above the mouth of the river is the fort?"

"Feeften mile' dey call eet."

"How large is the garrison? How many guns have they?"

Laroque shook his head, but he was thinking hard.

"Do you understand me?" Then the officer articulated slowly as he added: "How many men are at the fort? How many guns are there, and what size?"

For a fraction of a second the small eyes of the Cree glowed with the light of a dawning comprehension, but the bold features remained set as if cut from rock. It was clear now. This strange craft meant danger to Fort Albany. She had come into the bay for the furs at the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and this captain wanted to know how well those furs were guarded.

Often, before the fire in his grandfather's tepee, he had heard the old man tell how long ago the French had sailed into Hudson Bay and burned the fur-posts of the English; how once in these waters the English had fought great sea-fights with the French for the fur trade. But that was many, many long snows ago, in the time of his grandfather's grandfather. For generations now the ancient foes had been at peace. At Fort Albany, the Christmas before, the factor had told him that the French and the English had been fighting side by side since summer, across the big water, against a yellow-haired race who wished to rule the world. But the thunders of the Great War were heard but faintly on the shores of the far, subarctic bay.

"Answer me! How many men are at the fort?" fiercely demanded the officer, glaring into the face of the Cree.

The thought of the defenseless loved ones waiting for his return at the little unfortified fur-post, with its handful of company men and red trappers, spurred the active mind of Gaspard Laroque as the flick of a whip on a raw harness sore rouses a lagging husky. The French blood of his father spoke in his answer.

"Ver' manee men. Beeg gun', *petit* gun', all kin' gun' at de beeg fort at Albanee." Then an inspiration led him to point to the tarpaulin-covered shapes on the after-deck that first had puzzled him. "Beeg," he cried; "ver' much beeg dan dose gun'."

The faces of his audience palpably fell. Calling two sailors, the captain ordered the covering removed from one of the guns. It was the first modern piece of artillery Gaspard Laroque had seen,—the obsolete cannon at Moose Factory were relics of the Riel Rebellion,—but the fate of Fort Albany was in his hands; so he smiled derisively at the long steel barrel and polished mountings of the four-inch Krupp.

"Dat ees leetle pistol to dem beeg gun' at de fort." He laughed, to the amazement of the officers of the German commerce-destroyer *Elbe*, then added: "An' de men,"—the lips of the crafty Cree moved as if he were making a mental calculation,—"ah-hah!" he finally announced, "de men at de fort mus' be, las' time I was dere, two, t'ree hunder."

The big German captain seized the arm of the Cree.

"Three hundred men at the fort?" he cried. "Impossible! What are they there for?"

The swart features of Laroque relaxed in a wide grin at the discomfiture of his enemy, but behind that grin his active mind searched for a plausible answer. In a flash he had it.

"Las' Chreesmas-tam dey hear ship comin' to de bay to tak' de fur dees summer. Solger' travel from Canadaw on de snow." Gaspard marveled at the ease with which he was playing the part.

It was interesting news for the officers of the *Elbe*, and, from their scowling faces and excited conversation, the Cree judged, highly disconcerting.

The council of war continued for some time; then the youngest of the group, a smooth-faced boy of twenty-four, turned to Laroque affably.

"You have a fine dog in your canoe. We will hoist him aboard with your stuff."

It was a polite way of informing the Cree that he was a prisoner; but it was a relief to hear that his shaggy comrade was not to be abandoned. For next to the wife and children at Albany Gaspard Laroque loved the great dog down there in the canoe worrying over the absence of his master as he loved nothing on earth.

"T'anks," said Laroque, gratefully. "I mak' heem good dog on ship."

The trapper followed the officer forward to where the canoe lay alongside. There was the husky, whimpering for the return of the man who had deserted him.

"Whish you, Loup!" the Cree called down, leaning over the rail.

The nose of the husky pointed upward in a yelp of delight at the sound of the beloved voice, his thick brush of a tail switching furiously to and fro in an ecstasy of welcome.

Calling some sailors, the lieutenant said to the Cree:

"Go below and make your dog fast to the tackle they lower; but remember, if you attempt to escape, you are a dead man."

Laroque dropped down the ladder to the canoe, to meet the rough caresses of two hairy paws and swift licks from a hot tongue, while the rumble in the deep throat of the husky voiced his joy at his master's return.

As the nimble fingers of the Cree fastened a sling from the lowered ropes for his protesting dog, his small eyes furtively swept the rail above him. The muzzles of a dozen rifles covered the canoe. To make a break for the cover of the fog would be suicide. They would get him before he wet his paddle.

Laroque first sent up his fur-pack and bags, then made his husky fast to the lowered lines. Rubbing the slate-gray head of the worried and perplexed dog, who resented being trussed up in a harness of rope, he gave the signal. Struggling to free himself as he hung suspended, snarling and snapping at his bonds, the infuriated animal was hoisted to the ship's deck by the men above.

Swiftly following by the ladder, Laroque reached the rail to find pandemonium loosed. There on the deck, surrounded by shouting seamen, the maddened husky rolled over and over with two sailors in a tangle of arms, legs, and rope, while his white fangs struck and slashed right and left in a desperate effort to fight himself clear.

Leaping from the rail, the Cree threw himself upon his dog, and after a struggle managed to separate the husky from his tattered victims, who bled from slashes of knife-like teeth in arm and leg, paying dearly for their recklessness in laying hands on a king husky from Ungava whose dignity had been sorely outraged by their roughness.

Clinging to the dog, whose blood boiled with the fighting lust of a hundred wolfish ancestors, the Cree waited with fear in his heart for the verdict of the officer on the conduct of his shaggy comrade. Surely now they would shoot him or pitch him overboard, he thought. But he looked up with surprise into a smiling face.

"That 's a dog after my own heart," cried the young German, surveying with admiring eyes the magnificent animal who, held in the grip of his master, snarled defiance at the group of murmuring sailors well out of reach.

"De dog was scare' of de rope; he weel not bite dem now," urged Laroque in defense of his friend, and bending over, he poured into the pointed ears set flat on the massive head of the dog soothing words in Cree.

"Of course, when they hauled him on deck, the sailors put their hands on him, and he upset them like nine-pins. Lucky for them he was n't loose," replied the

officer, and the heart of Gaspard leaped with joy.

"Cast off that sling and make him fast to the ring-bolt there. He 'll cool off soon. I 've Great Danes of my own at home."

"How you come to dees countree?" the Cree hazarded, for he knew the passage through Hudson Straits at that time of year to be a perilous one.

The German smiled.

"I don't wonder you 're surprised at our being here," he answered. "It got too hot for us in the north Atlantic. We lost the English cruisers that were chasing us in a Labrador fog. Then the captain decided to come into Hudson Bay and do a little fur business."

"You strike de ice in de straits?"

"Oh, yes; we were in the floes two weeks—nearly lost the ship. But we 're here now, and are going to make the English pay for our coal in good fur."

Laroque made Loup fast with an inch rope to the ring-bolt in the deck, and by means of much rubbing of flattened ears and back-scratching gradually soothed the fret out of the dog. Then he ordered the husky to guard the fur-pack and bags placed beside him, for had Loup been left alone without this responsibility, he would have made short work of the rope with his powerful fangs, and sought out his master.

The Cree was then led to the captain's cabin.

Since the first interview the manner of the big German had undergone a surprising change. The half-breed was received with marked cordiality. He accepted a proffered cigar, but refused to take the liquor pressed upon him. To the wily Laroque the purpose of these men was too evident. They confidently expected a half-breed trapper to drink himself drunk at the opportunity and betray the people of the post, all unaware of the danger which lurked so near in the fog off the river.

So overpowering a hatred of these strangers momentarily possessed him that it took all his self-command to keep his hand off his knife and then and there, in

the narrow cabin, avenge this insult to his manhood. But the knowledge that the wit and daring of Gaspard Laroque alone stood between the safety of the little settlement at Albany and fire and pillage at the hands of these sea-wolves brought him to his senses.

Only the glitter in the deep-set eyes of the Cree evidenced the fierce emotion that had swayed him when the captain slapped his empty glass down upon a table and said:

"You say they have new guns at Albany. Are they mounted in earthworks surrounding the post, or is it an old stone fort?"

Laroque was stumped, but he caught at the suggestion in the first part of the question. He was playing the game through to the bitter end, so he hazarded:

"Oh, plentee new gun' in dirt-wall and stone-wall. Strong place, dees Fort Albanee."

It was painfully evident from the sober faces of his hearers that they were impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking before them.

For some time the officers debated in their native tongue while the Cree smiled inwardly at the consternation in the enemy's camp over the tale of a half-breed they despised. Truly the factor, MacGregor, would never recognize his log buildings, with their frail dog-stockade, from the description which the Germans had drawn from their prisoner.

"Is the channel buoyed?" asked the lieutenant at length.

Laroque was at a loss how to answer, for the Germans were sure to find the buoys when the fog lifted, unless a scheme which had been forming in his mind should somehow work out, a forlorn hope, to be sure, and dependent on the fog hanging a day or two longer.

"Sometam few buoy'; but de channel shif' ev'ry year, and de buoy' no good den. I don' know eef dey tak' buoy' up dees year," he finally answered.

"Oh, I guess you will remember the river well enough to take small-draft boats up to the fort." The captain winked

at the others and laughed loudly. And the Cree's quick brain caught the meaning only too well. They would put him at the wheel of a launch, with a gun at his head to refresh his memory of that shifting Albany channel. Well, a man could die but once. He would beach the launch somewhere below the fort and take his medicine, but he'd carry one or two of these yellow-haired fur-thieves with him when he went. There was a chance that they might be seen through the factor's glasses and the warning not come too late if the post Crees could get at the boat and wipe out the crew. But if the launch should get back to the ship with the information that there were no signs of guns at the unfortified post, they would probably attack at once with the whole ship's crew.

The council of war ceased, and Laroque was asked:

"Could men land below and approach the post from the rear?"

This, most of all, was what the Cree feared the Germans might do, for the people at Albany would never know of their coming until they emerged from the scrub behind the post. The yelping of huskies was so common at Albany that no attention would be paid to it.

"No," he answered; "beeg swamp seex mile' long below Albanee."

Again the captain poured three fingers of brandy into a glass.

"Come, now, you're a good fellow," he urged, offering the liquor to Laroque. "The fog is wet; a little drink will warm you up."

Each of the officers filled a glass, waiting for the Cree to take the one in the captain's extended hand.

Gaspard Laroque grinned guilelessly into the face of his would-be seducer.

"De water of fire eet mak' me sick." With a grimace, he placed a sinewy hand over his stomach.

The eyes of the Germans met in dubious glances. Here was a new breed of barbarian, impervious to the seduction of alcohol. It was astounding, contrary to all experience. Slowly the disgusted cap-

tain returned the proffered brandy to the table.

"Now, see here," he began, and, reaching back into the drawer of his desk, brought out a handful of gold coin, clinking it in the Cree's impassive face. "You tell me the truth and pilot the launches up to the fort, and I 'll make you rich, drop you anywhere you say on this coast, and nobody will know you met us. I 'll fill your canoe with guns, shells, clothes, anything you want. What is this company to you? You sweat, freeze, and starve for your fur, and they cheat you out of it. The Indian is the company's dog. They barely keep you people from starving so that you will hunt more fur. Come, now, you play no tricks on us, and we 'll fill your canoe from the ship's stores."

The German sat back satisfied that his appeal must have an effect on this inscrutable Indian.

Slowly the swart features of Gaspard relaxed. His small eyes glittered as he said, leaning forward eagerly:

"You geeve me all dees outfit, grub, gun', blanket' if I show you de way up river to Albanee?"

"Yes, I 'll make you a rich man among your people. No one will ever know. When we 've got the fur at Albany, we 'll land you anywhere you say. But if you lie to us,—” the German, with a black scowl, shook a huge fist in the Cree's face,—"I 'll skin—well, you know what you 'll get."

"You fill de cano'?" asked Laroque, ignoring the threat.

"Yes."

"Ver' well, w'en you go?" he asked quickly.

"When the weather clears a launch will go up to reconnoiter."

"Ah-hah!" grinned Laroque. "I show de way." And German and Cree wrung each other's hands.

Laroque was assigned a bunk in the fore-castle, where he took his duffle-bag, leaving the fur-pack on deck with Loup. The crew left the dark-skinned barbarian with the wicked-looking knife in his belt,

which had not been taken from him, severely alone, though he met many an ugly look from the sailors, who he knew itched for a chance to wreak their vengeance on the great dog who had roughly handled two of their mates.

Although he was watched, for he was never out of sight of a sailor, evidently the orders were to treat the prisoner civilly. Escape was impossible, for his canoe had been slung on the deck-house, and to attempt to reach the shore by swimming would have been pure suicide. So he had the freedom of the ship, for clearly his captors were desirous of his good-will.

The black night closed in on the anchored ship with no sign of the fog lifting. Laroque obtained food from the galley, and fed his dog, fastened on the main-deck amidships; then, lighting his pipe, sat down on the fur-pack beside him. Now and then a petty officer, giving the tethered husky a wide berth, strolled by to assure himself that the Cree had not dissolved into the murk.

When his vigorous puffing had turned the pipe hot in his hand, Laroque took a piece of wire from his pocket and thrust one end into the bowl. For a space he smoked hard while he toyed with the head of the husky lying at his side. Often the dog would open his punishing jaws and close them gently on the hand of the man, at the same time voicing undying adoration in the low rumble in his deep throat.

In a few minutes Laroque removed the wire from his pipe, the end of which was now red-hot. Then between his moccasins he stretched on the deck a piece of dressed caribou-hide a foot long by a few inches in width. For a moment he listened for footsteps, then, striking a match, held it close to the hide between his feet and behind his dog's body while he burned slowly into the skin with the hot end of the wire a syllabic character of the Cree tongue.

Pipe after pipe he smoked as he crouched there in the dark on the deck with his dog, for the wire soon cooled and needed reheating. At the sound of foot-

falls the Cree would snuff the match out in his calloused hand and wait until the sailor passed. Once the smooth-faced lieutenant, whose watch it was, stopped to chat with him about the Northern sled-dogs and his own Great Danes on his father's place at home, but so thick was the fog that the Cree did not deign even to remove the wire which he was heating in his pipe at the time.

So, slowly and with much patience, Gaspard Laroque, working under the kindly curtain of the thick night, was able to cover the strip of hide with the phonetic writing of the Cree. Then grunting into the hairy ears of his friend, and with a parting scratch of the ever-receptive back, the trapper went to his bunk in the fore-castle of the ship, which was vocal with the snoring of strong men deep in sleep, to dream of the burning of Fort Albany by a shore party of Germans and the loss of those he loved.

The following morning Gaspard Laroque went on deck, to find the bay still hidden by its pall of mist. No boat from the ship would go out in that fog, and he drew a deep breath of relief; for if the mist held on the west coast one more day, —and it looked like a regular July week of thick weather,—these yellow-haired pirates might yet be foiled of their prey by a despised half-breed.

The uneventful day was drawing to its close. Again they had had him in the captain's cabin, and again he had refused the brandy all but forced upon him, and had drawn from his imagination a vivid picture of the strength of Fort Albany in guns and men. As to Moose and Rupert House, he had not been there lately, he told his eager audience, but had heard that they had received reinforcements from Canada and were equally prepared for an attack from the sea.

Truly the stupidity of these strangers was approached only by that of the porcupine, he had whispered into Loup's pointed ears after the cross-questioning. The fools had hardly a month to wait to get the winter's hunt of all the James Bay country at Charlton Island, but they

seemed ignorant of the existence of the big depot.

The remainder of the day the Cree had spent with his dog, feeding him in mid-afternoon a double ration from the galley. Time and again he had sprung to his feet from the fur-pack where he sat, and spurred the animal into a fury of excitement by speaking softly, pleadingly to him in Cree. Over and over he had repeated the same words, and at each repetition the husky had leaped to his feet with a whine, ears forward, nerves on edge, electrified; and one of these often-repeated words was the Cree for home.

That night the anchor-watch on the *Elbe* drowsed at their posts. For an hour the flood-tide had been sweeping past the ship toward the Albany delta. So thick hung the smother of mist that the single lantern lighting the fore-castle-hatchway was drowned at thirty feet. Amidships the husky lay curled, with his nose in his bushy tail, beside the fur-pack.

Suddenly the animal straightened, lifting his head to sniff the baffling air.

"Whish you, Loup!" came the whispered words out of the blackness. The dog sprang to his feet, every muscle tense. Murmuring in Cree followed. The tail of the husky switched back and forth, but the rising whine was stifled by a familiar hand closing on his nose, while an arm of his master encircled him.

Swiftly a collar of plaited caribou hide was knotted on the husky's neck. Attached to the collar was a water-proof pouch of sealskin containing the strip of hide with this message in Cree characters burned in with the wire the previous night:

Yellow-beard ship off river-mouth. When fog lift' they come in boats to steal fur, burn post. I steer boat close in Whitefish Point. Wait there. Good-by, wife, children! The good God help you!

GASPARD LAROQUE.

To sever the rope which Loup had chewed nearly through that afternoon was a matter of seconds. Then the Cree, taking the massive head in his arms, whis-

pered the words that had aroused the husky during the day.

"Home!" he said. "Go home, Loup! Home! Out dere!"

Though the husky trembled with excitement, every nerve alive, the intelligent animal seemed to sense the necessity for silence as the fingers of the Cree closed again on his nostrils.

"Home! Home!" Laroque repeated again and again, whispering the familiar names of his wife and the four-year-old boy with whom the dog had grown up from puppyhood and whom next to his master he loved above all others.

Then he lifted the excited Loup to the rail, while his voice broke in a farewell, "*Bojo, Loup! Home!*" and sent the dog he loved down into the black waters of the bay.

The heavy body of the husky struck the flat surface with a loud splash. To the eager ears of the Cree, who hung over the rail, peering into the blackness, came a smothered whine of farewell as the dog rose to the surface; then silence.

Aroused by the noise, the sleepy watch gave the alarm. Shots were fired blindly into the mist. Half-wakened sailors tumbled out of the fore-castle-hatch; officers hurried forward from the after-cabin. From the bridge the search-light played around the ship against the impenetrable wall of fog. But the dauntless cause of the uproar, swept struggling past the bilges by the strong current, had turned with the tide, and was already straightened out on his long journey for the mouth of the Albany and home.

Meanwhile the Cree, who had glided forward catlike, on moccasined feet, flattened himself against the rail when the first of the crew passed him, then, following the hurrying men, showed himself to a boatswain with a lantern, who led him aft to an officer vainly demanding the cause of the disturbance.

"I thought at first you had been foolish enough to try to swim ashore," said the young lieutenant. "I objected to putting you under guard, so I 'm glad you 're here."

"My husky chew de rope an' tak' to de water," vouchsafed the Cree.

"Your dog? Too bad! He 'll never reach shore in this fog."

The severed rope at the ring-bolt told the story. It was evident that the husky had taken French leave as the German jokingly pointed out to the Cree. And Laroque now knew that no one had seen him steal out of the fore-castle.

"I thought you said the dog would n't leave you fur-pack."

"Weel, I guess he hungree for rabbit-meat," replied Gaspard, lightly, but his sick heart was out there in the black night toward the Albany delta with his faithful friend battling his way blindly home.

It was all a matter of luck, Laroque told himself, as he lay in his bunk. He had waited until the tide was running hard before sending the dog off, and Loup was too clever to fight the current; he would swim with it. He had learned that as a puppy. But, unable to see the shore in the fog, he was more than likely to be swept into the main channel of the river and miss the flats to the north, where he could find the beach. In clear weather he would bet his life that the tireless Loup would make the post by sunrise. Once landed, the fifteen miles up the river shore would be nothing to the best sled-dog on the west coast. Loup would go directly to the cabin, and Gaspard's wife would see the pouch on the collar and take the message to the factor. It all depended on whether the husky in the scent-defying fog could smell the shore and bush and turn in instead of swimming blindly on up-river with the tide until exhausted. Then the Cree prayed to the Great Master, whom the Oblat fathers at Albany had taught him to reverence, for the life of his dog and the safety of those he loved.

For another day the fog-bank hung on the west coast; but in the evening a fresh northwest breeze followed the invisible sunset, and shortly the stars were out. The low islands of the Albany delta lay a dark smear on the western horizon.

At daylight the *Elbe* was alive with activity. An open launch lay off her lee-

ward beam with an evil-looking quick-firer mounted on the bow. Other boats still at their davits were being overhauled and loaded with guns, ammunition, and provisions. Laroque was given his break-fast, then ordered to report to the captain aft.

"You are to pilot a scouting-party in the launch up the river. If you run the boat aground or do not immediately obey the orders of the officer in charge, you'll be shot instantly. Any sign of trickery, and you're a dead man. If you serve us well, I stand by my promise. You get your canoe filled from the ship's stores and a bag of gold."

As the officer snapped out the English words in his German accent, the fingers of the Cree itched for the handle of the knife at his belt. His swart face went still darker with the hate in his heart for this yellow-beard whom he would split as he split a dead caribou had they but stood face to face, alone, on the beach.

In command of the first officer of the *Elbe*, twenty men, armed with rifles, crowded into the launch. The Cree was glad that the friendly subaltern was not detailed with the party. Laroque was ordered to a post beside the wheel, handled by a quartermaster. Close at his back stood the lieutenant. Why, the Cree only too well knew.

The run to the mouth of the Albany was quickly made. As the launch entered the river the heart of Gaspard Laroque raced under the strain of uncertainty as to what the next few miles would disclose, for if Loup had reached the post, the Crees would have lost no time in cutting the channel-buoys, long spruce saplings driven into the mud.

They rounded a sand-spit, and for miles had a clear view of the river. Breathless, the Cree leaned forward, shading his narrowed eyes with his hand as he searched for the first buoy marking the channel. Quickly glancing from the east to the west shore for the lob-stick ranges of spruce fixing the position of the buoy, he again looked up-stream. His heart drummed in his chest. The sun-glare on

the water bothered his eyes, so once more he sought the lob-stick ranges. Again he swept the locality where the sapling should rise twenty feet above the water. He sucked a great breath into his lungs and expelled it, for he saw that the buoy had been cut.

A thrill of pride swept Gaspard Laroque. Loup, his Loup, had won through out of the wilderness of that black night to the shore and Albany. His shaggy courier had fought his way home. The post knew of the coming of the Germans.

The Cree turned coolly to the officer, who held an automatic pistol pressed against the small of the half-breed's back.

"I not see de buoy. One was dere." He pointed in the general direction of the channel.

"Never mind the buoys; you know the channel. She draws only four feet. Take her on up the river."

"Ver' weel. I can show de way, but I lak' to see de buoy." Truly, he swore to himself, he would show the way to these men; for with the buoys out of the way, his course would not be questioned, and the old buoy off Whitefish Point, six miles above, was not so close to the shore by a hundred yards as he would steer that launch.

The tide was high, and there was little chance of his grounding the small-draft boat even on the flats, but as the Cree with the pistol at his back directed the course of the man at the wheel, he was thinking harder than he ever had thought in his life; for one short hour would see him a dead man or else— Well, it would all be over soon.

On sped the launch past the low Albany shores. Not a buoy broke the surface of the wide river-mouth. The gunners in the bow with the one-pounder stood with eyes glued to their glasses. Huddled in the cock-pit, aft of the gasoline engine, the sailors sat in silence, grasping their rifles.

As the swift craft put mile after mile of the river behind her, the low scrub of the shore gradually gave way to heavier growth, and at last Whitefish Point,

thrusting its spruce-clad silhouette far into the stream, opened up ahead.

Though the pulse of Gaspard Laroque pounded like a dog-runner's, his grim features gave no evidence of the tension under which he labored. Only a mile now, he thought.

The launch had covered half the distance when the Cree turned to the officer at his back and pointed ahead.

"De channel swing een close to dat point. Outside onlee t'ree, four feet water." As he spoke, he stealthily shifted his footing. The helmsman, ordered by the officer, swung the launch inshore.

Shortly the Cree again protested:

"We run on de flat. Channel ees een shore."

Again the course of the boat was changed.

As they neared the point, the straining eyes of the half-breed were fixed on the willow scrub covering the upper beach. But suddenly his attention was attracted to a line of barely perceptible ripples at right angles to the channel, dead ahead.

"Ah-hah!" he breathed. "Nets!" and every muscle in his body stiffened.

The launch was almost on the nets when a gunner in the bow raised a shout of warning. Like a flash the Cree dropped to his knees, driving his knife into the body of the officer, as the automatic exploded. At the same instant the silence of the shore was shattered by a volley from a score of rifles in the willows. Again and again, in quick succession, the thick bush spat salvos of death on the doomed craft.

Its propeller fouled in the nets, the launch swung helpless in the current with its cargo of wounded and dead. At point-blank range of fifty yards the Cree hunters and Hudson's Bay men had wasted no shells.

Launching their hidden canoes, the company men boarded the boat, to find under the bodies of the dead officer and the helmsman the insensible form of Gaspard Laroque with a bullet-hole in the back.

They buried the dead on the beach,

and with the few wounded survivors of the scouting party started for Albany. Two days later his scouts reported to MacGregor, the factor, that the morning following the ambush at Whitefish Point a large launch, after twice grounding on the flats at the river-mouth, had returned to the *Elbe*, which had shortly raised anchor and steamed away to the north.

It was Christmas at Fort Albany. The day previous the mail-team from Moose had arrived with important despatches from Ottawa. Assembled on the snow before the log trade house, the post people and the Crees in for the New-year festivities faced the factor.

"Gaspard Laroque!" called the deep bass of MacGregor. The half-breed stepped forward from the crowd.

"In behalf of the Canadian Government, I present you with the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery," and the factor pinned the bronze medal on the embarrassed Gaspard's wide chest amid the shouts of the Crees.

"Loup!" cried the factor. At the sound of his name, the husky, unleashed by the Cree's wife, trotted up to his master, ears forward, tail in air, suspicious of the strange proceedings.

While Laroque held the dog, MacGregor took from its wrappings a brass-studded collar, from which hung a large silver medal, and read the inscription:

Presented by the Canadian Government to Loup for distinguished conduct in carrying by sea and land the message which saved Fort Albany from the German raider *Elbe*, July, 1915.

On the reverse side of the medal were the words "For Valor."

Amid the yelping of the dogs and the cheers of the people of Fort Albany, the neck of the great husky was encircled with the credentials of his nobility, and from the factor's broad palm he received on his shaggy shoulders the accolade of his knighthood.

Mrs. Fiske Builds a Theater in Spain

A conversation remembered by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

SO nomadic is the existence of the players that any one of them who has acted for a generation in our theater has been in nearly every town and city from Boston to Frisco. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who

in her day traveled all the highways and byways of this country. Speak of audiences to her, and while you in your provincial way are thinking of New York, she is quite likely to be thinking of Ko-



Mrs. Fiske

From a recent photograph by White Studio

made her début without a speaking part for the sufficient reason that at the time she had not yet learned to talk at all, has

komo or El Paso, of Calgary up in shivery Alberta, or of Bisbee, too near the Mexican border to be entirely happy in its

mind. In all these art centers she has played; for that matter, she has played the somber "Rosmersholm" in all of them. Indeed, there are no nooks and corners of America she has not explored, and precious few where you could be quite sure of not finding her. Nevertheless, it was a little surprising when, during a cross-country tramp last summer through an abandoned portion of Connecticut, I came upon a morsel of a colonial farm-house and found Mrs. Fiske surveying me with considerable amusement from its morsel of a veranda.

Here she was, in a pocket of the Nutmeg hills, hiding from all the youngsters who want to go on the stage and from all the playwrights who feel sure her doubt as to the value of their works is all that stands between them and undying fame. Here, beyond reach of the telephone and the telegraph, she had retreated under an assumed name, an outrageously German name, although I doubt if the most ingenuous yokel would really have mistaken her for a *gnädige Frau*. The Irish and the Welsh in her, the famous red hair, and the lightning gestures—all these made prodigious fun of that unlaut she had put on for the summer. I was suffered to stay to tea, and we were soon partaking of it from an ancient table there on the veranda—a veranda dappled by the sunlight, which found its way down through the foliage of a somewhat raffish elm that seemed to be leaning nonchalantly on the house. We had tea and a dish of her own invention,—orange marmalade and cream,—a confection of which she is even prouder than of her production of "Salvation Nell."

It was something more than forty-five minutes from Broadway, but except for the good air and the good quiet, Mrs. Fiske was not really out of the theater. Under her hat on the chair beside her lay a published play that she had been absorbing, and pretty soon we were talking of endowed theaters. It was in the air. There were fairly audible whispers in New York that certain rich men who do for art in America what states

and cities do for it abroad were rallying splendidly from the shock of the New Theater's costly collapse and betraying a certain restless desire to come forth and endow the drama once more.

"If you had five millions?" I asked curiously.

"Five millions?" Mrs. Fiske paused with her cup in air and meditated. It soon became apparent that it would take her only a few moments to spend it. "Well," she said, "I should give a million to certain humanitarian cults. I should turn over a million to Eva Booth to spend among the poor she understands so well. Of course I could easily spend the other three million in one afternoon in helping on the effort to make women see that one of the most dreadful, shocking, disheartening sights in the world is just the sight of a woman wearing furs. The three million, I'm afraid, would be a mere drop in the bucket."

"But the theater," I protested weakly.

"Not a penny."

"Ah," I persisted with guile, "but suppose you were made sole trustee of a fund of five millions to be expended in the endowment of a national theater." And then, before she had time to embezzle this unblushingly in behalf of her non-human friends, I recalled as best I could the project E. H. Sothorn had sketched in the book of his memory. This was his idea:

A national theater will continue to be a dream until it is realized on the sane and simple lines of supplying the standard classic drama, Shaksperian and others, to the poor and uneducated at a nominal price. Three million dollars would build a national theater in Washington. Endow it with an income of an hundred thousand a year, and enable it to produce a classic repertoire for the benefit of the multitude at an admission fee of from ten to fifty cents, the object being to plant broadcast an understanding and love for the best in dramatic literature.

Mrs. Fiske's eyes twinkled mutinously.

"Broadcast?" she queried doubtfully, and then cheering up, she went on: "It

might refine the House of Representatives, might n't it? But how would they dare to call it a *national* theater?"

"Because we 're not really a nation yet?" I asked, disconsolate at encountering this old difficulty so early in the afternoon, the inevitable reflection on our homogeneity.

"No, I do *not* mean that. Let's not talk about the Civil War and California and 'East is East' and all that. In a really fine play the twain will meet. Perhaps we are not settled enough yet to have a theater *of* the nation, but we can have a theater *for* the nation. Yet how would Mr. Sothern's project meet that test? I suppose that most Frenchmen could get to Paris once a year or so to the Comédie Française, and certainly a theater in the Strand is within reach of all the people in little England; but neither the New Theater that was nor Mr. Sothern's dream playhouse that is to be could be called a national theater when most of the people in the nation would never see even the outside of it in all their days. The national theater must go to them. Not a resident company, but the play that moves across the country and has its day in El Paso as well as its month in New York is the natural development, the natural expression, of the American theater. Let the founders of the national theater remember that it will be their task to send not a pale carbon copy of a New York success, but an absolutely perfect achievement in dramatic art from one end of America to the other." Here Mrs. Fiske's hand was raised in prophecy. "The national theater, my friend, will not be a theater at all, but a traveling company."

We had rather good fun then in organizing it, over the tea-cups and at no expense whatever. It might, she thought, give two plays a year, one classic and one new. It might, for instance, give "Cymbeline" or "The Wild Duck" and also a sparkling new comedy by some yet inglorious Sheridan unearthed in a hall bedroom in Greenwich Village. It should present its year's work, these two plays, for a brief engagement in New York, and then set

forth along the road, coming to each city at the same time each year, reaching Philadelphia, say, with the first snowfall and San Francisco with the first strawberries. It would be the best the American stage could do; it would represent the highest achievement in dramatic art. It would inspire playwrights, enlarge actors, and cultivate taste. It would be a standard, *the* standard, this national theater of ours. And how much would it cost?

"Not a dollar," said Mrs. Fiske in triumph, "not a penny, nothing at all; it would *make* money."

I smiled at this, a little at the spectacle of the thwarted millionaires, a little at the evidence of the true theater woman's instinct toward endowment—one of distrust. Irving's feeling that theatrical enterprise must be carried on as a business or fail as art echoes through all contemporary commentary, the deep suspicion that an unprofitable theater has something radically the matter with it.

"But the most idealistic theater *can* be self-supporting, my friend. Idealistic producing is *safe*. Sensibly projected in the theater, the fine thing always does pay and always will. It is easiest to speak from our own experience. Mr. Fiske and I may be said to have had a fairly respectable career in the theater. That is to say, we have for the most part produced only plays for which we had respect. Only occasionally have we been driven for want of material to produce plays that were worthless as dramatic literature. And let me tell you this: our finest plays have always, with one exception, been the ones that made the most money. Pursuing a fairly idealistic course,—not so idealistic as it should have been,—we have had in our joint productions only one season of pecuniary loss in twenty years. There have been seasons of large profit, seasons of fair profit, and seasons of scarcely any profit at all, but only *one* season of loss. Remember that.

"I do not mean that a young producer can, with a mere wave of his ideals, establish immediately a successful national institution. He must have credit and he

must have time. But our national theater need not be costly. The best actors? Well, the *right* ones, at all events; but I doubt if they would often, if ever, be the most expensive. Then, too, any actor worth his salt would give his eye-teeth for a place in such a company. For the train-

"Not that an endowment could not be used," Mrs. Fiske was gradually willing to admit. "There would come in time a superb home theater, a roomy, dignified playhouse, a *theater*. In the company's long absence on tour this would be hospitable to all the best dramatic endeavor



David Belasco

Photograph by the Misses Selby

ing, for the prestige, for the fun of the thing, he would come for almost nothing. I am afraid few managers would tell you so; but, appealed to in the right way, the players are idealistic and responsive. Of course there are some hopeless fellows; but, then, for that matter, there are some women who would go on wearing aigrets if they saw the live birds torn to pieces before their very eyes. And there are still men who will go hunting.

in New York. There could be a school to train pupils from all over America. There would be a workshop to which the director could summon the master electrician and the master decorator of the world. Then at its best the endowment would serve to reduce the price of seats within the reach of every one. It would be the happiest way, I think, if that part of it was attended to by the rich men of every city visited. Think of it, a great

play perfectly presented in Denver, with the seats ranging at some performances from fifty cents, not up, but down, and with special trains bringing the people in from all the country round. It would be a joy to have a hand in such a project; it would be a privilege and an honor to appear in such a company. It would be no end of fun to play before such audiences. I'm beginning to think," she confessed gaily, "that we shall be able to use those five millions, after all."

But what would be the permanent thing in all this? What would give the project a continuity of policy, the character of an institution? If our national theater would never stay in one place more than a month at a time, would the personnel of the company remain fixed?

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Fiske, briskly and cheerfully dismissing several members on the spot. "Some might continue in it from one year to the next, some, perhaps, for several seasons. But the perfect company for this year's plays would, in all probability, not be the perfect company for next year's plays, and it is the *perfect* company we must have every time, above all other considerations."

"Then," I asked, "what *does* remain fixed?"

"The director," said Mrs. Fiske. "Yes, *he* is the constant in the problem. He will be the common factor in each season's work. He would pick the plays and stage them and follow them on their journey. I suppose he would have to return in the early spring to set moving the preparations for the season ahead, but his lieutenant, his alter ego, would remain with the company, his successor, perhaps. He would be the watcher, *for there must always be a watcher*. Let me tell you, it is not always the company that has been deliberately cheapened, but the company that has become mechanical and 'theatricalized,' that offends and defrauds the cities along the road. The three-hundredth performance our national theater gives in Salt Lake City must be as smooth, as finely keyed, as careful as the first performance in New York. It ought to be

better. Indeed, it would be if the watcher was true. Really," she said with great conviction, "you would better move out to Salt Lake City."

So if those eager to put their wealth at the service of the American theater were to come to Mrs. Fiske for advice, it would be this: "First catch your director. First catch your ideal director, endow *him*, then leave him alone."

Of course we set forth immediately to find this ideal director for them.

"I do not know who or where he is," Mrs. Fiske admitted, "but I know what he will be like: he will be an amiable and gifted tyrant."

"Wilde's 'cultured despot of the theater'?" I suggested.

"Exactly. He may or may not be a college man, but it would probably be an advantage for him to know the theater in other lands, to know what the Russians and Germans are doing without feeling that it is the beginning and end of his task to copy them. He may be a cultivated man, but he must be *of* the theater. If a man can build a bridge, we can bear up when he afterward says, 'I done it.' And our director *must* have that mysterious sixth sense, the sense of the theater, without which all is chaos, without which we often see the schemes of our dearest and best-intentioned putterers go comically to pieces.

"It is this sense that David Belasco possesses to an extraordinary degree. Whatever the extent of his vision and idealism, his understanding of the theater as an instrument, his craftsmanship, is uncanny. At one time many were disinclined to take Mr. Belasco seriously; and then in his later years he has so often confounded us with beautiful things done so beautifully that in common decency a good many supercilious words had to be eaten. Yet again and again he has devoted his rich resources to doing the lesser thing perfectly. Why he has done this, well, that is the great Belasco mystery. The exalted literatures of the theater he has avoided. I vow I do not know why. It has been through no craving for

money; I am sure of that. To an extraordinary degree, by the way, almost to an hypnotic degree, as with all real directors, Mr. Belasco is equipped with a talent our ideal director must possess—the ability to teach the young to act. Even if there is no confessed school attached to our national theater, the director will have one in effect. That is the part of his task I used particularly to enjoy.”

“And you are never abashed when they dust off and present to you that weather-beaten old saying that in the theater those who can act, act, and those who cannot, teach acting?”

“Certainly not,” she replied. “In the first place, it’s an imbecile saying; and, besides, I never said I could act.”

And I remembered then how brilliantly they all used to play in the brave days of the Manhattan Company, how far more distinguished were the performances some of them gave then than any that they seemed able to give in other days, under other auspices. I remembered, too, how one onlooker at her apparently chaotic rehearsals had marveled at the results when Mrs. Fiske would lead a player off into the corner, sit down with him, talk to him for a while in phrases that he alone heard, but with indescribably eloquent gestures that fairly intrigued all eyes, and then send him back to the stage equipped, apparently, as he had never been before. What was her secret? What had she been telling him? I wondered audibly.

“I have not the faintest idea. How could you expect me to remember? Very likely I was merely giving him a thorough-bass for his composition. It is often the secret of a scene, the very key to the floundering actor’s problem. For lack of it you often see a performance expire before your very eyes. Recently I witnessed a play wherein, early in a scene, there was a touchingly acted, naturally moving reunion between an anxious mother and her wandering boy. She expressed the immediate tumult nicely enough, and then took it off and put it away like a bonnet. She played the rest of the scene without a trace of it. Yet had she kept in mind, as the

thorough-bass of her performance, the fact that whatever the text and however preoccupying and irrelevant the business, the mother would really be saying in her heart, ‘My boy has come home, my boy has come home,’ why, it would have colored her every word and warmed her every glance. The quiet, inner jubilation would have given all her performance a tremulous overtone, the subsiding groundswell of the emotional climax. I suppose that Paderewski can play superbly, if not quite at his best, while his thoughts wander to the other end of the world, or possibly busy themselves with a computation of the receipts as he gazes out across the auditorium. I know a great actor, a master technician, can let his thoughts play truant from the scene; but we are not speaking of masters. We are speaking of actors-in-the-making. Let me give you an instance. One of the several actors who have rehearsed *Barnaby Dreary* in ‘Erstwhile Susan’ betrayed in rehearsal a persistent, innate sunniness which promised well for the humor of the part, but which ill became the ugliness of that hard-shelled skinflint. It was in the scene where he was developing his precious scheme for marrying *Juliet*. I told him to remember always that he was marrying her for her money, that with old *Barnaby* it was a matter of greed, greed, greed from first to last. I told him to keep that abstract quality—greed—constantly in mind, and trust to it to color all his playing. He tried it, and the missing note was sounded perfectly. His thorough-bass was there. It worked. It always does.

“It is really, you see, a question of the director’s searching out the mental state, the spiritual fact, of a scene. Once that is found, the scene will almost take care of itself. This is really the director’s first task, the study of the play in its spiritual significance. It is this interpretation he must supply to his company, and there is no earthly reason why he himself should have to be an actor to be able to do it. Let him go away into the mountains, then, with the manuscript in his valise, and let him stay there until he understands its

people as if he had known them all the days of their lives, until their salient characteristics and their relation one to another are fixed in his mind like the expressions of a dear friend's face, until all the *meaning* of the play is crystal clear to him. It is this meaning that he establishes at the first reading to the actors, the all-important first reading when he assembles the company before him for the first time. For the director *interprets* the play.

"Of course only a play of some depth will reward such study; but, then, that is the only kind of play our ideal director will concern himself with. Once he has mastered the play's meanings, he can breeze into the rehearsals confident that the action will suggest itself. Indeed, I am so sure of this that my own prompt-books are just illegible masses of—well, of mental notes, without, I am afraid, a single suggestion of practical business that might serve a stranger taking them up. You might find the word 'pensive' in the margin without any suggestion that the girl must cross to left center and gaze sadly at the coals in the fireplace." I could not resist stealing a glance then at the prompt-book on which she was working, and found the margins littered with such phrases as these concerning the various speeches: "Soften all, make gracious," or, "Sudden, passionate outthrust," or, "Brilliant contempt, independence, ardor, bravery," or, "Free, brave, individual," and I amused myself with the picture of the average New York director trying to make use of such suggestions. "As a matter of fact," Mrs. Fiske confessed, "I have always relied so largely on the help and advice of Mr. Fiske that I cannot work alone. I am colossally ignorant about the mechanics of production. Once I was left alone during a tour of the South to rehearse the company in 'The Pillars of Society.' The tangle which I finally achieved in the matter of 'business,' positions, exits, and entrances, and the like was quite too wonderful. I used to survey it from the orchestra-stalls, marveling at the ingenuity of the snarl, and wondering how Mr. Fiske could possibly unravel

it in the few days given to him in New York. Of course he did succeed in relieving the congestion and setting all straight, but I remember that after the first rehearsal he was in a cold perspiration. Your ideal director should know his theater as Kreisler knows his violin, but much of the instrument I am absolutely ignorant of. I suppose fragments of the heathenish lingo have lingered in my mind. Perhaps, at a pinch, I could rush down the aisle at a rehearsal and command, 'A little more of the 'baby on the king!' I dare say the electrician would know what I meant, but I should n't."

Whereat Mr. Fiske chuckled reminiscently. He had just stepped out from the house with a handful of freshly written letters. He paused on the little veranda long enough to add an anecdote to the table-talk.

"I am reminded," he said, "of the only time Mrs. Fiske ever lost her temper in the theater. It was the night of the first performance of 'Salvation Nell' in New York, and we had come to the last act, set, if you remember, in the slums at a Cherry Hill street-crossing. There was a scene in which Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Blinn were to sit on a door-step in the deserted street, and she had asked that the only light should be a dismal ray, as from some flickering gas-jet beyond the half-open door of the tenement-house behind them."

Mrs. Fiske paused in the consumption of a wafer just long enough to interpolate:

"A very proper light for two middle-aged actors," and then went on with her confection.

"But the excitement of the first night had gone to the poor electrician's head," said Mr. Fiske. "In one mad moment he forgot everything that had been told him, and squarely on that East-Side romance he shot the whitest, brightest, most dazzling spot-light in the entire equipment of the theater. After the final curtain had fallen—that came a few moments later, fortunately—I went back to applaud

everybody, and found Mrs. Fiske still inarticulate with rage. And she had been helpless, because she had not been able to order the correction she wanted. She could not even tell precisely what had happened. All she really knew about a light was whether it was too bright or too dim."

Mrs. Fiske could keep silent no longer. "But is n't that the entire point about a light?"

And quite vanquished, Mr. Fiske re-

must often be rewritten from beginning to end after it reaches the director's hands. I spoke of one distinguished producer who has a way of toiling so faithfully over a new piece that by the time the opening night arrives his name is quite likely to appear on the program as co-author. I recalled Arthur Hopkins as saying once that any director worth his salt must be fit and willing to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and go to work on a manuscript with the promising playwrights of his day and country. I remembered, too, that Mrs. Fiske, for all her stubborn anonymity, had gradually accumulated among the wisecracks a reputation for writing half of every play in which she appears. I hoped to find out about this, but only her eyes—concerning the color of which, by the way, no two chroniclers agree—made answer.

ACT II.] AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. 73

Mrs. STOCKMANN.
Why, good heavens, Thomas! you're surely not thinking of—?

Dr. STOCKMANN.
What am I not thinking of?

Mrs. STOCKMANN.
—of setting yourself up against your brother, I mean.

Dr. STOCKMANN.
What the devil would you have me do, if not stick to what is right and true?

PETRA
Yes, that's what I should like to know?

Mrs. STOCKMANN.
But it will be of no earthly use. If they won't, they won't!

Dr. STOCKMANN.
Katrina! just wait a while, and you shall see whether I can fight my battles to the end.

Mrs. STOCKMANN.
Yes, to the end of getting your dismissal; that is what will happen.

Dr. STOCKMANN.
Well then, I shall at any rate have done my duty towards the public, towards society—I who am called an enemy of society!

Mrs. STOCKMANN.
But towards your family, Thomas? Towards us at home? Do you think that is doing your duty towards those who are dependent on you?

*A hundred plays -
The second "Katrina" & a half
Sufficient time - a half
to write*

*a sharp one
Katrina!*

*A long
pause. Gradually
it dawns upon
him that he
does not
know
"Katrina."
He has
been living
with a strange
woman. The
shock and*

*disappointment are crushing. He gathers
himself together & proceeds - self-controlled,
& with dignity.*

A typical page from Mrs. Fiske's prompt copy of an Ibsen play

treated laughingly down the road toward the post-office with his letters in his hand. We returned to the manuscript. She had been speaking of manuscripts as completed things, whereas, of course, a new play

every play that is finally established in the theater is the work of several minds. It must be so. I imagine it always has been so. Of the standard plays that have come down to us—Shakspeare's,

Sheridan's, Wilde's—we are apt to forget that what we have of them is not the manuscript the playwright first brought to the theater, but the thing as it grew in conference, altered in rehearsal, developed in performance, and finally took form in the prompt-book. Who knows what 'Macbeth' was like when the first rehearsal of it was called?

"Of course the printed classics are ready for the stage. An Ibsen play needs no tinkering. It is not only an expression of genius and a drama technically flawless, but a tried and tested play, already purified by the fire of rehearsal and performance. And yet there's really no stopping us." Here her voice sank to a stealthy whisper, as though she suspected every little bit of shrubbery of concealing an alert little dramatic critic. "Let me tell you that once I even did a bit of rewriting on Ibsen. In producing 'Hedda Gabler' I transposed two of the speeches! And what is more, no one ever caught me.

"But with the pseudo-Ibsens and the baby Ibsens the director must sometimes labor—labor systematically as he does with the actor-in-the-making. They are not always grateful; but what does that matter? I've never uttered all the burning thoughts I have accumulated on the vanity of one or two authors I have met, and I never will. Once, it is true, I did speak sharply to one of them. He sat contentedly through a performance of his play and then, at the end of the third act, came stormily back upon the stage. He was in a towering rage. The wonderful final speech, he complained, had been slaughtered, fairly slaughtered by the actor speaking it. 'Well, my dear sir,' I said, 'bear up. You did not write it.'"

"Ah, ha!" I observed, with the accents of a detective.

"But that happened only once," she explained hurriedly. "Really, it is false, this idea that I have collaborated extensively with the authors who have written for us. I cannot write plays. If I could, I should write them."

I must have looked utterly unconvinced, but she changed the subject.

"After all, why concern ourselves with the authors' vanity when in the theater the vanity that poisons and kills is the vanity of the actor, the egregious vanity of the 'my-part' actor. The director's first business is to guard the interest, to preserve the integrity, of the play. The actor who does not work in this same spirit should be banished. He never should have entered the theater at all. His attitude is *wrong*. From the beginning he must have approached it in quite the wrong spirit—the spirit that takes, not the spirit that gives. He should be shown the stage-door for good and all without more ado. There are really no terms in which one can discuss this bane of the theater. It simply should not be. Night and day, from the first rehearsal to the hundredth performance, the director should dedicate himself to the utter obliteration of the 'my-part' actor.

"The 'my-part' actor is the low creature who thinks of every scene in every play in terms of his own rôle. He sacrifices everything to his own precious opportunities. What makes it so hard to suppress him is the fact that he is forever being encouraged. Instead of being shot and fatally wounded by some discerning, but irritable, playgoer, as likely as not he will be rapturously applauded for his sins. The papers next day may report that his was the only performance that '*stood out*.' Stood out, indeed, as if that were necessarily a compliment! I remember that the most conspicuous and warmly applauded performance in 'Sumurun' was an outrageously protruding figure that robbed of its proper values the more shy and reticent beauties of the other playing. *It* '*stood out*' like a gaudy lithograph included by mistake in a portfolio of etchings.

"It is so easy for the unthinking to mistake for distinction the 'my-part' actor's protruding from the ensemble. Not at the first glance do we appreciate the lovely reticence of Venice."

"Well," I offered by way of mock consolation, "Wilde was disappointed in the Atlantic Ocean."

"What a dreadful analogy! No, we need not be supercilious. We may be merely unimpressed by its pastel neutrality. I do not know what we expect; the brave colors of the Grand Cañon, possibly. So it is that we do not always appreciate at first the modest beauty of pastel playing. The lesser actor who tries hard to protrude from the ensemble is guilty of a misdemeanor; but, then, his sin is as nothing compared with the felonious self-assertion of the so-called star who not only basks in the center of the stage at any and all times, but sees to it that no one else in the company shall amount to *anything*. Thus are plays first twisted out of shape and then cast on the rubbish-heap. I remember once attending receptively the performance of one of our most popular actresses in one of her most popular plays. I was simply appalled by the quality of the company, compared with which she 'stood out' with a vengeance. Finally I saw a passage of exquisite light comedy intrusted to an actor that the manager of a fifth-rate stock-company would have blushed to have in his employ. At the end of that scene I rose from my seat, made for the open air, and never returned.

"The great people of the theater have indulged in no such degradations. Duse's leading man, Ando, was as good as she was or nearly as good. At least he was the best she could find in all Italy. The companies that came to us with Irving and Terry were artists all."

And whatever they might say of her, I thought, they could never say she was a "my-part" actor who had gathered about her such players as Mr. Mack, Mr. Arliss, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Mason, to mention only a few of those who shone in the constellation of the old Manhattan Company.

"Certainly," I said, "when you gave 'The Pillars of Society,' the best opportunity was Holbrook Blinn's."

"And when we gave 'Leah Kleschna,' my rôle was the fifth in importance. Do you know, the only dramatic criticism that

ever enraged me was an account of 'Mary of Magdala' that spoke zestfully of Mr. Tyrone Power as 'carrying away the honors of the play,' quite as though it had not been known all along that Mr. Power would carry away the honors of the play, quite as if we had not realized perfectly that the rôle of *Judas* was *the* rôle of rôles, quite as though that was not the very reason why Mr. Power was invited to play it. It was too obtuse, too exasperating, yet a common enough point of view in the theater, Heaven knows. It is the point of view of the actor who tries to thrust his own rôle forward, and he should be hissed from the stage. The successful actress who seeks to have in her company any but the very best players to be had should be calmly and firmly wiped out. From morning till night, from June to September, the director must *war* against the actor's vanity."

Yet how many have treated these familiar phenomena as an essential part of the actor's nature! "If he were n't vain, he would n't be an actor at all." That is the time-honored way of putting it. "Struts and frets his hour"—why, it has always been accepted as part of the theater. Something to this effect I countered vaguely as I walked toward the runabout which had called for me from the livery in the village below.

"I have no patience whatever with that ancient theory," said Mrs. Fiske. "Actors have been coddled with it entirely too long. They used to say," she added with a mischievous smile—"they used to say that a real newspaper man would always be half drunk."

"Nous avons changé tout cela," I replied with an accent that cannot be described. The French of Stratford 'at-a-boy, perhaps.

"And we must change all this," said Mrs. Fiske, cheerfully. "What shall we do with the 'my-part' actor in our national theater? What was the procedure Mr. F——'s aunt used to recommend? Oh, yes. 'Throw 'im out of the winder.'"

Can We Defend the Panama Canal in a Crisis?

By A NAVAL EXPERT

A FOREIGN naval officer who had been sojourning in the United States remarked on the eve of his departure for his own country, "Keep your eye on America and the Panama Canal." These words were his manner of expressing doubt as to our ability to hold the canal should we ever be involved in war with a great power.

But have n't we fortified the canal with the most modern and largest guns in the world? Have n't forts been erected at both ends, with troops stationed there, and with dry-docks and machine-shops built and under construction? To be sure, these potential values do exist; but they are not enough to enable the canal to carry out any prolonged defense. At each end of the canal modern forts cover the sea-approaches. This means that hostile ships could not sail right up to the canal and begin going through. The forts would keep them away. The only question to their commander is how far must his ships keep away to be out of danger from the forts?

Forts do not move, so the range of the fortress artillery is the answer. The hostile ships would merely take up positions at sea just beyond this range, say perhaps fifteen or twenty miles, where they would lie and blockade the canal-entrances. The next step would be to attack the canal by land. This would be simple. Hostile troops might land on either shore sufficiently far away to be out of range of our artillery, march inland, and proceed to descend upon the canal somewhere about its middle.

Roughly, the canal is about fifty miles long. Hostile troops moving against it could attack anywhere along this length.

The problem for our commander on the spot would be to hold such a battle-line fifty miles in length against attack from one side. The line to be held would be twice this length were the canal to be attacked from both sides.

The reader knows that what we own, or hold through lease rights, in Panama is a ten-mile strip, five miles on each side of the canal. In this day of modern artillery this width is ridiculously narrow. It should have been at least ten miles wide on each side. This we could have had for the mere asking, and had a council of national defense existed at the time we acquired the canal strip, endowed with proper powers, its recommendations in the premises would no doubt have had a potent influence in determining this very important question. A wider strip would have enabled us to extend lines out farther than the present five-mile limit. Every reader must have gathered from the news accounts of the present fighting in Europe that the lines of the contending sides have considerable flexibility. To-day one reads that the victorious troops of this or that country gained the enemy's trenches for a width of three miles and a depth of one mile. The next day or week the side that lost makes counter-assaults, and often regains part of the lost ground, and so on. This bending in and out of the lines as if they were rubber bands is, after all, only a figure of speech. Lines do not bend. A line—that is, a dug trench—stays where it was dug; but by having a series of these trenches, one after another, and by having plenty of troops in the rear to man them, the equivalent to flexibility is obtained. In other words, the assaulting troops never reach the last

trench; there is always another just beyond that blocks the way.

But in Panama, if we had to do any heavy fighting like that in western Europe, our little five-mile strip would not give great flexibility. In fact, we might find our lines bent right back to the canal in certain places. Another thing to remember is, that though we held a line of trenches, any point in the rear of such line reachable by the enemy's artillery would certainly be destroyed. It must be remembered that the canal strip is clear jungle, with absolutely no frontier protection of forts except the ones at the extreme sea-ends, these being fifty miles apart.

The major part of the Panama Canal is a great lake made by damming the River Chagres to a height of eighty feet above the sea. It is imperative that no artillery-shells fall on this dam or any of the lock-gates, for, if these were destroyed, the lake—and for that matter, the canal—would rush into the sea. The lake requires more than two years to fill, and any material damage to the canal that would let this sheet of water flow out would render the canal useless for the remainder of the war.

If the navy could always be sure of getting to Panama and returning to home waters whenever it pleased, all would be well. There would be no more need to keep one's eyes on Panama than for the English to keep their eyes on the Suez Canal. England controls the entrance to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea with dominant sea-power, and the canal passes through country that in a way is her dependent or far from the base of strong enemies. The reason for this is that as a sea route can be kept open by naval strength only, such naval strength must be able to defeat any force it encounters on this route. If it can do this, the logical inference follows that it can defeat any force at the end of its route, and thus keep the canal open by the very fact of its existence.

Suppose we were at war with a Pacific power, and its objective seemed to be the canal. Suppose in addition that some

strong European power were to take a menacingly neutral attitude toward us, as has grown to be fashionable in this war. Greece's attitude toward the Entente powers, and Bulgaria's toward the Central powers for the two years before she entered the war, are examples. Such a power could have an agreement with our Pacific enemy to ply us with questions of one sort or another just at the time that the Pacific power was ready to launch an expedition toward the canal, so as to cause us to be in great doubt as to whether this European power was going to break with us or not. No sane naval board would despatch its fleet to Panama in such circumstances; it would be suicidal. There is no need to multiply examples; we might be at war with an Atlantic and Pacific power at the same time, or with two or more Atlantic powers. The combinations are numerous where it would be strategically unwise to despatch the fleet to the canal. Nor is it ever wise to concentrate a fleet at a port like Panama, deficient in certain resources, with the risk of fighting a battle, unless we are sure of having such superior strength as to make winning a certainty.

Of course, aside from the idea of sending the main fleet, there is the possibility of stationing submarines at the canal for its defense. But while they would give a certain amount of protection, it is far from settled that they could prevent hostile landing operations. In fact, we need only recall the Gallipoli enterprise, where an army was landed and again embarked, notwithstanding that Turkey had submarines and Germany successfully sent additional ones, which, though they succeeded in sinking a few Entente ships, were not able to jeopardize in any way the main operations. To think, therefore, that by stationing a few submarines at the canal its safety would be secured is indeed to build on sand.

From this we see that the very moment our fleet finds itself unable to reach the canal readily Panama becomes an isolated station or stronghold, and, if seriously attacked, is doomed to fall. As a rule, a wolf hunting far in advance of the pack



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The *Koonland* going through the Panama Canal



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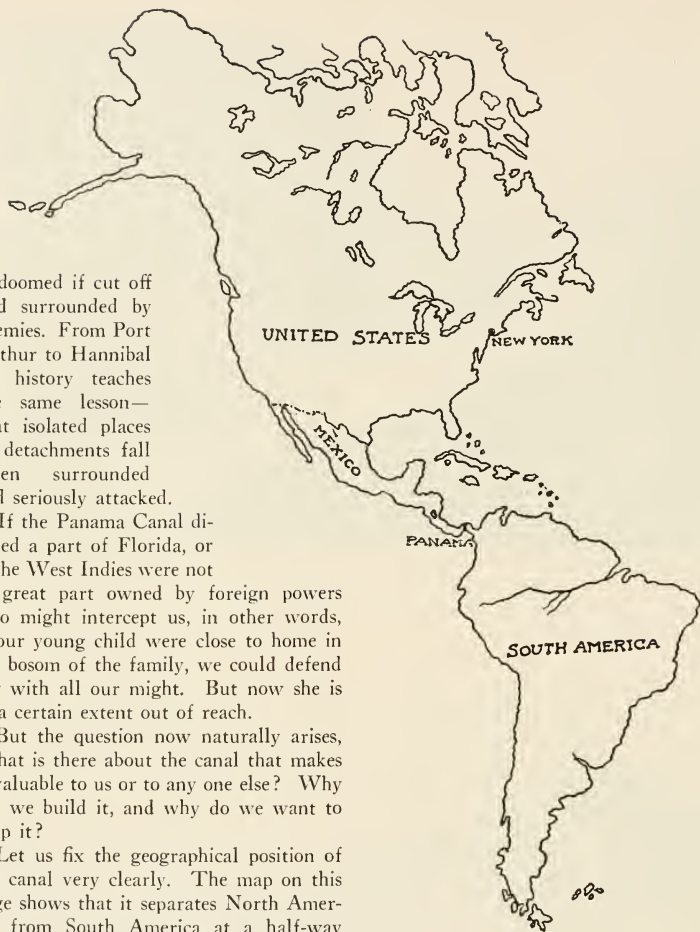
United States war-ships in the Pedro Miguel locks of the Panama Canal, Panama

is doomed if cut off and surrounded by enemies. From Port Arthur to Hannibal all history teaches the same lesson—that isolated places or detachments fall when surrounded and seriously attacked.

If the Panama Canal divided a part of Florida, or if the West Indies were not in great part owned by foreign powers who might intercept us, in other words, if our young child were close to home in the bosom of the family, we could defend her with all our might. But now she is to a certain extent out of reach.

But the question now naturally arises, What is there about the canal that makes it valuable to us or to any one else? Why did we build it, and why do we want to keep it?

Let us fix the geographical position of the canal very clearly. The map on this page shows that it separates North America from South America at a half-way point on a north and south line running not through the middle of the United States, but far to the east on a line that runs through Pittsburgh. The time at Panama is the same as the New York meridian. What this brings out is that the entire continent of South America lies east of North America. A north and south line dropped from Pittsburgh cuts through the Panama Canal and follows along the west coast of South America. If South America were pushed northward, it would lie to the east of us and



fill the ocean between North America and Europe. If a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, then our commercial Atlantic coast-line through Panama holds the shortest trade route to the west coast of South America. The tonnage rate for sea-borne commerce, a small fraction of a cent per ton-mile, enables ore to be brought from the mines of Chile to the eastern United States and to hold its own in competition with rail-borne ores from our West. The west

coast of South America from the Andes to the sea has as many potentialities as the west coast of North America from the Rockies to the sea. As a link between our own Pacific and Atlantic coasts the Panama Canal is of inestimable value both as a commercial and as a military asset.

As a commercial proposition the collection of tonnage dues from ships that pass through the canal is destined to become, like the Suez, a highly profitable enterprise. At first this was denied, and students of the question doubted seriously if the canal would ever pay. They reasoned that the main commercial routes of the world lay from Europe to the Orient, and with distance tables showed that from Yokohama or Shanghai to London was so nearly the same distance by either Panama or Suez that British trade would naturally choose the Suez Canal, with its many British coaling-stations, with cheap ton-rates scattered along the route. When the distance to nearer ports, such as those of India, Singapore, and so forth, was considered, the distance was so much shorter by the Suez route that Panama would be barred.

The principal factors, however, are often not the apparent, but the unfore-

seen, contingencies. Hill's railroads through the two Dakotas were pointed to as wild dreams in the beginning. To-day Mr. Hill's ideas stand out as thoroughly proved. And the so-called commercially unsound Panama Canal, during the year just closed, when almost every ship was withdrawn to Europe for war purposes and a period of slides kept the canal closed for several months, nevertheless managed, with its parallel railroad, almost to balance its expenditures with its income. There is no longer any doubt as to its place in the list of profitable commercial enterprises. Of course its original cost has not been earned, nor will be earned for a great many years to come. If another power were to take it away from us, however, its cost would not enter into the reckoning of such power. They would have it for the taking, and the world power that holds the canal in the future not only controls one of the important trade routes of the world, but puts a tremendous block in any plan for the military defense of our native land. Without the canal Uncle Sam would be as hampered in getting about his domain as would a house-owner who had one of his connecting-halls taken away from him.



We now come to lay down the fundamental principle that the canal must be connected to the home-land by rail. Its present isolated position makes it a Saloniki, whereas if it were connected to us by land its defense would be as easy as Florida or Maine. This requirement does not postulate that we should own Mexico and the Central American States; far from it. A simple railroad to Panama would provide for a constant flow of men and munitions, which are indispensable if any armed place is to hold out against prolonged attack. Every reader remembers how Port Arthur fell to the Japanese notwithstanding the fact that it was one of the most completely fortified places of modern times. The matter was simple; the Japanese surrounded and cut it off from all communication with Russia, and after besieging it for a certain time the place was obliged to surrender. It is doubtful if the Panama Canal, which in war would in every sense become a fortress, is as thoroughly fortified and provisioned as was Port Arthur.

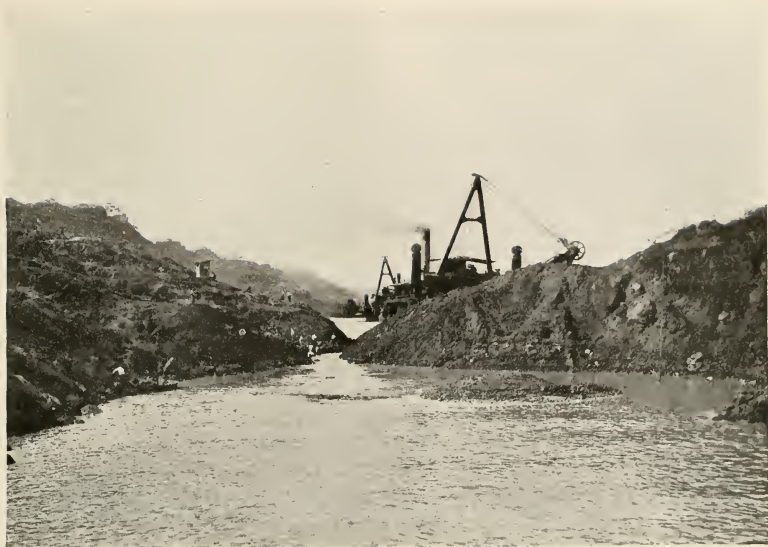
The protection of the canal is much more than a mere military desideratum. Its building is the greatest engineering feat of modern times, and was accomplished entirely by American brains and capital. It should remain forever an American enterprise, just as the great wall of China and the pyramids of Egypt, the two engineering wonders of ancient times, are indissolubly linked to the history of those countries.

Should the canal be taken away from us by capture, it would be an appalling blow to our prestige and dignity, as great as the loss of Paris to France. A nation does not easily recover from such mortal thrusts. A calm resignation to the so-called blows of fate means in reality a degeneracy of spirit, and from this national decline sets in. History is only a succession of chapters describing the rise and fall of nations wherein it may be discovered that the germ of decline is submission to some form of disaster. We might as well lose New England, the mouth of the Mississippi River, or the

State of California as to lose the Panama Canal, for the latter is now as thoroughly woven into the warp and woof of our national fabric as any other factor that makes up our whole. To lose Panama would make us the laughing-stock of the world; but, on the other hand, to lose a detached entity, the Philippines, for instance, would be relatively insignificant, as the latter, partly from their geographical position, have never been accepted or wanted in the bosom of our national family.

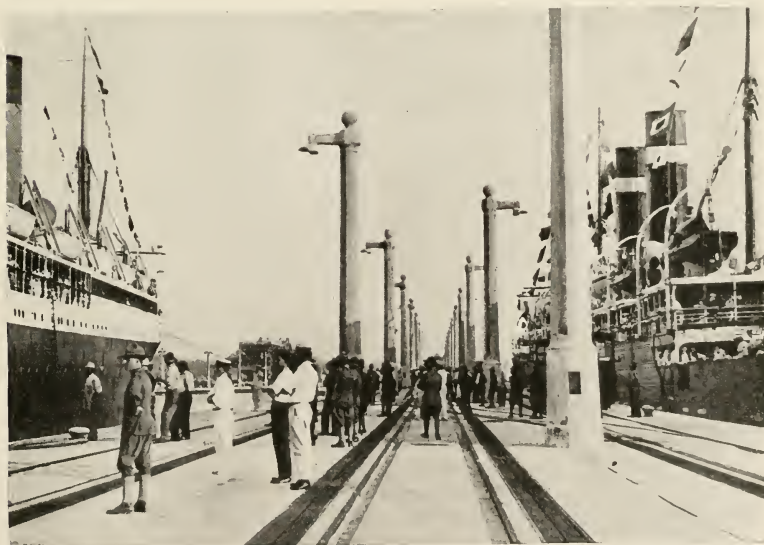
The matter of a railroad to Panama rests upon the sound principle that in the art of war all fighting is along a line; it may be crooked or straight or even a circle, but every front offered against an enemy is referable to a line. This line or front may be close to or far from home, but wherever it is drawn, it is perpendicular to the route back home, just as the knuckles on a school-boy's fist are at right angles to the length of the arm.

War, like the game of chess, has so many variables and possibilities that no two battles are alike. Masters of the art, and war has ever been called an art, can therefore plan with great variety. But however complicated and seemingly obscure their plans may appear, this fundamental principle is ever in mind. The boundaries of a country usually satisfy this requirement very well for the reason that the boundary, closing on itself, makes in most instances a rough circle. Whatever segment or part of the circle is offered as a front, such fighting-line is perpendicular to the route back to the heart of the country. This is nothing more than saying that the chord that subtends the arc of a circle is perpendicular to the radius. The reason for this elementary rule of war is the advantage it offers in being able to withdraw this fighting-front in the direction of home should defeat force it back. Not only can it withdraw in the direction of the home bases, but its position is such that it can fight again on any number of intermediate fronts with the same advantage that was possessed in the beginning. From this it is seen that it is



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The great slide that closed the Panama Canal for several months last year



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Steamers waiting to enter the locks at Panama

not the distance or the length of the line, but its relationship to the front, that is all important.

In the principle under discussion the great naval battle of Jutland gives a clear illustration of maintaining this line to the home base. The Germans were inferior in strength to the British and were the farthest they had ever been from their base. The British in one of their sweeps through the North Sea encountered the German fleet to the west of the Jutland bank, off the coast of Denmark, and engaged them in the greatest naval battle in the world's history. The Germans, unable to break through the front offered them, withdrew homeward on the proper connecting line. Had the British been able to drive them off this line, the German fleet, no doubt, would have been destroyed. A fleet with no place to go to is no fleet at all; its life comes from its coal-piles, repair-shops, and home depots.

The Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese War was sent out with the mission to reach Vladivostok, which was to be its future base. In this principle of warfare under discussion the Russians really had two lines, one leading all the way back to Europe, the other to Vladivostok. But once within a fighting radius of Vladivostok, that became their true base, and at the time of the battle with the Japanese under Togo, the Russian admiral was no differently situated than had he been out from Vladivostok than were the Germans at Jutland out from Germany. But Togo was on the Russians' line of retreat, held him, fought him, destroyed him, and thereby brought the war to an end in favor of Japan. It is evident from this that the safety of Panama is not assured if it is intrusted only to a route leading through the Caribbean, which offers tempting possibilities to a superior hostile fleet. If Panama is to be of any value to the United States, she must have a connecting land route to tie it to the whole scheme of defense and afford insurance against a possible naval reverse.

There is one more element in connec-

tion with a battle-front or line that must be pointed out. This is that every line, no matter if its length be one or a thousand miles, is divisible into three parts. They are the center and two ends, called flanks. For the sake of illustration, let it be imagined that this line is a river and that one army is lined up along the banks of one side, and a hostile army on the banks of the other. We can give this river any length we please; let it be two miles. The center of this line is then at a point where it will be just one mile to each end. The army on each side of this river is not evenly distributed along this length of two miles at the rate of just so many men to every yard. Far from it. Possibly one half of each army might be distributed in this manner, but the other half would be kept at the center, ready to be sent to help out any threatened point. This center is the critical point at which to keep reserves, for from this point one end of the line can be reinforced just as quickly as the other end, or all the line reinforced if necessary. But if this reserve were kept at one end of the line, the other end might become overwhelmed before aid arrived. If this line were the arc of a circle, then the center or point for reserves would be back near the center of the circle. From this point one part of the circle could be reached as quickly as any other part. We see this principle at work every day in Berlin's sending troops first to the east front and then to the Belgian front. When war takes on this circular form of front the army on the inside of the circle is said to have interior lines, and the army that is attacking on the outside of the circle is said to have exterior lines. For instance, when France or Great Britain wishes to move troops from the western front to Saloniki, it is very much of a roundabout trip on exterior lines and subject to harassment and delay. On the other hand, Germany can move troops from the French front to the Saloniki front by the short-cut route across interior lines in a fraction of the time. This gives a very great advantage.

Panama is now reachable by exterior

lines only. The simpler, least expensive, and most efficient way would be to reach it by interior lines. This means an over-land railroad route.

We have before us in the little sketch map on page 923 the practical suggestions for such a railway route to the canal. Not much over a hundred miles to the south of Vera Cruz, in the tropical and mosquito part of Mexico, is the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, across which a railroad was built and opened in 1907 by the Pearsons of London. This company operates under a partnership with the Mexican Government. From the day it was opened the road did a thriving business in transporting Hawaiian sugar across to the Gulf of Mexico, where other ships awaited to forward the cargo to Philadelphia. The road with its business was only a little foreign link, so to speak, in the story of American sugar from the stalk in the Hawaiian Islands to the consumer's table in the United States. It is very doubtful if this road will pay any longer. Now that the Panama Canal is open, ships will go that way, as it kills all profit in sea transportation to tranship cargoes, as this rail link required.

Since the lapse of Mexico into chaos this entire system has been idle and rapidly rotting away under the deteriorating influences of a tropical climate. The region is in the hands of Zapatistas, and any restraining or organizing influence of the so-called Mexican Government has been absent for several years.

The remains of this project should be purchased by American enterprise. The distinguished American engineer Mr. James B. Eads, who solved the problem of providing navigation facilities for the mouth of the Mississippi River, received a concession for a road over this very route in 1881. Financial and other difficulties, based to an extent on the narrow provincial views of our moneyed men of that day, caused the concession to lapse. But the idea of a Pan-American railroad that should connect North and South America came to take root soon after railroads were well established in the United

States. Every now and then the project is revived, but in some way it always goes down before one or another form of difficulty. The present project is a New Jersey corporation which has actually succeeded in establishing about two hundred and fifty miles of railroad, starting from the Tehuantepec road, and running down to the southern boundary of Mexico with the plan of reaching Guatemala. There are several strips of road in the Central American states, principally built and controlled by the United Fruit Company of Boston. This forecasts that piece by piece the Pan-American road will eventually come into being.

But since the paramount problem of a route to the canal for defensive purposes demands immediate solution, slipshod and "waiting-for-George-to-do-it" methods should be cast aside, and the building of a railroad by the Government undertaken with the same definite precision and aim that attended the building of the canal. It stands as one of the imperative matters before the Government to-day. For military requirements the road need only extend from the canal to the Tehuantepec system, from twelve to fifteen hundred miles, as from there Galveston or New Orleans, eight hundred miles north, is easily reached by ship. This plan does away with traversing Mexico with an additional fifteen hundred miles of road, and makes the problem of obtaining a treaty concession for this short Mexican strip much easier.

But the reader may naturally ask if we are to go by sea from Galveston or New Orleans to Tehuantepec to reach our railroad, why not go by sea all the way to Panama? Let us go to the map and consider the Gulf of Mexico. We notice that were Cuba pushed in a little closer to the west it would serve to connect Yucatan to Florida and make the Gulf of Mexico into a lake, which foreign war-ships could not reach. Of course it is not a lake at present, but the powers and possibilities of the modern torpedo-boat and submarines for defensive purposes make the Gulf of Mexico virtually an American lake.

In time of war our defensive craft would swarm in the two channels and render it suicidal for any hostile war-ships to enter.

While at the map the reader should notice the Caribbean Sea. Notwithstanding that we have acquired the Danish West Indies and own Porto Rico, as well as bases in Cuba, we possess no assured control of this American sea. So many of the other islands are owned by European powers that our prestige in these waters is far from paramount. In any combination of naval strength against us these foreign-owned islands would afford our enemies great assistance in securing control of this sea, and thus shutting us off from the Panama Canal. To depend too much on the Caribbean Sea being kept open is to violate Napoleon's maxim of arranging to have as many of the chances of war on your side as possible.

Another question may be asked, Would it not be easy for an enemy to land and cut the railroad at some one point? For a quick answer to this I would cite as an illustration the present railroad from Germany to Turkey. Serbia was in the way at first, and later a big force was created at Saloniki, the prime objective of which is to cut this road. But it is evident that to cut a railroad when the entire resources of a nation are behind it is no child's play. Let us assume that the enemy would land troops at any one point for the purpose of cutting off this route to Panama. It remains for Uncle Sam to send over this direct line only a sufficient number of troops to overwhelm this enemy and reconnect the road. Of course any rights given us for this railroad would include the privilege of military policing for the line, as in the present Panama Canal strip.

Thus at the cost of three or four modern ships Panama would be connected

with the United States by a continuous line capable of furnishing men, provisions, and munitions to any degree required. And the canal would be tied to us in the most permanent of bonds.

The reader will notice that no mention has been made of any plan which takes the Pacific Ocean into account. But since we have no fleet in the Pacific, this possible, but very long, route must be disregarded.

We are a very patriotic people, and in case of attack by a foreign foe the thought of a million men springing to arms from sun to sun is a very big asset. Allow me to quote from the French naval captain Darrieus: "Strategically speaking, it is indispensable to foresee in advance the principal lines of action, and in consequence to elaborate plans." He states further, "It is scarcely possible in the whole course of a campaign to repair errors made at the beginning, when the armies are being concentrated," and goes on to point out that in the Russo-Japanese War Russia carried throughout the whole campaign the crushing burden of strategical errors made at the beginning.

I quote this from an accepted technical author because it shows that in general terms our million men springing to arms does not amount to much unless schemes to govern their action have been definitely thought out beforehand, and not only thought out by experts, but understood by the men themselves and the nation at large. In this way is doctrine formed, the country united, and the greatest efficiency obtained.

And so it is well to ponder over the fact that to-day the Panama Canal is only a tempting bait to our enemies. It is to us a prized and proud possession, but altogether too far from the United States for family protection.



The German-American

THE German-American problem cannot be met unless it is thoroughly understood. THE CENTURY is therefore glad to throw light upon the psychology of the German point of view by publishing Mr. Woehlke's candid article and Professor Francke's declaration of faith. The editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is not a citizen of the "second-class" and does not here express opinion; but all of us will applaud Professor Francke's ultimate "*for my oath of loyalty to this country knows of no conditions and no reservations.*"—THE EDITOR.

I. The Confessions of a Hyphenate

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

THERE are approximately a million persons of German birth in the United States. I am one of this million. Do I set the interests of Germany above those of my adopted country? Am I less loyal to America than I was two years ago? Is my presence a source of weakness and potential danger to the United States? Am I wrong in my attitude toward the issues raised by the European War? Shall I, will I, allow these issues to sway my action in the future?

During the last few months I have often put these questions to myself, endeavoring to consider them calmly, dispassionately. And I know that a great many other German-Americans, with more or less bitterness and resentment in their hearts, are asking themselves the same questions. Realizing that these inquiries touch the very heart of the Union, its solidarity and unity, I shall endeavor to set forth openly, without reserve and without rancor, the effect of the war problems upon the core of a hyphenated citizen hailing from Germany.

DURING the years preceding the outbreak of the Great War German had become almost a foreign language to me. Of German journalism, art, and progress, of European and world politics, in the last ten years I knew little more than the average American. Like all Americans before the

war, I was interested only in those international events which had a direct bearing upon the United States. Without conscious intent I had cut all strings leading to Europe except family ties. The existence of the hyphen was almost forgotten. In those remote days the possibility of a war with Germany was never mentioned, and I gave it no thought. Yet I can truthfully and sincerely say that, should Germany have engaged in a bucanneering expedition against the United States, I would have considered it my duty to volunteer at the first call for American troops. And ninety-five per cent. of my countrymen would have adopted the same point of view.

Judging from what I have seen of the psychological effect America produces upon immigrants from western Europe, few hyphenated citizens will prove disloyal to the United States in a clearly unprovoked war with the country of their birth.

"But how about your attitude now?" I hear the reader ask. "Would you pack a musket and shoot at your own brothers if Hindenburg should take New York next October?"

After careful, searching analysis of my heart, I can truthfully reply in the affirmative, always provided that Germany deliberately attacks the United States. Probably those who have so vigorously denounced us German-Americans of late

will decline to believe in our willingness to take up arms against the fatherland in any circumstances. And they are right in part. A small proportion of the German-American population probably would refuse to fight even if drafted; an infinitesimal part would probably give aid and comfort to the enemy. But the immigrants of any other nationality would react in identically the same manner in case of war between the United States and the land of their birth. That is one of the disadvantages of being a melting-pot. When the cold draft of war blows upon the mess, the fusion process is retarded and recrystallization takes place along the internal lines of fracture. One part cools, the other gets red-hot, and, presto! there is a pronounced division.

In the main, then, I and the million other German-Americans can be trusted at large. Though I must confess—I promised to speak frankly, without reserve—that in wildly rebellious moods I have indulged in day-dreams of raids across the line to liberate the interned Canadian hyphenates of German origin, though I have three brothers and numerous nephews on the firing-lines in Europe, I would take no part in a conspiracy that would hurt the United States. Despite all assertions to the contrary, I reiterate earnestly that I would take up arms against any foe invading American soil hungry for ransom and loot, even if that foe should wear field gray and a *Pickelhaube*. From my observations I conclude that hundreds of thousands of other hyphenated citizens feel exactly as I do. Can any country demand a greater measure of loyalty and devotion from its stepsons?

Yet it would be foolish to deny that my attitude toward the United States has undergone subtle changes since the beginning of the war. Eighteen months ago, for instance, I often wondered impatiently why our manufacturers did not have enterprise enough to wrest the home market from the German dye, drug, and optical-glass industries. To-day I often catch myself subconsciously, involuntarily, hoping that German manufacturers will suc-

ceed in regaining the lion's share of their former American markets. I justify this hope by the reflection that the United States, with a foreign trade in manufactured goods reaching, in the ante-bellum days, barely five per cent. of the value of its manufactures for domestic consumption, will not need the outlet as sorely as impoverished Germany, over fifty per cent. of whose manufactures must be sold in foreign markets if the factories are to continue in operation.

This sneaking hope is not patriotic; it is not loyal to my adopted country. I am not deceiving myself on that point; but I dare my fellow-hyphenates of English or French or Italian birth to reveal their innermost hopes and feelings with equal candor.

Three years ago I believed that I was a full-fledged American, as indistinguishably merged in the stream of American life as one drop of clear water merges with the other. I should have known better. The experiences of my early years should have taught me that the immigrant can no more turn himself into a one-hundred-per-cent. American than the rabbit can grow a mane. Whether he be a Pole in Germany, a Chinaman in Japan, an Italian in the Argentine, or a German in America, the immigrant will never be granted the full rights appurtenant to the status of a native. The immigrant must always remain a *citizen of the second class*.

The special circumstances which clearly revealed my status as a citizen of the second class arose soon after the outbreak of the war. Contrary to the popular impression, I, in company with thousands of other thoughtful German-Americans, was not violently, passionately pro-German in the early months of the war. To me the conflict appeared senseless, insane, without rhyme or reason; as vulgar, as lacking in dignity and idealism, as a saloon drunken brawl. Big business, the diplomats, chancellors, and foreign ministers had played with marked cards, had cheated and bluffed and reached for the pistol once too often. The crooked game had been carried too far, and the dogma of the mili-

tarists that attack is the best defense did the rest.

Of course I wanted Germany to win, but neither I nor most of the German-Americans with whom I have since discussed the subject was ready to absolve Germany of all guilt. Like all the other great powers, Germany had contributed her full share of the fagots for Europe's funeral pyre. For the doctrine of military necessity as applied to Belgium I could find no defense; I could only plead mitigating circumstances. The storm of protest and denunciation which followed the invasion of Belgium roused in me only slight antagonism. Germany had made her bed; let her lie in it. At least she had the moral courage openly to acknowledge that the act constituted a wrong.

But the thing that stuck in my craw, that dumfounded me and all other German-Americans, was the canonization of those champions of democracy and defenders of small nations, England, France, Russia, and Japan.

From the deep preoccupation of the United States with its own affairs, from the average American's lack of interest in and knowledge of European history, European geography, and European politics, I had adduced the idea that America would hold coldly, impartially aloof from the insane struggle. Because I, a native of one of the warring countries, failed to see one bloodless, lily-white hand among all the belligerents, I believed that the United States would assume a similar attitude toward the latest instalment of the endless European feud that has been going on for ages. I did not consider it possible that Americans would swallow bodily the British view of the war, its causes and objects, would adopt without a thorough, critical analysis the British catch-phrases of a war against German militarism, for the freedom of small nations, and in defense of democracy. Though I fully appreciated the immense forgetting capacity of the public's memory and the staleness of last week's sensation, still I believed that the mutterings of revolt in the small nation at the very back door of Great

Britain, the doings of the Black Hundred in the pogroms, the rape of the Finns, the benevolent assimilation of northern Africa, the manhandling of Persia, the disappearance of the Boer republics, and the abduction of Korea might have left some slight impression upon the brains of American newspaper readers and editors. I could not then and I cannot now understand how any unbiased person superficially acquainted with historical facts could for a moment believe that any so-called great power would draw the sword for the sake of anything except its own selfish interests. A similar fixed idea of mine, shared by my fellow-hyphenates, was the conviction that any power, great or small, would add to the collection of paper scraps without hesitation if it believed that the gains resulting from the scrapping outweighed the losses. The things that happened to China, Greece, Persia, Scandinavia, Holland, and the United States during the war have, I believe, conclusively demonstrated that *all* belligerents, their home-made halos notwithstanding, believe in the "might-makes-right" doctrine. To me it is significant that out of the entire crowd of phrase-slinging warriors only Germany had, foolishly perhaps, the honesty to acknowledge her wrong-doing in open court.

The selfishness, the emotional insanity, the blood guilt of *all* the belligerents, was so crystal clear to me that I was glad of my status as an American, citizen of a country which had no interest or part in the business. So strong was this feeling of remoteness, of repugnance even, that I was puzzled by the mental processes of the numerous Germans, hyphenated and plain, who crowded into the consular offices eager to enter the conflict. For hours I stood watching the businesslike, precise clerks registering the applicants. The atmosphere of the *bureau* took me back to Germany. The talk went on in respectfully subdued voices. The clerks asked terse questions, put down the answers as mechanically impersonal as though they were preparing a tax-list instead of a potential death-roll. There was no excitement, no confusion, no patriotic fervor.

Men who were under no obligation to serve, who had been freed from all military duty, who were giving up families and good positions, who even volunteered to pay their own expenses, went through the smooth, rapid registry process with no more commendation than the reservist immigrant a year from the regimental colors. Instinctively every one seemed to know his place and his duty. But I had lost the instinct. The fever and fervor of the undisciplined American blood had got into my veins. I felt sorry for and superior to those who registered their willingness to fight for the kaiser. Why should they, residents or citizens of a sane country which would take no part in the crazy war, want to rush into the scarlet orgy?

Yet 'way down deep beneath the stratum of acquired American superiority over the obedient subjects of the kaiser spoke the insistent, reproachful voice of the Saxon ancestors who lost their heathen heads rather than bow their necks to Charlemagne and the cross.

The cool head silenced the insurgent heart. I subscribed to the President's neutrality appeal. I heeded it. In my letters to Germany I deplored the Belgium stroke, denounced the greed, ambitions, and intrigues of the diplomats who had brought about the war, denied the empire's assumption of innocence, and even defended the technical legality of the American powder-and-gun business. I believe that the quality of my citizenship was tried in the fire and stood the test.

Since then the quality of my citizenship has deteriorated. I am no longer as whole-hearted an American as I was two years ago, because America has denied me, must, in the nature of things, always deny its immigrants, the full rights of citizenship enjoyed by the native-born.

Like the itch of the wood-tick that grows worse the longer the insect stays, the incessant attacks upon Germany, its motives, methods, ambitions, and aims, got beneath my skin. Nevertheless, I kept still. Perhaps you remember that the German-Americans had little to say during the first three or four months of the war.

We hoped that the storm-clouds would blow over, that in better light the bulk of Americans would gain a clearer, more unbiased view of the issues. But the denunciations of Germany continued, the clouds of incense burned before the shrine of the Allies grew denser and higher. Yet I expected a strong, vigorous protest, followed perhaps by an embargo upon the incipient export of shells and explosives, when England through her admittedly illegal food blockade endeavored to curtail America's neutral rights by the attempt to starve sixty millions of German noncombatants, my mother and sisters among them. The protest came, but too late. In the meantime Germany had answered the initial breach of international law by a retaliatory violation of the code. The submarine campaign began. The ammunition traffic grew. The *Lusitania* went down.

I do not want to fan the cooling embers of an old controversy, but I do want to point out that the great mass of Americans did not consider the torpedoing of an English ammunition-ship sufficient reason for a declaration of war against Germany. Despite the high wave of revulsion and indignation, public opinion backed the course of the President. Many representative natives of all classes demanded that Americans be kept off British ammunition-ships, that belligerent liners carrying contraband be denied the right to carry passengers. And a good many native Americans who could not possibly be accused of being in the pay of Germany denounced the powder trade as unneutral morally and demanded an embargo on munitions when Britain arrogated to herself the power to supervise and regulate the neutral commerce of the entire world with a high hand.

Yet when German-Americans said these very things, when hyphenated citizens advocated the course proposed by native leaders of public opinion, when they endeavored to place the blame for the disregard of international maritime law upon the shoulders of the nation which first broke the covenant, their utterances were

declared to be traitorous and seditious. They were told by a federal judge to quit criticizing the actions and institutions of their adopted country or get off the face of the earth, yet native Americans were indulging joyfully in the same pastime without losing caste. American-born politicians and publicists became merely "pacifist poltroons" when they objected to the conversion of sewing-machine factories into shell-shops, but the citizen with the German hyphen was told to "go 'way back, sit down, and stay down" when he advocated a powder embargo.

Of course no reasonable person could object to the Government's determined efforts to protect the lives and the property of those Americans making munitions for the Allies. But the hooting of the American press in its vicarious effort to increase the anti-German hysteria filled me with disgust. I did not then, and I do not now, believe that more than five per cent. of the sensational plot allegations are based on real facts. Under my direct observation I have seen at least a dozen explosions, accidents, and fires which were charged blatantly to German agents, even though the managers and owners of the plants disproved the accusations. Common sense would indicate that fires, explosions, and accidents must inevitably increase in industries of a hazardous nature working under excessive pressure with large numbers of new, inexperienced employees; but common sense hies for the tall timber when the American press goes on a yellow rampage.

A big American steamer left its home port with a record cargo and rotten boilers. A thousand miles out it was disabled and called for help. The fact that the boilers were rotten was well known; the skipper in his laconic messages did not hint at trouble with the crew by one syllable, yet the press associations day after day carried stories of mutinies, mysterious bombs, plots, and German spies in irons. When the ship finally made port it was found that age and rust, not German bombs, had put the boilers out of commission. A week later the manager of a press

association told me that he considered the bomb and mutiny stories pure inventions, but that he had to use them because a rival association was playing them up.

Am I a disloyal citizen because I object to wilful or foolish exaggerations which must inevitably increase the tension between the United States and Germany? Is it "un-American" on the part of a second-class citizen to desire and work for peace between the two countries, neither of which, by the way, is especially proud of him? Is it fair thoughtlessly or maliciously to create a distorted picture of a country which supplied almost a third of the blood pulsing in American arteries?

I am bitter. I should not be. If I were less sensitive, I would laugh. So many features of the "German menace" described with bated breath in current American literature are so sublimely ridiculous! There is, for instance, the hair-raising story of the kaiser's agents who years ago crossed the Atlantic with chests of freshly minted gold and organized the German-American Alliance to foster the propaganda of pan-Germanism among the emperor's ex-subjects.

Once upon a time I was a member of the alliance and a delegate to one of its central state associations. That body led a perfunctory existence, resolute at stated intervals in favor of German instruction in the public schools, held a German day celebration or Schiller centennial every once in a while, and meandered along in sleepy peace until the waving white banners of the teetotalers appeared on the horizon, headed threateningly for the citadel of the sacred stein. Immediately an attack of the simon-pure *furor teutonicus* seized the alliance or its branch: guns were unlimbered, trenches dug, "literature" was mobilized, and the banner of "Personal Liberty or Death" unfurled to the breeze. Behind the German-American Alliance the keg and the barrel of those patriotic pan-Germans, the United States Brewers' Association, always found a safe and strong refuge. In the councils of the alliance I never heard of the *Drang nach Osten*, of the Germanic people's mission

to kulturize the world, or of the German empire's need of more sun, but rather an appeal to rally round the keg and present an unbroken front to the white-ribbon hordes. And I know hundreds of representative German-Americans who refused to participate in the doings of the alliance while the bung-starter rampant occupied the place of honor on its coat-of-arms.

Politically the influence of the alliance was noticeable chiefly for its lack of width and depth. I believe, though, that this influence grew considerably after the beginning of the European War. The heat engendered by the European cataclysm has not only stimulated the circulation of the foreign-language newspapers tremendously, but it has also welded the loose organizations of all hyphenated citizens into more compact bodies. National feeling among the various outlandish groups has been immensely stimulated, especially among the German-Americans. They have felt that every man's hand was raised against them.

I have written with the utmost frankness. I have freely acknowledged that,

loyal as I am, devoted as I am in the main, I am no longer as whole-heartedly American as I was, and I have tried to set forth the events that changed my attitude, not for the purpose of gaining sympathy or making converts for the German cause, but to point out clearly the structural weaknesses of a nation which serves as a general melting-pot in the twentieth century. The melting-pot may be a beneficial institution for those who leap into it, —though I have my doubts even on that point,—but it must inevitably be a source of weakness to the nation that tries to act as the solvent. Its work can never be perfectly done, the process of assimilation is never fully complete, and in times of deep crises, when national unity and homogeneity are of paramount importance, the danger of reversion to original types, of sharp fissures between antagonistic racial groups, becomes greatest.

If these lines help to direct American thought to the complex problems presented by indiscriminate, unregulated, unsifted immigration, they will have fulfilled their object.

II. The Present Duty of German-Americans

By KUNO FRANCKE

Professor of the History of German Culture at Harvard University

IF I comply with the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY* to say a few words about the duty of German-Americans in the present crisis, I am fully aware of the fact that I have no authority to speak in the name of my fellow-citizens of German descent, and that I have no word of superior wisdom to offer to them. I welcome the request merely as an opportunity to make clear to myself what line of thought and action I myself, as an American citizen of German birth, am morally bound to adopt. I shall therefore address the following reflections upon conduct demanded by present exigencies to myself, trusting that there may be not a few German-Americans who feel the same need of shedding light upon their path.

One thing seems to me evident. The severing of diplomatic relations between this country and Germany and the possibility of war between the two countries need not change my sympathies for Germany in her gigantic struggle against all the great military powers of Europe. But the threatening conflict between Germany and this country should lead me to recall to myself with particular emphasis what kind of country Germany is. I should remember that the German people before the European War was the most effectively organized people in the world not only for war, but for every kind of peaceful activity as well; that Prussian militarism so-called was only one phase and by no means the most important one

of a national system calculated to raise a whole people upon a higher level of civic responsibility; that nowhere in the world was there such a persistent and systematic effort being made for social improvement and public welfare; that nowhere such widely spread contentment, orderliness, respectability, energy, personal initiative, and productivity were to be found as in Germany.

A war between such a country as this and the United States must appear to the unprepossessed mind as something unthinkable. I, as a German-American, am doubly bound to do everything in my power to prevent such a calamity. By my own conduct I must constantly endeavor to give my American fellow-citizens a living demonstration of the very best there is in German character. I must abstain scrupulously from any thought, word, or act which might even faintly be suspected as not in strict accordance with the principles upon which the political life of America is founded. I must eagerly participate in every movement for the upbuilding of our national strength and culture. I must by my whole life help to dissipate the notion that German-Americans were conspiring with the German Government in an attempt to force our President and our Congress into submission to German policies. And if reckless agitators and demagogues were indeed to launch upon such a desperate and insane undertaking, I must openly and fearlessly brand them as enemies both of Germany and the United States.

On the other hand, I must do whatever I can to secure a fair hearing for the aims and methods of German policies before the court of American public opinion. I must seize every opportunity to bring home to the American mind the fundamental justice and the fundamentally defensive character of the German cause in the European War. I must point out in season and out of season that the violation of Belgian neutrality was an act of tragic

guilt which Germany assumed in her dire extremity, and with the conviction of the unneutral disposition of the Belgian Government. I must over and over again lay bare the manifest partiality and insincerity of the atrocity-mongers who, wilfully ignoring the essential atrociousness of all war, try to make Americans believe that the German army and navy, representing the whole German people, consist of ferocious beasts delighting in carnage and destruction for its own sake. I must bring out again and again the fact so often brought out before, that the British blockade, exposing thousands of women and children to slow starvation, is no less brutal, only more insidious, than the openly brutal German submarine warfare, exposing thousands of unoffending seamen and passengers to sudden death. And I must not desist from urging upon all Americans a policy which even now, after the breaking off of diplomatic relations, would minimize the danger of a hostile clash with Germany; namely, the policy of abstaining from travel or service in beligerent vessels.

Finally, I must not cease to expose and condemn the fanaticism of the pro-Allied propaganda, which now for more than two years has done its worst to drag this country into the European War. And I must not cease to expose and condemn the greed of the munition-makers who, regardless of the international dangers conjured up by the shipment of their ghastly output, are reaping colossal private gain from the general ruin.

Perhaps, while I am writing this, some fateful deed has been done or some fateful accident has happened which will make war between the land of my birth and the land of my adoption, the land of my fathers and the land of my children, unavoidable. *If that disastrous day should really come, then will my sense of duty be put to its supreme test; for my oath of loyalty to this country knows of no conditions and no reservations.*

Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

Chapter XVI

WHEN subsequent occurrences had shaken down in Aurora's mind, Gerald's letter, which she from time to time re-read, impressed her as a most gentle and reasonable production of his pen, while her own letter, preserved in the original scribble, appeared to her horrid, cutting, and uncalled for.

But there was now nothing to do about it. The state of mind created in her by the whole episode prepared her to welcome with open arms any diversion, any event which would restore to her self-conceit a little vitality or lay on her heart a little balm; and so when Dr. Thomas Bewick surprisingly turned up in Florence, she fell on his neck quite literally, and gave him a full, sonorous kiss.

"Tom! Tom!" she groaned for delight, "how good it is to see you!"

This happened in her formal drawing-room, whither she had gone on the servant's announcement that a gentleman from America who had given no card or name asked to see her.

Their greeting over, she ran out into the hall, screaming joyously:

"Hat! Hat! Come down this minute! Hurry up! You 'll never guess who 's here!"

In reply to which summons Estelle came hurrying down the stairs with an innocent, expectant air.

"If it is n't Doctor Bewick!" she exclaimed, without giving herself away by one false inflection. "Why, Doctor Bewick, this is simply too awfully nice! What *are* you doing over here? Who *would* have expected to see *you*?"

"Tom," said Aurora, "I was never in

my life so glad to see any one. I did n't know how much I 'd missed you till I saw you. You good old thing! I did n't know till this minute how tired I am of foreigners and half-foreigners and quarter-foreigners and all their ways."

The man to whom this was said absorbed it with a face fixed in smiles of pleasure. He was a big blond man, disposed to corpulence, and looking somewhat like a fresh-faced, gigantic boy until his eye met yours and gave the note of a fine, mature intelligence, open on every side, and unobtrusively gathering in what it had no strong impulse afterward to give out again in any open form of self-expression.

He looked at Aurora with smiling scrutiny, and facially expressed a vast appreciation. She looked back at him with eyes of laughing tenderness. Avoiding to speak directly to her the compliments rising in his mind, he turned to Estelle.

"Has n't she blossomed out!"

"Is n't she wonderful!" chimed in that friend, enthusiastically.

Aurora, with a comedy of pride, threw up her chin, lifted her arms, and turned as if on a pivot, to show herself off in her elegance.

"O Tom,"—she sank happily on the sofa beside him.—"we 're having the time of our lives! Just wait till you see me in company, and hear me put on my good English, when, instead of calling things lovely or horrid, I call them amusing or beastly or impossible. But your turn first. Give us the Denver news."

After dinner that evening, in the midst of Italo's brilliant performance, a caller

came, a thin, oldish, English-speaking lady whose black dress made no pretense of following the fashion.

Aurora had met her at Mrs. Satterlee's during a meeting appointed to raise funds for the Protestant orphanage. When this philanthropist, after a little talk of other things, mentioned the relict of a mason, left with five young children, Estelle and Dr. Bewick took it as a hint to withdraw beyond ear-shot. The two ladies were left talking in undertones; after a minute they found themselves alone in the room.

Estelle preceded Dr. Bewick across the hall to the dining-room, deserted and orderly. She brought a bottle of aerated water and a glass to set before him, she found him an ash-tray, and seated herself beside the table near him in such a way as to get, through the parted half-doors, a glimpse of the visitor when she left.

Before speaking, she exchanged with the doctor a look of intelligence.

"You see what I mean?" she asked a little above a whisper.

Dr. Bewick looked all around the room with leisurely appraising eyes, then nodded understanding. There was no intimation that he was not ready to listen, but he did not seem quite ready to talk.

"You see what I mean?" she asked, and, not expecting a regular answer, did not wait for it. "Now, that woman won't leave until she has secured support for the mason's five children, and she'll do this without the smallest difficulty. In a day or two some one else will come, with the sad case of a poor father out of work who is going to have to sell his blind daughter's canary unless Nell steps in to relieve their wants. And Nell will step in. And you know, Doctor, that her circumstances don't warrant it."

Bewick, as Estelle stopped for some comment on his side, made a slight motion of chin and eyelids that partly or deprecatingly agreed with her. He took the cigar out of his mouth, but having knocked the ash off, replaced it, in order to listen further.

"It's positively funny, the things Nell

has been doing with her money," Estelle went on in a tone that did not disguise the fact of her glorying in this prodigality while being justly frightened by it. "I was thinking only the other day as we drove through Viale Lorenzo the Magnificent that it would be appropriate for a grateful city to rechristen our street Viale Aurora the Magnificent."

Tom Bewick laughed, nodding to himself with an effect of relish. He murmured, "Aurora the Magnificent!"

"Aurora the Magnificent is all very well," Estelle took up again with animation, "but she's already spending her capital."

Bewick did not allow himself to appear startled or troubled; still, he was made pensive by this. His look at Estelle invited her to go on. She was leaning forward, with her elbows on the table, one hand slipping the rings on and off a finger of the other in her quick way.

"You know what her income is. It would have provided for all this,—" she took in the luxury around them by a gesture of the head,—"but no income can suffice to set up in housekeeping all the picturesque paupers in Florence. That's why I was so anxious for you to come, and wrote you as I did."

Bewick, with his sensible face, looked as if he saw justice and reason in all Miss Madison had said to him; yet he did not go on with the subject. It might be that he felt delicate, in a masculine way, about uttering to a lady's best friend any criticism of that lady's mode of doing or being—criticism which he might feel no difficulty perhaps in voicing to herself. Estelle took this into consideration and, his reticence notwithstanding, relied on him to do his duty.

BECAUSE it was very late when Dr. Bewick left the ladies to return to his hotel they immediately repaired to their respective rooms; but before Estelle had got to bed, Aurora, half undressed, came strolling into her maidenly bower of temperate green and white.

A vague depression of spirits had over-

taken Aurora, reaction, perhaps, from the excitements of the day, and she sought her friend with the instinct to make herself feel better by talking it off.

She dropped on a chair, and in silence continued to braid her hair for the night.

"Is n't he the nicest fellow!" began Estelle, setting the key-note for joyous confidences.

"Is n't he just!" replied Aurora. "I want him to have the best time in the three weeks he 's going to spend here. We 've got to show him all the beauties of Florence, and then I want him to know all our friends. We must have some tea-parties and some dinners. I want it to be just as gay."

"I quite agree with you. Let 's plan."

"No, to-morrow 'll do. It 's too late. I 'm tired." The motions of Aurora's fingers were suspended among the strands of her hair. She fell into a muse. "Seeing Tom"—she came out of it again, and went on braiding—"has brought back, along with some things I never want to forget, such a lot of things I don't want to think of!"

"I suppose it would."

"His sisters, for instance, and brother-in-law. Oh, how I hate the bunch of them! And I ought n't, you know. You ought n't to go on hating your enemies after you 've got the better of them. If you could really know, Hat, the cold-heartedness and wicked-mindedness of those people! How they ever happened in Tom's family Goodness only knows. And such a fine father! The judge was as good as any of those old fellows in the Bible, I do believe. *That* patient, *that* considerate, and *that* just! More than just; what he did was more than just, and those girls of his simply could n't stand it. They could n't stand it, after they had neglected him all through his illness so that it was a scandal, that he should treat the person who had done their daughters' duty for them the same as he treated them, no better and no worse, but just the same. The things those people did to me, Hat, the things they said about me—"

"I know, I know; you 've told me," said Hattie, soothingly and deterringly.

"The things those people did to me, and the things they said about me," Nell, not to be deterred, repeated intensely, "if I 'd ever wanted to give up my share, those things they did and said would have made me hold on like grim death just to spite them. Oh,"—she broke off, and flung her finished braids back over her shoulders,—“why do I let myself think of them? I grow so hot!”

THE ladies of the Hermitage did the honors of Florence with modest pride and a certain glibness. Aurora took upon herself to explain Florentine society.

"There are little stories about 'most everybody," she said, "so you have to be pretty careful. If a certain general is present, for instance, whom I may have a chance to point out to you, you don't want to talk of horses, because his fiery steed bolted with him during an engagement once, and his enemies caricatured him running away. Then if a certain viscount is present, whom I may have a chance to introduce to you, you don't want to talk of *ermine*, because that little animal is a feature in his coat of arms, and his coat of arms, along with his title of nobility, came as a reward from a royal personage, scandal says, for marrying the lady who was his first wife. So you 'll have to look out, Tom, or you may be called upon to fight a duel."

The most splendid dinner that could be planned in council with Clotilde and the cook was prepared to honor the friend from home. To this were bidden the Fosses, Aurora's best friends; the Hunts, her next best; Manlio, whom she wished Tom to see as a truly beautiful specimen of Italian; and Landini, because she was curious to know what Tom thought of him.

Aurora had not seen the latter since the night of the *veglione*. Finding that he had not called during the interval, she had been glad to hope that his suspected mysterious project for making her his own had been dropped.

Charlie Hunt she had not seen since the variety-show. Learning that he also had not once come during her absence, she thought that this admitted of some simple explanation which he would give on the night of the dinner.

Charlie, receiving the invitation, pondered a while before accepting. He considered himself to have been insulted by Mrs. Hawthorne. Still, he could not be absolutely sure. If, anyhow, she did not know that he knew the black crow to have been none other than herself, there would be nothing in his going to her dinner-party which laid him open to scorn. And he felt more disposed to go than not. The dinner would be festive, costly, succulent. Then he desired before breaking with her—if breach there must be, which would depend upon the subtlest circumstances—to persuade her that two enormous porcelain jars owned by a dealer of his acquaintance were the very things needed in that bare-looking ball-room of hers. So he accepted Aurora's invitation.

The dinner was superlative, but it was written he should leave the house finally in a bad humor. After dinner he got his hostess into a quiet corner for a chat.

"Where 's Gerald?" pure curiosity made him ask, with that impertinence which his friends were accustomed to and took lightly, because curiosity and impertinence were part and parcel of Charlie. "Where 's Gerald?" he asked familiarly.

"Gerald is n't well enough yet to be out," Aurora answered him, with imperfect candor. "You did n't know he 'd been ill? Why, how funny! He 's been having what you call here a 'fluxion of the chest.'"

This ignorance of Charlie's comforted her by proving that the news of her nursing Gerald had not spread over the town like wild-fire, as she had been warned it would. Florence was not so bad or nimble a gossip as she had feared. When he spoke of the precious porcelain jars, she cut short his appetizing description with:

"Don't speak of it. I daresent, Charlie. I've been lectured so much for extravagance, I daresent buy a tooth-pick. If

these jars you speak of cost nine francs instead of nine hundred, I could n't, I tell you. I guess Florence has got all she 's going to out of me. I've turned over a new leaf."

Aurora had all evening been so entirely her kind and jolly self that Charlie had almost forgotten the black crow. At this check, and the barren prospect opening out beyond, he remembered it, and felt a vicious little desire to pay her back for the pin she had stuck into him under, as she idiotically supposed, an impenetrable disguise. He went away, as has been said, in a bad humor.

CHAPTER XVII

AURORA, when she thought she could do it without attracting the notice of the other two, would slip from their presence sometimes so as to have a few minutes by herself and stop pretending to be so everlastingly light of heart. For nothing in the world would she have had Tom know but his visit made her happy to the point of forgetting every subject of care or annoyance.

When she saw how well Tom and Estelle got along together, she became less timid about arranging little absences from them; she even—such a common feminine mind had Aurora—saw in the congeniality which permitted them to remain for half an hour in each other's company without boredom the foundation of a dream, dim and distant, it is true—the dream of seeing Estelle one day settled in a fine home of her own. She feared, though, there might be bridges to cross before that event. She dreaded the bridges. She wished Tom might be diverted from what she feared was his purpose.

Of all this she was somewhat disconnectedly thinking when she ran away from them one night after dinner, leaving him still at the table smoking his cigar, while Estelle hunted up in a guide-book for his benefit some little matter of altitudes. She had gone up-stairs with the excuse of wanting a fan. Her fan

had easily been found, but instead of returning to her guests, she walked to the end of the broad hallway, out through the door that stood open on to the portico roof.

The twilight faded, and her consciousness of a heartache increased. For what is the use of having everything money can buy or the bounty of spring afford if you at the same time are troubled with a toothache? All this, her lovely house, her lovely garden, so grand in itself, was like a good gift wasted, as long as she was in a state of quarrel with her friend. It was full two weeks since their exchange of letters. Two weeks of absolute silence. Could it be possible that she would never see or hear from Gerald again?

No, it could not, she said. It was part of having faith in him to deny the possibility of his remaining furious forever at her hateful letter. No, she would not believe it of him; she thought better of him. She was much mistaken if he could be so mean. She would be willing to bet—

There, in fact, he was, at this very moment, entering the carriage-gate.

After one mad throb of incredulous exultation, Aurora's thoughts and feelings were for a long minute limited to an intense and immobile watchfulness. He walked over the gravel with his eyes on the door under the portico. You would have thought his purpose set, and that he would not pause until he had rung the bell.

But you would have thought wrong. Half-way between the gate and the house he stood still and looked at the ground. He was holding the slender cane one knew so well like a weapon of defense, as if ready to make a resolute slash with it to vindicate his irresolution.

After a moment he turned, grinding his heel into the earth. It was then that a voice called out above him, "Hello, Gerald!"

He turned again and removed his straw hat. He and the lady leaning from the terrace looked at each other for the space of a few heart-beats with mechanical, constricted smiles. Then she asked:

"Are n't you going to come in?"

Instead of making the obvious answer and setting about the obvious thing, he appeared to be debating the point within himself. At the end of his hesitation he asked:

"Could I prevail upon you to give me five minutes in the garden?"

"Why, certainly," answered Aurora, appreciating the fact that Estelle would be superfluous at the peace-making that must follow.

She went very lightly down the stairs. She could hear Estelle's and Tom's voices still in the dining-room. Instead of going out by the usual door, too near to their sharp ears, she turned with soft foot into the big ball-room and passed out through that.

The great oval mound of flowers spread its odoriferous carpet before the steps leading down from the house. She turned her back upon it and followed a path bordered with pansies and ivy till Gerald saw her and came to take her hand, saying:

"How good of you!"

"Well!" she sighed, put by the bliss of her relief into a mood of splendid carelessness as to how she, for her part, should carry off the situation, looking after her dignity and all that. "How jolly this is! And you 're all right again, Gerald. You 're well enough to walk on your legs and come and tell me so. Yes, you 're looking quite yourself again. Well,"—she sighed again heartily,—"it 's good for sore eyes to see you. You 're sure now it 's all right for you to be out of doors after sunset? Had n't we better go in?"

"This air is like a warm bath. I must not keep you long, anyhow."

"Oh, I have n't got a thing to do," she precipitately assured him. "Come, we 'll walk up and down the path,—had n't we better?—so as not to be standing still. Go ahead, now; tell me all about yourself. How do you feel? Have you got entirely rid of your cough? And the stitch in your side?"

He would only speak to answer, she soon found; the moment she stopped talking silence fell. Had he nothing to say to her, then? Or did he find it difficult



"Aurora, with a comedy of pride, threw up her chin, lifted her arms; and turned as if on a pivot, to show herself off in her elegance"

somehow to talk? She was so determined to make the atmosphere cozy, friendly, happy, that she jabbered on like a magpie, like a mill.

"Aurora dear," he said at last, with an effect of mournful patience as much as of protest, "what makes you? I am here to beg your forgiveness, and you put me off. Do you call it kind?"

A knot tied itself in Aurora's throat, which she could not loosen so as to go on. If she had tried to speak she would have betrayed the fact that those simple words had, like a pump, fetched the tears up from her heart into her throat. He had his chance now to do all the talking.

"Could n't we sit down somewhere for a minute? Should you mind?" His gesture vaguely designated a green inclosure, in the midst of which were stone seats and a table, pale among the dark laurels.

But when they were seated, he only pressed his hands into his eye-sockets and kept them there.

"I am ridiculous!" he muttered and shook himself straight. After an ineffectual, suffocated attempt to begin, "I am ridiculous!" he said again, and without further concession to weakness started in: "I ought to have written you, Aurora. But I had seemed to be so unfortunate in writing I did not dare to try it again. Heaven knows what I wrote. I don't; but it must have been a prodigy of cad-dishness to offend you so deeply. It does n't do much good to say I am sorry."

"Your letter was all right," broke in Aurora. "I only did n't understand at first. Afterward I did. I tell you, that letter *was all right*."

"It was written in a mood—a perplexity, a despair, you have no means of understanding, dear Aurora. When your answer showed me what I had done, I could have cut my throat, but I could not have come to tell you I was not the monster of ingratitude I appeared to be. Not that a man can't get out of bed, if there is reason enough, and take himself somehow where he wants to be, but because of a sick man's unreasonable nerves, which can start him raving and make him a

thing to laugh at. I had the common sense, thank Heaven! to see that I must wait. Then, as the days passed, it all quieted down. Vincent was with me, a tranquilizing neighborhood.

"It seemed finally as if it might be almost better to let things rest as they were, to let that be the way of separating from you. I had almost made up my mind to do it, Aurora. Vincent has had me out for various airings, I have gone on several walks alone, but till to-day I avoided to take the road toward this house. But all at once it became too strong for me—not the pain, or the wish to see you, but the feeling that I could not bear to have you thinking me ungrateful. I, who hate ingratitude as the blackest thing in the wide world, to pass with you, *with you*, for an ungrateful beast!"

"Don't! don't, Gerald!" Aurora hushed him. "I can't let you talk like that. You know you could n't be ungrateful, nor I could n't think it of you."

"No, I'm not ungrateful. I'm not, dear," he caressingly asseverated. "I want you to be altogether sure of it. If I did not recognize the enormity of my debt to you, Aurora, what a clod I must be!"

"There was nothing to be grateful for, nothing at all," insisted Aurora.

"And so when I wrote you in that brutal manner, dear—"

"That letter was all right." Aurora vigorously snatched away from him the turn to talk, in order to defend him from this misery of compunction. "It was prompted by the most gentlemanly feelings, by real unselfishness and consideration for me. You did n't want me talked about on your account, and you put it as delicately as possible. Only I was a fool; I went off the handle, and wrote while I was mad and hurt and wanted to hurt back. But, bless you, I understand it all perfectly now. You need n't say another word. I understand the letter, Gerald, and I understand you."

"I am afraid," he said, letting go her hands and drawing a little apart, as if the most complete misunderstanding, after all, separated them—"I am afraid you do not

entirely. But this much at least is clear to you, is n't it, dear, that whatever I may be, I am not ungrateful? I shall not come to see you for a long time."

The astonished and acute attention of her whole being was indefinitely expressed by the silence in which she now listened.

"I am going to keep away from you," he went on, "till I feel out of danger."

"Why, what 's the matter now?" she asked, with the vehemence of her surprise and disappointment.

"A trifle, woman dear. Oh, Lord, I see I shall have to go into it! Have n't you the imagination to see, you unaccountable person, how an unhappy mortal might be affected by such circumstances as destiny so lately prepared for your poor servant's trying? Day by day, night after night, that insidious kindness, that penetrating gentleness, that stupefying atmosphere of a woman's care and sympathy. Did n't you tell me once yourself—" Gerald's voice stiffened, and he pulled himself up again, discarding weakness—"did n't you once tell me yourself that a sick man is 'liable to fall in love with his nurse'? And, dear girl, I will not do it. I categorically refuse. It is too horrible. I have finished with all that. No, not again. I know now that in order to have a little peace a person must not want anything. That is the price. We must n't want anything, Aurora. We must n't want anything, we must n't mind anything, we must n't care about anything, we must submit to everything!" This counsel of perfection came from Gerald almost in a sob.

"You make me laugh!" exclaimed Aurora in a snort of simple scorn.

"And so, Aurora, I am going to keep away from you for—I am not at the present moment quite able to say how long."

"You 're going to do nothing of the sort! There now!" burst from Aurora. "I 'm not going to permit any such foolishness." She firmly proceeded to pile up a barricade against his preposterous intention. "Now, Gerald, you pay attention to what I say, child. Can't you see for yourself, now you 've put it into words,

what nonsense all this is? You could no more, in your sane and waking moments, be sentimentally in love with me, and you know it, than, I guess, I could with you, fond of you as I am. No, that is n't putting it strongly enough," she gallantly amended; "you could n't do it, it stands to reason, even so easily as I could. What you felt was just the result of you being so weak, all full of fever dreams and delusions. And you still believe in it a little because you are n't yet good and strong. Now you listen to what I 've got to say. The wisest thing you can do, young man, instead of keeping away and having ideas and waiting till these gradually wear off—the best thing you can do, I say, is to stay right at my side and get sobered up by contact with things as they actually are. Not only the best thing, but a lot fairer to me, does n't it seem so to you? How do you think I like to have you go kiting off the moment I 've got you back again? When I 've missed you so! Now, Geraldino, rely on Auroretta. Let her manage this case. Don't you be afraid; she 'll cure you in two frisks."

"It just might be, you know, that you were right," said Gerald, dubiously, with the modesty of tone that would beseem a girl after a bucket of cold water had quelled her hysterics.

"Gracious goodness!" She bounced to her feet. "Here I was forgetting! Gerald," she said in haste, "I 'm sorry, but we 'll have to go indoors. They 'll be wondering where I am, and starting the hunt for me."

"They? You have guests?"

"Only one. Come on in, Gerald. I want you to meet him. You 've heard me speak of Judge Bewick in Denver, where I lived so long. Well, this is his son, Doctor Thomas Bewick. He 's in Florence just for a visit. Come on, I want you to know each other. You 'll be sure to like him."

"I don't think I will. I mean that I don't think I will go into the house with you, Aurora."

"Now, Gerald," she said in a warning voice, at which black clouds of impending

displeasure loomed over the horizon, "this is n't the way to begin. Don't be odd and trying. I should feel hurt, now truly, if I had to think your regard for me was n't equal to doing such a little thing for me as this."

Too tired from the emotions of the evening to make any valid resistance, emptied in fact of all feeling except a flat sort of bewilderment, Gerald followed, like a little boy in fear of rough-handling from his so much bigger nurse.

They found Estelle and Tom in the parlor.

"Well, I was wondering what had become of you!" cried Estelle as Aurora appeared in the doorway, and behind her shoulder the shadowy, unexpected face of Gerald.

"Tom," said Aurora, "this is my friend Mr. Fane that you 've heard us talk so much about. And this is Doctor Bewick, Gerald."

Aurora was luminous with gladness. Aurora was so glad that she had not the concentration or the decency to attempt to hide it. She did not know of the flagrant betrayal of her feelings; she was not guarding against it, because her delight itself absorbed all her powers of thought. She stood there, a monument unveiled. And all the reason for it that one could see was that pindling, hollow-eyed young fellow who had entered the room in her wake.

The two men, after conversation had engaged between them, promoted and helped along by the greater lingual readiness of the ladies, observed each other. This they did naturally, as if doing nothing of the kind. But Estelle, as profoundly uneasy as if she had foreseen already the fate of the fat to end in the fire, was aware of it. She noted in Gerald's stiffly adjusted face the unself-conscious eyebrows, formidably different one from the other; she noted how Dr. Tom, sturdy and self-collected as he was, kept knocking the ashes of his cigar into an inkstand full of ink.

It struck her whimsically that she had seen before something kindred to what

was taking place under her eyes: in a barn-yard at home, two crimson-helmeted champions, with neck-feathers slightly risen on end, standing opposed, ocularly taking each other's measure.

CHAPTER XVIII

WITH great frequency in these days Gerald made one of four in an amiable party devoting themselves to what Mrs. Hawthorne somewhat mysteriously called "doing Florence."

He sometimes remained scandalously late at her house after dining. He would wait, with an artist's beautiful air of time-forgetfulness, for Dr. Tom to get up to go. He would instantly, as if remembering himself, get up to go, too, and walk with the doctor as far as his hotel, they talking together like men with respect for each other's brains, appreciation of each other's character and company, no subject of contention in the world.

Gerald pushed courtesy so far as to go with the doctor, by themselves, on certain visits to hospitals, to certain games of pallone, certain monasteries which ladies are not permitted to enter, Aurora rejoicing in the opportunities to get good and acquainted which she saw these two dear friends of hers take.

MEANWHILE Brenda Foss had returned to Italy; one appropriately beautiful day in May she was married. After the drive back from the wedding reception, Gerald resisted Aurora's suggestion that he enter the house with them and remain to dine. This he did with well-masked resentment. As it was not Dr. Bewick's last evening, but the evening before his last, Gerald did not see that delicacy strictly demanded his sacrifice. But Estelle had informed him that he was not to accept. She had particular reasons, she darkly enlightened him, for the request.

Earlier than usual after dinner Estelle retired, "to write up her diary," she announced. Tom was left to have with Aurora that conversation which Estelle

had besought him to have, and of which by a significant motion of the face she had reminded him before leaving the room. He came to the point very soon, the sooner to get it over.

"Nell," he said, and, leaning back, with one arm flung along the top of the sofa, the other offering to his lips a thick cigar, waited long enough for her to wonder what was coming, "you spend too much money."

Without shadow of attempt at evasion, she said:

"Tom, I do."

"You've got to retrench, girl; you've got to be more careful."

"Yes, I suppose I've got to."

"Let's be practical. How are you going to do it?"

"I don't know, Tom. It's so easy to spend and so hard to hold on to your money!"

"Well, I'm glad you don't deny a bent toward extravagance."

"I don't deny anything that means I spend a lot of money. I have more sense. The facts are there."

"You've already broken into your capital, have n't you?"

"Did Hattie tell you that or did you guess? It's true, I have; but—" she tried to place the harm done in a harmless light—"it is n't so bad but that if I saved for a little while I could make it up again."

"If! True; but are you going to, Nell? That's the question."

"O Tom, I never ought to have been given any money if I was to hold on to it!" Aurora almost groaned. "I did n't know at first. I was pleased as Punch. I lay awake nights just to gloat and feel grand. I tell *you*, I meant to hold on to it! I tell *you*, it was n't going to get away from me after that good fight we made for it! But—" the effect of a mental groan was repeated—"the whole thing is n't as I thought it would be, not a bit."

She stopped, and while she tried to coordinate her ideas, Dr. Tom quietly waited for explanation or illustration of her meaning.

"I don't like money; there's the whole of it." She gave him the sum of her attempt in one cast.

Dr. Tom continued to wait, smoking.

"In fact, I hate it."

Dr. Tom continued to wait, without interrupting, or trying to help her disentangle her thought, of which he had in truth no inkling.

"I hate it, and I love it, both. That's truer, I suppose. But I can't be at rest with it."

"Never fear, girl,"—his tone was humorous,—"you'll get used to it. Just from watching you, I should have fancied you were pretty well used to it already."

"I somehow can't feel it right—there!—to have more than the rest," Aurora explained. "Come right down to it, I feel mean in having something the rest have n't got, and keeping it from them. I know it is n't good common sense, or how could rich people be so all right and calm in their minds as they are, and have everybody's respect? But, Tom, I suppose the amount of it is I was born poor and I go on having the feelings of the poor. If any one asks me for anything and appears to need it, I've got to give it or feel too mean to live."

"With that view of it, of course I can see why your money would n't last long."

"Oh, I'm extravagant besides; I'll own to that. That's the real trouble. I want to buy everything that takes my eye, I want to make everything run smooth, like on greased wheels, and to have all the faces around me look pleased, and everybody liking me. I love the feeling of luxury and festivity, and, oh, I just love a grand good time! But when I've indulged myself, Tom, I would n't have the face, if I had the heart, to say no to anybody that came along and wanted me to indulge them, too. Now, I don't want you to go thinking this is generosity, Tom, or a good heart, or that I have any sneaking idea in my own bosom that it's anything of the sort. When I was poor I never was generous; I never thought of it. I worked hard for what I got; and was in the same boat exactly as the rest; I was entitled to

the little bit I 'd worked for. But now it 's different."

"All right, Nell; all right. It 's a perfectly understandable way of looking at it, if it is rather far-fetched. But good-bye to the hard-earned thousands. You won't have a smitch of them left."

"Good-by then, and good riddance!" cried Aurora, violently, almost pettishly. "I don't really like them, anyhow. It 's too easy just to write your name on a check. At first I thought I was living in a fairy-tale; but once you 've got used to it, it does n't compare with the fun you get the old-fashioned way, working hard for a thing, and planning, and going to price it, and saving, and finally getting it, and *that* proud! People who have n't been poor simply don't know."

"Of course I have n't the faintest right to control your use of your money," he began; "but—"

"But of course you have, Tom,"—her tone changed at once, and was eagerly humble,—"every right. You can take it away from me any moment you please. Who has a right, I should like to know, if not you?"

"Well, then, Nell, I 'm going to make a suggestion. What you have said shows me that simple advice would be of no use in this case. Don't think, girl, that I don't get at your way of seeing the matter; but I see other things to consider. Well, then: as a promise to keep inside of your income would apparently embitter life to you, I won't ask for it, merely suggesting the fitness of trying to observe such a restriction. Even as regards your power to throw it away, there 'll be a lot more of it to throw if you respect your capital. However, the money is yours, to do exactly what you please with; but this I ask: empower me to turn some part of it into an annuity, unalienable and modestly sufficient."

"An annuity? What 's that?"

"A sum of money so fixed that you receive the interest as long as you live and have no power over the sum itself. It 's not yours to use or to transfer. In your case it 's the one safe investment, the

single way I see to keep you out of the poorhouse."

"All right, Tom; do what you think best. But see here. Whatever you arrange for me that way, you 've got to arrange for Hattie, too, or it would n't be fair. I won't think of it unless you 'll do the same for both. If I had n't a penny left in the world, you know the Carvers would take me in in a minute. Then if you do it, don't you see," she brought in slyly, "when I 've spent my money, there 'll always be Hattie's for me to fall back on. Don't let her know you 're doing it, Tom, but fix it."

"All right. Two comfortable little annuities, enough to be independent on, and be taken care of if you 're sick."

"That 's it, Tom. Then everybody's mind will be set at rest. And this I will promise: I 'll try to be a good girl."

That subject being dropped, there was silence for a minute or two, while Tom thoughtfully smoked. At last he said:

"I had hoped"—his utterance was slow and heavy—"to find a different solution to the difficulty."

Her face questioned him, and at once looked troubled.

"I was going to try to take over all your difficulties and bundle them up with my own; but," he continued, after a moment, with force, "I 'm not going to do it."

"That 's right, Tom," she came out eagerly, without pretending not to understand. "If I know what you mean, don't do it! Oh, I 'm so grateful, I can't tell you; that you 've made up your mind that way. Because, dear Tom, whatever you wanted me to do, seems to me I 'd have to do it. I don't see how I could say no to anything you asked me. It would break my heart, I guess, if I had to hold out against a real wish of yours. I could n't do it. All the same, I am certain that we would n't make just the happiest kind of couple."

"We are n't going to talk about it, Nell. I told you I had given it up. But," he went on after a heavy moment, unable entirely to subjugate his humanity—"but

I wish now I had asked you before you left home."

She was too oppressed with misery to speak at once, so he amplified.

"But it seemed rather more,—I don't want to call it by any such big word as chivalrous,—it seemed rather whiter not to urge it, when circumstances might have seemed to lay a compulsion on you. Then it seemed better to let all the talk, the unpleasantness, in Denver die down first. Then, too, I wanted you to see the world; I liked the thought of you having your fling. But," he reiterated, "I can't help wishing I had followed my instinct and asked you before I let you go. Tell the truth, Nell. Would n't you have had me then?"

"I suppose, Tom, that I should have you now if you asked me. But then or now," she brought in quickly, "it would be a mistake. I could n't love you more dearly, Tom, than I do, good big brother that you 've been. Dear me, all we 've been through together! Then all the fun we 've had! We could n't change to something different without all being spoiled. You don't seem to know, but I do, that I 'm not the woman for you in that way. We 're too much alike, Tom. What you want is a little dainty woman, delicate, quick, bright-minded, something, to find an example near at hand, like Hattie Carver. A big fellow like you wants some one to cherish and protect. How in the world would any one go to work protecting and cherishing a little darling big as a moose!"

"I might have known"—Dr. Tom made his reflections aloud—"that a good big husky man would n't have a chance with any good big husky girl while a sickly, sad-eyed, spindle-shanked son of a gun was hanging round!"

"There 's nothing in that, I should think you 'd know," said Aurora, quickly. "I like him, of course, and I like to have him round. Have n't you found him good company yourself? But that 's just friendship. Friendship like between a fish and a bird, and no more prospect of a different ending than that. If that 's trou-

ling you, you can set your mind at rest, 'Tom."

"It 's none of my business, anyhow," said the doctor, brusquely, flinging down his cigar and walking away from her to the mantelpiece, where he stood looking up at her portrait, but thinking of that other portrait of her, with its wizardry and strange truth, which she had not failed to show him.

"Tom, if I thought you could feel bitter, I should die, that 's all," cried Aurora, jumping up and following. "You 've been such a friend to me! Do you suppose I forget? And you know, now don't you, Tom, that I think the whole, whole world of you?" Arms were clasped around his neck, a head was pressed hard against his shoulder. "There never could anybody take your place with me. You 'd only have to call over land or sea, and I 'd come flying to serve you, to nurse you in sickness or help you in sorrow."

"Any time there 's anything I can do for you, anything in this world, Nell, you know you 've only got to sing out," he declared in his turn.

"You 'll marry, Tom dear, by and by."

"Very well. If you say so, I 'll marry. But what I said will hold good if I do. It will hold good, too, if you marry, Nell. Oh, let 's talk about something else."

CHAPTER XIX

It seemed to Gerald really rather late in the day for him to seek an excuse to call at the Hermitage; yet on the afternoon following Dr. Bewick's departure he sought for one—one having reference to Estelle. He took with him a propitiatory little volume containing translations of well-known poems by one Amiel. Estelle was regarded as being immensely interested in French; she daily translated themes back and forth from her own language into that of Molière. These singularly neat and exact productions of Amiel's should delight—and disarm her.

When he entered the red-and-green room, the very least bit timidly, with his book in his hand, he perceived almost at

once that something unusual was in the air.

Nothing was said at first of the cause for Aurora's air of repressed excitement, but at last she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence:

"Gerald, something so queer and unpleasant has happened!"

He raised both eyebrows in solicitous participation, and mutely questioned.

"It 's about Charlie Hunt. I never would have imagined—you would n't either."

"My imagination, dear friend, is more far-reaching in some ways than yours," he quickly corrected her. "But do tell me what it is that has happened."

"Charlie Hunt! Charlie Hunt!" she repeated, like one unable to make herself believe a thing. "Charlie Hunt to turn nasty toward me like that from one day to the next!"

"To turn—"

"He was here to dinner just two weeks ago and perfectly all right. We had a nice, long chat together on the sofa. But he did n't make his party-call quite as soon as he usually does, so when I saw him at Brenda's wedding I thought of course he 'd come up and tell me how busy he 'd been. But he did n't come near me. I was sort of surprised, but did n't even think enough about it to mention it to Estelle. Well, this forenoon I went to the bank, and when I 'd got my money, I happened to catch sight of Charlie. I thought I 'd like to speak to him. He 's always wanted me to ask for him when I went to the bank, and I 've done it more than once. I asked for him, and then I took a seat, and in a minute in came Charlie, with just his usual look.

"Now, I want to tell you that I 've never had one unpleasant word with Charlie Hunt; I 've always liked him real well. I put down my foot against letting him run me and my house, but there never was a word said about it. I balked, but I did n't kick. All along I 've been just as nice to him as I know how, except just one moment, when I stuck a little pin into him the night of the *vegli-*

one, not supposing that he 'd ever know who did it.

"Well, I was sitting there at the table with the newspapers, and he came and stood near, without taking a chair, as if he had n't much time to spare. I began to talk and joke about his cutting me dead at the wedding, and he listened and talked back in a common-enough way, only I noticed that he once or twice called me Mrs. Barton instead of Mrs. Hawthorne. Now I must go back and tell you that some time ago when I was at the bank he casually asked me if I knew of any Mrs. Helen Barton in Florence, and he showed me two letters in the same handwriting, one addressed to the English bank, and the other to the American bank, Florence, that had been there at Hunt & Landini's for some time, and no one had called for and they did n't know what to do with. Now, the instant my eye lit on those letters I knew who 'd written them, what was in them, and who they were meant for. All letters for Estelle and me, you know, are first sent to Estelle's house in East Boston, to be forwarded to us wherever we might be in Europe; but that letter had escaped. That letter was from a queer kind of sour, unsuccessful woman called Iona Allen, who boarded once at the same house with me on Springfield Street, the languishing kind of critter that I never could stand, who had n't the gumption of a half-drowned chicken, who 'd never stuck to anything or put any elbow-grease into the work on hand, and who whined all the time, and was looking out for some one to support her. I guessed she 'd heard of my money and was writing me a sweet letter of congratulations, along with a hard-luck story. I 'd have liked to get hold of her letter, but did n't exactly see how I could. I said to Charlie, 'Let me take it; perhaps I can find the one it 's meant for among my acquaintances.' But he did n't seem to think that could be done; so there the matter dropped. I did n't care much. Iona Allen can look for some one nearer home to support her.

"Well, to go back. When Charlie



"Aurora stared at him. Beneath the frank investigation of her eyes his own dropped in modesty and insuperable embarrassment"

Hunt had called me Mrs. Barton for the third time I realized from his way of doing it that it was n't a slip of the tongue, and I stopped him short and said:

"What makes you call me Mrs. Barton all of a sudden?"

"It 's your name, is n't it?" he said, with a queer look.

"No, I came right out strong and bold. And I was n't lying either. It is n't my name. I don't really know what my name is. It 's Hawthorne as much as it 's anything. Jim changed his name half a dozen times, and the name he married me under I found out was n't his real name.

"Charlie Hunt stood there a moment as if thinking it over, looking at me with the meanest grin; then he said with that hateful, sarcastic look of a person who thinks he 's being smart in getting back at you:

"Is that as true," he said, "as that you never indulged in Carnival humor masked as a crow?" Then I knew he 'd somehow got on to the truth about that night at the *veglione*. But I was n't going to give it away.

"You know what you 're driving at better than I do," I said. And then I said: "What 's it all about? What 's your game?" And he said, as if I 'd been a common swindler that he 'd just found out:

"What 's yours?" Then I felt myself get mad.

"You 're a mean little pest," I said, but between my teeth, and not so that any one but he could hear me. And, "You 're an evil-minded little scalawag," I said. "You certainly don't know me if you think I 've done anything in this world to be ashamed of. Go ahead," I said; "do what you please. Don't for one single instant think that I 'm afraid of you or that you can do me any harm." And I left him standing there, with his grin, and flounced out. But what do you think of it, Gerald? Why should Charlie Hunt behave like that to me?"

"I could judge better if I knew what you said to him at the *veglione*."

"It was n't very bad. It might provoke him for a minute to know that it was I who said it, but it ought n't to make him mad enough to bite. I went up to him, and I said close to his ear, in my good English:

"You amusing little match-maker," I said, "what do you hope to get from your dusky friend marrying that absurd American? How much do you know about her?" I said. "Are you even sure she 's as rich as she seems?" Then he said, polite, but stiff:

"You have the advantage of me, Madam, in knowing what you 're talking about. Pray go on with your tasteful pleasantries," he said; "I 'm thinking I 've heard your voice before." Upon which I shut my mouth and dusted down the opera-house on Italo's arm. I was crazy that evening, I guess, with the crowd and excitement and all. When I get to training, I can't resist the impulse. I don't know where to stop. But that was n't enough to make him want to stick a knife in me, was it? It was only fun. It was true. He had seemed to be trying to manage me so 's I 'd take a fancy to Landini, and I could n't for the life of me see what it mattered to him."

"My dear Aurora," said Gerald, excited and darkly flushed, "your little joke would not have had to contain a sting nearly so sharp to rouse against you such vanity as Hunt's, unless, let me add, there were some self-interest to keep him back. It is known that Charlie has only some parts and habits of a human being, not all. He is not properly a man at all," he went on; "he is just an insect *en grand*. He 's like this: from the moment he had ceased to get any good of frequenting your house, even if you had not done the smallest thing to vex him, he would pass on a bit of gossip harmful to you for the simple glory of appearing for one moment a little better informed than the rest. No more than that. He would be capable of that; he would n't even have to hate you."

Both women sat staring at Gerald, impressed by his heat.

"But what I want to know is how he

knew your name was Barton," said Estelle at last.

"I 've told you what I think. He 's heard you call me Nell. Tom, too, called me Nell. That may have given him the hint. Then he simply opened Iona Allen's letter and read it. Something was in it, no doubt, that enabled him to put two and two together. And Charlie Hunt, little bunch of meanness! would imagine he could hold over me the fact that I was poor once, because he 'd think I 'd be ashamed of it. But no such thing. If I changed my name coming here, it was n't on any such account as that. I 'm gladder than ever now that I told Mrs. Foss all about it. I did, Gerald, quite soon after we first came, and she said, though it was in a way a mistake, she did n't see any real harm in it. As long as I 'd begun that way, she said, better not make a sensation by changing back or saying anything about it. She thought my reasons were very natural. It was n't as if I was misleading anybody, or anybody was losing money by me. I 'd have told you too, Gerald, in a minute, as far as wanting just to conceal anything goes. But Gerald and I"—she seemed to place the matter before an invisible judge and jury—"never talk together of ugly things, do we, Gerald? As I said before, I don't know what my own real front-door name is. I was born Goodwin. I married Barton, but Barton was n't Jim's real name. Aurora Hawthorne is what I called myself when we were young ones and played ladies, Hat and I. I came over here to cut loose from all the bothers that had made the last year in Denver a nightmare. I did n't want to be connected with that dirty mess any more in anybody's mind or my own. I wanted it to be like taking a bath and starting new, feeling clean. Then, if I was Aurora Hawthorne, Hattie of course had to be Estelle Madison, which was her name in our old play-days. Neither of us thought of anything when we planned it but its being a grand lark. And at first, in hotels, what did it matter? But since we 've been here and had friends, we 've felt sorry more than once,

because it seemed like telling a lie. And then we were afraid of things that might come up—just like this that has, in fact. But there was n't anything to do about it. So, if Charlie Hunt tells—"

"I 'm not nearly as much afraid of his telling that you are here under an assumed name," said Estelle, "as that you were the black crow, and it getting to the ears of Antonia and Co."

"Well, what could they do?"

"Spoil Florence for us pretty thoroughly, I 'm afraid, Nell."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Aurora; but after a moment added in a tone of lessened assurance, "Bother!" and after another moment burst forth, with one hand clapped to her curly front hair: "To think that Tom was here yesterday, and this had to happen to-day, when he 's half-way to Paris! I wish he had n't gone. I wish I had him here to back me up."

"Why don't you telegraph for him?" suggested Estelle, eagerly.

"Oh, no, I would n't do that,"—Aurora's vehemence subsided,—"it 's not important enough for that."

"My dear Aurora," said Gerald, stopping in front of her, his whole person expressing hurt and remonstrance little short of indignation, "if your wishing for Doctor Bewick signifies that you do not feel you have friends near you on whose attachment you can count, surely you do wrong to some of us!"

Though his tone scolded Aurora sharply for her lack of faith, Estelle's ear caught a trembling edge to his voice expressive of deep feeling. Estelle had the good sense to see that Gerald must inevitably desire to make more exposition of his allegiance, and the good feeling to know that this could be done better if she were not present. Gerald, with his little peace-offering, was at the moment in favor of Estelle. His explicitness, his righteous violence, his entire adequacy on the subject of Charlie Hunt, had charmed her. She also wanted Aurora to have any comfort the hour might afford. She on the spot feigned to understand Busteretto's pawing of her dress as an expression of desire

to go into the garden and see the little sparrows. She swept him up from the floor with one hand and, tucking him under her arm, slipped out of the room.

There was silence for a minute after her departure. Then Gerald said very stiffly, very formally:

"If you would do me the honor, dearest Aurora, the very great honor, of consenting to take my name, the right I should have to defend you would be—would be—part of my great happiness."

Aurora stared at him. Beneath the frank investigation of her eyes his own dropped in modesty and insuperable embarrassment.

There was another silence before he added:

"I would try very much to make you happy."

Aurora repressed the first words that came to her lips, and set aside the next ones that rose in her mind to sav. Silence

again reigned for a moment. Then, with the serious face, almost invisibly rippling, that betokened in her a secret and successful fight against laughter, she said in what she called her good English, faintly reminiscent of Antonia's:

"I am aware, my dear Gerald, of the honor, the very great honor, you do me. I thank you—for coming up to the scratch like a little man. But the feeling I have that I could never be warthy of so much honor deceydes me to declane. Gerald," she went on, discarding her English, "don't say another word! You dear, dear boy! The things you want to defend me against don't amount to a row of pins, when all I've got to do if it comes to the pinch is pack my grip and clear out. Thank you all the same, you *pet*, for your kindness. Don't think of it again. I am sort of glad, though, you've got that proposal out of your system. Now we can go back to a sensible life."

(To be concluded)



A Warning

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

DRAW in the latch-string, lad, and close the door,
 Lest those who faint without from toil and pain
 Should rob thee of thine own too meager store.
 Can one poor crust sustain these famished forms?
 Can one poor shelter save them from the storms?
 And surely those who wait and hope in vain
 Shall turn and rend thee when thou hast no more.
 So draw the latch-string in and close the door.

There was a man would fling it open wide—
 But He was crucified.





Compulsory Service in Ballygullion¹

By LYNN DOYLE

"SPEAKIN' of this conscriptin' in Ireland," said my friend Mr. Patrick Murphy, pressing a few burning strands of tobacco down into his pipe with a horny forefinger and fetching half a dozen rapid puffs, "it would be hard for any man to say how it would go. An Irishman is aisy enough to coax, but he 's a thrawn divil if ye go to push him. There 's no rule, though. If you 're thrying to guess what an Irishman 'll do, the only thing ye can be sure of is that the divil himself could n't tell what he 'll do. If he 's put up again' conscription he may fight again' it or he 'll maybe fight undher it; but, anyway, ye may take your oath upon it he 'll fight."

"Even if he was conscripted, Pat?" I asked.

"No matter how ye get him. Look at the Sinn Feiners. The one half of them went up to Dublin on Easter Monday thinkin' it was for a day's outin's, an' yet when the row started the same boys fought like Trojans. I 'm tellin' ye this," said Mr. Murphy, with emphasis: "if ye take fifty thousand Irish soldiers, conscripted or not conscripted, an' put them down forrent double as many Germans, the lives of the same Germans won't be safe."

"But if they were conscripts, would they not have a grudge against the English, Pat?" said I.

"They might," admitted Mr. Murphy; "but even so, still they 'd fight. An' I 'll tell you a story about that. My brother Joe's son Michael is a reporter on a newspaper, and when the rebellion broke out in Dublin the proprietor sent him off to collect news. Two days' expenses he give him, an' tould him if he could n't pick up as much information in the time as would keep him writin' from that to the next rebellion then he ought to go back to the farmin'.

"So there was poor Michael runnin' about Dublin like a dog at a fair, thryin' to gather as many lies in the time as he could manage, an' gettin' as much ould snash from the sodgers on the one side an' the Sinn Feiners on the other as made him wish he was a German an' could knock the divil out of them both.

"About the middle of the first day, when he was near asthray in the mind between writin' in his wee note-book and duckin' bullets, an' bein' turned back out of any safe place there was, down near the Ulster railway station he spots a big, red-faced, thirsty-lookin' corporal in charge of a handful of the Fusiliers. 'That 's the man for me,' he says to himself, an' over he goes to him.

"'I want to get the length of Clontarf. Sergeant,' says he, pullin' out a two-shillin' bit. 'I hear there 's big fightin' out that way.'

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"Then ye can't go," says the corporal, puttin' the two-shillin' bit in his pocket.

"Could it not be managed, Sergeant?" says Michael, wheedlin' him a bit. "I'm a reporter," says he.

"If ye were the Archangel Michael," says the corporal, 'it would be all the same. My ordhers are too stricht. But if you 'll go round the corner there ye might get through.'

"Who 's in charge there?" says Michael.

"They 're a parcel of murdherin' English swine come over to desthroy the dacent city of Dublin," says the corporal, very bitter. 'Bad cess to the day I ever put their coat on my back!'

"An' with that a Sinn Feiner in a green tunic runs across the sthreet, an' the corporal up with his rifle an' knocks him over like a rabbit.

"An' I 'll tell you another story," went on Mr. Murphy. "Not long afther the war broke out, an' there was talk of conscriptin' then, too, I had big Barney Her-rigan workin' for me about the yard. A bitter pill of a Nationalist was Barney, an' an Irish Volunteer, an' could have ate Carson without salt. Of a night he used to take a pride in walkin' by the police-barracks whistlin' 'Who Fears to Speak of 'Ninety-eight'; an' if it had n't been that the sergeant had no ear for music an' took it for 'Auld Lang Syne,' Barney 'd been in jail undher the Defense of the Realm before the war was well started.

"Then he was promised to marry a wee slip of a girl that lives up the road a bit as soon as he 'd save a bit of money an' had quit the dhrink. She was all the other way of thinkin', a hot one for Redmond, an' all for Barney enlistin' off his own bat, an' not waitin' to be conscripted even. But Barney would n't hear of it, an' swore by this an' by that he 'd rather fight for the Germans than for the English any day. My own notion was that he was no way keen on fightin' at all; but the other was what he give out, an' in the end he quarreled with the girl over it.

"But the more word of conscription there was the more Barney was disturbed

in his mind, till he got to be a common nuisance, quittin' his work an' runnin' intil the kitchen when the postboy came round with the paper just to hear was there any more news of it.

"At the last he could thole no longer, an' one mornin' he threw down his shovel an' comes up the room to me in his dirty boots.

"Gim me what money 's comin' to me," says he. "I'm for off."

"An' where are ye for in such a hurry?" says I.

"I'm for America," says he. "I'm goin' to gather together my two or three duds, an' away intil Ballygullion for my ticket. They 'll never put a khaki coat on *my* back," says he.

"I was that mad at him leavin' me in the lurch, an' the potatoes not gathered, that I give him his wages on the spot and tould him he could go to blazes if he liked; an' away he goes to Ballygullion, not waitin' to look behind him.

"That evenin' as I was goin' up the road who should I meet but his old girl, an' the eyes blinded in her head with cryin'.

"Have ye heard about Barney, Mither Murphy?" says she.

"No," says I, lettin' on I knew nothin'. "What about him?"

"He 's joined the sodgers," says she, bursting out again.

"He 's *what*?" says I.

"He 's joined the sodgers," says she. "He got dhrunk in Ballygullion the day an' took the shillin' an' is away to Ath-lone."

"And he did n't desert, Pat?" I asked.

"Desert, is it?" said Mr. Murphy. "He 's been in the trenches this twelve-month, an' was up in this house on leave not very long ago with a corporal's stripes on his arm, cursin' the Huns most lamentable, an' that full of loyalty he 'd poison you. Him an' one of Carson's Volunteers beat two Sinn Feiners all round Ballygullion one night before he left for insultin' the king's uniform."

"I suppose the girl took Barney back," said I.

"She did not, then," said Mr. Murphy. "Ever since the rebellion she 's turned against Redmond, walkin' out with a Sinn Feiner, and would n't look at the side of the road a sodger was on. I tell you what it is, Mr. Doyle, Ireland is a queer country. If they bring in this conscription it 'll be hard to say how things will turn out."

"But if Ireland refuses conscription, maybe the English won't give her Home Rule," said I.

"Do you hear me now," said Mr. Murphy, with a droll look: "if they make us all sodgers here in Ireland by conscription, the question might be whether we 'd give the English Home Rule."

The White Gods

(With due apologies to Kipling's "Feet of the Young Men")

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

NOW the four-track way is open, now the questing auto honks,
 And we weary of the wood and hill and plain;
 Now the young men's throats are troubled for the tasting of a Bronx,
 And the red gods' bubble 's pricked and burst again.
 Who hath bathed in citronella? Who hath felt the wood-ticks' baiting?
 Who hath lain awake and cursed the night owls' cries?
 Who hath worked the shallow water where the 'skeeter-squads are waiting
 And the men are jumping-crazy from the flies?

*We must go—go—go away from here!
 Upon the avenue we 're overdue;
 Send that nothing long may hold you till the city's arms infold you;
 For the white gods call for you!*

So for one the white foam cresting o'er the seidel's curving rim,
 And for one the slip of pump-soles on the floor;
 And for one the week-end station where a lady waits for him,
 And for one the cheery golfers crying "Fore!"
 Who hath smelt the smells of Broadway? Who hath seen her lights a-burning?
 Who is fain to spend in revelry the night?
 Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
 To the camps of laundered, civilized delight.

He must go—go—

Do you know the upper Thirties? Do you know that narrow street,
 With the cozy little chop-house at the end,
 And the bar of polished walnut where a man may take a seat
 To the clicks as warring dominoes contend?
 It is there that we are going, with our pipes and steins and chorus,
 To a jolly, rosy tapster that we know;
 To a chair of age-worn leather, with the foaming mugs before us,
 For the white gods call us back, and we must go!

We must go—go—

Do you know that glowing ball-room where the floor is smooth and fair,
 And the lights gleam out on jeweled loveliness?
 Do you know the joy of waltzing to a sobbing string-wrought air
 With a girl you 've known an hour or more—or less?
 It is there that I am going, with a partner all-entrancing,
 Just a smiling little princess that I know.
 She can mingle with the others while I 'm dancing, dancing, dancing;
 For the white gods call me back, and I must go!

I must go—go—

Do you know that marble palace where the busses clang and boom?
 Do you know the scent of perfume and of wine?
 Do you know the velvet stillness of a palm-embowered room
 Where the blazoned, bird-clad people go and dine?
 It is there that I am going, where the lights are dim and pleasant,
 To a gentle, suave head waiter that I know—
 To my pint of golden Medoc, to my hothouse grapes and pheasant,
 For the white gods call me back, and I must go!

I must go—go—

Do you know the city's roof-tree? Do you know that windy height
 Where the ticker's baffling tidings shift and change?
 Do you know the day's excitement in the eddying market-fight,
 While the stock of stocks is climbing out of range?
 It is there that I am going, where the big ones egg the lamb on,
 To a trusty, clever broker that I know.
 I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the horns of golden Mammon,
 For the white gods call me back, and I must go!

I must go—go—

Now the four-track way is humming, now perfecto smokes arise—
 Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt play and play they choose,
 Now the theaters are open, now the Joys doff all disguise,
 And the young men fly to them on wingèd shoes.
 Who shall meet them in the city? Who shall light them in the dark?
 Petal-fingered, who shall guide them to their goal?
 Unto each his need and pleasure, unto each his sign and mark—
 Glowing tap-room in the village, brilliant salon near the park,
 And to each a maid who loves his very soul.
 Poor or wealthy, young or aged, she awaits you to console her—
 Dust of auto, shriek of railroad, clack of 'plane—
 Where the lights gleam on wet asphalt, where the taxi hails the stroller,
 Where the young men go to battle in pursuance of the dollar,
 Where the riot runs till daylight—James! Ah, help me with my collar!
 For the white gods make their medicine again!

We must go—go—go away from here!

Upon the avenue we 're overdue;

Send that nothing long may hold you till the city's arms infold you,

For the white gods call for you!



The Joys of Moving

"I've found the jam, Isabel—unless it's the mucilage"

Vers Libre Liberated

By E. L. MCKINNEY

I LIKE vers libre.
It seems to be a very popular diversion
Among a great minority of poets
Who have cast aspersion and made
Remarks of divers kinds about
The fettering of thought;
So many other vapid minds have used it
When they had n't ought.
You can't spear words
And string them out in fits and starts
And starts and fits,
And think the public stands about, shouting,
Scoring them all as hits. Not they;
They will suspect.
Your bluff, you'll find in time, won't pass a lot.
I like vers libre.
I love the stuff; but is this it,
Or is it not?



The last straw

Elegy Written at a Country Club

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

THE club-house lights announce the close of day,
The lowing herd wind townward from their tea,
The caddies homeward take their chattering way,
And leave the links to darkness and to me.

Beneath that tangled brush, those tall weeds' shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a bunkered heap,
Each in its hiding-place forever laid
The duffers' missing gutties take their sleep.

Let not par players mock their grubbing toil,
 Their awful score, their formless-swinging club;
 Nor scratch men hear with a disdainful smile
 The long and woeful annals of the dub.

The boast of stance and grip, the pomp of par,
 And all that Ray holds, all that Vardon thinks,
 Await alike the inevitable bar:
 The paths of golfing lead but to the drinks.

Full many a drive of purest arc and high
 The dark, unfathomed water-hazards drown;
 Full many a putt is born to go awry,
 And waste three strokes or so before it 's down.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonored dub,
 Canst in these lines his hapless story see,
 When thou art gone, and at thy country club
 Some kindred duffer shall ask after thee,

Haply some hoary-headed pro may say:
 "Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn
 Tearing with hasty strokes the turf away,
 Or losing balls along the upland lawn.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the fair, and near the club-house tee.
 Another came; nor wading in the rill,
 Nor in the pit, nor out of bounds was he.

"The next, I clipped ('t was too late by a day;
 It must have been the obit-writer's fault)
 These lines. Approach, O dub, and read the lay
 Graved on the slab upon his Woodlawn vault":

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the earth he scarred,
 A youth to Bogey and to par unknown;
 Fair twos and threes ne'er blossomed on his card,
 And handicappers marked him as their own.*

*Large was his total, but his truth was more;
 The handicappers' recompense is seen:
 He gave to them ('t was all he had) his score;
 They gave to him ('t was all he asked) nineteen.*

*No further seek his troubles to disclose,
 Nor at his many difficulties scoff;
 With him we all this trembling hope repose:
 Where'er he be, may he play better golf!*

FINANCE AND BANKING

The Federal Reserve System and the Public

By H. V. CANN

MORE than 7600 banks in the United States are members of the Federal Reserve System. Every one of these thousands of banks has its own group of depositors, borrowers, and shareholders, altogether millions of people, who are more or less directly benefited by such membership.

Those much discussed and carefully planned institutions, the federal reserve banks, began business on November 16, 1914, in a time of great stress, when everybody was anxious about the financial outlook, and soon became the most important factor in the restoration of general confidence. Their functions have been developed with such speed that the system already fills its intended place as a strong and dependable underpinning of the national banking structure, besides being a powerful force behind the business machinery of the country.

Ever since the expiration of the charter of the second Bank of the United States in 1836 there has been general recognition of the need for a bank of issue which would supply extraordinary demands for currency and credit. Several years stand out as memorable times when the old banking system as a whole failed to serve the legitimate needs of business, when inadequate supplies of currency and scarcity of credit resulted in wide-spread losses.

After the trying experience in 1907 a number of the States revised their banking laws, and the Federal Government appointed a monetary commission to investigate banking systems at home and abroad and submit a plan for the improvement of conditions here. The report of that commission is the most comprehensive work on world banking ever compiled. It described the operations of the great central banks of all the leading nations, and recommended a system of banking which formed the groundwork for a thorough dis-

cussion of the whole subject throughout the country and in Congress.

The Government rejected the idea of one central bank, and finally decided to establish twelve regional reserve banks in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, and San Francisco. These banks were chartered for a term of twenty years by the Federal Reserve Act, the most constructive and far-reaching financial legislation in the history of the United States. Each bank serves its own district primarily. Six of its nine directors are elected to represent the stockholding member banks and the agricultural, commercial, and industrial interests in that district. As the need arises, these banks may open branches in other cities within their districts or in foreign countries. A branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta has already been opened in New Orleans.

The whole system is under the guidance and control of the Federal Reserve Board, which is appointed by the President of the United States and sits in Washington.

The law requires all national banks to be members of the Federal Reserve System, and permits state banks and trust companies to join the system under certain restrictions. A number of important state institutions have already taken advantage of this privilege.

To provide the capital of the reserve banks member banks must subscribe for shares of its stock a sum equal to six per cent. of their capital and surplus. Payment of only one half the subscription, or three per cent., is called for. The stock certificates provide for cumulative dividends thereon at the rate of six per cent. per annum. Net earnings of a federal reserve bank in excess of the dividend

(Continued on page 56 following)

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Finance and Banking

(Continued from page 960)

requirements shall, according to the law, be equally divided between the reserve bank and the Government until the amount retained by the bank shall have accumulated into a reserve or surplus fund equal to forty per cent. of its capital stock; all excess profits thereafter are payable to the Government.

The combined capital of the twelve federal reserve banks is \$55,000,000.

Besides contributing to the capital stock of its district federal reserve bank, every member bank must deposit therein a certain percentage of the money which it is obliged to carry against outstanding deposits. This percentage varies from five per cent. of country-bank deposits to seven per cent. of city-bank deposits. It is as custodians of that portion of the legal reserves that the federal reserve banks fulfil the duties implied by their name.

The twelve banks receive large deposits as fiscal agents of the Government.

From all sources the funds gathered into the federal reserve banks now exceed eight hundred million dollars. This vast sum was accumulated not to earn large profits for private interests, but solely to aid commercial banks in developing and supporting the agricultural, commercial, and industrial interests of the United States and to make general banking conditions as sound and safe as possible.

One need not be versed in banking to appreciate the great power and influence of this new system in the economic life of the country. Apart from its actual operations, the psychological effect of the mere existence of the new institutions has been very apparent during the last two years. Much distrust has been dispelled, and people generally display greater confidence in the banking situation than ever before. Federal reserve banks have been aptly called financial fire-engines, fed by great reservoirs of liquid capital, each standing ready for local calls, and all prepared to answer a general alarm. Most people will recall how difficult it was during the last currency famine to obtain money for pay-rolls or even for ordinary daily requirements. The first work of the Federal Reserve System was to provide

a supply of circulating notes of five, ten, twenty, fifty, and hundred dollar bills that would be sufficient for all emergencies, no matter how great the demand. Over two hundred million dollars of these fully secured notes are now in circulation, with great additional supplies held in the treasury at Washington ready for instant use whenever the business of the country needs more. Currency panics are things of the past.

It is a common experience to be subjected at times to the uncertainty and anxiety of having obligations to meet without the immediate means of meeting them except through credit with a bank. Under former conditions demands might be so great that banks could not extend loans, no matter how valuable the farm of the prospective borrower or how sound his mercantile business. Now, however, members of the Federal Reserve System have the statutory right to obtain loans from a federal reserve bank upon all good notes given for agricultural or business purposes. In this way the banks of the country are in a much stronger position to care for the proper needs of borrowers.

Instances are many where depositors, needlessly alarmed, started in a body to withdraw their funds from a bank. Facing such a run upon resources, banks have been obliged to close their doors. Although assets were good, there was no place of rediscount where commercial paper could quickly be converted into cash to meet such unlooked-for demands. Here, under the new conditions, the Federal Reserve System, by making loans to tide over the strain against the normal every-day business paper of the bank, can lend its powerful protection alike to the depositors and shareholders of banks. Many notes already rediscounted are for less than a hundred dollars and not a few for smaller amounts. Farmers' notes given for agricultural purposes are taken by the system when they have a maturity not exceeding six months; but notes made by people engaged in commercial business cannot be rediscounted there if they run for longer than ninety days.

Prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act national banks could not accept bills of

(Continued on page 58)

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Finance and Banking

(Continued from page 56)

exchange. This important privilege was granted by the new law, and banks are now empowered to accept drafts based upon the importation or exportation of goods or sale of merchandise within the United States. Thus borrowers, by the use of bank acceptances, may now finance important commercial transactions at a rate of discount lower than their own name alone would command.

Another service performed by the reserve banks is the country-wide collection of checks at par. These institutions maintain a large central gold fund at Washington through which, by the simple arrangement of debiting or crediting the share in the gold fund owned by each reserve bank, settlements of a very considerable part of the payments between different parts of the country are effected without the expense of shipping currency or gold.

Federal reserve banks are permitted by law to purchase municipal warrants when issued in anticipation of taxes for terms not exceeding six months. This new market has already been availed of to a considerable extent, and its operations are of direct benefit to the public.

With the hope of developing a constant supply of bankable paper in one of the best and most liquid forms, the federal reserve banks are encouraging the use of drafts in place of open accounts between sellers and buyers of goods.

In short, all the domestic and foreign business machinery of the United States has been improved and strengthened by the operations and example of the Federal Reserve System. It helps the normal every-day needs, devises safer and cheaper methods, stabilizes rates of discount, and provides against credit or currency panics. Member banks, their customers, and the public generally will share in the benefit as the Federal Reserve System grows in usefulness and influence.

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RULES

1.—No person shall be allowed more than one volume at a time, except in the case of works of fiction in several volumes, when three will be allowed if taken and returned together.

2.—Two Weeks is the time allowed for keeping books out, excepting those marked "Seven Day Book," which can be kept but one week; the fine in each case being two cents for every day a book is kept beyond the time. Persons owing fines forfeit the use of the Library till they are paid.

3.—All losses of books, or injuries to them, must be made good by the person liable, to the satisfaction of the Library Committee.

4.—Books may be drawn for use in the Reading Room, to be returned after such use, and the penalty for failure duly to return them shall be the same as that prescribed in Rule 2d above, for the keeping of a book one week over the allotted time.

5.—Borrowers finding a book torn, marked, or in any way defaced, are required to report the matter at once to the Librarian; otherwise they will be held responsible for the damage done.

Made by The Library Bureau, Boston

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

