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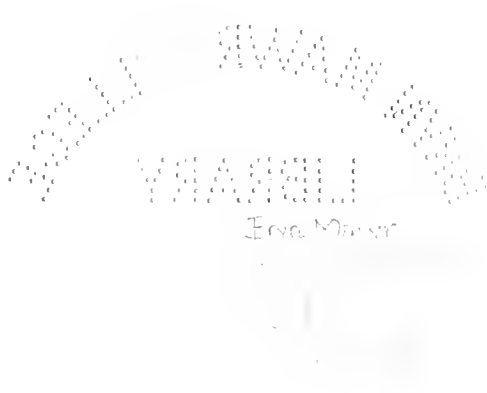


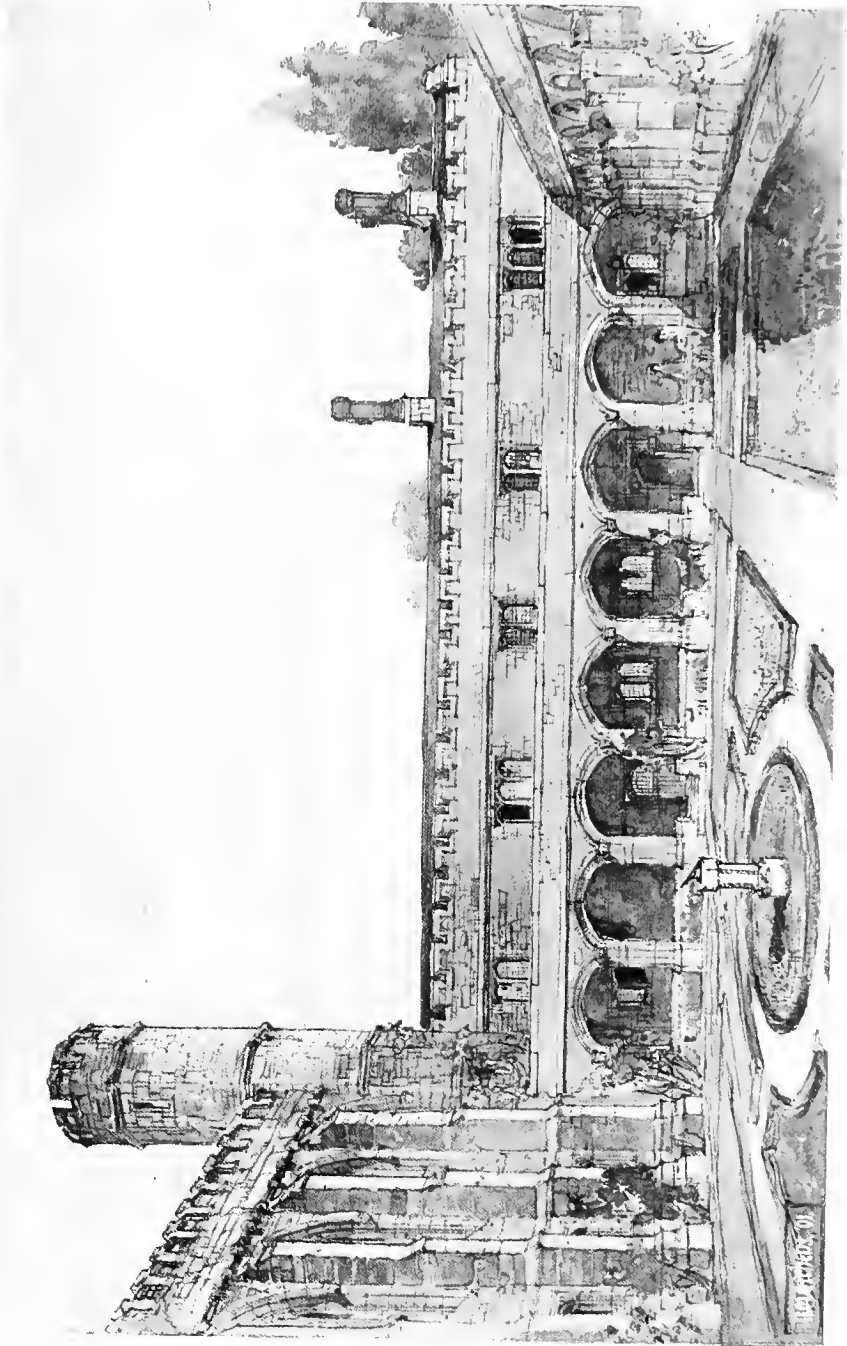
• THE LANTERN •

• BRYN MAWR •



1902





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THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1902

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THE LANTERN

No. 11

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1902

EDITORIAL.

THERE is, or should be, in every one of us a reverence for the past, a desire to imitate what of good we find in it—perhaps even a tendency so to idealize it that its tradition becomes of more value than current conditions. The perspective of time lends a certain dignity and charm to customs, events and persons of years gone by; and while we cannot from our own experience fully concur with Stevenson's humorous plaint, "indeed that which they (his successors at Edinburgh) attend is but a fallen University; it has doubtless some remains of good, for human institutions decline by gradual stages; but decline, in spite of all seeming embellishments, it does; and, what is perhaps more singular, began to do so when I ceased to be a student," we can but feel that there are differences between the Bryn Mawr of the past and the Bryn Mawr of to-day. What these changes are, it is as difficult to determine definitely as it is to point out at what particular moment the dawn begins to break, or exactly when the afternoon merges into the evening. We are conscious only of the difference between the two, though wherein that difference lies we are unable pointedly to decide. One factor in the new phase of things may, however, be indicated.

The Romantic Age of the college woman is past. Her pathway is no longer beset by the dragons of hostility, satire, disbelief. She no longer goes forth into the society of her friends—college men and non-college women—armed, helmeted and ready for attack. She is neither regarded as a curiosity nor shunned as a monstrosity; she is accepted—as much a matter of course as the college man. At the worst, her portion is an amused tolerance, hard enough to bear patiently, but at least not dangerous; she may still be ticketed "serious," but no longer "insane." But in the lull which

follows upon the storm of protest, there is danger that the college woman may relax too far her militant spirit. It is this reaction, this tendency to take too much for granted and to regard all battles as won, that is the present pitfall; and in taking her college training as a matter of course, the college woman should not lower the standards of her predecessors.

It would hardly be too sweeping to say that while the average Freshman of fifteen years ago came to college because of a serious desire for intellectual training, the average Freshman of to-day has not even faintly such intention. She enters upon her college course as her brothers enter upon theirs—because it is the “next thing to be done,” because it is obviously the next step in her educational life. The change of attitude is, of course, not wholly to be condemned; for ultra-seriousness oversteps its own mark, and the blue-stocking is as undesirable a college type as the indifferent. But, on the other hand, can it be entirely condoned? While the strength and permanency of the college ideals can and will leave their impress upon the most careless of minds, it is nevertheless a fact that without an openness of intellect to receive them, a determination to appreciate them to the full, their best results can never be achieved. And it is a question whether in natural revolt from the over-seriousness of the past generation of college women, the tendency of to-day is not toward the carelessness and indifference in regard to academic things which mark the average undergraduate of the man’s college.

We pride ourselves that Bryn Mawr has always stood for the highest in intellectual attainment, and that when we go forth from her we retain some impress of her scholarly and distinguished mould. The burden of sustaining her reputation rests not upon the few of her more eminent scholars, but upon every member of the undergraduate body. By us and through us—the rank and file—shall she be known, and each one of us must recognize and shoulder the responsibility. The incompetent should have no place among us; those not even desiring competency should not seek to enter here. It is not enough that we should gain from Bryn Mawr merely the degree for which we strive; that (I speak in all reverence) may be obtained without the possessor’s having caught even a glimpse of the real meaning of college life. It is not enough that one should niggardly fulfill the absolute requirements of the college curriculum; the aim of a college education is in no instance to give to its students command of fact alone. The method of acquiring these facts is, in all cases, of more importance than the facts

themselves, the end being to obtain the "living power of the mind, the straightest integrity in all dealings, and a success that cannot be measured by 'marks,' 'grades,' or 'fellowships.'" The ideal college woman should be possessed of "the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness and versatility of intellect, the command over her own powers, the instinctive and just estimate of things as they pass before her" which are, in Cardinal Newman's words, the purpose of a college education. And these qualities are not gained by a surface skimming of the depths of college experience. Seriousness of intention, steadiness of purpose, a desire at once ardent and sincere thoroughly to probe the opportunities of college life, these have characterized the college woman of the past and should characterize her of the future.

* * * * *

On the evening of Sunday, March 16, Denbigh Hall, one of the five residence halls on the College campus, was almost completely destroyed by fire. The fire broke out in the east wing, from the overturning of a lamp and rapidly spread through the main hall, burning out the inside of the building but leaving the outer walls fairly intact. The walls of the wing, however, were partially destroyed.

The loss of Denbigh is particularly unfortunate at this time because already the College is taxed to its uttermost to supply accommodations for the students. Houses which are not upon the campus proper have been rented, and many of the Freshmen and Sophomores are thus living in houses, not dormitories, off the College grounds. This arrangement cannot be too greatly deplored as it is impossible for students living in these houses to receive the full benefit of College experience in that they not only miss the broader atmosphere of the College dormitories, but do not have the companionship of those older students who have been longer at Bryn Mawr and are perhaps more rigorous upholders of her customs and traditions.

For a year it has been the earnest endeavor of all those interested in Bryn Mawr to raise money to meet the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's promised gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be given to the College in case the same amount can be raised by us. This sum is to be expended in the erection of a much-needed dormitory, a fire-proof building to contain the library, and an electric light and heating plant. As THE LANTERN goes to press, this fund has nearly reached completion and it

is to be hoped that by the first of June the entire sum will have been collected.

In view of the immense difficulties already before Bryn Mawr, the burning of Denbigh has seemed an unnecessarily cruel visitation; but if, as an object lesson of the extreme danger of having unprotected flames such as gas or lamps in any College building, it has moved to generosity those who might otherwise have been ignorant of or indifferent to our needs, we shall feel that even the loss of one of our most beautiful halls has not been entirely without good result.

THE TWELFTH HOUR.

I.

The little garden that stretched tranquilly between Mr. Cranmore's house and its guarding wall on the Marylebone Road was filled on a certain warm afternoon of late June with a mellow quietness that seemed to remove it infinitely from the bustle of the London world, that in this peaceful corner one assumed rather than actually noted. Beside a low iron table two men sat talking. Behind them, great open windows gave a suggestive glimpse of a dim and comfortable drawing-room. In front of them, the garden lay green and pleasant up to the high wall that shut it in.

The talk sounded notes of enthusiasm not always heard in the conversation of youth and age. The subject appeared to be one of moment both to the fresh-faced, dark-eyed young man and to his companion who smiled so quietly upon the world. Old Mr. Cranmore was a man well past seventy, in whose fine mellow face seemed to lie the record at once of various stern experiences and of many exquisite emotions. The sunlight playing softly on the finely-tempered countenance, lent to his dim blue eyes a certain fervor of kindliness. Young Dallas was speaking in somewhat exasperated tones:

"Do you suppose he has any at all?" he was asking.

The old man turned his slow, experienced gaze over a past that stretched richly back into historic mists. "I remember that she used to write him," he answered, at length. Then, as if the particular point in the vista had become quite illumined by the radiance of this retrospective glance: "When she was twenty or so, a year or two before she met and married Vane."

"Oh, I wonder, I wonder!" broke in Dallas.

Cranmore's eye was still dwelling on that remote moment. "Yes, she wrote him, I am sure. He came in, at that time, for a share in that beautiful, vitalizing interest of hers. I dare say the letters are very personal and very exquisite. She was a woman to have known many men intimately, to their benefit and her enlightenment."

"If they are likely to be remarkable, of course that's all the more reason why Vane should have them," said Dallas. "I dare say they are

commonplace enough, and I don't know why he should be so keen for them, but certainly Vane is the man of all men to have a right to them."

Cranmore turned, rebuking him calmly and gently. "They could never have been commonplace if they were hers. Just think of what a document that bundle of letters would make. Olivia Vane at twenty, set forth by her own hand! If she did write to Withern then, he was almost the only person at just that time. Even the Clayton letters are scarce for that period—and of course Vane has nothing of his own. I am inclined to think that he has them, too," he added. "It was not like Olivia not to be writing to some one, and it was like her to write exclusively, for a time, to one man that she didn't know very well."

"Then I may tell Vane that you think George Withern hopeful?"

Cranmore appeared to deliberate.

"Yes, tell him that I think Withern hopeful. Since Vane must have the record, it should be as complete as possible."

"You don't approve of the record?" the young man asked.

"No, I can't say that I do," the old man spoke reluctantly.

"Ah, well, I do," said Dallas, in that uncompromising tone which youth selects to emphasize its convictions. "She was awfully fine, Mrs. Vane, and if Vane can make of his memoir of her anything half so stunning as her life, I think he should be helped. And it's rather fine of him, too, to use up his little strength on paying her this tribute. No one pretends for an instant that it won't kill him by the time he has finished."

Mr. Cranmore's reply was not wholly relevant. "Do you know what material he has already?"

"Besides the journals that he found, and all his own letters, he has got from his family and intimate friends everything that they had. His sister, Mrs. Hamilton-North, told me so. But he's awfully keen about filling in those few years before he knew Mrs. Vane, after she had left the Claytons and before she married him. It seems to be a much-needed link."

The old man shook his head. "Ah, well," he exclaimed with patient weariness, "I wish him success, I suppose."

And as Dallas rose to go, the two parted with a silent, kindly handshake.

Half an hour later young Dallas found himself the centre of a somewhat odd little circle of people, three in number, to whom he was reciting, with scrupulous fidelity, the result of his interview with old Mr. Cranmore.

Gerald Vane, the husband of the lady who had so lately died, paced nervously up and down the long music-room, his hands in his pockets, casting keen glances now and then at Dallas but more often at his sister, Mrs. Hamilton-North. Vane's dark face, lighted by an occasional flicker of emotion in his deep-set, tired eyes, rose above the little group and drew their glances with the constant force of a magnet. To his sister, Sophia Hamilton-North, and his cousin, Richard Vane, members alike of the actual group and of the little circle to which Vane had narrowed his horizon since the death of his wife, he was the object of a solicitude as great and as tender as it was hopeless; and on this occasion even young Dallas noted in their faces a sad reflection of Vane's own fervor. It struck him forcibly, as he finished his message, that not Mrs. Vane herself, in her eminent, picturesque lifetime, could have received from any of her adorers a more convincing assurance of devotion than was contained, for Vane, in his sister's half-sombre, half-passionate regard.

As Dallas turned on the threshold to bid them farewell, Vane came forward and stopped him, speaking impulsively:

"You've been extremely good, and I thank you. The possibility of this Mr. Withern's having letters illumines the whole thing for me. I needn't tell you how much it means, or how grateful I am to those who do for me these things that I can't seem to do myself."

He pressed the young man's hand, then suddenly retreated into the room; and Dallas saw, as he threw back a last glance, that Vane had returned to his sister's side and was standing with one arm thrown about her, in an attitude that suggested, even more than it suggested tenderness, an utter fatigue.

II.

The task of approaching Withern promised to be delicate and difficult, and it was decided, after many conferences held in the half-darkened music-room where Vane sat, oddly petulant in his great sadness, through the long mornings and longer afternoons, that it should be entrusted to the courage and tact of Sophia.

Sophia Hamilton-North had just enough sense of humor to appreciate the irony of the expedition on which she, with Richard, was somewhat drearily bound. She had greatly admired her sister-in-law, but her admiration, while it had been wholly generous, had yet been hardly enthu-

siastic. By her own rudimentary method she had tried now and then, to analyze Olivia, to define—though she would never have described her endeavor thus—Olivia's peculiar value. As she would have said, she was always interested to know "what Olivia was up to." Olivia's game—so Mrs. Hamilton-North in her more imaginative moments figured it—had been so subtle, by its very nature so occult, that this keen young observer had reached an attitude of something very like despair.

During the ten years of Olivia's married life, her sister-in-law had come gradually to accept the high conventional estimate of the brilliant woman's worth and charm. At the same time she granted herself the privilege of lifting, ever so little, her delicate, querying eyebrows. To Vane's search for Olivia's letters—the odd, eager, religious quest—she resigned herself with grace; she concurred openly, and nonchalantly abetted him when he became inopportune in his immediate little circle. But now, to-day, for the first time, she uttered, audibly to Richard, the wish that Olivia had burned her journals before her death. She admitted, though, over her shoulder, to Richard, on the very steps of George Withern's house, that whatever poor Olivia might have meant to do she had not been able to accomplish. Sophia Hamilton-North had a fine if undeveloped sense of justice.

The long high room in which they were left, rewarded but meagrely the swift glance of her sophisticated eye. She was after some expression of personality, and the utter failure to find it disturbed her; for at this last minute, her high courage was a little shaken by a sudden fear that she should perhaps bungle the task. The faintest hint as to what manner of person Mr. Withern was likely to be, she felt, would stimulate, prepare, inspire her. The room might have belonged to anyone of conventionally correct tastes; there was within the four walls no subtle suggestion as to the nature of the person who lived and moved therein. The neutrality, the passivity of it all oppressed Sophia and made her feel as if she had already tendered her request to dull, uncomprehending ears. She found herself dreading the next half-hour with a dread totally unexpected. After all, the affair was Vane's and alien to her. It was pitiful, at that instant of genuine distress, to think how very little Olivia's letters really meant to her. How should she appeal to him, and what manner of personality was this that she must so potently affect?

Sophia touched Richard's arm. "I wish he would come," she whispered; "the whole idea of it is slipping from me." Richard nodded intel-

lightly and shrugged his shoulders. He admired Sophia wholly and could not have fancied her failing ever to accomplish her ends; but the situation, he felt, was quite beyond his modest psychological reach. He, too, wished that Withern would come.

When Sophia rose again at the approach of Withern, it was with the profound conviction that the interview would not be without interest. The instant during which he had been framed in the doorway of the drawing-room had even been picturesque. Much younger than Sophia had expected, he looked thirty-five or thereabouts; his rough gray Norfolk jacket hung well on his broad shoulders and sinewy slender frame; and his high color and gray eyes were surmounted by thick waving brown hair. For one instant Sophia recalled her early suspicions of a young love-affair between Withern and her sister-in-law—it seemed possible, as she looked at his well-cut face—but the next moment, as she shook hands with him, she went back to her old conviction that Olivia had never loved any man. George Withern's charm was not strong enough to convince her, for longer than that, of a miracle.

Calmly enough, Sophia explained her identity, her relationship to Vane, Vane's relation to Olivia, to all of which Withern bowed his head with the air of one willing to listen but hardly interested. Before approaching the great request, however, she felt a sudden desire to perform her task of appealing to this extremely indifferent person without a second listener; Richard became strangely irksome to her, and with no thought beyond the relief she was seeking she turned to her cousin with graceful swiftness: "Richard, I know that Mr. Withern will let you stroll here upon his charming terrace. I think I must plead with him alone. Then, so soon as we have finished, I will call you." She pointed with a pretty air almost of hospitality to the open French window and turned half appealingly to Withern:

"Ah, Gerald, I suppose, has given you messages," murmured Richard intelligently; and passed out through the window to the terrace where, hands behind his back, he began to stroll in front of the drawing-room windows.

George Withern looked politely at Sophia, as if not unreasonably expecting her to make the next suggestion. Her quick sense of humor caught her, and though she was feeling each instant more deeply the perplexity of the situation, she laughed. "You must forgive me; but it is really my errand—very much my errand."

Withern pointed, with a slight careless gesture and a half-nonchalant bow to a chair at Sophia's side; and when she was once seated, took a chair opposite her. Sophia felt that the explanation could be no longer delayed. Her swift judgment of the man before her warned her that brief simplicity would be her best tone. She began with few words:

"Mr. Withern, I am here, I confess it, on a curious errand. I can only make it seem as natural to you as to me, by speaking very frankly and directly."

Withern bowed; "I hope you will do so."

"My brother, Gerald Vane, married, ten years ago, Olivia Travis. I think that you knew her before her marriage, did you not?"

"I knew an Olivia Travis; and I knew that she had married a Mr. Vane. She was your sister-in-law, then."

"She was; and until her death last year, hers was the most cherished friendship of my very happy life."

Sophia spoke always with an emphatic candor that was apt to win the liking of the listener.

Withern received the words in silence without responsive word or look.

"You must have known at least, Mr. Withern, that she was a very remarkable woman; she led her little world—our little world—by sheer hypnotizing, fascinating power. I have never known a woman so adored. I say all this simply because, if you do not know it already, you must know it in order to understand my mission."

Withern spoke at last.

"I have heard that she was much admired, that her position was a distinguished one. When I knew her, it was before she had met your brother, I think; at all events, she was very young. She had not, then, entered at all into the brilliant life they say she lived after her marriage."

Sophia answered eagerly: "Ah, so I thought—so we thought. But she must always have been unusual—a brilliant, rare creature to her friends—was she not?"

Withern appeared to hesitate for an instant.

"I did not know her intimately, Mrs. North."

Sophia saw more clearly, with each word of Withern's, that her task would be difficult. She went on bravely, however.

"Olivia Vane was not a woman whom one knew intimately or slightly, Mr. Withern. If you knew her at all, you knew her as others knew her.

The least of her friends had as much knowledge of her as the greatest—as I or another. I except of course my brother, to whom she was deeply devoted." It flashed through Sophia's mind that the little tribute to the harmony of Vane's marriage was perhaps over-emphatic for candor, but she held, on the whole, that she had erred on the safe side. "She died very suddenly last year, Mr. Withern; and her taking-off was one of the saddest things that I have ever known. (Sophia's old directness was coming back to her.) My brother was completely prostrated, and could find no interest in life; until one day, looking over some of Mrs. Vane's things, he came upon some journals, several books filled with her handwriting."

Sophia paused an instant before going on, and fancied that Withern looked at her with more interest in his clear-cut, indifferent face. "Journals," he murmured low, as if half-unconsciously. Sophia plunged again into the subject. "They covered a space of ten years, just the period of her married life; and—" here her blue eyes looked into Withern's with a sincere enthusiasm—"they were wonderful—as wonderful as her letters, as her life, as herself. They fairly quivered with her splendid personality; they were documents of tremendous worth. I read them, and said nothing to my brother about them. I had held my breath and marveled over them, but I could not know how he would take what I would say. My husband read them, and my cousin; and we were none of us surprised when one day my brother called us together to tell us that he had decided, if he could supplement the journals sufficiently by her correspondence, to publish them—not for the world, you understand, but for the twenty or thirty people who saw her most and worshipped her almost as he did. Some people—most people—can afford to live wholly to themselves in such matters; but my brother's generosity saw that a person like his wife had belonged to more than himself, that the devotion that people had given her deserved this priceless reward. He cheerfully laid his own correspondence with her on the altar of his memorial and expected us to do likewise."

Sophia paused for a moment. She seemed to herself to be circling about the subject, with almost a widening radius. At last, despairing of approaching the request with gradual grace, she leaned forward anxiously, and spoke in a quick, nervous tone, clear-cut but somewhat disturbed.

"Mr. Cranmore told my brother, Mr. Withern, that at a certain period of Mrs. Vane's life—the two years before her marriage, I think he said—you knew her well. He suggested—it was in fact more than a suggestion, it

was almost an assurance—that you might have letters of hers written at that time.”

Face to face with what seemed, at the moment, almost conscious hostility, expressed in Withern’s face, Sophia felt sinking upon her shoulders the mighty burden of explanation. Hurriedly she attempted to lighten herself of the load, by forestalling some of the world of denial that she saw in his clear gray eyes.

“It is a strange request, Mr. Withern; but not unreasonable, if you will think it over a bit. My sister-in-law was, in her way, on a plane with the more impersonally great people of the world. Her public was smaller, but it had for her all reverence. Perhaps, if you have not known her since she married my brother—” a touch of pride crept in, which Sophia, ever tactfully alert, immediately crushed out of her voice—“you are not aware of this. She developed wonderfully as she grew older. At the same time, she was always remarkable; I am sure of that. When you knew her, she must already have been such as, in a way, to make comprehensible this request of ours.” Sophia, as she felt more and more conscious of opposition, grew bolder and identified herself more completely with her brother’s cause. She felt that to be successful, she must be convincing, irresistibly emphatic, must carry off the situation with grace, but above all with a certain masterly effect of superb correctness. The longer she sat opposite this silent person with the gray, uninterested eyes, the more she felt that he was for her an alien type, a man to whose nature she could only find the key by some lucky chance.

At last, however, Withern showed signs of being willing to enter upon the subject with some directness and length of phrase.

“You do not need to explain. Mrs. North, your brother’s desire for letters that Mrs. Vane might have written to me. I can see what he is trying, in this way, to bring about.”

Sophia left for an instant the question of the letters; she felt a desire at once politic and sincere to draw him out on the subject of Olivia, to place him, to class him among Olivia’s friends, to make sure—she felt confident that if he would only speak of Olivia with sufficient directness she easily could—just how close, and even how probably productive of correspondence, their acquaintance or friendship had been. She let her voice express, for the first time, as much emotion as she really felt.

“Ah, she *was* fine, even in her undeveloped youth, then? She must have been, since you understand as we do.”

Withern seemed to have determined on a certain frankness. He spoke with a quick, evident sincerity.

"Miss Travis was always fine. I remember that I thought her at one time, the most remarkable girl I had ever known. I admired her very much, as many people did."

"You knew her well?" Sophia's tone expressed an entirely impersonal concern.

Withern, who had quite lost for the moment his remote inanimate look, replied with an ease quite unlike his former restraint. "It is hard to say, Mrs. North. So many others knew her better, and saw her more than I, that I certainly could not pretend to be one of her intimates. She called me one of her friends; but how much or how little that meant to her then, I really cannot tell." He smiled pleasantly. "I am a very bad person to ask about Mrs. Vane's girlhood. I met her only a year or two before she married, and my knowledge of her life and personality was gained more through members of her family than through acquaintance with her." His tone was light and insignificant.

Sophia pursued lightly, almost archly: "Yet you knew her well enough to admire her?"

Withern's answer surprised her by its courtly gravity—that did however, as she remembered later, the service of reticence. "One did not have to know her well to admire her, Mrs. North. You will not be surprised to hear that."

Sophia bent forward in her low deep chair and faced the young man with soberly glowing eyes; her lips curved in a faint but serious smile. The quest had suddenly become of great moment to her. "Then, Mr. Withern, since you have told me that your friendship for her was of the type that sooner or later we all felt, since you have shown me that you belong in a sense, in that sense, with us, her friends, her worshippers—" she paused an instant and bowed her head as if stricken by a sudden memory of the dead—"you will understand my motive, my almost sacred motive, when I ask you the simple question: Have you letters of Olivia's, and will you let us have them?"

No man's eyes—not even the impenetrable gray eyes of George Withern—could look upon Sophia Hamilton-North suppliant and sincere and remain dull or undilated. The young man stirred in his chair, half uneasily, and his brow became troubled. He rose, half mechanically, and walked to the fireplace, whence he spoke to Sophia, still in her half pleading attitude.

"I see, I understand perfectly, Mrs. North. You may ask me the question, and any other that you wish. I am very sorry—and you may tell Mr. Vane so, please—that I cannot help you. I wish you all success with the—the—" he seemed to hesitate for a word—"memorial. I am sorry to have to disappoint you in this way. I am afraid," he smiled almost ruefully, "you expected a great deal from me."

Sophia had risen while he spoke, and now confronted him earnestly.

"Mr. Withern, have you none?" she asked, her voice fraught with a sad fervor.

He did not ask her to reseate herself, and his face changed and hardened as he replied:

"Mrs. North, I told you, I think, how brief and how slight was my real acquaintance with Mrs. Vane. If I had known her better, I might—" he smiled here, even so slightly, a curious ironic smile—"be able to help you. I repeat that I am sorry."

Sophia, with lips firmly compressed to keep them from trembling, put out her hand to Withern, who had come forward to her. As she did so, she noted again his beauty, his firmness of face and figure, and the weary detached air that had settled again upon his clear features. He smiled down at her for an instant, listening gracefully as she spoke her final words.

"You are very kind to take an interest in our devotion to her, when you have so little cause to feel with us." Poor Sophia started thus, in the bitterness of her disappointment, but realizing at once that, even now, in the face of a denial that seemed final, there would perhaps be still further need for tact, she brought herself back to the straight path of unironic regret. "I am sorry that we are not to have your help; we had grown to count on it during these weeks, since Mr. Cranmore had told us. I can say nothing more."

Sophia withdrew her hand from the light clasp of the inscrutable Withern. Richard, seeing her, prepared to join her as she left the house, and she quitted, under the conduct of George Withern, the room where her uncomfortable half-hour had been spent.

To Richard, Sophia's attitude breathed defeat so little that he found it difficult to wait until they were once more in the green country road, before he broke forth with a half-facetious "Well, where are they?"

"Oh, Richard!" cried poor Sophia, "I don't even know if he has any—if he ever had any!"

Richard was fumbling with Sophia's parasol at the instant, and though his brows knit at this unexpected news, he did not turn until he felt suddenly a tight clasp on his arm. He uttered then a shocked "Oh!" for Sophia, the unconquerable, was weeping, and the next instant Richard, bewildered and deeply touched, felt her slender sobbing frame against his shoulder.

III.

Mr. Cranmore's garden had grown bleak and chill through the long drenching of the winter rains and the long blowing of the winter winds; and when, one afternoon in March, George Withern knocked at the old man's door, the little lawn made but the dreariest of approaches to the drawing-room that seemed, by contrast, to unfold an unwonted amount of warmth and vividness.

Mr. Cranmore welcomed the young man with a curious cordiality that to George Withern himself might well have been inexplicable. The acquaintance between the two was so slight as definitely not to constitute friendship, yet the presence of some occult sympathy between them could have been inferred by the most unobservant. It lay, as a matter of fact, in their common regard for Olivia Vane—the Olivia whose death had been productive of so many curious psychological results in the lives of her surviving friends.

Olivia Vane had been the passion of the old man's declining life; the sole, bright, ministering flame—so he had been wont to tell her—that had brought a responsive glow to his blood, and a responsive flicker to his eyes. Now that she was gone, to talk of her was the single melancholy comfort that he permitted himself. Those who could serve him in this way, too, were few; before those who had known Vane, as well as Vane's wife, Mr. Cranmore had odd fits of reticence. Gerald Vane was but little involved in Olivia's life, as Mr. Cranmore had chosen to observe it. The coign of vantage from which he had watched her picturesque encounter with existence had perhaps been oddly taken, but it had acquired through years of his patient occupation of it, both comfort and familiarity. To Withern he felt drawn with a closeness out of all proportion to his intimacy with him. Withern stood to the old man for the remote untrammelled youth of Olivia, that youth during which she had been an individual, rare, doubtless, and distinguished, but as yet unsaddled with the *rôle* that later had grown, to

Cranmore's sympathetic vision, infinitely difficult and hopelessly complex. He did not underestimate for a moment the distinction of the people who had gathered, as if by magical intuition of sympathy, about Olivia, and made the little world of which he always frankly proclaimed himself a humble but deeply initiate member. He felt, however, an even greater tenderness for the life that before her marriage she had lived so unusually alone. He had grown to feel, as do most people who have lived long unmarried, that marriage necessarily blurs one's individuality, and gives, inevitably, to each personality something of the other's tinge. The youth of Olivia he looked back to as something, if narrower, none the less rarer, than her more brilliant married life. He knew, as he had confessed to Dallas, very little that was definite about George Withern's early friendship with Mrs. Vane; but the mere remoteness of that friendship hallowed it for him, as it were, and even gave to Withern a certain priority. Withern belonged to that period of Olivia's life wherein Cranmore would have liked to place himself.

The raw March day had brought with its blustering, a touch of crimson to George Withern's always ruddy cheeks; and as he sat before Mr. Cranmore's fire, he gave afresh to the old man the impression of the beauty and the potency of youth.

"I have not seen you since Mrs. Vane's death," said Cranmore, at last.

It had been years since these two had spoken to each other of Olivia; and the testing of the hitherto untried link gave to each, perhaps, a thrill not wholly of pleasure.

"No," said Withern. "It was last spring, was it not?"

"In April," the old man replied; "one of the most tragic things that I have ever had to feel."

"I did not know her during her married life. She was, they say, greatly admired."

A smile, pathetically wise, curved Mr. Cranmore's lips at this.

"'Admired' is hardly the word. Women are admired for beauty, for wit—even for virtue, perhaps. Olivia Vane was one of the greatest of personalities: you could not have put her off with simple admiration; you accepted her, you worshipped her, you made her not your standard but your creed."

"She must have been very happy."

"I do not know whether or not she was happy, but she was the most courageous woman I have ever known."

“Courageous?” The indifference went out of George Withern’s eyes as he made the query.

“She fought against great odds, but nothing about her ever breathed of defeat.”

Withern bent forward and fixed his eyes on the old man’s face as it rested, thin and pallid, but full of a frail enthusiasm, against the high chair-back. Cranmore went on:

“To a woman like her an imperfect marriage must have seemed at times an intolerably crude solution of the problem of life.”

“I had heard that she was deeply devoted to Vane.” Sophia Hamilton-North’s phrase came back easily enough, after the lapse of months, to George Withern’s mind.

“Ah, she was, she was.” Mr. Cranmore’s smile deepened to tenderness as he dwelt on the words. “But it was the infinitely pathetic devotion of a loyal nature to the friend who, loving much, yet cannot compel an equal love. She lived her life by his side, giving him, as freely as she could, her plastic youth to shape. But there was something unconquerable in the clay. The time came when Vane’s attempt to fashion her in his image became hopeless. You are not to think that I impute egotism to Gerald Vane. It was his desperate, not wholly unintelligent attempt at achieving the finest of intimacies. He wished to mould her temperament to his, that they might touch at all points. Her youth, her enthusiasm misled him at first. What he tried was the tenderest kind of coercion; but she always escaped the slightest formative touch. Her individuality was completeness; it refused to be maimed.”

“Yet she must, I should suppose, have married for love.”

“Ah, there was the courage of which I speak. She married Vane—of this I am sure—because he presented more qualities that she admired than any other one man she had known. It is not improbable, for that matter, that he fascinated her greatly. But she must have known—for of all women Olivia Vane was the most constantly aware of the various subtle values of life—that he was not the perfect mate for her. And here, as I say, she was brave. To have the courage of your mistakes is mere pride; but to look before you leap, and still to leap—that is not done every day. To be the wife of a man like Gerald Vane, the object of a love so great, so strange, so appalling as was Vane’s, cannot have been easy for a woman who had never loved any man.” The old man’s voice took on power as he spoke;

and the last words vibrated on Withern's ear, with a certain richness of appeal. The younger man seemed strangely struck by Cranmore's fervor, and his own tone half responded to it.

"You think then that she had never loved?"

"I am sure of it," came the relentless answer.

"Then was she not unhappy?" A far, faint irony seemed to echo in Withern's voice.

"No, I think she was not unhappy. She never permitted herself to count up those possibilities in her that remained unfulfilled. She wrung knowledge, not pain, from her discontent."

"Do you think she craved love?" Withern's question rang short and sharp, and the old man turned his dim eyes on him with an awakened interest.

"No, hardly that. She was not the woman to live the pallid life of dissatisfaction. She had an infinite curiosity; she was 'avid of life.' The lives of her friends widened her own personal horizon." Cranmore stopped, his mood of reminiscence becoming for the moment too intense for verbal expression. Withern, for the first time, spoke of Mrs. Vane as one who had gathered for himself, unaided, impressions of her.

"I could never have fancied her living with a man she did not love. The Olivia Travis that I knew, it seems to me, would have rebelled."

"Ah, you do not understand." The old man's voice was half querulous, as if he hated the unintelligence that could demand any justification of Olivia Vane. "They had all the surface congenialities, all the superficial community of taste, that make daily life together possible for two people. They liked the same books, the same pictures, the same landscapes. As regards the mere technique of life they were at one—but when it came to the spirit they were hopelessly apart. Life to Gerald Vane is at best a problem; to her it was a religion."

"You think, then, that he loved her better than she loved him."

"He had for her a consuming passion; a passion that since her death is laying him low. She was the chiefest among ten thousand to him: to her, he was simply the man she had happened to marry—the necessary object of her loyalty, her forethought and the greatest demonstration of her affection, but a man of whom she had always to be conscious in order to give him his due." Cranmore spoke with a gathering emphasis that defied disbelief. Withern turned upon him somewhat hotly.

"How do you know this? What reason have you to speak in the tone of authority of Mrs. Vane's relation to her husband?"

Mr. Cranmore's eyes rested on him for an instant with a certain veiled compassion. He rose, slowly and with evident difficulty, and came forward to place a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I saw her nearly every day for years," he said, simply. "I have seen her in all moods and at all times. Her consideration of Vane was exquisite; her treatment of him needed no apology, and she offered none. But one saw. And remember, too, that I loved her—and that my sole reward for loving her was the consciousness of having descend upon me, for the sole purpose of reading Olivia Vane's mind, an intuition that was heaven-sent. Others have known her better; but none understood her so well as I. I made it my one aim to understand her. I sank every other activity of my life—little enough there was, you may well say—in the one attempt never to fail of understanding her. I cast aside everything else to keep tight hold of the silken clue; it took me a weary journey through the labyrinth, but I think I may say I reached the clear air at last. At the very end I met the pressure of her hand." The old man's face glowed with a delicate and sad delight as he spoke, with his light exaggeration, of this passion of his later years. To George Withern, turning to go, the mellowness of the fine old face beside him seemed, for the moment, to reflect an infinite wisdom. As he grasped Cranmore's hand, he found himself saying, as a child who repeats a lesson learned, "Then she never, in the largest sense, loved any man?"

The answer came with a note of almost pious insistence, as if from the dim, inner sanctuary of the oracle: "She never, in the largest sense, loved any man."

IV.

When, two days after Withern's talk with Mr. Cranmore, he dispatched a note to Mrs. Hamilton-North, asking with a certain curt insistence natural to his manner, if she would see him at a certain time, the act appeared to him of a significance that he knew perfectly to be entirely fictitious. It was in fact not merely his intended handing over to Sophia Hamilton-North of two thick packets of letters from Olivia Travis that struck him as being an event of importance. Our actions matter to us infinitely less than do the states of soul that precede and compel them; and it was natural that

George Withern, after two days of battling with strenuous moods, should count the incident closed, even though the tangible results were as yet unfulfilled.

That he had been in love with Olivia Vane, had grown to be for several years, with George Withern, a tacitly accepted fact. He never went so far as deliberately to admit it to himself, but he assumed it constantly. He had always been a young man to whom young women appealed but little; he had spent, of all time, so little thought on them that the mere fact of his having spent thought on Olivia Travis had had for him the dignity and importance that love-affairs have in the minds of most men. He had cared enough for her to seek her out and to strive for her friendship; and, whatever such a degree of enthusiasm may be called, it had never been repeated in his later experience.

This was the somewhat frigid reading of George Withern's attitude towards Olivia. In the absence of similar phenomena she shone picturesque and notable on the somewhat monotonous plain of his human experience. Her solitude, if nothing else, had given her a certain magnitude of effect. All this had become for him so much a matter of course, the vivid experience of his friendship with her had so long been a familiar touch of color in the background of his daily life, that not until Sophia Hamilton-North, six months before, had approached him bound on Vane's odd mission, had he realized its full value for him. He recalled, easily enough, the curious thrill with which, at her first word of Olivia, he had sprung to the defence.

The manner with which he had met her had been natural enough to him, but even to George Withern such ruthlessness as he had been forced to show in order to baffle her had come hard. His refusal to gratify even her curiosity had been a matter of tenderness to his own pride. So long as Olivia had been, to his mind, in love with Gerald Vane, so long was he bound to hug to himself, in secrecy and selfishness, such a fragment of her personality as he might possess in the letters. Only after his conversation with Mr. Cranmore had this curious revulsion of mood taken place. It had been long since he had troubled the clear waters up through which, from their profoundest depth, shone, like a bit of sunken treasure, that old devotion. Yet oddly enough, the troubling thereof had not been merely the turbid prelude to a second and kindred calm. When at last they grew quiet again, he found that his attitude towards Olivia, towards his love for her,

even towards the letters that he had so jealously guarded, had changed. The solution of the matter took a curiously brief and crude form in his mind. Olivia Vane, in her aloofness from all men, drew suddenly nearer to this man than when Gerald Vane had, as he supposed, been not only in her life, but, with an intimacy that was completeness, of it, as well. It was almost as if the woman were there, to be won over again, perhaps by Gerald Vane, but with equal chance, by Withern himself. His pallid little part in her life could not now serve as foil to the magnificence of another man's possession. Withern knew, from their remote friendship, enough of Olivia Vane to be sure that as she was not utterly another's creature, she was utterly her own. The fact that she had never surrendered her heart, while it filled him with a kind of reverted pity for the girl whom he remembered as made up of all fine possibilities, yet gave him a sense that closely resembled hope. She was not as if given back to him—she had never been to any degree his—but it was for the moment as if he had the chance that in reality he did not have. The humility of unsuccess was lost when there was no longer success to be confronted with. The consciousness that he might not have her lost its old bitterness in this new sense that now, while still free as ever, she had passed beyond all men's having. With this conviction fresh upon him, he was lifted into a mood of infinite generosity, the final result of which was his note to Mrs. Hamilton-North that was to anticipate his temporary surrender of Olivia's letters. So utterly, for that matter, had he thrown off his old attitude of sensitive, reticent pride, that he took positive delight in the thought of giving pleasure and a certain measure of victory to Mrs. Hamilton-North.

Sophia Hamilton-North on her side received George Withern's note with a certain thrill of consternation. The situation had greatly changed since her interview with Withern six months before. Gerald Vane had taken with great calm Sophia's half-hysterical descriptions of the rebuff that she had had at the hands of George Withern. He had gathered clearly enough from the tangle of her troubled recollections of that day, that she had had at least to deal with a person determined and unimpressible. Whatever else poor Sophia blurred in her recital, she conveyed perfectly always the complete hardness of George Withern. At the moment, Vane had pitied his sister too thoroughly to suggest, even to himself, that she had bungled the task. It had been, he reflected, real generosity on her part to throw herself so finely and graciously into his plan, and to

take over, so wholly, his mood. He was touched by the mere attempt she had made, quite as much as he would have been by success. Much as he had admired his wife, he had understood his sister far better, and he knew, to the last pang, what things cost her. He knew that mingled with her regret at his disappointment was a kind of dreary rage at her own failure, that was almost the more intolerable of the two. His affection for Sophia had seen clearly that, to comfort her, he must accept blindly any exaggeration that she might unconsciously establish for her own comfort as true. Altogether, he felt it best, at first, not to attempt to see Withern himself, or in any way to take the situation from where it lay, in poor Sophia's beautiful, ineffectual hands. If Sophia had met with a surpassing coldness, it was not likely that he, Gerald, would strike any glow. And at any rate, Sophia, in the first flush of her disappointment, was not to be wounded by any suggestion of confidence withdrawn. He had even tried, during the first few weeks, to cover up under a sudden business of attitude, the heaping up of documents on his table and the sorting and shifting of correspondence, his real bafflement at the loss (for so he could not but regard it) of the Withern letters.

By the time of which we are speaking, however, all this pretence had faded into a dim and hopeless inaction on Gerald's part. His ebbing strength of soul and body had taken, before the particular disappointment, a still more swiftly receding course. The check had become of a tragically disproportionate significance, and Sophia, watching day after day the lessening of his endeavor, the enthusiasm of morning fading each night into a deeper dullness, had gradually lost hope. The conviction had deepened within her that Withern's obstinacy alone was responsible for the ugly gap in the records that had piled up under Vane's delicately methodical hand. At the same time, she was growing to see that her brother's attitude, though perhaps unreasonable to the eyes of sanity, was inevitable, and while she longed vaguely for some such inspiration as the Withern letters would have been, she began to gather herself to fight the more tangible dangers of Vane's ill-health.

George Withern's note, then, came as a shock, not as a relief; for she admitted to herself that even though he might be willing to do everything for them, it might yet be too late. Courageous to the last, however, the gallant young woman prepared herself, not without a fervent prayer, to get out of Withern, at any cost, all that he might be able, under any pressure, to give them.

Prepared though Sophia was, she could not restrain herself from a movement of excitement, as she saw in Withern's hand the packet of unmistakable shape and size.

"You have brought them?" She held out her hands in a wholly involuntary gesture of suggestive appeal.

"I have brought them, Mrs. North. Never mind why I refused them then, and have brought them now. Here, at least, they are."

Sophia took them. "No, it doesn't matter. We have them now." She spoke simply, under the influence of a great happiness that swept over her.

Withern turned to go. In her eagerness to rush to Gerald with her treasure, she did not beg him to wait, but gave him her hand in glad, radiant silence. In an instant he was gone.

Sophia, pressing the little burden closely to her, walked swiftly over to Vane's library. "Gerald," she exclaimed, throwing open the door; "Gerald, I have them—the Withern letters!"

No answer came, though the table opposite her was littered with a fresh disorder of documents.

"Gerald—" she stopped.

Opposite her, at the far end of the great table, Gerald Vane sat, his head bowed on his breast. He had died quite calmly, with the enthusiasm of his endeavor still upon him. Before him, almost beneath his hands, lay the journals whose pages he had turned so often with such exquisite reverence.

Sophia, struck, shattered by the malevolent event, the irony almost superhumanly inspired, it seemed, sank heavily down beside him. The Withern letters dropped in a loosening heap on the table by the journals. It was perhaps fitting that the great record should never have been so near completion as at the hour of Gerald Vane's death.

Katharine Fullerton.

"THE WELL-BELOVED."

Of Lydian maids, the loveliest and the best
None other is than this, my lady sweet;
E'en as, when daylight fades into the west
The stars come forth the silent moon to greet;
But she is brighter far, and ever fall
Her beams of light like fingers softly laid
In mute caress,—her radiance covers all,—
The barren deep, and every flowering glade.
A delicate dew is shed, and springs again
Life's vigor in the queenly flower, the rose;
The tender plants bedeck the quickened plain
And honey-burdened clover buds unclose.
As Dian, then, mid her fair galaxy
Thus lovely seems the Lydian maid to me.

(Translated out of Sappho.)

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900.

THE LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

The literature of Spain, rich, varied, and plentiful, is remarkable in that it is the product, almost solely, of native inspiration. No matter what the general literary tendency of the time, the movement finding followers, temporarily, throughout the rest of Europe, the greatest writers of Spain always adhered firmly to a strict principle of independence, never seeking abroad for material or aids in their work, but going rather to a source close at hand, a source which has proved practically inexhaustible, the legends of their own country. In this way they were enabled to create, if not a universal, at least a profoundly national literature, transfused with that spirit, essentially Spanish, which marks the legends of Spain.

All that has made Spain great, all that has made her distinct among nations, her whole individuality, whether temperamental or merely historical, has been preserved from century to century until the present day in the lore of her people. As in the legends of every other country, so in those of Spain, fact has been modified often, altered sometimes even past recognition, by the chances of constant oral repetition and by the deliberate interference of a brilliant imagination which delighted to heighten natural charm; again and again, the miraculous, loved and deeply trusted in by primitive simplicity, has intruded itself among realities and possibilities; but the effect of such liberties taken with truth by a faith and a fancy inseparable from the people who thus gave expression to them, is only to intensify the revelation of national character.

For hundreds of years the tales and traditions handed faithfully down from generation to generation in the various Spanish towns to which they belong have been constantly multiplying until now they are numberless. Many, perhaps the greater and better part, have yet to be given permanent form. Those which have been collected make up a very considerable bulk of material, exceptionally interesting as literature, and of inestimable value as a source of information regarding Spain.

Whatever the phase or mood of Spain at any moment—and though she has remained as stable in her nature as a nation can, foreign influences have from time to time had their altering effect upon her—she has always been of supreme interest to her people. Their records of her deeds, treas-

ured under all conditions, are a vivid reflection of her glory, her trials, her achievements in war, her Christian zeal and her romantic passions. They show a nation full of power and vigor, true, in the face of all opposition, to the cause which she had chosen to defend, eager for triumph, jealously watchful of her rights and her supremacy, her spirit one of invincible courage and determination. In the name of religion and country, feats of heroism are performed, not only by warriors, but by children and women.

A tradition of the town of Reina recounts the daring strategy to which one of the Queens of Spain had recourse in order to free the town from the control of its enemies.

The citadel of Reina was held by a Moorish king. The queen, having besought and obtained permission to visit him with her maids, had her soldiers clothe themselves as women, and mounted with them to the king's castle, where a great feast had been prepared. After the feast, as she was walking with the king near the wall which overlooked her garden, the queen let fall her handkerchief. The king advanced to the edge of the wall to recover it, and the queen, with a quick thrust, pushed him into the garden beneath. She then with her soldiers possessed herself of the citadel.

For us, the greatness of the queen's deed is lessened by its treachery, but the conscience of the Middle Ages found justification for every means in the worthiness of a purpose, and the approbation of heaven in the success of an attempt. That was a time of simple faith when, according to the legends, divine assistance to the innocent and encouragement to the virtuous was openly given. In those days, miracles abounded.

It is told, for example, that during the conquest of Mallorca a miracle favored Don James the Conqueror. While he was in pursuit of Moorish refugees, the provisions for his army became so scant that starvation threatened. Having learned that food had been captured from the enemy by Don Hugh de Moncada, Don James, accompanied by more than a hundred of his cavaliers, sought Moncada's tent.

Moncada, spreading upon the ground his rich cloak of scarlet, placed thereon seven loaves of bread, and gave them to the king, saying, "Would to heaven these loaves might multiply, for the sake of the love with which I offer them to you." The knight's prayer was granted. From the seven loaves of bread Don James and all his cavaliers ate until their hunger was satisfied.

The propagation of their faith concerned the Spaniards deeply, and the theme of many of the legends is the conversion of pagans to Christianity.

According to one of these legends, a band of Arabs had seized the castle of Orbigo, and having put its lord to death and bound his attendants, were greedily plundering the castle when in the chapel they came upon a beautiful maiden kneeling at the foot of an altar before the image of Christ. She was praying for the safety of her father. "The brilliance of her eyes was sweeter than the light of hope, and the richness of her waving hair was more enchanting to the eye than is the glitter of gold to the greed of a miser. Roses paled beside her glowing cheeks, and the grace of her form was greater than that of the palm or the lily."

Amir, the chief of the Arabs, startled by a vision of such loveliness, paused before the entrance to the chapel.

"The girl rose, her eyes shining with more than human courage. She gave no cry of grief or terror, but calmly faced the terrible enemy of her religion and of her country, and, majestic, irresistible, without uttering a word, commanded the Arab to profane the temple with his presence no longer."

The beauty and spirit of the young Christian amazed and captivated Amir. He withdrew his forces from the castle, and besought its mistress to accept his services and protection. His knightliness and devotion at last won her love, but she clung steadily to her faith, and it was only when Amir, after long indecision—for his own belief was strong and deep-rooted—accepted the Christian religion, that she consented to become his wife.

Repression of feelings and resistance to temptation in obedience to religious conviction was for the Spaniards, who possessed in a high degree the heroic instinct of self-sacrifice, too productive of spiritual recompense to be painfully difficult. But there was in the Middle Ages a restraint more positive and irksome than conscience governing sentiments and natural emotions, a tyranny so pitiless and oppressive as to be unendurable, and from which resulted many tragic romances full of an intense passionate love that, longing for freedom and expression, found itself confronted by the stern formidable power of a father's or a monarch's absolute will, and, dashing in headlong, vain protest against the strength of feudal dominion, was crushed and defeated.

Among the legends of Archidona there is such a romance, the story of two unhappy lovers driven to a desperate rebellion against selfish and unjust authority. Tagzona, the daughter of the alcaide Ibrahim, being one day informed by him that she was promised in marriage to the alcaide

of Alhama, confessed her love for Hamed Alhaizar, a humble knight of Granada. Her father, angered and alarmed, took Hamed prisoner and confined him in a dungeon of the castle. The cruelty of Ibrahim roused Tagzona to burning indignation, the strength of her love overcame her habit of obedience, and while pretending submission to her father, she was planning the escape of Hamed. At last, in a brief absence of Ibrahim, she accomplished her purpose. Hamed was set free, and together the lovers fled from the castle, hiding themselves in a deep wood. Suddenly from an abyss that divided their path, a vulture rose, screaming and beating its wings in their faces. At the evil omen, the lovers shuddered. A sound of hoof-beats came to their ears and they knew that Ibrahim was seeking them. The thought of his vengeance appalled them. They hurried breathlessly onward, but from all sides pursuers approached. In despair, the wretched lovers ascended to the summit of a great rock—now called “the rock of the lovers”—paused a moment to cast a silent reproach and defiance at Ibrahim, then leaped into the depths of the fathomless abyss below.

Legends of this kind have for us the charm and interest of the most artfully contrived romantic fiction.

Another class of traditions, dealing with the Kings of Spain and their experiences among their people, possesses the attractiveness of a collection of adventure tales, whose picturesque heroes are continually displaying in situations of theatrical excitement the wit and daring of the ideal adventurer. One of these tales recounts dramatically the manner in which Don Enrique the Sufferer asserted his authority over his arrogant nobles.

“He was fourteen years old, and was living in actual want almost alone in the great palace of Burgos, without a retinue, and with only one servant as companion.

“None of the courtiers who frequented the antechambers of the governors and grandees by whom, in the name of Don Enrique, the nation was controlled and the royal power abused in a thousand ways, troubled themselves to salute the king.

“One day the monarch had even to pawn his coat in order to get meat for his supper, and on that very day, in the palace of the archbishop of Toledo, a great banquet was being given, at which were present the Count of Benavente, the Marquis of Villena, and other grandees, governors and dispensers of the royal revenues.

“As Azor, Enrique’s servant, was going to pawn the king’s cloak, he met a page of the archbishop of Toledo, who, being talkative, gave, like a good page, a minute account of all the preparations for the banquet in the palace of his master.

“Azor returned to the palace and repeated the story to Enrique.

“‘My dear Azor,’ said the king, ‘I wish to be present at this banquet. I must see how far my governors are carrying their prodigality and their disregard for me.’

“‘You wish to go to the palace of the archbishop?’ broke in Azor, astounded. ‘But, señor—’

“‘I will go disguised. Return to your friend. Tell him that a friend of yours, a countryman very eager to see the splendors of the court, has come to Burgos. Beg him to contrive to hide the simple peasant near the banquet-hall. He will afford sport for the servants.’

“So it was arranged, and the king was present in hiding at the feast of his grandees, one of those spendthrift dissipations frequent at that time of disorder, when the ascendancy was held by a turbulent nobility who had grown insolent in exercising guardianship over a sick prince, a child whom they believed incapable of energy.

“At the same time he heard the scoffing, ridicule, and derision which were indulged in at the expense of the royal dignity during the banquet.

“On the following day it was announced that the king was very feeble and wished to make his will.

“All the grandees hastened to the palace, and to their surprise, were conducted, not to the royal bed-chamber, but to the Throne-room where was a triple file of guards. The supposed invalid appeared in better health than usual, fully armed and with sword bare. He mounted the steps of the throne and casting a calm glance of mastery at the gathering of nobles, proceeded to ask them in turn, beginning with the archbishop, how many kings they had known in Castile.

“The oldest of them had known but five.

“Don Enrique the Sufferer replied, ‘Yet I, who am so young, have known at least twenty,—the king, archbishop of Toledo, the king, Marquis of Villena, the king, Count of Benavente, the king, Count of Trastámara.’ and he enumerated all the governors and magnates who had abused royal authority. Then he added, imposingly, ‘And now, señores, it is time that there should be but one king in Castile.’

“The listeners were filled with terror and dismay. The king made a sign, and from a mysterious apartment appeared the headsman, axe in hand. The triple file of guards surrounded the helpless nobles, who, awakened from stupefaction to the liveliest horror, hastened to throw themselves at the feet of the king, entreating pardon and promising amendment.

“Enrique III., endowed with a heart generous and inclined to mercy, did not reveal to them the fact that he had been present at the superb banquet, because, had he done so, he must have punished gravely the ridicule that he had heard made of his person. But he said to them these memorable words: ‘Yesterday, my faithful Azor had to pawn my coat to buy me a supper, while you were satiating yourselves at the expense of the royal treasury. I might justly give your heads to the executioner, but I do not wish to begin my reign with acts of blood. Nevertheless you shall not go unpunished. I shall impose upon you a penalty sufficient for a warning.’

“The penalty which Enrique imposed was, indeed, efficacious. He kept them as prisoners until they had returned to him the castles and fortresses of which they had been custodians, and the balance of the revenues which they had diverted to their own uses.”

The significance of the legends of Spain is broad in proportion to their abundance and variety. Considered in order of time, so far as that is possible, they give a view of the history of the country, its wars, its politics and religion, made luminous by means of details which more formal chronicles must omit. They picture Spain a nation of cavaliers and warriors fighting with glorious courage for the sake of conquest and dominion, and with sublime determination for the sake of Christianity; a mediæval state where the controlling forces are feudal government and a deeply impressed, simply interpreted religion, which cause to exist in it at once indomitable strength and child-like submission,—in the most daring soldier unquestioning obedience, through trained and inculcated loyalty, to his chief, in the fiercest chief humble submission to the laws of his faith.

But the great importance of the legends lies in the fact that they afford the clearest and completest exposition attainable of the Spanish temperament, that marked and unmistakable temperament which presents to-day the same fundamental contrasts to the types of other nations that it presented in the early formation of the race.

In traditions art does not interfere with nature. However facts may be disarranged and misstated in the free and unscientific handling accorded

them by the people, personality is accurately portrayed. The personality which the legends of Spain impress upon us is one in which the depth and sway of emotions, impulses and passions are, to our cooler and calmer natures, almost incredible. Nowhere else do we find such gusts of hating and loving, such fierce unmoderated outbursts of jealousy, tenderness and sorrow, such strength of devotion and power of self-sacrifice.

And at no time could these passions and emotions have displayed themselves so effectively as in that active and glorious period of Spain's career whose history is preserved by tradition.

Both in character and plot, therefore, the legends are full of a dramatic and romantic force beyond even the power of inspired imagination to conceive. All that was lacking in them in their original crude form to make of them a great and recognized literature was cultured, felicitous expression, and this, fortunately for Spain's literary fame, has been given to them in the fullest measure in works of unsurpassed beauty and interest by her pre-eminent men of letters, Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Sara Montenegro, 1902.

MY RIVER.

Let who will praise the sea and the joy of braving its tempests, for me it will ever be the "non tangenda vada." Even when upon the land I watch it from a distance, its greedy washing upon the shore, as if it were not satisfied with that great part of the world it has already devoured, but must have this narrow strip of sand and pebbles also, fills me with terror, and I wish myself far away from it. Perhaps it is because I am inland born that I so much prefer waters which are small and quiet; storm-protected harbours where the waves never rise high and the roar of the breakers reaches only faintly; lakes whose still surfaces reflect the image of the encircling trees; and above all, rivers: not the noisy, bustling, over-hasty little mountain streams which are to-day raging torrents, and to-morrow only beds of dry stones, but broad, deep rivers which flow smoothly between fields whose green level is only broken by darker patches of forest or by occasional villages, low and white-painted save for a tall, dark church-tower.

Such a one is my river, the Ashwaubenon, the most beautiful of all rivers. I know it well, for countless times I have been up and down its length on the big flat river-boat which with its splashing stern-wheel crawls along but little faster than Horace's immortal barge, and stops, whistling and creaking, at every wharf. Then, leaning over the railing, I watch the people of the village who come running down to the water's edge. A little girl in a pink frock waves at me high above her, while her small brother in blue pinafore sucks a stick of candy and stares round-eyed; a man in a wide-brimmed straw hat tries to catch the rope thrown him by one of the sailors, but fails, and it splashes down into the water; then it is drawn in again, amid laughter and swearing, and thrown a second time; and now half a dozen hands seize it and make it fast around the pile. I feel the jar of the boat against the pier, and see the gang-plank drawn out. Men, bent under boxes and sacks, run back and forth across it, and there is bustle and confusion and calling everywhere for a time. Then a colt, starting and balking, is coaxed over; I hear his hoofs clatter on the lower deck, the gang-plank is drawn in again, the boat stirs, the water splashing up about it and then subsides, and we are out in mid-stream again, and the little white town is disappearing behind green curved banks. Ahead the high forests

divide and the hills move apart that the river may flow between them; and as, following its gleaming track, the green stretches on either side are dotted by more little towns, so is my quiet broken, now and again, by short intervals of noise and brief glimpses of busy life, during the long lazy day.

You, who have known many rivers, but never mine, may say that I have told you nothing remarkable; that there is many another river like the Ashwaubenon, as beautiful or even more so; may question how I, who have traveled little, can be so sure that my river is the most beautiful in all the world. How, indeed, do I know that this is so? How do I know that if I should journey down the bright Loire or many-legended Rhine, or follow the Nile to its mysterious source, I should find them less lovely than this unknown northern stream? Perhaps because my grandfather and his father lived beside it, and it belongs to me by right of inheritance as it were; because I knew every curve of its shore, every ripple of its surface, before I knew that dandelions were yellow; and because, before I heard the rhymes of Mother Goose, the soft swish of its waters in summer and the resonant boom of its expanding cracking ice in winter were familiar to my ears. That perhaps is the reason I know so well that there is upon earth no fairer river, that there are no statelier forests or greener pastures than those which its dear waters wash.

Florence Wilcox Clark, 1902.

PRAYER OF A SUN-WORSHIPPER.

O Phœbus, light of this dark world below,
Why hast thou hid thy gracious radiant face
Behind the drifts of deep cloud lying low?
For sin of man dost thou despise thy race?
Before thy wheelèd throne we, suppliant, bend
In humble knowledge that thy might is great.
Oh, if our devious ways thy sight offend,
Shine brighter, then, to show a path more straight.
Whatever power the path of life hath laid,
Though greater hand have placed thee where thou art,
We, knowing thee our daily constant aid,
Look up to thee and pray with all our heart!
O Phœbus, grant us our one simple prayer,
Veil not so oft in cloud thy visage fair.

E. F. McKeen, 1901.

THE CHRONICLER.

“Il n'est danger que de vilain,
 N'orgueil que de povre enrichy,
 Ne si seur chemin que le plain,
 Ne secours que de vray amy,
 Ne desespoir que jalousie,
 N'angoisse que cueur convoiteux . . .”

Montfaucon the Brave flung his horse's rein to a lackey, and mounted the castle steps in eager haste. The long reach of gray terrace was deserted save for a few yawning pages, for the guests of the Duchess had set off upon a hawking party; as he listened, Montfaucon could faintly hear the tinkle of their bells.

He strode along singing lightly to himself:

“Une fois me dictes ouy,
 En foy de noble et gentil femme;” . . .

And he would have entered the castle without delay, had he not come upon Jehan the Chronicler, sitting in the shadow of the doorway, alone as usual, and reading.

“Goodmorrow,” said Montfaucon, looking down from his noble height upon the other. He tossed the word so carelessly that it was like stooping for an alms to receive and answer it.

The Chronicler glanced up from his book and nodded curtly, as if the interruption were not welcome; then, mindful of his manners, he arose and stood silent, in courteous indifference.

The two were strangely contrasted as they stood there in the sunlight, face to face. Montfaucon seemed the very type and flower of chivalry, with his fair features and graceful body and bright colours of health. He wore a rich dress, with trimmings of silver, and the hilt of his sword was set with jewels.

Jehan the Chronicler, on the other hand, was but a dark-visaged varlet, in a suit of threadbare black. Though strengthily built, he seemed somewhat spare and slender, and his shoulders were bent with long stooping over the script of antique parchments. There was in his face an expres-

sion of patient indifference, and in his attitude something subdued and humble; he might have been a prisoner of war, held since many years in hopeless captivity, and sensible through all the anguish of bondage that his slavery was, beyond all freedom, honourable.

Ten years before he had strayed into the childish presence of the Duchess, footsore and hungry, his tattered cloak damp with rain; and she had welcomed this wanderer from far-off Paris, and kept him near her from that day forth. When the old Duke died, leaving her the mistress of great wealth, she had clung ever closer to her strange friend, who, in return for her bounty, had instructed her in the Greek and Latin tongues and pagan philosophy and many other curious things.

So to-day he stood Chronieler in ordinary to the Duchess, observing her suitor gravely, and holding a great gilded book carefully in his arms.

"Where is thy mistress?" asked Montfaucon, tapping the ground with his heel; for he was never at ease with this poor dependent of his lady's. "I have ridden since daybreak out of the heart of Provence, to see her."

"What!" answered the Chronieler, smiling, "dost thou boast of the service?"

"Dost thou question the value of it?" asked Montfaucon, scowling. Jehan only smiled, and dropped his eyes before the angry look of the other.

"Where is the Duchess?" repeated Montfaucon, with impatience. Jehan answered, shrugging: "Thou the king of falcons, and canst not find the dove!"

"Thy speeches are none too gentle, sirrah," replied Montfaucon; "beware! I might warn her Grace that the dogs in her kennels are grown vicious with idleness, and begin to show their teeth."

"Would they dare,—to Montfaucon the Brave?" asked the Chronieler.

Montfaucon strode without more parley into the castle; and Jehan sat himself down again very contentedly, and continued to study in his gilded book.

Presently there was a noise at the window above his head; the lattice swung open, the curtain was pushed aside, and a lady leaned forth and looked down upon him.

"Mistress!" said the Chronieler, and arose. The gilded book fell heavily to the ground.

The lady's hair was silvery gold, her skin was fair, her lips thin and red; and her gray-green eyes were full of laughter.

"I saw Montfaucon coming up the hill," said she, "so I hid behind my curtain, and have sent word to him that I am sleeping."

"He hath ridden out of the heart of Provence, only to see thee," answered the Chronicler.

"Only to see me, forsooth! Then let him rest, after so hard a journey,—pray heaven it be not a fruitless one!—and come thou to me without delay, for we have done no work to-day, and it will be dark in an hour. Come!"

"Nay, gracious mistress, I have been awaiting thy summons for an hour, and I am weary. Hast thou no respect for wisdom? By our Lord, I will not come."

"I was sleeping, master."

"That message is for the Baron Montfaucon, and I will none of it."

"Forgive me, master!" and the Duchess leaned forth and stretched out her hands; "I have no excuse; but forgive me, and come, now that I want you so much."

The Chronicler gazed up at his lady for a moment in silence; then he lifted the gilded book from the ground, and hastened away down the terrace. The Duchess followed him with her eyes until he was lost to sight, then dropped her curtain and closed the lattice.

All this Montfaucon the Brave had heard from within the doorway; and he frowned, perplexed, for he had not known that the Chronicler was so favoured.

2.

"Ma princesse, ma première
esperance,
Mon cuer vous sert en
dure penitence . . ."

Although the Duchess was learned in books, she had a light and joyous heart, and loved the laughter of many guests. Suitors had she in plenty, for so fair a lady with so great a fortune was no mean prize to win. Little pleasure did she find in their tender words and their sighs, and they thought her cold of heart and, in spite of her sweetness and beauty, half feared her; but her heart was not cold; there was a secret flame within it that burned brighter day by day, and never wavered or grew dim.

It did not burn, however, for Montfaucon the Brave, who loved the lady, and had told her so with passion many times. She always laughed

at him, and shook her head, or silenced him with a frown; so he waited and waited, but watched too, as all true lovers must.

This night of his coming to her castle, when the evening feast was over, Montfaucon followed the lady out upon the moonlit terrace, and wandered with her up and down. She was in a silent mood, so he forbore to speak to her for a time, and walked quietly at her side, singing his favourite rondel half under his breath:

“Une fois me dictes ouy,
En foy de noble et gentil femme,
Je vous certifie, ma Dame,
Qu’ oneques ne fuz tant resjouy.

Veuillez le done dire, selon
Que vous estes benigne . . .”

He broke off suddenly, to say half jestingly, half in reproach, “Thou lovest those musty books of the Chronicler’s better than my poor company, sweet lady.”

She looked up quickly, and answered, smiling:

“So thou hast discovered my sin against thee? Well, it was unworthy; but I must learn, and if I ceased from my task every time that I wished to talk with thee,—” she stopped, and glanced at him mockingly.

“Thou art teaching strange tricks to that poor Chronicler of thine,” he said, after a pause; “he hath come to think himself a wit and a philosopher.”

“I have told him so often that he is both the one and the other,” answered the lady, “that he may well have ended in believing me. At least his bitterness grows less, and his wisdom greater, every day.”

“And my patience wears thinner every hour,” exclaimed the baron, halting and looking her in the eyes; “how long, beloved, before thou lovest me?”

“Perhaps a century, perhaps a day; who knows?” replied the Duchess.

“I would wait,” he cried, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips, “a thousand years!”

But the Duchess, who did not love such caresses, withdrew her fingers, and said, coldly:

"Be cautious, baron, or thou mayst wait through all eternity." And she left him standing on the terrace, and returned to the crowded hall, where there were songs and laughter and the murmuring of many voices.

Scattering her pleasant words to right and left, she passed among her guests, a vision of glittering raiment, and smiles, and yellow hair; until she saw the Chronicler, sitting apart in the chimney corner, listening to the singing.

A mad thought seemed to strike her. She stood for a moment smiling to herself, with a bright unusual flush upon her face; then she took a lute from one of the pages, and going swiftly to Jehan, bent over him and whispered in his ear. He stared at her incredulously, half rose, and shook his head; but she turned from him with her hand on his shoulders, and cried out in a ringing voice:

"Silence, noble guests! My Chronicler will sing for you."

He had paled, and met the strange triumphant look that she gave him with a frozen glance of dumb anger; but after a moment he took the lute into his hands, and commenced to tune it. Then, casting his eyes for a moment upon the curious crowd, he struck a minor chord, and sang a song.

When the song was ended, the Chronicler arose, gave the lute to a page, and bowed low before the lady. Then he went his way quickly from the room, unmindful of the guests' applause. His mistress stood looking after him with a troubled face; and when the voices were loud again, and the song forgotten, followed him up the narrow tower stair to his little room under the eaves.

3.

"Soyez seure, si j'en jouy,
Que ma lealle et craintive ame
Gardera trop mieulx que nul ame
Vostre honneur . . ."

When the lady entered, Jehan was sitting at the window, his face buried in his arms. She came to him softly through the gloom, and touched his shoulder. He gave a great start, then rose and stood before her, looking down.

"Thou art angry, Jehan," said the Duchess, sitting near him. The Chronicler answered:

"Angry? With thee, mistress?"

"Yes, and small wonder, since I made thee sing."

"Thou hast but to command, and I to obey," he replied.

She answered eagerly, "Forgive me, Jehan; I never should have asked it."

"I am thy servant," said the Chronicler, "and should serve thy guests as I serve thee, with a willing heart; yes, and accept their bounty and live upon it like any other serf."

"Thou livest on no one's bounty but mine, Jehan," she answered quickly.

"When I left the hall after singing," replied the Chronicler, "two of thy guests flung me gold."

"Gold?"

"Yes. It is there yet, upon the ground. Dost thou bid me go and seek it?"

"Jehan!" There were tears in her eyes and upon her face. The Chronicler suddenly sank down on the bench beside her, and dropped his face into his hands. She looked at him in silence. Of what source was this man's pride, that clung to him, inflexible as death, through all his years of servitude?

"Jehan," she said, after a pause, "I asked thee to sing because I knew that thou wouldst rather die, almost, than do it for those others; and I wished—yes, I wished to see what thou wouldst do for me."

"Thou hast seen," he answered.

The moonlight fell across the little room with its narrow bed and bare walls and table littered with books and parchments. The Duchess gazed about, and then into the Chronicler's face. He looked away from her, troubled.

"Jehan!" she said, breathlessly, laying her hands on his shoulders; and for the first time in her whole life, she flushed scarlet when their eyes met. He stared at her spell-bound, as she bent, and bent, and touched his lips with hers; then she sprang to her feet, and fled away down the stair, her cheeks and eyes aflame.

"Saint Jehan the Blessed!" whispered the Chronicler, pressing his hands to his heart, "my lady loves me!"

He did not hear the rustling outside his window, as a man climbed softly down, clinging to the carvings and the twisted vines; it was Montfaucon the Brave.

4.

“ . . . Je meurs en soif auprès de la
fontaine. . . .
Je ris en pleurs, et attens sans
espoir.”

For three days the Chronicler was absent from the castle, and his lady watched for him in vain, both night and morning. At last, on the fourth day, as she and Montfaucon rode through the forest, they met him journeying homeward, so haggared and weary that the Duchess was frightened.

“Tis my Chronicler returned,” she cried, and sprang from her horse to give Jehan her hand. “Where hast thou been, truant?” she asked. “Thy cloak is stained with grass and earth and rain; hast thou been wandering far away?”

“Through the forest, mistress,” he answered.

“And never a word to tell me of thy going! I thought thee lost!”

He smiled an odd, patient smile, and said, “A spirit whispered to me, and I went away in the night.”

“Shall we ride on, lady?” asked Montfaucon the Brave.

“No,” she answered. “Ride thou on alone, baron; I will not go.”

“But, gracious lady,” cried Montfaucon, half angrily.

“Ride on, may it please you,” she responded; “I will not go to-day.”

So Montfaucon rode on, resplendent in his hunting green; and when he was out of sight among the trees, the lady dropped her horse’s bridle and held out her hands to Jehan, saying, tenderly:

“How couldst thou go without a word, my love?”

He did not answer, so she continued:

“Dost thou fear to speak? Didst thou think it a jest?”

He bowed his head upon his breast and was silent.

“Jehan!” she cried. No answer.

“Thou shalt wed me,” she whispered, “and we shall be the happiest souls in all the world. Thou art nameless, Jehan? Well, I have a great name, and thou shalt share it. And in return thou shalt give me a heart so priceless that no woman on earth, possessing it, could want any other gift. We will fling away my gold to the tawdry, and the covetous, and the poor; and live together away from the world, praising God, who sent thee to seek me ten years ago.”

Jehan raised his head and looked at her. His face, which wore the pallor of death, was masked with a sort of blank and hopeless patience.

"My beloved lady," he said, in a voice not like his own, "the world would call thee mad. I will never let thee make so great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice?" she answered; "thou knowest me. and thou callest it that?"

There was a silence. Then the Chronicler turned half away, and replied, "Yes."

"Jehan! Art thou mocking me? Thou lovest me, Jehan—" she stopped, her face blanched, and she said in a changed voice, "or is it that thou dost not love me?"

"My gracious mistress," faltered the Chronicler, "I have loved thee always."

"And so, wilt wed me?" He was silent. She burst into a loud laugh and flung up her arms. "Hear us, ye saints!" she cried, "I offer myself to him—I, I, the Duchess, I offer myself, and this man—this beggar here refuses me!"

"Thou hast said it," replied Jehan, his face like a patient mask.

The Duchess gazed at him for a moment, then she laughed loudly again, and taking her horse's rein over her arm, stumbled away through the forest.

That night at the banquet the guests pledged the Duchess and Montfaucon the Brave on their betrothal. The Chronicler was not there, nor did he appear at all during the evening; and few, indeed, ever saw him again.

5.

*"J'ai ung arbre de la plante d'amour
Enraciné en mon cueur proprement
Qui ne porte fruits, sinon de dolours . . ."*

The Duchess lay sleepless upon her bed, staring into the darkness; until, about midnight, there came a tapping at her outer door. She rose, and stood listening. The tapping came once—twice again; she wrapped a silken robe about her, and went swiftly through the high-arched rooms to the great oaken door that opened upon the corridor. Unbarring it, she swung it wide. The Chronicler stood before her; she had known it was no other.

He was all disordered and deathly white, and he returned her look with a gaze so faltering and wild, that one who did not know him might well have thought him suffering from fear.

"What dost thou seek?" asked the Duchess, in a harsh voice.

He said, "I must speak with thee."

"Here? At this hour?"

"Even so."

"Speak, then, and begone; for it is the last time that thou shalt ever see me alone."

"So be it." He followed her into the splendid anteroom where they had spent so many a pleasant hour; the hanging lamp cast a faint yellow glow over her, as she stood before him, her bright hair hanging loose about her.

"Mistress," began the Chronicler, "mistress—" his voice wavered; but she never moved or spoke or turned aside her wide, hard gaze. He continued eagerly:

"I come to beseech thee by our long friendship, by the days and years that we have spent together, by all we hold most dear, my gracious lady—"

"I am listening."

"I implore thee humbly, passionately, with all my soul, do not wed the Baron Montfaucon."

She laughed.

"So thou hast repented? Thou findest it possible to take pity on me? I fear it is too late. I can scarce break my troth with Montfaucon now, even for thy sake."

"It is not for my sake that I speak," he answered, "but for thine; for thy sake I would die."

The Duchess laughed again.

"What reason dost thou give, then, for thy request?" she asked.

"God help me, none. But, my lady, my dearest mistress, hear me! Forget that thou didst ever know me, that we ever met in all our lives; take it as a message from God and His saints, and do not wed the Baron Montfaucon!"

He fell at her feet and clasped her knees. "Hear me!" he besought her. "Promise that thou wilt not wed him."

"Unloose me. Take away thy arms."

"In the name of God, promise!"

"Take away thy arms, knave!"

"Promise!"

She reached out her hand and clanged the brazen bell that hung within the doorway. "My Chronicler does me the honour to be jealous of me," she said sneeringly; "let me reward him."

Footsteps sounded along the corridor, and Red Hugh, her henchman, entered, followed by several curious lackeys and frightened maidens; for never before had the brazen bell sounded in the castle.

"Red Hugh," said the Duchess in a clear voice, "take this man and guard him well. If he will, let him see a priest; for when the sun rises, he must die."

Jehan had been standing several paces off, wearing a bewildered look, as if awakening from a dream; but when he heard these words, he smiled, and looked at her with something akin to friendliness and pity, as if it were she on whom sentence had been passed. Then, with a slight gesture of farewell, he said quietly:

"Lady, my prayers for thee shall arise like a sweet incense before our Saviour Christ."

Without more words he followed Red Hugh from the room, and down the echoing stair.

6.

"Si mieulx ne vient d'amour, peu
me contente . . .
Et cueur et corps et bien je lui
presente . . .
Pour tout cela remede je n'y voy . . ."

Next morning, when the sun was rising and all the sky was stained with rose and flecked with gold, the Chronicler, standing in the light of the barred window, called aloud to Red Hugh, and bade him awaken.

"Hast thou not slept at all, master?" asked Hugh, coming to him.

"Nay, in sooth, friend," answered Jehan, "I shall soon be sound enough asleep, and dreaming."

They stood together for a time listening to the music of the birds that began to sing faintly, as the last stars faded from the sky.

"It is time, Hugh," said the Chronicler.

"Master," replied Hugh, "why must I do this cruel thing? For thou hast ever been my friend, and my heart fails me—"

"Hugh," said the Chronicler, "we bondmen must remember the duty of our lives,—to serve without question."

"But, master," faltered Hugh, "dost thou not even know why thou art dying?"

"I am dying because I would rather die than live," answered the Chronicler; "if only the morning were not so beautiful!" He gazed out sorrowfully upon the brightening sky, now ribbed and streaked with gold.

"On such a morning," he mused aloud, "the bay is ablaze like fire, and the little boats, with their white and scarlet sails, dance lightly on the waves; the waves that I shall behold no more, unless—and I think it likely, Hugh—the good God lets those of His children who were very fond of this earth look down from Paradise upon the lands and waters. For what heavenly scenes could ever seem so fair—" he paused, then turned from the window, saying, "Bind me if thou wilt, only set me facing the sun, that I may watch it rising, and mount with it, perchance, beyond the clouds."

So Red Hugh bound him to a pillar facing the window of the prison room. The red and golden glow fell across his face, and the whole light of the morning shone in his eyes.

"Red Hugh," said Jehan, as the other took up his strong-bow, "let no other hand but thine touch me when I am dead; but take me, thou, clothed as I am, in thine arms, and bear me to the greenwood, and there bury me without a stone."

"I promise," answered Red Hugh.

"I thank thee," said the Chronicler.

They exchanged a last friendly and submissive look, the look of two men bred and bent to servitude. Then Jehan turned his patient face up towards the window, and the light of the morning shone into his eyes.

7.

*Repos eternal donne à eil,
Lumière, clarté perpetuelle . . .
Car en amours mournt martir . . ."*

When the sun was high, and the cocks began to crow loudly far and near, steps sounded in the corridor without the prison room; and Red Hugh going forth found the Duchess standing near the door, wrapt in her silken robe.

"Maître Jehan is dead, may it please your Grace," he said to her.

"It is well," replied the Duchess.

"If it be your will, gracious mistress," he continued, and his gaunt face looked sad and weary in the gray light, "I shall bear him out into the greenwood, and there bury him."

"The foresters will help you," said the lady.

"Nay, by your Grace's leave, I must do it all alone," ventured Hugh; "for so I promised."

"Promised?"

"Even so. It was his last word."

"What said he?"

Red Hugh told his lady of the Chronicler's request. She listened like one in a daze, and murmured:

"Why should he have asked this? It is strange."

"Perhaps he feared being ill-treated by servants, or flung into a ditch," said Red Hugh humbly.

"What would he care?" she answered in a low voice. "I know him better."

Then she put her hands to her head in a bewildered way and said, "Take me to him."

For a moment Red Hugh hesitated, barring the door with his arm; but he knew well how helpless was his great strength and his strong will before the power of this frail creature who was his mistress, and he felt blindly and sorrowfully that those in bondage have nothing sacredly their own—not even a promise. He stood aside, and she went quickly into the prison room.

In the midst of a flood of sunlight lay Jehan, with outstretched arms. His eyes were closed, and the natural colours of life had not yet faded from his face, nor had the marble look of death touched it. His features wore an expression of unwonted sweetness and benignity, as if he had at last found in his heart compassion and tolerance for this earth, having left it for a wider world and a more generous servitude. For any sign of suffering or violence about him, any trace of a last agony, he might have been asleep and in a pleasant dream.

She sank upon the ground beside him, and glanced up at Red Hugh with a more death-like look than that of the Chronicler. Then, in a sort of stupour, and prompted by some hopeless hope, felt for the beating of his heart.

There was no life there; but beneath his doublet lay a tiny leathern wallet, wet with blood, and fastened round his neck by a chain. She looked stealthily at Red Hugh, and drawing it forth, opened it. Alas for the poor Chronicler, who with his last words had striven against this chance, and striven in vain!

There was a scrip within the wallet, stained here and there with red. She unrolled it, and strained her eyes to read it through tears:

The Baron Montfaucon to Jehan the Chronicler.

I know thou lovest thy lady, cur that thou art: and I know, for women are beyond reason, that she loves thee. I would slay thee, as a dog who had provoked me, but thy death would do me no service. So I bid thee serve me in this wise:—Never, by word or deed, shall thou show her that thou lovest her; for if thou dost, by so much as the flicker of an eyelash, she shall die. Not thou, but she. I swear it. Live if thou wilt, and love her, and be silent. Her life hangs by thy will. Remember.”

Under this letter of Montfaucon the Brave was a single line in the script of the Chronicler:

“Lock up thy secrets, O my heart; for I must blind my lady’s eyes.”

“I bade thee die, and now I bid thee live!” cried the lady, wringing her hands. “Awake, my love! Awake, if thou lovest me! Red Hugh, Red Hugh, his lips are moving, and I can feel the beating of his heart!”

But the Chronicler’s heart was pierced in death, and his soul was afar off, in the company of the holy martyrs.

Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S VIEW OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Extract from a criticism on Professor Münsterberg's article, "The American Woman," published in the *International Monthly*, June, 1901, and republished in his book, "American Traits," written by Miss Katharine Merrill and published in *The Woman's Journal*, of Boston.

This choice of the exception among college women leads Professor Münsterberg to conclusions respecting them that do not hold good of the entire class. In his comparison, for instance, between college men and college women, he speaks of the drain of business upon the men, "while she, the fortunate college girl, remains in that atmosphere of mental interests and inspiration, where the power she has gained remains fresh through contact with books . . . the life in the artificial setting of remote ideals can be continued, if they attach themselves . . . to clubs and committees, to higher institutions and charity work, to art and literature." The college girl according to this view is a hot-house production forced out of her natural growth and having little tendency to return to her original conditions. But what are the facts? The college girl who can remain in an "atmosphere of mental interests," simply or even chiefly, is as rare among her kind as is the brilliant creature we have before been speaking of. She is fortunate indeed; for most of her sisters are busy earning their living, repaying the money borrowed for their education, sending younger brothers and sisters to school, helping their professional brothers "get a start," or supporting their parents. Somehow—it is strange—man's labor does not support the households of this country (presumably because of the ambition and expensive habits of woman). And if by "higher institutions" the author means institutions of learning, there is enough in any of these even, as he has himself shown in his article on productive scholarship, to draw away the minds of men teachers—how much more, then, the passive, imitative minds of women—from mental interests and inspirations.

One other point must be made in connection with women's higher education. Professor Münsterberg declares that women take a "passive, receptive, uncritical attitude toward knowledge," that the small difference in ability between men students and women students in this country is "because the historic development of the American college has brought it

about that the whole higher study bears far too much the feminine attitude towards scholarship," and that this "was precisely the habitual weakness of the American college until a decade or two ago." Strange truly! For if we take out the last decade or two, what influence did the few women then in college have on the standards of scholarship in this country? Harvard, Princeton, Yale "feminine"? The mere application of this word to institutions distinctively for men shows that the quality it names does not belong merely to women. Is not this receptive uncritical attitude rather a characteristic of effort that is *youthful*? Our men, the educators and the educated, needed a century or so in which to outgrow this "habitual weakness." They have not outgrown it yet. But women, who have had college privileges for scarcely more than a generation, are supposed to have shown all the power that is in them. Our critic continues—"the test of the question whether the dogmatic mind of the average woman will prove equal to that of the average man, in a place controlled by a spirit of critical research, has simply not been made so far." Where, then, is the proof of the argument? "I cannot say," he goes on, "that I have gained the impression that the spirit of research would be safe in the hands of the woman." Seventy-five years ago people had the impression that women ought not to be educated at all, and the social psychologists of that generation were wise in their declamation against any attempts to educate them. I am not urging that all college women should clamber up to the highest work of universities. Far from it. But it would be a satisfaction if when scientific men talk on this subject they would be guided by something more than impressions.

The next charge brought against women is that, presumably by their ubiquity, they effeminize the culture of our country, and make it more and more repellent to men. The culture of a country always corresponds to the taste and activity of the prosperous and educated classes; and the above charge is denied in the statement here made that the men of these classes are not inferior in taste to the women, but are more and more entering actively into all cultural pursuits. The author's argument seems to declare that in some early time America had a distinctive culture, that this was seized by women, who then shut it off, as they had done their childhood dolls, from the burly big brothers who would break it and ridicule both it and them. The truth is, however, that the measure of a single life can easily stretch back to the time when the United States had in æsthetics

no distinctive or national culture, artists and writers were sporadic and imitative; strong original minds were found only among statesmen, jurists and preachers. "Who reads an American book?" said Sydney Smith in 1820. Cooper's first novel was declared by him to have been "written by an Englishman." Only within the last fifty years or so has the æsthetic side of culture had more than faint beginnings. Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes and the other New Englanders were the first who formed a group possessed of some of the quickening and broadening of thought and fancy that come from like aspiration and united effort. The development of plastic art, was still slower. These men and the culture they created were not particularly masculine in the sense of being strikingly original; but they certainly were not effeminate, still less effeminized. Their efforts, like those of the colleges, were youthful, hampered by lack of atmosphere, narrowness of sympathy, and the fearsomeness of untried fields. The influence and tradition of these men is still powerful, if not dominant. In fact, the United States is just now creating its culture, just beginning to feel the charm of those untried fields, and to produce men and women capable of exploring and cultivating them. In this original part of the culture of the country, no one can say that women have more prominence than men. On stepping down from the creative work to the journeyman's, we find somewhat different conditions, though not such, I think, as to excite apprehension for the vigor of our civilization. If women outnumber men as visitors at exhibitions and as students of æsthetic subjects, this does not give evidence that they have a controlling influence over them. Rather it shows the lingering of two old prejudices,—one that women must know a little about such things as part of their social training, the other, that these same things, being "feminine," are not worthy the consideration of serious-minded men. But who if not men control public taste by the æsthetic material selected? The publishers of books and magazines are men, and just as surely are the commissioners and trustees of art galleries and schools.

The church and the public school show the same supervision. Professor Münsterberg is afraid that the next thirty years will give to women the control of law, medicine and divinity as "the last thirty years have handed the teacher's profession over" to them. But he seems ignorant of the strong prejudice against women entering these professions, especially the bar and the ministry. To the bar an additional obstacle lies in the increas-

ing tendency among lawyers to become also business men, speculators or politicians. In regard to the ministry this objection is in the minds of many not a prejudice, but the direct teaching of the church. The business and the doctrine of churches may be said to be entirely in the hands of men. Women, it is true, raise money for their church societies, but they do not control the expenditure of it; and though they form the bulk of congregations, they do not hold official positions or have a voice in matters of organization and policy. The hostility to women doctors has died away to the extent that it has for the simple reason that the majority of the patients to be treated are women and children; whereas no such condition will ever exist in the other professions.

The public school, however, with its long retinue of women teachers is a great bugaboo in the eyes of our author. Nor is he alone agitated. The papers frequently complain that women have crowded out men from this field of action, as if they were insidious usurpers possessing themselves of others' proper domain. But if the denouncers would only pause a moment, they might remember that in our much ramified public school system men have never had much if any more place in proportion than they have to-day. I have spoken before of how this field opened naturally and unopposedly to women. Critics should remember, too, that though the majority of teachers are women, the managers and directors of schools are, by a like large majority, men. Some states indeed allow women on school boards, but the proportion seldom rises above two to five. Questions of the general conduct of schools, of discipline, of curricula and choice of teachers, are debated and settled by these boards which may or may not contain women. Besides, in our great cities, which of course set the standard for the country, there is an increasing tendency to demand able men in high schools, as teachers as well as principals. And the truth concerning the country at large seems to be that instead of women having driven men out from the lower grades of teaching, men are about ready to follow the cry of the leaders and take a share in work to which they have heretofore felt superior.

On the whole, if the influence of women in our national life results in effemination and repulsion to men, one is surprised that men do not more fear this contagion in that single uncoveted sphere of women—the home. It might be convenient, possibly, in the eyes of some, if all that homes and family life involve could be created by dummies and other machinery, thus

dispensing entirely with the actual troublesome living female human being. But since the united activity of both men and women is necessary at the foundation of society, and women are not given reason to suppose themselves repulsive in the elementary functions of life, they may perhaps be pardoned for wishing to extend the limits of their action somewhat beyond these. They may have some ground for feeling that if babyhood and boyhood need the influence of mothers and fathers alike, so also does "nascent manhood" need to learn the lesson of respect for women's character and attainments, quite apart from the pleasure given or not given by their personal appearance. They may be charitably excused for thinking that the balance struck between the feminine and the masculine qualities in a good family, where the one strengthens and counteracts the other, may be struck also in that enlargement of the family—the community. And perhaps they are not entirely wrong in regarding that view as peculiarly narrowminded, unjust, and unwise which declares the primary sphere of life to be the only one in which women's energy and gifts should be active and directly efficient.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

Hour after hour more stern, the sky
Foldeth its clouds, foreshadowing night;
With silvering mists the horizon height
Grows pale; and mist-like drifts away.

A dank wind frets the sunless leaves;
The pallid lights that groove the west
Dwindle and close, as fails a jest
Before the glance of one who grieves.

But to the sorrow-heavy heart
Doth sorrow oftenest look for grace,
Knowing that small is pity's place
In feast or game or hurrying mart;

And unto Earth's long scorching pain,
Under the iron of the sky,
With plentiful healing, draweth nigh
The consolation of the rain.

Must the whole world be drenched in tears
Before its great amendment come?
O fortunate! those that list the hum,
Ere heaven's redressing host appears!

Mabel P. C. Huddleston, '90.

THE ANALYSIS OF FEAR.

"Deuce take these stuffy coaches. I shall ride outside."

The old man got up and wound a long military cloak about him. He opened the door and was greeted by a rush of wind and icy sleet which sent him headlong backwards.

"A rough night!" he panted, looking for confirmation at the two other occupants of the stage. One of them, a Southern judge of prosperous proportions, ceremoniously held open the long, heavy door, while the old man clambered out. The coach shook as he went up the steps to the driver's seat on top.

"It is a curious fact, sir," remarked the judge, "that I did not observe how close it was until that gentleman mentioned it. It recalls a friend of mine who says he wouldn't mind the heat, if his wife weren't always talking about it."

He laughed, and took off his overcoat, displaying a fine ruffled shirt-front and broad white waistcoat, and then sat down again to his *Boston Gazette*.

The stage had stopped for the mail at some village by the road, exactly where, it was too dark for the travelers to distinguish. In spite of the storm a small crowd had evidently gathered outside to hear the Boston news from the driver, for though the narrow windows were too high to admit of seeing through them, disconnected words and laughter came in at intervals, with the unmistakable clink of mugs that told how the driver was preparing for the twenty miles still left of the journey from Boston to Providence.

The light within was so dim that the judge presently gave up the attempt to read his paper. Throwing it down he stretched out his polished boots, with a ponderous sigh, and glanced across at his companion. The other was a young actor, with the lean, nervous face of his kind. His eyes were closed as if he were asleep, but the judge did not leave him long in peace.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, my dear sir, but were you not playing in Boston a month ago?" he asked.

The actor opened his eyes: "We were in Boston a month ago, yes, sir," he replied, courteously.

"I thought so. I seldom go to the theatre,—not that I disapprove of it at all, as so many gentlemen do,—but I remember deriving great pleasure from that play. I did not think the audience appreciated it."

"That sounds familiar," smiled the actor. "Wasn't it *The British Spy*, perhaps?"

"That was it," the judge said, slapping his knee, "and I'm particularly glad I met you," he went on, sitting upright, and pulling up the knees of his fashionable, flowing trousers, "for there was one point in your acting that I took exception to—entirely from an outsider's point of view, you understand. I know nothing of the art."

"And that point?" asked the actor, politely.

"Well, in the last act, you have the part of a British spy in the American lines. He has just been trapped inside the cottage, with the American troops closing in outside. He can hear 'em galloping up and dismounting, and the orders given out, and he knows he will be shot inside of ten minutes—not an agreeable situation, I grant you—but the fellow clutches at the tablecloth, and strides about, snatching at his hair. Then he goes down on his knees to his sweetheart, begging her to tell the Colonials he will give 'em any information they like to let him off. I believe I am correct?"

"In every detail, sir."

"Well, sir, I maintain that is a mistaken representation." The judge was now speaking after the manner he employed on the bench, a sign that the discussion was interesting him. "In the first place, physiologically, fear paralyses the muscles. It tends to make the blood run slower, not to excite a man. Your spy should receive the news of his capture with outward equanimity."

"Is it not a matter of temperament?" the actor suggested. "One man might take such news quietly, while another would do as I suggested."

"I disagree with you. It is a racial characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, sir," declared the judge with a gesture, "to meet danger unmoved. He may not endure small annoyances easily, but he never fails to rise to an occasion. Let come a great fear, the presence of death, it steadies his nerves, and gives him his self-control." The judge took a pinch of snuff.

"But *we* have to consider the effect on our audience. This spy is writing a letter when he learns that he is trapped. If, as I understand you, he simply makes some such exclamation as, 'Ah! at last!' and goes on to

finish his letter, the audience would not realize either that he was afraid, or that there was anything to be afraid of. Sensations must be visible and audible on the stage."

"It would be the more dramatic situation of the two," insisted the judge, excitedly. "A gentleman of Kentucky, an acquaintance of mine, was playing cribbage one evening with Mrs. Lewis, a certain great beauty. He had a small affair arranged for the next day, and that evening he received a note saying that the other gentleman being forced to leave unexpectedly on the following morning, he left it to the pleasure of my friend whether the duel take place that night or not at all. My acquaintance sent back reply that he would be at the appointed place in two hours if he won this game of cribbage. Well, sir, he did win the game, and afterwards stayed to dinner with Mrs. Lewis, in more than his usual spirits I am told. Then he went out and the other gentleman blew his head off."

"Possibly your friend was not afraid of that outcome."

"Of course he was afraid of it. My dear sir, not a man in the South was so famous a shot as the other gentleman, or so notably a vile one as my friend. We are none of us responsible for our coolness; it is in the blood. It is Anglo-Saxon, I tell you, and as such it is American!"

The young man shook his head, smiling: "I am unpersuaded that it is not a question of temperament," he said, "but someday I shall try your way, sir."

The coach had started on the road again, and the storm was growing worse, so that what between the jolting wheels and the pattering rain the men could scarcely hear each other's words. Now and again the coach shivered and stopped as the wind gathered it up in its grasp, and then went on with a rattling of its high, narrow windows.

"We will scarcely make a record trip to-night," remarked the actor.

"We will not do it under five hours," the judge replied. "Yet even that is a record to boast of. I tell you, sir, these Concord coaches haven't their match in the world. A friend of mine in the South wouldn't believe our rate of speed up here. 'Four hours from Boston to Providence!' he exclaimed when I told him. 'My dear sir, why don't you come to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning?'"

The judge laughed his comfortable, rotund laugh, but stopped it in the middle, as it were, as the coach came to an unexpected halt.

"Well, what now?" he said. "You are younger than I am. See what is wrong."

The actor stood up and peered through the high window.

"Only a stream, sir, the upper Providence River, I think. But it will be bad fording."

It was bad fording, indeed, for when the coach started again the jolting increased tenfold on the pebbly bottom, and the spray dashed up as high as the windows. They could hear the horses splashing heavily through the water.

"It seems unusually bad. I trust to Heaven the driver has not lost the crossing," said the actor, nervously.

"I never think of accidents. Ugh, this intolerable jolting! Remember that as a piece of advice from an old traveler, my boy: never think of accidents and they are not likely to occur."

Fresh from the judge's lips was this oracular statement when the stage struck upon a rock with a mighty jar, and gently tipped to one side, amid shouting from the driver, and snorting of the horses.

"By the Lord, we have struck!" cried the judge. He got up, and tore first at one door, then at the other; both were locked. "What fool locked this door at the last mail-station?" he stormed, "I'll have the law of him for locking a stage-coach door. Why don't they send out a boat from shore?"

"I think there is a boat out there now," said the actor, and between the gusts they could hear the splashing of oars and excited voices.

"Break open the door here," commanded the judge, thrusting his gold-headed cane through the glass pane. Wind and sleet poured through, and tossed his words back in his face, and presently the sound of oars grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

"By the Lord Harry," roared the judge, "they have left us to die like rats in a cage!"

"They will come back. No doubt the horses had to be saved at once and were all they could manage," the actor said, with some disdain, but no great confidence.

"And we will drown like rats in the meantime!" The judge's face was purple; he pointed with a shaking finger to the floor where water was spurting in through a big hole, and then turned and kicked violently at the panels of the door, shouting to the men to come back or he would see them strung up. The youth watched his companion for a time with puzzled curiosity, then he took up a small lighted lantern which swung in the corner, and crawling up on the slanting seat, he thrust his arm

through the broken window and hung the lantern outside. Presently the wind shattered it against the side of the coach, with a crash of splintered glass. The actor heard it, ruefully. The coach lurched suddenly further on its side, and waves dashed through the hole in the bottom. Water was also coming in through the cracks of the door, and it looked strange enough, the dark stream crawling up over the red cushions. Fragments of ice floated in, and the wind and sleet coming through the broken window felt bitterly cold.

"I had not expected to be drowned on a stage-coach journey," said the youth, grimly.

Hearing his voice the judge left off his attacks on the door, and turned upon his companion.

"What are you doing? Why don't you do something?" he roared, quite hoarse from screaming. "Of course it is no matter about you, but *I'm* not a strolling player. I have a family, I tell you. I have a seat in the Kentucky legislature—I'm necessary to the state. I must get out!"

The veins were standing out all over his face. His neckcloth was on one side, and the soaked hair clinging to his head beneath the high silk hat made him look quite bald. They were up to their knees in water by this time, and the prospect certainly offered cause for alarm, sufficient cause perhaps to excuse the judge's conduct. Throwing himself heavily upon the younger man, he eluted him around the neck, and murmuring something about "Get me out of here—necessary to the state—" he sobbed upon his shoulder. The actor staggered back under his unexpected burden, grasped for the door, fell, and both of them rolled over into the icy water at the bottom of the coach.

"Hold on! You needn't strangle me just yet," gasped the actor, as soon as he could struggle to his feet, the judge still holding on to him. "The boat is coming back, I think."

Both listened, panting. The oars sounded so close that the rescuers must have rowed up unobserved by the two men, in the noise of the wind. Someone shook the door, and then began to rain blows upon the lock.

"We are all right," the actor said, taking a deep breath.

The judge straightened himself like a man awakened from a nap. "Ah, all right," he repeated, slowly. He took out his handkerchief, not observing that it was soaking wet, and mopped his forehead. "I don't know just what I have been doing during these last ten minutes," he went on. "I confess I was afraid of being drowned."

“So was I,” said the actor, with a faint smile.

The older man looked him up and down as if he suddenly had become the greatest object of interest that the situation presented, and then he sucked in his lips in a manner which suggested that his thoughts were unpleasant to the taste.

“My dear young friend,” the judge said, magnanimously, “in our recent little discussion—I believe you were right after all.”

Anne Maynard Kidder, 1903.

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS.

I met a madman by the brook, beside the stems of the young willows, and talked with him; and he would have me look on one who walked, he said, beside him, but I saw no man.

"You are like the rest," he sighed. Then with a crafty look, "They have called me mad," he said, "but I am only waiting, while Memory walks beside me. We are waiting for one we knew. You would scarce believe," he added wistfully, "how little the willows have changed since I parted from her. Yet it is a thousand years ago."

I said, "A long time."

"Ay; but she will find me at the trysting-place. When the lovers walk here, I hide, and watch them pass. Two passed but now. Their happiness was a sword in me until I marked that her eyes were blue; thereafter I marveled coldly when he kissed her. I could have told him that no man can love blue eyes, but I did not," he said, cunningly, "lest he should go seeking my brown maid over the world, and stay her coming feet. For she is coming back to me; in the hour when the gray flowers blossom, she will come. Did ever brown eyes look in yours?"

I was silent.

"Ay, marry, have they!" he chuckled; then drew near with a hand on my arm. "Following the maid and her lover, came Love himself; see where he trod." He pointed to the dropped gold of the willow leaves. "Bright footsteps! And brighter was his face. But he would not stay beside me, though I prayed him. I pleaded, 'Stay to welcome her. In a moment she will come, as she once came. By yonder willow she stood. In her fluttering dress, little lines of red ran into clearest white; her brown curls were caught back with a knot of red; rosy and shy she stood, and trembled to see me awaiting her. It is a thousand years since, but she will come back at last.' Love said, 'She will not come;' he passed on beneath the willows, following the blue-eyed maid. Can Love lie? For he said, 'She will not come.'"

I hung my head, for the words to me were an echo of words once heard.

"Love passed on," he said, "but gray-gowned Memory walks beside me. Kind-eyed is she, though her breath is bitter chill. Doth she walk with you?"

I answered, "Nay;" and yet brown eyes had looked in mine.

"We watch for her," he said, "beside the willow stems. Was that the flutter of her dress?"

But only a white spray of asters stirred to the wind in the willows. Overhead, in wide fields of dusky violet, the stars were blossoming like gray flowers.

"They have called me mad," he said, "but I am only waiting for her, while Memory walks beside me."

The man was mad, and for me Memory is a ghost long laid; yet on my homeward way, a bitter breath blew on me, and a flutter of gray was at my side. The man was mad, and I was surely sane, yet was I seized with a horror of myself. It was to me as if brown eyes had looked in mine, after a thousand years.

Cora Hardy, '99.

A CONVERSATION.

The evening came to the sisters, as for years all the autumn evenings had come to them, silence and shadow stealing in upon silence and shadow. About them through the room the chairs and tables were blurred and formless, in the corners the shadows passed into real darkness. Behind them, at the end of the room a row of pale blank-faced windows broke into the dusky wall; at one a tracery of curtain wafted inward by the breeze fluttered silent greetings to silhouettes of palms which shook long taper fingers in return. Beside them, near the fireplace, a tall window gave a glimpse of an outer world of lawn and trees, blue and cold and dim in the evening mist. Even the ray of light coming from the crack of the hall door and reaching in an unbroken line to the foot of Maria's chair, and the fire burning low in rich red coals, did not seem to break the monotone. Yet the firelight shone with some warmth of life on Maria sitting upright before the fire, and on Martha beside it, sunk in the cushions of an easy chair. It touched the fingers of Martha's hand hanging tired and relaxed from the chair-arm, outlined her long nose and her compressed lips, glinted now and again in her quick, flashing eyes. It lay in soft color on Maria's gray hair and finely modelled features, and on the firm, still, sleeping hands, idle in her lap. The hour seemed a time of quiet thought, and calm though conscious loveliness, coming as a benediction to those who could have had no need for rest, whose way had always been along pleasant paths, through well-kept gardens, and in the very heart of peace.

For some minutes, while the shadows met and mingled, while the firelight grew brighter in the increasing darkness, the forms of the sisters, against the fire, more distinct and real, the silence was unbroken. At last Martha moved so far back in her chair as to leave in the light only the fingers of the hand with which she grasped the chair-arm. A moment, and the curtain gave a decided flap, the wind in the top of the chimney breathed a long-drawn gentle sigh, a coal fell in the grate, and a dead leaf struck sharp against the window-pane. The sound of an approaching wagon came from far down the street, nearer, and passed on the macadam road with a roll of wheels and a ringing of hoofs. The feeling in the sound brought to one's imagination the picture of the pavements wet and shining

in a fine, fresh rain. In the distance in deep rich tones, carried through clean air, a town clock struck; and from somewhere in the shadowy recesses of the room in seven tiny bells a weak disciple answered it. The noises of the evening had commenced. Martha drew her breath in quickly, there was an instant's pause, then she spoke.

"That," she said, continuing irrelevantly a conversation her sister might long ago have forgotten, "happened the evening of the awful storm. Oh, Maria, how the wind blew!"

"Martha," Maria's voice struck in its open note upon Martha's undertone; its fresh clearness woke the room almost to a feeling of bright sunlight. "The telling of that experience does you no good, why go over it so often, dear?"

Martha's eyes flashed a quick glance at her sister. "Do I speak of it so often?" she said.

"It is true," replied Maria, "I should rather you spoke of it oftener, and thought of it less. Speak, if it relieves you. Only do not reproach yourself; the fault, if there is fault, is mine."

"I was so weak." Martha drew even farther back into her chair. "I felt you believed, as well as I, that it was his child, and I knew you would not forgive it. Oh, I know now," she corrected herself hurriedly, though her sister had not moved or spoken. "I know now you thought it a mere coincidence; but I was blind, then, to anything but my own idea. Yes, and that idea has pursued me ever since. I feel that from that night I have cheated myself of my life. I have lived it wrong." Here Maria lifted her head slowly, and the firelight, glinting in her eyes, showed them fixed on her sister with a steady, clear and penetrating gaze. Martha leaned forward, her face in outline against the fire, her hands grasping the ends of her chair-arms. "It was the night," her low voice continued, "the dreadful, cruel night. Had it been another night—could I have begun to think of the child in another way—I might have forgiven myself."

There was a short silence. Then again the indrawn breath, and again Martha's voice: "It had been so still, who would have thought such a storm could come? That first sudden flash of lightning—not even the warning of a distant rumble! The room, I remember, was ablaze. I saw only light. Then the crash! It seemed as if knocking through the roofing, pounding down on us from the floors above, and destroying in great successive, deafening cracks everything in the room around us—and amid it all, I heard, dis-

tinely, one of the servants in the kitchen scream." In the shadow of her chair, one felt more than saw, Martha shuddered. "I could not have moved, I was so dazed. When I grew conscious, I looked for you. Your chair was empty, and just dimly in the dark I saw you walking calmly and evenly down the room to shut the windows. Maria," she spoke quickly, almost sharply, "there are some things about you I cannot understand." Maria glanced away from her sister, a smile half sad, half humorous, twitched at the corners of her mouth; then her face was still.

"Just as I reached the window," Martha continued, "the next flash came—a mild flash. I saw a weird world, all purple and lurid yellow. The trees on the lawn, the fence, the wide, light stretch of the stubble field—built up now—the row of black bushes along the horizon. But what I thought of was the arbor; I saw the zigzagging of the gravel path leading to it, and I thought how low the willow leaned over it. And when, before I could close the window, the next flash came, I was still looking at it. It was at that moment I saw the man." Martha's breath was indrawn so quickly as almost to choke her. "He was taking his first step out of the shadow of the arbor. The darkness came, almost more quickly than the light; and after that, flash after flash showed me only a field, a lawn, trees, and an arbor innocent enough: yet in the instant I had seen him I knew that he had seen me and feared that I recognized him. Soon the rain came. It fell in heavy driving sheets, and the wind took it up and swept it past the panes, and drove it in great floods of heavy water down the angles of the house. I turned from the window trembling, and there behind me you were standing, looking out too. I thought you must have seen, you were watching so intently, but you said no, it was my fancy: and when all through the night, between the gusts of wind, I thought I heard a child cry, you said no, it was my fancy. But when the morning came, and I went out into the garden—how bright the world looked that morning, Maria—and I found the willow hung in tatters above the arbor, and in the arbor, underneath a bench away in the corner I showed you the poor little thing all wet and shivering, I knew I had not fancied." She paused, then said in a deep, slow voice, "Maria, it is wonderful the child did not die."

Maria turned her face slightly away from her sister, and looked down into the shadows of the room, as she replied, "It would have been better so."

"Oh, no," Martha said, and in her voice there was understanding, "it was never better he should die—and he is dead."

There was a long still pause: then Maria's voice said, "Why persist in your romancing, Martha? And why still distress yourself about something that was not your fault? One cannot harbor every stray child. He was contented enough at the Home, and you saw, I am sure, that he needed nothing. That he did not come here oftener was his fault, not yours; he found no pleasure in coming."

Martha moved forward bringing her face out of the darkness of the cushions. Her teeth showed for an instant in the firelight. "Had you watched him," she said, "you would have known it was his diffidence, not his indifference. He had a reserve that he could not throw away like other children. Yes, and he was proud; he knew—they had told him."

"What child interested," asked Maria, "does not forget diffidence, and reserve, and pride?"

"He had such a sensitive child's heart, that it took more than I possessed to relieve it. Even from the very beginning, I saw him teaching himself that it all did not matter. When he grew older, he loved the place. He never told me so—I knew. What garden has been kept like ours? I believe, Maria, there would have been no sadness in his voice, and no yearning in his eyes, if this had been his home. I feel sometimes,"—her voice was a whisper—"that I would cancel my whole life—all of it that has been glad, if I might hand him his life as God meant that it should be."

"You romance, Martha," said Maria, "the boy was but a boy. A very ugly one, I thought."

"As a mere baby,"—Martha was alert again, she spoke quickly and with intensity as if championing a cause dear to her,—"his face was pale, and his eyes soft and kind."

"As I remember them,"—Maria seemed to speak not for the sake of argument, but to awaken in her sister a sense of proper proportion.—"they were small, and almost without color. His nose, for a child's, was very large."

"I acknowledge," said Martha, "that as a small boy he was not so beautiful as he grew to be. I know," she continued, "that you did not think him beautiful—what is it lacking in you to make you able to pass by his great beauty? The refinement of his face! Oh, not a refinement of feature, the deeper refinement of thought that moulds common features into a beauty almost of heaven. He thought you beautiful, Maria," she said,

with sudden appeal, "I have seen him watch you, and I have thought if you would only like him, would say something to him, we might know him better, we might help him. He is dead, now, we shall never know him."

"Had it been a girl," Maria's voice cut in, "as I told you then, we should have kept it."

"I would not," said Martha, and as she spoke she leaned back hopelessly against the cushions of her chair, "have had him different, except for the difference I could have brought to him." She was quiet; then suddenly she sat forward, her tense hands clasped her knees, and her voice filled the air with the full, low tones of passionate self-denunciation. "And what have I done for him?" she said, "I have seen him, a delicate, sensitive soul, pass his childhood in a common Home. I have let him—a small boy who should have been shouting in my garden, and learning beneath the touch of a kind hand—work for me like any servant, and take mere wage for what must have cost him priceless torture of mind. I have watched him, a boy whose sweetness might have been a joy to any woman's heart, whose laugh could have rung with a clear boyishness that would have been a delight to God, grow up, too oppressed to speak, too sad to smile, and always thinking, sadly, pathetically, wistfully thinking. You think I speak of what I do not know, that I romance," her voice had become more calm, but her lips were trembling—"I heard him laugh once, I marveled at his sweetness. Perhaps, for the instant, he had triumphed in himself, over himself: perhaps, for some small joy, he had forgotten himself, as he might have done so often in another life. I do not know. I was hidden by the bush in the turn of the path. I went back. I could not break in upon his holiday. To laugh like that, and to do it once in a lifetime! And later that same day I stepped suddenly out of the window and surprised him standing before it, on the lawn. He leaned on his rake. His eyes were strained and sad, his lips drawn and set—wistful! Absolutely lonely! Maria, it was terrible."

"He was tired or hungry," said Maria.

"He has grown up tired and hungry," and Martha's hands lay impotent and apart, "he has died tired and hungry, and I have never helped him."

"You picture an extraordinary boy," said Maria, the sweet penetration of her voice relieving an air tense with feeling, "To me he seemed an ordinary enough lad."

"You did not notice him," replied Martha, "you were blind."

"I watched him, Martha," said Maria, "he was a good boy, and quiet, but dilatory. Be sensible. Your imagination has become your conscience, and I feel you love the boy, because you think you know who may be his father."

"No, no!" interposed Martha.

"Think," Maria continued, passing over the interruption, "of a rational man, under rational circumstances, doing such an insane thing as to leave his child—his own legitimate child—underneath an arbor seat, on a night of drenching rain. Your very start is fanciful."

"His wife had died. He was going so far away. He had no relations, no real friends. He would have wanted you to have the child. He knew—he must have known—how I should love it. The storm only happened. He did not dream we would suspect the father, and refuse it because of him."

"I have told you," said Maria, "had it been a girl, I should have kept it."

Martha's voice was hoarse; it seemed to go little further than her lips as she said, "The real mistake was before that—before the child could have been. I have always wanted to confess to you how I despise what I did. I was mad. I had to tell you. I should have died of my grief and my repression if I had not spoken. But I did not dream that because of it you would treat him as you did. I knew, too well, that you loved him."

"It was what he deserved," said Maria, "and I have never regretted it."

"It was for myself," Martha emphasized, "it was his spirit, not his deed; and there was no sacrifice."

Martha sank back again into the darkness of her chair and the shadow of a trembling hand went out toward the warmth of the fire, as she said, "I saw him pass this afternoon; he was gray, he looked old, he had a woman with him."

"Yes," said Maria. "I saw him."

"I wondered," Martha went on, "if he came back because he had heard and wished to get the boy, or because he"—she suddenly drew herself together, and her head sank forward till she spoke through her closed hands—"Oh, if he had loved me." she said, with sad intensity, "his life might have been so different."

"He has lived," Maria answered, and the smile with which she said the words had the force of extreme severity, "the only life he could have lived."

For a time there was only the drooping of Martha's shoulders, and the suggestive loveliness of Maria's still composure. Soon Maria spoke, "Why did you not tell me, Martha, you took so great an interest in the boy? I knew, of course, you did much for him, but I never dreamed you really cared. You have thrust selfishness upon me." She paused, then asked, "How old was he?"

"He must have been twenty." Martha lifted her head and, leaning it on her hand, looked down into the fire.

"So old?" said Maria. "Yes, I remember the last time I noticed him, he seemed less overgrown, he looked quite like a man. He studied at night, you told me. I had heard from Mr. Elton of a position he might have had. It was a small enough opening, but it would have thrown him into a different line of work. I meant to speak of it to you at tea, when you told me he was dead. It is unfortunate, I am sorry, since you seem to care so much."

"It is better so," said Martha, weakly, "I am glad that he is dead. He will never have to struggle any more, and he could never have ceased from struggling. He will never feel lost and lonely any more, and he must always have felt lost and lonely. He will never have to repress the longing and intensity of an affectionate heart any more. He would have conquered—in the end I know he would have conquered—but he could never have known the joy that was his birthright. I am glad he is dead, it is better so."

"You contradicted me," said Maria, "when I said the same thing before; you lack logic, Martha, and, yes, dear, you lack humor."

"If I lack logic," said Martha, "it is because I do not need it; and if I lack humor, it is because I loved him. But you—you who are so logical, so humorous—you have been blind. I can never retrieve myself, yet I was always outside of him. But you—you have trodden underfoot a life which, nourished, might have been almost a prayer to God for you. If I could only pick up the crumbs that fall from your table, Maria!"

"Hush," said her sister, softly, and the light glimmered on her white hair, "do not reproach me. I have loved you at least, and I would have had you glad of my love."

The silence fell again with greater stillness and darkness. There was a step in the hall outside and a low tap at the door. "It is Mathilde with the light," said Maria. "Shall I tell her to come in?"

"Yes," Martha replied, glancing up and for the first time noticing the room around her. "How dark it has grown! Let her shut the window, the room is cold."

Lee Fanshawe, '99.

WITH A BOOK OF VERSES.

The master's touch has swept the strings,
The master's hand is on the bow,
But through the viol what spirit sings,
Not his? What voice he does not know?

Strange meanings thrill within the notes,
And throb and beat, beyond control;
Through every cadence subtly floats
Suggestion of another soul.

The few that feel it call it art,
And no one marks, or marks aright,
One silent listener stand apart
With shining eyes of dumb delight.

His touch untrained, his hand unskilled,
Can never wake those singing chords,
But, ah! how stir his dreams long stilled,
And melt in music, without words!

His spirit pours along the strings
Its speechless secrets, pent so long,
And all his prisoned soul takes wings
On pinions of another's song.

So, dear, if thou wilt hearken well,
This music from a master's hand
A secret not its own shall tell,
And, hearing, thou wilt understand.

Wilt feel in alien harmonies
My spirit touch thee, and wilt see
That through the master's melodies
It is my soul that sings to thee.

Cora Hardy, '99.

AT SIGHT.

Out through the arched windows of the great hall came the sound of many voices, and I could not resist peeping in. Then the curious spectacle held me spellbound. The hall was crowded, and a convention of some sort seemed to be in progress, but the poet Gray, who was silently presiding in a half-hearted fashion, sat off by himself at one end, and did nothing towards keeping order or conducting the argument. Everyone spoke when he pleased, without regard to topics or transitions. "It must be an English interview," I decided after a moment. I had heard of them, and I felt sure that nothing else could have brought such people together.

At that moment Shylock had the floor, having just risen from his seat between Satan and a military-looking gentleman who was moodily balancing a crown on his dagger.

"Don't talk to *me* about girls!" he cried in a fury, "I'm sick of the whole lot of them! They'd wheedle anything out of a man. If they're pretty and a bit clever there's no getting ahead of them! Think what a fool Portia made of the Duke. Such a beautiful scheme. all ruined by a mere quibble! Why that girl had no idea of the sanctity of an oath! Keep women out of law, I say, keep them out of public life, keep them out—"

"Come, come. Mr. Shylock! You don't want to keep us out of *every* little scheme," said Lady Macbeth with a languishing smile, and a deprecating motion of her pretty little white hands, "we *have* a place after all when—"

"Ah, madam," interrupted Shylock, bowing majestically, "if *you* had been my daughter! But there again,—think of Jessica! *What* that girl cost me before she made her miserable mésalliance!" and he turned to Mr. Ebenezer Balfour, into whose sympathetic ear he poured forth his complaint at length.

"Just listen to pa at it again!" giggled Jessica. "He always *had* such a temper there was no living with him."

"But you weren't *really* nice to him ever, Jessica," said Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon reprovingly, with a kind scowl at the pretty Jewess. "You know, my dear, 'a father is a father still.'"

"But I never *was* his daughter!" objected Jessica, "Dr. Horace Howard Furness says I wasn't! He just adopted me out of another play,—I never

belonged there at all, and it *was* awfully dull! Those old maids are so jealous," she whispered confidently to Madeline. "She never had the chance to elope, and that's what's the matter with her, isn't it, dear? By the way, Madeline," she added, raising her voice a trifle, "I've often wondered why you and Porphyro were so foolish as to go off in a storm; now my Lorenzo had lovely moonlight for me, I really didn't need the torch, you know. Why didn't you suit your setting better to your event?"

"We couldn't," sobbed poor Madeline, "we had to illustrate an effect of contrast just then! Don't be so spiteful."

"But we did contrasts, too, *beautifully*," persisted Jessica, "in *our* play, and we had lots of moonlight. Why we were just sick of it in Belmont, and—"

"Now don't be such a tease, Jessica," said Phœbe Pyncheon, ceasing from her dusting for a moment to soothe Madeline. "You all wear me out with making peace among you."

"It's your work," answered Jessica crossly. "Just as it's mine to talk about moonlight with Lorenzo. And I'm grateful it *is* Lorenzo. I should die of the topics of conversation Holgrave chooses. Pretty dull talks you two have in your ugly old garden with your cousins listening to every word you say."

"It is at least the garden of the family mansion, and no alien terrace," retorted Miss Hepzibah, drawing herself up stiffly in her long-waisted silk gown, and frowning more tenderly than ever, "Phœbe sought shelter with her own family, and did not force herself and her affairs upon strangers. So far she had the true Pyncheon spirit."

"Pray, Hepzibah," interrupted Clifford querulously, "cease illustrating the family character. I am *so* weary of serving the author's purpose! It seems to me sometimes as if that disagreeable Henry James were right about us,—we're losing all our individuality."

"Brother,—dear Clifford!" said Hepzibah with a radiant scowl. "Leave me my pride. It makes me so easy to deal with; they *all* recognize my pride, and they never really hurt my feelings about it, except when they say it recalls Satan's!"

"Ah, fair Mistress Pyncheon," exclaimed Sir Roger, bowing with exceeding gallantry towards the old lady. "His is not the pride of ancestry. Your feelings in respect to this I appreciate. It would give me pleasure some day to conduct you and the other charming ladies present through

the picture-gallery at Coverley Hall. Meanwhile allow me to say that my sympathy extends itself in like manner to your amiable brother. I myself and my good friend Wimble here are suffering from the responsibility of illustrating the life of our century."

"Ah, me," sighed a musical voice, like the sweet peal flung from hyacinth bells. "I should be so grateful if any one *could* decide what I illustrate. I've meant so many things!" and a fairy-like lady tripped up to the group, gracefully lifting her trailing hair as she came forward. Clifford smiled sadly on her.

"How delicate," he murmured, "and how lovely. Herself like a flower in her own fair garden."

"Oh, Mr. Pyncheon," said the lady reproachfully, "if you *really* cared about my garden, you'd try to keep your fowls out of it. I should think you'd have time, sitting all day at the window or in the arbour doing nothing, while I'm worn out carrying away harmful insects. See! there those hens are now, in among my tuberose, drinking all the silver dew!" And she began to sob pitifully.

"Shoo!" shouted Macduff, making a mighty rush! And in a moment the garden was cleared.

The lady shrieked. "How brutal!" she cried.

"Hush," whispered Banquo, who stood trembling in a corner. "Don't rouse him. He's a terrible fellow, he's a man of action! I never could have done it. I *couldn't* say 'shoo' to a hen! Why I never said a word about that,—that,—you know, the night I spent at the Macbeths'. I had a perfectly horrid time too. Still they blame me! But I insist that I was in a difficult position," he cried, growing more violent. "what would they have done in my place, I'd like to know?"

"Well, well, it's all over now!" said Holgrave, pausing by them for a moment to get a snap-shot of Madeline, who had dried her eyes by this time and was posing in graceful attitudes before the stained-glass window for Clifford's edification. "Don't talk so much about what's past and gone," he added, "the whole pack of you do it, you tire me terribly," and he passed on with his camera. Florian Deleal caught him by the sleeve. "She's exquisite," he murmured, "so gracefully curved,—but,—couldn't you get her away from that window? It makes me feverish. Lead her off into that cool cavernous hollow: there one may revel in the richness of the delicate whiteness of her gown."

Holgrave felt his pulse. "You go for a run in our garden," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the window.

"No, not there," sighed Florian, "it's not trim and tidy a bit, and the flowers are so gaudy. There's not a single tint among them that I can bear. I—I—don't feel very well, though, in here. It's so noisy. I can't see how Mr. Clifford stands it either. It's not in harmony with my spirit. I think I'll go sit under the sensitive plant awhile. Ah!" he added, with a little start of terror. "Here comes that *dreadful* young man!" and he glided swiftly and noiselessly away as David Balfour clumped awkwardly across the floor in his hob-nailed boots.

"Has the laddie a chill?" he inquired, with rough kindness, "gie him a drap of Lily of the Valley water, here, it'll do him brawly! Why does he birstle off there by himsel'?" But Florian had escaped by this time, and David, turning, found himself face to face with Alan Breck, who seized him by the arm. "I've been seekin' you, Davie lad," he cried, "I'm wanting to show you this pretty pair o' fighters." And he drew him off to a corner where Palamon and Arcite were fencing furiously. "I call it shameful," said Alan, "for twa gentlemen of the same house to meet at the sword's point. But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm thinkin' these callants are better fighters with their tongues than with their swords. Alan could teach them swordsmanship, eh, Davie?" Here David whispered to him that the two gentlemen who were watching Palamon and his cousin with an air of grave disapproval, were Antonio and Bassanio, and he made a significant gesture towards Shylock as he spoke.

"Ay, well," said Alan, "they look it, fine! Yet I'm thinkin', Davie lad," he added in a louder tone, "that we twa are the best pair of friends about when after a', yon's but a sad-lookin' fellow when a's told." Bassanio flushed angrily and at once his hand was on his sword. "If, Signior Breck," he exclaimed, hotly, "you have a quarrel with my friend Antonio, I am here to answer you!"

"Nay, nay, laddie," said Alan, soothingly, "I would na draw upon you. I'll fight na man wha is in love." And cocking his hat on one side of his head he began to whistle "Tell me where is Fancy bred?" in so aggravating a manner that had Antonio not restrained Bassanio and Portia thrown him a beseeching glance there might have been trouble. But just at this moment the attention of all was diverted, for the hall began to rock and sway. Satan had crossed the floor, and was politely making a sublime effort to rouse Mr. Gray. "It's no use," said the poor little gentleman dejectedly, "I can't

grow accustomed to it, it's the publicity of the thing I abhor! I who shut myself away from it all so persistently, only to be held up to derision now by every flippant miss that dares to question my silence!"

"For my part," said Satan, swelling with visual beauty, "I have little fault to find with them. They all admire me, in fact they think I'm simply *immense*." And he drew himself up to his immeasurable height with a limitless smile of boundless pride. "But," he added suddenly, ire flashing from his baleful eyes, "why *will* they say that I am '*scared*' with thunder"? The spelling of those college classes should be more carefully looked into!"

"That's where *we* have the advantage!" cried the two noble kinsmen from their corner. (They always spoke in unison like Tweedledum and Tweedledee.) "*We* may be spelled any way you please, and it does no harm." Then they returned to their noisy pastime. But Satan had never even heeded the interruption, and was still muttering in a voice like rolling thunder, "*I* scared! *I* afraid! Why my courage is my strong point, that's what I trade on altogether, that and my pride!"

"And ambition, my dear, dear friend," said Macbeth, coming forward and slapping Satan cordially on the back, "don't forget your ambition, in its human aspect! You know that's our great bond!" And three rather wild and haggard old ladies, who seemed to be doing the cooking for the party, nodded their heads in approval.

"Hear him boast of his ambition!" cried Lady Macbeth in a voice full of laughter, "I should like to know what good *that* would have done anyone if it hadn't been for me! Who urged you to your career of crime, you silly dear?" and she threw one arm around Macbeth with a caressing smile. "That's my chief importance, you know! I'll grant the idea was yours, but give *me my* due. I appreciate your point of view, your Majesty," she continued, turning towards Satan, "those girls *are* an aggravating set! Why they have even called me *old! Old!* It's enough to make one walk in her sleep!"

"Do you have bad dreams?" asked Phoebe Pyncheon briskly, darting forward like a ray of sunshine, "I'm so sorry! you don't look cheerful either of you. Now the trouble with you seems to me to be that the marvelous was too abruptly introduced into your lives. You see it was mingled with ours like a delicate evanescent flavour. That makes so much difference."

"Speaking of curses," murmured a long-bearded nautical man in a thrilling tone, as he came forward holding out a skinny hand.

"I never said a word about curses!" cried the little sunbeam, "I don't believe in them!"

The old sailor fixed her with a glittering look. "Speaking of curses," he continued, "*I* have a story—"

Here I noticed a general nervous flutter, and the company began to break up, like the party round the pool in "Alice in Wonderland," each one urging some excuse for himself.

"The case went against me," snarled Shylock. "You know it did. I had to hear Portia talk about mercy, must I listen to you, too?"

"I let the starling out of the cage, indeed I did," said little Florian, clinging to the lovely Christabel, who was the most shadowy lady he could find in the company.

"I freed the hare, sir," stoutly asserted Sir Roger.

"After all, there is nothing wrong in catching fish," said Will Wimble, "one must eat."

"And there is a practical need for leeches," urged a rather bowed old gentleman with bare feet, who was tapping the floor nervously with his staff.

"My story is for *this* gentleman," continued the persistent naval hero, and he addressed himself to a prosperous-looking person who had been wandering about among the company, making the most curious facial contortions; beaming smiles of cordiality were chasing fiendish grins across his face at stated intervals. When he saw that his fate could not be averted he made but one protest, and that a faint one.

"The wedding,—Phoebe and Holgrave, you know," he said weakly, "they're going to unite the families, I'll be awfully late." But he evidently knew it was vain.

The rest of the company had dispersed; the two figures stood alone in the middle of the hall; the old man's voice rose and fell monotonously. I began to grow sleepy,—then sleepier.

"After all," I thought to myself, "there was no unity in the whole affair, I can't find any theme."

I yawned drowsily. Jaffrey Pyncheon's distorted face grew blurred and dim, then disappeared altogether in a kind of legendary mist.

I rubbed my eyes, rubbed them again,—then,—I knew no more.

COLLEGIANA.

BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE Bryn Mawr Club of New York has now one hundred and one members, twenty-nine of whom have been admitted since October, 1901. The apartment at 138 East Fortieth street has been retained, with three members in residence. On one afternoon each week an informal tea has been held in charge of some member appointed by the House Committee. Meals have been served to a large number of members and their guests. In the Christmas vacation two teas were given for the undergraduates.

In March a concert was arranged by a committee of five, of which Charly T. Mitchell, '98, was chairman, for the benefit of the Library Fund. Madame Suzanne Adams and Mr. David Bispham generously gave their services, though illness unfortunately prevented Mr. Bispham from attending and Mr. Fisher sang in his place; the program included also Mr. Leo Stern. The concert was given at the Waldorf-Astoria. About \$2,300 was realized. A committee to collect subscriptions for the fund in New York has also been organized; of this committee Marion Parris, '01, is chairman.

Arrangements are now making for the incorporation of the Club.

Susan Fowler, 1895.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club has been most successful this year. At the first business meeting it was deemed prudent slightly to alter the constitution in order that business might be more readily executed, and to increase the membership fee. The Club has never before been so large and well supported. It seems quite to have outgrown its place of meeting, the drawing-rooms of Pembroke East, and looks forward, together with so many other associations in Bryn Mawr, to the completion of the Students' Building, where large numbers of guests and students will be able to meet with greater ease and pleasure.

The Club is much indebted to the following speakers, who have been obtained through the kindness of Dr. Irons and Dr. Leuba:

November 22. Mr. JOHN G. HIBBEN, of Princeton University. *Free-will, Fatalism and Determinism.*

December 13. Mr. GEORGE STUART FULLERTON, of the University of Pennsylvania. *Schiller as a Philosopher.*

January 10. Mr. A. C. ARMSTRONG, of Wesleyan University, Middletown. *Typical Eras of Scepticism.*

February 21. Mr. EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. *The Schoolmen and Aristotle.*

April 4. Mr. EDMUND C. SANFORD, of Clark University, Worcester. *Mental Growth and Decay.*

April 19. Mr. GEORGE SANTAYANA, of Harvard University. *Idealism versus the Ideal.*

E. T. O., 1902.

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SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

THE attendance at the Sunday Evening Meetings has been good during the year. An especial endeavor has been made to make the students feel how purely non-sectarian the meetings are meant to be. In this Miss Susan Franklin, Bryn Mawr '89, one of the institutors of the meetings, has helped by leading early in the year. She told the students what the spirit of the early meetings was and what was their ideal. An effort has also been made to make the alumnae feel not only as if they were welcome, but also as if, with their broader view, they were needed at the meetings.

E. K. P., 1902.

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE work of the Christian Union has been growing stronger during the past year and steadily gaining more interested support from the students. The fortnightly meetings in the chapel, the Bible Classes and Mission Study classes have shown a marked increase in attendance. The roll of the Union now shows a membership of 254.

The work of the various committees has been carried on along the same general lines as in the preceding years. The Philanthropic Committee has continued its successful work in the maids' Sunday-school and weekday classes, while to the latter have been added classes for the boys of Taylor and Dalton. The reading at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, though interrupted for a time by the small-pox epidemic, has been continued as usual. There has been much interest shown in the classes conducted by the Bible Study Committee. The courses have been arranged on the same plan as before, a different course for each academic class, the only change being the omission this year of the graduate class. Under the direction of the Missionary Committee the number of the Mission Study classes has been increased to two in the first semester and three in the second. At the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto in February, Bryn Mawr was represented by a delegation of seventeen. The Missionary Committee sends each year a Christmas box of toys to the Crow Indian Agency in Montana and also has charge of the Missionary offering of the college which goes to the support of Miss Tsuda's School for Girls in Tokyo, Japan.

In addition to the former committees an Intercollegiate Committee has been formed, the Vice-President of the Union acting as Chairman, the work of which is to

keep in touch with the religious work of other colleges, both in this country and abroad.

A Finance Committee has also been organized to assist the Treasurer in receiving the contributions which have been made this year in fortnightly subscriptions.

The public speakers for the year have been Miss CLARA REED, of Vassar, 1901, on *The Place of Mission Study in General Culture*, and Miss LILA WATT on *Work Among the Lepers in India*.

M. H. H., 1902.

* * *

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

AT the beginning of the year more interest than usual was shown in the work of the Local Chapter of the College Settlement Association. The general plan of last year was repeated. Committees of Three on Speakers and on Saturday Morning Games were appointed. Many names were handed in to the latter committee, but the work which promised so well was cut short by the spread of small-pox in Philadelphia, for it was deemed unadvisable for students to risk any possible danger of contagion by visiting the Settlement. This interruption meant a twofold loss: not only were the workers in the Settlement obliged to look elsewhere for assistance, but the interest always created by personal contact with the life of the Settlement abated. Although the personal work in the Settlement was temporarily given up, the Chapter hopes to raise enough money to put in a very much needed floor in the Christian Street House.

Miss Elizabeth Williams, the head worker in the New York College Settlement, gave an interesting address on *The History and the Influence of the Settlement*.

The work of the Economic Club, started last year, was resumed. The purpose of this Club has been to enable all the students to discuss practical economic questions in informal meetings. Several meetings have been held where such topics as the Fresh Air work were brought up. Personal experiences were given, followed by discussions.

C. S. C., 1902.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

DURING the year of 1901-02 the Music Committee proposed giving five concerts instead of four, and increasing the price of course tickets from four to five dollars. The concerts were to be given by Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Leonora Jackson, the Kneisel Quartette, The Natzi Ayzar Hungarian Orchestra, and Mr. Plunkett Greene. Owing to the non-support of the concerts by the students, it became necessary to give up the fourth concert, and for the same reason the Music Committee will probably be dissolved another year.

E. D. W., 1902.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

IN college athletics during the year 1901-02 basketball has, as usual, held the most important place. The contest for the championship last spring resulted in the victory of 1901, who had unquestionably a very excellent team, and well deserved winning for the second time the silver lantern held previously by them in 1898. The annual undergraduate-alumnæ game was played the day before Commencement, and resulted in a victory for the Varsity team.

An important and long-desired addition was made to outdoor sports last autumn, when, through the kindness of President Thomas and Miss Garrett, hockey was introduced into the college. The game was very enthusiastically received, and has already acquired almost as much general interest as basketball. It is hoped that by next fall the teams will be sufficiently well organized to hold match games, and that these may become a regular feature of college athletics, just as the championship basketball games now are.

In the annual fall tennis tournament the silver cup was successfully defended by Jean Butler Clarke, who had held it for the first time the year before. If she wins it again next year the cup becomes her property, otherwise it will still be offered as a trophy until it has been won for three successive years by the same person.

The Association regrets that there has been by no means the same vigorous interest in indoor athletics as has been shown in outdoor sports. In both the swimming contest and the record marking, want of practice was very noticeable, showing that there was little rivalry among classes or individuals for first place in the events. While it is no doubt far better to neglect indoor athletics than outdoor sports, still a greater interest in the former would stimulate the whole athletic life of the college, and is therefore much to be desired.

H. M. B., 1902.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE aim of the Conference Committee is to keep the alumnæ, the graduates and the undergraduates in touch with each other. The Committee consists, in all, of two alumnæ and the President of the Alumnæ Association, three graduates and the President of the Graduate Club, and four undergraduates and the President of the Undergraduate Association. At the last meeting it was decided to hold in the future two business meetings a year and to make the other meetings merely social affairs, where questions of general interest are discussed. There have been three such meetings this year, the pleasure of which is increased by the presence of ex-members, for all former members of the Conference Committee who are in the neighborhood are invited to the social meetings.

A. G., 1904.

THE GLEE CLUB.

CONTRARY to the custom of the past few years, the Glee Club has given two concerts this year instead of one. The first concert, the usual college concert, was given on Tuesday evening, April 8; the second one, a concert given for the benefit of the Undergraduate Fund for the Library Building, was given Friday afternoon, May 2. The tone of the chorus was immensely improved this year, owing to the excellent training in tone production and expression given by the musical director, Miss Barry. The soloist, this year, was Miss Florence Craig, whose charming soprano voice has been a great addition to the Club. At the first concert the Glee Club was assisted by the Mandolin Club, at the second by Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman and Mr. Van Gelder.

Encouraged by the good-will with which its efforts were taken by the college, the Glee Club, as usual, sang on the Senior steps in the evening during the spring months.

M. R. W., 1903.

* * *

STUDENTS' BUILDING COMMITTEE.

THE interests of the Students' Building have suffered somewhat, lately, in comparison with the more urgent needs of the Library. Nevertheless the Committee are confident that when the Library and new dormitory have once been secured to us, the fund will grow more rapidly for this other building of which our various plays, suppers, and meetings are in such crying need.

A statement of the condition of the Students' Building Fund, at present, will be of interest:

Invested in City of Philadelphia three per cent loans.....	\$10,000 00
Premium one-half per cent and broker's commission one-fourth per cent..	75 00
Deposited in Girard Trust Company and in Bryn Mawr Trust Company..	689 52
Promised (by Class of 1900).....	160 00
	<hr/>
	\$10,924 52

To this amount the following sums were added in 1901:

By 1901 Calendars	\$1,163 56
By members of 1903	100 00

A general statement is all that is possible, at this date, in regard to the receipts from the 1902 Calendars. They have cleared, to date, about \$1,500.00, but as it was decided to turn over to the Library Fund as much of the proceeds as could be diverted from their original purpose, the sum to go to the Students' Building will probably be about \$200.00.

A. M. K., 1903.

TROPHY CLUB.

WITHIN the past few months, a number of public-spirited Alumnae have organized the Trophy Club, which, though at present small, is still very representative. It consists of Alumnae and undergraduates, has its Constitution and its object, which is to stimulate college spirit by collecting trophies. These are the programs, lanterns, class pictures and seals of the College, and include anything else that may be of interest to our Alumnae, our undergraduates, or the students of future classes. These trophies are collected at present in a small case which stands in Pembroke East, proudly exhibiting itself as the first college equivalent of the school-girl's Memory-Book. We hope that the sight of the very choice relics enclosed in the case will incite our own students and those who come later to carry on our own customs and form new ones, so that we shall need more cases to hold our relics. Then will the small institution grow, until some day it will become an indispensable part of the College. Then, too, by upholding its purpose in preserving these small reminders of past events, it will awaken the memories and renew the ties of former associations and friendship and will help to form new ones. In this way the college spirit of which we are so proud, if it cannot be increased, will at least be perpetuated.

G. F. W., 1904.

* * *

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

THIS club was formed last spring by several members of the Class of 1903 who felt that from it they might gain much in the way of logical thinking and clear, concise expression.

Although keeping true parliamentary form in mind as an ideal, the members realized that, because of the comparatively small amount of time at their disposal, they could do little in the declamatory science and they have, therefore, concentrated their energies on their material and the consecutiveness of their arguments. Great enthusiasm and interest has always been shown by both speakers and audience. All the members feel that they have gained much real interest in many political and economic questions of the day and this has brought with it a desire to read the newspapers and trace these matters in their further development.

But the subjects for debate have not been entirely confined to politics and economics, and in the face of great prejudice, soon turning to surprise, many plausible arguments were brought forward to prove that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

It is to be hoped that other classes will establish similar organizations and rouse more and more interest in such matters, until at some future time there may be a general organization where all may debate.

E. D., 1903.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE work of the Graduate Club has gone on much the same as usual during the past year. At the opening meeting President Thomas spoke informally on *Women and Graduate Work*. During the winter formal addresses were made by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie on *Idealism in American Life* and by Professor Brumbaugh on *Education in Porto Rico*. Miss Agnes Repplier read before the Club two short papers, one on the *Gaiety in Life*, to appear soon in *Harper's Monthly*, the other, entitled *The Dragon's Teeth*, to appear in the *Outlook*.

The members of the Club have poured tea in the Club rooms four times a week from four to six and a reception was given by the Club to Monsieur Le Roux during his visit to Bryn Mawr in March. Miss Bourland was sent as delegate to the annual meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs. She spoke in favor of the publication of an annual hand-book in preference to the monthly magazine which had been proposed as the organ of the Federation.

The Club was fortunate in saving most of the china, furniture and pictures from the Club rooms at the time of the Denbigh fire. All the minutes and records of the Club were lost.

G. L. J., 1900.

* * *

BRYN MAWR CLUB.

President—SUSAN FOWLER, '95.

Vice-President—MARIE L. MINOR, '94.

Corresponding Secretary—JOSEPHINE C. GOLDMARK, '98.

Recording Secretary—EDITH LAWRENCE, '97.

Chairman of House Committee—ELIZABETH B. HIGGINSON, '97.

Chairman of Committee on Admissions—FRANCES ARNOLD, '97.

MILDRED MINTURN, '97.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—MARIE REIMER.

Vice-President—HARRIET BROOKS.

Secretary—KATE WATKINS TIBBALS.

Treasurer—LOIS ANNA FARNHAM.

Executive Committee— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{EDITH HALL.} \\ \text{MARGARETHE URDAHL.} \\ \text{CELLA GREENWOOD.} \end{array} \right.$

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PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—EDITH THOMPSON ORLADY.

Vice-President and Treasurer—ELEANOR DENNISTOUN WOOD.

Secretary—ANNE MAYNARD KIDDER.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—HELEN MAY BILLMEYER, 1902.
Secretary—HELEN JACKSON RAYMOND, 1903.
Vice-President and Treasurer—RUTH B. I. WOOD, 1904.
Indoor Manager—ELIZABETH TREAT LYON, 1902.
Outdoor Manager—LINDA B. LANGE, 1903.

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DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—ALICE DAY.
Committee—
 { EDITH THOMPSON ORLADY, 1902.
 { MARTHA ROOF WHITE, 1903.
 { ELIZABETH FARRIS STODDARD, 1902.
 { ADOLA GREELEY, 1904.

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MUSIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman—ELEANOR DENNISTOUN WOOD, 1902.
Treasurer—MARTHA R. WHITE, 1903.
 ADALINE HAVEMEYER, 1905.

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COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Officers for year 1901-02:

Elector—CORNELIA CAMPBELL, 1902.
Secretary—AGATHA LAUGHLIN, 1903.
Treasurer—ISABEL PETERS, 1904.
Chairman of Committee on Saturday Morning Games—
 PHILENA WINSLOW, 1903.
Chairman of Committee on Speakers—ELSIE SERGEANT, 1903.

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in February, 1901:

President—MARION HARTSHORN HAINES, 1902.
Vice-President—EVELYN F. MORRIS, 1903.
Secretary—KATHARINE E. SCOTT, 1904.
Treasurer—AGNES M. SINCLAIR, 1903.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—MARTHA ROOT WHITE, 1903.*Secretary*—C. C. CASE, 1904.*Treasurer*—ADOLA GREELEY, 1904.*Assistant Treasurer*—HELEN STURGIS, 1905.

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STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*Executive Board.**President*—ELINOR DODGE, 1902.*Vice-President*—ELIZABETH STODDARD, 1902.

EDITH DABNEY, 1903.

ELINOR DODGE, 1902.

ELIZABETH FARRIS STODDARD, 1902.

ETHEL HULBURD, 1903.

VIRGINIA RAGSDALE.

KATE NILES MORSE, *Graduate*.*Secretary*—EVELYN F. MORRIS, 1903.*Treasurer*—AGNES M. SINCLAIR, 1903.

* * *

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

President—EDITH DABNEY, 1903.*Secretary*—IDA LANGDON, 1903.

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APPOINTMENTS AND CHANGES IN THE FACULTY AND
STAFF OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, FOR THE YEAR
1902-03.

Dr. George A. Barton, Associate Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages, has been granted leave of absence for one year to hold the Directorship of the American School for Oriental studies and research in Palestine.

Mr. Henry Nevill Sanders has been appointed Associate Professor of Greek. Mr. Sanders is an A. B. of Trinity University, Toronto; and held the Fellowship in Greek in Johns Hopkins University from 1897-98. He was Lecturer in Greek at McGill University in 1900-02.

Dr. Albert P. Wills has resigned the Associateship in Applied Mathematics and Physics.

Dr. James Waddell Tupper has resigned the Associateship in English Literature.

M. Lucien Foulet has been promoted to be Associate Professor of French Literature.

Mr. Gordon Hall Gerould has been promoted to be Associate in English Philology.

Mr. Chauncey B. Tinker, A. B. and A. M., of Yale University, Assistant in English, Yale College, 1899 to 1900; and Foote Fellow in English, Yale College, 1900-02, has been appointed Associate in English.

Dr. William B. Huff has been appointed Associate in Physics. Dr. Huff's academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Wisconsin, 1889; A. M., University of Chicago, 1896; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1900; Assistant in Physics, Johns Hopkins University, 1900-02.

Dr. William Sargent Burrage's appointment as lecturer in Greek has expired.

Mr. Alvin Saunders Johnson has resigned the Readership in Economics.

Dr. Nellie Neilson has resigned the Readership in English.

Miss Pauline Wight Brigham has resigned the Readership in English.

Mr. William Roy Smith has been appointed Reader in History. Mr. Smith's academic record is as follows: A. B., University of Texas, 1897, and A. M., 1898; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1898 to 1900; Acting Professor of History and Political Science, University of Colorado, 1900-01; Lecturer in History, Barnard College, 1901-02.

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EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE YEAR 1902-03.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow.

Helen May Billmeyer, New York City, N. Y.

Group, History and Political Science. Prepared by Miss Florence Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr; Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Middle and Southern States, 1898-99; Holder of the Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, 1901-02.

President's European Fellow.

Harriet Brooks, Montreal, Canada.

A. B., McGill University, 1898. Graduate Student, McGill University, 1898-99; Tutor in Mathematics and Research Student in Physics, Royal Victoria College, 1899-1901; Fellow in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow.

Marie Reimer, East Aurora, N. Y.

A. B., Vassar College, 1897. Graduate Scholar in Chemistry, Vassar College, 1897-98; Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory, Vassar College, 1898-99; Fellow in Chemistry, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900; Graduate Scholar and Fellow by Courtesy, 1900-01.

RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1901-02.

Fellow in Greek.

Gwendolen Brown Willis, of Racine, Wis.

A. B., University of Chicago, 1896, and Graduate Student, 1900-01;
Graduate Student in the American School, Athens, 1901-02.

Fellow in Latin.

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, of Washington, D. C.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1900; Holder of the Bryn Mawr European
Fellowship, and Graduate Student in Greek and Archæology, Bryn
Mawr College, 1900-01; Student at the University of Berlin, 1901-02.

Fellow in Teutonic Philology.

Agnes Julia de Schweinitz, of Bethlehem, Pa.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1899; Graduate Scholar in German and
Teutonic Philology, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900; Teacher of German
in the Portland School, Portland, Ore., 1900-01; Student at the Uni-
versity of Leipsic, 1901-02.

Fellow in Romance Languages.

Florence Leftwich, of Baltimore, Md.

Wellesley College, 1884-85; A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1895; Holder
of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, and Student in Romance
Languages, Sorbonne and Collège de France, 1895-96; Mistress of
Modern Languages, Mississippi Industrial Institute and College, Col-
umbus, Miss., 1896-98; Fellow by Courtesy in Romance Languages,
Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99; Holder of the European Fellowship of
the Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Educa-
tion of Women, and Student, University of Zürich, 1899-1900; Teacher
of French in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., 1900-01; Graduate
Scholar and Fellow by Courtesy in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr
College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Mathematics.

Virginia Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C.

S. B., Guilford College, 1892; Graduate Scholar in Mathematics, 1892-93,
and Graduate Student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-97;
A. B., 1896; Holder of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship and
Assistant Demonstrator in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1896-97;
Student in Mathematics, University of Göttingen, 1897-98; Teacher of
Science and Mathematics in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md.,
1898-1900, and Assistant Teacher of Mathematics, 1900-01; Holder of
the Fellowship of the Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the
University Education of Women, and Graduate Student in Mathematics,
Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Physics.

Eugenia Fowler, of Baltimore, Md.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1901; Mistress of Llanberis, and Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-02.

Fellow in Chemistry.

Willey Denis, of New Orleans, La.

A. B., Tulane University, 1899; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1901; Graduate Student in Chemistry, Tulane University, 1901-02.

Fellow in Biology.

Nettie M. Stevens, of San José, Cal.

A. B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1899, and A. M., 1900; Student in Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, San Francisco, Summer, 1897, 1898, and 1899; Graduate Scholar in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-01; Holder of the President's European Fellowship, and Student, Zoological Station, Naples, 1901-02.

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GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1902-1903.

English.—Katherine Jackson, A. B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1898, and A. M., 1900.

Romance Languages.—Blandina Sibyl Thurston, A. B., University of Oregon, 1898, and A. M., 1902.

Archaeology.—Edith Hayward Hall, A. B., Smith College, 1899.

Ethel McCoy Walker, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

History.—Grace Albert, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897.

Helen Henry Hodge, A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1900.

Mathematics.—Myrtle Knepper, A. B., University of Missouri, 1898, and A. M., 1900.

Biology.—Margaret A. Reed, A. B., Woman's College of Baltimore, 1901.

Ellen Torrelle, Ph. B., University of Minnesota, 1901.

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UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1902-1903.

Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholar.—Eleanor Louie Fleisher.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship.—Edna Aston Shearer.

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship.—Mary Rachel Norris.

Anna Powers Memorial Scholarship.—Margaret Elizabeth Brusstar.

Maria Hopper Scholarships.—Bertha Warner Seely.

Alice Lovell (by request of Founder's executors).

George W. Childs Essay Prize.—Sara Montenegro.

“LEVIORE PLECTRO.”

“*. . . born to be
An hour or half's delight.*”

A LAMENT UNDER PEM-
BROKE ARCHWAY.

[By the soul of Thomas Gray embodied
in a white and yellow dog.]

10.30 P. M.

INTRODUCTION.

One half-hour since the bell from Taylor
rang;
The students hastened swiftly West and
East;
The doors are locked, the archway lights
burn dim,—
And I am left, an “isolated” beast.
No albatross shot I with my cross-bow,—
(No cross-bow owned, wherewith a bird
to shoot).—
And yet a fearful curse pursues my
crime,
And I must wander still, a silent brute.

I.

A man of reputation, widely learned.
Every acquirement stored I could com-
mand;
No gift was wasted when on me bestowed,
And nature's beauties I could understand.

II.

High were my qualities of soul, and kind
My heart that for each friend in grief
could feel;
Humour my “natural turn,” and spor-
tiveness
In many a joke and playful jest could
deal.

III.

And oh, the pathos of my sentiment!
What poet ever better was equipped?
But melancholy preyed upon my soul,
And failing health the lyric blossom
nipped!

IV.

“Born out of date” I weakly yielded to
The “want of sympathy” and pains of
gout.—
And though I *could*, and though Bon-
stetten urged,—
(That “mercurial Swiss”)—
I never would “speak out!”

V.

Now hear my doom, ye silent, and be-
ware!
Spare not your words, but hurry into
print.—
Force not your college editors to *urge*,
But send in copy on the slightest hint!

THE CURSE.

First in an essay all my life reviewed,
And I who lived secluded, fled the whirl,
Now find my name a byword in Bryn
Mawr,
The mock and jeer of every half-fledged
girl.

My soul this latter Pembroke now must
haunt,
Within a cur, deprived of human speech;
Endless *my* “quiet hours,” night and day,
A lesson to the stubborn thus I teach.

A CONSERVATIVE.

I drives dis mule from sun-up
 'Twel workin' hours am through,
 An' all my pay I lays away,
 To keep for Liza Lou;
 For her an' me was co'tin'
 Ontwel dey turned her head,
 But she's been tryin' to be too fine
 Sence she ate de w'ite folks' bread.

I fixed to live wid Liza
 In cabin number fo'
 (W'ich Marse war gwine to w'itewash
 fine)

Wid a bean-vine over de do';
 But w'en I speak o' de weddin',
 She say dat she don' expec'
 She kin hol' her own on po'k and pone,
 'Case corn pone scratch her neck.

She wears Miss Sally's dresses,
 An' gits her wo'n-out shoes,
 An' de gal ain' horn w'at kin put on
 Sech airs ez Liza Lou's;
 Ef she mus' live like w'ite folks,
 An' hoe-cake ain' 'gwine do,
 I's got my pay all laid away,
 But it ain't for Liza Lou.
 Git up, mule!

C. H., '99.

(Reprinted from *Fortnightly Philistine*.)

A kiss compelled is only half a kiss,
 A smile, teased forth and tardy, brings
 no joy;
 The bliss we beg, though granted, is not
 bliss—
 No grudging heart gives gold without
 alloy.

THE TURN-OVER.

I would have it clearly understood that
 I am no enemy to the higher education of
 women; on the contrary I admire and

praise those young creatures who have
 devoted themselves to learning in order
 to demonstrate to society the intellectual
 superiority of the female portion of it.
 Nevertheless I should be much grieved if
 the fair sex were to lose those attractions
 they already possess in the pursuit of
 new ones and were to give over for the
 academic cap and gown those frills and
 furbelows that are so fitting a comple-
 ment of woman's charm:

"Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter
 habet."

However there is apparently no danger
 of this at present, since the students of
 Bryn Mawr now neglect the study of
 science and philosophy to devote their
 time exclusively to the making of turn-
 overs. The turn-over is not, as one
 might infer from the name, a variety of
 apple tart, or anything edible, but an
 adornment for the neck; more particu-
 larly, it is a narrow strip of linen em-
 brodered and worn at the top of an
 ordinary collar.

The construction of the turn-over is
 not so simple as at first sight appears;
 in fact it requires great skill and origi-
 nality, for each one conceives and car-
 ries out her own designs, and it is a
 matter of rivalry to see who can produce
 the most charming arrangements of form
 and color. So that the gods of Olympus
 were not more astonished by Vertumnus'
 changes of apparel than is the campus
 Spectator by the varieties of turn-overs.

Constantia has a different one for
 every lecture during the day and each is
 embroidered in an appropriate design:
 fleurs-de-lis for French, Greek scrolls for
 philosophy, while a garland of butter-
 cups and primroses encircles her throat
 when she attends her class in botany.

She assures me, moreover, that the making of turn-overs has a most beneficial effect upon nervous temperaments, and that the present Seniors attribute their remarkable composure and consequent success in the Orals wholly to their diligent application to this line of work.

I approve, as I have said, of the education of woman in all the learning of the ancients and moderns, in art, philosophy, and science, if only she will continue to make so suitable a use of that learning. The metaphysics of Plato and the poems of Vergil shall she know; the history of the human race even from the days of the hideous gorilla shall be narrated to her, and the innermost parts of the earth laid bare before her wondering eyes; nor shall the hidden workings of nature remain any longer secret, provided only that this knowledge finds its expression in the turn-over.

F. W. C., 1902.

AT EVENING.

The wind is whispering through the trees,
 'Way far and wide, and low and high,
 To birds and beetles, beasts and bees,
 An evening lullaby.

And daylight done, the fishes too
 Rest in the ever singing sea
 That rocks them in its arms, while you
 Sing bedtime songs to me.

Until each tiny woodland thing,
 And baby creatures through the deep,
 As tired children, listening,
 Shall shut their eyes and sleep.

To dream across the whole long night
 Of shining skies and waters blue,
 And all that makes the day's delight,
 And I perhaps of you.

Caroline McCormick, '96.

THE CAM-U-EL.

The Cam-u-el's a noble soul,
 And one who knows him states
 He is incapable of wrath;
 He never, never hates.

He carries people back and forth,
 From early break of day;
 Folks say he kneels to take on loads,
 He really kneels to pray.

He eats his food before he goes
 To four-weeks-distant places,
 He takes a drink three times a year;
 He's frugal of oases.

“Oh if you want a Christian beast,”
 Papa has often said,
 “Though roughly built,—for gentleness
 The camel's way ahead.”

G. F. W., 1904.

LE CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.

When sparkles every bough with buds,
 And every field is pricked with green,
 When April calls without the door,
 And dreams at casements lean,

Then, dear, the wind is fair for Spain,
 The sea-path smooth beneath the prow;
 Come—sail we through the horizon's
 gate,
 And build our castle now!

High in the bosom of a hill,
 Set round with music-whispering trees,
 Down through the first soft veil of sky,
 Let it o'erlook the seas.

A mighty traffic up and down,
 With eloud and wind shall come and
 go,
 Charming our rest with memories
 That once we toiled even so.

Bid twilight brood in every room,
 And sunshine bask beside the wall;
 While 'mid the tapestries shall gleam
 Bugles that never call.

Mabel P. C. Huddleston, '89.

THE CHILD IN THE TEMPLE.

When little Florian awoke
 And said his morning prayer,
 A chastened gleam of daylight broke
 On walls subdued and fair.

Oh dreadful thought! Had light less
 wan
 On glaring background waved,
 The soul of little Florian
 Might never have been saved.

DECEMBER.

Now worn December shrouds her ashen
 hair
 Deep in a mantle, black as midnight
 skies,
 In vain against the freezing winds' that
 tear
 The streaming locks across her blinded
 eyes.
 And still she clears her sight with shiv-
 ering hand,
 To gaze upon the portent high above,
 Enchanting Eastern kings, across the
 sand
 Of deserts, on striding beasts, for their
 Lord's love
 To go, laden with gifts. Over the earth,
 Herald of truth and might, the splen-
 dour burns;
 But brightest there, where the celestial
 Birth
 Within a manger shines. His mother
 turns

His radiant head with quivering touch,
 once more
 To brood with love on the dear Son she
 bore.

(Reprinted from Fortnightly Philistine.)

I asked of everyone I knew
 Why I was I and you were you.
 And some there were who only smiled,
 And some who called me "funny child,"
 And some who said, till I was grown
 I'd better leave such things alone.
 Some others tried—though 'twas in
 vain—

This simple matter to explain.
 But nobody has told me true
 Why I am I and you are you.

Caroline McCormick, '96.

WHEN TILDY DANCE DE REEL.

Dere's many a step in de minuet,
 Powerful grand and slow,
 With de stately bow an' de curtsey, yet
 Dere's a livelier dance I know.
 Where de candles am a-shinin' on de pine-
 wood floor
 She jigs it toe and heel,
 An' de niggers dey crowd to de kitchin
 door
 When Tildy dance de reel.

Fiddles dey scrape an' strike up a song
 You can hear to de bottom of de street,
 An' de fellers der hearts is follerin'
 along
 To de tap of Tildy's feet.
 Break-down here, Kentucky shuffle dere,
 Petticoats a-tu'nin' in a whirl,
 Right foot, lef' foot, shake it in de air,
 Say, you should see dat girl!

A. M. K., 1903.

(Reprinted from Fortnightly Philistine.)

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1903

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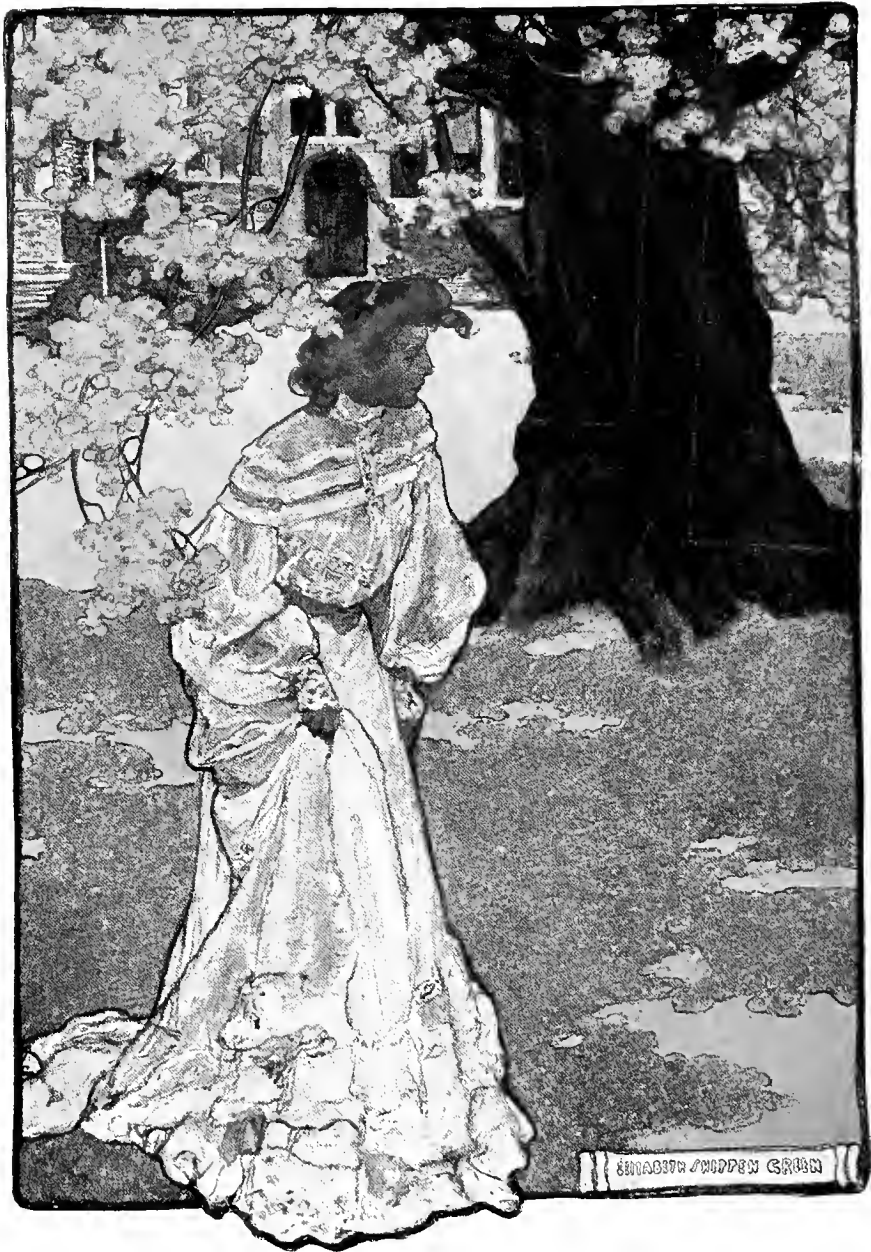
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A Corner of Pembroke West

THE LANTERN

No. 12

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1903

EDITORIAL.

THIS spring the familiar aspect of our campus is passing away, and the daily sound of building conjures up before our imaginations the vision of a coming glorious Bryn Mawr. In spite of the pride with which we examine the plans of our new and stately halls, there cannot fail to be a gentle, reminiscent regret in our minds for certain green paths and cherry-trees, hallowed by long association, and now soon to disappear: this period of change and transition brings with it backward glances, thoughts of the past, and a premonition of the time to come when we shall be telling future generations of old days before the new library and dormitory had sprung up by the side of Pembroke West, and therefore it may not be out of place for us, who realize that the Bryn Mawr which we know is quite different from the Bryn Mawr of even the immediate classes who follow us, to indulge ourselves for once and enter a plea for sentimentality.

Our own age does not look kindly upon sentiment. The day is long passed of the heroine who "grew tender over drowning flies." The girl who sighs and embroiders is so much a relic of another generation that we know her only as a heroine of Richardson and Maria Edgeworth, or as a type in the old-fashioned play, but in the college girl the passing of a certain romantic attitude towards her academic life and work is so recent that many present undergraduates have witnessed the evolution. The first college women, many years ago, held as almost sacred the institutions which they themselves planned and set into operation, and this veneration was peculiarly lasting in the case of Bryn Mawr. It has been a popular criticism which we have rather prided ourselves upon and liked to believe was true

that we were too conservative of the past, too clamorous for precedent. An innovation was always liable to be treated coldly, an infringement in our various functions of the wonderful unwritten law of procedure was met with loud outcry, and the Freshmen were scared into reverential awe by upper-classmen who instructed them in the customs of their predecessors. Now this attitude is tending to pass away.

I do not mean for an instant that there is not as deep a love for the College, as great a devotion to its interests, as formerly. It seems indeed absurd to harp upon *college spirit*, that much-abused term, when the daily life of Bryn Mawr gives evidence, never keener, of an eager zest in its various phases. The college woman, here as well as elsewhere no longer a type apart, offers the combination, long declared an anomaly, of charm and light-heartedness with intellect and a genuine interest in the things that are worth while. None the less there is a danger that her college education may come to be merely incidental in a woman's busy life, instead of its chief moulding force, that she will go there, as she went to boarding-school, to get what she may of study and athletics and all the novel life before she passes on to the next interest. College can never mean to a woman, generally speaking, all that it does to a man in the way of training her for a vocation, but nevertheless it leaves as deep an impress upon her. During four years she has elected to live in a scholarly atmosphere, apart from outside interests, she has labored and played and discussed, not very wisely, and she carries away with her a certain poise and distinction. She ought to acknowledge that she owes her college life a very great debt for many of the qualities which are afterwards to make her useful and admired, and which do not necessarily include "learning, that cobweb of the brain."

THE ELECTION AT RADNAGE.

A September sun slanted through the high amber panes of the library and glinted among the silver muffincers and rose-covered Derby with which Mrs. Ullmann's fingers were busy. It cast a subdued flood of light on the green leather and dark oak, and radiated softly up to the manifold bindings. It gave subtle shades to the portraits of last generation greatness whom the elder Ullmanns had reckoned as intimates, Browning and Marian Cross and Wilkie Collins, not to speak of quaint, out-of-the-way *littérateurs* whose names are already by many forgotten. It insinuated itself between the crevices of a pretentious jade vase, a gift from an Eastern potentate to an Ullmann, and lightly skimmed the glazed photographs of Ullmanns in uniform and court costume ranged here and there between bronzes on a shelf which skirted the bookcases. Everything from the Eastern carpet to the oak beams shimmered in mellow light as it sifted through gentle fretworks of ivy. Near a long glass door leading to a rose-garden was seated the caller.

She was tall and notably pretty in an ultra-fashionable way, suggesting a life of smart functions with interludes of court dressmakers. There was something not to be passed over in her aspect, a height, perhaps, which commanded respect for its inches and insisted on its fraction of an inch, or perhaps a subtlety of purpose beneath the almost too brilliant smile which was characteristic. In contradistinction to her dark glistening quality was her hostess. To an American Mrs. Ullmann bore all the hall-marks of a New Englander though not, perhaps, a Bostonian; a simple directness of manner, an open point of view, and a few obvious distinguishing tricks of speech. She appeared habitually to deprecate any sectional bias and, as it were, to endeavour in her own single personality to dovetail the choicest provincialisms of two nations. Her point of view was wide. She represented the breadth of the country in which she was born, and was conscious of a detachment from British prejudice. Yet hers was a clear reversion to type, —so much so that English people never entirely accepted her birth, recognizing in her the inheritance of a remote line of British matrons. It was as though a plant after long experience as an indifferently flourishing exotic

found itself returned to its natural soil, signaling the happy event by one supreme output of bloom and fragrance. She had lost nothing by the transplanting, one felt as one studied her, having gained, rather, a vicarious perfection. She was distinctly a woman who sympathized, whose rôle was to cherish. In her presence one felt from time to time premonitions of a wonderful old age, and the foretoken struck one as all the more curious when one considered her youth.

They had dismissed the young Delamares, five sturdy lads at school, whose portraits having been duly painted and grouped about their father's in yellow hunting coat on the east wall of the dining-room at Westover, were proofs sufficient in the eyes of their mother of parental affection towards them, and the ground lay clear for a more interesting topic.

"I suppose you saw in the *Times* that Bristowe has applied for the Chiltern Hundreds?" Mrs. Ullmann inquired tentatively. "Hartopp is wondering who the candidates will be. I should think the Conservatives would put forward Colls."

"I should think they might," Mrs. Delamare responded, indifferently.

Mrs. Ullmann felt that the topic was not vitally interesting; still she pursued it.

"Of course it's worth fighting, though I imagine it's hopeless for us."

"Oh, quite," with a gesture. "I think poor Charlie proved that."

"That even a good fight against a majority is useless?"

"Quite. I have made him promise never to try again."

"I'm sorry you feel so. Hartopp and I had been wondering—"

"If he would stand for the Radnage election?"

Mrs. Ullmann affirmed it.

"I think a great deal of Liberal influence could be brought to bear. Bristowe only had 798 majority. Hartopp is in town to-day lunching with Morley. He said he intended to bring up the question of Radnage."

Mrs. Delamare sipped her tea with an airiness which had no significance and said nothing, but Mrs. Ullmann's interest took her on.

"The whole situation at Radnage hangs on Lord Bevan. If he should interest himself in the election the Conservatives are bound to win. Hartopp says his influence is tremendous."

"But will he take it on?"

"That's what Hartopp means to find out."

"I see," said Mrs. Delamare, setting down her cup and rising to her

full height. "It all seems to centre on that; but in any case, dear Mrs. Ullmann, tell your husband for my sake to count Charlie out. I really don't think I could endure another election. You know the doctor ordered me to Brighton after the last."

Mrs. Ullmann watched her visitor go out, and as her black hat and purple frock disappeared, sank down on the long leather sofa and took up a book. But the subdued tread of the footman removing the tea things was sufficiently disturbing to keep her from following the sense of the words, and the arrival of Margretta closely followed by her elderly nurse came as a pleasant interruption. This post tea-time visit of Margretta's was always a charming hour in the lives of two much preoccupied people, and it always lacked something of its particular sweetness if social or political duties kept either of Margretta's parents away. It was, therefore, with cries of delight from the little lady herself and welcoming smiles from the mother that Hartopp Ullmann was greeted when he made his appearance in the open doorway.

"You are tired," Mrs. Ullmann said with a comprehending glance, as her husband drew Margretta into his lap.

"Rather fagged," he acknowledged, bending his fine head over the child's to help the baby fingers untie hard knots in the brown paper package which secreted jealously the new toy.

"What did he think of the chances?"

Ullmann opened the paper and produced a curly white lamb, and through the shrieks of joy which this admirable object drew from Margretta, replied:

"Morley says it's a forlorn hope. Bevan's men are already on the lookout for the right person. Still, of course, we shall put up a fight."

"It won't be Charlie Delamare," his wife's voice said softly.

Ullmann looked up alertly.

"Has she been here?"

"Yes, and won't let him try it again."

A half disappointed, partly whimsical, smile broke over Ullmann's face.

"Poor old Charlie," he said, "he does wear a curb. In one way he isn't a loss though. Still he could afford it. Now it will have to be Brindley, who never fails us. It will just about round out *his* half-dozen defeats."

As Violet Delamare drove home she found her thoughts showing a disposition to run in a new and surprising direction. Her husband's defeated

political ambitions were not a thing she cared to dwell on. She knew him among the semi-political world in which she lived, where shrewd and clever statesmen were so usual as to set the criterion for brains, to be a rather dull man, fond of his hunting, his boys, and his ease, fond, too, in an easy-going way, of the importance his wealth and connections gave him. It did not help the situation in her eyes that there was very little chance for a Liberal candidate to win the election in which Delamare had so signally failed. She was the daughter of a brilliant and not always over-scrupulous statesman, whose career had been a tolerably successful pursuit of power, and she was impatient of failure. She gave her approval to the man who entered the lists only, if need be, when he was fairly certain of success; and it was not apparent to her now why she had not foreseen and prevented the Pophley Heath event. But the very passion for the old close family connection with politics had, if she troubled to look for it, been the reason for her acquiescence in Delamare's acceptance. The same desire had been aroused again this afternoon by Harriet Ullmann though it took now new channels in which Mrs. Ullmann could never have followed, channels which Violet Delamare entered first with hesitation and vagueness.

Shortly after the call at Ladbroke House in which the Radnage situation was brought up, Lord Bevan dined at Westover. There were some half-dozen other guests, all more or less noteworthy, but among them the shrewd almost callous features of this peer were easily noticeable. Violet Delamare received them in the huge Tudor hall which with the Tudor garden and nineteenth century ruined cloister in the park were of as much intrinsic worth for her purposes as the genuine thing would have been. It amused her to rank the tiger skins flung over the gallery rails and the stuffed alligator on the wall with her husband's Oxford degree as pledges of his competence to play his part in his world, and Delamare himself liked to fancy that he bore himself with becoming modesty in the midst of these proofs of his sportsmanship.

Lord Bevan gravitated towards his hostess and it was no surprise to the company that he took her out. Wherever he dined he might usually be found taking out the hostess. By a happy chance he turned at once to the topic uppermost in Mrs. Delamare's mind.

"I hear that your husband has emphatically refused to oppose us at Radnage?"

Mrs. Delamare's smile reflected her brilliants. "Yes. He has profited

by Pophley Heath. Then, of course, it would have been absurd to attack you in your stronghold."

"On the ground of friendly relations?"

Mrs. Delamare's reply was a counter-question. "Are you really going to carry it with a tremendous majority?"

Lord Bevan made a deprecating gesture. "Who ever knows which way an election will go before it has gone?" he inquired.

"Ah," Mrs. Delamare answered, "but in this instance even the Man in the Street has turned prophet."

"And a good many vain words come out of his mouth," Bevan remarked with a dry smile.

Mrs. Delamare took this time to branch off. "You won't have settled on your man yet?"

"Possibly and yet . . ." Bevan said with obvious vagueness in his intentions.

"What are you looking for?"

"Any good fellow with sound party principles," he replied, a bit absently. "Your husband, for example," he added as his eye fell upon Delamare's breadth of shoulder and genial florid face, "if he were on the right side."

Mrs. Delamare's smile deepened a shade. "Even the heathen are open to conversion," she said.

Bevan turned towards her quickly and their eyes exchanged sudden comprehension before hers wavered and fell. He had almost betrayed his amazement and she knew it, but his shrewd mind had instantly reacted. He saw what she wanted and what it was worth to him, and only one thing remained. He meant to make no mistake.

"And the heathen seldom understand what is happening, I have always supposed," he pursued, as he took the next course.

"Seldom," she answered in an undertone as her attention was claimed down the table.

The letter in which Lord Bevan broached the subject of Radnage to Delamare was even more cleverly put together than usual. It confronted Delamare at the breakfast table a week after the dinner. It had been a week of heightened feeling for Violet Delamare to whom Bevan had made no sign since their talk, and she recognized the Bevan crest with apprehension as her husband tore open the envelope. One of the things which had been

keeping her on the rack was her uncertainty how her husband would take the Conservative overtures if they were made him. It was not easy to tell whether her influence or Delamare's sense of honor, which was after all strong with the strength characteristic of the kindly self-satisfied squire, would win. Her eyes took on a particularly brilliant light as she watched him.

But for once Delamare's face told her nothing. Having read the letter he refolded it carefully. Except for a slight drop of his lip she might have been deceived into thinking that there was nothing unusual in it. She saw him preclude any chance of confiding in her by taking up an unopened letter before she spoke.

"Isn't that the Bevan crest, Charlie?" Her own voice sounded strained as she spoke.

Delamare looked up almost guiltily. "Which? That? Yes. Good crest, isn't it? I always liked it."

"Are you dining there?" Violet pursued with her eyes not on her husband's, but centred on the letter beside his plate.

"Er-er no," Delamare said, painfully aware that he could not put her off, "just a little matter of business between us."

"Well let me see it, Charlie," she said, impatiently, for her nerves were unstrung.

Delamare hesitated, covering the letter with his hand, then from force of habit he gave it over. Violet read it rapidly through. She was keenly alive in spite of her nervousness to its cleverness. She herself could not have told Bevan better how to reach the weak points in Delamare's vanity. Its perspicuity was almost uncanny.

"Well," she said as she tossed it casually back, "whatever else it is it's flattering, Charlie."

Delamare had applied himself to an egg, and he let Bevan's letter lie where it fell.

"Do you call it flattering to insult a man with such a proposal as that?"

"What insult is there, Charlie, in Lord Bevan's recognizing your good qualities and wanting to see you in what *he* thinks is your place?" She leaned her elbows on the table; the lacy ruffles of her morning jacket hung gracefully along her arms.

"Well Bevan may not have meant it for an insult—don't think he did—Bevan's a gentleman and in spite of what his enemies say I've never known

that he wasn't straight in his dealings, but what I say, Violet, is that it's an insult all the same to assume that a man might go over. I intend to show Hartopp Ullmann that letter."

"Oh, the Ullmanns," Mrs. Delamare exclaimed, drawing up her shoulders in annoyance, "Charlie, dear, there you are again with the interminable Ullmanns. I do wish you would rid yourself of Hartopp Ullmann's influence. He leads you about by the nose. I shan't be surprised to hear you are running for the Radnage Liberals even now. You're so elementary!"

She pushed back her chair and went to the window where she stood frowning down on the formal beds of gay bloom.

"I thought you understood that I gave you my word about that."

She wheeled and sat down on the wide window seat where she could command the rather splendid oak-panelled dining-room and the portraits of her husband and sons. He was shown as master of the county hunt, bugle in hand. Many saw in it the real sweetness of his nature. The fair-haired blue-eyed boyish faces all had his open expression.

"So I did, Charlie," she said more gently, "and I'm not really so cross with you now as I seem. Only I wish you wouldn't show Hartopp Ullmann that letter—he'd be sure to misunderstand—and I do wish you'd stand by your own opinions and not echo his. It gives me an unpleasant feeling of having to reckon with him instead of you. I don't think he ought to enter into our lives. He's delightful of course when—you aren't chanting his praises. Perhaps I am jealous of him." She laughed and by it won the day.

Delamare pushed back his chair, gathered up his mail and papers and called to the St. Bernard dog on the rug.

"Well at any rate I'll write Bevan at once," he said thoughtfully.

"Why need you?" Violet asked eagerly. "Remember, Charlie, he unquestionably meant you a kindness, according to his standards, and the letter is flattering. He seems to appreciate you—better than the good people at Pophley at least."

Delamare winced. His defeat was a sore point.

"But I couldn't accept. What's the good in delaying?"

"Oh, well, that's for you to decide. But I have a feeling that Bevan would rank you much higher as a statesman if you did delay. In diplomacy, you know, one doesn't rush headlong." She was working him over and she knew it. "Of course," she went on, "this all seems to me rather a

row about nothing. Papa was a Conservative and I have always thought your party a bit commonplace. You're so much more conservative by nature that I don't understand it."

Delamare had reached the door. He opened it and the dog lumbered through. His brain had been slowly grasping the fundamental fact the situation was bringing out.

"I believe, Violet," he said slowly, "you'd like to see me accept Bevan's proposal."

"At least," she returned, watching the rings on her hand, "in your place I'd consider it well."

* * * * *

They were sitting after luncheon in the small west drawing-room, a typical drawing-room with inevitable blue satin wall paper, delicate mahogany tables, and full length photographs in heavy silver filigree frames when Hartopp Ullmann was announced.

Mrs. Delamare looked up from her book. "Show him in," she decided.

He had ridden over from Ladbroke and came in with a strong connotation of fresh air. Delamare welcomed him heartily and Violet gave him a languid salutation from her deep-seated chair.

Not without intention Ullmann chose the chair next to hers. He had known Charlie Delamare since college days. They had been Blues together at Oxford, and there was a fund of anecdote about escapades of Charlie's at Kew. Ullmann remembered quite as perfectly as if it had occurred yesterday how nearly Charlie had pulled it off with the don's pretty daughter and how he had himself lent an impatient ear first to rhapsodies and then to misgivings. Later in London he had seen his friend, rich and soft-hearted, the mark of designing matrons until one day he fell into the hands of the brilliant poor beauty whom he had married.

When she had encountered Charlie Delamare Violet Hunt had been threading her way through one great house after another for one season under the easy chaperonage of an elderly second cousin, who after the child's mother died had exerted a somewhat casual scrutiny of her wardrobe during the intervals when she was at home from the school where she had been placed on her bereavement, and it did not require long for her to engage herself to him, dismissing on that consummation several less desirable men. Ullmann had since watched the tall, shrewd, pretty woman mature, gathering about her as time went on, with great cleverness a circle which shone for the

gaze of the public with a steady scintillation; he had kept his eye meanwhile on Delamare as well. He had seen him stand still, as perhaps Ullmann had known he would, developing only in most obvious directions. He occasionally gave his attention to trying to work out the wife's part in the result. He had tried to head Delamare in the direction he once frankly admitted envying Ullmann himself; but after the defeat at Pophley Heath Delamare's determination flickered, and while he suspected this might be traced to Violet, Ullmann was not sure nor was he keen to throw himself in any matrimonial scales by way of counterbalance.

Only the barest formalities had passed between them regarding the Radnage affair. The occasion was a county show. They were judging sports together when he brought up the subject. Delamare was, as he had expected he would be, discouraging, and the episode closed. To-day, however, there was something very definite he wanted of Delamare and although he would have been at a loss to formulate reasons for it he suspected obstacles in his way. He was subconsciously aware that Violet's will pressure had been steadily applied of late against his, and he even suspected that it was with some fixed end in view. How little he guessed the nature of the end was shown by the mission he had come on.

"I hope your husband is going to do us a favor," he began, after a few moments of badinage.

"Charlie? a favor?" Violet queried brightly, glancing quickly from Ullmann to Delamare who stood with his feet wide apart on the hearth rug.

"Yes," he continued, more and more aware that the ice sagged under his feet, "I have promised to make a speech for Willis on the twelfth and he asked me if I thought Charlie would go up too."

"Mr. Willis? In Leeds?" Violet asked still brightly.

"Good old Bob Willis?" interjected Delamare, full of interest, from the rug, "of course I'll go."

"But Charlie, how can you?" Mrs. Delamare interposed quickly, "we must be in Drummochhiddie by the fifteenth and we are promised to the Tews from the eleventh."

Delamare looked at her for a moment almost stupidly while he thought. Ullmann watched them with interest.

"What a bore," he said finally. Of course we must get to Drummochhiddie for the shooting—but you didn't tell me about the Tews."

Violet's right hand, the one farthest from Ullmann relaxed its rather

tense hold on the carved arm of her chair. Otherwise there was nothing to indicate the significance of what had just passed.

“Oh, probably I did,” she returned lightly. Then with the merest flicker of triumph she turned to Ullmann. “Are *all* men forgetful?” she asked, while at that moment as she well knew Patricia Tew’s invitation lay unanswered in her desk.

Her answer to it in the evening mail ran:

DEAREST PATRICIA:

Charlie and I are both delighted to stop the week-end with you as you suggest. You know we have a shooting in Drummochhiddie for the season, and Charlie wants Percy there as much as I want you. Come with us on the 14th. Lord Warrington’s keeper—you know Drummochhiddie belongs to Warrington—is noted for his covers and—O I forget how many brace of grouse a party of Lord Warrington’s brought down one day last year, something fabulous. (This is second-hand from Charlie when he was convincing me we ought to rent it!)

I can’t take a refusal, dear. And by the way, Patricia, I am asking Lord Bevan for the 14th. You know him, don’t you? Unless you are full for the 12th, it might be convenient for him to be there and go on with us all.

This is just a suggestion. Do as you like about it, for he may very well be engaged elsewhere for the 12th. These statesmen are always in such demand.

With warm regards to you both,

VIOLET DELAMARE.

As the outcome of all this one morning soon after Lord Bevan accepted two invitations, one for the twelfth written in Mrs. Tew’s delicate hand, and one in a more striking chirography for the fourteenth over which he screwed the corners of his thin lips in a smile. It was largely interest in the daughter of the late Gilbert Hunt as his legatee—a recognition of the political temperament—mingled with a certain amount of admiration for her as a pretty and successful woman, that led him to abet Violet Delamare. He had no positive need of Delamare; but the latter answered the requirements. If he had not Violet might have made overtures to deafer ears for Bevan was notoriously invulnerable except in a remote, intellectual way.

Delamare had not answered Bevan’s letter and his indecision grew into nervous unrest when Lord Bevan arrived on the scene. He obviously avoided the latter who fell in with his state of undecision. With Lord Bevan this was sheer nonchalance. Metaphorically speaking, his carriage waited at the door; he had only to enter it, and in case of need there were more in the coach-house. The night before he left Drummochhiddie, however, he took

advantage of one of the openings Violet feverishly threw him. The two men were in the billiard-room.

"Delamare," he said carelessly, choosing his cue, "there is a matter I've had in mind to speak to you about."

"Yes, of course, the Radnage affair," Delamare answered, missing his shot.

"I hope," Bevan went on, turning and resting lightly on the cue he had just taken down, "you have considered my offer favorably."

Delamare straightened up and seemed to swallow his shame. "My wife would like it. I owe it to her, perhaps, to accept."

Lord Bevan's manner was studiously perfunctory. "Good. I shall report your decision to-morrow, Mr. Delamare. You are practically sure of your election. What night next week can you dine with me and settle arrangements?"

"Friday," Delamare returned automatically.

"Very well." Lord Bevan approached the table to play. "There will be some men to meet you you will find it desirable to know. Your wife," he continued to the accompaniment of the balls, "Delamare, is uncommonly sensible. Not every woman would forego for politics the possibilities of a grouse moor like this."

"Who talks of foregoing it?" Violet's voice rang out from the doorway.

Lord Bevan wheeled lightly. "Your husband," he said with his dried smile. "I have just extracted a promise from him to stand for the coming election."

Violet swept in. "Really?" she said, looking as she glanced from one to the other more than usually pretty. "I am full of interest. Tell me about it."

* * * * *

The Ullmanns were dining at Prince's. The London season was beginning and the city was full of gay people. If one had stopped any of several prominent politicians who came in and went out of the restaurant to ask about the Radnage election the answer would have been "ancient history," so quickly does modern life move. Already the Delamares were very much a part of the political world; Violet radiated in it; even Delamare himself seemed to have forgotten by what means he had arrived. So completely successful was the apostasy that it almost compelled approbation. Their din-

ners, which had always been brilliant, now had a solid Conservative setting, and Violet Delamare's tall prettiness was never left out of the special occasions.

Hartopp Ullmann sometimes studied Delamare's face across the House and wondered; but when they met in the lobby it was always with the old friendly chat. With all his shortcomings one loved Delamare.

On the day in question the Ullmanns were entertaining a group of Americans, people keenly alive to the interest of the scene.

"It's so cosmopolitan, London," an American senator said.

"Yes," Ullmann answered, a bit absently as he scanned the faces about him, faces with the traits of many nationalities in them.

At a table under the balcony outlined against the dark red wall was an Indian prince and close by him a duke.

"It's the cosmopolitanism of the upper class, however," he added. "One finds the common people in England unmixed, while in your country . . ." he hesitated and lost the train of his thought as his attention became fixed on a party which had just entered. It was led by Mrs. Delamare and a Conservative whip, who was giving her the closest attention. Delamare followed with the wife of a minister, and one or two more men completed the party.

"A very stunning type," the senator remarked, as his eyes followed the party to its table, "do you know her?"

"Yes," Ullmann answered, and the next moment bowed in response to one of Violet's brilliant smiles, "it's Mrs. Charles Delamare, the wife of a Conservative member."

"Delamare, Delamare," the American repeated, musingly. "Of course," he added with sudden illumination, "Bloxam pointed him out in the House the other day. He told me something about his having changed his party," and he put on his rimless glasses to scan the newcomers.

"Yes," Ullmann exclaimed, with the irritation the subject was apt to evoke. "a pretty affair too, due to an unscrupulous wife."

Harriet Ullmann put her hand on her husband's arm to restrain him. In these last months she had sometimes tried to excuse both Delamare and Violet on psychological grounds. She recognized the strength of a passion for politics of the kind Violet Delamare had inherited; she understood that Delamare's pleasant dullness must be hard for such a woman to brook; and she looked with eyes that understood on Delamare's submission to forces which had been too great for him to resist. The pity of it all struck her

to-day in the public triumph which the Delamare's party stood for as it had never struck her before, and she involuntarily tried to temper her husband's stricture.

"Don't condemn her purely on what Hartopp says," she urged. "There *were* exonerating circumstances."

E. W. M. Taylor.

BURNT SHIPS.

(*After Ibsen.*)

He fled from the scoffers,
He sailed from the strand;
Sought milder gods
In a brighter land.

The ridge with the glaciers
Vanished away,
Before him, alluring,
The sunny shores lay.

He burnt the brave ships;
Like a phantom bridge
The smoke curled back
To the glacial ridge.

But now from the South,
On every night,
A horseman rides
Toward the Northern light.

Corinne Sickel, 1901.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

I.

“Well, good-bye, my dear!” said fat Mrs. Mason, giving Isabel a loud kiss. “You’ll have a happy year, and come back to us safe and well next autumn. Anne, you’ll have to bring me over Isabel’s letters about the studios and painters and pictures. I was telling Emmy this morning, Isabel, how happy you are in your work—”

“O come, Maw!” laughed her red-checked daughter, “you said all that before. The girls will want to finish the packing. Good-bye, dear; have a good time in Paris; don’t forget my gloves!” and she, too, kissed Isabel heartily. Then the front door closed behind them.

The two girls went back to the shabby little sitting-room, where they had been when their visitors came; Anne returning to her sewing by the window, Isabel throwing herself down on the worn leather couch by the fire. There was a strong likeness between these two thin dark-haired sisters, who had grown up together in the dingy little house, alone since their father’s death, four years before. And yet, after all, it was upon the great, though almost indefinable, difference between them that strangers usually commented. In Anne’s face the delicate, rather irregular features, and smooth thin cheeks seemed the natural expression of the quiet spirit that looked out in clear glances from her calm gray eyes. Isabel’s face, much the same in mere outline and feature, was thinner and harder; there were nervous lines about her narrow mouth, and her dark eyes had in them something hot, restless and unhappy. And now, as they sat in silence in the failing autumn daylight of their last afternoon together, while shadows crept into the corners of the little room, and the fire died on the hearth, this subtle difference in their faces was intensified and grew more distinct; as sometimes, in dark old pictures, the very living spirit of a face leaps out vividly from a shadowy background.

Suddenly Isabel raised her eyes from the fire and burst out, ignoring the long silence that had lain between them:

"Why does she say I am happy in my work?" she cried; "did I ever tell anyone so?"

Anne looked up quickly from her sewing. "Why, Isabel, you never told me, you never wrote me, that you were not. Last winter you used to write that you painted all day long, and that on Sunday you were miserable, and could hardly get through the day without it. And now you—and I—have worked so hard for this year in Paris for you—and you are going to-morrow! Of course I thought—"

Her sentence trailed out unfinished; she was looking a little anxiously at Isabel's pale face turned to her in the dim light. Her mouth was open, her eyes were full of a sudden pain, like those of a tortured animal.

"Happy!" she said, huskily; "do you think it is happiness when every nerve in your body is a string drawn tight and throbbing; when you feel that you cannot live without just *that*—without a brush in your hand and a canvas before you; when you long to be like other people and care for the things they do; to dress and talk and think like them—and you can't? I tell you it's something in my blood; it's worse than love, or sickness, or a passion for drink—it's not happiness."

Her voice had risen very loud; now it fell suddenly. There was deep silence for a moment, with only the sound of the clock ticking loudly on the mantelpiece. Anne's clear voice, when she spoke at last, was very calm and matter-of-fact.

"But Isabel, dear," she said; "when you are painting, when you are doing things like that head John Saxe and the Masons liked; aren't you happy then?"

Isabel hardly seemed to hear what her sister had said.

"When I'm painting?" she asked dully; then the sudden light flashed up again in her eyes.

"It's worse then!" she cried. "Everything I do wrong,—every weak curve, every bad combination of color,—is like the stab of a knife. The right lines and colors, they are floating around in my brain; they're clear, so clear sometimes,—but I can't get at them."

"Ah, but you will," said Anne cheerfully. She had picked up her sewing again and was holding it close to her eyes. "Everyone says that you are going to be a great artist; and great people are always happy."

Isabel looked at her for a moment with a very strange smile on her lips.

"No, Anne," she said, gently, "I shall never be a great artist; never, I am afraid, an artist at all."

She drew the words out; they seemed to echo for many minutes in the quiet room. The door opened suddenly; a gray-haired maid thrust in her head.

"It's Mr. Saxe wants to see Miss Isabel; and would she go for a walk with him, or shall he come in?"

Isabel jumped up from the couch with ruffled hair and pale cheeks.

"Anne, I won't see him," she cried; "I'm packing, or lying down, or—; anyway I can't see him. I told you before that I wouldn't, Eliza."

She looked at the old servant angrily, then she brushed out of the room. Eliza quietly lighted the lamp.

"Sure, you're putting your eyes out, Miss Anne," she said. "Shall I bring him in here?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," Anne answered.

It always seemed to Anne that the little sitting-room was never so small as when—very often, now, since Isabel came back from New York—tall John Saxe sat on their narrow sofa, or stood before the little fire. But to-day, as he strode in, he seemed fairly to fill the room. He was very angry; his square handsome face glowed with annoyance.

"Anne," he said, "why won't she see me? It's my last chance, she's going to-morrow. I came back on purpose. Packing! I don't believe it. I know you would be doing that if there were any to be done." He looked down with a sudden kind glance at Anne's face.

"Please don't be angry, John," she said quietly; "she isn't packing, but I think she feels ill and very tired; she was quite different from herself a little while ago. And you can see her to-morrow morning at the train."

"But I must talk to her!" he broke in impatiently; "I have something to say to her, she knows I have. She told me to come this last day, and—" He was tramping up and down the little room impatiently.

"She's such a maddening girl!" he burst out; "she's so many people rolled together. There's a part of her that's like other people; like you, now; interested in me and everybody, and liking to talk to me. And then there's part that's like a wild creature; it's in her when she paints, or when she sits there looking at people with those queer hungry eyes of hers. That day, last winter, in New York, when I went to see her at her painting-school;—well, she would hardly speak to me; after a while she as much as sent me away—and then she pretended she was sorry when I went, running down the hall, and calling after me."

He had sat down on the couch now and was staring gloomily at the fire. Suddenly he looked up with a quizzical smile. "It's hardly fair, my sitting here and scolding you, is it? But, somehow, just telling you things seems to make them better, Anne, even if you don't say anything. May I come and talk to you this winter?"

Several hours after, when the front door had slammed on John Saxe, Anne ran up lightly to her sister's room. She opened the door softly, hoping to find her asleep; and tiptoed across the dark room. It was a moment before she saw Isabel's figure dimly outlined against the window. With her face pressed against the glass she was looking down into the street, where there still echoed the sound of Saxe's footsteps on the pavement. As Anne went up quietly behind her and peeped over her shoulder, she saw him turn, looking back for a moment at the house, his face in the light of one of the dull street-lamps. Then he thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and strode on till the shadows swallowed him up.

Isabel felt the light touch of her sister's arm, and turned with a harsh exclamation.

"What is it?" she said; then suddenly she fell forward, with her face on Anne's shoulder, her arms about her neck, and burst into racking sobs.

"Oh, I can't go!" she cried. "Is it too late to change? It's giving up so much, it's tearing my heart out. Is it right to let that thing come between me and everyone I love in the world? Anne, dear Anne, tell me I mustn't go!"

"Come, dear," said her sister, gently; "you're very tired. Come to bed now, you must be up early in the morning."

II.

Night was falling outside; the rush and clamor of the traffic, three streets away from this little room in the Latin quarter, was dying slowly. To Isabel, sitting over the flickering fire, it came dully, as a part of the strange roaring stupor that had filled her brain since she had stumbled back from the studio, so many hours before. Gradually from this dim whirling background of her thoughts there disengaged themselves certain clear little pictures, that finally arranged themselves in a sequence. First of all there was Anne, sitting sewing by the window. "Was it really only a year ago," thought Isabel; "a year ago yesterday that we sat there together?" Then

it was John Saxe's face, turned back over his shoulder, under the street-lamp; then his and Anne's, as she had seen them side by side on the rainy morning of her departure. She remembered how, when she had felt the jar of the moving train, she had had the sudden impulse to beat her hands wildly against the window and call to them for help against the thing that was carrying her away from them. But something had held her arms; she had nodded and laughed instead, with the tears stinging her eyes; and afterward, for hours, had seen those faces dancing before her, against the whirling gray fields, veiled in rain.

Then little pictures from the journey came flashing past her: the dock, moving away from her, grown suddenly small across the white churning water,—and Uncle David there, waving his old hat to her bravely; the first sight of land, a dim blue cloud on the water; the towers of Notre Dame, standing out dark against a pale sky; and her heart leapt to her throat again, as it had done that evening, when she drove through the strange streets to her pension. And after these came scraps from her first days in Paris; the great silent, busy studio, with its gray-green walls, and the cold brilliance from the skylight above; the kind ugly face and fierce, soft eyes of the great painter, its master. She lingered a little over these pictures; that had been on the whole a happy time. She had been hardly more satisfied than before with her own painting; and yet, seeing that it was much better than the work of the other women, she had let her hopes rise a little, almost in spite of herself. Besides the master had praised her, many times; and quite often during the noisy rests, the students would gather their untidy heads appreciatively about the sketches of "La Petite Américaine," as they called her, whispering together and tracing some of her curves in the air admiringly with their paint-covered thumbs.

But gradually it had all changed; how, she could hardly tell. M. Alceste would pass her by without a word, or with his conventional "Il viendra"; the students now left her alone, and gathered instead about the pictures of Mlle. Demitrieff, the young Russian. Looking at her paintings, she could not see in what they had changed, being no worse and no better than before. She had taken her finished pictures home in the evenings, and had pored over them in the dull lamplight; always ending by scraping off the paint desperately, or by cutting great holes in the canvas with her palette knife.

And at last—her mind hung back strangely from recalling it—that hour; was it really this morning, and only a measurable number of dragging

minutes ago? M. Alceste had come up behind her, and had stood there for a long time, while she had painted on blindly. At last he had said gently:

“Mademoiselle, may I have a little talk with you?”

She had slipped off her stool, and had followed him out of the studio, the others whispering and turning their heads as they passed. He had taken her into a little deserted office, with dusty desks and a high window through which the sunlight fell in a dim yellow patch on the floor. They had sat down on two rickety stools, and for a long time the master had twisted his long crooked fingers together in silence. At last he had begun in a low voice. Why had it seemed to her, she wondered, that she had heard it all before; while yet it struck her sick and breathless?

“Mademoiselle,” he had said, “I have been thinking of speaking to you for a long time; but then I thought, ‘wait and watch her a little longer.’ Now I know that I must wait no more. At first when you came I fancied you to be like the other women, with no idea of art but with more ability. But now I see that I was utterly mistaken. You do not lack what they lack, mademoiselle; you have some of the true vital spark, the temperament; you have that fever in your blood, those clear images in your brain. But the eye and the hand—the mere talent—which those women have you have not. An artist must have these two things: this spark, or fever—what you will—and also this talent. He can acquire neither of them; they must be in him the day he is born. I had a friend once (we were students together at the Beaux Arts), and everyone could see in him that spark I am telling you of,—the ‘Gift of the Gods’ we used to call it,—and we prophesied great things for him. But he had not the mere common talent that we possessed. So he worked his heart out for nothing; every year he had two pictures refused at the Salon; and now he is dead. So this is why I spoke to you, mademoiselle. It is for you to choose, now, to-day. You may keep on in your work, and sometime you will be a passable artist, better, perhaps, than many women. But you will never rise beyond that; while still something within you, urging you on, will make you miserable and dissatisfied, and will turn the success in your hand to nothing. So what I would have you do is this other thing: to give it all up, to go back to your home and one day to marry one of your tall countrymen. When you come back again to Paris, go to the galleries, but no more to the schools; except, perhaps, laughing, on your husband’s arm; as looking from a prison from which you have escaped.”

His kind voice had ceased; on looking up, many minutes afterward, she

had found that he had gone. She had stumbled along the passage for her coat and hat; then somehow she had walked downstairs and home. The vivid brown face of a flower-girl, on a sunny street corner, who had held out to her a bunch of faded camelias, the advertisements on an omnibus that had stopped her way, came back to her with singular distinctness; then all swam together, into that swarming rush of the busy noonday streets, that before had filled her brain. She pressed her hands tightly over her eyes; and all at once the rushing whirl cleared, the noise and clamor sank away, and all she saw was John Saxe's face under the gas-lamp. Her heart gave a great throb and stood still; she sat up clasping her hands together very tightly.

"I hadn't thought of that," she murmured, "I never, never thought of that. I'm free at last, then; I'm free, cured." She beat her hands together, looking at the fire with unseeing eyes. An unspeakable peace fell on her mind, her eyes filled with happy tears. But at last she broke out huskily to herself, "Why did it have to take so long? Why did I have to struggle through this whole miserable year? That last night if I had seen John, if I had let him talk to me,—any other girl would have done it,—I should be happy now. It's a year of our lives gone, a year, John, a year!"

She started up, brushing about the dark room blindly. "I must go at once," she kept repeating to herself. "It's too long already." A loud rap sounded on the door, and the fat *concièrge* entered.

"Ah, *petite mademoiselle*," she said, "I heard you stir, so I came in. It is so cold. I should have come long ago to make up your fire, but I thought you asleep. And here is a letter for you from *Amérique*, from your sister."

She fumbled about, stirring the fire, lighting the lamp; then she went out. Isabel tore open the letter and read it, mechanically at first, without understanding it. Then a word caught her groping attention and she turned back again to the beginning.

"Dearest Isabel," she read, "your last letters have made me sad. I am afraid you are sick and miserable. And so I should hate to tell you of my happiness, if it were not partly yours, too; you have always known John so well, and he likes you very much, though you do torment him. I thought last year that it was you he loved; but he says no——. The day before you went away we had a long talk; and he says that it really began then. We are going to be married soon, the nineteenth, perhaps before you get this. To-day I thought of a fine plan, and I am going to tell John this evening. You have been away your year; so you must come back, just as soon as we

are settled, and live with us; you can keep on painting at home. Eliza is making my dress, and I am sewing hard, too. Mrs. Mason and Emily have just been here; they say they knew it all along. I'm sure I don't see how, for it was a great surprise to me."

There was more of the letter; Isabel read it through several times, at last without understanding, the familiar names echoing dully in her mind. Then she sat still for a long time. Somehow she saw herself, as another woman, sitting with quiet hands folded in her lap; and her life, too, past and future, she could consider calmly, listlessly, as though it were that of another. Wherever she might go, whatever she might do, one door must be closed to her, she knew; at least for many years. There was really then only one way left—the one she had given up, as she thought forever, an hour before. M. Alceste had called that life a prison; yes, for her it must always be a hopeless prison, against whose bars she would beat in vain. And yet she realized that it was she who, unknowing, had turned the key on herself long ago.

"It wasn't his fault," she whispered, half aloud. "I did it myself that night, a year ago. I chose then for my life, my whole life."

She laid her head down on the table, her arms spread over the crumpled pages of Anne's letter.

Grace Lynde Meigs, 1903.

COLUMBINE'S MARRIAGE.

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES

PUPPETS.

MERCHANT,	HARLEQUIN,
DR. WISEMAN,	PIERROT,
CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE,	COLUMBINE,
LEANDER,	FLOWER DE LUCE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Public Place.**(Enter Harlequin and Pierrot, L.)*PIERROT (*sings*):*Air: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."*

My father was a piper's son,
 He used to play when day was done,
 But all the tune that he could play
 Was "Over the hills and far away."

HARLEQUIN:

Over the hills where the sunset lies,
 Till the stars grow pale and the night wind dies.

The birds that wing their way through the blue
 Direct my feet to the strange and new.
 And the open road lies straight and free.
 It calls and calls till it tortures me.

BOTH:

Over the hills and far away
 We follow the dying, dawning day.

HARLEQUIN.—Enough, Pierrot. A door is opening yonder and out come two gentlemen of the sort that would rather hear the parrot than the nightingale, because the former states a fact.

PIERROT.—Pierrot wants his dinner.

HARLEQUIN.—I'll back your nose to lead you to the best kitchen as I'd trust a hound to find the fox. When you have fixed on an inn, come back for me.

(Exit Pierrot, R.)

(Harlequin retires, L.)

(Enter Merchant and Dr. Wiseman, R.)

MERCHANT.—If there went but one word to a bargain, Doctor, you would have been a bridegroom this month since.

DR. WISEMAN.—My excellent friend, which is to say surpassing, it is not my word which has been wanting to this affair. *Paucis verbis*, though an excellent saying, is not here applicable.

MERCHANT.—There you say simple truth, for you have talked me deaf, dumb and blind.

DR. WISEMAN.—Then what hinders, I pray, or delays or it may be prevents that my overlong courtship should end in a speedy marriage? I am not of the antediluvian race, that I should woo a hundred years or so, nor is your daughter another Penelope to keep her suitors hanging for twenty years by a thread.

MERCHANT.—To do justice to Columbine, she fancies, I think, her mother's favorite as little as mine. It's her mother, Doctor, her mother, that is all for marrying her girl to the Captain.

DR. WISEMAN.—Captain Brazennose is a braggart and a bully, a boaster, sir, a braggadocio.

MERCHANT.—Softly, Doctor, softly. He has served with distinction in the wars.

DR. WISEMAN.—That is his story, sir, or his tale or account of himself. Saw you ever anyone that knew him notoriously in the camp or the field? And you, sir, if you were, as the vulgar say. master in your own house, he would not at this instant be, sir, drinking your wine, beating your servants, and courting your daughter.

MERCHANT.—I am a patient man, sir, and, as you well know, your steady friend, but my patience has its limits.

DR. WISEMAN.—I would that my courtship had. I would fain write *finis* to this first volume and start on the second which is called matrimony.

(Enter Captain. Brazennose, L.)

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—What, merchant, not gone yet? I warrant when your fortune was a-making you did not stand to gossip thus.

MERCHANT.—My affair is now with my esteemed friend, Dr. Wiseman.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Hah, hah! I should not have taken the good gentleman for a man of affairs.

DR. WISEMAN.—In my capacity, sir, as a man of learning, of erudition, sir, or of science which is to say wisdom, I find all affairs to be my province.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Indeed, Doctor, do not you find some of them insubordinate provinces?

MERCHANT (*anxiously*).—Come, come! Doctor, will you walk with me?

DR. WISEMAN.—A little way,—but if this military gentleman, or war-like, or belligerent sir, will await me we will hold some slight discourse touching the province of wisdom, to which the marches and the entering in, sir (*to Captain B.*), is that a man should guard his tongue or keep or hold (*voice dies away as he follows Merchant off, R.*).

HARLEQUIN (*coming forward*).—Captain, your friend seems a man not of words only, but of spirit, perhaps even of deeds.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—I make no account of that. I have dealt with twenty such before breakfast.

HARLEQUIN.—I see you are not afraid of his long words.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—My sword will reach farther. Tut, tut, they are but breath, like the wind that whistles in a man's ears. I will walk a little way to limber my legs.

(*Exit L*)

(*Enter Leander and Columbine, R.*)

(*Harlequin retires, L.*)

LEANDER.—Dearest Columbine, I thought you would never come.

COLUMBINE.—I thought so, too, Leander, but changed my thought.

LEANDER.—Cruel girl! Why will you not be kind? You cannot prefer to my unselfish devotion the mercenary soldier's or the equally mercenary pedant's pretensions?

COLUMBINE.—They are, I admit, equally detestable, but why should I prefer Leander? How can I know him less interested, or only less frankly so?

LEANDER.—My own heart acquits me, but against your unjust suspicion I can offer but my bare word.

COLUMBINE.—Your word, dear Leander, is enough. (*He moves to embrace her.*) Softly, softly, sir. I don't think I want to marry.

LEANDER.—Columbine, I am, it is true, poor, but not a beggar while I have the house of my ancestors and an unstained sword. I would not have you driven into my arms by persecution, my own or another's, and you shall not hear the unwelcome word again from me. Some one is coming—go in, my love.

COLUMBINE.—I thought you just said, Leander, I was not to hear the word.

LEANDER.—Not that word. Oh, I don't promise to stop loving, only asking. (*Exit Columbine, R.*)

(*Enter Pierrot, R.*)

PIERROT (*running into Leander*).—Your servant, sir.

LEANDER.—None of mine. Folly is not my livery.

PIERROT.—No, sir, you wear it within: I mine all on the outside. Your servant, sir.

LEANDER (*giving money*).—Here's for your wit. (*Exit, R.*)

HARLEQUIN.—Let me see. Gold? The poor lad has none to spare; we must do him for this a good turn. His mistress is pestered by a pair of foolish suitors that I have a mind to relieve him of.

(*Exit with Pierrot, L.*)

(*Enter Dr. Wiseman.*)

DR. WISEMAN.—O Columbine, into what dangers and perils does your fortune draw us poor mortals. I have an incalculable aversion to the sight of steel, yet I carry here a sword as big as a weaver's beam to serve me withal defensively and offensively, to wit against the heavy hand of a full-bellied cut-throat and the silly heart of an empty-headed female.

(*Enter Harlequin, L.*)

HARLEQUIN (*speaking into the wings*).—Go meet him, Pierrot. Good day, grave sir. If you are of the acquaintance of Dr. Wiseman, I pray you tell me where he may be found.

DR. WISEMAN.—You have him, sir, in your organ of recognition, which the vulgar call your sight.

HARLEQUIN.—Then I warn you, sir, to beware of that instrument of execution which the vulgar call a sword.

DR. WISEMAN.—I see no sword.

HARLEQUIN.—Here is your own, and if you could see around three corners your excellency would perceive that of Captain Brazennose who invites you by my lips to mortal combat.

DR. WISEMAN.—My profession, sir, is peace, which I not only profess but practice, and my learning is of too inestimable a value for the world, to be sacrificed in an idle quarrel, a falling out, or combat.

HARLEQUIN.—Your learning will be little estimated in the world if it be known you cannot defend it.

DR. WISEMAN.—I will defend it against all comers, in Greek, in Latin, in Aramaic and Syrian or Ethiopian or in any of the tongues of Pentecost.

HARLEQUIN.—You need not so many syllables, Doctor, one will suffice; you are a man of letters, Doctor, but five letters will fill your wants—steel.

DR. WISEMAN.—I will defend it, I say, but by the tongue, sir: by the lips, teeth, larynx and epiglottis, which signifies, in brief, with words.

HARLEQUIN.—In this case, Doctor, you must defend it in Samson's manner with the bone of the jaw, or else at length, which is to say with a sword; for the Captain has taken your former words in very ill part.

DR. WISEMAN.—I am a merciful man, I would not cut him off in the midst of his evil living.

HARLEQUIN.—Walk this way, sir; I will show you reasons.

(Exeunt, R.)

(Enter Pierrot and Captain Brazennose, L.)

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Now, by blood and bones, I think there is no sense in fighting with a miserable pedant, nor no fun neither.

PIERROT.—He thinks not so. You spoke shortly to him but now and he demands satisfaction.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Counsel him more wisely, my good fellow. I should spit him as boys do butterflies.

PIERROT.—Then he will be impaled on the point of honor. He is very resolute. O Captain, these men of ink-and-words are marvelous bloody-minded.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Zounds! He's not more bloody-minded than I. Bid him come on. But hold *(catching Pierrot as he starts)*. I recall that the fair Columbine has looked on him with a gentle air, as it were, disdainful-kind, and what she has smiled on for me is sacred.

PIERROT.—O Captain, your heart may be at ease. She detests him as much as you and endures him only out of obedience.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Carry him my acceptance of instant and mortal duello. Yet stay, the danger is too great of interruption here; we must wait for a more convenient time and place.

PIERROT.—Have no care. I will keep watch that no one passes.

(*Enter Dr. Wiseman and Harlequin, R.*)

HARLEQUIN.—How is your patient, Pierrot?

PIERROT.—Very impatient, sir. I can scarce hold him from immediate flight. And yours?

HARLEQUIN.—Nearly dead of fear. Come, Doctor, my friend says the Captain will not be appeased, now show him that the sword in your hand is mightier than the pen.

PIERROT.—Captain, I have assured him that you meant no offense, but he says you gentlemen of the sword think nobody but themselves can have a ticklish honour.

DR. WISEMAN (*as Harlequin pushes him to the centre of the stage*).—Captain Brazennose, I feel it my duty, my obligation or behoof, sir, to warn you that though not easily moved and stirred I am a dangerous enemy.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE (*similar business with Pierrot*).—Blood and wounds, Dr. Wiseman, do you think to trifle with an approved soldier like myself?

DR. WISEMAN.—I am a merciful man, Captain, and the merciful man is merciful to his beast. If honor could be appeased in any honorable way, fashion or manner—

PIERROT.—Do you hear? He calls you a beast, Captain Brazennose; (*to Doctor*) I hope your will is made and your library devised where it will do good, for you will read in it no more.

HARLEQUIN.—No more words.

DR. WISEMAN (*to Harlequin*).—What—what does that mean?

HARLEQUIN.—That it is the moment for deeds. Pierrot, place your man.

PIERROT (*pacing off the ground*).—There you are, Captain. Your experience in the eighty-three duels you told me of—

HARLEQUIN.—Are you ready, gentlemen?

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Thunder and battle, we delay too long!

HARLEQUIN.—When I say three, begin. One—two—

DR. WISEMAN.—I must sharpen my sword first. (*Exit, R.*)

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—I feel somewhat unwell. I will take a turn and be back. (*Exit, L.*)

HARLEQUIN.—There's a good deed consummated—follow your man, Pierrot, and see that his courage does not boil up again. (*Exit Pierrot, L.*)
Heigh-ho! The pretty child will be left in peace. (*Sings*):

A rare bright flower beneath the trees,
 Hey, nonny, nonny!
 Dipped and danced to the wayward breeze,
 Scarlet and gold and full of honey,
 Glad to the eye and sweet for the bees.
 Hey, nonny, nonny!

A wanderer caught in a soft spring shower,
 Hey, nonny, nonny!
 Stayed at the tree and stooped to the flower.
 He plucked for his bosom the blossom bonny,
 But the flower was dead within the hour.
 Hey, nonny, nonny!

(*Enter Columbine, R.*)

COLUMBINE.—Who sings?

HARLEQUIN.—A wayfarer, lady; one of those strange creatures who show all faces and own none: the mirror of folly, the thief of laughter, the ape of nature, who supply to children wonder, to men mockery and to old age recollection. I am, madam, a strolling player.

COLUMBINE.—You have a sweet voice.

HARLEQUIN.—You might truly call it a golden voice, for it feeds and clothes me.

COLUMBINE.—What then is left for your wit to do?

HARLEQUIN.—Get me out of the scrapes my voice brings me into.

COLUMBINE.—Nay, if you rhyme I cannot follow you.

HARLEQUIN.—Would you follow me without either rhyme or reason?

COLUMBINE (*aside*).—I could follow you without wisdom and duty. O Leander, you should not have left me! Are you kin, sir, to the Pied Piper of Hamelin, that you hold yourself so certain of a following?

HARLEQUIN.—When I pipe, lady, it is not the rats that run after.

COLUMBINE.—Your coat is pied.

HARLEQUIN.—And so was his.

COLUMBINE.—His heart was not—it was black as the century-living crow.

HARLEQUIN.—And mine is pied like the meadows when cloud shadows race over. (*Sings*):

My father was the piper's son,
 He played o' his pipe till day was done,
 His heart was wild as the winds' that say
 "Come over the hills and far away,"
 Over the hilltops, over and on
 Till the dawn-wind wakes and the stars are gone.

COLUMBINE.—How dark it grows. Something is tugging at my heart-strings.

HARLEQUIN.—Go in, child, night is coming on. The hollows in the hills are full of darkness which rises slowly, slowly like a tide till the whole world is drowned in dreams. Go in to your mother and the fire.

(*Enter Pierrot, R.*)

COLUMBINE (*starting*).—Ah!

(*Exit, R.*)

PIERROT.—Comrade, we must up and out. Whom d'ye think I saw in the village?

HARLEQUIN.—Eh? Who's that? Oh, Pierrot; I did not know your white coat in the dusk.

PIERROT.—Eh, dreaming again! Whom think you I saw?

HARLEQUIN.—A rat! (*bursting into laughter*). How the foul fiend do I know?

PIERROT.—Worse than the fiend—Flower de Luce.

HARLEQUIN.—The gypsy girl—

PIERROT.—That swore she'd marry you—

HARLEQUIN.—Whether or no! Right, Pierrot, we'll up and on, for she might do it.

BOTH (*sing*):

Over the hills and far away
 Follow, follow the dying day. (*Exeunt, L.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *A great deserted hall, doors all around it.*

(*Enter Harlequin and Pierrot, R.*)

PIERROT.—Eh, comrade, how's this for luck? It's cool to-night on the hills.

HARLEQUIN.—The moon and the mist are on the hills. Give me my pipe. (*Plays a few bars.*) Strange that there is no one in all this vast old house.

PIERROT.—I know the place; its master sticks to his town house like a flea to a dog, preferring rats to robbers and having a wholesome and pious fear of his progenitors.

HARLEQUIN.—This hall is immense as a king's presence-chamber and lonely and splendid as a queen's tomb.

PIERROT.—It has as many doors as King Arthur's Round Table had seats.

HARLEQUIN.—Why, that's a score and ten, fellow.

PIERROT.—Saving your presence, comrade, it is a round dozen. Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Tristram—

HARLEQUIN.—Hark, here come they to answer to the roll.

PIERROT.—There are steps this way, surely.

HARLEQUIN.—This way, too. Suppose we show the better part of valour. (*Exeunt, L.*)

(*Enter Dr. Wiseman, L., Captain Brazennose, R., encountering.*)

DR. WISEMAN. } Merciful powers!

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE. } Blood and thunder!

DR. WISEMAN. } You, Captain?

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE. } You, Doctor?

DR. WISEMAN.—Why, yes, Captain, I was looking for you, as who should say, searching.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Ah—hum—oh—to be sure. Doctor, they told me you had come this way. I wanted to resume our arrested combat.

DR. WISEMAN.—I lost in the mist, or the fog if you prefer, first my way and then my sword.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Then, I suppose, as a man of honour, I can't well press you.

DR. WISEMAN.—If it had been otherwise or in another circumstance I should have been most keen. Since we are met now so fortunately, which signifies, Captain, so strangely, I may tell you in confidence that I have put from me the idea of marriage. *Mulier*, sir, which signifies in Latin woman, has to my ears too mulish a sound.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Zounds, that is strange—I had about made up my own mind that marriage and a quiet fireside would not suit a soldier.

DR. WISEMAN.—Extra-ordinary Captain Brazennose, I compliment your wisdom!

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Hang me if you're not a cleverer fellow than I took you for! (*Starting up.*) What's that—a ghost?

DR. WISEMAN.—If by ghost you mean spirit, Captain, which the word properly signifies, there are two already in the room.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Where? where?

DR. WISEMAN.—Yours, most magnanimous military, and mine.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Hah! hah! good joke! But, sir, I'm not afraid of man, ghost or devil.

DR. WISEMAN.—There be certainly footfalls. Anathema—spirits, I defy ye! Captain, suppose we search for some place smaller and more commodious, or as the vulgar say, snug quarters.

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE.—Aye, Doctor. I have faced many ghosts but as you say, snug quarters. (*Exeunt, R.*)

(*Enter Harlequin and Pierrot, L.*)

HARLEQUIN.—The knights were worth seeing.

PIERROT.—If I were you, comrade, I'd not speak so loud.

HARLEQUIN.—Why, you're not afraid of ghosts?

PIERROT.—I am uncommonly afraid of Flower de Luce.

HARLEQUIN.—Hold your tongue, fool, or, as before, you'll raise her—oh, thunder! (*Enter Flower de Luce, R.*)

PIERROT.—Oh, lightning! I'm off. (*Exit, L.*)

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Well, sir, what have you to say?

HARLEQUIN.—Nothing, my dear. An Eastern mute is more conversible than I to-night.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Are you not surprised to see me?

HARLEQUIN.—No more than summer when she hears the cuckoo, or he that smelleth the sweet breath of a panther when the tawny beast leaps on him. I can always expect you—and death.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—You would rather have seen the other.

HARLEQUIN.—My dear, you sometimes make me think that.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—We have said all this a score of times.

HARLEQUIN.—Life, Flower de Luce, is a play; we are all players and must enact our parts or well or ill, but with these manifold rehearsals you and I should in time reach perfection.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Look at me, Harlequin; am I not beautiful?

HARLEQUIN (*enthusiastically*).—You are radiant.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Then why not marry me?

HARLEQUIN.—Marry, sweet heart, because I do not love. Now, my splendid, scornful inquisitress, it is my turn at the question. Have I ever said I did?

FLOWER DE LUCE.—No, and a curse upon the no.

HARLEQUIN.—Reflect, lass; true it is marriage is a sacrament, the fireside is warm, home is a good place, children are better than lands and gold, a wife is part of a man's own heart. But then marriage is a yoke, and the fireside is very narrow. For home you may have the wide world, for children the keen white stars, for spouse the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Yet if you will to wedlock, wed whom you will so it be not Harlequin, for no man can escape his destiny. Take Captain Brazennose. Take Dr. Wiseman. Take even Pierrot. But for me— (*sings*):

The long white road runs straight and free—
It calls and calls till it tortures me.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—I hear the call; it is in the gypsy blood and I have to wander.

HARLEQUIN.—Why not wander, then?

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Eh, Harlequin, you piped while I danced and now whether I will or no I have to follow. When I tire of following, do you know what I shall do?

HARLEQUIN.—Stop, I hope.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—I'll stop your piping with my little knife here.

HARLEQUIN.—My lovely girl, if that is all, pray use your little knife now.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—No, no—I'm not tired yet. But I'm sleepy—good-night. (*Exit, L.*)

HARLEQUIN.—When the wind gets up I have to pipe, when the tide catches me I must sing whether I will or no—till Flower de Luce puts in her little knife. Till then, forward. (*Sings*):

Over the hills and a great way on
The wind blows out of the gates of the sun.
(*Enter Pierrot, L.*)

PIERROT.—Forward's the word, comrade. Where's Flower de Luce?

HARLEQUIN.—Asleep, I pray. We must be gone before—

COLUMBINE (*outside, sings*):

Over the hills and far way
Follow the night that ends in day.

HARLEQUIN.—Powers of mercy! (*Enter Columbine.*)

COLUMBINE.—The moon and the mist are on the hills. 'Tis clear as morning but something colder.

HARLEQUIN.—Columbine!

COLUMBINE.—I heard your song and the little cry of your pipe rang in my ears so I had to follow.

HARLEQUIN.—Alone you came?

COLUMBINE.—Yes. It is very late.

HARLEQUIN.—You are tired, child.

COLUMBINE.—So tired, I think I'll go sleep. (*Exit, R.*)

PIERROT.—Whew! Here's a kettle of pretty fish.

HARLEQUIN.—My faith, I thought for a moment she would open Flower de Luce's door.

PIERROT.—Well, since we do not tramp, I'll sleep again.

HARLEQUIN.—Sleep lightly, Pierrot, for no man is safe with two women, and our duelling friends yonder would scarcely be helpful.

PIERROT.—Count on me. But I am marvellous drowsy. (*Exit, L.*)

HARLEQUIN.—There are, according to some learned Rabbins, seven thousand and nine kinds of evil spirits, but Flower de Luce is more dangerous than any. Oh, a pair of angry women are worse than two mountain cats. (*Enter Columbine, R.*)

COLUMBINE.—I cannot sleep. The room is full of moonlight. My heart is too big for my bosom. When you look at me so, I know I have done wrong.

HARLEQUIN.—Very wrong, girl, but as soon as it is day we will carry you home again and when you wake in your own bed you will have forgotten all this.

COLUMBINE.—I shall remember it in dreams.

HARLEQUIN.—And in dreams you will hear the same song still. (*Enter Flower de Luce.*) (*Aside.*) Now for it! (*To Columbine.*) One moment,

sweet. (*To Flower de Luce.*) My golden lass, why cannot you sleep? Your eyes will be heavy to-morrow.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Who's that?

HARLEQUIN.—A child from the town who lost herself and has been wandering on the hills since sunset in the mist.

COLUMBINE (*to Harlequin*).—O, Harlequin, who is that wild beautiful girl? Her bright eyes make me afraid.

HARLEQUIN.—She, too, is a comedian, a companion long since of mine.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—I cannot hang on your words here forever. I must speak with you, Harlequin.

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—Princess of wild maids and perfect mistress of wayfarers, have not we spoken enough to-night?

FLOWER DE LUCE.—I shall tell her to leave. Child!

COLUMBINE.—She looks as though she meant me mischief. (*Aloud.*) I mean no ill—

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—And shall suffer none.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—This fellow has business with me. We can talk outside. You are not afraid, I suppose, to stay here alone.

HARLEQUIN.—Here we can talk well.

COLUMBINE.—I will go back to the little room with the moon in it. Which was the door?

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—Don't stir, dear child, out of my sight, I implore.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—I'll wait outside for you.

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—Flower de Luce, I must know, before you leave, what you have in your head.

COLUMBINE (*at R. entrance*).—Good-night again, my friend, and you madam, good-night.

HARLEQUIN.—Columbine, you'll lose your way again. Stay here, I beg.

FLOWER DE LUCE (*at L. entrance*).—I will go take counsel with a trusty friend.

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—You do not get out without leaving me the little knife.

FLOWER DE LUCE (*to him*).—You are a fool! We don't part.

HARLEQUIN (*to her*).—All right, my dear, we don't part, then.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Pity there's not another. We might play at cards.

HARLEQUIN.—Shall I waken Pierrot, madam?

COLUMBINE.—Hark! Did I hear a voice? *(Enter Pierrot, R.)*

PIERROT *(to Harlequin)*.—The pretty fellow is come seeking Mistress Columbine.

HARLEQUIN.—Sooner than I thought. Keep him in talk a moment. *(Exit Pierrot.)* Now, Columbine, here's your door. Go back, and quietly to sleep. When you wake, all will be as it should. Good-night, dear child; dream softly. Leander! *(Exit Columbine, R.)*

(Enter Leander, R.)

LEANDER.—Columbine? Where is she? What have we not suffered! You, sir, shall answer to me.

HARLEQUIN.—Come, come, Leander, don't be a fool. I'm your best friend.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Leander—since that is your name—it would be an excellent deed to cut his throat.

LEANDER.—I am marvellously of your opinion, wonderful lady.

HARLEQUIN.—For the love of pity and peace and charity and all the other virtues you disdain, Flower de Luce, leave us. I have to talk to this man—talk, do you understand, as men talk to men.

FLOWER DE LUCE.—And think they have the entire sum of all the sense in the world. I wish you, gentlemen, wisdom. *(Exit, L.)*

LEANDER.—I pray you, Harlequin, did you, by chance, save that beautiful girl from drowning?

HARLEQUIN.—She could not be more dangerous to me had I so done. You would have me divine that I stand in as great danger from you?

LEANDER.—I am indeed your most sworn enemy.

HARLEQUIN.—Then you must shortly be forsworn.

LEANDER.—My anger is based on just grounds.

HARLEQUIN.—Oh, your anger is groundless, your judgment is baseless, and like all fiery spirits, yours moves upward to its proper place.

LEANDER.—Your wit is too quick for me.

HARLEQUIN.—So are my feet too quick, for you or any other. I am, Leander, a wanderer; more restless than the swallow in autumn, more tameless than the unicorn, more swift and subtle than the panther. What! Ulysses wandered twenty years, but he came home at last; Aeneas travelled even to the gates of Hell, but he built him a kingdom on the other side; I am less stable than Aeneas, and like Ulysses at his life's end, I must up and off again.

LEANDER.—Indeed, I have heard your song.

HARLEQUIN.—Why, so did Columbine hear it, and it drew her as the fowler draws the bird. I warned her first. I watched over her but now. I waited for you to-night.

LEANDER.—She shall not be chid—

HARLEQUIN.—Nor should be; his destiny no man can change. Take her, she is yours.

LEANDER.—But her parents?

HARLEQUIN.—The two suitors have taken in their sails; restore her to her father's arms and he will embrace you too.

LEANDER.—And you?

HARLEQUIN.—Follow the wind in the tree tops. Marry your Columbine; you two will be as happy as it is in human nature to be. Are we friends?

LEANDER.—Friends! (*They embrace.*)

HARLEQUIN.—There is day.

LEANDER.—And with day comes love! (*Enter Columbine, R.*)

COLUMBINE.—Leander!

HARLEQUIN.—Searching all night, dying of distress. You owe him for this, what?

COLUMBINE.—I—I do not know.

HARLEQUIN.—I think you do. Now you had better set out before others wake.

COLUMBINE.—That fierce beautiful woman! Farewell.

HARLEQUIN (*kissing her hand*).—My dear, your loveliness will never leave me. (*Enter Flower de Luce, L.*)

FLOWER DE LUCE.—Ah!

HARLEQUIN.—Be off. (*Exit Columbine and Leander, R.*) Softly, my dear, softly. I'll gladly do the same by you. (*Embraces her.*)

(*Enter Pierrot, L.*)

PIERROT.—Ho! ho! What do these eyes see?

FLOWER DE LUCE.—A fist, fool. (*Strikes him and exit, R.*)

(*Enter Captain Brazennose and Dr. Wiseman.*)

CAPTAIN BRAZENNOSE (*whom Flower de Luce has jostled*).—She's a stunning ghost. I'm sorry I did not stay up. What, more ghosts? My visit, good host, if unexpected, is less of an intrusion than an honour, for I am the renowned Captain Brazennose and this is my dearest friend the distinguished Doctor Wiseman.

DR. WISEMAN.—Celeberrimus, sir, celeberrimus, as great in the arts of peace as my friend there in those military, martial, specifically bellicose. My province is all knowledge.

PIERROT.—On my soul, they are so blinded with gazing on their glorious Selves that they cannot see us. Captain, you have not forgotten your second of the morning? Doctor—

DR. WISEMAN.—Come away, Captain Brazennose; come, come, come, which is to say thrice quick. They will set us again at combat and peace is my province. *(Exit with Captain Brazennose, R.)*

HARLEQUIN.—So, Pierrot, we are where we were, alone, and a new day begun. Hear the winds call us. *(Sings:)*

The wind blows out of the door of day,
 The pine trees toss to point the way
 And the long white road runs over and on
 Whither the souls of the dead are gone;
 Dead feet patter, dead voices say:
 "Over the hills and far away."

(Exeunt, L.)

CURTAIN.

Georgiana Goddard King, '96.

OF PEDAGOGUES.

Taking the same way at a fixed hour each morning, I have come to discriminate among the familiar figures of the passers-by. The names I know them by are of my own invention; their characters, a matter of conjecture; their business in life, the spring of many a fancy. To none of them am I wholly indifferent, in some I take a friendly interest, while for the few who share my preference I watch with a pleasurable excitement as I draw near the daily meeting-place. For one of these, however, I look with a degree of eagerness not aroused by any other.

This street-acquaintance, a coachman to judge by his walk, an Irishman by his features, a humorist by the glance of his eye, seems to be the most engaging of comrades. Always the centre of a group of boys, he seems to have for them a peculiar fascination. They creep up behind him, they press close upon him from the side, they walk before him with the awkward gait of crabs, because unwilling to take their eyes from his face.

And of these youngsters the happiest is one who tightly clasps the old man's hand and carries himself with a proud air. The object of a particular carefulness that plainly discovers the relationship between the two, the little fellow seems unaware that he has a guardian. Deceived by a lenient exercise of power he fancies that he has in the hero a friend, not an overseer.

The old man is the boy's caretaker, pedagogue rather. For in these days of security, when the fashion of escort is indeed gone by, the ancient name seems to suit one whose employment has in it a touch of the past, and more definite than attendant, more comprehensive than nursemaid, for all its classic remoteness, to fit the simple dignity of the old servant.

He and such as he are the true followers of the ancient pedagogue,—and not the deliberate, learned gentlemen, who have proudly worn the title, since ever the Roman schoolmasters assumed the name with a fine disregard for the privileges and duties of the office. Your true pedagogue is not the avowed instructor of youth who—for all his presumption—must accept the suggestions of every theorist, who must obey the dicta of Mothers' Congresses, who must abase himself before the whims of childhood, who cajoled,

threatened, coerced into methods contradictory and incompatible is but the slave of progress—but the attendant of childhood, who has with quiet dignity maintained his ancient character, content, though an upstart rob him of the insignia of his order, so long as he himself remain the admiration of childhood.

Belonging as it does, for the most part to such as have been base enough to be servants, and, in some instances, to such as have been shameless enough to avow themselves of a lower race,—“Affikum from ’way back yander ’fo’ de flood, an’ fum de word go,”—the title will hardly serve the purpose of the modern mother, ready to offer to the fine flower of college graduates the inducements of a sonorous epithet, if only they will become nursemaids. For she believes, to use Mrs. Gilman’s own words, that “the forming ideas of justice, courtesy, and human rights in general are much impaired by the spectacle of an adult attendant, who is a social inferior;” she delights, too, to ring the changes on the emancipating phrase—“when ladies are nursemaids, and nursemaids, ladies.” An alluring hypothesis! It bids fair to rival as an exercise in future tenses the time-honored,—“when kings are philosophers, and philosophers, kings.”

However valuable as a field of practice to the student of syntax, it need not cause a moment’s anxiety to the most despised menials within the ranks of the pedagogues. They depend for their authority, not on the sanction of parents, the approval of theorists; but upon the free choice of their masters, the children of the world. They are of those fortunate mortals, who possess an indefinable grace and are, by virtue of it, dear to the infant heart. Theirs is the charm that lay upon Brandis when the eyes of Wee Willie Winkie fell upon him, that drew the children of the gutter to Khalil Khayat as to a friend, that left little lads no choice but “to rin till they’d drap, after Heather Jock and his bit cuddy.” But, though this magical constraint is not for a grown person to explain, the pedagogue has besides his own mark, a badge to know him by among the friends of childhood.

I find that this peculiar character is the result of the blending in him of an insight into the romantic moods of children—their feigned fears, their love of mystery, the “hopes that childhood forges for its own pastime with no design upon reality”—with a practical shrewdness, a ready wit, a humorous philosophy, a didactic impulse, a dramatic instinct; and that this conveys to his talk with them something of the zest of a discussion, the authority of a lesson, the fascination of a story, the illusion of a fine piece of acting.

Nothing of all this shall we perceive if we confine ourselves to dictionaries and commentators. A slight duty, it will seem, this duty of pedagogues—the conducting of boys to and from school—a worthless set, even for so trivial a task, the pedagogues themselves, judged from these meagre, almost grudging records. Turn instead to an exemplar among them, and listen to him as he sets before us the ways of his kind.

Phoenix, the attendant of Achilles, shows himself to us as drill-master, raconteur, philosopher, and nurse. And in his endeavour to bring his sullen charge to a proper frame of mind, he touches upon the fascination he had once exerted.

“Yea, I reared thee to this greatness, thou god-like Achilles, with my heart’s love; for with none other wouldest thou go into the feast, neither take meat in the hall, till that I had set thee upon my knees, and stayed thee with the savoury morsel out first for thee, and put the wine-cup to thy lips. Oft hast thou stained the doublet on my breast in thy sorry helplessness.”

That he should have had to feed a slobbering infant, to lull to sleep some restless child, to have ready old wives’ tales, and idle superstitions for the amusement of his pupils would have seemed to the strict grammarian of Rome the sorriest of fates. By that token he shows himself a wearer of borrowed plumes, for the pedagogue is by nature an adept in services of that sort.

The erudite may incline to nice distinctions; they may define carefully the scope of the labours of the “*trophos*” and “*paidagogos*.” but, surely, they cannot point to any essential difference in the duties of Phoenix and of Eurycleia, the trusty slave of Odysseus.

She, of all the women of the household, had the tenderest love for Telemachus, “having nursed him since he was a little one.” She no less than the Knight continued, even down to old age, the honoured friend and unsparing critic of her nursling. And thus, when her boy, in great bitterness of heart, comes to a realization of his manhood and the charge laid upon him, he is spared the added grief of loneliness of spirit. His mother is absorbed in her own perplexities and sorrows; yet he is not altogether comfortless. Drawn with simplicity and directness the picture of the old slave-woman is significant as a revelation of the possibilities of this tie in that olden time. We cannot but observe the careful bodily ministry, the forbearing tenderness showing itself in silence rather than in speech, the youth’s quiet acceptance of the consolation, when restless impatience would have answered any but the most exquisite sympathy.

Being such, then, those antique figures seem neither strange nor remote, by reason of their resemblance to others nearer to our own day. In looking from them to their successors there is no need to make allowance for time or place, for nationality or occupation. Not one lineament is altered, not one tone of the voice changed. Without knowing it, they have in their faithfulness handed on an ideal which still persists and which promises to survive yet a generation or two longer.

To be sure in the Middle Ages we almost lose sight of them—as of the children themselves—except for a stray hint here and there which makes clear to us that they existed even then. A scattered race, made up of all sorts and conditions of men, priest and soldier, lord and villain, even in such disguise and in spite of the conspiracy of silence in the records of the period, they pass before us from time to time, a consolation to the young birds caged in monasteries, an inspiration to emulous pages, a ready help in the romances of young lovers.

It is not the fault of Glaucé, the wise guardian of Britomart, nor yet of Juliet's garrulous old nurse, if they seem the prototypes of the tiresome confidantes of stage-convention. Their proper place is with the pedagogue. Faithful, shrewd, ready of resource, talkative, and rich in tale and saying, they are open to the same praise and the same blame as are the earlier members of the profession.

In Glaucé, a romantic memory and an inexhaustible store of homely wisdom are put absolutely at the service of the love-sick maiden. Ever ready with "sharp reproof," "if need required," she is no less ready to tire her old limbs with unwonted exercise, and—a sure test of her kind—to spend the night watching by the bedside of her charge:

"Her cheerful words much cheered the feeble sprite
Of the sick virgin, that her down she laid
In her warm bed to sleep; if that she might;
And the old woman carefully displayed
The clothes about her round with busy aid;
So that at last a little creeping sleep
Surprised her sense. She therewith well appayed,
The drunken lamp down in the oil did steep,
And sat her by to watch, and sate her by to weep."

A somewhat commonplace picture! Perhaps; but that we can so cavil at it is merely another proof of the persistence of the type. The same

faithful care it was that inspired the most exquisite tribute ever paid to a pedagogue, a tribute paid out of the fullness of affection, by way of remembrance. I mean, of course, Stevenson's dedication of his *Child's Garden of Verses* to Alison Cunningham. It adds to our knowledge of all pedagogues to think of "Cummy" as a memory of the heart, not a fiction of the brain; for, though an especial friend to her own boy, she is but a specimen. Her ways betray her as of the same order with Glaucé and Euryceleia.

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The Angel of my infant life."

But the honours have not even yet passed wholly to women. At the age of four the records tell us, that "robust and combative urchin," Tom Brown, "began to rebel against the yoke and authority of his nurse." Then it was that Benjy, "a youth of seventy years," that "cheery, humorous, kind-hearted old man, full of sixty years of Vale gossip, and of all sorts of helpful ways for young and old, but especially for children," became the boy's delight and refuge. No one could dispute his claim to the title. For "Mrs. Brown, seeing the boy's inaptitude for female guidance decided in Benjy's favor, and from thenceforth the old man was Tom's dry-nurse."

Such wisdom as Mrs. Brown's is, however, rarely to be found among the suspicious race of mothers. As of old the mother dreads the mysterious influence of the pedagogue, unable to discover its secret. Yea, though a goddess should once more deign to care for a mortal child and be fain to make him immortal, yet would the foolishness of the mother prevent it. And so it is that the pedagogue has the freest scope when he is not recognised as one of the caretakers of the children. Not for nothing has he been neglected through long years, not in vain has he wandered a nameless vagrant among educators. By his very insignificance he has escaped the conscientious ingratitude of the reformer which has robbed us of many things we would fain recover. Since the loss of his title and with it of a clearly

defined position he has become more powerful. Among domestic retainers alone, pedagogues appear in unexpected numbers, and in the guise of cook or coachman, gardener or housemaid, dominate the thoughts of the little ones. All conforming with an exquisite tact to the requirements of the profession, they are always to be discerned by the unerring instinct of childhood and are sure to be kept busy at their labours.

Story-tellers all of them, they are the best of narrators in the opinion of children, because they know the world where the fairies wander, where the "creeturs" talk, where heroic figures tower head and shoulders above ordinary mortals, where love and hate are real and actual, where shrewd native-wit holds its own against refined subtleties, where merriment and courage are the most admired characteristics. This is the child's own playground. It is but natural that grown folks, having wandered far from that place of enchantments, should regard its ways and doings with some degree of condescension, as something to be treated not quite seriously by anyone but a poet or a fool. But in place of the mere suspension of disbelief with which the educated adult rewards a skillful tale of that strange world, the child offers a real credulity to the slightest reminiscence of those familiar with it.

I think of one, Old Marcelline, in the *Tapestry Room*, who managed in some inscrutable way to persuade her charge that she was in the secrets of fairy-land. "There was just a very tiny little undersound in the tone of her voice sometimes, a little wee smile in her eyes more than on her lips, that told Hugh that, fairy or no fairy, old Marcelline knew all about it, and it pleased him to think so."

They met on a common ground, the English boy and his French nurse, as did a little New England maid and an old Irish woman. The child sat on her nurse's knee by the window on a wonderful moonlight night. In a dreamy voice she said, "Will they come soon do you think, Nora? I thought you said they were sure to be dancing down there on the meadows on nights like this." "And sure and I did, me darlint," crooned the Irish voice in answer, "and its just the beautiful night for them. It was on a night like the night they brought good luck to my brother Tim's wife's cousin."

The glory of the night was closer to them than to the unobserved listener, who turned away, smiling at the remote kinsman. To them he was a sign of their own share in the beauty.

But it must not be supposed that the realities of life are as nothing to

the pedagogue. According to Aunt Minervy Ann, a past-mistress of the art, the interest of the tale does not wholly explain its perennial charm.

"I don't git tired un um myself, kaze in der gwines on an' in der windins up, dem tales tetches folks whar dey live at. Dey does, dez ez sho' ez your sittin' dar."

A study of Aunt Minervy's methods reveals a wonderful skill in parrying those awkward questions children are sure to ask. Sweetest Susan objects, with a show of justice, according to our way of thinking, that Brer Rabbit's sense of mine and thine is not all that it might be. She is silenced instantly by Aunt Minervy's reasoning,—“Ef folks had a done dat away 't would 'a' been stealin', but de creeturs—dey got ways ev dey own, honey. Dey dunno right from wrong, an' ef dey did, 't would be mighty bad for we all. Our own hosses 'ud kick us, and our own cows 'ud hook us. Dey wouldn't be no gettin' 'long wid um de way dey er treated.”

Moralizing so direct and spontaneous as this shows the careless mastery of genius and experience. Every touch is delightfully sure, yet so skillful that it seems to offer the charming surprise of a happy accident.

Uncle Remus is almost her equal, whether he is turning aside the insinuations of Miss Sally or administering a mild reproof to the little boy. He answers the common objection that children may be tempted to follow out in their own conduct the morals of beast epics and fairy stories. “Ef a chap 'bout yo' age en size dunno de diffunce 'twix creetur doins en folk's doins, he better be turned out ter graze.” To any right-minded boy there would seem nothing but sense in this adroit answer. Brer Rabbit is not a model to be imitated, he is a privileged character in a world strange, but delightful.

The dramatic gift of these people, their mastery of the possibilities of tone and gesture is an unfailing source of interest, and an incomparable summons to attention. Sensitive to every mood of their listeners, they never miss a chance to heighten an effect, to make more emphatic a telling point. To instance Aunt Minervy once more—“So he comb his hair,” thus she describes Brer Rabbit's preparations, “an brush his hat, an' put on his mits ter keep de sun fum frecklin' his han's, an' tuck down his walkin' cane, an' put out down de road fer ter see what he kin see, an' hear what he kin hear.” Something in her description seemed to amuse her audience. “‘What de matter now?’ she asked solemnly.” At this the children laughed louder than ever. “‘Well!’ she cried, ‘ef you gwine ter have connoption fits, I'll wait

twel dey pass off.'” On hearing that they had been laughing at the idea of the mits, “ ‘You-all must be mighty ticklish,’ remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, plucking at the dead grass. ‘I aint see nuthin’ funny in dat. You nee’n’t think dat rabbits is like dey uster be. Dey done had der day. In dem times dey growed big and had lots er sense, an’ dey wuz mighty keerful wid deyself. But dey done had der day. Folks come along and took der place, an’ since den dey done dwindle ’way twel dey ain’t nuthin’ mo’ den runts an’ skacely dat.’” And then she forgot all about the tale, “ ‘thinkin’ ’bout de time when we-all, white and black, would be brung low.’”

But the supernatural is not the only inspiration of the pedagogue. Some find thrilling matter in reminiscence, or in the traditions of their own people. It is toward kin and country that their hearts yearn. Their memories for the faraway times and scenes of their own childhood are vivid and constant. They will return to it with an abundant enthusiasm, bringing the children of the stranger into rarest agreement with them, stirring in them a sympathetic understanding, awakening in them the historic imagination. And in this genial relationship with people of other stations in life, other races and other aspirations than those to which he has been born, the child finds both profit and amusement. It is his first experience of foreign travel; and, with what adventurous freedom he explores a country, where he is known and loved, where he is greeted without condescension, where his oddities excite no surprise.

Cherished among my personal memories are journeys undertaken at the call of one of these. Davy Bogy! his very name was a delight to childish ears. Now after many years it seems a spell to conjure with, transporting me to a beautiful Irish garden within sight of the sea. But in the youthful ardor of our spirits we had no thought for the loneliness of our chosen playground. Our thoughts were busy with a great enchanter, that bandy-legged, squat-figured, hot-tempered Davy; and, because of him, with that alluring coast to be seen far-off on the horizon. That was home to him, that dim and distant land, a constant reminder of his condition, that of a condescending resident-stranger in Ireland; and a constant impulse to his garrulity. The signal for departure was ever the same. “Do ye see yon?” with an eloquent gesture to the blue hills across the sea. “Weel ye maun ken yon’s Scotland.” Then we were off over moss-hags, up steep hillsides, riding hard in perilous adventure. Yes, long before we knew Sir Walter, we knew the land of heather from the tales of an exile, our Scotch gardener, Davy Bogy.

The present business of life is with some the chief concern, and the matter of their talk. At times the work itself may seem a thing to dream of, to set the pulses on a glow. So it is with one still to be found at his chosen toil. A woodsman in the northern wilderness, honest, merry, practical, and imaginative, exercising an unconscious self-restraint, he has but to speak to gain an audience from those children fortunate enough to know him. Happy the boy or girl entrusted to his care, who gains from his experience a knowledge of the woods, who stands breathless to note his steady aim, and who joins in a laugh that rings unwatched in my ears. It matters not that he speaks in a dialect barbarous in the ears of the fastidious, for he is gifted with a native refinement truly exquisite.

Though it may not be the happy fortune of every pedagogue to spend his days in so exciting a pursuit, I have never known one, who was not in some sort a romantic, who could not touch the things he talked of, dull and commonplace though they might appear, with the mysterious attraction that belongs to things really delightful, but somewhat removed from ordinary experience.

There is, as a rule, something of the fine world, a sophistication, that sets the butler apart from the more simple-minded of domestic retainers. He is of a sort with the lady's-maid, that artificial product, and with the valet, that coldest of cynics. In ordinary circumstances, no man could be less likely to show a spirit of come and go with children. His urbanity perplexes the child and prevents a lively conversation. But when one of these stately personages enrols himself as a pedagogue he is hard to beat. He can bring the grown world down to the child's understanding, and by so doing explain the greatest puzzle of immaturity. Satisfying the demands of his auditors, he shows them those frivolous conventions about which grown people are so serious, as a curious kind of play enlivening the business of life, till he persuades them, that what had seemed at first the dull routine of an unmeaning ceremony was after all something pleasant and gracious. Thus the child in his world of delightful permanence, with its perennial toys and unvarying playmates, ceases to be intolerant of the varying and arbitrary etiquette of his elders, for he begins to feel the glamour of civilization and the witchery of fashion.

The good and clever "Jeames" who delighted the Thackeray children in their "great pinafore age," played his part in their bringing up, quite as much as did the ardent Frenchwoman, their cook in Paris. She venerated

Napoleon; they, therefore, began life as ardent Bonapartists, and—delightful touch—“hated the perfidious English.” He in his way was as much of a hero-worshipper, endearing himself to their faithful piety by his admiration for his master.

I recall one of these dignified figures, who was for some reason retired from his official position and was become a sexton. He was ready at times, however, when the exigencies of ministerial hospitality demanded it of him, to revert to his former occupation. Then he would show himself skilled in the daintier accomplishments of his earlier profession, and all as though he had a fine disdain of his duties, adept though he was. Between him and the children of the house there was a tacit understanding, that he was but playing a part for his own amusement and their edification. When they were admitted to dessert, they were in an ecstasy of delight to think that he, moving noiselessly, and impassive to an awful degree, was acting with them. He was by way of being a philosopher and could give reasons for the fantastic customs of a formal dinner-party. With a keen sense of humor and a graphic power of expression, and mannerisms of the sort to appeal to children, he taught them by his example to respect the conventions of a well ordered table, and to reverence the decencies of a gentleman's household. But more than that, and just because he had served more than one generation of masters and came of a family of servants, he was a connoisseur in the manners and the nature of gentefolk. He knew intimately the world he served, had from his spectator's point of view come to appreciate it without the prejudices of one to whom its ambitions and rivalries were vital, because a part of himself. Never misled by a false assumption of elegance, he set before his charges an ideal unspoiled by any vulgar concessions.

The calumnies of the ignorant prating of “trained skill” and “infant ethics” would sting me to resentful argument, were it not that these unconscious aristocrats and gifted teachers needed no defender. But with the remembrance of those kindly faces that beamed upon my own childhood full upon me, I am proud to avow myself a partisan.

Granny, as we called her, to mark her generation, was the oldest person we had ever seen. She had gone to my grandmother as a comely woman of middle age as nurse to the oldest child, and she had cared for, “raised,” she would herself have said, all the children. When they were married and had houses of their own, she used to make a really royal progress from house

to house, a guest most fondly welcomed. She was the gentlest person I ever knew, with a soft voice—the brogue in it just enough to be a proof of her nationality—with a pleased and restful expression on her wrinkled face, and yet, for all that, with a keen and merry glance in her eye. Dainty in her person, her caps and aprons always exquisitely fresh and fine, she is a picture the memory delights to dwell on. She was a most beautiful and ardent sempstress, and had an unfailing store of needles and thimbles and pointless scissors for ambitious little girls, fascinated by something in her sewing that made it different from that of the rest of the world, and anxious to catch it for themselves. She had a fund of stories, too, in a characteristic vein, fairy stories not without their touch of humour—a quality rare in that sort of tale. We used to delight to spend with her the last hours of a winter afternoon, watching the stars come out one by one as the twilight gave way to darkness, and listening to her tales of Cuchullin or Finn, or to her songs of the places she had known as a child.

All thoughts of servitude vanished before her perfect breeding, her unusual qualities of mind and heart. Yet even had it been otherwise the children would have felt no difference. In his blithe unconsciousness the child has no thought of rank or social position. In his eyes the basest of slaves may be an incomparable aristocrat, the veriest drudge a lofty personage. He has his own way of explaining differences in manners and customs. To imagine that he heeds those arbitrary restrictions that bring home thoughts of caste is to remove him from his own world, where nothing but the affections determines great or small. More often than not, indeed, the place of honor in that true democracy is held by some humble character like Old John, of whom his boy, a man noted among his fellows, could write as follows:

"You were not of our kin nor of our race,
 Old John, nor of our church, nor of our speech;
 Yet what of strength, or truth, or tender grace
 I owe, 'twas you that taught me."

To indicate a preference is but to challenge contradiction; and yet I find none to surpass him, so true and typical he seems. He could "temper the fine pugnacity of youth with timely culture of all generous arts," could sing "a wondrous chirp of eld," could "talk of God and hope and resurrection," and was, with all his wisdom, "garrulous to cheer the little midges."

"O faithfullest! my debt to you is long:
 Life's great complexity around me grows.
 From you it comes if in the busy throng
 Some friends I have and have not any foes;
 And even now, when purple morning glows,
 And I am on the hills, a night-worn watchman,
 I see you in the centre of the rose,
 Dear, brave, old Scotchman."

And if you do not find in all this company one to your liking, you need not, even then, go wanting a pedagogue; for not even yet is the tale of them exhausted. It is but a bleak childhood that has had no acquaintance among these trusty guides and potent wizards.

Whether you tread the beaten paths of the world's ways, or wander through the thickets of fancy, or embark upon the high seas of adventure you will sooner or later fall in with one of our heroes. They are ubiquitous, they know no preferences, they have no theory of their art other than that written by one of their number, "that it is more blessed to lighten the life of a child than—than—any—other—thing." "And no man knew better than that old one the worth of a touch and a tale in the twilight."

Quaint survivals, lingering on into our day, owing their existence to the unchanging demands of the children of the world—the unmethodical character of their teaching not yet overcome—they remind us that it has not been left for our day of kindergartens and child-study to discover the heart of childhood.

Marian T. MacIntosh, '90.

A CONVENT MIRANDA.

The loose strings of brown and yellow Japanese beads at the Principal's door had scarcely done jingling behind one much mystified and vaguely contrite pupil, when Miss Ewing rose in answer to a light nervous knock, herself a trifle nervously perhaps. Miss Ewing knew the knock for Roxana's, and she had no need to refer in preparation for her to the ledger-like volume at her side. Roxana, Miss Ewing used to say to Dr. Delafield, was somehow more on her mind than the other girls.

As for Roxana, she hesitated a moment inside the doorway, looking very small and uneasy in her black dress, as she tried to arrange the hangings behind her, with clumsy little ink-stained fingers. To her now, apparently, as to so many generations of girls that Miss Ewing, as she said, no longer tried to separate them for the most part, but took them *en masse*, like shrimps, those strings of tangling tinkling beads were inexpressibly a torment and a solace. For ordeal as they were on the threshold of a greater, especially if you were coming in for a "Social Department" interview, they gave you time to collect yourself a little. Miss Ewing always waited considerably till you had passed through the beads to open fire.

"What a nuisance you all find my curtains," she said, in her least academic tone. "You must help me to decide on something in place of them, Roxana. Believe me, they didn't always misbehave so badly."

Had she been, then, more awkward than usual, Roxana wondered, more awkward than the other girls?

"Oh! we wouldn't have them different for anything. They go so nicely with all your other brown things, and besides, as Hortense says, Miss Ewing, they're so very characteristic, you know."

"Do you think that was a nice thing for Hortense to say, really complimentary and nice, Roxana?" Miss Ewing laughed lightly, in a way she had that was rather charming if not perhaps entirely natural in her.

Roxana flushed. "Why, of course, Miss Ewing, from Hortense." She was longing to say to her, as she knew she would never dare to say, Hortense's beautiful poem about the Principal, copied out laboriously by Roxana

in gold paint letters on a sheet of brown paper. The last verse especially she adored. She hoped that Miss Ewing appreciated how they felt, how she at least felt towards her:

“Thus a quiet life she leadeth,
Darkly bright like hair and gown,
But we feel the wealth of sunshine,
Golden ever through the brown.”

But Roxana remembered also how the gifted Hortense had somewhat changed her tune after an unlucky logic examination, and, developing a mood of acid irony, remarked that Miss Ewing probably had those Japanese curtains so that she could always be seeing the girls in the hall, and not be seen herself. “It’s quite like her,” she had concluded, “to take such an underhand method.” And could Miss Ewing, Roxana considered anxiously, have suspected some such hidden meaning when she said that the curtains were characteristic? The notion put her no more at her ease.

“I hope your mother is still improving, Roxana. The climate of St. Augustine is really very wonderful, isn’t it?”

“Oh! yes, Mamma is very well, I thank you, Miss Ewing,—that is, I’m afraid she was ill when she wrote last week. I guess just a cold or something.”

“Yes, I see. You hope she is better now.”

Roxana felt grateful for her insight, wondering a little, however, just what the Principal “saw.” She was conscious of growing confusion within, and in somewhat tremulous expectation of learning things about herself she “never even suspected before.” So that she did not quite follow Miss Ewing’s further amenities, but knew vaguely in a moment or two that the Principal had come finally to the gist of the interview.

“But, Roxana, do you think it would please your mother, and that it is just as considerate as both she and we ourselves expect a St. Hilda’s girl to be, for you to use your very unusual walking privileges as I am grieved to hear you are using them? Don’t you feel that your sense of honor is involved? And there is always St. Hilda’s as a whole to be thought of, our reputation in the community and Dr. Delafield. Surely out of regard to Dr. Delafield,—I say nothing of myself . . .”

Roxana knitted her delicate brown eyebrows in babyish perplexity, shook back her fluffy yellow pompadour and began clasping and unclasping on one knee her helpless little ink-stained hands.

"You don't mean—just Charley—you know—Mr. Macintosh at St. Andrew's, do you, Miss Ewing? For you see I couldn't really help that. But I didn't mean, I'm sure I never meant to hurt Mamma, you won't tell her please, poor Mamma! she worries so about me anyway. And hurt you or Dr. Delafield, Miss Ewing?—but, please, you don't really think that? For I never once thought,—oh! why don't I ever think of St. Hilda's? I'm afraid I haven't much school spirit, if I will be a Senior next year."

Miss Ewing found her lips beginning to twitch alarmingly. Was this the best way to bolster up her grieved displeasure in a matter, potentially at least, very serious?

"Roxana, don't you know that any girl can help a thing of this kind if she really wishes to. For of course it is 'just Charley,' as you say, that I mean."

She herself had always been able to help such things. Perhaps before she began to dress in brown, the glint in her hair had not been very noticeable. And Roxana—Roxana's fluffy pompadour needed neither her black dress, nor the background of Miss Ewing's brown Morris-chair, to glimmer adorably as now in the late afternoon sunshine.

"But I couldn't pretend not to see him, could I? after dancing with him at the Senior dance last year, and he's been here to Chapel ever so many Sunday evenings since then, to hear Dr. Delafield, you know. Wouldn't it have been awfully rude not to have spoken to him? And he hadn't seen me since he heard about Papa, and he said he'd been thinking about me. He lost his own big brother, you see, or someone, when he was away, once, at a horrid school, and they didn't give him any special walking privileges, and he was very unhappy, you know, just as I am. And he could sympathize better than anybody.—I mean except you and Dr. Delafield. And that's all there is to it, Miss Ewing, and we haven't met very often, really we haven't."

Roxana's voice began to quiver, and she kept raising the corner of her handkerchief, marked indelibly enough, if not neatly, alas! as recommended by the school catalogue, and not with the sort of ink alone therein specified, to very lovely and piteous brown eyes. Miss Ewing suddenly felt their appeal as one of an intolerable pathos, yet in comforting her felt no less a distressed, half-amused embarrassment. How aloof and literary her words sounded after Roxana's, and how immensely better Charley would have done! And yet, she was just Roxana's age, just seventeen, when she had lost her father.—the starting, or, from her present outlook, the dis-

appearing point to the long perspectives of St. Hilda's wards, of Roxanas, that seemed often quite unending anywhere, no matter how far backwards she might look. She hoped she had been judicious and practical, that she felt in due measure her responsibilities in, notably, the case of Roxana. The child was fatherless, she reflected, and her mother by no means the wisest of women. Miss Ewing recalled the mother, as she fumbled in her desk for a pencil, and waited for Roxana to stop crying,—her pretty, languid looks and manners, her eagerness for Roxana to have all the "accomplishments" and "not hurt herself studying, poor child." Miss Ewing's eyes lighted on her Prayer-book. Yes, finally Roxana was her godchild, had been baptized and confirmed at St. Hilda's the spring before. She had hoped it might make the child more serious, by brief moments indeed had let her wish be father to the thought. And who was this boy, this Charley Macintosh? She knew nothing whatever of him.

Roxana interrupted her reflections.

"I suppose I'll be on bounds, oh! please, not for more than till Easter, —and without even writing to explain, so that he'll know it isn't my fault."

The determination of penalties was quite within Miss Ewing's own province, yet she said:

"In so grave a matter, Roxana, I'm afraid it is for Dr. Delafield to decide, and I can hardly see him now until evening. Dr. Delafield will be sorry, as I am, for of course he will have to make the penalty severe."

Roxana's face clouded again, but it brightened suddenly as the Principal continued quietly. "But suppose now, this afternoon, that you go out alone and think about it all. I think I should take a long walk if I were you."

The little black figure with the blond hair bounded up from Miss Ewing's Morris-chair. "O Miss Ewing, how *do* you always understand?"

And with many thanks and half-incoherent vows Roxana was backing out through the Principal's door, unconscious in her exit of the beads that writhed and jingled in her path.

But late that evening, after she had laughed and sighed with Dr. Delafield over Roxana, and after she had closed "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" at the end of the famous "Ferdinand and Miranda" chapter, Miss Ewing found herself wondering in some depression of spirits whether in reality she had ever understood, or could ever altogether understand. Were there not some mysteries of a very simple nature that had hardly been

revealed to her, as already they had been to Roxana? Well! there was, after all, a law of compensation in the world. At thirty-five Roxana would scarcely turn for light to "Richard Feverel." And if one must be literary it was a comfort, surely, that there was literature.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, 1904.

DE PROFUNDIS.

One hour that just outreigned the evening star,
 Since when all hours have girded faith with fear,
 I chanced to stroll through upland fields,—so far
 I stumbled, dazed as dying eyes appear.
 Wan as a waking thought, the moon upsailed;
 So dim, I scarce could see the groining clear.
 About an ancient burial-lot impaled:—
 High westward, where the pasture-land rose steep,
 And apple-boughs like tumbled sea-weed trailed.
 One limb half closed a trench's vaporous deep;
 For, by the noontide, they will spade a mound
 O'er one, whom, famed and hoary-haired, they weep.
 From leaves, and wind, and grave, and blooms—no sound.
 Still as a pall the blossoms downward hung,
 To shroud that void, when in their folds I found
 Two glimmering eyes, that straight my soul unstrung,
 And left me, tuneless, in the vacant air,
 With all my joyous song of life unsung.
 Two moon-gray eyes: no sight was in their stare,
 Or if they saw they saw what eagles see.
 Far things forgot their burden was to bear.
 Whate'er I'd known their gaze brought back to me.
 All tears I'd shed, all kisses I had taken,
 All tasks and toil, brief as a child's may be,
 All books, and tales, and whispers did awaken,
 As multitudinously near they pressed,
 As those sweet petals from the bough unshaken,
 Sad as the stars, down sinking to the west.
 I stooped, and touched the chilly sod to see
 If still I lived; then rose up and addressed
 Those flower-framed eyes, "Immortal though thou be,
 Breathe out thy name. For no man knows thy birth,
 Alas, nor looks on thy mortality."

Slow answered me the Spirit of the Earth.—
 And ye who'd probe how deep that voice, go hark
 To cloudy cataracts, ten cubits girth,
 That leap too far to see; or ride your barque
 Aloft the in-going tide, loud surf between,
 And guide her far into a cavern dark.—
 So spake to me those eyes, through lips unscen.
 "Proud child, the soul of Earth am I. I brood
 Below all graves, where'er a trowel hath been.
 Full oft your spades my dark demesne intrude."
 Dumbly the snowy bough a moment swayed;
 And, in the eyes, desires like corpses stood.
 For sound, some sound, once more my pulses prayed.
 "These ears," the voice, like sudden rain-gush ran,
 "Can hear dream-songs of birds, night-dews have made
 To stir; soft skirl of chaff, the autumn's fan;
 The push of brook-washed leaves against a stone;
 Yea, the low cry of babe, loud curse of man;—
 Monotonous as sand o'er ruins blown.
 For look, so long I've borne this tireless tread,
 That now I ask some *tune* as undertone,
 Roll-music on the sounding cycles read. . . .
 Babe's thought: each time one transient melody,
 Thereafter thousand repetitions dead
 Beat down mine ears, with mad monotony.
 So I have longed to loose my fettered flames
 Forth from their deep, to scorch up the loud sea:
 And know if silence this delirium tames.
 For I have heard the steppings, to and fro,
 Of set-mouthed Purpose, ere they sought him names,
 A shoreless wave, a boundless undertow.
 How long since brick sucked brick on Babylon?
 Dost ween I heard them?—faint and rich as snow,
 Entombing mainmasts from the midnight-sun.
 I heard the horns and crash of Jericho
 Smite stillness as a brig on boulders run,

While, failing through the fog, the fog-horns blow.
 I heard the wasp-like moans of men at toil
 Upon the Pyramids: each come and go
 Of camels through the desert, bowed with spoil.
 Yea, that mute thudding at Thermopylæ,
 As quick and hard, as lions in a coil
 Of nets, with Christians cast, that Rome might see.
 I heard,—and for what aim?—the chiseled stone
 Click off the Parthenon,—ah, victory!—
 As dice, from witless Fortune's dice-eup thrown.
 And heard I not, through ages, bare footfalls
 Of pilgrims, crossing mount and moor alone?
 Ay, and of slave-gangs to the capitals
 Of Greece, Virginia, and Euphrates' howl.
 Fierce tremblings of artillery; lost calls
 Of bngles, hear I; dying in their goal,
 The stars: Oh, and that hundred-choired wail
 Of them that stifled in Calcutta's Hole;
 Abysmal dim as when the Temple-veil
 Was torn in twain. I heard, and still do heed,
 What time your soundless sun, through tree and dale,
 Strikes heat to hardest graves, and scores the seed,—
 That all men wake to work; until cold tears
 Of night descend on grave, and flower, and weed.
 Toil, blind, is he who daily digs my fears. . . .
 For why this moaning of machinery,
 Dynamic causeway to hespan the years?
 This hum, and whirr, and stir, for mastery?
 Who *be* the masters? Bondmen ye, I say.
 Like snarl of nine-tails at a pillory,
 Roek-drill, corn-mill, command; and ye obey.
 The very spires ye build with Babel-noise,
 Point to yon silent stars, at close of day,
 Bidding you children hush, and hide your toys.
 These voiceless stars I watch through open graves.
 * * * * * * * *

As one who, grief-struck, reads ere he destroys

Some drawer of time-worn letters; and then—saves
 Them all, in bowed bewilderment: so speech
 On speech, nautely, I stowed within the caves
 Of my dark mind, a sentry in the breach,
 I knew not, of a fay's or dragon's hoard.
 'Twixt two rough fragrant boughs, an arm on each,
 I leaned until the Pleiades upsoared;
 And then, because some sheep-bell tinkled down
 The hill, dead thought in arms, rose up restored.
 Intent, as though to hearken 'neath their crown
 Of blooms, the gray eyes stared. But I awoke
 Them. "World-wide Warden of the waste and town.
 Perceivedst thou one quietude that broke
 Earth's uproar?—Nay?—a still small voice not heard
 For this lethargic listening. We yoke
 Our oxen; overstride the waves; ungird
 The ground of her electric wreathes: and why,
 We know not; yet one voice obey that stirred
 Our baby-feet to their first fall, and try
 Again. For this I know, that bondslaves though
 We be, 'tis joy to mind that ministry;
 O yea, for Him to weave, and build and sow.
 Each hour I take my daily bread, I feed
 His hunger that abides with me. I know
 A cup of water unto one in need
 Doth slake His thirst: and all this multitude
 Of sound, in songless mart and songful mead,
 For Him with laughter, shouts, and sighs imbued,
 Beyond the stars, bears music in its flight.
 "I," said the sad eyes, roused in languid mood,
 "Am of the Earth." And folded from my sight.
 But all the tufts upon the sloping field,
 And all the birds, prieked by the dawning light,
 And all the petals for the morn unsealed,
 Made mystic choir with my disburdened mind;
 Joyaunce as in a father's face revealed,
 Because his child is born to human-kind.

Elizabeth Marsh.

IN THE MISTS OF THE MORNING.

I.

This was in the days when the wisdom of the Mother was infinite and Dad, in the matter of knowledge, stood second only to Mother. There was to come a time when the two would change places, Dad representing the ultimate wisdom and Mother second only to Dad; and then, alas, a time when Georgie himself, returning gloriously for the holidays, would step into the first place as by a divine right. Then Mother and Dad would be, perhaps, not even second. Poor Mother and poor Dad! But they would be affectionately tolerated with a high magnanimity in those days as yet undreamed of.

The afternoon sun was shining full into the library. It touched the dark leather-bound books with strange rich gleams, and flashed on the gilded trimmings as they stood marshalled in splendid lines. It slanted in broad bands through the tall windows, and in it little motes danced and played, wee lively things which Georgie caught in his hand, but when he looked they were not there at all. The room was full of peace, and the moments slipped by like golden sand in an hourglass, smoothly and quietly. Now and again Aunt Mary turned a page of her book; now and again Dad rustled his newspaper. Mother hummed softly at her pleasant work. She was arranging flowers and all about her lay heaps of chrysanthemums splashed with sunlight. It was an odd little song that she sang, and it sounded very far away. The hour was one for dreams and fancies. Georgie's thoughts went wandering wide. One has many things to think of if one is a little boy, curious things, wonderful things, and sometimes things decidedly mysterious.

"Mother," said Georgie suddenly, only I think it sounded a good deal more like *muuver*, "What's God?" Mother looked up quickly, her eyes blue with surprise.

"What, dear?" she said.

"What's God?" repeated Georgie.

Dad lifted his eyes from his paper and by this act seemed to come unintentionally into the conversation. Mother looked toward him, and each waited politely for the other to speak. The way they looked and waited reminded Georgie of something, but he could not think what. It was really the boys at school when Miss Smith said "any one." And then, quite suddenly, Dad disappeared behind his paper and went out of the conversation without having spoken a word.

Aunt Mary put down her book. She had the air of waiting.

"Why dearie," said Mother finally, "you know. To whom do you say your prayers every night?"

"You," replied Georgie promptly.

Mother looked troubled. "No, no," she said. "I only *listen*. To whom do you really say them. Think, dear."

Georgie thought; he considered carefully. Why, surely, it was Mother against whose knee he stood with folded hands and whispered "Now-a-lay-me." It was always Mother except when she was away, and then it was Alice. Once he had said them to Aunt Mary, the time when she had called him that funny name because he did not kneel. But clearly Mother was the one. And yet she herself had said there was someone else. It was most confusing.

"I dunno," was all the result of his thought.

"Why you say them to God, who loves all the little boys—and all the little girls—and—"

She paused and looked at Dad. He was very much interested in his paper, one could see only his legs. Aunt Mary, however, still seemed to be waiting.

"You say them to God," began Mother again. "To the kind God, dear, who loves all the little boys and all the little girls."

It was just at this moment that Alice came bustling in. Supper, it seemed, was ready in the nursery and hands must be washed immediately. Alice always gave the impression that there was not a moment to be lost. Georgie followed, full of wonder.

"I hope, Martha," said Aunt Mary, "that this child will have a religious up-bringing."

Supper proceeded with great decorum that evening; there was not even the usual altercation regarding Georgie's silver mug, for he allowed it to be brought to him without remonstrance, although it was his habit to draw

it across the table by a string tied to the handle. Alice marveled, but knew better than to make remark. She gave herself up to undisturbed reflection, gazing absently out of the window. Georgie's mind was very busy; he had great matter for thought. It is not only the minds of little boys that have been fretted by the subject that puzzled Georgie: indeed, many of the world's greatest have worn out hope asking the question to which he found no answer. This was strange news, thought he, this talk of a remote and unknown person who looked upon him and loved him, listening to his prayers. Where did He live, he wondered, how had He remained unseen, and for what reason did people speak His name in voices of awe. He turned over in his mind what Mother had said about God loving all the little boys and all the little girls. Of course He loved little girls, thought he, people always did, and it was quite natural that He should love Lawrence and Charlie and Jack. But since He loved all—and Mother had said so and it must be true—he must also love Billy. Georgie himself admired Billy extremely; he had dashing ways which he no doubt acquired from his father, who was a Jack-of-all-trades—Georgie had decided to be one when he grew up, whatever it was, for it surely must be something delicious—but mothers and nurses never cared for Billy, he seemed to be one of those whom grown up people were not able to appreciate. Still Mother had said that God loved all. And then it occurred to Georgie that it was very curious that he should be loved by a person whom he had never seen. Perhaps others had seen Him, very likely Lawrence had, since he was so well informed and had had so much experience. Perhaps everyone had seen God, except only Georgie.

“Alice,” he asked, “have you ever seen God?”

Alice was far away, but at Georgie's words she became suddenly present with a shock of astonishment. She started and grew red.

“Holy Virgin,” she cried, “what has come to the child!” And, as was usual when she was upset, she began making with her hand that strange sign which so charmed Georgie.

“But *have* you?” he persisted.

“Land no,” said Alice. And when she said “Land no” in that tone of voice one did not ask any more questions, one didn't dare.

Yet, though the asking seemed to cease, it was really going on all the time in Georgie's mind, but no answers ever came. He could not seem to make anything of the subject, however hard he thought, even though he

shut his eyes which usually is such a help. He considered it strange that grown up people, when they know all about everything, as of course they do, are often so unwilling to tell, but he consoled himself with the thought that he would learn about it soon. One found out something new every day; it was only lately that he had learned that "clemenopce" was five letters instead of a single one as he had always supposed. And so he made up his mind to wait. When one is little one is used to being puzzled: it is to be expected.

II.

It may have been a week later, although it seemed a long, long time—but weeks are infinite in length in these days—and Georgie sat at breakfast with Mother and Dad. Aunt Mary had gone home. One was sorry, of course, when she went, for it is sad to have anybody go away, but it was not as if she had been a real aunt. You see she was only a great-aunt, and real aunties are quite different. They come with great exciting trunks,—you never can tell what may be inside,—and they laugh and sing all over the house, and go out to parties in low dresses. They tell stories, too, and invent games, and Georgie had one who used to play leap-frog with him, but she never would do it unless everybody except he and she was away from home.

This morning the little cozy party of three seemed very pleasant. They talked of many delightful things, and they fed Puss at table. But, finally, when Mother and Dad had pushed back their chairs, and Georgie had been lifted down, Dad said:

"Georgie, you are getting to be a big boy."

Now, it is undoubtedly very agreeable to be reminded that one is a fine fellow, and to straddle and put one's hands in one's pockets, however recent the pockets, and yet Georgie knew that such a remark as this of Dad's was not always in the nature of an idle compliment. Many a joy had been whisked away in the wake of words like these.

"And," continued Dad, "Mother and I have decided that you are old enough to go to Sunday school."

"I don't want to," said Georgie. The idea was new, and he mistrusted it.

"Oh, you'll like it," Dad said.

"Shall I, Mother?"

"Yes indeed, dear, you'll like it very much," Mother replied reassuringly.

Georgie asked Lawrence about it at school that morning. It seemed as though recess would never come, but at last the inevitable, acting through the reluctant finger of Miss M. Smith, tapped the little bell that ushered in the delightful half-hour in which one may refresh one's soul with shouts and kicks and one's small inner man with apples. He then sought out Lawrence, and asked him, with great deference, what Sunday school might be.

"Oh," replied Lawrence, with that high air which was the admiration and despair of all the boys, "you learn about,—oh, about,—oh, about the Bible."

Here was something definite at last! Georgie realized that his knowledge of the Bible was not extensive, but he could lay claim to being not entirely unacquainted with it.

"King, king, give a thing,
Never take it back ag'in."

That was in the Bible. Billy had told him so quite recently, on the occasion when Georgie had given his broken pocketknife and then wanted it back. Billy had also informed him that one must do exactly as the Bible said.

"Everything wot's in the Bible, goes," he had said. "That's straight."

III.

Sunday came, fair and balmy, and the autumn mists lay blue on the fields. Georgie, fine in a new sailor suit, clung tight to Dad's forefinger, as they walked along the way. Drum-majors have not more dignity than Georgie had that day. Overhead the sky was pure above the trees as they leaned, all russet and gold, over the walls of those wonderful gardens which no one had ever seen. They dropped leaves down upon one's head, but when one looked up quickly, to catch them at it, they appeared perfectly innocent as if they had never done such a thing in their lives. Horse-chestnuts, wonderful, polished like mahogany, winked their funny eyes from the ground. One could see that they longed to be taken home and turned into little baskets and teapots. The dry leaves by the side of the road were surely swept there by the careful wind for small sturdy feet to scuffle through; and safe, high up on the top of a post, an impudent chipmunk was ostentatiously cracking a nut and seemed to be fairly flaunting in one's face the neglected possibilities of the season. Georgie forgot the great business of the day.

"O Dad," cried he, "let's go hunt for nuts. Please let's."

But Dad, stern to-day in authority, recalled him to hard reality. The path of duty lies not through the woods, it follows ever the hard white highway. The church bells crashed in a heavy dissonance as Dad was speaking.

Incomprehensible to Georgie that day were the ways of the world, inexplicable utterly. It seemed to him that always, as one grew, the delightful things of life were taken away, one after another, and that in their places things dry, wearisome, perplexing were constantly substituted. And truly I do think that the way of grown up people passes all understanding.

Well, here was the church, white and pretty enough to look at, truly, and here the vestry. They entered, going in upon a cool, hushed room. A lady, little, infinitely old and wearing a purple bonnet, met them and spoke with Dad, smiling the while very kindly at Georgie. "Welcome to the Infant Class," she said, and presently led them to a row of benches where sat boys past all reckoning. There never were such numbers of boys before. Georgie was something of an arithmetician; he could count to twenty; but the multitude of these boys baffled thought. The room was thronged with people; they confused one, and as Georgie stood marveling he felt himself lifted into a seat where his legs dangled hopelessly. And then, oh misery! Dad was going. Georgie felt his chin begin to stiffen and knew that tears were on the way. Already his fist was on the road to his eye when Dad said, quite loud as if he were not at all afraid:

"Steady, old man." And the tears went back with a gulp and Georgie thought he felt pretty brave, as one should when one's father calls one "old man."

And so Georgie swallowed, blinked his eyes and looked about him, bold as a lion. In front, in the middle of the wall, stood a platform, and upon it a gentleman, spectacled and clad in black, was standing. "He is going to speak a piece," thought Georgie, with an awakening of interest. The big boys at school spoke pieces on the last Friday of every month. It was but day before yesterday that he had listened, thrilled, to a dreadful tale about a shipwreck, of which two terrible lines had stuck in his memory:

"But the father answered never a word,
A frozen cork was he."

He had repeated these very mysterious and awful words to himself many times with a delicious shiver of horror.

But the gentleman on the platform did not speak a piece. Instead, which was strange considering this was the middle of the morning, he said, in a fearful voice:

“Let us pray.”

Unusual as the proceeding was, Georgie wished to comply. He closed his eyes, drew a long breath, and began loud and fast: “Now a lay me down to sleep,” going through his prayer to the end, and when he had said “Amen,” he opened his eyes. Then his heart nearly stopped beating from consternation. All around him, heads bowed and eyes closed, the others were still praying, repeating in unison new and mysterious words. He closed his eyes quickly, feeling unspeakably thankful that no one had seen him, for he felt he would have died else. “Amen,” said the Sunday School at last and “Amen,” said Georgie, a trifle late, grateful for the familiar word, and then sat in anticipation. Oh, why was everything so strange, why all the faces so pitilessly, brutally unfamiliar. He was an outsider, an out-cast, and all the others were against him.

Suddenly everybody arose and began to sing. Georgie made haste to slide off his seat. Suddenly, with as little show of reason, they sat, and Georgie climbed with difficulty up again. And then there was a hush over all the room, all waited breathless with eyes fixed upon the gentleman on the platform; and he, leaning forward and speaking in the most terrible of voices—a sort of loud whisper which ran down one’s back—said with awful earnestness:

“The wrath of God came upon them and slew the fattest of them and smote down the chosen men of Israel.”

This was fearful. Georgie sat still as a mouse, fascinated by horror, and the gentleman proceeded. But what was he saying? It was all mysterious, remote. Georgie understood no word of it, but of one thing he was sure; that this was something very dreadful.

The minutes passed, however, and nothing happened. Gradually a little wavering shred of courage came back to Georgie and presently he was able to look about him, moving his eyes very cautiously, for as yet he did not dare to turn his head. A little boy was looking at him and, oh, temerity, *he* dared to move his head, to turn about in his seat even, for he sat on the bench in front, at the farther end. He had a round, rosy face covered with freckles; he was solid and reassuring; one felt better at the sight of him, and, as he looked at Georgie, this extraordinary boy actually winked. His

round face remained as solemn as an owl's, but there was no doubt about the wink; he certainly winked. It was at this great moment that the voice from the platform suddenly paused and said, in a pleasant conversational tone: "We will now proceed to the lesson of the day." At which there was a great coughing and rustling; teachers began to turn over pages, and across the aisle the little girls smoothed out their short little skirts and crossed their long black legs.

The infant class seemed to have neither books nor lesson. Instead the little old lady began to tell a story, at least she told a part, and a part she read from a little black book. Once, just for a moment, Georgie thought it was to be "Jack and the Bean-stalk," for it was about a boy who killed a great giant. But this boy's name was David and he proved to be quite a different person. He was, however, a splendid boy, brave and beautiful, and could play upon the harp, which was something Jack and the Bean-stalk could not do, and so sweetly withal that when the old king was sick he drove the pain quite away with his music. But the king was ungrateful and, though his son John something (Georgie could not quite get the name) loved David very much, the king drove him away, so that he was obliged to hide in a cave. By and by, however, he got to be a captain and fought battles and finally he got to be a great king and made songs, which must have been a pleasant occupation, Georgie thought, but distinctly unworthy of one who had lived in a cave.

It was a very interesting story and yet something was wrong. Georgie distrusted it, for it was not as other stories; there was something behind it, some meaning which Georgie knew he had failed to catch, but which nevertheless spoiled it. And then the language was at times very queer, yet, had it been the most straightforward of stories, I doubt if Georgie would have enjoyed it, for he was oppressed with a constant and disquieting sense of dread. There had been, over all the proceedings of the morning, an atmosphere of mystery and awe. There was an influence in the place that frowned upon all enjoyment. Discomforts, physical and mental, combined to oppress one. The new sailor suit scratched his neck; his feet, in their shiny new shoes, hung weary in the air, and the great dim room and the hushed voices lay upon his spirit in a weight of dull foreboding of something fearsome and incomprehensible. It was thus that the fear of God, in its literal sense, took possession of his mind.

Outside, in the noontide brightness of the shining day, Alice was waiting for him. He clutched her hand with eagerness. There was nothing

remote or incomprehensible about Alice, she was of the every day. And yet, in spite of the comforting homeliness of her familiar presence, in spite of the bright reality of the autumn day, Georgie carried home in his heart an ever deepening shadow.

IV.

The year wore on, as years will, only now there were a great many more Sundays than ever before. Gradually the vestry lost its strangeness and the outward and visible signs of Sunday school took on a certain familiarity. The infant class appeared to have dwindled, and the little old lady, although her only pleasure was in doing right and she did not enjoy anything really nice, was, in all other respects, not at all remarkable. That unknown Bible, of which Georgie had expected so much, proved to be simply a book of stories—a very inferior little black book without any pictures—and the boys even came to have names like ordinary boys; one was Jack, one Roger, and so on. That extraordinary fellow, who had dared to wink at Georgie on that memorable first day, bore the unworthy name of Tommy, and, moreover, had never followed up his brave beginning with any astonishing feat of daring. And, now that Georgie came to think of it in the light of newer experience, this act of Tommy's, though undoubtedly exhibiting a high degree of courage, was not as appalling as he had at first considered it. In fact, Georgie could now with a great effort of mind almost imagine himself doing it, and even went so far as to plan to wink back some of these days. He used to think of it when he was safe at home in the nursery and say to himself, "I will next Sunday," but once he found himself back in the great dim room he grew hot and cold at the very thought.

For the spirit of the place had not changed: that never lost its strangeness, but became week by week more awful. Mystery spread shadows there and seized upon one's heart. A vague disquiet grew in Georgie, a dread of the unknown. He carried it home with him every Sunday, and kept it by him at school and at play, and when he went to bed it was under his pillow, ready to steal out and swoop upon him when the light was out. He never told Mother. A strange restraint had grown up about him, but sometimes, when he had lain shivering with fear until he could bear it no longer, he would call out to her and ask for a drink of water, that he might hear the comforting sound of her voice. It was no use to tell Mother, he would

have said, she was helpless against God. It was God that he feared, God the all-powerful, whose eye was ever upon one; who followed close on one's steps with punishment for the littlest sin. Had Mother told him, long, long ago, when he was very little and very happy, that God loved him? This was not true: poor Mother, she did not know. God was terrible. "Fear God," they told one at Sunday School, and at Sunday School they must know. "Fear God," and "Blessed is he that feareth the Lord." Such words he had heard many times. And oh, did he not fear Him!

V.

One Saturday evening when Georgie must have been going to Sunday School a long time,—for he and Alice had already found the first snowdrops in the wet, fresh lawn,—Mother and Dad went out to dine. As usual, they stopped at the nursery to show themselves to Georgie, Mother looking perfectly beautiful and exactly like a queen. Dad, also, made an extremely good appearance, although he was not at all exactly like a king, for kings wear dresses like ladies. Still, Dad was very fine, and, moreover, he carried his wonderful hat which popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, and, if you but blew on it, shut up again neatly.

Georgie stood at the window to watch them set out. It was a grand sight to see the carriage swing down the drive with Mother kissing her hand from the window, and Joseph on the box cracking his whip in a truly royal manner. Georgie thrilled with excitement as he stood in his little flannel nightgown—or, to be more precise, his nightie—and watched them out of sight. But when Alice had tucked him up, turned out the light, and gone downstairs, he began to feel very lonely. The great fear that had been with him so much of late came strong upon him now, and though he tried to think of pleasant things, as he knew was right, the dread kept growing and growing in his heart until it overwhelmed him absolutely and he could only lie, cold with fear, while the great clock ticked, ticked in the hall, like some one coming to fetch him.

Hours long, it seemed to him, he lay there. For a time the servants' voices came to him as they talked far away in the house; they only made him feel more lonely, for he dared not call out. Then they ceased, and for a time there was no sound but the great clock eternally coming on. Then rain began to fall. Usually Georgie loved to hear the raindrops, for he knew

them to be, as Mother had told him, little fairies with crystal slippers running, pitter, patter, over the roof. To-night they brought no consolation. What were fairies in the great fear of God? He put his face in his pillow and sobbed, trying to make no noise, and as he lay with hidden eyes he somehow knew that there was a light in the room. And as he looked up, dazzled, Mother, infinitely beautiful and sweet was standing by his bed with eyes full of wonder.

"My little boy," she said gently. "My little, little boy." And then she caught him up in her arms and held him against her breast. "What is it, dear?" she asked. "Tell Mother all about it."

"O Mother!" cried he, clinging curled against her shoulder in a little ball of misery, "I am so fraid." And then, while she held him tight and kissed him again and again, he told her all his terror, which, as he told it, seemed to grow less and less. "My poor baby," she would say, "my little white lamb," and presently she was crying, too. But she told him there was nothing to fear, with soothing, reassuring words.

"You are too little now to understand," she said, "but you must trust Mother and not be afraid, and by and by, when you are older, you shall know all about it."

"Like babies?" suggested Georgie. And Mother smiled, with the tears dropping off the end of her pretty nose, and said "Yes."

Dad came in to see why Mother was so long in shutting the window, and Mother told him everything. He gave her his pocket handkerchief, for her own was quite used up.

"Oh, I have been so careless," she said, "I have done so wrong."

"My dear child," said he, patting her shoulder and looking very grave and kind. "I alone am to blame." And then he told Georgie that he need never go to Sunday school again.

"Never, never any more?" asked Georgie.

"Never, never," said Dad, and "Never," said Mother.

Just then the big clock struck the hour. "Dear me," cried Mother, "what a time for little boys to be awake!"

"I should say so." Dad replied, and then he said, "Come along, old man, and I'll sing you to sleep."

So Georgie snuggled down in Dad's arms and closed his eyes, while Mother sat on the side of the bed. She was smiling now and not crying any more, and everything was homelike and cozy. Georgie felt that blessed

happiness that comes only to little boys and girls when all their troubles have been smoothed away and they have been kissed and comforted by mother. It is like a rainbow coming out over the earth after a storm, it is so bright and serene, and it is very sad to think that when one is grown up one never feels it any more.

“‘Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,’” began Dad. His singing was delightful; nobody could sing as he could. When it was “‘High Diddle Diddle,’” one could not restrain one’s legs; try as one might, they would go hopping and jumping about; but when it was “‘Little Boy Blue,’” one felt sleepy at almost the first word. To-night, however, a sudden thought came into Georgie’s head.

“Dad,” said he, opening his eyes, “Aunt Mary doesn’t like your singing.”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Dad, astonished at this monstrous idea.

“No, she doesn’t” Georgie went on. “But, Dad, why does she say you haven’t got an ear?”

Dad looked very much alarmed and put one hand to the side of his head, “Goodness!” he exclaimed, “I didn’t know there was anything the matter with my ears. Aren’t they all there, Georgie?”

“Why, yes,” replied Georgie, reassuringly, “they are.”

“Well,” said Dad, “Aunt Mary’s a very peculiar person, and you and I can’t hope to understand everything she says.” Which statement was perfectly true. And Dad began again:

“Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
 Sheep in the meadows, cows in the corn:
 Where’s little boy that minds the sheep?
 He’s under the haystack, fast asleep.”

VI.

The sun was up when Georgie’s eyes opened upon the glorious day of freedom, and the wind was cutting capers with the larches on the lawn, drunk with the spirit of the high wild morning. Under the window, in the lilac bush which soon would be blossoming forth, the little sparrows were chirping and twittering with joy, as who would not who had nothing to do all day but sit about in trees and swing on telegraph wires. All the time Georgie was being dressed he kept running to the window to look out at

them. "Pretty birdies," he said, and he made a little poem, because he could not help it, which proves that he was a true poet. It went like this:

"Birdie, birdie, sitting in the tree,
I am going to play with you, little birdie."

He said it over to himself, again and again; not out loud, of course, for then Alice would have heard, and that would have spoiled it all. Poor Alice! she was having a hard time getting the buttons in the buttonholes. "Do keep still," she would say, emphasizing each word with a jerk of Georgie's arm. Georgie did not care. He was above earthly troubles this day, was Georgie. Life went with an unwonted sprightliness this morning and the world smiled as never before.

Out in the garden, when breakfast was over, the crocuses flaunted in colors of wonderful brightness: the gay little yellow ones seemed radiant with the knowledge that the very sunlight was not more golden, and the blue ones were not afraid to look heaven itself in the face. Georgie and Mother and Dad went the rounds of all the growing things admiringly. "How tall you are getting, my dears," they would say to the young lilies, and, "What a lovely color you have," to the rosy little pæony shoots. And when they went to pay their compliments to the white violets, Mother's favorites, which soon would be wafting their sweetness even to her chamber windows, they found, oh, wonder of wonders! a wee green bud hiding away close under a leaf as if ashamed of having come so soon to nature's yearly festival of spring. It was extraordinary what marvels of fresh greenness had unfolded in that one night of rain.

Here Georgie played all the long morning through. He ran down the paths like a horse, jumping the boxborders: he shouted to the brave wind that was swinging and singing high up in the bare boughs of the trees: he climbed the grape arbor and fell off from that perilous spot called "Nearly the top," and all the time his heart was as light as his heels. Once the church bells rang out, and he pretended not to hear them. Just for a moment there swept across his heart the unrestful quiet of that autumn morning when first he had heard a meaning in their sound. But here was the sun and the wet, fresh earth; he was free, and a king, and such phantoms had no power to trouble him long. Yet he stopped in his play and ran to Dad.

“Dad,” asked he uneasily. “When I’m big I shall understand all about God, shan’t I?”

“I hope so,” replied Dad.

“And I shall know just as much as you do?”

“I think probably you will know just exactly as much,” Dad said.

Leslie Appleton Knowles, 1900.

THE ANGELIC LIFE.

Here and there throughout New England and the Middle States, the rambler of country lanes and green wood-roads may come upon a peaceful little village, distinguished by the uniform simplicity of its buildings, and, too often, by a remote suggestion of approaching decay. Perchance you stop at a farmhouse "down the road a piece" for a glass of water and information. Both are willingly proffered by the gray-bearded and sun-browned farmer who has sauntered out from the barn at your approach. After a "Fine day, sir!" by way of greeting, and a dipperful of refreshingly cool well-water, you ask (for you have had your suspicions), "Is that the Shaker Village yonder?" You learn that it is indeed "the Family." "That is, all that's left on 'em," your informant adds, "for they're mostly petered out naow," and, humorously, "Shakerism ain't so takin' as it used ter be." By the homely but expressive words "petered out," the rustic dialect precisely defines the condition of Shakerism at the present time. Dwindling communities of "the elect," striving to live "the angelic life" here below, the Shakers, never actively proselyting, win but few converts from the present generation whose ideal is that of a more strenuous earthly existence. "Folks are not so anxious for the angelic life in heaven that they want it on earth," is the Shaker's sad admission. After a visit to one of these peaceful Shaker communities, you marvel that their appearance of calm security and freedom from worldly cares has ceased to attract those baffled souls who find the "world-outside" so unkind a home.

Long after you may chance upon a dusty little volume, half-hidden away on a library shelf, its title promising further knowledge of that "angelic life," a glimpse of which you have caught during one summer day's wandering. My book was an account of the origin and practices of Shakerism, published nearly a hundred years ago by one Thomas Brown. And you may be incited to read more of the quaint Shaker literature, for, despite its crudeness, you are led on, by the simple sincerity of its curiously Biblical phraseology, to learn more intimately of Shaker life.

Shakerism sprang up in the latter part of the eighteenth century among those English Quakers who were aroused by the spiritualism of the

times, by the revivals of Wesley, Whitfield and Swedenbourg. The lack of ritual in Quaker worship was unsatisfying to certain passionately religious souls who longed for a fuller expression of their fervor. One Ann Lee felt herself inspired above her companions with the "light of the gospel," and expressed her conviction that, in her, Christ had appeared again upon earth. Gathering disciples, she founded a society known as the *Shakers*, a title of derision: "they were considered insane because they would sit for hours, waiting for the 'power of God,' and then would commence jumping and whirling, trembling violently for joy. Because of these bodily agitations, they were called Shakers, and sometimes Shaking Quakers." Enduring much persecution in England for her "sacrilegious presumption," Ann Lee and a small band of followers embarked for America to secure freedom of thought and practice. In 1774 the first Shaker community was established at Watervliet, New York. After her death, the Shakers paid divine tribute to Mother Ann, who, they declared, had ushered in the millennium and revealed the true life on earth.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, Shakerism was a growing religion, meeting the need of many a sin-stricken soul who considered the religion of his day coldly tolerant of existing evil. Eighteen flourishing communities had taken root in the Eastern United States by the outbreak of the Civil War, when the Shakers were condemned for their Quaker-like creed of non-resistance.

The ideal of Shakerism was to create a heaven on earth by forsaking sin and approaching a union with God through purity of life and communication with the spirit-land of ministering angels. A community of goods was held essential to the "angelic life," insuring the banishment of all private ambitions and personal cares. They sought to exchange earthly ties for heavenly ones: to live as the angels who "neither marry nor are given in marriage"; marriage is of the earthly order, and celibacy the purer state. Numerous Shaker pamphlets are devoted to the justification of this monastic ideal. Many urged them to "Consider the appalling result, should Shakerism be universally accepted." But one, Elder Evans, stoutly asserts, "Should all mankind at any one time be prepared to become Shakers, there would never be a better time than *that* for the human race to step off the stage of action."

You are tempted to agree with Elder Evans if you have observed the cheerful and industrious lives of these secluded folk. They have endeavored

to simplify existence; the attempt is discoverable in their very *yea* and *nay*, "for more than this cometh of evil." Quaint, serene figures in plain garments of Quaker pattern, they strive to walk in the straight, if narrow way by a life of simple labor, thus safeguarding against the perplexities and temptations of the "world-outside."

Visit their workshops, their barns, their fields, and witness their thrift. Everywhere is that order and cleanliness for which the Shakers are justly renowned. Go into their herb houses and learn of Shaker simples and essences of unquestioned excellence. The door opens, and the fragrance of years of drying herbs floats out upon the air. Within the very rafters are sweet as sandal wood with the penetrating, pungent odors of catnip, peppermint and hops, that fill the great wooden presses with their drying cakes. Pass on into the dim storeroom, its shelves piled high with blue packages. A glance at their labels carries one, in memory, through the seasons—liverwort, bark of witch hazel, sassafras, valerian, digitalis, familiar friends of the countryside; one rejoices to discover their added worth of healing virtues. You picture the Shaker men bringing in herbs from field and kitchen-garden, to the sisters who clean them, above in the drying room, for packing, pressing and distilling. A pleasant task it is, as they crush the crisp, green things between their hands and inhale the wholesome fragrance. At all times they are gatherers of simples.

In that charming sketch of Shakerism, "The Undiscovered Country," Mr. Howells gives us a glimpse of Shakers busied thus:

"In their way they mingled what jollity they could in their work, and were sometimes demurely freakish in the depths of their poke bonnets and under the wide brims of their hats. Certain of the elder brethren and sisters had their repute for humor, and made their quaint jokes without a bad conscience: while the younger played little pranks upon one another, with those gigglings and thrusts and pushes which accompany the expression of rustic drollery, and were not severely rebuked."

In the Shaker religion a like simplicity prevails. I quote again from "The Undiscovered Country;" Sister Rebecca is questioned concerning the Shaker belief by Dr. Boynton, a spiritualist who has come to the community at "Harshire:"

"What are your tenets?" he asked.

"Tenets?" faltered Rebecca.

"Your doctrine, your religious creed?"

“‘We have no creed,’ replied the sister.

“‘Well, then, you have a life. What is your life?’

“‘We try to live the angelic life,’ said Rebecca, with some embarrassment; ‘to do as we would be done by; to return good for evil; to put down selfishness in our hearts.’”

The same book contains an excellent description of their religious services, through which they hope to communicate mystically with that “spirit-land” upon which their thoughts are bent.

“Dr. Boynton went to the family meeting, and remained profoundly attentive to the services with which the speaking was preceded. He saw the sisters seated on one side of the large meeting room, and the brothers on the other, with broad napkins half unfolded across their knees, on which they softly beat time, with rising and falling palms as they sang. The sisters, young and old, all looked of the same age, with their throats strictly hid by the collars that came to their chins, and their close-cropped hair covered by stiff, wire-framed caps of white gauze; there was greater visible disparity among the brothers, but their heads were mostly gray, though a few were still dark with youth or middle life; on either side there was a bench full of sedate children.

“When the singing was ended, the minister read a chapter of the Bible, and one of the elders prayed. Then a sister began a hymn, in which all the family joined. At its close, a young girl rose and described a vision she had seen the night before in a dream. When she sat down, the elders and eldersses came out into the vacant space between the rows of men and women, and, forming themselves into an ellipse, waved their hands up and down with a slow, rhythmic motion, and rocked back and forth on their feet. Then the others, who had risen with them, followed in a line round this group, with a quick, springing tread, and a like motion of the hands and arms, while they sang together the thrilling march which the others had struck up. They halted at the end of their hymn, and let their arms sink slowly to their sides; a number of them took the places of those in the midst, and the circling dance was resumed, ceasing, and then beginning again, till all had taken part in both centre and periphery: the lamps quivering on the walls, and the elastic floor, laid like that of a ballroom, responding to the tread of the dancers. When they went back to their seats, one woman remained standing, and began to prophesy in tongues. A solemn silence followed upon her ceasing.”

Any witness to those ceremonies might find much to deride, but could not fail to be impressed by their perfect sincerity. Many strange accounts of personal revelations, like those of the saints and martyrs, are set down in Shaker records.

Shakerism does not appeal to the majority, who shrink from renunciation. But although we may not entirely sympathize with their peculiar ideas, we can find much to admire in the purity of their lives. Many of us may object: "They try all the time to make the other world of this world!" And should it be urged, "Perhaps that's the only condition on which they find happiness in this world," we also may answer, "Perhaps. But I don't believe so. We were not born into the other world." But we agree with Mr. William James's appreciation of the value of sainthood for the ordinary individual: "We are glad they existed to show us that way, but we are glad there are also other ways of seeing and taking life."

Dorothy Foster, 1904.

A NEO-PAGAN ELEGY.

From this beloved hill-top canst thou hear
My voice, grown tremulous with weeping, love?
Or doth thy spirit dwell so far above
The stars, that it may never wander near
The pleasant places and familiar ways
That were most dear to thee in earthly days?

The spirits of the air, that guide thy feet
Along the banks of those enchanted streams
Whose melancholy music haunts my dreams—
They know full well that life is fair and sweet—
They seek to win thy thoughts from other hours;
Alas, hast thou forgot the scent of flowers?

For thou didst love them once, and couldst entwine
Thy glittering hair with sprays of early bloom;
What roses deck thee in the mystic gloom
Of that abode? I know thou dost repine
Amidst the music of the heavenly quires,
Unless cold Death benumbs those old desires.

Grieve not, dear love! the groves whence thou hast fled
Are not so lonely now; the sweet birds sing
Faint elegies, that fill my wandering
With sorrowful remembrance of the dead.
Death's shadow lies not heavier where thou art,
Than lies the sunlight on my heavy heart.

Green fields and flowers! From day to day they change,
Till of their beauty nothing seems to last
Except some bitter memory of the past.
Whose sorrows live, while all its joy grows strange;
The joy I purchased at so dear a cost.
That it being gone, my heart's delight is lost.

If with the loss of thee, life darkens so
That it assumes the pallid tones of death,
I sometimes dream thy spirit wandereth
Amid such scenes as mortals cannot know.
O love, if earthly joy so soon is o'er,
Lives there another joy, that dies no more?

And art thou standing in such splendid guise
Of variant hue as doth the sky adorn
When Day flings wide the portals of the morn,
With love and pity lighting up thine eyes
For one who mourned thee, fearing lest thou find
Death sombre, and the heavenly gods unkind?

Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901.

THE PLAYGROUND.

The dwellers on the Hill Farm lived undisturbed and alone. Few travelers passed the farmhouse gate, and those were lumberers with their long, low wagons, jingling with chains. The men walking alongside nodded silently to the farm-people in the door or at the window, and then turned to swear at their mules in drawling Dutch.

They disappeared at the upper turning, but their voices were heard still, echoing against the barn doors. The farm-buildings were set in a little ravine of the hill, the whitewashed barns a few rods above and beyond the small farmhouse with its drooping roof. The great outside chimney showed the house old in spite of its fresh red paint. On the little porch the milk-pans gleamed on the wooden benches. Sunflowers nodded in a long line above the white fence palings. Across the road, and below, stood the stone spring-house, and flowing from the spring a brook tinkled down the hill. The hill was long, and thickly wooded at the base where the railroad ran. At the farmhouse you could not see the cars, but only the white smoke in the tree tops below you. Beyond stretched the expanse of the valley farms bounded on the further side by other hills, which, in a straight line with the Hill Farm, broke away into what they called the Gap. On the clearest days you could see still beyond the Gap,—fields of pale green, and the gleam of a thread of water.

That was Borden County, they told Florice Ellen, questioning, and she wondered much about that strange country, sometimes faintly seen, but oftener hidden in haze.

The ascent at the back of the house, however, was the dearer aspect to the child. From the lean-to kitchen, the hill still climbed up and up; first the garden-patch, bounded by a line of raspberry bushes; then still swelling up, a clover field, sweet with the aftermath of early August; next to that, a wide field of corn, forever whispering. The cornfield was shut in by a stump fence, formed of uprooted stumps set sidewise, their roots interlacing and picturesque with creepers, which showed already here and there a leaf of crimson. Beyond this fence, the soil was free, wrested from thick woods

ou either side, but not cultivated. Straight ahead, the hill was ridged against the sky, and bare except for three pine trees on the crest. The trees were sentinel friends of Florice Ellen's. She often looked toward them, hallooed to them, but she had never dared to climb so far as where they stood.

In the clearing, a few rods from the stump fence, and in the shadow of the woods was a little space enclosed by an iron railing, rusted and aslant, but green with vines. Wild ivies, too, twined about the dozen tottering gray slabs that stood within, for the enclosure was an old family burying-ground, planted there upon the hillside long ago, when rural cemeteries were few, and lonely farm-folk liked to keep their dead close to them, within sight of their windows, and within reach of daily visiting. Thus they cradled them in ground unconsecrated except by the footfalls of living loved ones, and by the clover-laden winds the dead knew well. The little graveyard did not belong to the family of Florice Ellen, but to strangers from whom the Hill Farm had passed into her grandfather's hands ten years before. This was why it was now left to neglect, crumbling back to wildness in the shadow of the forest. The stones were of slate, all but one larger than the rest, of marble, discolored and moss-grown, but with its inscription still legible:

"EZRA COLBURN
Aet. 8 yrs. 2 months. 10 days
Anno Domini 1809
We loved him."

Cry still poignant with parental anguish. Five of the slabs belonged to Ezra's brothers and sisters, but they had all died old.

The graveyard was Florice Ellen's favorite playground. She loved it with all a child's love of littleness. The Hill Farm was a place of broad fields, and lay within hearing of the sounds of a woodland stretching unmeasured and little penetrated. The sense of large spaces oppressed Florice Ellen. When she went through the cornfield, the towering corn seemed to sway and rustle away on every side endlessly. She was always glad to come through to the sight of the pine trees, and playground, which was cosy and suited to her. Her affection for the little burial plot was also an expression of her unconscious loneliness, orphan grandchild as she was, reared on the Hill Farm with silent old people, companionless. Yet she

was a merry little one, six years old, wild and winsome as a robin or a daisy. That August afternoon she wore a dress of faded blue calico, too short for her. Her straw-colored hair was braided in two tight plaits, tied together at the ends with white twine. Her blue eyes, her mouth with its even rows of baby teeth, her dimples in cheeks and chin, were always brimming with laughter. She was a born player. She had a score of games of her own, games in which feet and hands were ever active, for she was nourished on hill air, and a tireless romp. Sometimes she fell asleep in the sultry hours, lulled to drowsiness by the far-away thud-thad, thud-thad, of threshing in the barn.

That afternoon, playing was glorious. She called to the crows in the tree tops to look at her, and her laughter died to stillness in the woods. It was the shadow game, a difficult hop-scotch, in which the shadow lines flickered so that it was more by good luck than by trying that the bare feet jumped safely into the squares of sunshine. The gray stones marked stations in the game, and Ezra's marble was the goal. She was only half-way around when she heard the supper horn, blown by her grandmother to call the men from their field work, and Florice Ellen from her play. The little one did not want to stop. She lingered, and went reluctantly down the hill, not hurrying until her bare feet pattered on the garden planks. There was a smell of frying from the out-door kitchen. Florice Ellen unlatched the heavy door that opened directly into the dining-room, letting in a bar of western sunshine across the gay rag carpet. Opposite the door, the eastward windows had their green shades half drawn, meeting the pink mosquito netting tacked across the lower sash. Florice Ellen saw the family already seated at the table by the windows, a table spread with a red cloth, and set with coarse white crockery.

At one end sat the grandfather, a strong old farmer, with clear blue eyes, thoughtful and of few words. Opposite him was the grandmother, a stout, slow-moving woman, capable in direction, and given to sitting many hours by the window, in quietness, gazing toward the Gap. On one side sat the two farm laborers, old Kauffmann, with a gray beard that swept his lap, and shifty eyes that betrayed an unsound mind; and Charley, an overgrown Dutch boy, with great muscles and a vacant face. On the other side of the grandfather sat the little girl's great-aunt Sadie, a tiny old, old woman, with thin white hair, drawn into a knot at her neck, and with the distorted hands of women who work incessantly. They were not people given to talk-

ing. The isolation of the Hill Farm had slowly subdued them to silence. Into this circle the child danced, smiling and warm with sunshine. They did not notice her except that her grandmother drew back her high-chair, and began to prepare her bread and milk. Florice Ellen jumped lightly into the chair, an old one, worn black and smooth by many little hands, and dented by generations of little heels. There was no rebuke for her tardiness. There were few words at any time for Florice Ellen, except patient answers to her questions. The others ate silently and slowly on, but Florice Ellen bubbled over with prattle, of the crows distantly quarrelsome in the pine trees, of beetles rolling balls of clay, of the unfinished shadow game. In the intervals of her bread and milk, she punctuated her tale by jumping up and down in her chair, and beating her hands upon the table. The grown-up people heard her unheeding. Her high spirits and volubility were to them like those of a wild thing, familiar and natural, but belonging to a creature different from themselves. They thought of the child they were rearing, much as they thought of their crops or their farm stock; she was to be treated carefully, so that she should sleep, eat, and be clothed healthfully, but beyond that she was the better if left to her own growing. Some day they knew they must catch her and tame her and teach her all a farm woman's toil, but not yet.

Her bread and milk finished, Florice Ellen begged an unaccustomed privilege. It was always bedtime soon after supper, but this evening she longed to go back and finish the game; to play still, not sleep just yet, she pleaded, and they let her go, only she must come back soon, before the dark. It was a glad experience, and she went skipping up the hillside. The sun had just sunk. A freshening breeze blew over the cornfield making the rustling noisier than ever. The light down among the cornstalks was soft and strange. Florice Ellen hurried through, welcoming the sight of her pine trees. "Hello, hello, hello!" she called to them, rounding her hands before her lips as she had seen the men do. How loud her voice sounded! "I wish they would answer back," she whispered. Lithe as a squirrel, she climbed the stump fence and in a minute had entered the graveyard. But she could not finish the game, the shadows had grown too indistinct, although the light was still clear. Somehow the pleasure seemed to have faded out of her games. It was not as she had expected up there. She sat down idly, for the child of the lonely farm was longing for some one to play with, some one nearer than the birds, some one with responsive laugh-

ter, unlike the trees. Florice Ellen hardly knew what sadness meant, but for once she was sitting still and not smiling.

Many years ago they had laid another little player there in Florice Ellen's playground. People could not believe that Ezra was dead, he had been a little boy so radiant with life. There had been no fading of health to make dissolution seem possible; just a daring leap from a barn rafter, and a bravo cut short. His lips were still parted in that broken laugh when they buried him. For years his mother, as she worked in the kitchen, would hear the patter of bare feet coming around the house, but the feet never approached; or she would hear shouting from the barn or the fields, but the shouts never came nearer. She grew used to these fickle sounds after a while, but they always quickened the heartache. Mischief-loving little urchin, how could a coverlid of turf hold immobile those buoyant feet, or grave-mold dim the merriment of his brown eyes!

Florice Ellen still sat quiet and wistful. It was the hour when the light is tenderest, when Night, the nurse, calls the white child Day to go to sleep upon her breast. Suddenly the little girl's eyes brightened, for there peeping around Ezra's marble was a face, ringed with short brown curls, the cheeks ruddy, lips and eyes sweet with fun. Smiling toward her, he came out from behind the gravestone, barefooted and dressed in a long white gown, much like the night-dress that Florice Ellen, too, wore when she was asleep. Florice Ellen jumped up. She knew he was for a game of tag. Her hands on a gravestone, she challenged him with her eyes to catch her, pausing on winged feet. He darted for her: lightly she danced aside. Then she skipped back, her outstretched hand within an inch of his, but she whirled away before he could touch her. They laughed loud for the joy of it,—free, free, and nimble-footed. The peace of the summer night was sweet upon the trees and the fields. In the woods the birds were noisy, not making their daytime music, but uttering a loud, monotonous chirruping, homely as the jingles with which human babies go to bed. Florice Ellen's hair came loose of its braids in the running, and her bare legs twinkled through the dusky grass. It was her first game of two. Sometimes one child was pursuer, sometimes the other, but they never quite touched each other, nor cared that they did not. It was a game without an end, and the little players could not tire. Florice was fleetier than Ezra, for he stumbled on his long gown. He was up again in an instant, only amused at the tumble, as if it were part of the play. His laughter chimed sweet with Florice

Ellen's. They did not speak at all; they understood each other so completely, so joyously, for they had been lonely, and this was comradeship. Round and round they raced, in the deepening twilight, two barefoot children, Life and Death, playing tag among the gravestones.

They sank down at last, breathless and happy. Softly and sleepily the evening stole upon them.

Down at the farmhouse they had waited long to undress Florice Ellen and put her to bed. At last the grandfather climbed the hill to bring her down. He found her lying by Ezra's marble, and tenderly lifted her in his arms, for he was one of the grave caretakers of little playing people. The note of a whip-poor-will in the woods was so close to his ear that it sounded like the veritable fall of a lash. The old man carried the little one down, treading slowly and sturdily, while Florice Ellen breathed softly in the warm sleep of out-door health. She only half awoke when he seated her on the stump fence as he climbed slowly over. It was dark as he faced the valley, and he stumbled going through the corn, which brushed the little sleeper's face. Above them, the three pine trees were standing steadfast against the still luminous sky, the three pine trees where Florice Ellen had never been.

Winifred M. Kirkland.

COLLEGIANA.

THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE Bryn Mawr Club of New York City has finished a third season in its present location at 138 East Fortieth street. Three members have been in residence during the winter. The Club shows such an encouraging increase in size and ambition that it may be possible next autumn to realize one of its cherished schemes and move into a club house, where a greater number of permanent residents can be accommodated and room can be provided for transients.

Tea is served in the club rooms every Wednesday afternoon for members and their friends.

During the Christmas holidays a reception was given by the Club for Bryn Mawr students, then in New York.

The annual dinner of the Bryn Mawr Club was held on February 27 at the Hotel Marie-Antoinette. President Thomas, who is an honorary member of the Club, Miss Garrett, Mme. Veltin, and Mr. Giddings, were guests of honor.

Through the courtesy of a friend the Bryn Mawr Club has this year become incorporated.

M. L. M., '94.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club has been largely attended and successful this year. We feel most grateful to the following lecturers, who have much increased our interest in philosophical speculation:

November 5. Mr. ALBERT LE FEVRE, of Cornell University. *Science and Philosophy.*

January 9. Mr. FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE, of Columbia University. *The Appeal of Idealism.*

February 26. Dr. MARY W. CALKINS, of Wellesley College. *The Study of Philosophy.*

March 20. Mr. EDWARD A. PACE, of Catholic University. *Mediæval Views of Brain Function.*

April 24. Mr. A. T. ORMOND, of Princeton University. *Kant as a Representative Philosopher.*

A. M. K., 1903.

THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

WE are told by the alumnae who were here when our Sunday evening meetings were first held that the character of the meetings has changed somewhat since their day. We are more formal and less free in our discussions they tell us. But this increase in formality we feel is only the natural consequence of the greater size of the college and is not due to any lessening of the interest in the meetings. Indeed, the same alumnae admit that the interest is more general now than in the beginning.

It is hard to say whether or not the feeling is deeper at the present or in the past, but we can say that there is no one at Bryn Mawr now who does not feel that these meetings play a vital part in our college life.

There have been a few innovations this year. A book has been started to keep a record of the subjects and leaders; the hour has been changed from 6.45 to 7 to accommodate the students at Summit Grove, and several times during the year we have had extra music at the meetings.

M. S. S., 1903.

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THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE most encouraging feature of the work of the Christian Union this year has been the Bible Classes and the conferences. There have been over twice as many regular attendants of the classes this year than last, and at both the Student Volunteer and the Summer conferences our delegations ranged amongst the largest. There have been changes in the way of additional committees, such as the Bible Class Sub-Committee, made up of members of the five classes and assistants of the Philanthropic Committee, one to receive papers and books and another to take charge of the substituting for teachers in the surrounding Sunday-schools. Most of the philanthropic work has been similar to past years, the greatest change being the enlarging of our field of interest to the Kensington Christian Settlement, where a hockey team, a cooking class and other classes have been formed. The Philanthropic Committee have also given magazines for distribution amongst the rural free libraries. There has been one other important change—the editing of a monthly paper, THE RECORDER, which has kept us in touch with Miss Tsuda and Mrs. Woods and others in whom we are interested, and has helped to make known the activity of the Christian Union.

The Missionary classes have been carried on as usual; the subjects of the second semester, 1902, being: *China, Missionary Biographies*, and *Geography of Missions*, and the subjects for the first semester, 1903, being: General courses, *Missionary Biographies*, *Home Missions*; minor course, *India*; major course, *Geography of Missions*.

In connection with these classes we have had addresses by Dr. Halsey, Miss West, Mr. Denison, Miss Kelley, and Miss Baldwin, '98. The contributions given

to support a teacher in Miss Tsuda's school in Japan amounted to \$100. There has also been a good deal of interest in Mr. Tonomura, in Tokyo, to whom we have contributed \$128. The evening prayers and Wednesday evening devotional meetings have been held as usual, the average attendance of the latter having increased to 101. The Christian Union has been addressed by Dr. A. H. Woods, Miss Abby Kirk, Miss Frances Bridges, and Dr. Lloyd. The number of members enrolled is 290. Elections for the coming year were held on February 25, 1903.

A. M. S., 1903.

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THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

THE Local Chapter resumed active work at the Settlement for the year 1902-03, owing to the fact that the district escaped the small-pox epidemic, which made it unsafe the previous year. A great deal of interest was shown from the first of the year, and the Committee on Saturday Morning Games was able so to arrange the work that it has gone on very regularly. Seven girls went every week to the Christian Street House and others at certain intervals, so that the work there has become organized and systematic. Besides this, so many volunteered that Saturday games were also instituted at the new branch house on Front street. The good of the active work lay not only in helping the resident head workers, but in giving the girls a definite idea of the purpose and needs of Settlements.

A Committee on Funds arranged for a play, "His Lordship the Burglar," the proceeds of which were given to assist in furnishing the addition recently made to the Christian Street House.

It was decided that, at present, the "Economic Club" could not be maintained as a separate affair, as it had no separate officers and the speakers talked on subjects nearly related to Settlement work. Consequently the title of "Economic Club" was dropped and the regular Committee on Speakers arranged for the addresses of the year. These were an account of personal work by Dr. Elizabeth Robins, resident head-worker of a New York Settlement; a talk on the great club movement going on among working women, by Miss Jean Hamilton, Secretary of the National League of Women Workers, and a discussion of some new phases of the great child-labor problem, by Mrs. Kelly, Secretary of the National Consumers' League.

E. F. Le F., 1905.

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THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

COLLEGE athletics, both outdoors and indoors, have changed considerably during the year 1902-03. Basketball, which formerly held the most important place in outdoor sports, has now a powerful rival in hockey. During the spring of 1902 the usual enthusiasm was shown in the interclass basketball games, 1902 deservedly winning the championship. In the annual under-

graduate-alumnæ game, to the surprise of the undergraduates, the 'Varsity was defeated.

The fall of 1902 witnessed the establishment of interclass hockey games, in which no small interest was shown. Nineteen-five turned out a snappy and excellent team which won the championship. In November three match games were held on the college grounds, between the Ladies' Hockey Club of the Merion Cricket Club and the Bryn Mawr 'Varsity, two out of the three games being won by the latter. Letters and numerals were awarded for hockey, just as they have been heretofore for basketball; consequently these two sports are now on a practically equal footing.

In the annual fall tennis tournament, the final match of both singles and doubles, owing to the early fall of snow, had to be postponed until the spring of 1903. In the singles Jean Butler Clarke, who has held the silver cup for two successive years, was defeated by Louise Chapin Marshall. The final match of the doubles has not yet been played off.

For the flourishing condition of indoor athletics this year the Association has to thank Miss Adams. Not only has her actual coaching for the events been most valuable, but her enthusiasm in the sports has proved contagious, and her encouragement in practice has done much toward raising the standard of record-marking. A thoroughly earnest spirit was shown this year by the contestants. Several records were broken by good margins in the record-marking and one in the swimming contest. Indoor baseball has been added by Miss Adams to the college sports, and has proved very amusing as a pastime.

On the whole, the Association feels much pleased with the present condition of athletics, and earnestly hopes that the interest which has been stimulated by Miss Adams, particularly in the indoor sports, will steadily increase.

H. J. R., 1903.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

IT is a great regret to the Conference Committee that Miss Florence Robbins, who has long been Chairman, has decided that she can no longer hold that office.

Miss Blanchard, the new Chairman, will surely keep up the old spirit of the Committee, which was formed to bring the alumnae, graduates and undergraduates into closer touch. There has been one formal meeting of the Committee and many social ones.

A. G., 1904.

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB.

WITH the growth of the College the Glee Club, too, has increased in numbers, having this year a membership larger than ever before. Under the excellent training of Miss Martha C. Barry good results have been obtained. The regular concert was held on April 23, and soon after the Club began to sing on the steps.

L. B. L., 1903.

THE STUDENTS' BUILDING FUND.

THE Students' Building Fund has increased but slightly during the past winter. Nevertheless, it has by no means been neglected. Interest in it has been kept up by occasional entertainments, each of which has added a few drops to the large bucketful required. The largest drop, however, came as the result, not of an entertainment, but of the individual efforts of the members of the Class of 1902. This sum amounted to \$358.70.

The other drops, proceeds from entertainments, have all been much smaller. Miss Dorsey's recital of negro songs and melodies, given in the middle of the winter, brought in \$7.75; the play given by 1906 to the students who entered in February brought in \$25.45, while the Silhouette Tea Party, given outdoors on April 28, realized \$36.50. Besides these smaller entertainments there have been two larger ones, the "Belle's Stratagem," a play got up by Martha White, '03, and given by a composite cast of undergraduates on May 2, and last but not least, the "Comedy of Errors," given with much skill and enthusiasm by the students in Summit Grove, under the direction of Marion Parris, '01. The former was so successful as to clear \$300, while the latter, at a rough calculation—for the proceeds cannot be estimated correctly just yet—will probably clear \$200.

All these small sums added to the original amount raise the fund up to about \$11,700. It is hoped that the sale of the Song Book, now in preparation, will still further increase this amount. But unless the students set to work with unprecedented energy and good-will to find some way of enlarging it much more substantially, it will be many years before their cherished hopes of an up-to-date Eden will be realized, for the prices of building materials are steadily rising. Therefore, "get busy," all you Bryn Mawr students, past and present, and save twenty per cent of the cost of construction by raising or pledging before February, 1904, the \$70,000 needed for the proposed building.

H. R. S., 1905.

* * *

THE DE REBUS CLUB.

THE De Rebus Club was very fortunate this year in having a lecture from Mr. F. Hopkinson-Smith. He gave a collection of short articles on *Venice the Beautiful*. Mr. Hopkinson-Smith spoke so feelingly that every student desires to visit that charming city as soon as feasible.

A. G., 1904.

* * *

THE TROPHY CLUB.

THE Trophy Club is very young still, and although it aspires to a whole room in the coming Students' Building, it now takes up but a very small space in Pembroke East. Its limited exterior, however, holds a surprising amount; for this year, through the aid of many nobly sacrificing alumnae, some of the first collections have been completed. The cases now contain all the class lanterns and

all the programs and most of the *Philistines*. By way of better arrangement, the *Philistines* are to be bound, and the programs are to be mounted in a special glass case made up of a series of frames. The class pictures are being collected and hung on the walls. There is even one class pin and one class ring, which we hope will be followed by others.

The Trophy Club's latest and greatest plan is to have in every student's room or suite a record of all those who have lived in it before; but how to do it is the still puzzling question. Shall there be a book in which the departing student inscribes her name, or a wooden tablet set into the wall or the door, or a brass tablet on the fireplace? However such a thing may be accomplished, we hope that it will give the alumnae a greater feeling of ownership in their old rooms, and give the undergraduates a special feeling of welcome to the returning alumnae, and thereby help to bind together all the students, past and present, in a new and common interest.

M. B. N., 1905.

* * *

THE BRYN MAWR ENGLISH CLUB.

DURING the present year an English Club has been formed among the members of the Senior and Junior classes who have shown most interest in the required writing courses of the college, and have gone on to the more advanced English work. It is hoped that it has acted and will act as a stimulus to greater interest in writing among the students in general, as well as to the members themselves. At the informal fortnightly meetings papers originally written for one of the advanced English courses have been read and discussed; these, with the papers written specially for the Club—one such paper at least in a semester is required for each member—have included essays of various sorts and stories, as well as more purely descriptive and imitative papers. It has been decided to hold in future occasional formal meetings, to be addressed by as interesting speakers as possible from outside the College, men of letters, or scholars whose work has been along lines of creative literature. A play will also be given, selected, in the first place, for its literary interest and value.

M. E. T., 1904.

* * *

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE Graduate Club for the year 1902-03 has numbered fifty members. At the eight formal meetings held by the Club the following addresses have been given: *Fun and Philosophy in Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, by Miss Marie L. Shedloch, of London, November 7; *Excavations in Crete*, by Miss Harriet A. Boyd, of Smith College, November 15; *Opportunities of Research for Women*, by President Thomas, December 4; *Transplanted and Indigenous Poetry*, by Miss Mary A. Jordan, of Smith College, December 12; *Thomas Cromwell*, by Mr. Paul Van Dyke, of Princeton University, January 10; *Excavations at Nippur*, by Dr. Albert

T. Clay, of the University of Pennsylvania, February 20; *Men of Letters I Have Known*, by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, March 13; *Democratic Art*, by Mr. Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago, April 4.

Two delegates from the Graduate Club, Miss Nettie M. Stevens and Miss Ethel McCoy Walker, attended the meetings of the Confederation of Graduate Clubs, held at Columbia University, New York, December 26 and 27.

Tea has been served by members of the Club four times a week in the club room. Since the rebuilding of Denbigh the club room has been greatly improved by the addition of new furniture and Canton china, the gift of Miss Mary A. Garrett.

E. McC. W.

* * *

BRYN MAWR CLUB.

President—MARIE L. MINOR, '94.

Vice-President—ROSALIE ALLEN FURMAN, '95.

Recording Secretary—EMILY R. CROSS, '01.

Corresponding Secretary—GRACE B. CAMPBELL, '00.

Chairman of Committee on Admissions—MARY M. CAMPBELL, '97.

Chairman of House Committee—CLARA VAIL BROOKS, '97.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—EDITH HAYWARD HALL.

Vice-President—FLORENCE LEFTEVICH (resigned December 10).

GWENDOLEN BROWN WILLIS (elected December 10).

Secretary—ETHEL MCCOY WALKER.

Treasurer—MAROERETHE URDAHL.

Executive Committee—

}	EUGENIA FOWLER.
}	HELEN HODGE.
}	MARGARET REED.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—ANNE MAYNARD KIDDER, 1903.

Vice-President and Treasurer—ELEANOR BURRELL, 1903.

Secretary—DOROTHY FOSTER, 1904.

* * *

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—HELEN JACKSON RAYMOND, 1903.

Vice-President and Treasurer—CARLA DENISON, 1905.

Secretary—LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904.

Indoor Manager—ROSALIE TELFAIR JAMES, 1903.

Outdoor Manager—LOUISE LYMAN PECK, 1904.

DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—ADOLA GREELY, 1904.

Committee—
 { MARTHA ROOT WHITE, 1903.
 ELIZABETH S. SEBOEANT, 1903.
 LOUISE P. ATHERTON, 1903.
 AVIS PUTNAM, 1905.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Officers for year 1902-03:

Elector—E. FREDERICA LE FEVRE, 1905.

Secretary—ROSALIE T. JAMES, 1903.

Treasurer—ELMA LOINES, 1905.

Chairman of Committee on Saturday Morning Games—

ANNE BUZBY, 1904.

Chairman of Committee on Speakers—LOUISE P. ATHERTON, 1903.

* * *

GLEE CLUB.

Leader—LINDA B. LANOE, 1903.

Manager—ISABEL LYNDE, 1905.

Conductor—MISS MARTHA C. BARRY.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in February, 1902:

President—AGNES SINCLAIR, 1903.

Vice-President—DOROTHEA DAY, 1903.

Secretary—MARGARET OTHEMAN, 1905.

Treasurer—CLARA CARY CASE, 1904.

* * *

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—ADOLA GREELY, 1904.

Secretary—HELEN KEMPTON, 1905.

Vice-President and Treasurer—HELEN STURGIS, 1905.

Assistant Treasurer—E. HABBINGTON, 1906.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*Executive Board.**President*—EDITH DABNEY, 1903.*Vice-President*—GERTRUDE DIETRICH, 1903.

CLARA CARY CASE, 1904.

KATHARINE CURTIS, 1904.

VIRGINIA RAGSDALE (resigned January, 1903).

GRACE ALBERT (elected January, 1903).

Secretary—GENEVIEVE F. WINTERBOTHAM, 1904.*Treasurer*—LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904.

* * *

ENGLISH CLUB.

President—ELIZABETH S. SERGEANT, 1903.

GRACE L. MEIGS, 1903.

ANNE M. KIDDER, 1903.

HETTY GOLDMAN, 1903.

ELEANOR FLEISCHER, 1903.

MAUD E. TEMPLE, 1904.

LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904.

EDNA SHEARER, 1904.

* * *

EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE YEAR 1903-1904.

European Fellow.

Eleanor Louie Fleischer, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Group, English and German. Prepared by Miss Hayward's School, Philadelphia. Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for Middle and Southern States, 1899-1900; Holder of Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Senior Scholarship, 1902-03.

President's Fellow.

Amanda F. Baker.

B. Sc., Missouri State University, 1901; A. M., 1902. Scholar in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1902-03.

Mary E. Garrett Fellow.

Edith Hayward Hall.

A. B., Smith College, 1899; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1900-1903; Scholar in Greek, Latin and Archæology, 1901-02; Scholar in Archæology, 1902-03.

* * *

RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1903-1904.

Fellow in Latin.

Minnie Ada Beckwith, of New London, Conn.

A. B., University of Chicago, March, 1902; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, March, 1902-June, 1903.

Fellow in English.

Hope Traver, of West Hartford, Conn.

A. B., Vassar College, 1896; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-03; Scholar in English, 1902-03.

Fellow in German and Teutonic Philology.

Alice Sinclair, of Worcester, Mass.

Ph. B., Oberlin College, 1899; Marburg University, Germany, 1902-03.

Fellow in Romance Languages.

Helen Margaret Evers, of St. Louis, Mo.

A. B., Washington University, 1899; University of Missouri, 1901-03; A. M., 1902.

Fellow in History, Economics and Politics.

Grace Albert, of Philadelphia.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897; Graduate Student, 1901-03; Scholar in History, 1902-03.

Fellow in Philosophy.

Winifred Florence Hyde, of Lincoln, Neb.

A. B., University of Nebraska, 1900; Graduate Scholar, 1900-01; Denver University, Summer, 1901; Fellow in Philosophy, Bryn Mawr College, 1902-03.

Fellow in Mathematics.

Carrie Alice Mann, of South Weymouth, Mass.

A. B., Wellesley College, 1893; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1901-03.

Fellow in Chemistry.

Lillian Cohen, of Minneapolis, Minn.

B. S., University of Minnesota, 1900; Graduate Student, 1900-03; M. S., 1901.

Fellow in Biology.

Ellen Torelle.

Ph. B., University of Minnesota, 1901; Graduate Student, University of Minnesota, 1901-02; A. M., 1902; Graduate Scholar in Biology at Bryn Mawr College, 1902-03.

* * *

UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1903-1904.

Martha L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship.—

Clara Louise Whipple Wade.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship.—Bertha Warner Seely.

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship.—Phæbe Sinclair Crosby.

Maria Hopper Scholarship.—Josephine Katzenstein, Mary Couch Withington.

George W. Childs Essay Prize.—Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

“LEVIORÉ PLECTRO.”

*“...born to be
An hour or half’s delight.”*

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

If you would keep a heart
By time, my love, unshaken,
You must not grudge the smart
For lost things time hath taken.

If you would hold a faith
Change cannot wrest nor smother,
Cherish the dead love’s wraith
Incarnate in another.

And oh, would you live still
Life like a mounting fire:
Let the wind take his will,
Desiring but desire!
Georgiana Goddard King, ’96.

—
SONG.

Pearls are lost and gold;
Never tears or laughter;
These abide though many a year
Wear away thereafter.

Of our smiles we build
Each his soul’s fair dwelling,
From our tears is drawn the spring
By the doorstep welling.

Even the builder goes
But with one guest thither
Dear, unheeded, by the porch
The waiting roses wither!
Mabel P. C. Huddleston, ’89.

THE ATTACK.

When Cupid comes to the gate of the
Stubborn Heart,
Sometimes with the blare of trumpets
and roar of drums,
He storms the defences—the doors from
their hinges start when Cupid
comes.

Or now with a timid knock, as the cold
benumbs
His hands—in tatters plays he a piti-
ful part
This mendicant sleek with the bowstring
mark on his thumbs.

I warn thee, maid, beware of his mani-
fold art!
’Tis the loaf he begs, nor is content with
the crumbs:
Thy lattice close, lest thou be pierced by
a dart when Cupid comes.
E. C., ’90.

—
ANDREW.

Andrew chuckles quietly to himself as
he tiptoes up three dark flights of lodg-
ing-house stairs to his room. Softly
now, lest Nan hear him! Before he
reaches his door he stops, slides his hand
slyly into his pocket, and rubs his thin
little fingers over the smooth red apple
that is hidden there. “You’re for Nan,”

he whispers, and pinches it lovingly. There, he is at the door! Well, to-night he will knock like a stranger; last night he burst in upon her, unwarned; and the night before— So he taps quickly, once and twice, then bends his head to listen. Why wait for an answer!—he turns the knob noiselessly, and creeps through the tiniest crack possible. It does amuse Nan to watch him squeeze through a tiny crack!

Now Andrew is in the little bare room, and darting about, peering here, feeling there, in the dim corners that the pale late sun has not reached. He knows quite well where Nan will be sitting, for he finds her always in the chair by the window; but he is pretending, for that amuses her too. Ah, he has found her! Of course, it is his dear little Nan, his lovely little Nan. Has she been lonely to-day? And was she a good girl at school? The large girl-doll stares back with its glassy, cold eyes at Andrew's face, which is softened and tempered with happiness as he babbles on. "Pretty Nan," and he strokes the tight yellow curls, "precious Nan, father loves his Nan."

But suddenly he bethinks himself of the supper—cruel Andrew, that can selfishly keep his child waiting for her supper! Very tenderly the gray-haired old man lays the painted doll back on its chair, and sets about the preparing of the evening meal. A table is drawn out, the cover laid, and the small chairs placed facing each other. Andrew does love those chairs, Nan's and his! He looks over at her, and, as he pats the pocket with the red apple in it, laughs mischievously beneath his breath. Now the plates are laid; now the bread is cut; now the water is beginning to boil. "Nan, will you have raspberry jam to-

night, or do you like the currant?" Talking always and flitting from one topic to another, as nimbly as he himself can skip about the room, or stopping now and then to run over to Nan to pat her cheek, it is only a few minutes before Andrew prances up to the armchair, and, bending low, announces, "Supper is served, madam, and may I escort you to your chair?" After Nan is seated, and a napkin tied deftly about her neck that her blue frock may not be soiled, Andrew takes his own place opposite.

The happiest time in an old man's day is going to begin.

"Will you like cream to-night in your tea, Nan?"

But very foolish Andrew, has he not almost forgotten! He jumps up, in horror at his negligence. "Nan—Nan, dearie, just wait till you see the pretty surprise Dad has brought home for you. Just—you—wait—" and he watches her cunningly as he fumbles about in his pocket, pretending at first to have lost the gift, then slowly—and oh so proud!—drawing it out. "It's for you, dearie," he falters happily; "I've brought it to you."

The doll's waxen lips are smiling back at him in painted cheerfulness across the table. And in the room there is silence, broken only by the busy ticking of the clock on the mantel.

E. S. B., '05.

SNOW THOUGHTS.

A wild wind swirling snow!
As fierce and strong
Are passions that within the heart must
grow,—
Its waking-song.

Snow deep and silent! Cold

As this the will

Whose pure white pinions the wild heart
enfold,

And make it still.

Above the snow clear starlight!

As serene

Are visions glimmering through the
spirit's night,

And faintly seen.

M. M., 1900.

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1904

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
718-724 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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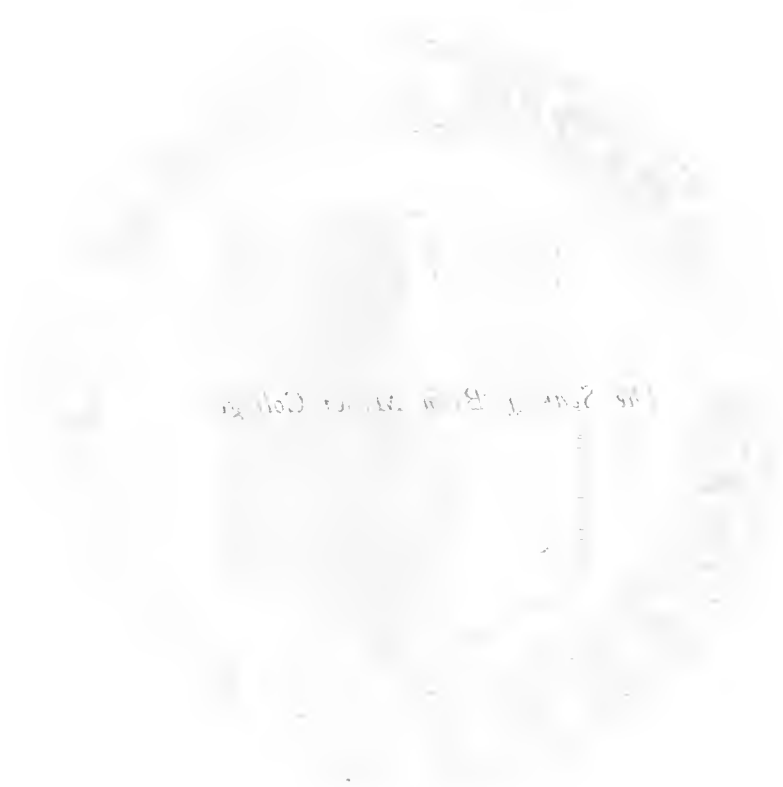
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The Seal of Bryn Mawr College.

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THE STATE OF TEXAS

THE LANTERN

No. 13

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1904

EDITORIAL.

VERITATEM DILEXI.

IN Tourgénéieff's novel, *On the Eve*—a novel so beautiful in its much more than prose perception of all the high things of youth that youth itself seems to have taken on through its fresh poetry—the heroine, Elena, one evening questions Bersenyef, the student, about the University, and his own life there. Young, serious, intelligent, but unsophisticated, she has in full measure the idealist's instinct for type. And since she sees in Bersenyef a disinterestedness she has not seen in other men, and since she has known no other students, she asks him if everyone at the University was remarkable, that is, by implication, disinterested like himself. Bersenyef, however, has lost his illusions, and he answers, somewhat gloomily, that the men were not remarkable; possibly at some time they had been, in the days of the "good cause" perhaps. He adds that he himself had been lonely, and, later, with obvious sequence, that his fellow-students did not understand what alone can give significance to life. It is necessary, he says, to put yourself second to something, and this, as a man and a student, is what Bersenyef continually does. Actions the most heroic and beautiful, and all the self-devotion of the other persons in the story find their very opportunity and motive through his own half-passive disinterestedness. So that Tourgénéieff places his student along with his artist, and patriot, and lovers, or even slightly higher than these. There remains for him, however, as he recognises, no signal or gallant end, neither sublimity, nor particular pathos, but only a kind of grey distinction and chastened happiness in having played his own part well.

Thus one may take from the book a sense almost of privilege in being

one's self a student, and a certain fresh impulse of gratitude to our college, not only for realising the scholastic ideal in the eyes of the community, but also for imposing it in some measure on each one of us. We should be artists here or patriots with difficulty, and even as young barbarians our success is, at best, but approximate. For daily necessity is stronger than tradition, stronger even than reaction from tradition, and daily necessity with us, from Matriculation Examinations to the Orals, is clearly scholastic enough. It has itself much to do with our interest, like Elena's, in noting carefully what we really are as students; again it makes us frank, like Bersenyef, in speaking out quite simply what we find. No doubt we should all feel forced to admit with him that we, too, find the remarkable person and the unique purpose not very conspicuous now. We have heard of them, it is true, as having been here once, a part of the student life of the college, and, helped out perhaps by singularly fortunate acquaintance, we have believed according to our measure of faith. But if, on the one hand, we are not now remarkable, few of us, on the other hand, have probably been lonely. Possibly, indeed, out of common experience and common objects we have been able to get more sense of something like solidarity, of community feeling, than as women we are likely to get elsewhere. We are persuaded that real meaning lies behind a great many of our catch-words, behind some even that have grown a little tiresome, and we are all quite used to seeing some general object preferred to the obvious personal gain.

Our instinct, indeed, for these objective ideals, so to speak, our real student disinterestedness, is so vigorous that it seems safe to indulge in some criticism of the things it elects to put first. As idealists we know, for one thing, that we have always to look to our reputation for sanity and measure whatever the facts may be. To be thought to entertain illusions, to be sentimental, is so probable that some extra care as to the facts will doubtless be necessary; we must for safety be less sentimental and less given to illusions than people in general. In this connexion, as summing up our difficulties and dangers, one may happen to remember Bacon's classification of the *Idola*, the appearances or illusions—"for convenience," as he himself remarks a little drily, in passing, of the four divisions he makes. And they are convenient, if also perhaps a little drastic. But our disinterestedness ought, we feel, to stand a stringent test. And Bacon's has this special appropriateness that it applies directly to the search for truth, as truth, by the student; the illusions he has in mind are those

precisely which "so beset men's minds that truth can hardly find entrance, but also, after entrance obtained, in the very instauration of the sciences meet and trouble us."

These illusions, the *Idola*, are of four kinds: the Idols of the Tribe, of the Cave, of the Market-Place, and of the Theatre. To some degree, of course, the four classes run into each other; one would not wish to apply them so rigidly that they should seem themselves to be Idols—of the Theatre perhaps, by which Bacon means all the labels and cast-iron systems of the schoolmen and philosophers and critics, on the lookout for "more order than exists." Very likely these same critical illusions were once our great danger at Bryn Mawr. And still to some few no doubt they furnish their own specious inspiration, and penalties only too real. But on the whole we have not much to fear from them, and no need at all to devise penalties as a community for the unlucky votaries of general ideas. Nor is there probably more harm in our few unconscious or incurable worshippers of private idols, the illusions of the Cave or the Den. They afford us our modicum of necessary variety; for the sentimentalists' loss, unquestionably, is often, within natural limits, the general gain. Their number, too, seems unlikely to increase.

But it is hard to find similar advantages, and impossible to find any distinction, in the more familiar group of Market-Place illusions. One has, indeed, distinct dislike in recognising and calling attention to their existence among us, so utterly unacademic and unscholastic they are. They belong, of course, to the multitude gathered, not to think or to study, but to shout. Yet it would be strange if, with the country in general, we too have not sometimes "rejected difficult things from impatience of research, sober things because they narrow hope, the deeper things of nature from superstition, the light of experience from arrogance and pride." As concrete example, there are occasionally, one is afraid, our student judgments of one another, our sorting often of the immature and the timid, our reckoning of the older, surer person—both often our truest idealists—according to catch-words and notions too stupid and illiberal to deserve any place in Bryn Mawr. The college and the individual lose equally at the moment; in the long run, however, the college is apt to bear the heavier loss. And it is, moreover, a kind of intellectual duty, if it be no other, a duty that belongs to us as students, not willfully to ignore those "negative instances," whose importance both the scholar and the artist, as well as the man of

experience, may find much greater than that of the positive instances, even in establishing a rule. But in the Market-Place, the name and category are assigned "according to the apprehension of the vulgar," and are apt to be "ill and unfit." This is partly from cowardice and convenience, or because the vulgar often cry the loudest,—even more from our universal pleasure in the obvious positive truth.

And this pleasure may serve to remind us of Bacon's first class of idols, "those which appertain to the Tribe," to the race in general, to men as men—which, apparently, we shall never know how to get beyond. For even Bacon finds their "foundation in human nature," which, though it be not the measure of truth, not dry light, but "faint often and superficial," is yet "in a manner universal, and has reference to many things." The amount of this light we have individually can therefore differ little among us, and as much general kindness and tolerance as we are able to use towards one another in an academic body like ours, can hardly fail of being wholesome and wise. Even for self-preservation it is probably the safest course.

As students it may be necessary for us to be quite honest about the universal and inevitable idols, as with the others, not to sophisticate or sentimentalise about them, and on occasion, perhaps, to call them bravely and simply by their names. Some weariness and conscious disillusion will already have resulted from our detection of the other idols; our fatigue will not be much greater for recognising also the Idols of the Tribe. But we may let our common bondage serve us as an impulse to choose as much relative and human truth as we can—a more tonic possibly than the Baconian induction, and quite obviously within the reach, in the great human words of Bishop Butler, of "such a being as man in such a world as the present"—man's nature in the nature of things.

THE VICARIOUS LIFE.

“Either must thou at Life’s feast,
 Sit at table as a guest,
 Or, a looker-on, stand staring
 Through the lighted window-pane,
 In the cold and wind and rain
 Outside, not to enter daring.”

IT is the precious privilege of the sympathetic reader to fill the margins of his books with his own confessions, and to make a page significant, if need be, by dint of misinterpretation. Many an author—who knew, for that matter, his Molière—has been made medicinal *malgré lui* and has written tonic prose *sans le savoir*. To use a quotation as a text is to stress not its significance, but your own inference; and to be approved among preachers one has but to be a point of departure. If the book fails of being a lamp unto our feet, it is surely one of the finer disloyalties to insist on making it luminous by some miracle of our own. The writer who conquers by unconscious symbolism is like the lord who goes forth to capture a city and inadvertently frightens the intervening towns into surrender.

It may well be that Henrik Ibsen, when he wrote the lines quoted, meant only to distinguish between those who have bread and wine and those who have not; with something both of his habitual sternness and of his occasional tenderness, to range mankind into two sorry camps, each of which lacks sympathy and unity to keep it in place. But to many of us, who have bread and wine, and who yet contemplate, consciously and irrevocably, others at a banquet we may not share, they come as the uttered vision of our very selves. Our poverty is figurative; the verse commemorates our suffering only symbolically and, it may be, without intention. Yet our sad little company without the doors should have its conscious literature; for we have bowed ourselves to your sententious scorn, while “God rest you, merry gentlemen!” has been the burden of our replying song. It is an age-old homage that you of the life direct exact from us who live the life vicarious. Why may we not, in some starry interval of the storm, send in to your table a tattered emissary to tell you what we are who hymn you?

For it may not be too much to say that, of all classifications, this is the least to be cavilled at; since, not even for a moment, is there any question of sheep and goats. In changing and conflicting metaphor we see this fact that reiterates itself, and the verity of which, under whatever form we may figure it, we can never with confidence deny. Between those who live and those who do not, there is surely the difference of an essential breath, and our case is very like that of the spiritless clay. Bread and wine, as I have said, we have indeed; but unsacramental, appointed to mere purposes of the palate. Those whom we contemplate, thus aloof, are children of a finer sustenance. As, in cloths of the East, woven only to the song learned by maid from mother, the uneven pattern is part of the very memory of the clan, so the loves and hatreds, the sins and sorrows, that your lives produce, at your peculiar intervals, are in reality of the race, instinctive and inveterate. The immemorial passions that so dimly we reflect, you, in very truth, and throb for throb, repeat. While we love and hate only in historic terms, you give, again and again, real shelter to emotions countless human houses whereof have gone to dust. What to us is history, to you is experience; and you need have no sense of having missed, in the chaotic drama, the great encounters. When kings have fought, you have carried, fleet-foot, the momentous messages; your faces have been set in the fore-front of the battle; the romance and the reward of love have been yours; and the protagonists stop in mid-action to dig your graves and weep. Our part is in the collective and colorless existence of the crowd, the mere dramatic value of the mob. It is only the careless or the cynical eye that rests upon us to detect in our reaction upon your realities some genuine significance, a hint of human psychology. We come from obscure backgrounds, only to return, when we have served your purpose, into the final obscurity. It little matters whether that dimness is of the hovel or the inner palace; it suffices for our frustration that we are not "persons of the drama": that the Meditation which made these distinct and definite left us but half-imagined—mute moving figures, casual shadows on the sunlit walls within which these others meet their joyous or their melancholy fates. They are the chosen lords of circumstance: events coming to them invest themselves as with some ceremonial garb. Somewhere, always, in the magnificent blur of the epic tapestry, they follow the eternal hunt or sit, significantly attended, by the perpetual springs. They are the guests of Life: the intoxication—and, it may be, the satiety—of the banquet is all for them; while we, if we are bidden

to that table at all, sit below the salt, and know through the hurried courses that we are there only by some grim caprice of the host, who, in a sterner instant, will send us back to our vagabond kin.

Yet we have, it may be, our compensations; and Fate, that deals hardly with most, has her suppressions and mitigations, nay, her hints of caress, even for us. We exist, if you like, by the grace of others, and our life is the mere metaphor of yours. But we have intuitions that are joys, suggestions that are sorrows. Out of the little that is given us we make, often, sufficiency. We patch and shape; we imagine, elaborate, infer. The world goes by—down to towered Camelot. Sometimes a shape or a song brings to eye or ear a direct delight. For you of the definite goal, all journeys must be, more or less, crusades; and we at the cross-roads have the sudden surprises, the fortuitous acquaintances, that never come to those who take the single path. We walk in Arcadia, it is true, only in dreams; but not even in dreams do you Arcadians know the Happy Valleys which, in the same dim way, we may inhabit. All the miracles of implication are wrought for us: we know respirable joys and sorrows tangible. The odors and textures of Eastern courts; the play of their monotonous fountains; their fervent traeries in stone made passionate—the “shapes of shut significance”; by such as these we know, again and again, the eternal resistance, the eternal surrender, of the soul.

We have been called selfish, because, in a reflected world, we must needs be frugal of all real joy or pain. Yet we bear your griefs and carry your sorrows; and your drama, which has, without doubt, its prologue in Heaven, presents its epilogue, perhaps, to us alone. We are riddled with the wounds that have been dealt you: we have loved with Dante and Chimmène, hated with Brunhild, mourned with Moschus, conquered with Tamburlaine, lived with Galahad and Saint Louis, died with Faustus and Mark Antony. We have walked hand in hand with the real and the unreal dead, and have stepped, shadowy, beside you, our living friends. We are the perennial commemorators of all beautiful delights and sorrows; we die daily with the martyrs and wreath each morning the garland of all lovers. Selfish? When we suffer no pain that you have not proved, and live only in your contexts? It is to us that you tell your tragedies, knowing that we believe all things and that we measure your sorrow, not by our own, but by that of the very potentates of pain. Do you love, you are Emer or Abélard; do you suffer, you are Vashti or Hamlet; and we grow pale with your pas-

sion or sanguine with your hope. The man who has, himself, his tragedy, will be to the end, your rival, to prove himself your superior in sorrow. But we have seen all shapes in the silver mirror: if you falter, we can complete the confession, until too often you think that we have borne your very bonds. We know all the tyranny of temperament and of coercive circumstance, and while you envy the beauty of our indifference, or chide the clumsiness of our intrusions, we lead, in a world that we do not possess, a poignant mimic life. We are vassals of your reality, keeping your dim borderlands against the slow encroachment of that nullitude on which, in patient terror, we fix our eyes. And perhaps to us alone, remote from your pageantry and your progresses, only recording fervently the history you nonchalantly create, may stand revealed, in some sudden vision, the beauty, the violence, and the ultimate futility, of the whole passionate epic of Self.

But it is not wholly to cry you mercy that we make our confession of sorrow. We are not merely our own bland biographers; and what there is of humor in the particular irony of our situation we can perhaps detach as well as you. The fate, fortuitous and arbitrary, that sets us, only spiritually, apart, you see inevitably as a moral sequence that we ourselves have ordered. It would be to hope too much of your sympathy to ask you to see us as younger sons and dowerless daughters, disinherited by some ancient law of primogeniture that enriches you. Supremely deprived, we show as supremely detached; in reality frustrate, we seem only to be wilfully withdrawn; and you figure us as listless, passionless, porcelain-pale. And why should we dispute your easy formula? For we approach normality as variables approach their limits—never quite to arrive, this side Heaven.

“The gulf is strait but deep enough.”

We are made in your likeness; but our hours are as fragments of the life of the wandering Ahasuerus, of him who goes unwounded through the battle and keeps, amid the mortal generations, his immitigable strange vitality. Whether here or there, however, on historic fields or at “Bruxelles en Brabant,” men know him, eventually, for what he is; and it is not for long that you spare us your half-wondering scorn. It is not, for that matter, always decreed that we shall spare ourselves; and there are moments when we are saved from merciless moods only by the consciousness of how poignant, in truth, is our lethargy, how pitiful the paradox we present. There may be

an honor in humility, a dignity in deprivation; we confess that we are sometimes bound to look, as with the sage's lantern, for these. The wheel of irony has come full circle when you deem us of the sage's very grotesqueness, and when, for all our pains of apology, we are dubbed ineffectual or conscienceless casuists—"carvers of cummin."

Within the pillared hall the guests linger; and to us outside is borne "the shout of them that feast." We have forgotten the beating of the rain in the light from a hundred lustres, the flash of a thousand colors. Cup after cup has been drained; we have seen the crimson fervor of wine held up to the light, and out of your intoxication we have made for ourselves a festal Past. We know vaguely that the final forbearance of the grave awaits us all, and that to us it will bring a sweeter mitigation than to you; but now and then, in the darkness, at the mercy of inconstant winds, we may feel the full measure of our disinheritance. You see us only as suspicious shadows outside the sheltering walls; and whatever the fitful light may reveal, of emotion, upon our half-seen faces, you behold with a deep distrust. And how could it be otherwise? For all our consciousness is but after-thought, our joy but reflection of light; we have spent our finest courage for this pale adventure, and Life itself is our Carcassonne.

Katharine Fullerton.

NORTHWEST.

How yields itself my heart to tides of air
That sweep upon the boughs, and like a foam
Toss back the broken sunbeams to the sky!
How buoyant moves my heart, now lifted high,
On a great wave; then, almost unaware,
Lower'd to a cradling hollow, close at home.

After the idle zephyrs of the heat
These are again the trumpet winds that blow,
Adventurous, eager, from the strenuous North;
Bidding us haste from croft and ingle forth,—
Speak some brave word,—try some crusader's feat,—
Find some new quest for pilgrim youth to go.

What sudden ecstasy has moved the trees
Along the hill? What secret jubilation
From yonder coppice glinted and was gone?
The whole world gleams and beckons. Let us on!
Even though the limbs be pent,—the soul may seize
And wield,—nor all in vain,—the knightly lance.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, 1889.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF TINCHEBRAI.

ALL day, the village of Tinchebrai had been keeping its birthday fête, the fifty-second, this year, since the drawing up of the first town records. The exercises in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville had been brought successfully, even admirably, to a close; and the throng of village and peasant people, decked out consciously in their holiday ribands, had begun to shake itself from its stupor of more or less unnatural attention. With somewhat kaleidoscopic movement, as the crowd re-regulated itself, one colour effect shifted into another, equally motley, equally complex. A passer-by stopped to grasp the village notary by the hand, congratulating him upon the arrangement of the day's pleasures; a mother scolded shrilly in her attempts at collecting her small flock, the various members of which had, with some unique agility, scuttled out of reach under this person's arm, and beyond the breadth of that old body's embroidered petticoats; two quarrelsome market-women cried out their abuses upon each other, their voices thick with coarse humour and an uncommon familiarity with the booths where one purchased *les petits vins*. Here and there, wherever a knot of girls had gathered to repeat in excited whispers some half-jesting compliment, one met the abundant, almost florid colouring which was the admiration and renown of the province. These girls, finding it impossible to conceal a pride in the resplendence of starched coiffes and chemisettes, and the extraordinary breadth of velveteen bands that trimmed the purple woollens of their skirts, were examining, comparing, or commenting on one another's costumes with an enviable frankness. They had chafed uneasily during the speaking, and now, promising themselves that it was like to be more to their taste, were waiting, eager and expectant, for the next diversion. The new cabaret of Paul Hamel, at one corner of the Place, swung lamps from every window, to remind the young men of enticements which it could boast, above and beyond the kiss of any maiden. Everywhere, one found a prevalence of restlessness, turbulence, badinage, colour!

The poem of Maître Gaudin, the village schoolmaster, had been the closing feature of the exercises. That he was not yet free from an embarrassment, was evident by the deprecatory manner in which he coughed once

or twice, then made sure, furtively, with thin, trembling fingers, that his cravat lay in its usual neatness. He tied a string about the roll of manuscript which, in the spare moments of the past weeks, he had painstakingly coned, and stepped down from the platform. As he did so, a careless jostle from some one behind threw him rather forcibly against Mme. Monquerri, the mayor's wife, the one person of whom all Tinchebrai stood in awe. Satisfied always as to the dignity due to august personages like herself, she was not the one to let such an outrage pass unremarked; in fact, she righted her maroon velvet bonnet indignantly, and turned to rebuke the offender. But her intention changed when she recognized the schoolmaster, and she broke short his stammering apologies, "There, there, my good man, say no more of the matter! 'Twas naught but what we all look for on these hoil-days, eh?" Then, suddenly realising the dinginess of the alpaca redingote which had long ago forgotten any original shape of its own, she went further, good-humoredly, "Your poem was very good! Accept my congratulations, my best, upon it—you have given us all a delight which we shall remember, and Tinchebrai is proud, believe me, of its schoolmaster! You are going to have a name some day: you will make us prouder. Yes, we shall see, we shall see! A great poet, perhaps, who can say?—and from our obscurity: well, well!"

Gaudin stood astounded, his mouth opened wide, and looked earnestly after the mayor's wife, who, nodding pleasantly to him, was now turning to step into her carriage.

She, Mme. Monquerri, she, the mayor's wife, had said it; it was almost certain that she knew. For some seconds he forgot to move, for he was realising the first tribute to his merit that he could count considerable. He had, in the last few years, had some dreams of his own, in a middle-aged, hardworking fashion, had even written a few rhymes which he kept carefully laid away in the drawer of his table; but it had not occurred to him that the limits of popularity might be stretched beyond the confines of a very humble seat of learning as the village schoolmaster. Yet here came already a recognition of broader influence. In these seconds Gaudin, in his self-appreciation, had jumped from a potential to an actual performance. A thin flush crept over his narrow face, and he plunged blindly into the crowd, muttering, "It is true, it is true, then. I write and it pleases: I am inspired! It seems that some day, perhaps, I am going to do something grand for our Tinchebrai. I, I, Jean Gaudin, I the poor schoolmaster, shall write!"

Gaudin, in a timid, unobtrusive way, had made friends for himself in the village, who had many an agreeable word for him now, as he passed them by in the crowd. He snatched at these compliments greedily, laying them as tributes beside the words of the mayoress. "These are poor people like myself," he thought, "they might not know; but she, Mme. Monquerri, is different, and she has said it—the grey worm will sometime find itself a butterfly, playing among the jessamine flowers!"

That evening, a pen poised expectantly in one hand, Maître Gaudin sat in his little chamber, by his table. He was waiting for great words. It was thus that he forgot that there was going to be dancing at l'Hôtel de Ville; that he forgot Lucrèce, who was there, and waiting for him to come. The hours on the big horn-cased watch, which his uncle had given him, ticked noisily away; the stick of candle burned lower and still lower; while Jean Gaudin, bending his head wearily on one hand, sat patient and immovable, unconscious of anything else but the blank sheets that lay before him. Once during the evening he half groaned, "Never mind, Gaudin, thou'lt do it yet. 'Twill come, 'twill come!" And later, long after midnight, when the candle gave its last feeble splutter and went out altogether, the schoolmaster groped his way to bed in the dark, muttering, "Not to-night, perhaps, but to-morrow!"

Lucrèce was not easy to appease the next morning, as she and Gaudin walked together after mass, by the plane-trees along the river. "A pretty fellow, thou, Jean!" she reproached him, "a fine sweetheart, to leave thy girl for other men to dance with! Never fear, though, but I was in good care—what with Michelè, and Antoine, and Gaspard—"

It seemed in vain that the delinquent made his excuses. Lucrece, who, but the year before, had spelled, in unison with the other pupils at the tallest benches, words of three syllables at the schoolmaster's dictation; and, under his direction, labouriously written problems in long division on her slate: who had shyly, almost reluctantly, responded to his courting during the long summer afternoons, when, the lessons over, he accompanied her to her own door, and stopped, at her timid invitation, for supper with her family;—Lucrèce, who still, in her relation to him, retained on most occasions a sort of respectful obedience, was not this time so unexacting as he was used to know her.

The father of Lucrèce Gignoux was one of the old Revolutionist soldiers. In the course of prolonged wanderings, he had met and married the hand-

somest girl of the region, settling down afterwards to a selfish, idle life, of which she had to bear his share of the responsibilities, while he easily assumed every one of the pleasures. So by reason of this parentage, Lucrèce was but half peasant, and, unlike the rest of the village girls, slim and graceful, and rather dainty in colouring. There were other men about who loved her for the distinction that this difference gave her, and would have been all too glad to step into the schoolmaster's shoes. It was because Lucrèce was not unaware of the fact, and because, where a man was concerned, she had never yet had to accustom herself to meet with negligence, that she felt now the more authority in her displeasure. She had found, before this, the value of her little manners, and, with well-calculated effects in motion or caprice, exerted herself to display them to-day before the bewildered Gaudin, as she in turn rebuked, spurned, taunted, and mocked him.

But in the end, because she was really very deeply in love, and because she was proud of his poem, she forgave him, taking him into her good graces so prettily that Gaudin was charmed anew with her. He told himself that here was this Lucrèce who loved him, who was adorable, who was what he wanted, what he most wanted in life. But underneath, in his heart of hearts, Gaudin was conscious that he was trying to cheat himself.

He did not fail, in the course of the walk, to bring it about several times that mention was necessary of the day before, and of the exercises in the Place. Nor did Lucrèce, half understanding him, half prompted by an unquestioning admiration for everything that he did, in her turn, fail to remark upon the important feature of that occasion, the reading of the anniversary poem by its author, one Maître Jean Gaudin.

"And, Jean, dost thou know," she whispered gladly, "Maître Boutin told me it himself, that he was near, and overheard with his own ears, Madame the Mayoress tell to you that you are a wonderful poet. Is it so, did she tell it you?"

The schoolmaster could not hear too much. He asked her twice to repeat to him what had been said to her, to try to remember the exact words; so?" when she had recounted them faithfully and insisted, "Tell me, is it and he answered seriously:

"Yes, that is what she has said."

"I declare then, I'm almost afraid of you!" Lucrèce teased him, confidently, at the close of their walk.

In the days that followed, the children in the little schoolhouse, as well as Lucrèce, learned to accustom themselves to a lack of attention on the part of Maitre Gaudin—a lack that mightily pleased the youngsters, and let them, unhidden, slip into all manner of pranks with one another at their benches, while to Lucrèce it sent a series of unquiet nights, when she turned on the pillow and wondered what could have come into Jean. She asked him once, after gathering courage for several days. Far from being at a loss to answer her, he assured her gravely that he had learned that a man's life is not his own; that he has a duty to the world, over and above any love for women; that she must not, therefore, expect him to have as much time as formerly for reiterating his very real regard for her. "It was that I was foolish before, dear child," he said, crushing the spray of honeysuckle which she had given him, absently between his fingers, "foolish and young. I thought it was all—to love—but now!—I am going to write! Thou wilt not understand, I suppose, but thou must be patient."

Then Lucrèce knew. She told Gaudin, a few days later, that she could never marry him: she barely kept the tears from her eyes as she begged him not to ask her why. As for him, he had not dreamed of questioning her, but accepted her statement calmly, with a half-reproachful consciousness of relief.

After the breaking of his betrothal, Gaudin had more opportunity to sit at his table, waiting for the great poem. His faith in it was indomitable, likewise his patience; he never doubted that, in time, it would come. An unconscionable number of candles burned out in his room; he comforted himself that he should some day be well able to afford them: reams of paper went into the drawers of his big commode, all scribbled over and crossed again, with tortured words and couplets out of which his landlady, as she twisted some unusually decorative lamplighters, could make neither head nor tail.

It was getting to be late autumn, when the days are chilly and the nights still more so. Gaudin, as he huddled over the sheets, and shivered—for he was stingy with his furs nowadays—he had other use for them than to give himself fires in the rusty old charecoal brasier—used to wonder if he should ever again become warm.

Night after night he sat there, as well as all the spare moments of his days. While it was still light, he would watch, dully, the yellowed leaves of a chestnut branch as the November winds flapped it drily across his win-

dow panes; but neither from these, nor from the patch of dark sky beyond, did he find his great inspiration. Afterwards, when he had strained his eyesight in the dusk until the candle was distressingly necessary, he would gaze long minutes at a time into its smoky flame, or, leaning back, follow the cracks in the plaster across the wall. The words did not come.

He did not fail to ask for them in prayer: indeed, these months saw him a more frequent visitor at l'Eglise de Notre Dame des Normands than ever before. Often, he would seek out Jean Marie, the sacristan, to get from him the key, and let himself into the chapel, there to meditate for hours at a time in the darkened solitude, or, looking up in an ecstasy of devotion, to engage, to supplicate, the Holy Mother tearfully, for success. But as he found, finally, that it lent him no relief, he cried out one day, in imprecation upon all creed, and stumbled from the altar, to enter there no more.

After this, Gaudin thought oftener of Lucrèce, and missed her. At such moments, he always wondered what she was doing nowadays, and resolved to go back to her when he had once written something. He guessed that she was lonely without him—and, undoubtedly, she was sure to be charming and lovable!

As it seemed that other interests must retard his accomplishment, he came gradually to drop away from his friends, to neglect his schoolwork, to grudge even the time that he snatched for meals. Inevitably, as the weeks passed, his appearance showed signs of the confinement; his face, naturally thin, became really haggard, assuming a pallor so luminous as to be startling, and an ascetic, over-keen expression. The townsfolk were quick to whisper about him, and remark the change that the autumn had wrought. "It is true," Maître Boutin reported, "that our schoolmaster is different these days. He seems, oh, such a good face lately, with a light of angels' wings in it!—and yet, my little Annette said, that when she came upon him suddenly the other night in the woods, she screamed out as if she'd seen the ghost of the Evil One!"

Lucrèce, meanwhile, was drooping and miserable, preferring to stay most of the time within doors, where she found it a dreary satisfaction to occupy herself with fashioning the younger children's winter garments, or, during the long evenings, with helping the smallest ones with the sums that they should recite to the schoolmaster on the morrow. Tales of these rumours about Gaudin were sure to penetrate to her, however, and she wept bitterly over them. Sometimes, as she watched, from behind the row of

primroses and pinks in her window, the tall, stooping figure of the schoolmaster when he passed in the street, and noted his narrow shoulders or his unbuoyant step, she used to call all poetry accursed.

The winter passed; early spring came. It was a night in late April; and, this time in celebration of the release of several young conscripts, they were dancing again at l'Hôtel de Ville. As evening waned, the fun, which had at first satisfied itself with languorous waltzes and slow swinging measures, waxed hotter and hotter, till the floor shook with the furious pounding of dancers as they romped in dizzy, mad circles. For the most part, now, each man had his own sweetheart; and the couple, with breathless cries of *hûe* and *holà*, swung or whirled perilously over the floor, content to take this turn, and the next, and the next, and so on—forever, in company.

Suddenly the heavy door at the end of the hall burst open, and big Jacques, the eel-catcher, who lived all alone with his dog, over by the river, staggered in. His hair hung shaggy over his shoulders, his eyes stared like coals, he was spattered with mud to the chest. The dancers stopped, and, still half dizzy, gathered eagerly about him.

"What is it, Jacques? The dam—is it broken? Are the freshets coming? Quick! Hurry! Speak to us!"

Jacques had to struggle for breath before he could gasp out an answer, panting in sobs that shook his heavy frame. "No, no, 'twas Jean Gaudin—he was mad, that man! I couldn't reach him in time. I couldn't call out. I lost my voice. The moon is clear and I saw it. Quick as a breath, he went—from the bridge! I saw it!"

* * * * *

In the years that followed, it happened sometimes that mention was made of Jean Gaudin, schoolmaster of Tinchebrai. On such occasions there was sure to be some one present who would wag his head and mutter, "A pity, a terrible pity! *He* was not stupid. He would have written something, that Gaudin, had he lived!"

But Lucrèce, who had been the schoolmaster's sweetheart, she knew!

Emily Louise Blodgett, 1905.

ROSEMARY AND RUE.

THOUGH for the most part built like all the other houses in the small Western town, this house had yet a distinctive charm of individuality that connected it intimately in the mind of the contemplative observer with certain fanciful beliefs peculiar to youth. Four tall and shapely Lombard poplars rose like sentinels along the front fence and their shadows made bars like a ladder up the gravelled path to the house itself. Low, one-storied, it sank in among shrubs and vines; bow windows bulged out unexpectedly here and there, like after-thoughts of the builder. Though it was drawn quietly and modestly back from the street, while the other houses seemed to bristle forward, it had an air of waiting in pleasant readiness for any possible visitors, with everything always in dusted order. Then, too, the fragrance of heliotrope came floating down alluringly to the street and seemed to invite one to follow its diaphanous and fitful trail back to some eve's-shadowed sources, or other spots equally delightful to the exploring eye. So different it was, that altogether it seemed more like a toy house than one built for the real usages of a hurried, everyday existence. Standing there in toy fashion, with its four symmetrical trees rising before it in a regularly spaced row, one might well have expected to see the figure of the veritable Mother Hubbard, or Mrs. Noah herself, emerge from the door. However, Mother Hubbard and Mrs. Noah each living in another story, it was plain that they could not possibly emerge from this particular house, so that one was none the less disappointed with the person of Madame Skerry,—perhaps in appearance almost as remote as either of the others, with her smoothly parted hair, three-cornered shawl drawn across sloping shoulders, and her gently swaying hoop-skirts.

In snatches of rumour intended for other ears, one gathered that Madame Skerry and her husband had come to the little house as bride and groom—that period in the lives of mortals regarded by the youthful feminine mind with mystic contemplation. This was enough to excite minds already prone to gossip, and at school to draw the girls' heads busily together during recess time. Being one of the younger girls, I sat respectfully on the outskirts of the ring and drank in silently what the older ones had to say. I had already

had some fancies of my own about the little house, but I suddenly realised how childish they had been and how inadequate. I began immediately to piece together a new series by conclusions drawn with feminine instinct from odd bits of observation. So, because I remembered never to have seen any change in the place, it was perhaps not illogical to conclude that certain delightful things about it were properly incident to that idyllic period with which my newly initiated mind was engrossed. The very first spring they must have planted the climbing roses which always sprawled so kindly over the ugly paint that glared out ungarnished on every other house as if an epidemic had once spread permanent defacement in the town. It was true, too, that most of the old mahogany furniture, the big desk, the old chairs, the sofa, and the convenient little footstool by the hearth, had been wedding presents. How the knowledge of that fact enhanced the pleasure of sitting in the chairs! An elusive fragrance hung about the rooms as if things were laid away in lavender, or was it rose-leaves? One could never quite tell which it really was. Moreover, they were not a bride and groom of native bone and sinew. They had come from the East, and this connoted in my mind a vague amount of culture foreign to the West, and opened the way for further indefinite speculations. It added in some way an element of deference in one's estimation,—and I was satisfied that this was the reason why Madame Skerry had won her peculiar title. It became now a keen delight to visit her on the way home from school with Sally Wells or Lucy Parks, at least as often as one's sense of propriety permitted. I wondered at the amount of blindness in discrimination people displayed; for one mostly heard Madame Skerry extolled for her talents in managing church bazaars, sewing-classes and teas. For one's own part, these were minor items, and it was exasperating to hear her summed up in such narrow terms and to have her greatest charms ignored. Madame Skerry was the pleasantest companion one ever wished to know. She always laughed, she talked only of interesting things—from the newest style of circle comb to the last recitation day at school,—and she made oneself feel equally charming. Moreover, within the walls of her tiny house a kind of intimacy sprang up that spanned differences in age and made one wholly forget the present. When I was a child, too small for dream pictures, and I went there in my best silk to call with my mother, my awe and my desire to be polite were always at first so overpowering that I did not dare move in my chair for fear of the rustling I should make. But sooner or later I was sure to have the new dress

admired and one of my curls pulled if Mr. Skerry were there, after which I suddenly felt at home and seated myself comfortably on the floor in a corner where a what-not stood, the bottom shelf of which was covered with sea-shells, and where I found a kaleidoscope whose endless variety of colors and figures made me reluctant to leave and bred in me a hope that upon my next visit my ultra-politeness would be rewarded in the same fashion.

But from those days when I escaped eagerly to the what-not until the age when I sat with such pleasure in the wedding chairs, in all the time that I can remember, Madame Skerry had never altered the style of her dress. For one so delightful in every other way to have such queer taste in her dressing, was as inconceivable as it was absurd; for Madame Skerry wore wide-spreading hoop-skirts and her smoothly parted hair was drawn down to the tips of her ears. One heard that at different times in the past when there had been a turn of the styles, frequent kindly-meant suggestions had been made to Madame Skerry, and though she was always well up in the changes and had even done a great deal about planning other people's dresses, yet she had never taken any of the suggestions to herself. It was a vexation and a disappointment when one could picture her with such satisfaction in one of the dainty draped dresses that had just come in, and once or twice in the attic I gave a dusty old hoop-skirt hanging there a vicious tug for its homeliness.

One morning, when everyone had begun their winter sewing, Mrs. Wells, whose husband owned the lumber mill, was in the kitchen showing mother her new samples. It was baking day, and I remember how crookedly I cut one of the little round discs of dough when I suddenly heard Mrs. Wells exclaim, and I knew instinctively of whom she was speaking:

"This time, if she don't give 'em up, I'm just going to ask her right out, why! There's no sense in it! Skerry makes a good enough livin', and 'tain't because she can't afford it. Besides, she gets new silks every season, but every last one of 'em gets made up fer hoops."

I was glad to hear Mrs. Wells, for she was a determined woman.

The very next day, when I had stopped in after school at Madame Skerry's, Mrs. Wells came up the path, wearing a dress that she had just finished. Madame Skerry, who saw her coming, ran quickly to the door, and exclaimed excitedly, when she opened it:

"My dear, what a lovely new gown! You must have had Emmer Rudolf"—she always put "er" on—"help you make it. Oh, oh! it is a beauty!"

She hopped around Mrs. Wells, stroked the cloth and pecked it here and there just like a bird.

"Well," said Mrs. Wells, and I felt that a crucial moment was coming, "why on earth don't you have one just like it, if you like it so much? I'm sure I wouldn't mind. Besides, I've got to write to the firm again that sent me the samples, and I could do your ordering in the same envelope."

Madame Skerry sat down next to Mrs. Wells and stroked the cloth some more.

"It certainly is lovely soft material. But I've just made up a new grey silk. It's quite heavy wool, anyway. I'm afraid it wouldn't do for my style of skirt."

"But make it exactly like mine," Mrs. Wells insisted. "Why not? Nobody would think anything of it."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that; besides, I shouldn't like to change."

"Now, Madame Skerry, what a notion!" Mrs. Wells gave a determined hitch forward in her chair before she continued: "I just wish you'd tell me why—why the new ain't as good as the old! Hoop-skirts went out more'n ten years ago. Edward Skerry ain't a poor man!"

Mrs. Skerry looked down at her wide-flowing skirts. Her eyes smiled as she ran one finger back and forth on a seam. In that moment the delicate fugitive scent that hitherto had but hovered in the shadows seemed to pervade the whole room,—it was the fragrance of rose-leaves, not lavender.

"That's just it, Mrs. Wells," she began slowly at last; "the new isn't as good as the old. It's because I was married in a dress like this; because down home in the old garden Edward first saw me like this, and it was this way that he learned to love me. I've never wanted to change, because they were the happiest days of my life."

The room was very still; only the loud ticking of the old banjo clock in the hall went on serenely. I never remembered what became of Mrs. Wells after that, for I had enough to do with myself, swallowing hard to keep back the silly big tears that splashed on the hand in my lap. I was glad that the little stool on which I sat was quite shadowed by the hearth. When, from my low, hidden vantage-point, I looked again at Madame Skerry there was little short of worship in my heart. From that moment I loved the rustle and the whirr of the hoop-skirts. And almost more pictures lay in the folds of the soft, grey silk than in the shadowy nooks of the house itself. It was a bitter reproach to my stupid self that I had once found fault with the very thing that now came to seem most indispensable, mos

harmonious and most lovely about Madame Skerry. I think other people were sorry, too, for the subject of clothes was suddenly dropped, and in its place bygone native romances began to be whispered. But for me there was no fascination in any of these, beside Madame Skerry's, the first real one I had ever known.

Mr. Skerry, too, began to be regarded in a new light. One could not help wondering with surprise why his dark eyes, his pale face and his quiet, courtly manners had never been admired before. In low conversations over sewing on short winter afternoons, it was remembered that Mr. Skerry was never seen at the Masonic Club of which he was a member, and where all the other men spent their evenings; that he was kind and polite to every-one,—yes, he was the first to approach the young widow of Mr. John Tilton, who had been a brilliant and well-to-do lawyer in Portage, and who, after a short visit with some friends in the city, had brought back his bride only to leave her in heaviest mourning by his death. Mr. Skerry, it was remembered, had first asked her to meet his wife, while other people had stood in awe of her city manners, her black lace dresses, the numberless rings she wore,—even more than Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Parks owned together;—and I remembered, too, that more than often one found Mr. Skerry at home when the ladies dropped in to tea. I was glad that people had begun to appreciate Mr. Skerry, for I had felt a bit sorry for him sometimes. He was the editor of the daily journal, and it seemed a thankless task to have always to be writing up the same things, the weather, the "Local Events" column and the "Forecast of the Country." People said they had expected great things of him when he came. But apparently no startling literary innovations had come about, so that interest lagged. Now, however, a reputation was restored to him, which, though not literary, yet engaged perhaps a more vital interest.

Thus Madame Skerry and her husband came to be to me a veritable heroine and hero, better than any book, because there was a charm here that books, even the nicest, lack: as fast as one could read, the story lay before one without an ending. With these thoughts in one's head, then, it was a great sorrow when Madame Skerry died suddenly that winter. And to Mr. Skerry one turned not only to console, but also for consolation. In the days that followed, his eyes seemed to grow darker and his pallour deepened. Everyone bestowed upon him an abundance of affectionate sympathy, and small services were tendered him on all sides. I watched him secretly with heartrending emotion. He came and went silently from busi-

ness; he sat alone in the house with no lights in the evening; he took long restless walks, and one heard with jealous pleasure that once or twice when he had met the young widow on the street, he had been seen to smile. All the admiration I had had for Madame Skerry I began unconsciously to transfer to her husband—tall, slender figure clothed in black, with sad, gentle expression in his eyes. Secretly I acknowledged that this was the acme of an inner, inconsolable grief.

At the end of six months, one was glad to hear that certain business interests seemed to awaken him to their importance, and that he found a short trip to the city a necessity. But one day, at the end of a week, suddenly there came a buzz of rumour of the kind that only small towns know. From Sally Wells and Lucy Parks, both talking at once, I heard that Mr. Skerry had returned, bearing upon his arm the late young widow, Mrs. John Tilton, as the successor to Madame Skerry, and smiling politely as usual at everybody, as if nothing uncommon had happened. How our cherished fancies were duped and cheated! Sally and Lucy said they felt like crying all over again for Madame Skerry, but for myself, I was too angry to cry. Everyone in Portage felt some sensibilities outraged. More than one person resented the fact that Mr. Skerry had sought consolation in something other than her proffered cake and jell, which was such as even Madame Skerry herself might have been proud of. As for me, it was not less than tragedy to be confronted by the trailing skirts, the curled hair, the beads and the endless rings of the new Madame—of Mrs. John Tilton. I think, perhaps, I grew a great deal older that day when the invisible meshes of romance that had shrouded the figure of Edward Skerry, hero, were torn away, and Edward Skerry, divinely human, stood revealed.

As for the little house, it, too, seemed to have been rudely awakened from a slumber of pleasant dreams. It took on a new coat of paint; the kindly bushes that had sheltered the roughly built foundations gave place to rows of foliage plants. The vines which had grown profusely around the windows were cut away, and glaring daylight travelled far into rooms the half of whose charm had been in their rich brown shadows. In the front bow window a shelf of bright geraniums had always grown, and a certain low, cane-seated chair near-by had come to lean forward toward them as if accustomed by long and friendly usage. This and other renovations were accomplished with dispatch. So that it is with difficulty that the old passer-by can find in the physiognomy of the place the toy house of memory.

Marguerite Gribi, 1904.

THE SENTIMENTAL RENAISSANCE.

A CONVERSATION.

PLACE.—*Asheville, the verandah of a hotel above the city.*

PERSONS.

EDWARD HARGREAVE, an engineer of distinction, forty-five, somewhat carelessly dressed. His brown eyes are affectionate but worried, and his soft brown beard conceals a certain austerity in his lips, and something of weakness in his chin.

CELIA LANGHORNE, to whom he is engaged to be married, a convalescent of very striking beauty, much younger than Hargreave. The noticeable contrast of the vivid scarlet in her cheeks and the fairness of her hair is emphasised by a certain over-smartness in her dress.

LOUISE KREMER, Celia's friend, who has written a novel. She is intense in manner, and faded, but naturally sweet.

LOUISE.—So you don't like Asheville, Mr. Hargreave, but find, Celia tells me, something ununified and rasping about it, meretricious, shall I say—or hectic—which, at any rate, gets on your nerves?

HARGREAVE.—It makes me feel old, Miss Kremer; one doesn't like that, you know. Its over-emphasis would once have irritated me, and now it rather bores me, I fancy. However, it keeps Celia astonishingly young.

CELIA.—The place is always depressing, you know, to newcomers, chiefly from the wind and the altitude,—a little, no doubt, from our blithe irresponsibility. Our friends come here tired where we are rested, and the compassion they had for us as exiles is apt to strike in on themselves. Then Edward takes no exercise to speak of; it tires him to walk with me and makes him breathless, which reminds him too much, he says, of business,—the clambering in and out among trees and stones. By way of contrast with the Soudan, he reads the *Journal des Goncourt*, which you talked of incessantly, if you haven't forgotten, Louise, five years ago.

LOUISE.—It's quite enough to explain his depression—don't you think so, Celia?—and is penance enough in itself. After four or five volumes, I

remember, the thing got to be a kind of obsession; I saw things with something like the Goncourts' own wretched, disfiguring nerves. Such vision empties things of their contents like physical illness.

HARGREAVE.—Yes, I know: "Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean."

LOUISE.—I suppose, however, the *Journal* is a change from the Bedouins, a sharper contrast certainly than Asheville. One likes to fancy the Bedouin story-tellers as poets,—not yet of the *gendeleltre* type.

CELIA.—You must know, Edward, that Louise, in five years, has learned to anathematise the type.

HARGREAVE.—But wasn't the novel "workmanlike" before anything else?

LOUISE.—So much the critics were good enough to allow me. But I know now, and need no critics to tell me, that I hadn't anything to say. Having nothing was once, perhaps, a certain poor originality; it isn't even that any longer. Who now reads the Goncourt novels?

HARGREAVE.—The two brothers, as you say, Miss Kremer, *do* look poor among their *convives* of the Maguy dinners, beside Gautier, and Taine, and Renan. Whatever those men were, they had plenty of genius; they all had plenty to say.

CELIA.—You probably redraw their portraits, and read in the "plenty" from your knowledge. In the *Journal*, as I remember, they say little enough, and that little mostly the commonplace or palpable caricature. However, in one or two cases, one discerns, if not a man, at least an intellect, underneath the caricature. Take Berthelot, the chemist, for example.

LOUISE.—A man really as arid as they paint him. I fancy that in his case, if, as you say, they've got down the mind, the cognitive faculty, that they've got very nearly all there was. Much more than even Taine I should take him as the *pur cérébral*; as the man who in and out of season intellectualises and can do nothing else. For Taine had, of course, his Protestant conscience and his own *bourgeois* affections. But with Berthelot I never heard of anything but intelligence, acute, restless, *malin*.

HARGREAVE.—But, after all, Miss Kremer, isn't that what one specially needs, to be a chemist, or even a critic?

LOUISE.—A realistic critic, an analyst possibly, whose usefulness, however, is limited.

CELIA.—In Louise's eyes there's something very naïve. I fancy, in liking, or not minding, one's types rather sharply defined.

HARGREAVE.—The world, then, I mean the world of action, Miss Kremer, is, I am afraid, very naïve. It has a tendency, you know, to think that specialisation is a good means to getting its work well done. Take precisely this matter of criticism. Now, one would have to be pretty free from prejudices, pretty nearly sheer disinterested intelligence, I should think, being, as you say Berthelot was, a realist, to see some of the things he sees. The realists were having very nearly their own way,—weren't they?—in the sixties.

LOUISE.—Undoubtedly, Realism, Positivism, the Scientific Spirit,—call it what you like. It certainly was having its own way in France at that time.

HARGREAVE.—Well! This Berthelot saw it couldn't continue. By 1900 he predicted we should all be “a prey to”—that's the way he puts it—“a prey to the most violent mysticism.”

CELIA.—And what of it, Edward, except that one may be astonishingly intelligent and yet go wrong in predictions of this kind? The greatest are very rarely lucky in this. Events don't have the logic they're credited with in most cases. One can read in, it is true, almost any significance, but it's safer to do this in retrospect.

LOUISE.—Celia has, without knowing it until I told her, become a convinced Pragmatist.

HARGREAVE.—And this is, Miss Kremer?—

CELIA.—The latest aspect of the Hedonism to which I am afraid I have all along been inclined in Louise's opinion, certainly ever since I came to Asheville, and began to get light-hearted and well.

LOUISE.—Pragmatism, Hedonism, Mysticism:—one has at least a good chance here to discover which way the pendulum is swinging.

CELIA.—We *are*, certainly, cosmopolitan enough, and represent, not badly, I think, the civilised world. It is only among civilised folk, I suppose, that one need look for main currents—the way the pendulum swings.

HARGREAVE.—You mean they're easier discovered, because civilised people are more or less articulate?

LOUISE.—Yes, and here, rather notably, they are able to be frankly themselves. I mean they are not troubled with expressing prudential or pedagogic views.

CELIA.—I fancy you exaggerate the tendency, Louise, to expression of prudential and pedagogic views. There are people, of course, who don't

know what is prudential and pedagogic, who act to fit the circumstances, by an adjustment that is often spontaneous and unconscious enough.

LOUISE.—The most spontaneous adjustment, however, may be imitation, and only the self-conscious can avoid that, can be really natural. I mean self-conscious in the best, in the Greek sense, of course. That is the oldest of all categorical linings-up of people, isn't it,—the Greek distinction between the Barbarians and their civilised, self-conscious selves? For self-consciousness means, as I understand it, picking up what straws one can of experience, and binding them into a rush-light, and sorting the theories and facts one gathers by their flare.

HARGREAVE.—Is that like the novel?

CELIA.—The novel, too, means more than one might infer. You mean now, don't you, Louise, that really civilised persons, though they have learned the most that they know from one another, don't imitate for the sake of imitation, but only to the extent that is inevitable in the social state? One learns to be serious to get one's work done. Edward began early to learn this, or we should not have the Atbara Bridge. I had to learn it when I wanted to get well. And you, too, Louise, you were serious about your novel, and it was workmanlike, as you intended; but, since you've stopped writing, what is it you're serious about now?

HARGREAVE.—It's not Art, I gather, but "Life in the Spirit of Art," isn't it, Miss Kremer? And then there are those "affective and volitional elements of consciousness"—have I got it right?—and their warfare against "over-intellectualising." There's the sovereign "Will to Believe."

LOUISE.—Call them feeling and action, Mr. Hargreave. I much prefer to do so myself.

CELIA.—You forget that Louise prefers the simple,—prefers it on second thought at least. It is, of course, hard to remember—

HARGREAVE.—Harder for me, of course, Miss Kremer, than for Celia, because possibly you didn't so much prefer it five years ago. But seriously, because the thing is serious, this Will to Believe—do you never find it acting inhibitive? You don't find yourself, not only in spite of it, but even because of it, brought up squarely against a rock wall of fact that you can't get through, or over, or around? I mean you become aware of the obstacle chiefly from your wish for what lies on the other side. We felt it most of all in those religious matters, questions chiefly of evidence, which apparently

trouble you so little to-day. We tried, you see, to satisfy our minds, our understandings.

LOUISE.—We try first to satisfy our hearts.

HARGREAVE.—First, of course—one could not wish it differently; the question is, however, if you have a right, or perhaps if you are able to stop there. It seems to me that because you are able you imagine that you have no farther duty, that nothing is owing to your minds.

CELIA.—Edward thinks—you will pardon us, Louise, if there is need of pardon—that you and more or less all the civilised persons he talks with are just now sentimentalising in some fashion—tampering, that is to say, with the facts. It's either through sensibility or through strenuousness—being too much touched and moved, or too busy, to stop calmly and see things as they are. Hence, he thinks we get, as here in Asheville, over-emphasis, or emphasis misapplied. Edward sees not only types, you see, as I do, but also your “currents” and tendencies. He is, I am afraid, a little of a *pur cérébral* himself. And very likely I'm misrepresenting him.

HARGREAVE.—You all go on using our intellectual machinery, our data, which is a certain tribute, even in abusing us and our purblind limitations. But you—the sentimentalists, I mean—act rather as if you were tired of hard thinking for yourselves and strict accountability, and hoped to get along in future with the help of our data, but mainly by consulting only your individual preferences and tastes.

LOUISE.—Professor Royce, you know, keeps reminding us how incurably individualistic, that is to say, how romantic we are. It seems that Realism didn't cure us; we found it wouldn't suffice. As you say, one gets tired of intellectualising; that also appears not to take count of all the facts. And Realism was perhaps not the main current; it was possibly but the after-glow of Eighteenth Century rationalism and criticism, when the sun of Romance had already risen. There's Stendhal, of course, to be disposed of. It wasn't atavism that made him a realist in the days of Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël. He was rather a survivor, and in a sense Taine and Flaubert were survivors who gained a new impulse of life from Stendhal. But the time-spirit of the age as a whole is essentially romantic.

HARGREAVE.—But your true romantic is not individualistic in the same way that the sentimentalist is. He finds men very like one another, in whatever direction he turns. Victor Hugo—

CELIA.—Sentimentalism, I should think, came first in the turn of the

wheel. Take—you may as well—the obvious examples. Rousseau, of course, came before Victor Hugo. You look first to yourself, that is, and discover your own emotions, your own soul, and, touched and delighted, turn to recognise a similar soul and similar emotions in everyone else. Then, and not till then, you get Romanticism. And yet, after all, you know, little animals, and the cardinal-birds in the blossoming hedgerows, and the honeysuckle and arbutus on the hillsides had all along enjoyed an enviable popularity. Then, too, there are some of us who have gone all our lives to church and not quite insincerely, if in a matter-of-fact fashion enough. No doubt we are “once-born” souls and have little of the unction with which after your wanderings you return.

LOUISE.—You mean like M. Bourget and François Coppée, and the many who have gone back to Rome?

HARGREAVE.—Miss Kremer, I really wish you hadn't dedicated your book to M. Bourget. The dedication is bound to suggest a certain likeness, a certain parallel, I for one do not care to see pushed very far. Just your being cosmopolitan by education, you know, and knowing and caring so much about French ways of thought and French art by preference to English, suggests what is specially fallacious from its being half true.

LOUISE.—But undoubtedly what M. Bourget calls cosmopolitanism is not very different from your new, or atavistic, sentimentalism. I suppose you think that's where we get it, from three and four generations back, as indeed we get the most that we have from our grandparents.

HARGREAVE.—As I said, Miss Kremer, I should hesitate about urging an essential resemblance. After all, you are an American, and a woman, and half Puritan by inheritance at least. And cardinal-birds, and little animals, and honeysuckle, and even altar-lights and incense, are different things from the world, the flesh, and the devil. What little you know of these, and for character that counts nothing, you have learned, and not through prurience, from books. Now I don't know much of Huysmans or Bourget; their novels are not the sort of thing one takes with him into exile; but I should guess with some confidence that they know life, I mean the ugly facts of life, at first hand. It's a fundamental difference between men and women, moreover, that women sentimentalise only before experience, men afterwards. You would be shocked much past sentimentalising by what men gloss over in time. Your goal is a practical idealism men mostly leave behind them with first love.

LOUISE.—I think possibly you exaggerate the difference—from chivalry, chiefly, I should say. All our troubles, I fancy, are not as Ste. Beuve said, “*à force d’être romanesques*,” that is, from sentimentalising before experience. And again I think you are “*très dur pour les hommes*.” Much in the case of either men or women depends, I am sure, on what is desired. With the men who do not attain to finding the ideal in the actual, is it not because they lack precisely ‘the will to believe’?

CELIA.—Are perhaps incapable of having it. In one sense, all sentimentalism is feminine, is it not? M. Bourget, himself, is surely *féministe* enough. It’s a province I enter with reluctance and great ignorance, but I suppose the will itself has sometimes been counted feminine—for example, with Tourgénéfi, possibly with Shakespeare himself.

HARGREAVE.—You mean, Celia, that a man is either intellectually convinced or a skeptic; that sophistry isn’t natural to him. Sophistry, that is to say, sentimentalism, to put it frankly, is found in men of intelligence only when the claims of the world, the flesh, or the devil, get the upper hand in some way of the mind. In France it’s most likely to be the flesh, as with Bourget, or occasionally the devil—in Voltaire to some degree, and a little, I think, in Renan.

LOUISE.—You mean that it comes out in the Gallic turn for irony—in Anatole France, for example, after all he has said about pity, as it came out in the Greek? Well! In England the world is incomparable for blinding men to the facts; take your Scott and Tennyson.

CELIA.—But the world itself is a fact, no doubt, and the flesh and the devil are facts, and it’s not necessarily sentimentalising to give to any one of these its due. With the devil in particular, proverbial wisdom finds this to be only fair play. Only, of course, it’s more dignified, as well as safer to oneself and fairer to the community, to recognise them if one must and call them by their names.

LOUISE.—That is what is so very hard for women; what their education—a training in social flattery—and their inexperience has hitherto made such an all but impossible thing.

HARGREAVE.—Yes, experience and logic are about the only teachers of what they teach explicitly enough and continuously enough, that things are had at a price. The sentimentalist ignores both teachers and expects to get the highest things with no surrender of the lower, which he justifies as natural, instinctive. With Huysmans’ or Bourget’s religion, for example,

it's the same practically as with the rich young man's on the midnight visit, two thousand years ago. It was instinct, if you like, the permanent religious instinct of the heart, that sent him forth with his questions, and instinct again that made him go by night, and yet another that explains his going away sorrowful. He had lived a sheltered life, no doubt, and was not very logical, had not thought clearly as to what he meant to do or why.

CELIA.—The recent converts to Rome of this class have not been very constant, have they, Louise? Indeed our own American religionists and religious faddists keep to one thing no longer, in most cases, than just for the basic facts and occasion of the doctrine, whatever it is, to emerge a little into view. Thus our Buddhists and Theosophists of ten years ago seem now mostly to be Spiritists or Christian Scientists.

LOUISE.—In their halting way, all these doctrines have some satisfaction for the religious instinct.

HARGREAVE.—They all demand some renunciation and self-discipline. When this is recognised, as Celia says, the sentimentalist tries something new in the hope of its perhaps making smaller demands in the way of abnegation or a larger allowance of pathetic coating for the ethical pill. The thing has varied in its manifestations from the relatively harmless if demoralising enthusiasm over *Parsifal* in New York to Isis worship in Rome. The religious instinct, unguided by experience and reason, is perhaps a not very civilised or civilising attribute. It exists, we know, along with Barbarism—is, indeed, but Barbarism essentially, however disguised.

LOUISE.—You find Sentimentalism twanging with a vengeance on the sensual strings, it seems to me. Suppose it is all you say, however, Mr. Hargreave, are you not a little drastic—very much harder than Meredith, for example, on the unlucky Barbarians? After all, it is but twanging, and the facts, as Celia says, the strings you have always and inevitably at hand. You can't expect them to be absolutely ignored any more than you can expect them to be done away with. And if Sentimentalism fills a purpose relative to them, and provided it keeps on the mask—

CELIA.—The great trouble is precisely in the mask. Whereas, of course, the unmasked Barbarian has been granted his epithet of noble, hasn't he, whenever people have been civilised enough to appreciate how effectual and dignified he is. He is apt to know something of renunciation quiet really and practically; he knows, I mean, that things are had at a price. As for

logic, is this not as much logic as inheres in things? And besides, he is good-tempered, good to look at—

HARGREAVE.—“Not Angles, but angels,” was said, of course, of Barbarian youth.

LOUISE.—Which proves Pope Gregory an artist.

CELIA.—And pushes the Renaissance back still a few centuries earlier than anyone has got it so far. However, I don't think it ever happened; there must always have been humanists, the Barbarians of civilization.

HARGREAVE.—And yet, you know, Celia, something like a personal Renaissance has happened to you yourself since you came here to Asheville; to a lesser degree, it strikes me, it has happened and is happening to the country as a whole. You take things a great deal more lightly than we used to take them; you are even greatly more tolerant of things I should once have expected you to condemn. I fancy you are hardly less useful, though duty sits easily—

LOUISE.—Is it not really a “conformity to Nature,” which means more than simply living out of doors? It's as if, being quite sane and healthy, one could really trust one's undisciplined instincts, avoid pain and seek pleasure—in general, amuse one's self. And, incidentally, being healthy—and beautiful—give pleasure and prevent pain to others.

CELIA.—At all events, without much striving or co-operation, we've managed to build Asheville, a city of fifty thousand souls and not ten thousand lungs. There are also, no doubt, as Edward suggests so urbanely, as many distinct styles of architecture to be discerned. We revel, no doubt, in a noble independence; are no doubt quite our natural selves. And, as I said, our civilised or partially civilised friends find us depressing, if not exasperating; we get, apparently, so much out of life. Our innate religious instinct, if we have it, goes mainly to worship of the sun.

HARGREAVE.—It is hard for me to find this really satisfying—more, I mean, than very partially true.

LOUISE.—You mean it seems somehow a very temporary and personal solution, somewhat like *tabula rasa* indeed? For, of course, not everyone even here is quite healthy and charming, and they don't have the sun in New York.

CELIA.—Need you remind me, Louise? Of course the great thing is the writing on the tablets, the writing that will go on them at some future day, as we hope. The Barbarian has even been counted noble, I suppose, in pro-

portion to his zeal for the things precisely the civilised man has abused. In our emptiness and faith, however, we believe that it must be something better, as Edward suggests, than *Parsifal*. It would be hard to think that in civilisation to-day there is nothing younger and sweeter than that, nothing at the same time much simpler and more subtle, like strong exquisite things in visible nature which even the Barbarian may love.

LOUISE.—I wonder would you be quite willing to seek it in the quarters where perhaps it is found. One gets to fancying it perhaps in the commonplaces—a hard paradox, I admit, not picturesque nor exciting as the great impossible paradoxes are. These are perhaps too interesting, too exciting—

HARGREAVE.—You mean that they make too exacting demands. Impossible, however, who shall call them?—consciously and unconsciously lives have been lived and deaths died in their sight and name.

CELIA.—I should think our great need was to get these emphasised again, reiterated, simply and with passion, that again in our faith and emptiness we might adore them because they are adorable, and follow them because they are strong. We have found ourselves; now could we lose ourselves also, swept on by what is fresh, concrete, compelling—

HARGREAVE.—Then, I think, and not otherwise, it is well that you erased what was written on the tablets, blurred, but decipherable still.

CELIA.—One can't find anyone now to do the writing. Louise still believes in Tolstoï, as we all believed in the first great books. But the book about Art and the various confessions—they strike me, you know, as a kind of Rousseauism, or the last phase, indeed, of the bizarre. One half suspects sophistry in even the things one believed in. His own peasant life, you know, like Levine's and Pierre's similar solution, has seemed even to have a certain cowardice, as a falling back on instinct not quite frankly and ingenuously confessed.

LOUISE.—You forget *Resurrection*. Simplicity is not, certainly, *simple* there.

HARGREAVE.—It's hero acted on experience and reason, not only on religious instinct. He *knew* the world. Facts with him were the motive, and the method was discipline, asceticism, patience. No, Celia, we have not many prophets, but Tolstoï at his ethically greatest we cannot afford to neglect.

LOUISE.—There is Maeterlinck, whom, however, as Celia says, it is easier to praise than to love.

CELIA.—From whom you get, I suppose, your doctrine of the common-places; he too, even more than Tolstoi, seems to me to get his simplicity in a very subtle, artificial way. He doesn't seem to you, for all his beauty, attenuated, fragile, and his Mysticism of a bucolic, Benedictine sort?

HARGREAVE.—The voices crying in the wilderness are always less readily heard than such. William Watson's and Sully Prudhomme's, I suppose you would say, are only echoes, Miss Kremer, survivors—

CELIA.—But Stendhal, whom Louise called an echo, she acknowledged gave new life to a generation who were able, at least, to dispute the title to an epoch.

HARGREAVE.—At least the survivors have not forgotten the old lessons, neither they nor the older millions who are busy with the work of the world. They know you cannot be over-wilful, or wanton, or unchastened in imagination and desire. The work, the fact, has got to be foremost, and reality must serve as a curb to desire. One comes in this way, if at all, upon the great paradoxes, learns first through patience and knowledge what they mean—that the Kingdom, for example, comes as reward for peace.

LOUISE.—But this surely is the veriest Mysticism.

CELIA.—Had you forgotten what even the Barbarian apprehends?—that any of the roads *may* lead to Rome.

LOUISE.—As your Berthelot, your arch-realist, predicted with such evident concern. If your submission to fact, slow, labourious and painful, is to have the same result as our trusting to instinct, which is obvious, easy—

HARGREAVE.—Ah! but it does not endure, and it is not satisfying, as the Sentimentalists are forever crying out.

CELIA.—And it is not compelling—for the Barbarian not interesting enough.

HARGREAVE.—No, for the New Age the main work must be resubordination of emotion and will. There is scant danger of our very soon again over-intellectualising; our minds are perhaps all tired. Slowly, painfully, as you say, we must manage to escape from the sentimentalist's waste land of sand and thorns, *through* the rock wall of fact, to the shade and fountains beyond. The "Will to Believe" will serve us less well than

whatever knowledge and experience we have to arm us as weapons—or tools—on a tedious way.

CELIA.—And even the Barbarian with a longing for the Promised Land will have to use these as he can?

HARGREAVE.—I think so; if not, he will miss the goal.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, 1904.

AT SAN RAPHAEL.

THE train pulled leisurely off through the gold poppy fields; a thin line of smoke floated out and away from it, caught and played with by a salt wind from the sea. The thin-cheeked young fellow who had watched it come and go, unwound his attenuated legs and descended from the station truck.

"Your mother didn't come, Mr. Raymond?" asked the station-master genially, touching his cap.

"Not this time, Williams. And, by the way, if she comes on the next train tell her I met this one, will you? Thank you."

He swung about slowly—all his movements had the dragging deliberation of invalidism—and stood for a moment to watch the few new-comers who, balanced on the edge of the station platform, looked down the long shell-road and across the poppy-gilded dunes.

The hotel wagons were, as usual, late. Among those whom they kept waiting now were two or three elderly men of the wealthy, broken-down type, and a girl. She struck Wallace instantly with the assurance of her charm. She was, he felt, to be the one attractive woman in that dreary village of his convalescence, and he wished sincerely that she would choose his hotel.

She stood a moment undecided, and then hurried after Williams and asked some apparently perplexing question, over which he scratched his head before answering. She showed him her trunk—a large one, unmarked and obviously new—and he scrawled the name of a hotel upon it, and rolled it near the platform's edge. Wallace moved carelessly past and read with satisfaction, "San Raphael Hotel" upon its leather cover. Williams stood beside it, still perplexed. He whispered that she had asked for the name of the best hotel in the village and that he had advised this one.

"Strange, weren't it, that she shouldn't know before she came?" he added. "She's pretty young to gad around that way."

The girl had strolled to the far end of the platform and stood looking out toward the sea, which showed, a narrow blue line, above the dunes. She strained her slender neck, rising on her tiptoes in an evident, hungry endeavour

to see more of it, and Wallace, gazing at her leisurely from a distance, nodded approvingly. The sea was a favorite of his own.

"There is the San Raphael coach, Williams," he said. "I think I will drive back."

The others had evidently not depended upon Williams for advice, for Wallace and the girl were the only occupants of the coach as it bowled away from the lonely little station. The drive was of many miles, along flat, white shell-roads, often close to the sea and again back of the dunes through the pine woods. It was very beautiful, but Wallace knew it well, and had arranged himself that he might, with ease and without offence, watch the girl's profile instead. She was, as he had noted, exquisitely dressed, but everything about her, from shoes to hat, was as obviously new as the leather trunk; yet the delicacy of her face and of her movements seemed to reassure him that exquisite things, whether of dress or landscape, were not a novelty in her life. He enjoyed her profile. The nose was a trifle long, slender and well-bred, and from her small, firm chin her throat fell away in one long, soft, inward curve; but her mouth seemed to him too set, its sensitive beauty spoiled by a tight, self-controlled pressure of the lips. Evidently she enjoyed the Western landscape hugely. Her eyes were wide and bright with an almost exaggerated eagerness; she drew in deep breaths of the salt air.

According to his wont of late, since he had been left weighted with leisure after weeks of devastating fever, Wallace fitted to her face a fanciful story of her past and future, and again congratulated himself that Williams had advised the San Raphael. There he would at least see her often and, if she stayed quite long, might know her. His mother was so absurdly prejudiced against young girls who chose to travel alone, and obviously she would be alone—for a time, at least—since her hotel had been decided upon but a moment ago. That incident puzzled him; as he was intently busy in modelling his story to fit it, she turned suddenly upon him and asked in a clear, level voice whether he had tried the San Raphael before. He sat erect with surprise, but he noticed, as he answered, that her full face was a little older than her profile and her gaze of a determined, disconcerting directness.

"And you like it? It is really the best in the place?" she asked.

"Yes," he half stammered.

"Thank you," she said, and turned away.

Wallace stared at her profile in silence. She did not, he felt, wish to speak to him again; he would not have dared address her. And yet she was

so absurdly unconventional. His hopes of knowing her, at least of conventionally knowing her, grew fainter. Could his mother consent, he wondered, to even an acquaintance? He wished his illness had not left him so dependent upon his mother.

After their arrival at the hotel, into which the girl, hesitating a little at the entrance, was ushered obsequiously by negro servants, Wallace did not see her again until the next morning. He lingered about vaguely, half waiting for his mother's, half for her return; but neither came, and he spent his day in idle talks with the older men and with one or two charming old women whom he knew. He and the girl were the only really young creatures about the place. He had an insistent desire to look up her name upon the register, but, like his mother, coupled with his sense of beauty, his intelligence, his refinement—all over-emphatic in him now in his invalided state—he had a clinging love of the smaller higher-caste conventions which it had never occurred to him to overstep. The curious reading of a register would have been for him the breaking of a social canon, the height of discourtesy, even of vulgarity. In the evening he welcomed with additional eagerness the return of his mother. It was always a pleasure to him to welcome her; she was so exquisitely spotless, so in place. She looked, as in the story-books of his childhood, the good queen mother had always looked—white-haired, beautiful, and gracious. They walked together through the pine forests of the hotel grounds as she told him of her three days' stay in the city—a city, after all, not so far away. She had gone really for his sake, since he could not go himself, and it hurt her keenly that he seemed to care so little for the news and for her clever hits upon it. A light came to her when he said suddenly:

“Mother, a very charming-looking girl came on this morning's train. I hope we will know her. She is alone.”

She herself proposed, to his surprise, after his description of the girl, that it might be arranged that she should share their table with them in the dining-room, and she felt with a sense of relief his unconscionness of the hurt it had given her to learn that their tender and close companionship had ceased to satisfy him, that for his mental and bodily recuperation he needed more.

When Wallace came down the next morning it was with an enlivening sense of expectancy which, on first waking, he had wondered at and tried to place. He knew now that his interest centred about the breakfast table,

which had for weeks interested him little. His mother sat in her accustomed place near a sunny window looking toward the sea; beside her was the girl, exquisitely, newly dressed as before, listening with intent interest to his mother's talk. He flushed uncomfortably as he neared the table. There was, after all, a peculiar flavour to this meeting, and he acknowledged, with a little self-conscious stiffness, his mother's introduction to "Miss Dale, who, very fortunately for us, has come to share our table." However, Miss Dale turned her direct gaze upon him and said:

"I think that we have met before."

Mrs. Raymond did not start, but her son looked toward her apprehensively and met her eyes with an effort.

"Miss Dale and I drove home together from the station, mother. It—it was your first glimpse of this country, was it not, Miss Dale?"

He watched her crimson with deep self-disgust. He had, he felt, been a cad. He had not met her advance. Rather, he had made her uncomfortable. A sense of responsibility for her comfort took possession of him, for he had after all, he felt, forced himself upon her. He must defend her from his mother's attitude, and yet he had in this first meeting adopted it himself. Miss Dale, however, did not drop her eyes. She only said a little hesitatingly, "Yes, my first. It is very lovely."

Mrs. Raymond broke in with her pleasant voice, and the talk went on. The girl talked easily and was evidently well-read. It was hard to tell, Wallace decided, whether she was merely well-read or well-travelled beside, she gave her talk so little of a personal tone. Yet she handled with enough ease and familiarity many things and many countries, for the conversation turned to travel as she said she was far from home. Beyond this and her name she gave nothing of her history; yet it was evident from everything she said, from her choice of words and subject, from her quick, satisfied glances toward the sea, that her love of beauty was as true and vivid as Wallace had with satisfaction reckoned it the day before. This, he felt, even his mother must acknowledge. He himself was conscious of perceiving more—the girl's swift, eager appreciation of his mother's charm, and of her calm, strong personality. It was largely because of this that he asked her, before they left the table, to walk with them to a peculiar vantage-point of their own, where they had used to spend their mornings looking out over the sea.

"You will think me a good-for-naught, Miss Dale," he added. "I am

not always so lazy, but strength seems to come back more quickly when I rest."

"I should like to go very much," the girl said.

Mrs. Raymond rose from her chair hurriedly. The suggestion from her son had surprised and hurt her more than she cared to acknowledge, even to herself. She stood above them as she spoke:

"I cannot go with you, Wallace, this morning. I am sorry, but my—my letters keep me in. You will enjoy the view, Miss Dale. It is a beautiful place."

And again Miss Dale flushed deeply. Evidently she was at a loss for words or action. For the first time in his life Wallace was angry with his mother.

"If you will get your wrap, I will meet you on the porch, Miss Dale," he said.

In the two weeks which followed, Mrs. Raymond felt that she alone had lost all grasp upon the situation. During his convalescence her son had shared with her a sort of mocking yet tender aloofness from the others of their world. He had cared to know few of the hotel people, though these in themselves were of an admirable quality. He had looked on amiably at the easy flow of life at San Raphael, analysing or criticising it in a clever, tentative way, but spending his long hours preferably alone with her. Mrs. Raymond had grown to feel this illness of her son's a God-sent gift, so sweet had become their new comradeship. Now she felt at a loss to explain their sudden change of relation, or rather, the one forthcoming explanation she willfully refused to accept. Wallace seemed utterly bewitched. Yet it was absurd to hit upon Miss Dale as the bewitching spell; Mrs. Raymond insisted to herself upon the absurdity. Wallace had shared too much her own small prejudices and conventions to succumb without a struggle to this inexplicable girl, coming alone, from no one knew where, to spend a number of uncommunicative weeks at a wholly strange hotel and to return again into the mists of uncertainty. Rather Mrs. Raymond tried vainly to find in her own conduct some explanation of her son's sudden desertion of their quiet hours together.

Certainly the situation had changed. Miss Dale was with them constantly. Wallace so obviously wanted her that his mother had, after that first morning, made all the advances toward the girl for him, and Miss Dale was undeniably charming in her acceptance of them. It was impossible not

to see her quick surrender to Mrs. Raymond and her frank adoration of the older woman. Even the mother had to acknowledge that the girl's preference was wholly for herself. They spent long days out on the bay together, the three, or wandering slowly over the flowered hills. The young man improved rapidly in health, and the mother felt that she should in justice be grateful to the girl; but the mystery surrounding her, her baffling uncommunicativeness, froze any real warmth in the older woman's feeling for her.

Miss Dale herself seemed happily unconscious of all this, but Wallace resented it intensely. In what he read of his mother's thoughts there was much which hurt him; yet since he, as he had decided that day at the breakfast table, had deliberately forced himself and the situation upon the girl, he felt bound by a Quixotic loyalty rather more to her than to his mother, and the persistence of what he now termed his mother's narrow prejudice irritated him inexpressibly. The girl's mystery did not trouble him; her genuineness and charm were to him explanation enough. Besides, she had said she came from the East; she received letters regularly from the East; and she had explained that the others of her family would not travel, so that her excursions were necessarily alone. Beyond this it was plain she did not care to go, and Wallace would not have pressed her. As she was, he found her wholly attractive. She looked very lovely as she walked with him, hatless, her soft hair gleaming in the sun. The intensity of her enthusiasm, which, after all, she expressed very little except with her eager eyes and face, did not, as he had feared, pall upon him. It was too obviously genuine. He marvelled that a girl who talked so well—for Miss Dale talked a great deal with quaint originality of speech and thought—that a girl who must necessarily have seen and known so much, could be still blessed with an enthusiasm so unjaded. And again he would be thankful that Williams had advised the San Raphael.

But for Wallace, in his enjoyment of the girl, there was no thought of the culmination which Mrs. Raymond, after the first ten days, had begun to dread, so that when the inevitable, as Mrs. Raymond termed it, did come to pass, it came unexpectedly to Wallace, and with a result quite different from that which his mother had anticipated. For when he, with a sudden realisation of how dear the girl had become to him, told her so upon a wind-swept cliff, she turned her direct gaze upon him and asked if his mother wished her too, and, when he could not answer, she suddenly began to sob, and ran away faster than his fever-weakened legs could follow her.

Wallace, as he tossed the night out, went over unceasingly the strange sequence of that day. From Miss Dale he had gone, greatly overwrought and weakened, directly to his mother, who for his health's sake had sent a message of welcome to the girl. Mrs. Raymond, even in her distress, had not failed him. She had said, "But, Wallace, you—I—she is not quite—" Then his look had stopped her. She longed to nurse and pet him into sanity, but instead she could only give a cold consent.

Half jubilant, half troubled, he had left her to find the girl, only to learn that a telegram, evidently distressing, had come to her, and that she had gone to meet the coach from the afternoon train. Later, as he wandered through the pines, half hoping to find her, he came upon her suddenly, seated on a rustic bench and talking very earnestly to a badly-dressed, older woman. He stopped short in astonishment at the obvious vulgarity of her companion. Miss Dale looked up as he stood so, and springing from the bench, introduced him instantly to the woman, her mother.

Again and again Wallace reviewed his first and lasting impression of this impossible mother. She was a middle-aged woman, fairly large, dressed not gaudily, but with absolute disregard for taste. Her face was loosely hung, with a weak, drooping mouth and pallid skin. She folded her hands in front of her as she talked, uttering a jangling discordance of endless commonplaces. She complained nasally of the discomforts of travel, and mentioned several times in the first hour what a "lady" or "gentleman" of "our church" had told her to expect. Wallace remembered the girl's chilled ominous silence, coupled with a certain proud filial consideration for her mother, how she had tried to shield her timidly from the stares of the other guests. Through the interminable dinner Mrs. Raymond had been her invaluable self, and, in her quick sympathy for the girl, not even Wallace could detect a tinge of triumph. Yet he had throughout the evening avoided his mother; he could not have talked to her, her fears had been too fully realised. For himself he felt that if the girl required an explanation, that which her mother seemed to offer for her was the least harmful, the least destructive possible; but his mother, he knew from knowledge of his own past self, could not feel so.

Miss Dale, and her mother had gone to their rooms immediately after the meal. The girl had turned to him then with a sort of white pride in her eyes, and had asked him a little timidly if he would meet her in the early

morning at that bench where he had come upon her mother. For this meeting he waited through the sleepless, aching night, longing with increasing passion to comfort and protect the girl from the humiliation of her position.

The day came slowly. Wallace was up and out of the hotel before the earliest boots was stirring, and waited restlessly through the early morning for Miss Dale. She did not come until the sun was high, and then very slowly, threading the pines. Wallace sprang forward to meet her. The undercurrent of his night's brooding found expression; he grasped her cold hands.

"You have come—to tell me you will marry me," he cried.

But the girl stiffened her hands, dragging them away.

"I have come to tell you the truth," she said. "I have lied to you too much. Look at me."

She made the command with such emphasis that Wallace drew back involuntarily, and they stood staring at each other. That she was strikingly changed he saw instantly. She wore a plain dark gown, old in wear and out. Her bright hair was drawn back straight from her forehead and hidden under a drab hat. The thin, delicate face looked pinched, its features too large for the haggard cheeks. She had lost, he felt, for the moment, her distinction; she looked ordinary. But it made no difference. He wondered at her absurdity.

"Well," he said, "you are tired, that's all. Come—"

"No," she interrupted, "I am not tired. I am myself. I am myself to you for the first time. Can't you understand? I am exactly what my mother is and my father is, and my cousins and their friends and all the rest. I have always been that, and I shall always be that. Your mother recognised it in a vague sort of way. You would always know it now. My mother and I are going away on the earliest train this morning."

Wallace was taken utterly by surprise. It had never occurred to him that her sense of humiliation would take this form. Though she looked calm and tense, he thought, in a harassed sort of way, that the excitement and shame of yesterday must have left her hysterical. He tried again to take her hand.

"Going away with your mother?" he said. "How absurd you are. You and your mother are two different people. It is you I want."

At the touch of his hand, quick tears had come into her eyes, but she drew back from him and seemed calm again as she said:

"You think my mother is nothing to you. You are less clear-sighted than I thought. She is an object of disgust. Do you think I didn't see the look upon your face yesterday when you came upon her suddenly—your contempt and disdain, involuntarily but horribly sincere? It would always be like that. Oh, can't you understand?" she broke out suddenly at the end, stretching out her hand.

But Wallace was almost angry with her. She was making an unnecessary fuss. He wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything before. Her mother had no place in their first moment together. "You are over-tired," he repeated. "Sit down and rest a moment. It is not your mother that I wish to talk of. You are only tiring yourself more." As he watched her face he saw it stiffen suddenly with pride and regained control. She sat down, looking at him with her unwavering gaze. He felt instantly that he had made some blind error. He had lost in a moment his control of her, and he realised that to win her had become a matter bafflingly more difficult.

"Very well," she said; "I will be quite calm, and I will ask you, please, not to interrupt. It is a long story. I cannot tell it well." She paused a moment. "The cause of it all was my lie. I have not been honest with you."

Wallace leaned forward impatiently. "I love—" he began.

"Please listen," she said, and went on disjointedly. "All my life I have lived among people like my mother, and all my life I have hated it. I don't know why. I wish I had not. They and I would have been happier. They love me, especially my father, because I am theirs. But I have always longed and longed to get away. That is why I know so much of foreign places. You wondered at it, I remember. I have read and studied and pored over maps. We are not wealthy. I could not travel."

Wallace started. Her explanation had thus far been little more than that which he had thought out for himself from the situation as he waited for the dawn.

"But—" he interrupted.

The girl silenced him with her hand.

"Yes, I know. I seem to have travelled and to be rich, very rich; and now I will explain that too. This winter I grew ill from lack of occupation; they will not let me teach or do anything of the sort, they think it degrading. And so father—whom I really love, Mr. Raymond"—she said this parenthetically with a proud sincerity—"father gave me the money for

a Chautauqua trip. There was to be a huge Chautauqua held in the West. Of course you wouldn't know of it. They thought me over-intellectual at home; they thought a Chautauqua would give me pleasure. I loved the West; it seemed so free and broad and big in comparison with my hateful, narrow life. I was to be away two months and to see everything." She dropped her eyes a moment, pausing for breath, but raised them again steadily. "But when I was here, at last free and for the first time in my life with the possibility of self-expression, I—I did a very dreadful thing. I gave up the two months of travel. I bought a trunk and a trunkful of beautiful clothes in San Francisco. I had never had beautiful clothes, I had never been pretty. And as I overheard in a ear a description of San Raphael, I came here. I came here deliberately to be for three masquerading weeks what I had longed all my life to be—what I knew I could be if I had the freedom and the money. I came to be the—the equal of your mother and yourself. I was very happy even in my deceit, until yesterday my mother came. She—she thought it would give me pleasure."

She ended unsteadily. Involuntarily Wallace stretched out his arms to her. He realised suddenly what each rebuff or slight coolness of his mother must have meant to her. His love for her surpassed even his estimation of it as he saw her trying to regain her poise in her pitiful distress.

He spoke beseechingly: "Dearest, what does it matter now? Only marry me, and I shall make you happy always. Say you will marry me, dear. Forget the rest."

But she pushed his arms away. "Marry you?" she said. "Can't you see now that I can never marry you? Can't you understand that it was only a masquerade, that I am not what you thought me? I should always see that look upon your face, that involuntary look you gave my mother yesterday. I should see it, and it would be hideous, hideous. I should know that it was meant for me and mine, and I should loathe you more bitterly than you would loathe me. I am going back to them. They are mine, those people."

She half rose, sobbing a little. Wallace would have judged her wholly hysterical now, had he not himself lost all calm, all judgment. He could not give her up. It was—as he reiterated fiercely to himself—too absurd. He grasped her masterfully, though physically he was the weaker of the two, trembling with fatigue and excitement. "Hush," he said. "You are to marry me. You are to lead the life you were meant for—the highest, the

best life, the life we have been leading together. What has the past to do with it?" But he had not reckoned on the high pitch of her feeling. She flung herself away and her expression changed.

"The highest life?" she cried. "No, it is not the highest life. To gain it I have been dishonest, to retain it I was ready yesterday to deny my mother because I feared your disapproval of her. Yes, I had almost done it. I was trying to plan it all—the hateful, cowardly thing—when you found us. But now we are going away together, she and I, back to honesty and loyalty. I have been degraded, not uplifted, by this higher life."

The first blast of the warning coach-horn came to them faintly. The girl rose. "Do not follow me," she said, and half ran a little way toward the hotel. Then she stopped, and turning back, called softly, tears in her voice: "Oh, thank you, thank you both, you and your beautiful, exquisite mother." She ran on then, and Wallace, the fever-weakness brought back by the excitement strong upon him, stumbled vainly after her. When he reached the hotel, the coach was long out of sight beyond a bend in the shell-road. He sat down suddenly upon the deserted porch. The white road, the yellow poppy fields, the distant pines, swam together before his eyes. When he awoke he remembered vaguely that he had been cursing Williams because he had advised the San Raphael.

Lucy Lombardi, 1904.

THE ROSE.

Her years betwixt green fields and sky,
Unknown beyond the village street,
Are laid like garments folded sweet
In lavender that lie.

Soft smiles are hers that dream of tears,
And hands that tremble to your touch,
And trivial sorrows move her much,
And daily hopes and fears.

Yet was she one to whom life came
With beckoning hand and eyes of fire,
And love in her woke vague desire
To strange consuming flame.

And now that sweetness stored in vain
And spent with anguish, does but cast
The fragrance of a richer past
On simple joy and pain.

The rose that crimsoned to the sun
And flung its ardour on the air
Drops now in silence, faintly fair,
Its petals, one by one.

Content Shepard Nichols, 1899.

THE CENTURY-PLANT.

MRS. PITMAN put down her trowel and gave a final pat to the earth about a newly potted century-plant. Then she brushed the loam from her gloved hands on her gingham apron, stepped back, and surveyed her work with an air of satisfaction. The century-plant would have found slight favor in unprejudiced eyes; brought forth from the cellar after the winter solstice, pruned of its old leaves, and now exposing its pale new shoots to the spring sun, it resembled the yellowish flesh of a prisoner released after long incarceration. The grass grew contrastingly green about the base of the tub containing the plant, and a few dandelions added their positive color for further contrast. The air was faintly pungent with odors from the steaming ground. Mrs. Pitman drew deep, appreciative breaths; she was glad to be out again, for she had been ill all winter. Standing there in the sunny freshness of the spring noon, she shared as little in the brave new season as the century-plant itself. Her yellowed skin and lustreless gray hair were the marks of her long illness. She wore a small black bonnet, mantilla cape, and gloves, strangely incongruous with the gingham apron tied around her waist, the only concession to her occupation.

"There," she said aloud, as she stooped to pick up her trowel, "I've got that off my mind."

At the sharp click of the garden gate she turned to see her daughter Ella hastening toward her, her face full of remonstrance.

"You haven't lugged that old century-plant from down cellar, mother!" she exclaimed in tones of exasperation. "Why, you're no more to be trusted alone than a child."

But her mother disregarded her protest. "See," she said, triumphantly pointing to her morning's work, "I repotted it myself."

Her daughter's real anxiety took the form of irritation. "Well, I wonder you think it's worth while to waste your strength on that old century-plant. I guess your memory's pretty short or you wouldn't have forgotten last winter so soon."

Mrs. Pitman was eager to justify herself in her daughter's eyes; she was rather afraid of Ella. "You know this isn't like an ordinary plant to

me," she said pleadingly. "It's the shoot your grandfather planted the day I was born and called it mine. I always took real good care of it. You know how you'd feel about a thing like that, Ella. It's sort of a part of me, I guess."

"No, I can't say I believe in spending much sentiment on plants," returned her daughter drily; "come in, mother; you'll catch more cold than you've probably caught already. And it's time for dinner."

As she said this the church bells rang out the noon hour, and children's voices rose from the schoolyard beyond the garden fence. From the doorstep Mrs. Pitman cast a parting glance at the plant, pale in the midst of the surrounding green. She looked at it almost lovingly.

"It'll be a great ornament to the garden," she prophesied, feeling it to be a season of promise.

The spring deepened into summer and the Pitmans' garden became gay with summer bloom. Its neat and orderly appearance, together with that of the house, was due to Ella's thrifty care. An old man came weekly to cut the grass and trim the borders; he took great pride in the gravelled walks and raked them evenly in long, straight lines,—sometimes he spent a whole morning on them. Ella herself always stepped across them carefully lest some chance footprint should disturb their even marks. In the centre of the little grass-plot beside the house, surrounded by neat borders of geraniums and coleus, stood the red tub of the century-plant. It occupied a sort of dais, as if raised above the rest of the garden in recognition of its pre-eminence. As the season advanced, the century-plant had assumed the prevailing green. Mrs. Pitman took an almost childish delight in its curling leaves with their yellow edges and thorny ends, and even her daughter admired its stiff luxuriance, for its hard, symmetrical outlines appealed to their New England sense for order.

Aside from its external perfection, the century-plant possessed for Mrs. Pitman, at least, a personal interest. She cherished it with a superstitious reverence, as having some mysterious connection with her own life. But never before had her care of it been so assiduous. Ella thought she detected in this the lingering weakness of her mother's illness.

Never physically strong, Mrs. Pitman had gradually given the house-keeping responsibilities into her daughter's hands. Ella was an energetic, capable young woman who, since her father's death, had been the ruling

spirit of the home. She had always been deemed a dutiful daughter; indeed she had never allowed her mother to bear any burdens she could bear for her. So Mrs. Pitman suffered herself to sit all day at her sitting-room window, knit endless edging,—and gaze at the century-plant.

One sunny morning after nearly a week of rain, Ella Pitman heard her name called from the garden in her mother's unwontedly imperious voice. She came to the kitchen door, dish-towel in hand. Her mother stood beside the century-plant and beckoned to her in manifest excitement. Ella stepped gingerly across the garden walk and reached her side; Mrs. Pitman pointed silently to the heart of the plant from which a tall, thin shoot was emerging, and outstripping all the other leaves.

"It's going to bloom," she whispered.

"Nonsense; it's not a hundred years old," said Ella, incredulously.

"No, but it's sixty-four; and some plants do bloom about that age."

Her daughter examined the shoot: then she nodded her head. "I guess you're about right, mother," she announced at last.

The century-plant gradually became the centre of village interest. Mrs. Pitman kept a weekly record of the height of the flower-stalk. The garden gate clicked at all hours to admit visitors, and the front-door bell rang so frequently that Ella complained it was worse than keeping the Barr house, in the lower village—where Lafayette had stopped overnight and deigned to use a knife, fork and spoon, forever consecrated, by the descendants of the family, to exhibition purposes. However, she recognized her mother's gratification, and had, herself, a certain pride in possession. Late in the summer the little excrescences near the top of the tall central stalk opened out, one by one, into waxen, greenish-yellow flowers. Now the gravel walks were imprinted constantly by many feet. Ella had found it necessary to put wire netting around the flower borders. People came from all the surrounding villages to see the blooming century-plant, for they had heard of it through a notice in the local paper. Mrs. Pitman became feverish with excitement; she insisted on accompanying guests to the spot, and rehearsing its odd relation to her own birth. Unconsciously she recognized it as the source of her increasing importance, and came to regard its connection with herself as more essential than before.

One sultry summer afternoon, while Mrs. Pitman was sitting behind the honeysuckles on her side veranda, the gate-click proclaimed visitors.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pitman," called out the foremost guest, a ponderous woman with a very red face; "you can't guess what we've come for. I've brought Luey Helden over to see your century-plant. Law! ain't it hot!" As she spoke, a pretty young girl came forward to shake hands with Mrs. Pitman, who had come down to meet them.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pettigrew," said the proprietress of the century-plant; "Luey, I guess you're James Helden's daughter, aren't you? I'm real glad to see you."

After they had rested and Ella had brought out root beer and cookies for refreshment, they descended from the veranda and approached the century-plant. They stood in an admiring little group about it, while Mrs. Pitman related its history to Luey Helden, and Mrs. Pettigrew confirmed the recital with nods of her large head at intervals.

"Aren't you sorry it's bloomed, since you think such a lot of it?" asked Luey of Mrs. Pitman after a pause.

"Sorry!" they exclaimed in chorus. The idea was wholly foreign.

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Pitman almost roughly. She was used only to congratulation.

"Because they always die, you know, after blooming," answered the girl, startled by her hostess's abrupt question, but still more by the sudden strangeness of her face; she hastened to add, "But maybe yours won't."

"Die after blooming," repeated Mrs. Pitman mechanically, and she shivered, although the afternoon was very warm.

Having taken leave of her guests at the gate, she returned to the century-plant. "Die after blooming, die after blooming,"—the words rang in her head.

"It won't," she said to herself defiantly, but in her heart she felt a chilling fear.

Indeed, as the summer waned, the century-plant showed unmistakable signs of approaching dissolution; the flower-stalk was the first to fade, then the outer leaves began to shrivel. Even Ella could not fail to observe the ebbing of its life. It had, as it were, expended its heart-blood in one final effort of bloom. And as the flowers faded, visitors ceased to stream in at the Pitmans' side gate. Mrs. Pitman seemed more than usually exhausted by the hot weather, so that Ella became really alarmed about her

and summoned Doctor Rice, the old practitioner who had attended her father in his last illness.

"She's just worn out by this summer's excitement," he told her.

When Mrs. Pitman came next into the garden she had been indoors for a few days according to the doctor's directions. She walked straight to the century-plant, then turned fiercely upon Ella, who had followed her.

"You forgot it," she cried; "it hasn't been watered this dry spell."

"Mother, I've watered it every day," averred Ella solemnly; "but the truth is, the plant has just bloomed itself out."

"Don't you ever go nigh it again, Ella Pitman; I'll water it myself," her mother exclaimed with vehemence. A dread that it was too late had taken possession of her.

In the days that followed, her thoughts were centered in a single purpose. The more regular were her ministrations to her dwindling plant, the more apparent became its symptoms of decay. The wilted leaves were shrinking daily. Mrs. Pitman grew restless; she wandered about the house by day with flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes. By night, her daughter could hear her irregular step; and when she entered her mother's room, found her with her face pressed to the panes of the side window. Mrs. Pitman had allowed Ella to put her back to bed. She remained there the following week, but insisted on being moved to the window. "I want to see you water that plant," was her explanation.

Then she began to speak of her own weakness. "I guess I won't outlast the century-plant," she said feebly.

"Now, mother, the century-plant is going to pick up next year," urged Ella; "it's done enough for one year's work."

But Mrs. Pitman only shook her head. "I guess we're both slipping," she said.

The doctor felt himself baffled. "It's all poppycock, this notion of hers," he told Ella. "We'll get her a new plant and she'll never know the difference. Sam Ellis has one about that size."

"Wait till we have a cool spell," he said, seeking to soothe the sick woman's mind; "I wouldn't wonder if that plant of yours picked up in a night," and he gave Ella a clumsy wink.

When he had gone, Mrs. Pitman called her daughter to her bedside and took hold of her hand. "Promise you won't ever touch that plant," she

said sternly. Then Ella knew her mother had suspected. She could but promise and obey.

They had changed places with regard to the century-plant. Ella became as assiduous in her efforts to restore its failing vitality as her mother had been. She fertilized it, watered it, but in vain. Her mother's own superstition took root in her mind, and could not be cast out.

From the kitchen doorway she shook her fist at the dying plant. "I hate you!" she cried passionately, and felt the hot tears rise in her eyes.

Later she found her mother sitting up in bed; her wasted face wore an air of resolution. "Ella," she said in a strong voice, "I want you to kill that century-plant. I guess we've all had about enough of this nonsense."

Ella recoiled as if some one had struck her. Her face blanched.

"Oh, mother, I couldn't," she protested in weak remonstrance.

"Why not?"

Ella made no reply, but gazed fascinated at the figure in the bed.

"If you don't do it," Mrs. Pitman asserted, "*I will.*" A slight pause followed her words.

"Well," she said sharply, "d'ye hear?"

Ella's lips moved without sound.

"I'll do it now," she said at last, and left the room. From the window her mother saw her bring the wheelbarrow, and on it bear away the plant in its heavy tub.

Soon she returned with a tray and some beef-tea.

"Did you do it?" her mother's inquisition fell sharp and clear.

Ella's face grew rigid, her voice strange and dry. "Yes," she said, "I did it."

But her mother knew that she had not.

That night the garden witnessed a strange scene. The kitchen door opened noiselessly and a black-clad figure slipped out into the clear September moonlight. She carried a pair of garden shears in her hand. Avoiding the crunching gravel of the paths, and casting apprehensive glances at the windows, she went directly to the back of the house, where, beside the cellar door, stood a shriveled century-plant. She seized the plant and tore it viciously from its tub. Shaking the earth from its roots, she made her way back to the kitchen doorstep, sat down upon it, and began to tear off the leaves, regardless of their thorns. The irregular click-click of her garden

shears that followed was an uncanny sound in the nocturnal silence. Finally she gathered the pieces into her skirt and stole back into the house. Soon after a thin smoke arose from the kitchen chimney. Then the garden lay, as before, still and colorless in the moonlight; only the tub of the century-plant and the lightly trodden grass betrayed disturbance.

As Ella entered her mother's room the next morning she stooped to pick something from the carpet. A sickening suspicion within her prompted her close examination. It was green and yellow, and slimy,—a piece of century-plant. She looked in horror toward her mother's bed. Mrs. Pitman's pallid face was smiling at her daughter.

"You know my father planted it the day I was born," she recited smoothly, "so I call it my twin. The flower-stalk is thirteen feet high and has borne twenty-nine blossoms so far. Don't you think it's a real pretty plant, and curious, too?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Ella, flinging herself on her knees beside the bed.

A change came over the sick woman. She became conscious of her daughter's presence, and raised herself from the pillow.

"Ella," she said sternly, "you lied to me. I killed it myself."

Her daughter covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud. The mother sank back. Her eyes closed, and her dying lips murmured faintly. Ella bent to catch the words, but all she could distinguish were two that sounded in her ears as the tolling of a bell: "My—century-plant!"

Dorothy Foster, 1904.

COLLEGE THEMES.

"Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best; . . . not to imitate servilely . . . but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour; make our *imitation sweet*."—BEN JONSON: *Discoveries*.

TIME.

IMITATION OF BACON.

No man can speak truer than the old proverb that says, Time is a thief; for Time is ever at the back of a man, and he that would keep his treasure from him must eschew all other occupation and entertainment and fight ever with the opponent that never ceases to dog his footsteps with continual thieving. Yet so has man, whether by natural instinct or reasonable persuasion, contrived to disregard the companion of his travel, that save only for a little time he has in entirety forgotten his pursuer. Indeed, it seems as it were the year that is pursuing him, and not Time, his whole allotted portion of days; for he is as a man that another would beguile to destruction, and he fears to lead him by a straight road and in the true and proper direction, and so he goes by a labyrinthine path, and the man thinks only of the little curve that is before him, and he thinks not that there is a far goal and the little bends that concern him now are of no moment. And so his seducer can lead him on, whither he will, without combat or enforcement. So it is with man and Time. And truly man thinks as is most easy and comfortable, being mostly like a child, easily cajoled.

Yet, I think sometimes it is not thus, but the seasons seem an old story when "the year passes into many yesterdays,

and winter comes again, as it needs no sage to tell us," as the old romance has it. Then the identity and renewal of Time work a sadness rather than a hope with a man, for memories are somewhat accumulated upon him and he has a knowledge of the great differences that overgrow the years, making some of them seem but changelings. Then for a little the progress of Time is clogged and he learns to go on his way abstractedly, with no eyes for the things of the road; but some day, in a half-sentient state of absorption in the business of his life, he recognises some season, now heavy with recollection, that was formerly hailed by him from afar off. Perhaps some time when he has forgotten the progress of the year, he hears at night the wind blow with a long wail that gathers memories in his heart, and he remembers that once he lent glad ears to that sound for the season of Christmas and the New Year then was at hand: he falls to thinking of all his Christmases, and they differ as he recalls them in order, and then his heart remembers words he has often heard of the

innumcrabilis

Annorum series et fuga temporum.

And it seems to me, that in those times, when men made much of many days in the year, of Candlemas and Twelfth Night, of All Saints', and many others that we have forgotten, then a man thought more

of the passage of Time than now. Festivals, times of celebration that lodge an annual recollection in the mind, seem an institution natural to humanity, for indeed the seasons of the year served as festivals ere ever the rulers set holidays. For every man has a remembrance of spring from year to year, and this is natural to his constitution, for witness the many writers of antiquity and divers others of all times that were like affected. And not only are the seasons the natural memorials of Time past, but also they have ever seemed pledges to humankind of mortality.

As to Homer, who has the beautiful words:

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ
ἀνδρῶν.

φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνεμος χαμάδις χέει,
ἄλλα δὲ θ' ἔλλα

τηλεθώσωσά φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὄρη·
ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή ἣ μὲν φνει, ἣ δ' ἀπολήγει.

And so every man shall find it.

Hope Emily Allen, 1905.

A CITY CHILD IN SPRINGTIME.

I passed through the school-yard, a burning square of asphalt, into the spring glare of the city street, striving to cast from my spirit the leaden atmosphere that the subtle feeling of Spring in the air brings to a city school-room. Over the long, narrow street, the sky spanned a high, cloudless blue, and the sunlight fell in a blinding golden blaze, concentrated and thrown back upon itself by the repellant grey of the asphalt. In the great city, the sky and sunshine alone told of

the Spring, and above the clamour and discordant colouring the Spring was only a hint, maddening in the longing it aroused for the fresh and budding world somewhere beyond. The mind in almost unconscious volition pictured the outlines and tones of the dear country sights and sounds, until the vividness and reality of its imagery made it a kind of torture to think. In my swift walk, I soon left behind the smug conventionality of the thriving portion of the city. The houses became darker and lower; sickly strips of gardens began to appear, dank and mouldy green with the blight of the city. I pressed past these with a shudder, such a gruesome mockery they seemed to the sun-warmed, wholesome country. Gradually the street ran up against the sky line, ending in a hot grey against a blazing blue. Along this elevation the air lost some of its closeness, and at the summit a sweet, fresh fragrance, strange to city streets, struck my face. Such a fragrance as when once breathed is never forgotten, for it is the living scent of growing grass and nourishing earth in the springtime of the year. Lifting my eyes, so long bent wearily upon the hot sidewalk, I saw the parklike outskirts of an old and sunken cemetery. Over it long grass waved in the wind, each slender blade catching gleaming points of sunlight, below whose golden glow lay the soft gloom that shadows the grass close to the earth. As I sank down, with warm hands running through the thin, smooth blades of grass, pressing close to the good red earth with its homely, wholesome smell, there thrilled within me a great and undying love, born of longing and privation, for the simple things of the simple earth.

Eleanor Loder, 1905.

IN MEETING.

"And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart."

WHITTIER.

I.

"And if we wait patiently for this guiding," went on Friend Zebedee Taylor, beginning a fresh point. The slight rise in his droning tones brought Elizabeth back to her surroundings. Her thoughts had been far away from the meeting-house and the peaceful life of her little community in Chester Valley. She had forgotten that Friend Zebedee was preaching. With a faint flush of shame she straightened up on the narrow bench and tried to listen. She could not keep her eyes fixed on the rugged face of the speaker, around whose mouth the stern lines hardened as he went on. Across the aisle Philip was sitting on the men's side with three or four others, and she stole a quick look at him. He was really different from the others, who seemed to have lost all life and intelligence from their faces as they sat listening immovably. This very difference of type rejoiced Elizabeth. Now her eyes turned toward the window, and she saw the mid-day sun glaring down on the long, unvaried road she walked along so often to meeting and home again.

Once more she looked at Friend Zebedee. Would the spirit never move him to sit down? Had he no kindly sympathy for her? It must have been forty years since he had passed meeting, and perhaps he had forgotten how long the preceding hour then seemed. Just a month before she and Philip had stood up together in monthly meeting and he had said, "With divine permission and the approbation of the Friends, I intend marriage with Eliza-

beth Wall." And after Philip she had repeated the words in her turn. To-day they would hear the final decision of the Friends, the words which gave to Elizabeth her release from this narrow and, as she considered it, mistaken life.

Friend Zebedee was bringing his sermon to a close. He sat down ponderously, stiff with rheumatism. With that curious giving of attention to little things in some vivid moment, Elizabeth thought if he would only get up quickly again to give the decision of the meeting his stiffness would not be so painful. Nothing broke the outward stillness now save the drowsy hum of the locusts. Elizabeth could not bear the clamor of her own thoughts, and restlessly she sought occupation by looking at Friend Hannah Hoops sitting in the gallery. Her bonnet strings were thrown loosely on her shoulders and her pearl-gray shawl was unpinned, showing her spotless white kerchief. She sat with closed eyes and Elizabeth only saw the dull outlines of a wrinkled, homely face. The meaning of its deep lines was not revealed to Elizabeth, nor could she penetrate into the spiritual peacefulness that rested on the heart of the old Friend. She only pitied her for the monotony of her life, the monotony she herself would soon leave with Philip.

There was a stir in the gallery; slowly and laboriously Friend Zebedee was getting up. In the same droning tones he began to speak again. He explained how after waiting long for divine guidance, and how after much meditation, the committee had come to a decision. Elizabeth watched a bee blundering lazily against the window frame. Why did the foolish creature want to come in here?

"We have finally decided that a marriage between Philip Cary and Elizabeth

Wall cannot meet with our approbation."

Everything stood out in clear outline before Elizabeth's intent gaze. The bare brown walls, a huge rusty stove in the corner, the rows of narrow, uncomfortable benches, the half dozen unmoving, unbending men and women, and this was the outward symbol of her religion. The religion she had always abided by, though it had seemed to make her life barren and monotonous, was cutting her off from all she desired. She had almost forgotten Philip now, even when the meaning of Friend Zebedee's words had come home to her. It was of all the hopes that had filled her heart, all the new interests he was bringing into her life, she was thinking. Might she not pray that sometime Friend Zebedee would know how cruelly he had dealt with her, she questioned to herself. Philip was not a good Friend; she had always known this, but she had never dreamed of any serious opposition, perhaps some delay such as, in point of fact, had preceded her family's consent.

In the perfect quiet after the announcement no one moved, no one glanced at Elizabeth. After long spaces of waited time, it seemed to her, Zebedee Taylor put on his hat, and meeting was at an end. She rose and walked out the women's door. Hannah Hoops stood beside her. "Elizabeth, I have a letter which may be of service to thee," she said; "and thee may answer it as thee sees fit, only be sure thee gives sufficient attention to the directing of the spirit."

The letter was an offer of a position as teacher in the Friends' School of a Western town. It is to be feared Elizabeth did not wait for the guidance of the spirit in making her plans to accept this opportunity.

II.

The quiet of the meeting-house was broken by many restless movements, for the spirit of abiding peace had not fallen on the Friends in this Western town. As Elizabeth's uneasy glance rested on one face and then another, she found no spiritual calm. Once again Philip was sitting across the aisle, but this time he seemed scarcely different from the other men. When he had come to see her, Elizabeth had been glad and that was all. This strange indifference troubled her sorely, and she longed for some guiding hand. The months had slipped away uncounted, and she had grown accustomed to the broader, more worldly life around her. Indeed, in its stir her thoughts had seldom turned to Chester Valley. Philip had come, and curiously enough, he seemed to bring with him memories of that life he had never belonged to. To-day her mood was vivid and strained. Many things she had heretofore accepted with indifference became intolerable, and her spirit cried out against them. The patterned paper on the walls, plush cushions on the benches, the gayer dressing of the Friends, all these became unbearable. Dimly she pictured the old meeting-house as it had been that last day when the sun came in on the bare brownness and the lazy hum of the locusts sounded from the woods.

Then, mercifully, her eye fell on a visiting Friend from Pennsylvania, sitting in the gallery. Very calm and peaceful she looked in her soft gray beside the nervous little lady in dark blue. She reminded Elizabeth of Hannah Hoops in the way she undid her bonnet strings and closed her eyes. Nothing would be more comforting than to hear Friend Hannah saying again, "How is thee to-day, Elizabeth? We have indeed had a good meeting."

Hannah Hoops could tell her how she might find guidance.

Slowly and vaguely she was beginning to comprehend that she had never loved Philip, but the things in life he had stood for, and now she had found that these, too, were not as she had expected them to be. Surely there was something more excellent than these.

As she was thinking of this, one of the men got up and started a hymn in a voice Elizabeth felt to be trying, without knowing why very well. She glanced over at Philip to ask him, as it were, to share her pained disapproval. But Philip was singing with the others; she had never seen him sing before in meeting. She longed to escape from these forms, to find some quiet place to think. Unconsciously her thoughts turned to the meeting at home. There she might at least find rest and peace.

And then, almost unnoticed by Elizabeth, the Eastern Friend in the gallery rose and began to speak in the old half-musical way Elizabeth had heard since her childhood. She dwelt on the power and comfort of the "inner light," on all the old familiar themes, not very forcefully nor logically perhaps, but with gentle conviction, convincing in its turn. Elizabeth's thoughts lingered in the Chester Valley meeting-house, and now they were not concerned with mere forms and outward semblances. In the Quaker beliefs she had accepted because she had been born to them she had discovered something which might be, or really was already, the very being and comfort of her life.

It seemed scarcely surprising to her, and not even very painful, when Philip said as they walked out of meeting, "How tiresome and rambling some of those old Friends can be."

Firmly, and with no disturbing doubts, she bade him farewell and told him she would still abide by the decision of the meeting.

Margaret Millan Whitall, 1905.

FURNESS ABBEY.

Amid thy clover lawns I see thee lie,
A mass of shadowed archways over-
grown
With nesting ivy, where birds long have
flown
About thy windows open to the sky.

Still, empty shell—with living days gone
by—
Of that great abbey through all England
known,
Which yearly sent gold hoards unto the
crown,
And thus did help the king make more
men die.

Stephen and Maud—how strange it is that
they,
Whose lives of turmoil spent in rival
war,
Knew not the name of beauty nor could
see
A harmony like thine—how strange that
they
Now rest in quiet niches by thy door,
United founders of a thing like thee.
Gladys Chandler, 1906.

THE PLAIN.

Brown earth stretched flat in every
direction; the horizon was a sharp, un-
softened line against the brilliance of the
blue sky, in which the sun hung, send-
ing down pitiless, scorching rays to a

surfeited earth. No silky corn-tassels flaunted in the wind, no fields of green and yellow grain undulated like a sea. All was barren and brown. A few scraggy scrub oaks grew along the side of a road which extended without deviation straight across the country. All their fellow oaks that once had stood around them had been rudely torn up to make way for the harvest crops that as yet existed only in the imagination. These few scattered ones had been left by some chance; surely no very providential one, for beneath the trees lay no patches of refreshing shade, though their presence lent a hard picturesqueness to the desolation. Here and there the path of the road was marked by the edge of a dry, stunted cornfield.

The only bit of motion in the scene was the turbulent shifting of a small cloud of dust that rose up around a woman plodding along through the sand, laden with a heavy pail. Her frame was like that of a man with broad angular bones. Her shoulders were bent from heavy toil and the skin was drawn tightly over her misshapen hands. Though deep wrinkles lined her face, they failed to give it any further expression than that presented by the whole figure. Her eyes followed the road before her dully.

She was returning from the nearest neighbour, twelve miles away, with a pail of water. The day before, the water barrel in front of their house, which was refilled every month by a travelling vender, had been emptied. It had been a hot month, and their thirst for water had been greater accordingly, so that their little supply had been used long before the month was up. She had set out in the early morning after she had prepared a breakfast for her husband and

children. The journey to the neighbour's had been a recreation to her, compared to the heavy work in the fields she had left. But on her return the sun had climbed up in the heavens. She was weighted down with the pail, the sand in the road encumbered her feet, the dust rose hot and simmering around her, making her eyes smart. Yet no particular hope filled her mind, nor did any picture of grateful faces awaiting push her onward. The force that impelled her assumed no definite character; this was merely one of the many tasks which necessity demanded. Slowly she trudged on, almost overcome by the great parching heat, and gradually neared the small break in the landscape made by the little hut.

As she set down her burden at the door, two children playing in the dirt before the house, ran to the pail, each crying out loudly for the cup that hung on the wall of the house over the rain barrel. She reached it mechanically. A man came to the door, and seeing the two children standing over the pail, each with a determined hand on the cup, he called roughly to them, seized the cup himself, dipped it into the lukewarm water and drank a long, noisy draught. A dog slunk around the corner and looked almost savagely at the water.

The woman, meanwhile, had disappeared within. At first all was black to her eyes, filled with the sun's glare. She groped around and sat down on the edge of a bed. Gradually objects began to grow distinct about her again. She threw off the flowered kerchief from her head. On a table there were the cold remains of food. She ate without knife or fork. When she had finished and sat dumbly

still awhile, she rose and went out to the water pail. It was empty.

The children had gone back to their play and the man and the dog had disappeared into the fields behind. She sat down wearily on a bench beside the rain

barrel and, leaning her head upon her arms, fell asleep. The sun continued to bake the desolate earth; not even the black wing of a crow disturbed the blue transparency of the sky.

Marguerite Gribi, 1904.

COLLEGIANA.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE social life of the Graduate Club was initiated this year by a reception given the Club in October by the Faculty. This side of its activity has been fostered by the usual informal teas in the Club rooms, and in open meetings when speakers from other colleges and from active work have been present. This year we have been so fortunate as to listen to addresses from the following guests of the Club: October—President M. Carey Thomas, Bryn Mawr College, *Aspects of Co-Education*; December—Miss Mary E. Richmond, Philadelphia, *Charity Organisation*; January—Professor William Morris Davis, Harvard University, *A Journey to Turkestan*; March—Mr. John Graham Brooks, Boston, *An Educational Utopia*; March—Dr. E. R. L. Gould, New York, *Municipal Government in the Twentieth Century*.

The Graduate Club has had its Hockey and Baseball teams this year. Two of its members, Miss Gwendolen Brown Willis and Miss Ella Sabin Fillius, have been appointed to the Conference Committee of Bryn Mawr College. At the annual meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, held at Cambridge during the Christmas recess, the Bryn Mawr Graduate Club was represented by Miss Carrie Alice Mann.

H. T.

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THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE Bryn Mawr Club continues to occupy its old home in East 40th Street, which has become a familiar rendezvous to former Bryn Mawr students now in New York. Successful innovations this year have been the experiment of reserving one room for temporary guests (members or friends of members), and the installation of a telephone; both useful additions to the conveniences of the apartment. The membership, both resident and non-resident, has increased considerably.

During the winter, besides the regular "First Wednesdays," and the receptions to undergraduates in the holidays, two entertainments have been given in the club rooms in the evening. On one occasion pantomimes from the Bab Ballads were presented under the direction of the House Committee, and not long after "Les Précieuses Ridicules" was given for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

The annual dinner, at the National Arts Club early in March, was very much enjoyed. The guests whom the club had the pleasure of entertaining were President Thomas, Mrs. Bernhard Berenson, Dr. Kim, Dr. Rainsford, Dean Ashley, and Mr. Norman Hapgood, and their speeches were well worth hearing. This year, as heretofore, a number of those who attended came from out of town, and it is hoped that this annual dinner will more and more come to be an occasion for gathering together those who have a lively affection for Bryn Mawr, whether or not they are members of the club and residents of New York.

The purposes of the club are still purely social, and its interest in the college and in the life of the students is unabated. It will always stand ready, we hope, to further by every means in its power the best interest of Bryn Mawr. R. A. F., 1895.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club has had a winter more than successful enough to vindicate its right to exist. The tone of the formal meetings, however, has been noticeably psychological rather than philosophical. The Club has been addressed by Mr. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia, on *Psychical Research*; Mr. Leuba, of Bryn Mawr, on *Ecstasy*; Mr. Adam Leroy Jones, of Columbia, on *Æsthetics*; Mr. William A. Hammond, of Cornell, on *Socrates and His Relation to Subsequent Thought*; Mr. Lightner Witmer, of Pennsylvania, on *The Causes of Mental Retardation in Children*.

L. L., 1904.

* * *

THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

THE Sunday Evening Meetings have been held this year as usual, in the Gymnasium, every Sunday evening at seven o'clock. The tone of the meetings, expressing as it does the ethical views of the student body, changes little from year to year. There is, however, one thing in particular to be deplored in regard to these meetings—a thing which we believe did not exist in the earlier years. This is the spirit of criticism assumed by the majority of the students towards everything said in the meetings. The views, the motives, even the manner of expression of those taking part, are criticised. Such a spirit cannot fail to have its effect upon the leaders and tends to limit those taking part in the supposedly free and open discussion. Why should we not carry into the Sunday evenings the same desire for mutual coöperation that we carry into the other phases of our college life?

The attendance this year has been about the same as that last year. A number of alumne have led meetings and many have taken part otherwise. At several meetings there has been special music, both vocal and instrumental. The innovation of last year (that is, the keeping of a book recording subjects and leaders) has already proved an assistance to later leaders in choice of subjects and to the committee in selection of leaders.

C. L. W., 1904.

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THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE work of the Christian Union between February, 1903, and February, 1904, has given evidence of steady interest among its members. While the work itself has varied little in character from that of former years, the retiring officers and Executive Committee feel that the upholders of the activities of the Union are more earnest and more vitally interested than ever before. This has been particularly noticeable

in the case of the Philanthropic Committee, who have been especially gratified to see how their efforts for the maids, both in the classes and in the Sunday School, have been appreciated.

In the Bible Classes there have been two leaders from outside the college—Dean Groton, of the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, for the Junior Class, and Miss Margaret H. Shearman, 1894, for the Senior Class.

Perhaps the best work has been done and the most marked improvement seen this year in the Mission Study classes. There has not been an increase in numbers over last year, but there has been a very perceptible increase in enthusiasm. The leaders have found their classes ready to give hard work to the subject taken up, and the members themselves have gained the greatest amount of information and enthusiasm for missionary work. Among the speakers at the regular fortnightly meetings the Christian Union has been privileged to hear Dr. Pauline Root, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The money of the Christian Union has gone this year, as for several years past, to Miss Tsuda's School. In the spring of 1903 there was sent to this school a contribution of \$100, which was to pay the expenses of a teacher of Japanese literature. Since then the Christian Union has learned that by giving \$120 annually it can support two students in the school and as an opportunity for personal assistance of this kind always adds to the interest of the giver, it has been decided that in the future the money shall be used for this end.

In preparing for the students who entered in October, 1903, the Membership Committee, as usual, issued a Handbook, which was sent during the summer to all the new students. Several important additions were made to it this year, among them the insertion of the College Cheer and Hymn, and a map of the Campus. The Membership Committee also appointed a sub-committee of twelve or fifteen students, who were to be in Taylor Hall during office hours on the two days of registration before college opened in the autumn, to help the entering students in the formalities of registration, arranging courses, etc. Both students and college officials seemed to find this Receiving Committee of the greatest assistance.

K. H. V. W., 1904.

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THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

THE College Settlement Chapter during the past year has carried on three branches of work. The first is the support which it contributes to the general Association.

The second is the active work done by the Chapter members for the Philadelphia Settlements. The third is providing a way for the Chapter members to learn more of the work the Settlement movement is undertaking and of the results obtained.

The support contributed to the general Association consists in the dues of membership. As the membership list was encouragingly long this year, the Bryn Mawr Chapter has been able to send \$286.50. This sum is an increase over former years and compares most favourably with the amount raised by other colleges.

The active work done for the Philadelphia Settlements is limited to certain gifts of money and to the Saturday morning work done by Chapter members at the two Settlement houses, one on Front and Lombard streets, the other on Christian street.

The third object of the Chapter, that of providing means for its members to learn more of economic and social conditions and of the aim and attainments of Settlement work, has been advanced by addresses from persons intimately connected with the work. In the course of the year three such addresses were made. The earliest was made by Robert Hunter, who was formerly head worker of the New York University Settlement; the subject was "The Settlement Movement." At the beginning of the second semester Mrs. Mary Simkhovitch, head worker of the Greenwich House, New York, spoke on "The Settlement's Relation to Education." Later, Miss Harriet Irwin, head worker of the Gospel Settlement, New York, talked of "The Children of the Ghetto." For the last speaker of the year plans have been made for an address from Mr. Laurence Veiller, Secretary of the Civic Club of New York.

E. F. LeF., 1905.

* * *

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DURING the year 1903-1904 much interest has been taken in the outdoor sports, hockey, basketball and tennis. In the interclass games this autumn there was a marked improvement in the play. The series was finally won by 1905 after several very close and interesting games with 1906, two of which were ties. In November, after the class games, the 'Varsity played one game, instead of three, as last year, with the Ladies' Hockey Team of the Merion Cricket Club. The victory was gained by Bryn Mawr. We were extremely fortunate in having Miss Applebee, who is to be the Director of Outdoor Sports next year, to coach us for the game. Owing to the soggy condition of the field, the game was not as fast as was expected. The Association hoped to finish the field behind Radnor, which could be used for the greater part of winter, but on account of the great expense it was unable to do so.

The basketball games last spring aroused the usual interest. 1905, with an excellent team, won the series. On Wednesday, June 3, the 'Varsity played against the Alumnae. The 'Varsity won in a fast and interesting game.

The Committee was much pleased by the wide interest in the tennis tournament which was shown by the great number of entries. The singles were won by Alice Wardwell, 1907. Louise Chapin Marshall, 1905, who won the silver cup last year, defended it successfully against her. To hold the cup permanently she must win it again next autumn.

Owing to the long and severe winter an unusually good opportunity was afforded for skating. This opportunity was embraced by many of the students, and much pleasure was derived from the pond.

Miss Adams has done much to maintain the interest which was shown last year in the indoor sports, and although in the record-marking no records were broken and only one tied, this is not necessarily due to lack of interest, but may be accounted for by the fact that as the records become higher and higher it becomes more and more difficult

to better them. The swimming contest was not all that could be desired. The small number of entries and the lack of practice were very noticeable. It is hoped that some such system as that of qualifying for the record-marking may be adopted for the swimming contest in the near future.

L. L. P., 1904.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE Conference Committee, composed of members from the alumnae, graduate and undergraduate associations for the promotion of a spirit of good feeling between these three bodies, have had several delightful meetings this year. In the first semester two teas were given, one by Miss Martha Thomas and Miss Reilly, the other by Miss McCoy, Miss Chapin and Miss Todd. In the second semester Miss Elizabeth Kirkbride gave a charming luncheon at her home in Philadelphia. Many good suggestions have been made at these meetings about the method of raising an endowment fund, of raising more money for the Students' Building, about increasing the Alumnae Notes in the college papers, and about revising the Alumnae Finding List every year. Another important suggestion pertaining directly to the Conference Committee was that no member should serve more than one year on this committee.

L. C., 1904.

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THE MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUBS.

IN looking back on the past year, I think it is safe to say that the Mandolin and Glee Clubs have been more successful in their work than ever before. The Clubs have become such well-established facts in the college life that it is one of the first aims of the Freshman to become a member of them. The Mandolin Club has had the difficulty of smaller membership than usual to contend with; the Glee Club, on the contrary, has been larger, numbering eighty in all. The average attendance at rehearsals has been very good. Both Mr. Lapetina and Miss Barry have lived up to their high reputations as directors. To Miss Barry especially great thanks are due for her unflinching patience and perseverance, and much credit for the very successful concert is due to her.

In spite of the fact that the Glee Club has had unusually great expenses, the financial side also has proved a success.

The value of the new College Song Book cannot be overestimated, for through it we have been able to learn many of the best songs which the college has ever produced. It is likely to become a potent factor in welding together the alumnae and the undergraduate body.

Some improvements in the stationing of the Clubs at the Senior Garden Party are being planned. Instead of having the Instrumental Clubs sit on the ground and delight the ears of the front row only of spectators, and the Glee Club take up so much room on the steps that there is no place for the Seniors, the Clubs hope to occupy a low platform beside the steps.

*M. S. R., 1904,
Leader of Glee Club.*

THE TROPHY CLUB.

THE Trophy Club has acquired a practical value in the eyes of the college in addition to the interest all take in its relics. Its collection has become a recognised source of reference for present classes, and is, indeed, the unacademical College Memory Book.

Convenience for reference has been promoted by the new case containing leaves of pasteboard on which are pasted programmes and pictures, thus carefully preserved, yet easily seen. By acquiring this case and by binding our complete file of the now defunct *Philistine*, the promises of last year's LANTERN have been fulfilled. However, no satisfactory method for registering the names of former occupants of each room in the residence halls has been suggested.

To bring the new students into more intimate relations with the alumnae through acquaintance with college traditions, in October the Club made tea for the Freshman Class and held an exhibition of its treasures. Miss Chamberlin and Miss Helen Robins related many interesting and amusing anecdotes of their life in the early days of Bryn Mawr.

D. F., 1904.

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THE ENGLISH CLUB.

THE Bryn Mawr English Club entered on its second year considerably depleted by the departure of the members from last year's Senior Class, but secure in a past, however slight, of custom and salutary precedent. The membership has been increased to nine, thus making possible a greater variety of interests. The fortnightly meetings have followed much the same programme as last year, with fewer descriptive papers however, and a considerable number of arguments and short narratives, and the occasional dignity of the more formal long essay. With the assurance of growing experience, our criticism of the papers submitted has been more severe and, we trust, more helpful.

A new and very desirable departure was made in the invitation to the informal meetings of several guests at different times—Miss Hoyt, Miss Lord, Miss Hadow and Miss Robins, who told us much of interest in regard to the writing done at other colleges, and gave added breadth of view to our conception of just what the Club stood for, and greater zest to our enthusiasm in its work.

We were able this year to begin our formal meetings. Professor Barrett Wendell most kindly consented to read to us one of his Cambridge lectures, presenting the one on *Puritanism*, and Miss Agnes Repplier spoke to us on the *Luxury of Conversation*. We should not like to neglect to mention the reception we had the enviable opportunity of giving to Mr. William Butler Yeats after one of his lectures in the Chapel on *The Irish Renaissance*, which contributed not a little, we think, to a rebirth of poetic fervour in the college generally as well as among the members of the English Club.

E. A. S., 1904.

THE LAW CLUB OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

THE Law Club was organised in January to supply a long-felt need in the work of the law courses, if not of the life of the college itself—that of increased interest in subjects allied with law, and facility in public speaking. The constitution was drawn up and it was decided to have monthly debates on subjects more or less political or economic in character, and two speakers during each semester.

The first lecture under the auspices of the Law Club was delivered by Dr. Talcott Williams, Editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. He spoke on the issues of international law in the Russo-Japanese struggle. Two debates were held in the Club, one on February 18, another March 15. On March 26 an intercollegiate debate was held, the outcome of a challenge received from the New York University Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi. The subject selected was: "Resolved, That compulsory arbitration should be resorted to in disputes between Capital and Labour." Bryn Mawr, taking the affirmative, was supported by Esther Lowenthal, Helen Howell, and Martha Rockwell, while the debaters for New York were Miss Helen Hoy, Miss Bertha Rembaugh and Miss Helena A. Burd. The judges for the debate were: Dean Kirchwey, of Columbia University; Dean Lewis, of University of Pennsylvania, and Professor Lyman Hall, of Haverford College. Their decision was unanimously in favor of Bryn Mawr. The success of the Club in carrying out its projects, thus far, justifies its organisation, we feel, and warrants its taking its place among the Clubs of the College.

R. B. I. W., 1904

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THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF BOSTON.

TO their great surprise, the Bryn Mawr alumnæ in and about Boston have discovered themselves to be a fairly numerous body, and, thanks to the efforts of Elizabeth Winsor Pearson, '91, and of Lois Wright, '02, have come together and organised a Club.

The first meeting was called during the Easter recess, and so many appeared and so much interest was shown in the project that it was decided to form an organisation immediately, with Mrs. Pearson as temporary Chairman. The objects and advantages of such a Club are, of course, very obvious:—to provide a place where members may meet one another socially; and to serve as an organised force to help the college in any ways which may present themselves.

At a second meeting, held April 23, a constitution, modeled on much the same lines as that of the Bryn Mawr Club of New York, was adopted, and it was agreed to rent a very attractive furnished studio in the Grundman Studio Building for the summer, with the possibility of getting another room in that most desirable place for the following year. This studio is so arranged and furnished that one may very conveniently pass the night there. In taking it the Club had especially in mind the advantages it might offer to those non-resident members whose migrations may force them to spend a night in Boston when friends are out of reach.

For the present, at any rate, it has been decided to keep the dues for both resident and non-resident members very low (five dollars for resident and one for non-resident

membership) and to require no initiation fee of those joining this first year. As the name Boston is so generally understood to include its immediate suburbs, residents have been defined as those whose homes are within one hour by train from the city proper, while anyone outside these limits who has taken one year of college work at Bryn Mawr is eligible for either resident or non-resident membership. Applications for membership may be sent in after the first six months of the college year.

The Club-room will be opened at a meeting to be held there on May 14.

Edith Dabney, 1903.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

President—SARA HENRY STITES.
Vice-Presidents—GWENDOLEN WILLIS.
 ELIZABETH ALLEN.
Secretary—HOPE TRAVER.
Treasurer—WINIFRED HYDE.
Executive Committee—HELEN HODGE.
 ELIZABETH ALLEN.
 CORNELIA BURTON.

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PHILOSOPHY CLUB.

President—LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904.
Vice-President and Treasurer—EDNA ASTON SHEARER, 1904.
Secretary—NATHALIE FAIRBANK, 1905.

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THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in February, 1903:

President—KATHRINA H. VAN WAGENEN, 1904.
Vice-President—CLARA C. CASE, 1904.
Secretary—CATHARINE S. ANDERSON, 1906.
Treasurer—HELEN M. A. TAYLOR, 1905.

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COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION CHAPTER, 1903-1904.

Undergraduate Elector—E. FREDERICA LE FEVRE, 1905.
Vice-Elector and Treasurer—AVIS PUTNAM, 1905.
Secretary—ANNE KNOX BUZBY, 1904.

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—LOUISE LYMAN PECK, 1904.
Vice-President and Treasurer—JESSIE GERMAIN HEWITT, 1906
 (resigned).
 LUCIA O. FORD (elected October, 1904).
Secretary—HELEN PAYSON KEMPTON, 1905.
Indoor Manager—LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904 (resigned).
 ELEANOR LAVELL LITTLE (elected October, 1904).
Outdoor Manager—CARLA DENISON, 1905.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

- Chairman*—LESLIE CLARK, 1904.
Undergraduate Members—MARY VAUCLAIN, 1904.
 LESLIE FARWELL, 1905.
 ALICE M. MEIGS, 1905.
 CATHARINE L. ANDERSON, 1906.
Graduate Members—SARA H. STITES.
 ELLA S. FILLIUS.
 GWENDOLEN B. WILLIS.
Alumnæ Members—MARION T. MACINTOSH, 1890.
 ISABEL J. ANDREWS, 1898.
 ELIZABETH B. KIRKBRIDE, 1896.
 DORIS EARLE, 1903.

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GLEE CLUB.

- Conductor*—MISS MARTHA C. BARRY.
Leader—MARTHA S. ROCKWELL, 1904.
Manager—HELEN PAYSON KEMPTON, 1905.
Assistant Manager—LUCIA FORD, 1905.

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TROPHY CLUB.

- President*—MARGARET NICHOLS, 1905.
Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary—DOROTHY FOSTER, 1904.
Members—MARTHA G. THOMAS, 1889.
 HELEN J. ROBINS, 1892.
 LESLIE FARWELL, 1905.
 MARGARET S. OTHEMAN, 1905.
 ANNA A. C. MACCLANAHAN, 1906.
 GRACE S. BROWNELL, 1907.

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ENGLISH CLUB.

- President*—MAUD E. TEMPLE, 1904.
 LUCY LOMBARDI, 1904.
 EDNA A. SHEARER, 1904.
 DOROTHY FOSTER, 1904.
 MARGUERITE GRIBI, 1904.
 EMILY L. BLODGETT, 1905.
 HOPE E. ALLEN, 1905.
 GERTRUDE HARTMAN, 1905.

LAW CLUB.

President—RUTH B. I. WOOD, 1904.
Vice-President—MARGARET THAYER, 1905.
Secretary—GERTRUDE HARTMAN, 1905.

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officers elected in February, 1904:

President—HELEN GRIFFITH, 1905.
Vice-President—MARGARET NICHOLS, 1905.
Secretary—GRACE HUTCHINS, 1907.
Treasurer—ESTHER M. WHITE, 1906.

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ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

Directors.

President—ELIZABETH B. KIRKBRIDE, 1896.
Vice-President—MARTHA G. THOMAS, 1889.
Recording Secretary—ELIZABETH NIELDS, 1898.
Corresponding Secretary—ELEANOR O. BROWNELL, 1897.
Treasurer—JANE B. HAINES, 1891.

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ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman, 1903-1907—SUSAN FOWLER, 1895.
 “ 1905—MARION REILLY, 1900.
 “ 1905—EDITH SAMPSON WESTCOTT, 1890.
 “ 1902-1906—MARY B. BREED, 1894.
 “ 1903-1907—PAULINE D. GOLDMARK, 1896.
 “ 1904-1908 { SUSAN B. FRANKLIN, 1889.
 { MARION E. PARK, 1898.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—LESLIE FARWELL, 1905.

Vice-President and Treasurer—MARION HOUGHTON, 1906.

Secretary—ANNE ELIZABETH CALDWELL MACCLANAHAN, 1906.

Assistant Treasurer—LELIA T. WOODRUFF, 1907.

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STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Executive Board.

President—CLARA CARY CASE, 1904.

Vice-President—KATHARINE ROBINSON CURTIS, 1907 (resigned).

ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE, 1905.

(completed Miss Curtis' term).

MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG, 1905.

CARLA DENISON, 1905 (elected to fill vacancy).

MARION REILLY, Graduate Student.

Secretary—HELEN RUTGERS STURGIS.

Treasurer—LESLIE FARWELL.

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EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE YEAR 1904-1905.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow.

Clara Louise Whipple Wade.

(See *Graduate Scholarships*.)

President's European Fellow.

Gertrud Charlotte Schmidt, Cambridge, Mass.

B. S., University of Wisconsin, 1900; Graduate Student, Radcliffe College, 1900-1901, 1902-1903; A. M., Radcliffe College, 1903; Assistant in German, Smith College, 1901-1902; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow.

Hope Traver, West Hartford, Conn.

A. B., Vassar College, 1896; Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, and Private Tutor, Whitford, Pa., 1901-1902; Graduate Scholar in English and Teacher of English in Miss Wright's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa., 1902-1903; Fellow in English, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

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RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1904-1905.

Greek.

Amy Maud Hicks, of London, England.

Girton College, Cambridge, Classical Tripos, Part I, 1898, Part II, 1899;

A. B., University of London, 1900; A. M., 1901.

Latin.

Helen May Eddy, of Marengo, Iowa.

A. B., University of Iowa, 1900, and A. M., 1903; Graduate Student, University of Iowa, 1903-1904.

German and Teutonic Philology.

Sarah B. Hill, of Richmond, Ind.

A. B., Earlham College, 1901; Graduate Scholar in Teutonic Philology, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

Romance Languages.

Helen Margaret Evers, of St. Louis, Mo.

A. B., Washington University, 1899; A. M., University of Missouri, 1902; University of Missouri, 1901-1903; Fellow in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

Economics and Politics.

Ellen Deborah Ellis, of Philadelphia.

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1901; Holder of Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, 1901; A. M., 1902; University of Leipsic, 1902-1903; Fellow by Courtesy in Economics and Politics, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

Mathematics.

Mary Evelyn Gertrude Waddell, of Toronto, Canada.

A. B., University of Toronto, 1903; Graduate Scholar in Mathematics and Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-1904.

Chemistry.

Bella Marcuse, of Montreal, Canada.

A. B., McGill University, 1900; University of Breslau, 1900-1901; McGill University, 1901-1903; M. Sc., McGill University, 1903.

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UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Senior Scholarship, 1904-1905.

Emily Ledyard Shields, of St. Louis, Mo.

Prepared by the St. Louis High School; Entered October, 1901.

Group:—Greek and Mathematics.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship.

Phoebe Sinclair Crosby, of Catonsville, Md.

Prepared by St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.; Holder of James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship, for 1903-1904.

Group:—

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship.

Clara Lyford Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Prepared by the High School, Los Angeles, Cal.; Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Western States, 1903-1904.

Group:—Greek and —

Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarship.

Brita Larsena Horner, of Merchantville, N. J.

Prepared by Camden High School, Camden, N. J.; Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for New York and New Jersey, 1903-1904.

Group:—Greek and Latin.

Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarship.

Emma Sweet, of Downs, Kansas.

Prepared by Collegiate Institute for Girls, Philadelphia, and by private tuition.

Group:—

Anna Powers Memorial Scholarship.

Bertha Warner Seely, of Brockport, N. Y.

Prepared by the Brockport Normal School and by private study; Entered October, 1901; Holder of Maria Hopper Scholarship, 1902-1903; Holder of James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship, 1903-1904.

Group:—Greek and Latin.

George W. Childs Essay Prize.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, of Philadelphia.

Prepared by the Misses Shipley's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Entered October, 1900.

Group:—English and French.

Charge of Book Shop for 1904-1905.

1st. Gertrude Hartman, of Philadelphia.

2nd. Esther Mary White, of Philadelphia.

* * *

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS FOR 1904-1905.

Greek.

Mary Louise Cady, of Holyoke, Mass.

A. B., and A. M., Radcliffe College, 1904.

Latin.

Clara Louise Whipple Wade, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Prepared by the Girls' High School, Philadelphia; Entered October, 1900; Holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Middle and Southern States, 1900-1901; Holder of Trustees' Philadelphia Girls' High School Scholarship, 1900-1904; Holder of James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship, 1901-1902; Holder of Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, 1903-1904; Holder of Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, 1904.

Group:—Greek and Latin.

English.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, of Philadelphia.

Biology.

Alice Middleton Boring, of Philadelphia.

Prepared by Friends' Central School, Philadelphia; Entered October, 1900.

Group:—Chemistry and Biology.

Junior Fellow in Philosophy.

Edna Aston Shearer, of Philadéphia.

Prepared by Girls' High School, Philadelphia; Entered October, 1900;

Holder of Maria Hopper Scholarship, 1901-1902; Holder of James E.

Rhoads Junior Scholarship, 1902-1903; Holder of Anna Powers Memo-

rial Scholarship, 1903-1904.

Group:—English and Philosophy.

“LEVIORÉ PLECTRO.”

SONG.

Once, walking by a shadowed hill
When all the star-lit plain was still,
 I heard a river stream.
The stream unseen, the snow-drop star
A fuller music played me far,
 Than places I might dream.

Once, in the look of one I knew
I saw a spirit free and true
 Beyond all words to tell.
No Paradise that visions keep,
Could ever fill my heart so deep
 From beauty's cool, green well.

Things lived that cannot come again—
The draughts the traveller on the plain
 Dips up from virgin springs—
The fresh perfume life flings to me,
The truth undreamed, life sings to me,
 These are the perfect things.

Edith Wyatt.

GEDIPUS TYRANNUS.

The sounds are few and far apart;
 The lights burn soothingly and fair,
Where, poring o'er the Grecian tale,
 She plods with calm, scholastic care.

She finds the old, sonorous words
 Are vivid with eternal youth,
Which scholiasts of two thousand years
 Cannot deprive of poignant truth.

It does not own the Renaissance,
 Nor any Greeks for kings or lords:
 It is the everlasting Fate
 Revealed in classic Attic words!

The victim is the Theban king,
 Whose doom's approach with creeping pace
 She ponders as eternal truth,
 Within her sheltered dwelling-place.

But thoughts of such a Fate for her,
 Troubling her simple, pleasant world,
 To her are senseless as the rain
 The gust against her window hurled.

E. M. H., 1904.

Reprinted from *The Tipyn o Bob*.

ON THE BACK OF A SOFA-PILLOW COVER.

"Give it here!" said the Dutch boy, and he assumed a threatening air.

"That I won't!" retorted the Dutch girl, but she twisted a corner of her apron around her forefinger and stuck it into her mouth. In the other hand she held the damson tart which the Dutch boy so much wanted. One could see by her show of defiance that she was afraid of him.

Then the boy swaggered magnificently. It was such a pity that the girl had her back turned and could not see him. Two manly hands went pushing into two long slits of pockets, his chest swelled to a wonderful volume, his cap tassels bobbed masterfully. Then he spoke again, and his voice shook:

"Fat wretch of a Dutch girl, give it me straight, or I'll not be betrothed to you a day longer!"

This was a catastrophe with which the Dutch girl had not reckoned. Her eyes grew round and bright like a squirrel's; it was well for her—was it not?—that the Dutch boy could not see them. But she was very much a woman after all, and her coiffe-brim flapped in derision. Her voice had insouciant tenderness, and her words a quiver of laughter:

"Jan, Jan, dear boy, but how amused I am at you!"

The Dutch boy stamped his foot at her; his fingers worked clumsily in the pockets of the blue jeans. He was fast coming into a fine rage, and the two turtledoves in the grapevines overhead, seeing him, stopped billing and cooing a moment, to look down and be sorry.

"Impudent girl! I declare I'll not marry you. Who gave you a bite out of his apple only day before yesterday? Who carried your slate from school?"

I'll not *stand* being trifled with, I won't, I won't! Give it me this instant or I'll tread on your skirt."

"Tread then, Jansie, just try once, do!" The Dutch girl spoke coaxingly as she danced away from him. He had not seen her eyes yet.

The damson tart, meanwhile, which was deliciously sticky and sweet, was getting very much crumbled in the selfish girl's hot fist.

One of the turtledoves sighed, "How *can* they!" and then, of a sudden, both doves came close together and looked at each other sweetly for a long, long time.

The Dutch boy couldn't hear the girl laugh, for he was busily puffing and blowing like a steam-engine, and like any moment to burst. His face had gone purple, and his nose was beginning to wiggle the least little bit, as it almost

always did when he was excited.

"How *dare* you, woman! You forget who I am! That's a hideous drab stuff your gown is of. I'll *chase* you if you do not give it me. I'm off!—are you? There!—*scat!*"

* * * * *

The Dutch boy never caught up to the selfish Dutch girl. He never saw her eyes. He did, however, hear, now and then, a laugh wafted back to him, and that laugh made his fingers work the faster in his pockets. Each day the sun kept coming in, and coming in, through the window; the sun kept fading the blue jeans of the Dutch boy—and the drab stuff in the gown of the Dutch girl—and the grape-vine leaves overhead—and the sorry turtledoves.

E. L. B., 1905.

Reprinted from the *Tipyn o Bob*.

BALLADE OF THE SOPHIST.

"*Je connoys tous forz que moy-mesme.*"

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

I know a many, many things:—
 I know I lack a crown of bay;
 I know a hundred names of kings,
 I know the countries of their sway.
 I know wine's best when I don't pay—
 I know mine's hidden on a shelf—
 I know that no man loves for aye,
 I know all things except myself.

I know a wedding's made with rings,
 I know the monk beneath his grey;
 I know that love repentance brings,
 I know I'd rather kiss than pray.
 I know all men have feet of clay,

I know my host's a surly elf,
 I know the choicest things decay,
 I know all things except myself.

I know how riches take to wings,
 I know a prison's none too gay.
 I know how swain to sweetheart clings,
 I know why maidens love the May,
 I know I'm hungry every day,
 I know meat's good on tin or Delf.
 I know—it is the truth I say—
 I know all things except myself.

Envoy.

O Sage, I know when yea means nay ;
 I know that power's bought with pelf ;
 I know that beauty does not stay :—
 I know all things except myself.

B. McG., 1901.

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

FEBRUARY, 1905

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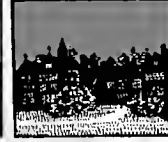
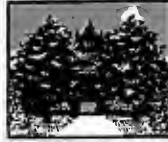
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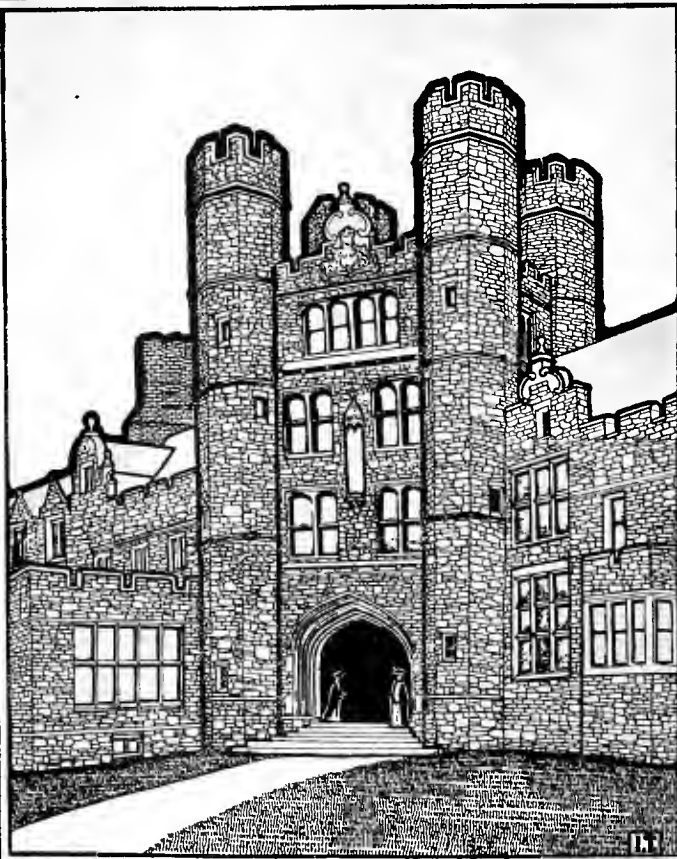
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ROCKEFELLER



BRYNMAWR COLLEGE

THE LANTERN

NO. 1: FEBRUARY: 1905

The Owl Gate, Rockefeller Hall

THE LANTERN

No. 14

BRYN MAWR

FEBRUARY, 1905

EDITORIAL.

IT is our privilege nowadays to be watching a change, a promise redeemed, in the formal aspect of the College. For these are times of extended building, when the stains of the seasons lie not yet deeply enough on the walls of Rockefeller to warrant its other designation than as "the new hall"; where each week develops more rare proportion in that structure which, in easy acceptance, we already call "the Library"; and there is, with the celebrating of the May Day Fête not far ahead of us, a fresh impetus come to exert ourselves for the Students' Building. At such a moment it is more than ever incumbent upon us, perhaps, to recognize the very special meaning that the architecture of the college building has for each one as she submits herself to her academic life.

In some degree, greater or less, there is significance attached to any environment. It has a vital effect on the lives and possibly the characters of the inhabitants, which effect, whether one's business in the enquiry be that of the historian, the philosopher, or the novelist, is neither to be gainsaid, nor yet placidly ignored,—these are facts of common understanding. In any college community, where in the very nature of the place, life during the four years is in a way narrowed and concentrated, the background has a particularly primal part to play. In Bryn Mawr especially, where instead of the conventional high, square, brick walls, the campus patchwork of triangular plots of grass and gravelled walks in all directions, we have the long, low lines of the ivy-ridden Pembrokes, and the pleasing expanse of lawn sloping off towards Villa Nova and the sunsets—in Bryn Mawr we have the meaning manifested in a degree decidedly greater than common.

Like Ben Jonson's Truth, the virtue of the background "lies open to all; it is no man's several." For every student, whether she be here in the state of purpose exalted, of the more general "half knowledge and pleasant imaginings," or in that of sluggish enlightenment and little wit—these three classes into which the student body accommodatingly consign themselves—every student as she arrives will encounter it, and will imbibe some various amount to take with her where she goes; she will find it, indeed, implied; she will find it, if she stops to analyze, a prime factor, perchance the essential factor, in the Bryn Mawr "atmosphere."

Though each one must be cognizant, if somewhat vaguely, of this definite relation between the *mise-en-scène*, let us call it, and the puppet disporting herself over the stage, in how far its significance shall exist for the individual student, is a matter solely of her individual temperament. The length of her deference to it will vary as her emotional intellect is prone, or taught, to subject itself to such intangibilities as are implied in the very mention of influence, or atmosphere. What is essential, however, is not that the influence exists, greater for the few, less for the many—or, if you please, *vice versa*—but that it is here at all.

This influence of the background on the Bryn Mawr student is not to be accounted an idle or yet a sentimental fallacy. In whatever degree she acknowledges it, I doubt not at all that she finds it of as much enlightenment as any one of the elements prescribed in her mental training. For those of us whose homes are in the small manufacturing towns or provincial districts, far from access to the education of the picture-shows, and whose family purse-strings have so far not permitted of much travel, least of all, of a year in Europe, the introduction to the particularly artistic exteriors at Bryn Mawr comes as an engaging, if somewhat bewildering, revelation. At first, perhaps, our attitude inclines itself towards that of the defensive. We are rebellious at the upheaval of our former convictions, and somewhat aggrieved that we are not keen at the knowledge of atmosphere and its imposed obligations as our more sophisticated neighbor from New York, who boasts the teaching of a Parisian convent. Yet the time comes—this influence of environment is subtle, and ever at work—when we, too, have "learned." This chance at something essentially foreign to the bartering and trafficking of the Yankee trades-life, is surely of worth infinitely more vital to us than the scansion of a few odd lines from Horace, or an intimacy

with John Stuart Mill. For the first time we have looked beyond the cheese-paring economy of a wooden-frame house, with a chicken coop and vegetable patch in its back yard.

The provincials are not the only ones at college for whom environment, because of its inherent suggestiveness, does much to create this more "high and pure an atmosphere of thought and feeling." We may have looked at beautiful buildings and close-cropped lawns before, and not all unheeding. We do not feel ourselves disposed to take them thus the more carelessly, but rather the more intimately, proving in them new delight for the connection they may have with our study. The architecture has for us now the service that Sidney gives his poet, it "doth not only show the way, but doth give so sweet a prospect unto the way as will entice any man to enter it. Nay [it], doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at first give you a cluster of grapes." It is become our "device for promoting good understanding."

But while the atmosphere, intangible, indefinable as it is, exerts a teaching better than many books for the individual, there still remains its efficacy for the spirit of the College in general. It is, is it not, and should be, in some way indicative of the pursuits, the aims, the tendencies of the place. Dignity of surroundings should allow of naught but sincerity in the existence. We may be pardoned, I think, a certain vanity in the fact that we are not inflicted with the red brick walls. We feel an obligation very different from that we should feel towards them, an obligation of which we should take care not to lose sight. A visitor is quoted once to have said of the college buildings, "You have here at Bryn Mawr an ideal setting for a past. And I firmly believe that that past is some day going to come to you." Let us look to that time and await it.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON WALTER COPE, ARCHITECT.

Delivered by President Thomas in the Chapel, Taylor Hall, Bryn Mawr College, November 4, 1902.

STUDENTS of Bryn Mawr College, we have met to-day to honor the memory of Mr. Walter Cope, to whose genius we owe the beautiful buildings of Bryn Mawr College. Mr. Cope died suddenly of apoplexy last Friday night, after his usual day's work in his office, and the Trustees and President of the College will attend his funeral in a body to-day.

Mr. Cope's career as an architect is coincident in time with the life of the College. In 1886, when he and his partner, Mr. John Stewardson, like Mr. Cope a young architect of brilliant artistic talent, had just finished their studies, they were asked by the Board of Trustees of Bryn Mawr College to plan Radnor Hall, which was the first important building of the young architects. Beautiful as are our later buildings, Radnor possesses a beauty all its own, and shows in its quiet lines and dignified repose that in it a new order of college architecture had come into being.

In 1887, the year in which Radnor was finished, Mr. Cope and Mr. Stewardson planned for us a little physical laboratory, now used as an infirmary; and, in 1890 they designed Denbigh Hall, which was completed in 1891. In Denbigh, burned last March and rebuilt from the original drawing last summer, we have in completely developed form the new style of collegiate architecture, which has already done so much to transform college buildings in the United States. Never before in this country had such a beautiful college building been seen. Like Radnor, quiet and simple in all its lines, but far more homogeneous and academic, the soft gray mass of Denbigh, rising from out its green lawns, like all beautiful things in art satisfies the eye completely from every point of view. In sunlight and twilight and starlight—and you will perhaps permit me to add in firelight also—it is equally beautiful. As we look at it we feel that there is nothing about it that we could wish different; indeed,



THE LATE MR. WALTER COPE

when we came to rebuild it after the fire no one, not even Mr. Cope himself, could suggest any change that would not lessen its wonderful harmony of effect. In 1893 and 1894 Mr. Cope and Mr. John Stewardson designed Pembroke West and East, and in this double hall brought the new Bryn Mawr Gothic to its perfect flower. Although the style was created in Denbigh, the long low lines of Pembroke, extending nearly four hundred and fifty feet, showed its capabilities better. In the gateway tower of Pembroke Mr. Cope and Mr. Stewardson created the first of their beautiful collegiate entrance towers, the first ever built in America. Pembroke differed from Denbigh also in the artistically uneven way in which the stone was built into the wall. Many of these stones were laid under the direct supervision of the architects, and some by their own hands. Two years after the erection of Pembroke Hall, on January sixth, 1896, Mr. John Stewardson was drowned while skating in Fairmount Park, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Since then, until the recent admission to partnership of Mr. James P. Jamieson, Mr. Cope and Mr. Emlyn Stewardson, the civil engineer of the firm, have constituted the firm of Cope and Stewardson.

Up to the time of the completion of Pembroke Hall Mr. Cope's firm had designed no other great buildings and had designed no other college buildings whatsoever. The originality and beauty of Pembroke were recognized instantly. The donor of Blair Hall, at Princeton University, heard of its beauty and came to Bryn Mawr to see it. He asked me the name of the architects and commissioned them to reproduce it for his gift to Princeton. Blair Hall, Stafford Little Hall, Stafford Little Hall Extension, and the great Gymnasium now approaching completion form a splendid group of buildings at Princeton in the style of Pembroke, and have made the Princeton campus, like the Bryn Mawr campus, a thing to be loved for its beauty by successive generations of college students and to be dreamed of when left behind. Since the first building they erected there, Cope and Stewardson have become the architects of Princeton University.

Likewise Denbigh and Pembroke won the admiration of Mr. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. I well remember standing with him in front of Denbigh and telling him, as I had told Mr. Blair, the names of the architects who had created for us our beautiful collegiate architecture. Cope and Stewardson were asked by the Trustees of the

University of Pennsylvania to design the University dormitories in the same style as Pembroke. As at Princeton, after the erection of one building the firm became the architects of the University of Pennsylvania, and have designed successively the great Law School; the Chemical Laboratory; the new Medical Laboratory; the additions to the University of Pennsylvania Hospital now under construction; the plans for the new Veterinary Building, and the new Engineering Building of the University have also been prepared by Mr. Cope.

The Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, in similar manner greatly admired Pembroke, and went directly from the college to Mr. Cope's office. Later he sent stone masons from St. Louis to study the way in which the stonework of Pembroke was laid. Mr. Cope has designed for Washington University six great buildings already completed in the Jacobean Gothic style, in effect exceedingly like Pembroke, which are to be occupied by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and are afterwards to become the property of Washington University; and he has also planned four other buildings now under construction, a library to be used as the Hall of Congresses of the Exposition, a gymnasium, a dormitory, and a physical laboratory.

Cope and Stewardson have also almost completed six large college buildings for the University of Missouri at Columbia.

For Haverford College Mr. Cope has designed a section of a dormitory known as Lloyd Hall and Roberts Hall, an auditorium, now nearly finished.

Examples of Mr. Cope's non-collegiate work may be seen in the beautiful Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind at Overbrook, one of the most picturesque buildings in Philadelphia; the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which he designed with Mr. Wilson Eyre and Mr. Frank Day, of Philadelphia; the Leamy Home at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia; the City Hall at Atlantic City; the House of Refuge at Glen Mills, Pennsylvania; the Ivy Club at Princeton; Mary Institute at St. Louis, a large day school for girls; the Harrison Building, at the corner of Fifteenth and Market streets, Philadelphia; and many private country residences.

Since the completion of Pembroke in 1894, that is in less than eight years, Mr. Cope has designed twenty-nine college buildings, which indicates, I think, that if he had lived he would have transformed college architecture

in the United States. If you will compare the other buildings of Princeton and of the University of Pennsylvania with his buildings, you will see at once how superior in poetry and charm is the new Jacobean Gothic for college purposes. This will also be evident to you, I think, if you compare the present buildings, old or new, of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Smith, Vassar or Wellesley with Pembroke and Denbigh.

We cannot, I think, honor too profoundly the genius that creates for us a new form of art, and I am sure that the collegiate Gothic of Pembroke is not a copy of any Oxford or Cambridge building, or group of buildings. It is rather the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge architecture reproduced in new form by a wonderfully sympathetic understanding of changed architectural conditions. A year ago last summer I examined attentively all the most famous and beautiful colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and compared them on the spot with photographs of our college buildings, and I convinced myself that Mr. Cope's and Mr. John Stewardson's adaptation of Jacobean Gothic was thoroughly original, and far more sympathetic and satisfactory in its architectural effect than any single college building or group of buildings erected at Oxford or Cambridge since the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is tragic to die at the age of forty-two, but it is much, like Mr. Cope, to have left behind as a lasting memorial so many beautiful buildings to make the world a better place to live in.

After the completion of Pembroke Mr. Cope planned Professor Andrews' house on college hill, remodelled the Deanery, designed the picturesque, long, low-shingled building on the Gulf road above Low Buildings known as the College Shop, and Low Buildings itself, which is also charming in another architectural style.

Since the friends of the college began to beg for our \$500,000 fund in 1901, Mr. Cope and I have been very closely associated in planning the new dormitory and library building, and during this past summer we have spent many days together perfecting the plans. Rockefeller Hall has been planned by Mr. Cope even to the smallest architectural details, and will, I believe, be the most beautiful of all our buildings except the Library, for which his plans are also complete in general outlines. It was a great satisfaction to me that he consented to incorporate in the plans of the Library my suggestion of a great reading-room, modelled after the

dining-hall of Wadham College, Oxford, with the exterior aspect of an English college chapel, and also agreed to design the building in the form of a hollow square with a cloister as an architectural feature. Only a few days ago Mr. Cope said to me—and, as it turned out, these were to be the last words I heard him speak—that he wished to take three months more to work over the details of the Library in order that it might be as beautiful as he could make it. He has also drawn the plans of the Students' Building that the alumnae and students have already begun to beg for.

It is impossible for me to put into words how great have been Mr. Cope's services to the college. For the past sixteen years he has aided us by counsel and advice in every matter concerning our buildings and grounds. He has spared no pains and no time, when time meant to him not only money, but fame. His interest in all that concerned the college could not have been more generous or more self-sacrificing. His sudden death when he had just reached the full maturity of his great powers, cannot but be regarded as an almost overwhelming misfortune for the college. There are other good architects, of course, but no other architect can feel, as Mr. Cope felt, that his first important building, his first really great artistic work was created here, and that the beauty of the college as a whole was in a peculiar sense due to his genius.

It is little enough that each one of us can do to help to keep alive the memory of those that are dead, but it seems to me our most sacred duty as men and women to recognize, and to express in words, the debt of gratitude we owe to those who give devoted service, which cannot be measured in any material way, to a great object such as the creation of architectural beauty. Such devoted service was given by Mr. Cope, and our debt of gratitude to him is immeasurably great. I hope that all our students, both past and present, will join with the trustees and faculty of the college in honouring his memory, and that the name of Walter Cope may be revered by the students of Bryn Mawr College, so long as his buildings exist to inspire love and admiration.

SPRING

I.

THE ruddy fire of sunset burns low; the serene light of evening falls upon the garish tones of day. Delicate and distinct, it softens and suffuses the tender, living green of young grass, in places rudely broken off with gashes of red-brown earth. Now becomes apparent the faint and evanescent tints of pulsing life in tree and hedge, indistinguishable, when flooded in the fervid brilliance of day. As if they must have caught their fire from the low after-glow of sunset, the maples quiver warm and red against the pale crystal, high in the evening sky. Along the brookside, the gnarled and blackened old willows are all a-foam with green, while tenaciously clinging to the bank, wet and raw with spring, the blackberry brambles glow and tingle red with life. The full lights of day beat their rapid westward retreat; the wind freshening with the last calls of birds, blows a clearer and colder tint into the evening sky. In the vagueness of approaching night, faintly budded bushes and trees now have only the vapourous spirit of their ruddiness hanging over them in a fine, dim mist of pinkish red. Twilight would have pressed softly upon the earth, had not some last radiance of sunlight been distilled and sifted through the air in golden drops, making each blade and branch that caught them, gleam a brighter green or deeper red.

II.

THE storm wind is about to rush down from the west, for the tree tops twitched their whitened leaves against sullen clouds. A strange uneasiness runs through the air, making one prick and tingle. The insects whirr past, conscious of the restlessness in the atmosphere, and the crows marshal to take to the shelter of the woods. Every cloud rolls heavily towards the west, where in close battalions they meet in the slow shock of thunder. Nearby all things of the earth as yet only quiver in expectation; but on a more distant hill-top the trees lash themselves into a dumb fury. The storm wind, coming from far away, drops visibly upon the nearer fields, and whips the grass close to the earth. It swirls down with a sudden sally, driving a column of dust steadily up the road, and some belated bees down into the porch woodbine. Its full force tearing after the outriders, seems to pick up the earth bodily. A creaking and groaning goes through the old shingle house, as if the inanimate wood shivered in response to the struggling world without. There all has become one tossing mass of foliage and white blotches of blossoms. The pear trees, taller against the sky, thrash themselves so blindly that the heavy, creamy blossoms rain down, their thick fragrance stealing richly through the air. Over the more distant fields the rain advances in a fine, dim mist, while the storm wind goes thundering eastward.

III.

THE year has turned to that fairest page of all, such ages old, such ages young. It is not this spring alone that charms us, but the faint fragrance of centuries of bygone springs gathered round it. It may be only the sun glint on the young green, only the gold in a dandelion's chalice, that sends our thoughts further in the past and further in the future than they have ever been before. We are never so old; we are never so young; as when the trees drift white and fragrance-breathing, and a bird soars blue against a bluer sky. In the poignant sweetness of the bird-songs is melted all the exquisite thrill of bird-songs past and gone. There is a universal harmony of all things, wind flowers in woods; blue bells in fields; above, the sky a deeper blue in the wake of white clouds; below, the flush of green thrilling back over field and hill. We grope blindly back, asking when or where it has come to us in just this way; but only the images of countless unremembered acts, people, and places rise before us in the dimmed beauty of departed springs. And it is this old love, planted in all its centuries' freshness in our hearts, that makes the golden light, resting on the cherry blossoms just before the setting of the sun, seem a benediction of the ages upon the sweetness of the spring.

Eleanor Loder, 1905.

THE PRAISES OF THE ROSE.

Ode XXXII of Pierre de Ronsard.

Come, dip the roses in the wine,
Aubert, and mingle each with each.
Then drink to both ; that flower and vine
Our bitter, restless griefs may reach,
And soothe your heavy heart and mine.

The joyous roses of the spring
Repeat their counsel year by year—
To watch the flying hours, and sing,
And scribble rhymes, and make good cheer,
While our sweet youth is flowering.

For it shall perish in a breath—
Ay, grow and fade from dawn to noon,
Aubert ; and we shall come to death.
And our short springtime pass as soon
As any rose that withereth.

Like stricken roses we must die—
Yea, kings and beggars—end our days
And troop like slaves at Charon's cry;
But I would sing the Rose's praise,
And while I pause the hours go by.

The Rose of beauty, honoured yet!
The garden-close's sweet renown;
Above all other flowers set
Because it is a poet's crown,
As once was Love's own violet.

For with the Rose the Graces play;
It is the perfume of delight,
And every morn its leaves are gay
With little pearls, all dewy-white
And borrowed from the break of day.

Elizabeth Teresa Daly, 1901.

THE DEADLY AMANITA.

IT was her first mushroom season. Helen realized, after the dim, distant fashion of the enthusiast, that her First Seasons were a trial to her family. The chloroform smell that accompanied her first butterfly season had proved most offensive to the male portion of the household. The summer that she gave to grass and sedges, her mother had taken a violent prejudice to her specimens, because the more beautifully they ripened, in jardinières and umbrella-stands, the more they dropped their seeds on rugs and carpets. And in her first season of ferns—that happiest time!—the entire family had combined to prohibit the refreshing of specimens in any bath or wash-stand but her own.

Once, in the hopeful spirit of early youth, Helen had given her family Christmas presents of books on Nature, carefully chosen for the conversion of each. But when they had looked with mere politeness upon the most alluring illustrations, and listened to the most stimulating descriptions without a sign of change of heart, Helen had quickly abandoned all thought of opening her family's eyes, or rousing it from its comfort-enslaved existence. And the idea of converting any member of it did not occur to her again—until she began mushrooms.

How she had withstood them through her bird and moth, her flower and fern, moss and sedge, summers, Helen, once under their spell, found it impossible to imagine. It was the Gibson book, sent her by a nice man, who had just joined a mycological club in Dayton, that gave her the idea. Who could look unmoved at those beautiful colored plates of thirty marvellous and delightful things growing, unnoticed, at one's very feet? Their musical Latin names—*Amanita*, *Coprinus*, *Campestris*, *Russula Virescens*—were soon familiar to Helen, and lingered strangely in her mind, like whisperings from a mystic world waiting to open to her.

But not until the book was followed, later in the spring, by a box of greenish-gray morells, each fascinating cap wrapped neatly in white paraffine paper, did Helen feel within her the first stirrings of a new pas-

sion that was to prove more consuming than anything she had known in the most palpitating moments of her intense botanical life.

Then had come the day of days on which she had found her first Oyster mushrooms. It was an enchanted morning, when woods were moist with recent rain, and under the broken clouds, deep purple shadows lay between the hills, or paling, followed the shifting lights across the meadows. And surely it was by magic that a shaft of sunshine piercing a dark ravine, fell straight upon them—row after row of cream-white fungus, a treasure-trove of giant pearls, studding the moist, black trunk of a fallen tree. The rapture of the sight, the smell, the touch of them! Not even the discovery of her first little Walking-leaf fern, creeping over the face of a shaded rock, had brought her a thrill so exquisite.

From that moment her eye was open. Her Mushroom Eye, Hal called it, as its activity and special sight became familiar to the family; the eye that can catch the gleam of *Ostreatus* within the densest woods, and distinguish a Puff-ball from a stone across the broadest pasture. New thrills, strange and delicious, came with each day's discoveries. Helen lost her old pleasure in things of patient growth and regular habits. The mystery of the mushroom, so wilful, so unaccountable, charmed and delighted her. The stately *Lepiota Procera* seemed to raise its brown suède parasol in the tall grass just for her; the tiniest Fairy-ring seemed a particular revelation.

It was, after all, subtly flattering that each revelation was addressed to her alone. Many pairs of eyes must certainly have passed over the Pritchards' lawn on the day that she found the *Russulæ* under their laurel oak; but no one else had seen the little caps, red and dull green, that promised so much to Helen. She had sprung from the carriage, and deaf to remonstrances hurled after her, had boldly invaded the Pritchards' premises by the nearest gate. She was gathering the very last green cap when Mrs. Pritchard appeared.

"I caught sight of you from the piazza, Helen. What in the world are you gathering?"

"They are some mushrooms that I saw from the road. I think that they are *Russulas*. May I take them home to see? I was going to the house to ask you."

"We are very fond of mushrooms—"

"Oh, then you want them! Please, please take them, Mrs. Pritchard!"

cried Helen, pressing her spoil upon the older woman. I am so sorry! I didn't dream of robbing you!"

"My dear, of course I don't want them! I never even noticed them before. Those aren't mushrooms; they are only a *kind of fungus growth*. They would poison you in ten minutes if you ate them!"

"Then I may have them? Thank you," said Helen, humbly. And from that moment the "Mushroom Eye" roamed with proprietary interest over all the lawns of the neighborhood.

While the greatest joy of Helen's mushrooming was in the pursuit and capture of her fungus, she found it, nevertheless, interesting and agreeable to dine upon creamed Puff-balls or fried Ostreatus.

"Puff-balls and Oysters," she would explain to the protesting family, "are the safest mushrooms in the world, for they can't possibly be mistaken for any poisonous sort."

Of course the family went on protesting, even when, day after day, they saw her continued health and growing happiness. As Mr. Gibson says, the superstitions of the ignorant regarding mushrooms are beyond belief.

"Are you sure that that isn't a toad-stool, Helen?" her mother would ask.

"Mother, dear, toad-stools and mushrooms are the same thing," Helen would reply, with unflinching patience. "Only a few varieties, like the deadly Amanita, can really kill one. One simply has to learn the individual sorts. And the Amanitas are very easy to distinguish!"

"Do you know that Deadly Amanita, Helen?" Hal had demanded one day.

"Oh yes!" she had replied, readily. "The Amanita Phalloides is pure white, and sits in a poison-cup or 'volva,' and the Amanita Muscaria, that poisoned the Czar Alexis, is swollen and scaly at its base, and has queer, yellow patches on its top."

Helen did not add that both varieties of the Amanita were known to her only through the book. She had not found the poison-cup of the Phalloides, though she had dug for it about every doubtful specimen; nor had she beheld the patches of the Muscaria. But there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that she should recognize the enemy if she encountered it. Her Lepiota, her Champignons, her oysters, had all looked precisely

like the pictures in Gibson. She had not even thought it necessary to test them by spore-prints before she ate them.

By degrees the family ceased to discourage her. And when, a fortnight after the discovery of the *Ostreatus*, she came upon a little colony of *Agaricus Campestris*, the family, at the sight of the only mushroom that they knew and trusted, treated her with a new and gratifying respect. Helen began to feel sweetly unselfish and disinterested. It was so pleasant to be able, in following one's own desires, to contribute fresh, delicious, nitrogenous food to one's family! Nothing had ever seemed to Helen so clearly a mistake of Providence as that to the very moment of her triumph there should succeed a drought.

It lasted for weeks. Such a "dry spell" at such a time was unpardonable, the farmers complained. Helen felt a sudden sympathy with farmers. There was no pleasure in driving between parched and barren fields, nor any point in tramping through thirsty woods where the oldest logs bore only armies of ants, and rows of dry, brittle lichen-things like chips. Helen played tennis in the mornings and began, for the first time in her life, to take afternoon naps. It was a relief to the family, Hal declared, when the mid-summer rains came at last, to see the radiance return to the "Mushroom Eye," which had become dim and sad from long disuse.

With the first cessation in the rain the nice man from Dayton came over, one Saturday, to tramp for mushrooms. Helen led him to all the mushroom haunts she had discovered. Alas, her most productive lawns, her most generous stumps, were bare; her nicest pastures discovered nothing more worth while than a few tiny heads of infant Champignons!

"I suppose that the rain hasn't had time to soak in!" Helen was in the act of remarking, when her eye fell upon some saw-dust heaps about an old saw-mill. "Oh!" she gasped, "What are they?"

Before them, in great, compact bunches scattered over the saw-dust, lay scores of magnificent mushrooms of enormous size! In a moment Helen was on her knees among them, ecstatic with delight at their firm caps and rosy gills.

"They are good. I know they are good!" she cried, filling her arms with them.

The nice man was sure, too. He remembered having seen a picture of them somewhere—perhaps in *Gibson*.

What a fortunate thing it was, after all, that Helen's mother had forced an umbrella upon them as they started! They opened it, filled it full, and gaily set off homeward, carrying it between them, the unsupported handle waving uncertainly above the pile of fungus. On the bridge an old man stopped them.

"Aiu't them toad-stools?" he sniffed.

"We are going to eat them!" the nice man replied, pleasantly.

"Well, I wouldn't eat one of them things if you was to pay me two thousand dollars!"

On the road an occasional vehicle slackened its pace as it passed them. In the village everyone stared. It was exciting!

Once at home, they found the new mushroom harder to identify than they had expected. They opened *Gibson* at the beginning and went straight through the book. When their specimen looked like the picture of any particular sort, it was sure to fail in some essential detail to correspond to the accompanying description. Several times they found a description that would have seemed to fit if there had been no picture. It was too large for a *Campestris*. If only its gills had been white, and it had not grown in family groups, they might have thought it a giant *Russula*. Once they quite decided that it was an *Agaricus Arvensis*, and Helen was about to have it cooked for dinner, when she was struck by the absence of an *Agaricus* "ring" about its neck. Rings are variable things, of course; but it really did seem unlikely that every one of their dozens of specimens should have suffered some accident to its ring! There was a trying little objection of some sort to every hypothesis that they formed.

"Never mind!" said the nice man, at last. "I will take some of them home with me and look them up in *McIlvaine*. He gives a thousand varieties. Of course the *Gibson* book doesn't pretend to be exhaustive. And one can't classify with any certainty without making a spore-print to find out the color of the spores. You know how, don't you? Simply lay the cap, gill-side down, on a piece of paper and cover it over night with a glass or something to exclude the air. The spores will fall along the lines of the gills. Whatever I discover I shall telephone you in the morning."

But Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon as well, passed without a break in the mysterious silence maintained by Dayton. Several times during the day Helen went to gaze impotently at her mushrooms which,

piled on every plate and platter she had found in the pantry cupboards, filled all the available space in the big refrigerator. When, in the evening, she broke off one beautiful cap for a spore-print, it struck her that her dear specimens were losing a very little of their firmness. And, next morning, the paper that bore the impression, rosy pink, of her mushroom, was strangely damp. But it shocked and pained her, notwithstanding, when she went to the pantry, to find her treasure gone, and all the compartments of the refrigerator thrown wide open to admit the air.

"Them mush-a-rooms did smell most terrific, Miss Helen," the cook explained. "I just had to throw 'em out!"

It was at breakfast on Tuesday, with the arrival of a note from the nice man, that fresh confidence and interest in life returned to Helen.

"I tried vainly all day Sunday to reach you by telephone," he wrote. "The lines were out of order. I hope that you discovered for yourself how delicious the mushrooms were. We spent an hour over them on Saturday night, but we could not decide whether they were a *Lepioto* or a *Tricholoma*. Finally we simply cooked them in butter and salt, and ate them without knowing. They tasted like spring chicken, or veal, or both."

Helen read these enkindling lines aloud to Hal.

"You see," she commented, "they couldn't have hurt him, for it was a whole day after he ate them that he wrote!"

Hal looked interested. He even consented to go with her, after breakfast, to the saw-mill.

"Isn't it fine that so solid and delicious a sort should grow in such quantities!" Helen exclaimed, on the way. "And in the phaëton we can bring home comfortably as many as we like!"

But when they drove out of the bridge, it was a saw-dust desert and a range of barren saw-dust hills that they saw before them. Only after patient search in the saw-dust valleys did Helen come upon one modest little family, their tawny caps spotted with dark brown on top, and white underneath.

"They are lovely young things, even if there are only five of them! You know, the young ones are always the very nicest and most tender." Helen explained hopefully, through her disappointment. "At least, we can taste them at lunch."

She prepared them herself, cutting the caps from their heavy stems,

discarding one because it seemed imperfect, and laid each, beautifully browned, upon a tiny square of buttered toast. It was not a large dish, but it did look attractive enough, she felt, to complete her brother's conversion.

The two were alone at lunch, the rest of the family having gone to Cincinnati for the day and night. Helen ate her own mushroom, on its square of toast, mechanically, so absorbed was she in watching the effect of Hal's upon him.

"You don't like it, Hal!" she cried, at last, as she saw that he was in no haste to take a second bite.

"Yes, oh yes, I do! But you had better eat the other two, Helen. You see I am not a born mushroomer as you are, and I'll have to learn a little at a time."

Helen haughtily helped herself to another mushroom.

"But I do like the old kind awfully," Hal went on, in an evident effort to appease her, "the kind with the pink gills, as you call them."

Pink gills! The gills of the mushroom she was eating had been white! Was it, after all, as she had supposed, because they were too young to be pink? What if they were a different mushroom altogether from the one that had not hurt the nice man? Perhaps they were a permanently white-gilled mushroom! What if they were—an Amanita! Something strangely uncomfortable passed over and through Helen, leaving her limp and bewildered. Hal, across the table, sank out of sight behind a mist; his voice sounded far away.

In an instant her senses returned to her. The Deadly Amanita was pure white and had a poison-cup; or else it was yellow, or red and yellow. She drank her tea comfortably.

But directly after luncheon she hurried to *Gibson*, and with the one uncooked specimen in her hand for comparison, looked very long at the pictures, and began to read very slowly the descriptions, of the two fatal Amanitas. Clearly it could not be an Amanita Phalloides. She passed to the *Muscaria*.

"*Pileus*: Color, brilliant yellow, orange or scarlet, becoming pale with age, dotted with adhesive white at length pale, brownish warts, the remnant of the volva.

"*Gills*: Pure white.

"*Spores*: Pure white.

"*Volva*: Often obscure, indicated by a mere ragged line of loose, outward curved shaggy scales around a bulbous base."

She looked at her specimen. Its cap was splotted with brown; its gills were white; the base of its stem was bulbous and rough. Perhaps it was "shaggy," too! How could one know what Mr. Gibson would call "shaggy"! Perhaps it was scaly. Helen felt a sudden disgust for the irony of words.

On another page she read, "The *Amanita Muscaria* would seem to be remarkably protean."

In desperation Helen turned to the chapter dealing with the poisoning of the ill-fated family of "F's" and "R's." Sickening dread grew within her as she noted their sufferings and the treatment administered to them. Several of their symptoms she felt distinctly. "Mrs. F., twenty-two years of age, was a brunette, bearing a decided neurotic tendency." Helen was twenty-two! Was neurotic the same thing as nervous and excitable, she wondered? "Thomas R. was a youth well developed." Hal!

She threw the book on the table and rushed blindly downstairs. Hal was smoking on the piazza.

"Is it too hot for tennis, Helen?" he called, as she appeared.

Helen caught her breath. Perhaps he hadn't eaten enough! How much was enough?

"I'll be ready in five minutes!" she answered, and ran back to her book. "The two fatal cases—Thomas R. and Mrs. F. tried to see which could eat the most, and consequently got their full share of the poison." No, Hal was safe. Perhaps she, too, was safe! "Mrs. R. and Mr. F." had eaten "from one and a half to two platefuls each"; yet both had recovered! It wouldn't be so bad to be very ill for a few hours if one recovered! How foolish in any case to worry! It was really much more likely to be the same mushroom that the nice man approved, than to be an *Amanita*. It had grown in the same saw-dust! Suddenly Helen seemed to remember that it *had* tasted a little like spring chicken! She was smiling when she tied her tennis-shoes and seized her racket.

Never had air and exercise seemed more exhilarating! The sun on the court was nothing; there was a glorious breeze! Hal was a dear! She knew how little he enjoyed playing with girls. Helen began to serve her balls with a swiftness that surprised herself.

They were trying to finish a deuce set when Helen saw the Pritchards coming across the lawn.

"They'll not stay long, I think," she said to Hal, as she went to meet the visitors, "We can play after they go."

"What a splendid thing out-door life is for a girl!" Mrs. Pritchard exclaimed, as she turned with Helen toward the house. "Nothing gives her such fine color or keeps her so young. But I must say, Helen, that you seem to me sometimes to carry it too far. This mushroom fad, for instance! Your mother says that you are always gathering and eating queer things like those you found on our lawn. Are you sure they aren't poisonous?"

"You see that I'm still alive!" Helen laughed.

"Yes, but you might be right a dozen times and yet make one mistake that would kill you, my dear. Still, "added Mrs. Pritchard, more hopefully, "I suppose you always know exactly what sort they are before you eat them."

"Oh yes," replied Helen. But with the words a curious depression settled upon her and grew with every moment of the Pritchards' call.

When they had gone she felt no inclination to renew the game of tennis. "The sun seems to be growing hotter, Hal," she said. "I believe that it has given me a little headache."

Her brother looked at her in surprise, but said nothing.

In her own room Helen tried to sleep. Several times during the interminable afternoon, she did lose consciousness, only to awake with a painful heaviness at her heart. She endeavored to think it out. If she really were poisoned nothing would help her but atropine, which had finally saved some of the "F's" and "R's." If she were not poisoned the atropine would probably kill her. What a miserable and ridiculous dilemma! Her heart filled with sudden tenderness for the old loves that she had forsaken—gentle, quiet, growing things that one never thought of eating! Why had she *eaten* the mushrooms at all! It was the search for them that she really cared for. The humiliation, the vulgarity, of dying by one's appetite! Sick and nervous she dressed and went down to dinner.

"How do you feel?" Hal asked, as he met her in the hall.

The question gave her an unpleasant start; then she remembered.

"My head doesn't ache so much, thanks."

But she took advantage of something like sympathy in his attitude to eat her dinner, shamelessly, in silence.

It was not until an hour later that she came to the point of confession. "Hal," she said, with a humility born of desperation, "I am not quite sure of those mushrooms that we had at lunch. I have been feeling queer ever since I ate them."

"But you wouldn't begin to feel queer for twelve hours if you were poisoned!"

Helen stared. "How did you know that?"

Her brother hesitated. "Well, to tell the truth, I felt a little queer myself. And while you were asleep I went up to the study and looked in that book at the pictures of the 'deadly Amanita,' and read about that family that was poisoned. Those people ate the mushrooms at five o'clock in the evening and didn't feel a thing until daylight next day."

"Yes, it takes twelve hours to be sure!" admitted Helen. "And by that time it's 'all through your system!'"

"But our mushrooms didn't look at all like the pictures, Helen. They were brown instead of white, or red and yellow. I decided they were all right, and felt better on the spot!"

Helen was touched at the "our." "But the white gills, Hal! And the rough and scaly bulbous base!"

Hal looked uncertain.

"And then," she hurried on, "the *Muscaria* is so 'protean'! Perhaps it's protean enough to be brown instead of yellow!"

"Well, I don't honestly believe we're on the edge of the grave. But perhaps we had better ask the doctor."

"He couldn't tell yet. And he couldn't do anything—unless he gave us atropine! I have started a spore-print with one mushroom that wasn't cooked; but by the time it prints, the color of the spores will not matter to us," said Helen, wearily. "If they are pink, we shall be living anyway; and if they are white, we probably shall—not care! There is nothing to do but wait twelve hours. By one o'clock we shall know."

All the evening Hal devoted himself to amusing her. Once or twice Helen really forgot her gloom before his gayety. But something in the unwonted tenderness with which he said good-night, filled her with quick doubt of him. "Hal," she cried, "Hal, if you feel the least pang, the very

least, you will call me? I should call you! And I shall open the Gibson book at the poisoning chapter, and lay it on the table by my bed. Then they will know that they must give us atropine, if we are too far gone to tell them."

Hal laughed.

When Helen awoke she was conscious first that the clock on her table was pointing to eight. Then her eye was caught by her own name, written on the fly-leaf of the Gibson book in the nice man's vigorous hand, and she was filled with an exultant sense of renewed existence. The pages, during the night, had fallen closed over the chapter on poisoning. And when, leaning forward, with eager hands Helen raised glass and specimen from her spore-print, the paper beneath them revealed the perfect impression of a mushroom drawn in ravishing, rosy pink.

Mary Denver James, 1895.

THE JOURNEY OF KING CHARLES TO BYZANCE.*

King Charles, our holy monarch, with sceptre, sword and crown,
 Before St. Denis' Abbey strides stately up and down.
 "My Queen," he cries, "I charge thee, say now by France the fair,
 Strode ever Christian monarch with such a lordly air?"
 "Ay, sire," the Queen makes answer, full blithely without fear,
 "King Hugo of Byzantium more statelier steps, my dear."
 Thereat the king in fury, with lowering looks and dread,
 Swears, "This thy lie, bold Princess, shall lose thy golden head,
 Save that our Frankish princes in Byzance o'er the sea
 That Hugo towers the taller shall with thy taunts agree."

They've laid them on the altar their war-horns and their glaives,
 On mules the train has mounted for sake of Christ that saves.
 Unarmed these pious pilgrims seek now Christ's holy tomb;
 Not Allemain may stay them, Vienne, nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Till to the holy Bishop upon the holy mount
 That looks o'er sacred Salem, kneels low each Frankish count.
 Thence, blest with thorn-wound garland, and nails from Christ his Tree,
 To Hugo at Byzantium they turn from Paynimrie.
 Within his stately palace, King Hugo statelier stands,
 The Franks he bids be welcome to all his Greekish lands.
 And on the golden daïs, raised o'er the golden floor,
 They carve the lordly peacock, the venison and boar.
 And deep they drink and deeper of Hugo's claret wine,
 While mintrels to the viole, sing ditties as they dine.
 The Franks within their mantles have hid their heads behind,
 For that the golden palace turns gently with the wind;
 And drunk with wine and wonder, the Frankish warriors pray

* Condensed and freely translated from the Old French *Le Pèlerinage de Charlemagne*, an epic comedy of the Eleventh Century.

Grace of the Greeks to slumber apart till dawn of day.
 "Freely," says sage King Hugo, but slow uprise the peers,
 And as they rise their stature besets his breast with fears;
 Within a hollow pillar in chamber where they lay,
 A spy he bade conceal him, to hearken what they say.

But Charles within the chamber, oppressed with claret wine,
 His wonder-wearied eyelids to sleep cannot resign.
 He cries, "Oh peers and princes, of vaunting I were fain,
 As erstwhile we have vaunted in Rome and Allemain.
 Let Hugo arm his tallest and toughest chevalier,
 Twofold, with shield and helmet, upon a stout destrier.
 One blow shall I but deal him, through twofold casque and mail,
 Through harness, steed and saddle, God wot, I shall prevail,
 And Joyouse, unimpeded, a foot shall stand in ground.
 Vaunt thou as good, fair nephew, my sister's son, Rolaund."
 Whereto that peerless warrior and prince of courtesie:
 "Sire, I will vaunt my proudest, as thou commandest me.
 Let Hugo lend his war-horn, and I will blow a blast,
 The portals of Byzantium shall from their hinges brast;
 His beard and ermine mantle shall travel down the wind,—
 Count Oliver, my brother, vaunt thou, nor lag behind."
 "Blithely," the count makes answer, "and for I lack a bride,
 King Hugo's maid to-morrow shall by my charger ride."
 Next Turpin, the archbishop, a goodly vaunt made he
 But eke that mild and holy well suited his degree.
 Cried William, Count of Orange, "This mighty ball behold,
 Not thirty men might lift it, so great its weight of gold.
 I'll lance it on the city, till not a tower shall stand."
 The spy thought, "Lost were William if Hugo were at hand."
 And Ogier, Duke of Denmark, he grasped the pillar stout,
 "With my right arm I'll shake it till falls the roof about."
 Naimes, also, bald and bearded, Aylmer and Berengier.
 All boasted well, and Ernald; and bold Bernard, the peer,
 Swore, "Streams shall leave their channels and follow at my call
 Straightway to Hugo's palace, within Byzantium's wall."

Sore shook the spy as Gerin and Bertrand made their boast :
Each Frankish peer seemed equal to three from Hugo's host.
And tip-toe, when they slumbered, he sought the King of Greece :
"Thy giant guests have boasted to wreck Byzantium's peace,
Rise, sire," and sage King Hugo, when all the vaunts were said.
Before High Mass at cock-crow has started from his bed,
King Charles he seeks in anger : "Know now, ye Princes tall,
For each vaunt unaccomplished a Frankish head shall fall."

Much grief had then our Monarch, and sorrow peer and count,
But Charles has soon bethought him of Salem's blessed mount ;
And of the holy relics they hence have fetched away :
He cries, "Ye Christian princes, to good St. Denis pray,
Pray God the holy relics may save what claret wine
Shall cost us else," and sudden from Heaven appeared a sign.
An angel has descended and to the King draws near.
"Most Christian King, repentance is sweet in Heaven's ear,
To do thy boasts and vauntings delay not to advance,
His words shall each accomplish for Heaven and sweet France."
An awestruck man was Hugo as one by one his word
The Frankish peers accomplish with good right arm or sword.
In tears the Greekish monarch at Charles's feet downfalls,
To beg him check the floodtide within Byzantium's walls.
"Ay, blithely," cries our Christian Lord Emperor Charlemagne,
If that in high procession this day we journey twain,
And when as on our chargers we each by other ride
Let Greeks and Franks together lout low on either side."
Then marked the peers and princes that Charles's mantle bore
How he above King Hugo towers tall a foot and more.
Proud wave their plumes and pennons stream skyward from each lance :
"Now praise we Christ in Heaven that so exalteth France!"

Then home they ride triumphant, and in the high abbaye
The crown of thorns from Salem they on the altar lay ;
And for the holy relics and Tomb that he hath seen,
Our great king, Charles the Christian, shows mercy to the Queen.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, 1904.

WITH POTS AND PANS.

I PLEAD for our butlers, cooks and maids. My good friend of the drawing-room, you who have carefully venerated your bit of individual soul with "culture" and conventionality, who speak tact oftener than truth, who exemplify in not altogether unlaughable study the complications that civilized living loves to produce and perpetuate, who no longer—if once you did—reck of simplicity and sincerity, two excellent and now uncommon virtues—go into your kitchen, descend for an uncontaminating space to the humble plane of your hand-maid, and if your surface of refinement be not yet too hardened to suffer penetration, too highly polished for absorption of enlightening beams, become in some grateful measure reformed.

This is no idle speaking, no vaporous lauding of the curious, charming primitive. In good faith, I recommend a spring of instruction wherefrom I myself have sipped, taking benefit. I have looked into the years' accumulated testimony to the wisdom of law and government; I have read many moral essays, considered disquisitions upon right, abstract and individual; it remained for Maggie, the cook, beaming of face, benign of voice, invariably sweet-tempered and in seeming harmless, to bring home to me in one serenely, relentless dictum the nature of instinctive justice. "It's no harm to kill a husband." At the first resounding of this thunder-peal, so amazing, so unconscious, I was startled into exclamation—such was then my slavish adherence to mere commonplace tenets.

"Why, Maggie! What in the world! You cannot mean—"

"Yes, Miss Violet"—the thunder mildly, amiably roared—"it's no harm to kill a husband—that's what I mean. You ain't never been married, an' you don't understand like I do, but I've been married three times, an' what I've learned is that it's no harm to kill a husband."

At this calling, so direct, so forcible, the long over-laid, half-stifed primitive in me struggled up through manifold coverings and responded to the strong, unashamed primitive in Maggie. "Have you ever killed a husband, Maggie?" I asked, with an elastic credulity prepared to entertain the worst Maggie might have to confess.

"No, Miss Violet, I ain't—not yet—but that was just a accident. Henry an' Will died natchrul, an' Matt now don't give me no trouble. Matt's old, too—eighty-three, Miss Violet—an' feeble. Matt's pretty sure not to live long enough for me to have to kill him. Sometimes I think I won't never have to kill a husband." Maggie, to do her justice—it is a tribute to elemental humanity—found this a matter for quiet rejoicing.

"Did you ever know a wife who did have to kill her husband, Maggie?"

"Oh-h, Miss Violet, lots! Lots a wimmen that jus' stood all that's reasonable an' then didn't stand no more."

Without shock at the barbarity of Maggie's low world, taking, rather, definite pleasure in a franker, freer handling of crime than I had ever before been indulged in, admiring and envying my simple cook her convictions so revolutionary in spirit, yet too independent for fear, too artless for flauant, I prolonged to the uttermost a poignantly sensational hour. "So these women who had stood all that was reasonable finally killed their husbands. And how did they do it, Maggie?"

Gravely willing to be questioned, Maggie instructed me. "Well, some hoo-dooes them, an' that's good, but it's a slow drag; an' some poisons their coffee—an' that's better, Miss Violet; it's surer an' not so much trouble. If I had to kill a husband, I'd poison his coffee. But I don't want never to do it, for it's a solemn thing."

It was very clear Maggie had no conception of the possible enormity of her words. She was speaking from profound depths of innocent assurance. She was not for this assurance any the less capable of possessing a thousand and one shining virtues; which, indeed, she does possess in a state of diligent activity. Maggie by her own assertion has conscientiously assisted at the death of troublesome husbands—how many? I, not yet, even in my well-advanced regeneration, strong as Maggie, shrink from computing. Maggie as well, and far from contradictorily, heads many charitable institutions, which cost her in maintenance all her wages, and has herself founded a lodge highly important to those of her station and color. She confided to me in a mood of exaltation the origin of this lodge.

"It was this way, Miss Violet. I was sitting by the fire with Matt, my husband, an' I was readin' the Bible. An' the fire burned low an' Matt got up an' said, 'Maggie, I'm goin' out to the wood-shed to get some more wood,' an' I said, 'All right, Matt,' an' went on readin' the Book. An'

suddenly the spirit in me made me look up, an' there in the door-way was my brother Jim, who had been dead ten years. An' I said, 'Why, Jim, is that you?' An' Jim said, 'Yes, Maggie, I've come with a message to you from the Judge.' 'Well, Jim,' I said, an' my voice trembled, 'I'm ready for a message from the Judge.' An' Jim said, 'Stand up,' an' I stood up, an' Jim said, 'Maggie, you must found a lodge to help your fellow-men, an' you must be the president of this lodge an' work for it an' give money to it, an' you must call it the "Golden Staff," an' you will get glory with the Judge.' An' Jim went away, jus' faded before my eyes, an' Matt came in an' I told what I had seen an' heard, an' Matt said—though poor Matt don't believe nothing an' ain't got grace—'Well, Maggie, you must found the lodge an' call it the "Golden Staff."' An' I did it, Miss Violet."

You can see perhaps, though you laugh, that this is no canting hypocrisy on the part of Maggie, but earnest belief with a scarcely greater infusion of superstition and extravagance than may be found to mar the beliefs of her superiors. And when Maggie, in purple waist and gray skirt, deep pink collar with edges of green, a red badge of rank and a red hat, went as high official to the funeral of one of the "brethren," her grief sincere and her dignity of bearing enviable, I knew that her mourning was not more ridiculous than the sober, proper black that may hide vanity and frivolousness.

When, further, Maggie bought with eight precious, hoarded dollars a stone to mark the grave of her parents—carved upon the stone two hands clasped in the pressure of conjugal affection, below this enduring token of right sentiment the inscription, "Husband and Wife at Rest in Heaven"—she was, as her betters in like case have been, acting only in the spirit of that fine reverence for the dead which soars to the ideal propriety and puts the petty facts of life beneath notice.

The petty facts in the lives of Maggie's parents were precisely as unsuited to publication upon a tomb-stone as the unedited facts concerning the great majority of us are prone to be. On this point, no less than on others less personal, Maggie spoke out to me with simple honesty beautifully unfettered by reticence.

"I thought about it a long time in my mind, Miss Violet, tryin' to see my duty. It wasn't as if pa and ma hadn't a stone. There was one that cost me two dollars an' a half, jus' plain an' may be too little to be respeck-

ful. That's what I got into my head, anyhow. When I spoke to Matt, he said—he ain't got much feelin', Miss Violet, but he can't help that because he never was educated; so I don't blame him. I've tried to educate Matt an' I can't. He's old now an' he never did have much sense. I taught him d-o-g, dog, an' c-a-t, cat; but when I got to b-a-k-u-r, baker, that was too hard for Matt, an' I had to give it up. Well, when I asked Matt, he said, 'It's your eight dollars, Maggie, an' it's your pa an' ma; but there's them red curtains you was goin' to buy, an' it does look pretty unreas'nable to me to give up red curtains that'll cheer an' comfort the livin' for a tomb-stone that'll do the dead mighty little good, I reckon.' That's Matt's way of talkin'. It's a poor way, but Matt can't help it.

"How would you like to lie in your grave an' not have a tomb-stone, Matt," said I, tryin' to argue him around an' show him he was wrong. But poor Matt—his mind ain't worth nothin'. He can't argue a word, Miss Violet—he jus' sticks to one notion, an' red curtains is a great notion with Matt.

"Well, I kep' studyin' an' studyin', an' the more I studied the plainer I saw ma an' pa lookin' down sorrowful from heaven at that little tomb-stone that hadn't cost but two dollars an' fifty cents an' was carved pretty poor. So the day came when I knew my duty."

Then followed in quainter phrasing than I can rival details about the stone—hands clasped for a faithful, rigid eternity—"Husband and Wife at Rest in Heaven"—words to summon a simple, pretty picture of wedded contentment infinitely prolonged. Maggie with her ruthless frankness wrecked the pleasing image.

"It makes a lovely stone, Miss Violet, but it ain't none of it true, of course; it's just a tomb-stone."

I begged to know the truth.

"Well, pa an' ma was married in slave-times, jus' jumped over a broom-stick. That was the way in slave-times, Miss Violet, an' it was all right for slaves, I reckon; it held pa an' ma firm for a good many years. But when goin' to eburch an' standin' up before a preacher got to be the custom, pa said jumpin' over a broom-stick wasn't no marriage at all, an' he left ma with us children. It was hard on ma in some ways, but she was glad pa went. He was a man, you see, Miss Violet, an' he couldn't a helped bein' a worry if he'd a wanted to. Men's natures is just unfortunate, an'

wimmen has to put up with them—as long as they can.” And then! I knew of what a powerful remedy women of Maggie’s acquaintance availed themselves.

How much and how surely Maggie knew! If she had but been a shade tentative in her judgments, if she had but shown a bitterness in which I might read hardening, warping, personal experience, and so cling fairly yet a while longer to pleasant, young illusions. But Maggie was quite free from bitterness and, herself accepting without question, revolt or dismay, all facts that time had seemed to prove immutable,—Maggie in short, being the best of practical philosophers—she could not relent to my weak preference for cheerful, misguided ignorance.

What Maggie would freely impart I must gratefully take—this I learned early. When Maggie’s vocabulary was not in perfect accord with mine—as when with prim disapproval of a flirting house-maid she voiced the admirable opinion, “If a woman wants to be expected, she must expect herself”—I must puzzle out meanings for myself, taking care not to abash with query, correction or comment. In the end, for my pains, I have had ample return. One thing surely I have learned thus far from Maggie and her fellow-workers: our butlers, cooks and maids, the useful machines that serve our ease, have each a personality, a history, a mind in a state of greater or less development, a philosophy—and though a philosophy of pots and pans, one, perhaps, in essentials not many degrees cruder than our own. They become with small enough encouragement childishly confidential, never veiling their confidences in cautious pretense as we, the sincerest of us, will do. They will help us, if we patiently study them, to a better understanding and completer knowledge of all men, of—it may be you will scarcely credit it—ourselves.

THE GOD TERMINUS.

If—while thou hauntest, as thy hopes grow few,
Memory's demesne—thy foot unbidden strays
By hedge-row gap or chance-appointed ways,
Into this garden, in my youth made new,
Where I too-eager boughs would prune, or strew
Wing'd seeds; then wilt thou mark in old amaze,
How musically still the fountain plays,
How green my quaint-clipt bowers of box and yew.
Leant to thy staff and roaming farther yet,
Thou mayst discover, near the utmost bound—
Holding it sacred, lest intruder climb—
Thine ancient image, stained with moss and time,
Whose broken base red roses, morning-wet,
O'er grow, and heart's-ease purples all the ground.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, 1889.

NEW ENGLAND FOREST.

Into your dappled shadows, O my trees,
Love leadeth me for comforting; Love and fear
Of dreams now dead as these brown, empty boughs—
The record frail of many a climbing year.

Ye show forth strength, beloved, like the hills,
Yet in your veins life throbbeth as in mine;
Those purple fretted shafts, like centuried stone,
Lift living boughs to drink the light's rich wine.

O beautiful and mighty, who endure—
Bending to every buffet of the air—
Your ancient naves, roof-set with luminous leaves,
Arch in a peace that hath no need for prayer.

While o'er the twitterings of the underwood,
At touch of wind on tunèd leaves a-drowse,
Rises and falls the music of the pine,
Freshen'd with sea-spray sound of beeches boughs.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, 1889.

BELLAIR.

NORTHERN people who come to Bellair nowadays, still usually cast their first glances around for orange-groves. They do not know that the orange-tree is no longer Bellair's pride and hope; it is become its basil plant. Instead of the glamoured sight of orchards, they see here and there about the small frame houses, some high boxes. "There are the orange-trees," says the resident, almost proudly, for he has travelled far from the old days of Bellair, before the change of climate froze down its prospects along with its orange-trees. Where once there was a boom of speculation, there has not been a "real estate deal" for ten years, and all who can have long since fled the sandy, frosted little town. Only a few thrifty farmers and country merchants, grown old and delicate, come here in the winters of their old age; a little keen to experience the marvel of a warm January, a little eager for the feeling and the notoriety of the trip. And a few travelling men, little more than pedlars, still come to make the round of Bellair's bare half-dozen merchants. And to them, the occasional strangers whom the Northern train discharges at the platform, desirous of orange-groves, the inhabitant left in Bellair with vitality well ebbd away, reveals the precious sprouting stump, and explains how box and lamp, and everything that care and ingenuity can provide, will shield the tree till it can once more bear oranges in Bellair. Happy that man, who first again presents native fruit to the town! The oranges will be few for the sake of which his blue-grass lawn has given up its tendance and its life; yet he can look on them without being degraded by the thought that they grew in California.

So Bellair bears its misfortune; more gracefully than California villages ravaged by speculation, which grow embittered with no spot of comfort; something in the manner of towns of traditions and decayed gentility, which tend for basil plants the tomb-stones in their church-yards, and the memorial tablets in their churches. But it is, I suspect, only by a piece of good fortune that Bellair catches a glow of dignity from the holy altar-fires

of symbolism, and the example of tradition-making towns. For the tendance of the orange-stumps is really an affair of pure Yankee ingenuity, contrived by some transient cottagers. It is fortunate; for through it, the stranger gets on the very threshold of Bellair, that half-lacking, half-substituted interest, which stays by one throughout all sojourn in the town.

"It is a God-forsaken country," the homely Northerners say when they first come down and see the orange-boxes, and the dusty village, and the pine woods that almost close in upon the town. But yet on the whole they do not get such a bad bargain of it there. The live oaks massed along the streets are greener than any trees a Northerner has seen; grey moss hangs down from every limb, and bushes of mistletoe grow in the centre of the trees. There are palmettos sometimes, and slim, green fronds of banana trees. The sky is unflecked blue, crossed by the broad-sailing turkey-buzzards. The mocking-birds sing all day on the fences, and the hoarse cry of the whippoorwill sounds every night somewhere from out the dark pines and the luminous gray sky. All this is not the North. And one drives into the woods as into a virgin country. There are no farms or fences, only the log cabins of the negroes, and now and then the sheds of a turpentine camp. The roads multiply around fallen trees, and no man ever pretends to be sure of his way. Greener and taller than Northern pines, with rough, reddish trunks that branch palm-like at the top, the pines stretch row after row through the farthest vistas; they all show broad, yellow cuts from the turpentine box; below them grow scrub-oaks, sorrel now with last summer's foliage, but blazing red and orange with young leaves in March. Now and then there are patches of "hammock land"—real tropical jungles of black soil and luxuriant verdure: of holly trees, flowering magnolias, and sweet gum trees whose gray trunks are pictured with pale, pink lichens. Everywhere there is unbounded room for him to go, whoever "knoweth neither highway nor byway, but goeth only as adventure may lead him." The elderly woman from the North, who has nursed a village reputation for botany, goes out with her herbarium. Her brothers take up long-forgotten sport and bring home quail and rabbits. Everyone of them all drives and picnics in the pine woods.

And there are not wanting adventures to them, which, though pale, are yet of an exotic quality fit to be recounted at home. For the country round about is full of curiosities—species ever dear to the village lover of sensa-

tion! There are caves of dim chambers filled with a growth of delicate, green ferns, and a "run" near by, where the gleaming turquoise fissures of the river-bed are distinctly seen eighty feet below. And everywhere through the woods one comes upon small lakes, no bigger than mill-ponds, where are Indian arrowheads sticking up their points through the sand of the beach, or lying across the garden plots of nearby cabins, so thick that one picks them up as fast as apples in an orchard. The lakes are without inlet or outlet, and the story goes that they are fathomless. And there are every now and then green pools—fathomless, also, it is said—down in great, round pits in the ground, which are called "grottoes" in Bellair. The "grottoes" are overgrown with ferns and trees, and are deep enough for two rows of trees to grow around the banks. In those places it is said that the crust of the earth has fallen in, and no one can say what spot in Florida may go next; for one is told that it is in the memory of some old residents that a negro's cotton field nodded over the nearest "grotto." It is said that there is water flowing under all of Florida, with the earth thin above it, so that it breaks through at the lakes and "grottoes." And all of Florida is slowly sinking, to be submerged in the sea at last. So the story goes, and one shivers a little at being in Bellair. Altogether this is an uncanny country, for has not the climate changed—well-nigh as strange a thing as the miracle of Joshua? Yet the story is a good one to take away to a country village.

And when the time of going back is at hand,—when Northern letters begin to tell that spring is near, and Northerners begin to gather palmetto-hats and arrowheads, and fruit and flowers preserved in rosin, as their last offices to Bellair,—then it is a time hard to be borne for those who belong in Bellair and to Bellair. The sons and daughters of the Northerners all winter have engaged in a round of picnics and drives with the "crackers" and the scions of those unhappy Northerners, who enmeshed formerly in disastrous speculation, are now tied to Bellair forever. There are both Helens and Parises to be left, to make up with their Menelaus or their Oenone as best they can; and the passage of Time, which all winter has got a tinge of pathos from the approach of spring, becomes poignant from day to day. The potency of the Northern train, and the length of distance before it are laid to heart when the long cry of the whistle sounds nightly, and the heat is already gathering too strong for sleeping, and the beetles are beginning to strike about the house in swarms. But the train stops to take on the last

winter visitor, and disappears in puffs of smoke down the long track into the pine trees. There are left behind "crackers" and one or two families of distressed Northerners, all of whom, come what may, go like chattels with the place; all condemned to stripes and hard labour from the heat and the battle of maintaining decent being; all doomed to feel the heavy hand of Time and Space, two wrathful divinities whose reality and omnipotence are little known except in places like Bellair far "out of the world." For the frosted winter makes it a barren place, but the last state of that town is worse than the first.

Hope Emily Allen, 1905.

WORLDLY GOODS.

BROTHER BENEDICT, at his task of translating Lucian in the shadowy monastery library, shook his head in pretended mournfulness over the repeated interruptions of loud laughter in the greater cloister just outside. "What a hardship it is—the life of a scholar," he murmured in dutiful, not too sincere, distress. For it must be admitted—Brother Benedict was not the acutest of scholars, and though he had been translating from the classics ever since he came to Monte Oliveto Maggiore, fifteen years before, he had not completed more than a few pages from any author. Brother Benedict, weary of his lexicon, anxious to share the diversion of his brothers, was not quite genuinely sorry to be disturbed. He patted his parchment tenderly, sighed, "Ah, Lucian, thou light-hearted sage that laughest the world away, farewell for a little while," with that, pushed his work aside, smoothed the folds of his habit and went to the door.

By this time the noise without had grown uproarious, for nearly all the monastery had gathered in the corridor, the white-clad monks shuffling their feet, whistling, snapping their fingers in the abandon of their glee. As soon as Brother Benedict shaved himself, they called out urging him to join them and look at "*Il Mataccio*, the big lunatic." By the blank wall next to the place where the paint was drying on Signorelli's frescoes, a ladder stood and pots of color, in which Giovanni Bazzi, the new artist engaged by the Abbot-General to decorate his cloister, was stirring a brush, splashing the floor, as he worked, with gold and ultramarine, chattering and grinning all the while with the japery of some giant player's monkey.

"Look at his costume," wheezed one stout brother, who almost choked with laughter—the door-keeper of the monastery he was, a coarse fellow with a scar across his nose and both his cheeks, with long keys jingling perpetually under his frock—"they are cast-off clothes from the store-room; our Abbot gave them him in part payment for his pictures."

The painter was in fact tricked out in the very sorriest finery; over his shoulders a cloak all torn velvet and rusty gold lace, one leg sky-blue, the other striped red and white—a costume discarded long ago, together with

the pomps and vanities it represented, by some worldling who had joined the Brotherhood.

Bazzi, not averse to the merry ridicule of cloistered wits, apishly flaunting his gaudy rags, now delighted his audience with a mock duel and thrusts at quarto and tierce with a paint-brush, now put up his sword and feigned to be a court gentleman. Atop of the stained, grey velvet jerkin he painted himself a scarlet sash; he edged his collar with a gay, gold chain—then he strutted down the corridor, kissing his little fingers to visionary ladies. And the applauding and breathless monks had to lean against the wall and the step-ladder, and even sit down on the floor, their legs wide outspread, for very excess of mirth.

Presently the joker caught at a faded pouch which hung at his waist, and made as if he would draw forth a scented handkerchief. No handkerchief came out, indeed, but an unexpected, glittering thing that clattered on the floor. The monks, still shouting, pressed close to take the treasure, each, in his eagerness for a glimpse, letting his mirth die away in catches and gulps that slowly grew further apart as he curiously shouldered his fellow.

Quickly from one clutching hand to another, drawing from each simple monk in turn a comment after his kind, passed the bauble—a small painting framed in brilliants, the miniature of a young woman.

“She is very beautiful,” pronounced one of the brothers who was young and sentimental, “and look you, it is quite likely that one of us standing here is the former owner of that dress and so of this portrait.”

At the suggestion, the gaping brothers gave in chorus an exclamation, each one looking from the corner of his eye at all the others, while here and there a broad, contented face grew red and sheepish. With the rest of the curious seekers, Brother Benedict had pushed forward, and having got the picture in his palm at last, was absently rubbing the dust from it with his long sleeve.

“See there,” pointed the young monk who had spoken so wisely before. “I believe the toy belongs to Brother Benedict. Do you see how his thoughts are miles away? He is dreaming about the lady of the portrait. Perhaps he was once her lover.”

The breathless throng exclaimed again, and Brother Benedict blushed through his yellow hair up to his tonsure, but he did not look up and he did

not speak. The brothers regarded him silently for a few minutes, then—for they were an inquisitive company, these white-gowned men shut away from the world on their cypress hill-side, more curious of gossip than any washerwoman's gathering, chattering over linen at the Fontebranda in Siena—they presently began to clamor for Brother Benedict's story. Brother Benedict vaguely, a little sadly, shook his head.

"It is so long ago," he murmured, "and there is no story to tell—for do you not see that she was beautiful, while I was only a poor scholar. And perhaps—perhaps I did love her, but if I did, why surely it is right for me to forget about it now."

All looked in respectful interest at the speaker's misty eyes, and his white face that was still unlined in spite of his forty years; and they muttered sympathy as he went quietly away, holding the portrait as his right.

Bazzi, entirely forgotten, went to work at his fresco. The bell for vespers rang and the artist, left without audience, worked all the afternoon, alone but not lonely, till when the shadows fell and he put up his brushes, he had nearly finished a brave portrait of himself in his knightly robes. As he went blithely on his way at last to rest till the morrow, he left the door open behind him, showing the avenue of lustrous, tall cypress trees and the sunset-illuminated sky.

Presently, stepping softly through the gloom of the cloister, came Brother Benedict, with his picture in his palm. At that moment, as it happened, the stout door-keeper with the scar across his nose, entered from the outside and shut the door. He came up to Brother Benedict, not hesitating, and jogged his arm familiarly, confidentially.

"Why did you say that this thing is yours?" he grinned. "I kept still before the others, because it would hurt their opinion of you to spoil your story, but now I will tell you that the portrait belongs to me. She was my wife"—his grin broadened—"and there was someone else who had this painted of her for himself, but I got it away.—Do you see the scar across my face?—My wife has been dead a great many years now, but still I will take her portrait because it will serve to freshen in my thoughts the recollection of days that I must do penance for all the rest of my life."

The translator of Lucian had got less pale than before, and he did not look comfortable; but he hesitated before relinquishing his treasure, his beautiful, sparkle-framed proof of romance in a past, giddy youth.

"Come, I will say nothing if you give it me quietly, and it would injure you in the estimation of everyone to have the truth known," insisted the door-keeper. So pressed, the other, with no good grace, surrendered the glittering toy; then clutching up the front of his habit, he hurried into the library, slamming the door so that plaster fell from the ceiling.

The door-keeper, before he stowed the prize under a belt that presumably circled his broad waist somewhere beneath many folds of white cloth, counted over, with his fingers because he could not see them in the twilight, the brilliants in the frame.

"That will bring me a jug of sweet cider at Siena," he remarked aloud. "or better still, of sour March-brewed ale."

He chose an iron key from the chains that clanked about his knees, and fitted it to the door, but afterwards he paused.

"I wonder," he muttered, "to whom the thing really belongs."

Then the turning lock grated heavily.

Anne Kidder Wilson, 1903.

THE OPEN SPACES OF THE WEST.

IT was a morning hour, the time of blank sunshine or shadow. Wherever the sun did not reach, the buildings were silhouetted sharply against the drenched grass. Every little angle, gable and tall chimney flung its black shadow, the stiffness and symmetry of the whole recalling the Noah's Ark of our childhood. The sunshine flooded all outdoors, turning the green of the grass to gold and deepening the yellow of the maple leaves. The morning sky was prodigal of sunshine, and it fell in great golden pools under the old cherry trees and maples. It flecked with gold the crinkled brownness of the maple leaves and concentrated its rays on the deep yellow ones, which lay like flawless jewels upon the duskier pile. The shallows of light over which the sunshine hung in golden notes and dissolving shafts, seemed the essence of bright morning. It was on such a day as this that the stone buildings cast a shadow upon the spirit, and the wooded hills and high fields rolling towards the west beckoned me on to the great world out-of-doors.

The air stirred lazily against my face, and it seemed as if all autumn were in its fragrance, which exhaled from the drowsy harvest fields. It was the spirit, the fine perfume of autumn, for the whole world was at the work of distillation. From every crumpled leaf it arose, from every withering weed, dried corn-stalk, and the trails of smoke from slow-burning fires of fallen leaves. Near at hand the fields were clearly golden and warm, yet over the hills, retreating towards the west, hung a bluish smoke like mist, which seemed a palpable expression of the autumn atmosphere.

It was this same old call from the world outside, which sent me into the dead morning chill of the hall with reluctant feet. The heavy door closed decisively behind me, but before my thoughts which still lingered out in the open. Once up in the class-room, my eyes went out the window to my thoughts, out to the open spaces of the west, where all the world was golden, unhurried and dreamlike, where life stirred slowly and surely as the land itself under the sun and the sky. I dwelt on its every expression—that high country, which was the home of my thoughts. Past the low,

sunny fields of autumn, all a tangle of brown, gold weeds, misty purple asters, and golden-rod, my heart went, over the hills holding the dying blazonry of autumn woods in their hollows, and on their sloping sides, far up to the hill-top field, where the sunny brown of the bare earth was face to face with the sunny blue of the heaven.

The words blurred beneath my hand, the little letters disappeared in a shaky trail, the steady rise and fall of the professor's voice became a monotony,—from a monotony, a nothingness. Then I followed the dusty white road, which I knew must be under the file of trees winding around the hill-sides. The fields lay high above the lane, half hidden from my sight by the hedge of wild cherry trees, stunted cedars and slim maples, which always follow the field edge as the last outpost of nature's realm. The asters ran in a misty blur, veiling the rusty bareness of the blackberry brambles, while in the hollows by the woodside the golden-rod was a dying fire. In the breaks of the hedge-row upon the green bank, little grey houses peeped demurely from behind wide-spreading shade trees. Small dogs ran up, softly padding through the dust of the highroad, impressing me vociferously with the rights of proprietorship. Eyes, fresh as the blue sky, peered from behind the hedges under sunburnt locks. The fields were slumbrous and heavy, now that they had given up their harvest to the hands that tilled them.—All day long I went among the drowsy fields of autumn, and the harvest was like another sun upon them. As the shadows lengthened, I grew tired. The tender green of the autumn growth of grass was yellowed in the light of the reddening west. A clear, yellow streak quivered coldly across the evening sky, and the world felt great and lonely. But not far away among the fallow fields rose a brown shingle house from golden-rod which almost triumphed over the twilight. From field tangle the prolonged songs of crickets came tremulous and vibrant through the night air, pressing insistent and dominant over the dry whirring of the lesser insects. In the soothing monotony of its rise and fall, the voiced pulsation of the world at my feet had something akin to the influence of silence itself. The sleepiness of the autumn had stolen into me, and I felt as if the day had been long. Already I fancied a warm body must fling itself against me, a tender, warm tongue must pass over my cheek. This is home, I thought, which means weariness and a welcome.—

A blackness rose before my eyes, condensed and finally took the form

of a great ink spot on the scratched desk, blinking up at me evilly. The voice came back from the distance, a great blank of paper was still to be written; but I had been in pleasant places among the western hills.

I had learned what books alone cannot teach. Dulled in the atmosphere of the class-room, my eyes had but to wander to the fields and hills towards the west, and I would grow happy again in fresh and primal feeling.

The golden light glancing from the boles of the trees on the distant hill-slope brought back to me the sweetness of the sun, warm upon cedar shingles. The undulation of high field and wooded hill, stretching from horizon to horizon, breathed to me the freedom of the open places, and brought the blue air from the mist-crowned hills against my tired forehead.

This country toward the sunset, where my thoughts ran truant, has been to me the greatest book of all. It has been a book, which ever changed with the season and the hour, and ever remained the same. Just the wide sky meeting the hill-top has stirred in me a dumb feeling, all the more exquisite since it is not to be expressed. The worn books on the library shelves whose dull covers give never a hint of the divinely reflected image of this world which lies within, have told me what is this which I feel. The great poet faces have not turned from me, who, childlike, have rudely plucked a tender blossom and clasped it stemless to my breast. However, if the time of its bloom is fleeting, it is also sweet, and this suffices for a child. When the plundered blossom has withered, which I have eagerly grasped for over the heads of the goodly harvest wheat, I shall be even in my incompleteness as one who "will lift my eyes unto the hills."

Eleanor Loder, 1905.

SPINNING SONG.

When purple twilight shadows steal,
Sing, softly sing, my spinning wheel.
When poppies nod in heavy sleep,
When moon and stars their vigil keep,
When little tired children creep
To ready slumber in their beds,
Whirr thou among the gleaming threads.

The work that God for man has planned,
Is work for sinewy heart and hand;—
To build the home, to till the land.
And great work God has given, too,
That none but women know to do.
When man brings home the flax and sheaves,
Then woman bakes, and spins, and weaves.

When purple twilight shadows steal,
Sing, softly sing, my spinning wheel.
The man now rests who worked by day,
But not the wife, she works away!
Sing, sing, my wheel, and sing, my heart,
That God gave thee the greater part.

Louise Foley, 1908.

Reprinted from *Típyn o' Bob*.

THE DESERTED SHRINE.

The little shrine that Love once built
Is now a ruin, shattered, drear,
The oil and ruddy wine are spilt,
The treasures scattered far and near.
The fire that once was kindled there
And fed with constant, tender care,
Is now a heap of ashes gray.
The priest himself is fled away.

But Love, with helpless, fettered hands,
Endeavors to rebuild the shrine,
No flame arises from the brands
And bitter are the oil and wine.
He calls on those who yesterday
Most humbly worshipped him, but they
Heed not his voice. O Love, 'tis vain!
What was may never be again.

Louise Foley, 1908.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL.

"There, mama," said a clear voice behind him, "the girl who I told you looks like an orchid."

Norton turned in time to follow the speaker's glance across intervening shoulders to a small figure, lithe as a young cat, with arch, responsive eyes. He caught them, as he moved—clear, greenish hazel, they were—and picked his way through the crowd to shake hands.

"Where's Billy to-night?" he asked; the stream made an eddy about their two selves.

"Billy is a defaulter. He is at the studio; I am to call for him." She lifted her delicate curved brows in speaking and, to express her own sense of so humorous an arrangement, deepened a dimple.

"Then who is calling for you?" Norton acquiesced in the humorous to gain time for identifying the studio.

"There should be a maid, somewhere"—hopefully.

He hesitated. "Do you mean I must find her for you?"

"Dear, no! I mean, do you want to come, too?—to the studio?"

He made a gesture of surrender.

"Please, what studio?"

The dimple came again into play; it was as out of date and as cleverly placed as the once admired *mouche*.

"Ah, Rose Lea's! Billy has taken her up. A book-binder—really, shouldn't you know her? A huge, long, black woman"—this with quick, upward runs of the extraordinary voice and a quick, upward tilt of the brown face to look into his. "If you don't mind coming down in the car with us."

In the car with them, conversation being impossible, Norton pondered the quality of the voice; in spite of its tinkling cadences there was about it something vastly more appropriate to an enormous opera singer, say, than to the little girl who was Billy's affianced, something that sounded like such words as *nard* and *cassia*.

The studio was half emptied when they two arrived—the maid having been dismissed at the door—and above all intervening objects rose Billy

Byrd's high shining head, close to a head equally high, but black, set on a fine pair of sloping shoulders. As Billy's eyes lightened with recognition, and even before he nodded, the shoulders swung around, bringing into view black and marvellous eyes, and the figure came across to take the girl's hands in hers.

"You dear! Where have you been so long?" she said, visibly struggling with an impulse to take the delicately-pointed chin in her palm and kiss the upturned face. Instead, she caressed the shoulder with palm and finger-tips, and when Norton had been presented, said on: "You wore the wonderful shawl for me to enjoy, Lieschen? Ah, you've not put scissors to it?"

"Not yet," laughed Lisa Waring. "But Billy loves it, too, you know; and I can't quite go about with one point down my back and two over my arms, as grandma did at my age. Nothing has been put to it but a needle and some ribbon."

Then for the first time Norton was aware, as the little lady passed through an inner door to lay it aside, that the Quakerish cloak she had worn, very soft and ivory white, with dove-grey bordering, dimly figured, was a marvellous old Paisley shawl.

"I gave it to her," said Billy, at his shoulder, following his thought. "Isn't it just divine?"

"I can appreciate *her*," Norton hesitated.

"Oh, she's divine, too," laughed Billy, "if you like. There's no use my telling you its precise age and its priceless quality. I found it at home—in use as a coverlid."

"Miss Lea would know more than I, wouldn't she, how you prize it?" As he spoke Norton had a recollection of eyes that burnt in their deep sockets with a reddish, smouldering glow.

"It's our cult. If I'm the prophet, she's the priestess." He turned, laughing still, to a little, red-haired, weather-beaten man with a lisp, whom Norton knew by sight, a portrait painter, Carroll Primrose. That Billy was uncommonly at home in the studio, in attitude almost hospitable toward the guests, and that he had, notwithstanding, given his shawl to Miss Waring, were facts equally obvious. "Offering it to the idol?" Norton asked himself, but doubtfully. In any aspect the two facts betrayed to a rare degree the original Virginian stock of Billy Byrd.

His father, a gentleman whose sensibilities would not permit him to live amid the ruins of a lost cause—he clung to the phrase as he had clung to the cause—retired to England upon the close of the Civil War, and in some inexplicable way prospered greatly. Billy, therefore, as his sole child, while not indecently rich, was entirely justified in cherishing shawls and taking up book-binders as prime interests in his kindly, comely and very refined career.

If her craft had brought Miss Lea distinction, Norton reflected, in looking about the place, it had scarcely brought her prosperity, and she must have submitted to the taking-up process with almost desperate thankfulness. If the great room, half workshop, with its south and west windows, its grey-green walls and dim matting, its wicker chairs and cool, green divan, was stamped with that newest æstheticism which repudiates rags and pickings, and allows only by way of ornament two Japanese prints on the walls and a single green bowl on the desk—yet, he maliciously suspected, it was because that particular kind of æstheticism is nothing like so dear as the other. The mistress' fingers had visibly itched, had hooked themselves on the rare, soft shawl.

“Do you care for this sort of thing?” said Rose Lea's voice at his ear, and Norton started aside guiltily. He was standing by the work-bench that ran along under the south windows, staring fixedly at the shining tools, disarranged by meddling hands, and the vice that held a half-finished book. Miss Lea picked up a handful of instruments, explaining their use, and illustrating, as if she, too, like Billy and like himself, were only an amateur.

Most people had gone now, and those who remained were settled in their chairs, visibly good for an hour yet. Once the inner door, which stood ajar, stirred, swung back a trifle, and out drifted a yellowish puff-ball with the face of an enchanted princess.

“Ishtar, Ishtar!” called Miss Lea, and the creature leaped on the bench and arched its small head under her hand, purring disdainfully. Norton praised and admired; he had never seen such depth of fur like down, like spun silk, encompassing a tiny tense body of yellow and grey mingled, like smoke-wreaths which the sun shines through. The purring and the stroking went on, a part of their conversation.

She had worked at binding in Paris, and then in London; she had done

her *Wanderjahr* with a bag of tools. She knew, moreover, all about laces and embroideries, and all the riff-raff of museums. As they talked he was aware increasingly how vulgar had been his apprehension of the woman, who was, in effect, so keen, so ripe, so fine.

He looked over at Billy and Miss Waring, amusing each other on the divan, and felt a different kind of wonder that Billy had given his gift to his affianced. Wasn't it enough that he was giving her himself? Little girls are good to look at—very; good, he supposed, to marry; but why waste on them white, rare Paisley shawls?

Miss Lea, following his eye, spoke frankly of Billy's kindness to her, when she immensely needed that particular sort of kindness.

"It is Billy's rôle," Norton avowed, without embarrassment; "he has even been kind to me. That was a thousand years ago, to be sure, but he's safe to keep up the habit."

It was a thousand years ago that he had first known Billy, yet once even he had been surprised. When the hour strikes, he had reflected, a man turns to the nearest girl.

She rose, ready to leave. Miss Lea stirred, saying civil things to Norton:

"Should you care to come and watch the work? You're manifestly not an artist, but I suspect you of being very literally an amateur."

"I am at heart an artisan," he answered, then in explanation: "an engineer."

"Ah, then you are, in spite of your deceptive manner, an artist. Art is like the Real Presence, all in all and all in every part."

"We're both ministrants," suggested Norton, laughing. "I in a humbler sort. I should like, if I may, to see you work."

Her smouldering eyes spoke acquiescence as she moved after Lisa Waring, who had passed into the next room. Thence came the girl's muffled voice:

"Miss Lea, please, do you remember just where? I can't find the shawl. I thought I laid it across the bed—"

The tall figure in black, the exquisite sallow-colored shoulders, disappeared through the door. "Perhaps some other—" Norton heard her say. A pause was filled with rustling sounds and dismayed murmurs—he rather wondered at the self-absorption of the groups still lingering. Miss Waring appeared in the door:

"Billy, someone's gone off with your shawl by mistake—our shawl. Isn't it too odd? Don't search any more, Miss Lea, it's visibly not there. I must wear your overcoat—you must call a cab."

"I ordered a cab, which is probably downstairs," said Billy reassuringly, while Norton reflected on his allowing the girl to arrive in a street car. Rose Lea came out, discomposed, offering wraps.

"Nonsense, dear Miss Lea, Billy will button me up in his overcoat—I've worn it before, and the night is like May." The girl departed gaily, confident that someone would return the shawl, and teasing Billy with aggressive pity. Norton went downstairs with them and watched the cab patter away through the grey, dim street; it was very late. Then he walked home thinking.

His thought bore in part on returning to the studio as early in the week as would be decent. Accordingly, he arrived there one afternoon with a single yellow tulip rolled up in tissue paper.

"Please," he said, unrolling it, "this stopped me on the block above and clamored to come, too."

The level sunlight that turned it to a cup of topaz and jade, kindled in Rose Lea's dense hair bronze and purple sparks. The smoke of cigarettes drifted up, ethereal blue, which Ishtar, on a distant book-case, paused in her never-accomplished toilet to watch with disapproving wonder. Billy and Lisa Waring, who were present and established on his arrival, carried the talk.

"Cats," said Rose Lea, "can never tell where all that blue stuff comes from."

"A dog wouldn't question, wouldn't notice," he suggested.

He felt, with some surprise, that the lost shawl was still mysteriously unaccounted for. Norton had at most times a meek pride in his discernment and in the discretion which kept discoveries to itself. He might notice, but he would never question. Shortly, however, he went over to the divan, to Lisa Waring, who was there with a huge picture-book. Billy having engaged the hostess upon a piece of female binding that he pulled from his pocket, she said, tipping her face up to look into his:

"Oh, it's gone, irremediably. When we came down this afternoon I watched for the first sight of Miss Lea—then we both exclaimed: 'It's not been found!' Even Billy was glad that hope, though it died hard, could be decently buried now."

"I think I am glad, too," he said, doubtfully.

"If you knew the relief! Billy goes heavily, as one that mourneth—that, I fear, is rather blasphemous."

Norton offered sympathy.

"You must carry that to Billy—for my part, I make it a present—to, probably, a man. So splendid a daring couldn't—" the girl paused for a word adequate. Byrd caught the spirit of her discourse and came over.

"I am at a loss," touchily he began—

"I am at no loss. I knew, when my heart stopped beating." Miss Waring laughed at the giver of the shawl, who irrelevantly answered:

"You know we were going to walk up through the park. There won't be time." Both rose.

"First, a secret. I was jealous of the old thing always. You loved it so infinitely more than any living creature. I was jealous for Ishtar—even she hadn't a show." Lisa picked Ishtar off the shelf and buried her face in the soft, warm fur. "I have no rival, at last!"

She kissed Rose Lea good-bye, standing on tip-toe—an unusual ceremony, Norton inferred.

"She was jealous," said the binder, thoughtfully, when they were alone. Then she showed him how gilding is put on.

He had meant this to be the first of many afternoons at the studio; it proved the last.

When, three years later, he was back in town, he knocked again at the studio door, and faced a stranger—a little, brisk, auburn-haired girl. Miss Lea had been gone now a long time. He made his apology and would have turned downstairs when a voice stopped him—a voice of extraordinary quality, and over the stranger's shoulder appeared a violet-colored hat and Lisa's charming face.

"At last, then, you are not in South America—you are in communication," she laughed and gave him her hands.

The little painter now in possession teased his thought a moment. At last he said:

"You were at a reception once, three years and more ago; so"—to Lisa, "were you, so was I."

"Of course," she cried. "Lisa first struck me then—she was like an orchid. Only lately I began her portrait."

She was a good child, this; after a word with Lisa in the memorable inner room, she took up hat and gloves, she set out to buy cake and late peaches for tea. Norton, aware of getting his favours through a fallacy, looked grateful out of all proportion; vaguely he was aware that Billy Byrd was married, and idly wondered if he still mourned the lost shawl. He knew that he would infinitely have preferred that Rose Lea should greet him rather than Lisa; that the finer quality inhered in the completer woman; but he spoke eagerly:

"Dear Mrs. Byrd, I thought you were abroad. I have no news, I came to beg of Miss Lea."

The face had flushed, the slow rich voice said, quaintly:

"You came, you mean, to call on Mrs. Byrd. She is abroad."

Norton darkened through all the tan of Equador.

"A thousand pardons! I took you for—" he hesitated, seeking a word, seeking his wits.

"For my friend," Lisa suggested, then with a movement toward him, an impulse holding out hands to his inward distress: "No, no, don't mind! I was jealous of the shawl, you know—I was never jealous of a woman."

His thought flung itself forward in long waves.

"Ah, she *did* covet it, then?"

"Rather," Lisa breathed, deepening the dimple. "But she owned up to Billy—she proclaimed to all the world. She's really most awfully straight." Norton fancied someone else was awfully straight, and said:

"You knew all along?"

"I felt so. That first night was fate. Ishtar—do you remember Ishtar?—had superb tastes. It fell on the floor, I fancy—Ishtar clawed it under the bed into a large round heap to slumber on. Then she was tempted—"

"And you guessed?"

"Not at first; afterwards. I felt it in the very perfume, in the soft green light of her room. I seemed to see the thing through folds of paper, through the doors of cabinets. I tempted her—oh, I was the wicked one, at bottom."

"Why didn't she then speak—?"

"To me? Because she knew I wouldn't tell. She was keen for her penance. Who wouldn't, after that, adore her?"

“So you really kept her secret?”

“One couldn’t tell, exactly, could one?” The dimple quivered, in amused wonder.

Norton reflected that sometimes little girls, even, were of a fineness of quality amounting to subtlety.

Georgiana Goddard King, 1896.

ESSAYS SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION, MAY, 1904.

Major English Critics.

[EDITORIAL NOTE: A prize was offered by Mr. and Mrs. Albion Lang, through their friend, Dr. Clarence Carroll Clark, Associate in English, for papers written in connexion with his course in Burke, Carlyle and Ruskin, as "critics of life." From among the subjects suggested by Dr. Clark, two are represented by the following essays: (1) A discussion of the relative value in religion of a definite and indefinite basis. (2) A criticism of Ruskin's praise of Scott for sanity and breadth.]

THE CATHOLIC TEMPER AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Cæsar, they are less than rust,—
The poet doth remain."

It is a strange thing, doubtless, when all is said, when the devil's advocate has been given his hearing and been answered, that men and women are born into this visible and material world, for whom, as for Mr. William Watson, Literature 'really exists.' His lines, the lines I have quoted, with their passionate echo of earlier and greater verse, their austerity, and their accent of exhaustion,—yet sincere with a certain desperate sincerity and distinction in stating categorically what, so stated, can hardly be at all generally intelligible, much less at all generally persuasive,—may remain for us in hours of fatigue or academic loneliness peculiarly comfortable and sympathetic. For an outworn time they strike us as pitched truly, and the note, if not strong, is yet clear. But twice in my life I have seen, with a sense of deeper comfort, that Literature exists in the world in more vital and human connexion, in a garb and outward seeming more Catholic and blessed, than one gathers from the testimony of minor poets and scholars, while abundantly confirming what they say. I have seen it, not as one sometimes misdoubts with the scholars, "a native of the rocks",—of an academic vocation, a vicarious

or attenuated experience—but, on the contrary, present most ‘really’ in the business and bosoms of men.

The two writers whose existence it was my happiness to see thus attested, were, as might have been expected, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott.

There lived, at one time, in my family, as housemaid, a girl from the great ship-building and milling section of Philadelphia, a city, as most of its residents who have come to it from elsewhere, and few of its natives, realise, whose daily life is instinct with profound, old-world wonder and significance, a kind, as it were, of homely ballad poetry out of its Mediaeval unconsciousness,—its labour, emotion, and power. On the cleanly cobbled streets of this section, from its monotony of low brick houses, each with its small dank garden, bronzed sailors and pallid mill girls pass to ship-yards that ring all day with blows of hammers on iron-lad hulks, intermingled with the whistles of pleasure craft and tug-boats on the River; and to factories whose gigantic blackened chimneys silhouette themselves against the tangled masts and rigging, on the sudden sky-line at the end of the street.

From this background our servant, Barbara, came to us during a closing of the factories, bringing with her, keen radiant English beauty, cheerful knowledge of men and life as she had known them, piety, vanity, curiosity, and kindness, and a morality—like Pamela’s, conventional and binding, if hardly Evangelical in tone. Above all she brought a store of songs and stories, handed down who shall say for how long. The climax of my excitement about them, and of my already bewildered curiosity, came finally when she told me, during one of my childish illnesses, the story of Portia and her Suitors, with every circumstance of Jew, Merchant, and Caskets, recounted with a vividness, volubility, a humor and delightfulness, and a sure dramatic instinct quite her own. Shakespeare’s name, of course, she had never heard, nor had she seen *The Merchant of Venice* on any down-town play-boards; she had known the story always, she said. So that, thinking since of her happy imagining of it, her sense for the unnamed, but quite perfectly suggested, warm Italian background, for Portia’s beauty, the Jew’s villainy, the magnanimity of the Merchant, the Sixteenth Century has sometimes seemed to me very close-at-hand and sensible—as it were down the turn of the street. This girl,

this Barbara, with her checkered experience, makes me think then of Green's Margaret, or of Anne Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Literature with her, however she had come by it, a thing as far as possible from the literary and the academic, belonging rather to a Humanism whose spring is in humanity itself.

The other incident belongs also to the submerged, inarticulate life of Philadelphia, to its grotesque Mediaeval survival, our New Year's Day "Mummers' Parade". Then our butchers and barbers, our Market-men and tailors,—all whose forgotten forefathers in English towns and German free-cities had once their place in the pageantry of guild-days and the Mid-Lent Carnival, spend often their one, two, or three years' savings for momentary splendour and romance—and the hope of a Councilmanic prize. Last year, when the fat fair-haired 'King Rex' of the "Fishtown On Top" Association had passed us, his crimson velvet train for twenty yards behind him borne by as many apple-cheeked blue-fisted little pages—the Middle Ages gorgeous upon earth again with amazing contrast to the high granite of the encompassing buildings, the soft grey of the asphalt, and the hard steel of the January sky,—a young woman sharing with me a soap-box and standing near me with twin babies on the City Hall plaza explained to her neighbour: "He read to me how to make it from a book called *Ivanhoe*".

Needless to say I have not met with similar evidence of the living and rejoicing influence of other English writers. I have said "as was to be expected", for in my own case, at least, a certain preparedness of the soil, the disposition to find such evidence as this conclusive, goes back, I suppose, in the last analysis, to authority. This is lurking somewhere, no doubt, as with our final religious opinions, in the artistic or literary faith we hold, so far as this partakes of religious character. One's habitual reading of Scott, like one's reading of Shakespeare, may have seemed to be from a kind of ultimate impulse; yet this even will have had somewhere its beginning at the bidding of what was at the time, authority. And one's abiding and deepening gratitude will have been fostered, however unconsciously, by authorities encountered and listened to by the way. One may recall, in this connexion, Walter Bagehot's intelligent suggestion that from candidates for an English Academy of Letters no better credentials could be demanded than to have written interest-

ingly of Shakespeare. For it is plain enough that since Shakespeare's death no better touchstone could be found for determining those among English writers who have themselves most powerfully stirred men's hearts and dominated their minds. By their sense for Shakespeare's significance our own sense has been immeasurably intensified. And of late years I am sure it has been, for many of us, much the same with Scott. We are fortunately bound to go back to the Waverley Novels with somewhat of fresh emotion and deeper scrutiny when we have been reading in recently published Letters, for example in the letters of Fitzgerald, or John Richard Green, or Matthew Arnold,—men lacking in sense neither for Life nor Literature—of the abiding satisfaction Scott afforded them. Their admiration makes one the surer that one's own deepening admiration rests on Scott's solid artistic and human worth. And probably of all the critics who have paid tribute to this double claim upon our serious and mature devotion none, in America at least, has been more influential than Ruskin. A certain class in particular of genuine if erratic lovers of art and ideas,—aesthetic doctrinaires, if I may so call them without invidious accent, (they are a natural, perhaps invaluable, product of Puritanism, like Ruskin himself.) have certainly a somewhat closer acquaintance with both Scott and Shakespeare than they would have had but for him. On the other hand, some, not of this order, have been disposed to take Ruskin more seriously,—as more generous and sensible and manly for seeing at its full value the generosity, and manliness, and good-sense of Scott,—above all, for seeing that these things “for such a being as man, in such a world as this” determine a writer's claim to be taken seriously, as both great and grave.

But Ruskin in *Sesame and Lilies*, where he places Scott next to Shakespeare for breadth and sanity of outlook and insight and expression does not go on to explain his assertion. One may be persuaded by Ruskin's authority, or one may search one's own heart for the reasons. By Ruskin himself, however, one will not be convinced if already in one's heart or experience the reasons are not to be found. To explain, then, with what for me is evidence this assertion of Ruskin's, is what I shall try to do, braced, as I have said, by the assurance that,

“I travel by the light of purer eyes,
And tread in nobler footsteps than my own.”

For Ruskin's buckling together of Scott and Shakespeare has itself a noble breadth and sanity of expression, and gets a large part of its persuasiveness from this simplicity. Ruskin's words are not labels; in using them as guides one feels safe from entanglement in meshes of verbalisms; or from being led astray by the vanities and idols of systems and schools. This one feels as especially satisfactory in the case of Shakespeare, who, though he allow of much interpretation, yet, after all, "abides our questions" with a kind of mute condemnation, freer than our freest interpretation of him. And Scott, too, has slipped the nets of most of his critics, lending himself reluctantly to pinning down under academic labels. He has been hailed by Stevenson as "out and away the King of the Romantics",—romantic used not widely but narrowly for the tribe of writers like Dumas and Stevenson himself. In the broad sense also Scott is unquestionably romantic,—the temperate mundane King of the Romantics, as Victor Hugo is their High Priest, Blake or Rousseau their Prophet, and Shelley their Martyr and Saint. But Scott, too, is abundantly realistic, in *Redgauntlet*, for example, with all comfortable home-keeping fidelity and patience, and Sergeant Dalgetty in *The Legend of Montrose*, and Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery* bore and vex you as they would do in life. Or Scott's realism becomes ideal at its tenderest and most thoughtful,—in the slight sketch of Reuben Butler, Jeanie's husband, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, till one thinks, for comparison, of Tourgénéieff, and Salomine, perhaps, in *Virgin Soil*. Then the star-crossed love of Lucy Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood, and the blind fatality of *Kenilworth* have, as much as anything in English literature, classic harmony, economy and order.

Yet with all Scott's variety one is not troubled, as with Balzac, to find an underlying unity in his writings, however much they differ in vitality, and in independent charm and interest of substance. They hang together excellently well, with a common sureness of evolution, and a certain faulty perfection of their own. And now that we have the *Journal* of Scott's last years, no discerning person really doubts, I suppose, that Scott had a soul, and the temper of the artist. One need not now stop long for the view which Scott himself was undoubtedly anxious to suggest, and which was best stated in its older form by Carlyle,—in spite of Carlyle's momentary understanding and appreciation. Scott,

according to this view, was a very 'healthy-minded' practical sort of person, whose turn for affairs took, quite by chance and at the dictates of fashion, the direction of novel writing. As I said, this view is hardly borne out by the *Journal*.

"My life", Scott writes, "though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream, spent in

'Chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancy.'

I have worn a wishing cap the power of which has been to divert present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future prospect by prospects more fair than can ever be realised. * * * Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement."

Had Scott not learned simplicity about himself, as about things in general, from his "fits of waking and strong exertion", and, from his writing, perhaps, an impersonality notable throughout the *Journal*, this statement about himself would have the less significance, since all men presumably in some degree play many parts and live in a world not, in the ordinary sense, present and real. But joined to the evidence of the thirty-three volumes that Scott had pretty constantly his favourite delight of "waking in the morning with bright ideas in his head", his essentially artistic temper is, I think, conclusively shown by the *Journal*. He had "seen the world widely and well", indulging his fancies about it, both sweet and bitter, like Shakespeare himself. And more than once the very fact that his morality is, from a certain aspect, conventional, makes one guess at a singularly unconventional perception, in point of fact,—at an irony perhaps not wholly incomparable with Shakespeare's. "What a strange scene", he writes towards the close of the *Journal*, "if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide and show us the real state of people's minds! * * * Life could not be endured were it seen in its reality."

This, of course, would be absolute pessimism (and pessimism in a sense it is undoubtedly), only that imagination, too, is a reality, and the prime reality, at that, for its possessor. Given a man with perception for the sickening waste and ennui of this unintelligible world and with no imagination, he will be an indifferentist,—a Pessimist, properly speaking.

With a little imagination in addition he will be a Liberal and will look to the future; with more, he will turn to the Past, a Conservative and Tory. The division seems to be final, categorical; I mean there is no apparent explanation,—unless Coleridge's famous, if somewhat insufficient, one be accepted that it depends somehow on Plato and Aristotle and their having been just what they were.

Scott's Toryism, however, is now so evident that it, at least, may be categorically accepted. One is surprised that it should ever have seemed questionable, yet there is of course in the conventionally happy dénouements he sometimes provides to his novels, or in the advice he gave his sons, to avoid religious enthusiasm as a thing likely to disturb family peace and discipline, a certain superficial appearance of prosaic and literal Liberalism. Evidently it was what in the thirties struck Hurrell Froude as "intolerable but affected Liberalism" and the very different underlying spirit what it was that made him think it would be paradoxical and amusing to point out Toryism as the *ethos* of the "Waverley Novels".

If Scott were essentially a man of action, not a man of imagination, it would be unnecessary to push examination deeper as to his type and class. But Toryism has its equivalent, or, rather, it is included, in a broader distinction which belongs to the imaginative life. And in connection with the life of the imagination the name and personality of Hurrell Froude suggest inevitably a name more famous and a personality more engaging and persuasive than his. The gracious eloquence of Cardinal Newman's many acknowledgments of Scott's beneficent and beautiful genius, his perception of the Catholic note in Scott's novels and in his character bring one close to the essential type, the *vraie vérité*, of Scott's mind, and the function and rôle of what he wrote:

"The general need", Newman writes in the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, "of something deeper and more attractive than what had offered itself elsewhere may be considered to have led to Scott's popularity; and by means of his popularity he re-acted on his readers, stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hope, setting before them visions which, once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas, which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles",—that is to say, for religious ends.

So much honour is done both Scott and Newman in this connexion, and the Catholic temper appears so ample in its scope, as residing equally in the Oxford theologian and Cardinal of the Roman Curia, and in the king of romantic story-tellers, that one rejoices to find Newman's analysis confirmed from a very different point of view. For all lovers of Scott are not also lovers of Newman, and "plain men" could be found, no doubt, who could not understand, much less participate in, any conjuring with Newman's name. But if George Borrow also be not much known,—it is his and our general misfortune that he has yet to come to his own,—one would yet undertake to dispose the "plain man" in his favor by the mere titles of some of the chapters from the Appendix to *The Romany Rye. Of Priestcraft, On Canting Nonsense, Pseudo-Critics*:—one is obviously far from transcendental moonshine with a man who names his chapters in this way. And in his chapters on Scotch *Gentility Nonsense*, and *Charley-Over-The-Water-ism*, he hits out, so to speak, from the shoulder,—like one of his own "gallant bruisers of England",—at the Romanising tendencies he also detects in Scott. Yet he admires Scott heartily enough; there is plenty in the Waverley Novels to appeal to the plainest man.

"He wrote", Borrow says, "splendid novels about the Stuarts, resuscitating them by the power of fine writing", "so that the whole nation, that is the reading part of it, went over the water to Charley. But going over to Charley was not enough; they must, or at least a considerable part of them, go over to Rome, too, or have a hankering to do so." And for Oxford's share in the matter he is quite agreed with Newman. "Jacobitism and Laudism, a kind of half-Popery, had at one time been very prevalent at Oxford. But both had been long consigned to oblivion there, and people at Oxford cared as little about Laud as they did about the Pretender. Both were dead and buried there, as everywhere else, till Scott called them out of their graves when the pedants at Oxford hailed both,—ay, and the Pope, too, as soon as Scott had made the old fellow fascinating." "So the respectable people, whose opinions are still sound, are, to a certain extent, right when they say that the tide of Popery which has flowed over the land has come from Oxford. It did come immediately from Oxford, but how did it get to Oxford? Why, from Scott's novels. Oh! that sermon which was the first manifestation of Oxford feeling, preached

at Oxford some time in the year '38 by a divine of a weak and confused intellect in which Popery was mixed up with Jacobitism! The present writer remembers perfectly well, on reading some extracts from it in a newspaper, exclaiming: 'Why, the simpleton has been pilfering from Walter Scott's novels!''

So that though Carlyle, one remembers, was puzzled to know "what idea, * * * what purpose, instinct or tendency worthy the name of great, Scott ever was inspired with", pretty obviously others were inspired and furthered by him to ideas, purposes, instincts, and tendencies to which "it is hard to deny the name of great". For looking about one honestly, to-day, and this in America, in our plain Middle West, for example, one has got to acknowledge that the force of the Catholic Revival has not yet spent itself and is even now sensible for the most of us, whether we be ourselves bound Romewards or have our faces set along one of the many roads which, if they do not lead to Rome, diverge at least in all directions from her.

And Scott's Catholic temper, understood with whatever degree of literalness may be sympathetic or possible, seems to me his real link with Shakespeare. For Shakespeare, in so far as he is to be for us,—not limited or 'evaluated',—but also not finally inexplicable, is himself intelligible only against a background hardly less marvelous than himself, the background, I mean, of the Roman Catholic communion—the absoluteness, the unalterable unity and universality of the whole Mediaeval ideal. Carlyle, even, Puritan as he was, could see somewhat of this possible explanation; could see, at least, in *Henry V*, for example, Shakespeare's preoccupation with "the Mediaeval practice of the body". This, however, he would set over, for constructive purposes at least in his essay, against Dante's rendering of the Mediaeval faith and soul. Yet, as belonging to this faith, one has to consider Shakespeare's handling in two of his most serious, if also most painful and perplexing, plays. I mean *Measure For Measure*, and *All's Well That Ends Well*, of ethical problems for which Puritanism has never found a solution, but which no doubt are as serious, and vital, and continuous as any of the problems of life. In these plays the whole ethical tone is Catholic absolutely,—in particular the view taken of human peccability, a thing probable, nay, certain, and not to be too grievously considered, since repentance and

penance, too, are always at hand. Similar to this view is his tolerance for faulty, gifted, tempted, human nature, in which the deficiencies of some, the Claudios and Bertrams, are actually, by a kind of heavenly balance, compensated for by the superfluous merits, the "enskied and sainted" holiness, of the Helenas and Isabellas. So that Shakespeare coming, as Carlyle says, "when Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it", is yet felt to be, "its noblest product".

But Catholicism is one of the things, of course, which Acts of Parliament can abolish as little as they could establish it. For under many names, with less or greater explicitness and influence, as one in the many pairs of contrasted forces in that tension which seems often the last possible analysis:—the centrifugal as opposed to the centripetal; flexibility by contrast with rigidity; the Greek against the Hebrew; the romantic against the classic; and, finally, the ideal against the real, it has divided the dominion of men's consciousness from the Ionian dawn of thought until to-day. Since Plato its concern has been not utility, but abstract significance; it does not look for progress; hardly sees this as possible or even desirable, (save progress of insight in the few, the philosophers); for the end and meaning of life are not here, but elsewhere.

It sees rather, as Emerson so admirably understands of Shakespeare, "the splendour of meaning that plays over the visible world, that a tree has another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads; that these things bear a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying, in all their natural history, a certain mute commentary on human life". And human life itself, perceived though it be in all its variety of the particular, will come finally to be regarded as but reflecting certain heavenly types and categories. Thus Emerson, by a kind of free-masonry, knows Hamlet as, like himself, "a pure Platonist" and finds with Shakespeare—which is another way of calling him a Catholic—that "only the magnitude of his proper genius hinders him from being classed as the most eminent of the school".

Its light,

"The light that never was on sea or land."

has yet bathed all sensible objects at some moment of mystery or emotion in its beauty,

—“making beautiful old rhyme
With praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;”

and flattering with more than Virgilian tenderness the very mountain-tops:

“Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;”

keeping also with who shall say how many inarticulate souls the typically Christian refinement of humanity,

“An exquisite regard for common things.”

Yet always a few strenuous souls, have found as opposed to the warmth and breadth and richness of Catholicism, its easy and irresponsible holding in one of quite diverse elements, an effect of æsthetic trumpery, as also a want of earnestness, discipline, character. Above all they see with alarm in the Catholic mind a natural casuistry, the refusal, namely, to take count of contradictions and to reckon up what strikes them as in reality an algebraic sum. Consider your factors that mutually cancel one another, they say to you: count your negative as well as your positive instances. Are you really left with a larger sum total than we who eliminate before we begin? What you lose in dramatic variety would you not gain in sincerity and righteousness?

This of course is the Puritan attitude. From its view-point Catholicism becomes at best but catholicity, that is to say, eclecticism, which, in turn, is another way of saying, a genteel turn, a pretty fancy, cosmopolitan indifference to moral questions, and sentimentalism in place of any serious regard to the truth.

Herein lies, of course, the objection, where objection has been made, to Scott. He amused people; he wrote for young ladies lying on sofas, for school-boys, and for respectable gentlemen to read in easy chairs by lamplight after the business of the day. The implication is that Scott was wanting in artistic self-respect. That this implication existed Scott realised, and though he tried to remove it, once at least, in the anonymous Introduction to *The Fortunes of Nigel*, his manner of setting about it he thought afterwards somewhat “hoity-toity, whisky-frisky, rather pert

in short, and such as the Author in his avowed character would have considered as departing from the rules of civility and good taste”.

“No one”, he says, “shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it. I write for general amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defense of my own errors against the voice of the public.”

This, of course, is not an ingenuous expression, neither is the point of view ingenuous. It is, even now, almost ‘intolerable’ as Hurrell Froude found Scott’s affected Liberalism sixty years ago. Yet has it not, after all, its meritorious aspect as a certain phase of the Aristotelian ‘benevolence’? In Shakespeare at least we are none of us Puritanic enough not to find it a transcendent benevolence, and his cheerfulness really divine.

And it is singular enough, as it is also profoundly disappointing, that Tolstói, who had originality—in *War and Peace* for example—so large a measure of this noble cheerfulness, has come in his late Puritanic years, absolutely to misunderstand the ‘benevolence’ of Shakespeare. The universality, the tolerance, and lack of definite edifying intention, has become for him, unpardonable levity, and catholicity, with the invidious accent, characteristic of Shakespeare too. Yet, obviously, the one chance of the Puritan type in Art, is for the Catholic mind to see how fine a thing, aesthetically, and in the abstract, morally, with all its limitations, it is capable of being at its best. For artistic justice to the doctrinaires like Brutus and Jeanie Deans we have to thank the Catholics to whom alone the sense of fact is not final, its presence or absence not, as in actual life, the final and all-important thing. For to the Catholic, indeed, effectualness itself counts for little by comparison with the ideal and absolute meaning, implicit or expressed. This reverence for significance is properly rendered only by form, by eloquence or poetry,—what precisely a foreigner, if he is to appreciate it, must appreciate by an act of faith. Otherwise he will be unable to see that the Catholic too has his sense of degrees in the moral order, which, however, he expresses not by absolute condemnation of the morally inferior, but chiefly by heightened intensity and excitement in the presence of the morally ideal. Herein is the great advantage to the Catholic of poetry over prose as

the vehicle of expression; or, rather, I should say that the form *will* be poetry or prose in proportion to the natural insight for the ideal and the capacity for excitement by it when perceived.

The essential difference between Catholicism and catholicity is, then, a difference in this capacity; it is the difference between Scott and Shakespeare showing itself in their writing as the difference between poetry and prose.

Yet Scott had originally of the double endowment of the poet,—Wordsworth's

“Vision and the faculty divine,”

that is, insight and the capacity for poetic expression, the second rather more than the first, which is very much the rarer of the two. “Proud Maisie's in the Wood”, and “Adieu for ever more, my love”, are hardly inferior for concentration, pathos, simplicity, and sweetness, to any but the greatest of Shakespeare's songs.

But Scott's work, of course, is not in the main poetical. His poetic vision proved unequal to his poetic faculty, and he was forced to write mainly in prose. But this immense actual difference in intensity and poignancy, in catching and rendering the ideal, does but emphasise the potential likeness between Shakespeare and Scott. The difference it is impossible for me to find ideal and essential: it is rather the result of circumstances. I mean that crucial experience came to Shakespeare, as it did not come to Scott, midway in his artistic career. On whatever theory we hold of the Sonnets, their date, purpose, and their character, whether literal or conventional, they yet witness to some powerful sense, sudden or gradual with Shakespeare, of the transitoriness of human things, and to a merciful saving revelation of discrepancy between the ideal and the real.

And Scott, too, was “man enough” not altogether to have missed this experience, an experience which alone rendering possible the choice of the things which are more excellent, is perhaps the highest human privilege, and at once the gift and the giver of the ultimate spiritual rank. Some glimpse of it came to Scott early, and is responsible for what there is in his work from the beginning of the divinely ironic and paradoxical vision,—his humor, his perfect delicacy and refinement, his chivalric silence, especially in his treatment of love. But success came

to him also after this early revelation, and no doubt in some measure it blinded him even about his own gifts and intentions. One questions if in writing *The Talisman* after *Ivanhoe* Scott quite appreciated the exquisitely ironical poetry—like a quieter bit of *Don Quixote*—which redeems, nay, transfigures, the somewhat rococo “properties” and plot of the earlier romance.

It was success, however, and Abbotsford in its wake, which was finally, at the end of Scott’s life, to bring the full and illuminating experience,—too late again to quicken his imagination to absolute sincerity of poetic expression, but in time to give us *St. Roman’s Well* and the *Journal*, in which the tragic irony is Shakespearean in everything but poetic form.

Circumstances, however, so influential as to cut short half-way the development of natural type have themselves to be considered: for much may be held to depend on native impressionability in the final effect of circumstance. Environment may act positively, of course, in one of two directions. A common wave of thought may carry a man rejoicingly with it, or it may stimulate him to vigorous resistance. Again, the general tendencies may be so little emphasised and potent as to leave a man pretty nearly where he was,—determined in whatever constitution belongs to him by heredity, “an earlier custom” as Pascal appreciated that heredity is, for the most part,—the environment, so to speak, of one’s ancestors.

This last was obviously the case with Scott. He was, as Renan would have said, a reactionary. The Catholic temper in him, was, as it were, atavistic; he was separated by at least two centuries from a powerful wave of Catholic ideas and feeling,—a ‘use and wont’ understanding of them. It is true he reacted in the end on his own generation, and he was not alone in having his eyes set towards a Catholic and Mediæval past. But the fashionable romanticism of the day was in origin much less sincere and vital than his. His companions of the Caledonian Hunt, the friends like “Monk” Lewis who sought his help in Wonder Books and anthologies of Border Minstrelsy took the Middle Ages much more as a diverting or scholarly fad than Scott himself was every guilty of taking them. The influence exercised over him at all times by his name, amounting to something like auto-suggestion, could probably not be exaggerated.

And during his long residence in the country at his grandfather's during his childhood, on account of his lameness, they were genuine Catholic survivals that he met with in the ballads and folk-lore of the Border. From his boyish reading, moreover, of Mediæval history and romance the impressions he received were just and serious. They were not, however, first hand impressions, and the vogue of a shallower Mediævalism joined to the fact that Mediævalism is, on any terms, reactionary, made Scott less serious both as man and writer than he might have been under other circumstances,—than misfortune made him in the end.

Because I have spoken of misfortune in connexion with both Scott and Shakespeare, however, as the means by which both came, in the end, to entire sincerity, I do not mean that this misfortune acted, with either, in a manner to cause, in any just sense, conversion or rebirth. Their Catholic quality is in nothing better illustrated than in the failure of this to follow from poignant experience. The artistic consequences were not, and could not have been, what they have with Tolstoï. Deepening, not annihilation, of irony was the typical and inevitable result. If one were to look for a modern parallel it might be found much better in Tourgénéïeff,—in the tenderer and more passionate irony of *Smoke* and *Virgin Soil*, written after great suffering, than had mixed with the idyllic gentleness of *On the Eve*, or the almost intolerable intelligence of *Fathers and Sons*. Whereas with Tolstoï, of course, the creative springs have been dried up, or poisoned with didacticism; the artist in him had been killed by the Puritan before the writing of *Resurrection* and the treatise on Art.

I have already mentioned Tolstoï's irritation at Shakespeare's levity. I return to it now because Tolstoï's doctrine is the logical finish of all consciously ethicalising criticism. His doctrine differs only in explicitness and logical integrity from what is theoretic and dogmatic in Ruskin's opinions of Literature and Art. For after Ruskin, in *Sesame and Lilies*, for example, has asserted, by no means with dogmatic accent or intention, his profound experience of the breadth and sanity of Scott, and Scott's nearness, through that breadth and sanity, to Shakespeare, he proceeded with his own curious genius for 'making the worse appear the better reason': to cut all logical ground for his assertion from under his feet. Not the incontrovertible fact of his own experience,—his impression that

Scott, like Shakespeare, with all his cheerfulness, is great and grave,—not sincerity and fidelity to experience, but, at best, the desire to be edifying, dictate such reasons as he gives. Therein, rather than in any want of genius, is perhaps the inherent inferiority of Ruskin's criticism. Reality, with all its fine ardour for truth,—or by virtue, even, of its ardour, it is very apt to miss in the end. It may banish the very beauty and ideal significance of its own activities, as it would rule out of Art the Puritan and the doctrinaire, who, practically considered, is socially disruptive enough. Brutus and The Master of Ravenswood, for example, would be, perhaps, among the first ruled out.

But indeed, if one is as Catholic, as instinctively Platonic, as Ruskin, one instinctively recoils from anything like the real and ingenuous logic of the position assumed. Plato himself seems to have suffered from the rigidity and ennui of his own Republic. How much more must any Platonist suffer from the monotony of any other Utopia that has since been, with insufficient imagination, thought out! Thanks, however, above all to Plato, but also to the Catholics of all ages, we need concern ourselves with Utopias no more. For the Utopian dreamers have shown us, and Ruskin not least among them, by their exquisite and thrilling intensity of utterance, in what sense the Kingdom is within us,—in Art, as in the Visible Church. And now, when for our happiness and blessing the poet comes among us, we have learned from them to “set a garland of wool”—a crown of wild olive—on his head and to hail him as indeed “a sweet and holy and wonderful being”. We should have listened to singularly little purpose if we then go on, like the citizens of the Republic, to lead the poet “to the gate and send him straightway to another town”.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, 1904.

DOCTRINAL DEGENERATION.

With not a little misgiving do I attempt to put in order some thoughts on the value of permanent authority in matters of religion, on the claims of dogma and doctrinal theology. I am fully aware of my especial temerity, not having forgotten Ruskin's warning that theology is

a perilous science for women. I shall endeavor, however, if possible, to keep my discussion clear of finely drawn doctrinal distinctions, lest, involved in dangerous subtilities, I lose completely all commendable accuracy and precision of thought.

I hope to keep somewhat exclusively to the intellectual aspect of the question, sacrificing all the color of the emotional element except in so far as it may directly affect intellectual conceptions. My concern will thus be chiefly with the dogma, and its ramifications into doctrine. Before proceeding further, therefore, I might with profit attempt to define what I mean by dogma. I conceive it to be a statement or set of statements with objective reference, adherence to which as final truth is required of the believer; the "ultimate appeal is not to reason but to authority", that of Scripture in the Protestant church, and of Scripture and tradition combined in the Church of Rome. In its content it is apt to be an attempt to give a more or less precise and detailed account of our faith in God and in the divine nature of the universe. Its purpose is to give a definite and static basis to religious faith, that the followers after righteousness need be no longer, in matters of creed, "as children tossed to and fro, carried about with every wind of doctrine". Such an attempt is, I believe, opposed to the inherently dynamic nature of truth.

But before taking up this objection, I should like first to consider another aspect of the question. The dogmatic process involves necessarily division along sectarian lines, for since the time of Paul when his entreaty to the Corinthians, "that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no division among you, but that you be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment," proved a futile appeal, men have by very diversity of temperament shown themselves unable to follow after the same things. The attack made on dogma because of this tendency to engender sectarianism I cannot feel justified in upholding, and perhaps I might here turn aside at the outset to attempt to repudiate it, trusting that the apparent digression may be condoned as a farsighted protection against the charge of having neglected to direct any attack against what is frequently considered the most vulnerable point in dogma. It is at least more courteous to begin a quarrel with a reputable opponent by an acknowledgment of his merits, and the courtesy may, in the end, as is the way with bread cast upon the waters, redound to my own ad-

vantage, by warding off from my negative criticism any charge of the perversity and exaggeration of hostile irritation.

The attitude toward sectarianism to which I refer is well illustrated by a foot note I came across recently in John Stuart Mill, concerning Bentham's use of the term utilitarianism :

“After using it as a designation for several years, he and others abandoned it, from a growing dislike to anything resembling a badge or watchword of sectarian distinction.”

With the tendency of youth to regard all questionable trends of thought as an equivocal and overstrained effort of the spirit of modernity, I had been labelling as such an exerescence the deplorable denial of the cleavage, more or less plainly marked, among men along religious lines. I had considered it a negation peculiar to the immediate present, to be carried over, perhaps, by persistence in error into the future, but having nothing to do with a period even so recent as that of John Stuart Mill. To read then this recognition of his own position in discounting labels even when quite philosophic brought me to a perception of the more fundamental character of this trait.

Even passing over the necessity of such sectarian dissention from the natural variability of human nature, and therefore its probable rationality, it can I think be defended on the plea of practical and actual advantages. It is an undoubted fact of experience that devotion to religion is increased when it is accepted under a form peculiar to the believer, and to some others in more closely sympathetic relation with him than is the rest of mankind,—augmented not only through the questionable intensity born of antagonism, but also by a more legitimate deepening of interest. It is natural that it should be so. We might compare, and from the similarity of the two cases the comparison will have the force of proof—this warmth of attachment engendered by the clan feeling of a sect, to the peculiar intensity of family affection. Surely we think that added vitality is given to a man's general attitude to mankind by great family devotion or even by a passion confined to a single individual. It has become proverbial that a lover looks more kindly on all the world beside. Does it not seem plausible that the general cause of religion should be upheld with greater zeal because of the heightened enthusiasm, for which the concentration of partisanship seems to be necessary ?

It has been held, at times, that the sectarian spirit makes against objective religious truth, which, it is conceived, can only be attained when the efforts of all mankind converge along common lines, and which can but be hindered by divergent pursuit, however zealous, along sectarian by-paths at the end of which stands some eccentric idol. Such, however, is surely not the fate of distributed endeavor. I picture Truth rather, as a Platonic Idea which takes up into itself all the significance in the particular aspects that bear its name, and which though transcending all, is yet illumined by each. Truth holds the place, it seems to me, of the pyramid of Aesychis to which Ruskin refers, on which according to Herodotus stood the following inscription :

“Despise me not in comparing me with the pyramids of stone, for I have the pre-eminence over them as far as Jupiter has pre-eminence over the gods. For striking with staves into the pool, men gathered the clay which fastened itself to the staff, and kneaded bricks out of it, and so made me.”

Homely are the separate bricks, perhaps, of trivial work in all seeming, yet the pyramid built up from them towers above the more pretentious edifices that boast of having been hewn with mighty effort out of the solid rock.

But, to pass beyond this rather negative defence of the phenomenon of dogma that embodies itself in dissenting churches, let us look at its more positive advantages within any one of these churches to which its adherents look as the conservator and depository of the Truth. The spell that such an institution throws over the imagination is but dimly shadowed forth in any words that, humbly aware of their inadequacy, have attempted to describe its charm. Cardinal Newman has done most justice to the theme; in “Gain and Loss” Willis pleading with Bateman puts it thus :

“I declare to me * * * nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the mass said as it is among us. I could attend masses forever and not be tired. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. * * * And, as Moses on the water, so we too, ‘make haste and bow our heads to the earth and worship.’ So we all around, each in his place,

look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water'." Surely Mr. William James' saving formula of the "will to believe" is but a cold and abstract injunction compared with the impressive, nay, the commanding force of this magnificence and pomp, of these thousands of throbbing hearts fervently united in common prayer. The persuasion, too, of the wealth of art and literature closed within the pale of the Roman Church claims response from the whole strength of one's æsthetic nature. We have seen a striking instance in the power of this appeal in the temperament of Walter Pater, as self-portrayed in the character of Marius. He felt the religious claim, through "his old native susceptibility to the spirit, the special sympathies of places,—above all to any hieratic or religious significance, they might have",—the quiet and peculiar beauty that a place acquires through long consecration to holy uses. To Marius, too, when the "*anima naturaliter Christiana*" came at last, in outward ceremony at least, within the fold, the appeal was not only that of the beauty of holy places and of holy things, but the still stronger persuasion of common worship; the old cry of Ruth to Naomi has not been silent through the ages: "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

But we may seem to have wandered far from the intellectual significance of dogma. We promised, however, to touch upon the emotional element in so far as it affected our intellectual convictions, and it is in just such instances as we have been citing that emotion has, we think, thwarted intellectual sincerity. Does it not seem probable that the very characteristics that make an authoritative church a good conservator of dogma, the very qualities that make it praiseworthy incentive to piety and religious fervor—the emotional appeal with which it can supplement argumentative force—may perhaps make most for obscuring truth? In the instances given we can hardly hesitate to decide that the hearts and imaginations of the devotees were entangled while their reason rested quiescent. They accepted the dogma, of which magnificent ritual was in its origin but the outward husk, on the emotional persuasiveness of the ceremonial and of its associated elements of common worship in consecrated sanctuaries. Intellectual phrasing was, to be sure, in the case of Newman, far from lacking, but do we not feel that it was a method of defence, of "apologia" after the deed, rather than the preliminary prepa-

ration,—a thought process indulged in as giving, perhaps, a superadded grace to the action. As Hutton puts it, it is a proceeding that attempts to “distill theory out of institutions.” May we not, perhaps, even go so far as to agree with Martineau that such systems “have too often the appearance of being constructed on purpose as a refuge from doubts they dare not face”, and assent, in considering Newman’s pathetic faith, that the “deepest form of scepticism is seen in the mind which is in haste to believe”.

We should like now to turn from this attempt to show that the very good qualities of the authoritative basis pass over readily into its defects, to a consideration of the origin and evolution of dogma, from which it will I think be apparent that the defects are due to weaknesses, inherent in the dogmatic process. Going back to the beginning of any faith, that of Mohammedanism or that of Christianity, we find that it came from its founder as a call to spiritual enthusiasts to follow after some higher ideal of life. Then, though on its intellectual side but vaguely formulated, we find it commanding in its claims on the moral nature, and inspiring in the loftiness, rather mystical, perhaps, of its religious feeling. Such a religion tends to degenerate as it hardens into doctrine. As the circle of believers in the simple faith we have indicated widens, there is naturally a demand that the articles of their religion be more definitely formulated, and that the formulation be such as to serve as a readily apprehensible sign of their brotherhood, a more tangible badge of distinction from the rest of the world, a password more communicable than the more spiritual and thus more evanescent insignia that marked their faith’s humble beginnings. Formulæ are dangerous wares; removed from the source of their inspiration, torn asunder by controversial discussion and patched together again not a little marred, assuming more and more the intellectual garb of exegesis and of promulgation, they must needs look forth at the descendants of the old believers under an unmistakably materialistic aspect,—“hard” facts to be assented to for the sake of salvation. Busied with the press of current interests, blinded by the claim of “ancient consent”, they somewhat passively accept the dogma that has evolved, and is now offered to them. But few tremble and take heed to the Old Testament injunction:

“Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the

Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.”

In the dogma they have received they think to find the saving grace promised by the founder of their sect, unaware that “metaphors have been translated unto formulas, and paradoxes intelligible to emotion have been thrust upon the acceptance of the reason”.

In the transmutation of the teachings of Jesus we have, I think, an illustration of this natural tendency toward dogmatic degeneration. Matthew Arnold has put this very clearly:

“The central aim of Jesus was”, he says, “to transform for every religious soul the popular Messianic ideal of the time, the ideal of the happiness and salvation of the Jewish people; to disengage religion from the materialism of the Book of Daniel. Fifty years had not gone by after his death when the Apococalypse replunged religion in this materialism, where, indeed, it was from the first manifest that replunged by the followers of Jesus, religion must be.”

This hardening into materialism is due, then, to the tendency of a church to get its faith into such clear cut shape that it may be easy of transmission, assured in its promises, and formulated with sufficient logic to withstand hostile criticism. Hence, as I have said, its disciples are furnished with statements unmistakable in their assertions, and concrete in their promises, for the kind of certitude required can only be fulfilled by “hard” facts. There follows, and in part accompanies, this period of formulation a demand for extensive propaganda which also makes for materialism in doctrine. The church thus just evolving sets forth necessarily on an evangelistic career, and the consequent popularization of its doctrines is a force that makes for materialistic interpretation. We can readily instance two doctrines of the philosophic type that, unassisted by religious fanaticism, have popularized from lofty ideals of life into materialistic maxims. The passion for virtue spreading beyond the immediate followers of Zeno became finally the practice of physical asceticism. The Epicurean doctrine of happiness as the highest good,—a happiness to be secured by a virtuous and simple life, became a deification of grossly physical pleasure.

Returning now to the dogma, religious in its origin and in its development, we shall note a third possibility of degeneration. The church

entrusted with the propaganda of the creed surrounds itself gradually with an imposing array of observances and ritualistic ceremonies, intended at their inauguration to symbolize definite articles of belief or certain elements in its religious feeling. But with no desire to detract from their very real sustaining value, it must be acknowledged that it is much easier to perform rites than to live an upright life; and there is a tendency for weak human nature, in seeking refuge from its inadequacy, to cast the whole burden of sanctity upon ceremonial observances. The Pharisee by his rigid external conformity was justified in his own eyes and in the eyes of men, while the Publican stood in the outer porch, and hardly dared lift up his eyes unto the Lord. As Tolstoi has pointed out, it is to the advantage of the clergy to enhance the value of these external things, for thus is their own importance augmented. We need but mention the strained significance given to phylacteries and the borders of garments by the ancient Hebrews, and the more flagrant abuses in the Roman Church and priesthood prior to the Reformation, when, despite the tenor of his life, a man might deem his soul saved by a commercial transaction. The church had usurped individual responsibility, and its adherents were released from all but a merely formal duty. Passivity is even, at times, openly inculcated and the whole process of salvation tends to be restricted to the saving grace of the dogmatic formula, and its ritualistic expression:

“Happily we were not required to stir a finger; rather, we were forbidden to attempt it. An antidote had been provided for our sins, and a substitute for our obedience. Everything had been done for us. We had but to lay hold of the perfect righteousness which had been fulfilled in our behalf. We had but to put on the vesture provided for our wearing, and our safety was assured.”

That all the virtue which was in a faith in its beginning departs when it comes under doctrinal tendencies, I should not be willing to assert. Nor would I maintain that its disciples need lack real religious piety. But yet I cannot but feel that it passes over more and more into a mere body of professed opinion though illumined, doubtless, with a flush of religious light that lingers on its horizon,—an aftermath, as it were, of its divine sunrise. To this delaying glory is added the power of “ancient consent”, the austere command of a mighty church, the

charm of music, of light, perhaps the perfume of incense, and the gentle persuasion of kindly brotherhood in the united worship of a common father, till the spirit is taken a willing captive, and the reason is smothered under an emotion of awe and reverence and heartfelt piety. Truly much has been done to enchain the spirit that "bloweth where it listeth." Though such submission may have in it the beauty of pious prostration, yet does it not rather hint at abuse of the soul's religious feelings,—a calling upon idols that in response can only echo back the cries of the suppliant! Thus we feel that dogma in maintaining its claim of static persistence tends to consecrate the symbol beneath which there no longer lies a substance. Hutton, whose sympathetic understanding of religious matters gives him undisputed claim to speak as with authority, has put this very forcibly:

"Theological creeds seldom escape the fate of 'holy places'. The more sacred is the presence which has departed or is departing from them, the more keenly do the occupants feel, and the more reluctant are they to express, the sense of vacancy which steals over them. And the greater the flow of trust with which they formerly held possession of their post, the more sullenly do they fortify the empty sepulchres, the more passionately do they dispute the line of the deserted walls."

There recurs with persistent iteration the words of Christ: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Nor do we care to suppress the testimony of the beautiful lives that have been lived within just such churches as we have attempted to outline. Yet we cannot but believe that their motive power was the moral persuasion, and the evanescent spiritual inspiration to which we have referred rather than the dogmatic assertion, though it served for external purposes at least as their apparent watchword. Nor can we be content to accept, without protest, the chaff with the wheat. At the beginning we stated that our chief concern was to be with the intellectual aspect, and it is just the intellect that here suffers. Moral maxims, spiritual feeling are not prohibited from advancing, but as intellectual contribution there is put forth a permanent assertion, a statement of "the Truth", to be conserved and interpreted only, not in itself developed. We said that moral and spiritual advance was at least not prohibited, but this, too, by inevitable infection must needs suffer from the intellectual stagnation. Our last great philosophic thinker,

Hegel, has propounded the essentially dynamic character of thought, and Spinoza has insisted that truth must be viewed "sub specie Aeternitatis". Yet with stubborn persistency, in the element of intellectual assertion in our religious systems, we attempt to enforce a static form, forgetful of the emblematic bricks, moulded and laid by individual effort, in the pyramid of Asyehis. We can but mention the deleterious effect that the passive attitude involved in this has on our general intellectual activity. As Mr. Henry James put it in one of the earlier novels, "It's the dull acceptance, the absence of reflection, the impenetrable density."

In concluding might I offer a definition of religion that makes possible a changing, an advancing intellectual basis. I give that proposed by Froude: "Religion is or ought to be the consecration of the whole man, of his heart, his conduct, his knowledge and his mind, of the highest faculties which have been given in trust to him, and the highest acquirements which he has attained for himself." Has not the same thought been better put in the familiar words of an earlier and greater teacher:

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Edna Aston Shearer, 1904.

In Memoriam.

Died, in Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, February first, Mary Helen Ritchie, A. B., 1896, A. M., 1897, Ph. D., 1902, Bryn Mawr College; Graduate scholar in Greek and Latin, 1896-97; Graduate student in Greek and Latin, 1897-98, and Fellow in Latin, 1898-99; Secretary of Bryn Mawr College, 1899-00 to 1903-04.

Mary Ritchie was Editor-in-chief of THE LANTERN, 1894-95, 1895-96.

COLLEGE THEMES.

"Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best; . . . not to imitate servilely . . . but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour; make our *imitation sweet*."—BEN JONSON: *Discoveries*.

THEOCRITUS XXIII, 27-32.

Fair is the rose, but time steals its delicate petals.

Violets are fair in the Spring, but soon they are withered.

White is the lily, but fadeth as soon as it falleth.

Snow is all white, but as soon as we touch it, it melteth.

Bright is the beauty of children, but swiftly it passes.

Margaret Franklin, 1908.

—

A PORTRAIT.

It is, I have thought, because of a peculiar tone of consistency inherited from my own Puritan ancestors, that the noblest element in the Puritan character has always seemed to me its stern consistency. It comes as a strange witness to the hidden possibilities of things that I am obliged to attribute the inconsistency of a friend of mine to her Puritanic origin and early environment. She is at once the least possible rebellious, and the most eager for the radical application of ideas, and the contrast as it appears when one compares various periods of her

life, is at first perplexing. She has seemed a quietist, a *doctrinaire*, and a little of a fanatic. She has been able to support for several years an existence especially conventional and circumscribed, with all the appearance of content and happiness. She herself says that she is most "humiliatingly rational and adaptable", yet her mind has been constantly filled with theories of life that show anything but a passive temper at bottom. "The greatest part of what we say or do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away, he will have more leisure, and less uneasiness, might have been the expression of her constant thought; and when later she comes to a time when she could choose between the conventional life that she had known and one in a remote village, she chose "the desert," as her friends put it. She said that down there she should get away from the haunting sense of the unreality in most of life's paraphernalia. She should atone for her existence for the first time in her life, by doing everything necessary to it herself, which, it seemed to her, was the only duty in the world one could be sure of. Then she should begin at last to set

about some of the things that she wanted to do, that had been accumulating so far, all her life. "I am going to see," she said to me, "if we aren't able sometimes to plant in the garden of Time ourselves instead of taking always what seed the winds send us. I can't say much of my life so far, except that it has 'passed into many yesterdays.'"

It was she herself who, when I first spoke of her great inconsistency of temperament, attributed it to her Puritan ancestry. And I have come to see in her the full development from the Puritan character; the inheritance at once from the religious content, and from the stern transmittance of theory to action.

Hope Emily Allen, 1905.

OCTOBER.

She gleaneth as she passeth on her way
 Along the river brink, the remnants small
 Of summer-wearied flowers, no longer gay,
 While from her hands pale aster flakes let fall
 A flower cloud. Long grasses, gray and white,
 Sway gently as she softly glideth by.
 O'erhead a cloud of clustering birds take fright
 Above the marsh, where bending rushes sigh.
 Across her shoulder points a glowing spear
 Of golden-rod. It glints the tawny hair

That curls upon her neck. A lonely tear
 Shines in her sombre eye. Whilst everywhere
 The rustling leaves her phantom foot-steps press,
 As down the path her form grows less and less.

Caroline N. E. Morrow, 1905.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

He passed the open door and stopped as he saw his wife, a scarlet-clad figure, contemplative before her mirror. He could see her face clearly in the glass. Her long eyebrows were black arches of self-inquiry. Her head was thrown backward, as she looked at herself critically between drooped lids, and the attitude tilted her nose, sharpening its delicate irregularity, and pronouncing its three-cornered nostrils. To him she had the suggestion of a high-spirited horse. He saw the sensitive oval of her chin, where the light caught it, and the curved, thin-lipped perfection of her mouth.

There was, however, something new in her. When he had seen her here before, she had worn an upcurving smile of self-satisfaction. To-night, her face gave the reflection of an insecurity within. She had, moreover, though to him it was intangible, a trace of artificiality about her. It struck him that her hair was different. She had always worn it daringly brushed straight back; now it was a brown mystery of puffs and ripples. While he watched her, she took the cover off a box beside her; then one

slender, pink-nailed hand went to her mouth. When she took it away her lips were very red. He felt that he had never seen her more beautiful, more vivid; and yet he did not like to think of the paint. He had a strong feeling that this scarlet-clad, artificial beauty was out of place in the day that had brought him many congratulations, and a grandson. He would have preferred the shiver of black silk, the perfume of lavender.

"Grandmother," he said, tactlessly, 'are you coming with me to see the baby?'"

She turned with evident irritation. Her eyebrows were a bar of black over the gleaming eye beneath, and her teeth bit the scarlet line of her lips.

"I am going to keep young for to-night," she said, in a quick, tense voice; "to-morrow is time enough for wrinkles and grandchildren."

Margaret Emerson Bailey, 1907.

DELLING.

"Tell me," said little Frigga, 'who is it that awakens the earth in the morning?'"

"That is the task of Delling," replied the skald. "Each morning before the first glimmer of day spreads over the landscape, Delling's horse stands neighing for him. He swings himself into the saddle, and with the first prick of the spurs, his horse leaps forward, and without caring for gate or gate-keeper, they bound over the walls of Asgard out into the soft earth. Over fields and down hill they fly, springing, plunging. Delling rises and falls

in his stirrups, and blows his horn. The air shrills in his ears, and flattens his doublet against his chest. The dew flies from the sleeping grass. The quail scatter before them, and some are grazed by the horse's hoofs. Each thing as he passes hears the sound of his horn and awakes. Soon he comes to the forest, where the trees grow thickly together, and the wet branches slap against his cheeks as he bends beneath them. But when he reaches the frozen hand of Jutenheim he turns his horse's head back, for he durst go no further. Then just as the first rays are gilding the high roofs of Asgard, he rides in through the gates, and blows his horn once more to awaken the gods from slothful sleep. His horse returns to his stall, and Delling's task is over."

Gladys Winthrop Chandler, 1906.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

Lib. I, Ode IV.

Before the gladsome spring and gentle breeze

The winter, wraithlike, vanishes away;
And ships, beached high for many a weary day,

Now sweep once more across the freshening seas.

The herd no longer huddles in the stall,
Nor does the ploughman in the fire delight;

The meadow grass has cast aside its pall

Of ghostly hoarfrost, glittering and white.

Now in the moonlight Venus leads her band

Of nymphs and comely graces, hand in hand;

Earth shakes beneath their dance's
 rhythmic beat,
 While Vulcan tends his forges' glow-
 ing heat.
 Now deck with myrtle green your
 shining hair,
 Or any other flow'r the earth may
 bear;
 Now sacrifice to Fannus 'mong the
 trees
 A lamb, or kid if that should better
 please.
 To kings and slaves death comes im-
 partially,
 And time forbids, O Sestius, that we
 Should dwell on distant hopes. Now
 pressing near,
 Come night and shades and Pluto's
 kingdom drear;
 There you will not be crowned the
 lord of wine,
 Nor there the tender Lycidas admire,
 For whom the ardent youths and
 maidens pine,
 Their hearts inflamed with love's con-
 suming fire.

Louise Foley, 1908.

—Reprinted from *Tipyn o' Bob*.

LOLLYPOPS.

Lollypops brings a picture of a chubby, brown, pig-tailed girl, a green picket fence, and a small boy by name of Chester. The fence is always high, ever so much higher than the girl's fat little arms will stretch—high, perhaps, as the trees in the orchard, or as the house where the little girl lives, or the house, next door, of Chester. The boy always wears a pink shirt with a ruffled collar, which is, somehow, never too fresh or clean to be interesting;

and there are grimy streaks about his mouth. Chester is the most delightful and enchanting person in the world: perhaps in the fact that the girl's mother has forbidden her to play with him, there lies a certain fascination: perhaps, again, the attraction is explained by the chance of Chester's appearing, any moment, with a huge slice of bread, spread thick with butter and then with sugar, till the yellow is quite hidden; and of her probably coming in for a share in this dainty. She never is given bread and sugar at home.

Chester may not come into her own garden to play, nor—and this is hard to understand—may she go to his house. That is why the picket fence is in the picture. The girl is kneeling in the grass on her side of it, watching with eager eyes a row of white teeth on the other side, cut into the sugary slice; and in the meanwhile preparing her own palate against the moment when a slim brown hand will come poking between the pickets to proffer her—as any gentleman should—the second chance at the fascinating delicacy. Chester's bread and sugar hour is something to look forward to all the morning. Somehow she never will know why little girls don't have bread and sugar hours at their houses.

One day Chester's father gives him a lemon lollypop, and he brings it to the fence. Far surpassing any dream of sugar-cruled bread, she finds this knob of barley candy, perched on top of a stick of wood. The process this morning is deliciously extended, and never more satisfactory;—Chester sucks at the ball long and luxuriously, licks around it with his tongue, and

passes it through the fence to her; she sucks long and blissfully, licks around it with her tongue, and passes it through the fence to Chester; back it comes; back it goes; back and forth, and back. It would be nice to live in Chester's house.

Emily Louise Blodgett, 1905.

CONFIRMATION TIME.

In May time, when the pear trees blossom about the Cathedral, there is a second blossoming of little, white, human flowers. Like petals they come, blown hither from every street in all directions. Hurrying, expectantly, they approach, their skirts ruffling in the wind, their veils folded neatly over one arm. One or two figures collect about the grilled gate at the side of the Cathedral, very conscious of starched frocks and new slippers. More appear and then more, till, in a short time, the whole narrow street, from the great wall of the churchyard across to the steps of the brick house opposite, and almost down to the next corner, is filled with this fluttering, moving whiteness.

Even the red walls of the Cathedral have put on an air of festivity in their new spring covering of ivy leaves which ruffle happily up and down in the wind; and high above them the red-gold cross glistens in a sunlight that does not strike down into the narrow street.

Presently, when the white crowd that has hurried there so long in advance can hardly stand much longer, a black-gowned sister walks down from the chapel and unlocks the iron

gate. A wave of excitement now ripples back, and slowly, very slowly, the throng is sifted through the gate and into the chapel. Hardly has the last little flash of white vanished, however, in the dark doorway, leaving the pear blossoms to nod over the garden wall, sole representatives of that white sea, than it reappears even filmier and whiter than before. They have only been in to arrange their veils, and now they are walking in a slow, orderly line, each class with a sombre sister.

First come the little girls who wear no veils, but tiny wreaths of white rosebuds, and who look freely about, and walk out of step; then the older girls with demure, downcast faces under their veils, and clasped hands. Down the narrow street they file, out into the sunny, green square in front of the Cathedral, where the wind tosses their veils. About the square the endless white line slowly winds, dazzling now in the sunshine, covered now with flickering shadows as it passes under the trees. Here and there a crimson or a blue banner sways, almost the only speck of colour. At last they turn back towards the Cathedral. This time the great front door is opened to receive them. Up the steps the white stream passes and is lost in the gloom.

Gladys Winthrop Chandler, 1906.

SUMMER.

It seems true sometimes when I think of the seasons and the course of the year, that I remember only the autumn, the winter and the spring as seasons of the outdoor world, and that

I remember the summer best as a sort of season of the mind. I think of the look of the country first when I think of the autumn, the winter and the spring; of painted woods, of white glittering fields, of far-reaching billowy woodland, barely clouded in green. But when I think of the summer, there always comes first to my mind the memory of a mood, a mood which so far in my life I have been able to call my vacation mood, rather than my summer mood, for it raises a smaller question to name it by the artificial calendar than if I should name it by the natural calendar and try to set up a doctrine of the woods of the seasons.

Now that I have known summer to come so many times—this mood has become one of my stock, my historic ones; I am reminded of its certain approach very far off, and I am reminded first nowadays, when I hear the preacher bird lift up his voice. I remember that he has come to sing on alone through the heat of the summer, when I listen to his monotonous intoning,—“do you see me, do you hear me, don't you think that I am fine?” as the hird books have his nonsense syllables. And though only a hireling in the service of the seasons, little, I imagine, like the “dear night-

ingale, the harbinger of spring,” still he seems to me always like the harbinger of summer and the summer mood. I am warned as I listen to him, of the course of my days for weeks to come. I am warned that the season is upon me, when time is most treacherous, vanities most alluring, realities most indifferently pleasing, pleasures most evanescent. There will come a subtle narcotic to me with the heated air, the drooping and drying and dusting over of vegetation, the solitary preacher bird proclaiming his monotonous monologue all day in my ears. Time will slip smoothly by, while, held in a kind of instinctive sluggishness, I do now this, now that, and—nothing. I shall play daily at a kind of reckless barter for messes of red pottage, of treasures of time, long stored and planned for. And when the summer stupor is strongest upon me, I shall think that all the world are *vois faibles* in spite of themselves; and wishing protection for my sloth behind the shield and buckler of natural law, I shall believe for a moment that the summer mood is something like an inverse liberation of the human race, something that comes round with the seasons like the heat and the cold.

Hope Emily Allen, 1905.

THE ALUMNÆ ENDOWMENT FUND.

IN an appeal describing "the immediate needs of the college in order of relative importance," the Alumnae Association in 1900 put first on its list "Endowment Fund, \$500,000." At that time it seemed hopeless to try to raise such an amount, and even among the alumnae the impression still prevailed that the endowment left by Dr. Taylor had made Bryn Mawr a "rich" college, and would always maintain her original high standards. Then began the collection of the Library Fund, which for the time absorbed all energies. But during these years the alumnae were discovering their own powers of raising money; and the conviction was steadily growing that if Bryn Mawr is to keep her place in the fore part of women's education, the essential thing is to provide her with such an additional endowment as will make it possible not only to attract the best teachers, but also to keep those whom she already has—and that for this a million dollars is none too much.

Her own students were naturally the first to realize the situation, and it still lies with them to persuade the general public that Bryn Mawr really needs and deserves help.

For the first years after the college opened in 1885, the original endowment was ample to pay fair salaries to a small but adequate staff of professors. With the rapid growth of the college came greater expenses, without a proportionate increase in the college revenues. Moreover, in these twenty years living expenses have risen twenty per cent., and the item of repairs has become a much more serious one than when the buildings were new.

Meanwhile other institutions have received unprecedented gifts which enable them to offer, both to their faculty and students, advantages with which Bryn Mawr finds it increasingly hard to compete. Perhaps most to be regretted, from the point of view of the alumnae, has been the necessity of raising the tuition fee, first from \$100 to \$150, and then, beginning with this year's Freshman class, to \$200. So strong had the feeling of the need

for more endowment become, that the mere announcement of this increase at the alumnae meeting in February, 1904, was enough to crystallize it into the resolution that "the Alumnae Association pledge itself to raise an Endowment Fund for academic purposes."

To the Finance Committee, organized in the previous year, was entrusted the devising of ways and means to raise the fund. The general plan adopted is that of forming local committees wherever a group of alumnae and former students can be found who will undertake the work. Richmond, Ind., has the honor of having the first active local committee. Yonkers, N. Y., followed suit with a committee formed of the entire Bryn Mawr population of two! A well-attended meeting, called by the new Bryn Mawr Club in Boston, was addressed by the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and resulted in the formation of a local committee in that city, which is now at work. The Bryn Mawr Club in New York has also held a meeting in the interest of the Endowment Fund. The rather scattered committee in New Jersey has done considerable work through its Chairman; and committees are now in process of organization in Pittsburg, Washington, and other cities. In Philadelphia the first step has been to send out letters to the alumnae and former students of the neighborhood asking for lists of persons who might be asked to contribute, with suggestions as to the best ways of approaching them. In some cities it is probable that the parents of alumnae, and others who are interested, may help to form auxiliary committees of prominent people who will lend their influence to the work. The suggestion has been made that each of the large cities should try to raise money to endow a special chair or department—\$100,000 will endow a chair and \$200,000 a department. It is hoped that individuals, too, may be induced to give generously for the teaching of subjects in which they take a particular interest.

Besides organizing local work, the Finance Committee in June, 1904, sent out a preliminary appeal and a call for a general meeting in Taylor Hall on Commencement Day. Early in January, 1905, a circular letter was sent to all alumnae and former students asking them to begin at once the work of collection. With this were enclosed, as ammunition for the campaign, some copies of a statement prepared by the committee, giving in some detail the reasons for the need of the fund, and also some blank forms for promises and donations. Promises may be made payable at any

time before January 1, 1909, but every effort will be made to have the entire amount promised by Commencement Day, 1905, the end of the twentieth year of the college.

*Elizabeth Butler Kirkbride, 1896,
President of the Alumnae Association.*

"LEVIORE PLECTRO."

"Born to be
an Hour or Half's Delight."

A FESTIVAL HYMN TO DIANA.
Catullus 24.

We are boys and maidens pure,
Hallowed by the virgin shrine
Of Diana; Queen divine,
O, hear our song to Thee.

Child of Juppiter supreme,
Mothered by Latona fair;
Whom she on floating Delos bare
Beneath the olive tree.

That thou mightest ever reign
Mistress of the snow-topped mounts,
Nestling glens and tumbling founts,
Woods spread umbrageously.

Helper in the pains of birth,
Goddess of the triple ways,
Goddess, too, of shimmering rays,
In borrowed brilliancy.

By thy course the years are meted,
And from all thy plenteous store
Thou dost fill the granary floor
In sober harvestry.

All thy virgin powers saluting,
Bless, as was thine ancient way,
Sons of Romulus, we pray,
With riches bounteously.

Janet Thornton, 1906.

THE GAME WAS BRIDGE.

The game was Bridge, that Moloch
stern

Whose heavy chains are wreathed
with flowers,

Upon whose blood-stained altars burn
The hecatombs of murdered hours;

Coujugal love, domestic joys,
Beauty sleep, friendship, peace di-
vine,

The soul's content, the spirit's poise
Are offered at that awful shrine.

My partner was a portly dame,
Who fixed me with a gorgon gaze;
Her partner in that dreary game,
A beefy brute with horrid ways
Of chuckling when the cards were
good,

And growling with a murd'rous look
When all too clearly understood
Her petty crimes were brought to
book.

She looked so pretty and so quaint,
Erect, demure; nor could I note
A sign of fear except the faint,
Quick pulse-beat in her slender
throat.

One sidelong look of shy appeal
From under lashes long and curled
She cast at me,—who would not feel
Her champion against the world?

I asked her with my gentlest air
If she discarded strong or weak,
And watched the blush that dyed the
fair

Soft outline of her rounded cheek:
She clearly knew not what to say,
But with a pluck that naught could
daunt,

Faltered:—"Why—yes; I throw away
Whatever cards I do not want."

She had the lingo down so pat

It smote my heart; her "May I play?"

Her soft "Pray, do!" and still that fat

Old beast, her partner, fumed away
And sneered, while seemingly polite;

Oh, how I wished he could be choked,
When wholly dazed, and pale with
fright,

The pretty dear at last revoked.

My chance had come; with manner
bland

I carefully finessed to lose,
Led wrongly from the dummy hand,
Spread havoc by too daring coups;
All with a manuer so serene

The dowager, my vis-a-vis,
Purpled with rage—I feared a scene,
She glared so horribly at me.

At last, with joy too deep for tears,

We left our partners there to pour
Their woes into each other's ears
And bandy words anent the score;
Out to the cool and fragrant night

Alone we fled, remote, apart,—
At Bridge and Love, pastmaster, I
Had lost the rubber and my heart.

Edith Child, 1890.

—
HANTS.

B'leeve in hants, chile? Cose I do,
I'se done seen 'em—Lor', aint you?

Comin' pas' de buryin' groun',
Jes de othah night,

I ain' nevvah heah a souu'

But I seen a cuyous light.

I crep' up clost 'longside de fence,

An' I seen a gret big man.

I tell you, chile, he wuz immense,

Right clost ter whar I stan';

I call out: "Mistah, whatcher doin'
dyar?"

He sholy musta heerd,

But he ain' nevvah arnswer, au' I clar,
I ginter feel right skeered:

"Mistah, tell me who is you?"

He ginter fade erway,

De light wuz burnin' pale an' blue,

'Twuz gittin' long tords day,

An' sperrits ornly wahks at night,

Dey kyarn' stan' in de sun,

An' whin dey see hits gittin' light,

Dey jes teks out an' run.

He kep' a swinkin', swinkin' up,

Twel he wint right in de groun'.

Seem like he senk down in a cup

Fer flowahs, on a moun'.

Ernuthah night, 'bout twelve erclock,

I's comin' throo de woods,

An', chile, I got a awful shock,

I tell you dat's straight goods:

I heah somepin' comin' long behine,

Jes brekkin' down de trees,

Hit ain' no use now ter decline,

I trimbled in de knees,

Whut say? Reckon 'twuz a cow?

'Tain' no use ter say dat now—

De gret big saplins cracked lak sticks,

I thought my time hed come,

I sholy wuz in one bad fix,

An' I say: "Lawd, tek me home;"

An' whin I'd said dat lettle prar,

De thing hit stopped right short.

I looked behine—twarn' nothin'
dyar—

You say dats whut you thought,
Bekase you don' beleeve in hants.

You jes go out at night,

Ef dey don' run you tull you pants,

Hit ain' no use ter fight;

You ornly hes ter wartch an' pray,

An' wrastle wid de foe.

Chile, dat's de bes' an ornlies' way

Ter lay ole Sattan low.

Mary Madison Lee, 1901.

FAIRY WEATHER.

When a child is glad
 And his face is clad
 All in smiles, it makes a shining night
 Far in fairyland,
 Where the fairy band
 Gaily dance and sing in their delight.

When a child is sad,
 Then the weather's bad,
 And the little fairies may be found
 Down among the flowers,
 Hiding from the showers,
 Fearful lest they tearfully be drowned.

For 'tis children's eyes
 In the fairy skies
 Are the stars that light their magic
 ring.
 Every dimming tear
 Is a raindrop drear,
 Dripping down to ruin everything.

Children when awake,
 For the fairies' sake,
 Be as happy as you're able to;
 Then you'll never weep,
 And when you're asleep
 Maybe they will come and play with
 you.

Caroline McCormick, 1896.

HELEN.

Beneath the dim, vexed world's unrest-
 ing strife
 Is set a quiet vale of peace,
 Where all fair things that wearied are
 of life,
 Drift down to find release.

The stream has brought to them for-
 getfulness
 Of any sorrow known above—
 Hopes slain, or honour rent, or sharp
 distress
 Of spent, and wasted love.

Their eyes are vacant of regret or pain,
 And mute they glide along the
 strand,
 For lost is any hope of theirs to gain
 A brighter, living land.

The river here has made a little turn
 And closes in the shadowy vale,
 The bank is decked with soft and
 plummy fern,
 And plots of galingale.

She cherishes about the river's brim
 Faint, drowsy blossoms, strange and
 shy;
 The asphodel, all pale and poppies
 dim,
 All drooping languorously.

And thus, arrayed in shining robes of
 white,
 And bearing one fair daffodil,
 She dreams the long day through, and
 longer night,
 Beside the river, still.

And zephyrs from the far Elysian plain
 With odorous, fluttering wings,
 caress
 Her brow, no longer marked by former
 pain,
 And memories of distress

That men for her dear sake had borne
 of old
 By Ilium's topless citadel—
 Writ in the wondrous tales by Homer
 told
 When Priam's city fell.

Elizabeth Mary Perkins, 1900.

SUMMER NIGHT.

When the birds are in their branches
And the babies in their beds,
And the flowers stand in sleepy
Rows with heavy, nodding heads;
Then the goblins come a-riding
On the backs of dusty moths,
And the shadows spread their laces
For the fairies' table-cloths.

Then the dewy grass-blades tremble
'Neath the tread of tiny shoon,
Twinkling gayly in the twilight
Of the silver summer moon;
And the bright-eyed forest creatures,
Stealing from behind the trees,
Come to join the little people
In their midnight revelries.

Anna M. Hill, 1905.

—Reprinted from *Tippu o' Bob*.

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1906

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The Frontispiece was to have been a picture of Mary Helen Ritchie, twice Editor - in - Chief of the Lantern. It was impossible to obtain a worthy reproduction since there was no good photograph to copy. The Lantern regrets that it cannot pay this tribute to Miss Ritchie's memory.

Editor.

Richie's memory.
Lantern regrets that it cannot pay this tribute to Miss
tion since there was no good photograph to copy. The
Lantern. It was impossible to obtain a worthy reproduc-
Helen Richie, twice Editor-in-Chief of the
The Frontispiece was to have been a picture of Mary

Editor.

THE LANTERN

No. 15

BRYN MAWR

SPRING, 1906

EDITORIAL.

“When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,”—

THIS has been the word of the student among us, whether mindful of the past in our own home of scholarship or reminiscent of the larger past of scholarship overseas. At Bryn Mawr all signs and symbols have been given that treasures of recollection may be ours. We wear our caps and gowns, we walk about our halls of Collegiate Gothic, preserving hereby some continuity with old scholarship. The tradition of scholarship—Bryn Mawr scholarship, universal scholarship, has descended in some measure to us.

By this tradition the scholar's life is a life not of the marketplace but of the closet. Colleges are by old sanction retreats where youth may live out its allotted period of leisure in the quest of the intellectual vision, “the thing which is of all most precious in the eyes of gods and men.” Here our concern must be the “strong, unselfish instinct of self-development,” not by the training of affairs, to which we shall come in after life, but by the cultivation of the inner life, the Platonic activity of soul. By the method of the closet, we should seek the healing virtues for our faults and deficiencies, not in the collectivism of the marketplace, but from within. The ideals of scholarship are in some sense the ideals of Quakerism. For scholars, seeking after the abstract, would be, to use the words of William Penn, ever heedful of the “still Voice that is not to be heard in the Noises and Hurries of the mind; but is distinctly understood in a retired Frame.”

It may be because of the Quaker influence that the policy of Bryn Mawr has always been especially and explicitly individualistic. It has ever fostered and dispensed a richness of opportunities for personal development. In academic matters this attitude is obvious enough: the system of groups and electives, of seminar work, the tutorial scheme of the Essay Department—all are factors that produce an environment singularly favourable to intensest self-culture. In earlier days, even in our community relations, little was made of organisation. The bonds which held together such a group as the members of the Christian Union were of the loosest; so loose that to many now they seem to constitute no organisation at all. Individualism is, of course, the very substance of the idea of self-government, the whole mechanism of which must be vain unless founded on a clear, uncompromising sense of individual responsibility. It is a strong sense of the individual fullness of life which is here more important than wider contact and influence, a directing principle from within more important than knowledge of the example of other colleges and associations. For our government conscience has stood fixed as the root of our integrity. This is most characteristic of all our life and our scholarship.

It seems that we are less mindful at Bryn Mawr to-day of the chaste zeal and undistracted devotion which consecrate the genuine habitations of scholarship. We are told that travelling secretaries of students' religious federations will set to rights our religious difficulties, and inter-collegiate conferences enlighten the problems of self-government. And nowhere has collectivism gone so far as in the matter of class spirit. Class spirit indeed has become a shibboleth, and we have even heard rumours of denunciation against those who from some scruple as to its worth or wisdom would not sacrifice for it their best, or cannot join with full hearts in its triumphant paean.

Let us not receive in general into our scholastic life the watchword of organisation. It is true that a Self-government Conference may help us to an improved mechanism. For all that, organisation has supplied the least of our necessity; it can never give the virtues of candour and magnanimity, without which all self-governing is a semblance. They are the difficult fruits of severe self-culture and are hardly won in the noisy fields of unions and alliances. And no more are the rarest fruits of fellowship to be found in the community of class spirit. For, as President Eliot

has said to the students of Harvard, "there are real causes for the feeling we call class spirit, but the real causes are beclouded with a great number of imaginary causes." Class organisation is an excellent and necessary device to attain certain practical ends; it may be much more; but to insist that it become a sacred indissoluble bond, and to pretend to find in a so heterogeneous body always the sentiments and aspirations of friendship—this is dangerous sophistry. For thus we make way for the ideals of democracy and the marketplace, which can never be the ideals of intellectual life. And it is the virtues of the intellect that must make our true goal. This is a place, set apart for discipline, whither we come, not so much for the deeds we may accomplish, as for inward illumination. Here in our "cloistered seclusion" we may seek "unity with ourselves in blitheness and repose."

A FAMILY SCRAP BOOK.

ANYTHING “pompous in the grave,” any “ceremonies of bravery” I were reluctant to use in connection with a pondered catalogue of the family scrap-book that has recently fallen to my share. Yet to pass over in connection with any “paradise and cabinet of rarities,” with no invocation of the name of Sir Thomas Browne, the year and month in which a single anniversary “solemnises his nativity and death,” would be perhaps but another sort of impiety. For his whole life (of which “the tail returneth into the mouth,” thus neatly and curiously), and all of his writings,—the touching and compassionate nobility of the *Letter to a Friend* quite as much as the quaintness of the *Vulgar Errors*, was a service of commemoration for “the ruins of forgotten times.” And although the verses of the scrap-book and the conditions of their pious preservation bear into a past much less remote,—but though less colourful, of scarcely less tragic and moving significance,—these also are already of “old mortality.”

For the compiler of the scrap-book and the learned physician of Norwich had more, I think, across differences of knowledge and illusion,—than a factitious similarity in active beneficence and imaginative faith. The one had as neighbour, astrologers; the other, certainly, Mormons; and to the pioneer American household later than to the garden study in England,—later but scarcely less sonorous—came the rumour of the great world to which, if only by a certain conscious indifference to its claims, the two spirits equally belonged. For bred and restrained in both, as it were by an armour of practical activity, the backward look of serene and serious contemplation ended for both in a placid mysticism,—grave humour, a sincere, “no doubt.” And of this the woman’s scrap-book of contemporary verse, though its rejections and inclusions illustrate her mood, is in itself as fragmentary an account as the kind and sensible and informing, but austere, Family Letters of Sir Thomas Browne.

But though I mention briefly the outward habit of her life, it is rather to mark her connexion with the common lot of the pioneer women

of her day than to dwell on, attempt in her case to define, the impalpable nature of "election." There are many scrap-books, doubtless, in the West; there also the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and others are perhaps as rich and happy expressions of a native piety and taste. She had gone to a country school for two years of a New England childhood, afterwards not at all, I think. She lived next, a half-dependent member of a clergyman's family in a frontier city, where she received from California gold fields a ring and the very literary letters—to say nothing of Spanish-American romances in the manner of Scott and Ariosto—of a roving and romantic spirit whom she wedded after many delays. With their marriage "they staked out a claim." Her husband fell to clearing and ploughing; when the War came she continued the work. Later she joined his regimental post in the winters, nursed the soldiers and mended their socks. High position, political and social, sought her out at the end of the War. But she did not neglect her knitting or her hen-roosts, and never lost her air of leisure; this appearance all observers record. She was in her old age, when I knew her, the truest Elizabethan, in assimilated knowledge as in sympathy, in exuberance of wit and power of memory, it has ever been my good fortune to know as evidence for all other spacious minds. I were false to her example if I turned the pages of her scrap-book with a touch not at once as catholic and critical, as keen in relish and as patient of prolixity to good ends as I can possibly compass,—a little, so to speak, in the "old style."

The limits in years for the collection are fairly marked by the two *Locksley Hall's*. If a parody from *Punch* of 1852 "on the Owen Meredith and Alfred Tennyson style of poetry now so much in vogue" might have furnished,—and may conceivably—serviceable data for the author of "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," whose *Forsaken Merman* is pasted in the next column, a more pleasant tang of contemporaneity still lurks in a notice, also from *Punch*, of Thackeray's first visit to America.

"THE FOUR GEORGES.

"An historical lecture. As delivered by Mr. Thackeray in New York. Reported by the Electric Telegraph from Liverpool.

"It was four Georges of Brunswick Duchy
 That came to England across the sea.
 There was George the First, and George the Second,
 And the third one, he was a little sillee.
 And they were all so precious greedy
 They eat up the land to the last split pea.
 'Oh!' says guzzling George to building Jeffrey,
 'Arrange me the waters of Virginee,
 And build me at Brighton a pavillion
 Of every school of masonree.
 Of Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Amerikee.
 We were all glad to be well rid of
 A man of such exquisite taste as he!
 But, alas! his successor, little Billee,
 Was a bigger fool yet, if such could be."

While quoting from *Punch* let me add an amiable notice of *Hiawatha*, which, foreseeing our critical difficulties, has settled them with enviable finality:

"Should you ask me, 'Is it worthless?
 Is it bosh and is it buskum,
 Merely facile flowing nonsense,
 Easy to the practised rhythmist?'
 I should answer, I should tell you:
 'You're a fool,—and most presumptuous,
 Hath not Henry Wadsworth writ it?
 Henry Wadsworth, whose agnomen,
 Coming awkward for the accent
 Into this his latest rhythm
 Write me as protracted-fellow,
 Or, in Latin, *longus comes*,
 Hath not Punch commanded, 'Buy it!'"

It is unnecessary, however tempting, to linger for quotation over the songs of the early minor Victorians:—Jean Ingelow, and Monckton-

Milnes, before he became Lord Houghton and lost his pretty music-room quaver, Patmore, and Barry Cornwall. But I cannot pass over the group of Hartley Coleridge and Aubrey de Vere without copying entire a rare short poem of the unhappy Lord de Tabley, least known but perhaps most exquisitely, if also most incompletely, gifted of that trio of suffering souls. The verses that follow were written on the eve of the Vatican Council, and are, it seems to me, significant to prophecy of the wave of imperialistic emotion which is to carry us, as it has already carried our latter-day poetry, who shall say how far. Besides whatever of historic law or habit may be suggested by imperialism seen thus nascent within the pale of the Church,—like so many another flood-tide passing from religious to secular affairs—the continental sweep and inspiration has also its significance as animating a poetic recluse. The contrast afforded with the position of Lord de Tabley's friend, Lord Acton, in regard to the Council and to Papal Infallibility, is from the same point of view, extremely striking; for Lord Acton lived exposed to all straws of prophecy, in the full blast, so to speak, of thought and action. But the verses speak for themselves:

“To far Canadian meres of ice-bound silence,
 To cities lost in continents of sand,
 To shoaling belts around Pacific Islands,
 The Pontiff raised his hand.

“Then with one mind they came, the Bishop leaders,
 The outpost captains of the Church at fight,
 From uplands clothed with Lebanonian cedars,
 From realms of Arctic night.

“Lo! we are ready at thy summons, Father,
 Loose and we loosen, bind and we shall bind,
 The Conclave Princes at thy blast shall gather,
 As red leaves after wind.”

It is a far cry from this Catholic loyalty to the sectional intensity of our own Abolition verse in America. But intensity, as well as immensity, one is reminded, may be fruitful of poetic effect, and Whittier's *Port*

Royal or *Astræ at the National Capitol*, pasted side by side with Tennyson's *Defence of Lucknow*, make one realise afresh and gratefully in how many mansions the lovers of poetry in the last Century were free to wander at will.

The scrap-book has also a very large collection of Civil War verse, not dependent even now for its interest to a veteran's grandchild, on its modicum of poetic power. I wish the camp-fire lyrics and elegies of "Private Miles O'Reilly" could revive the charming, florid personality of Captain O'Hara for those who know him only as the first. The forever effective doggerel of "The Bivouac of the Dead," polished as Gray polished his *Elegy*, has something of his personal secret, but it still remains for Mr. Cable to paint his full portrait in another *Dr Sevier*. Here, too, belongs the following paragraph from a Kentucky newspaper of war-time, on the death of the brilliant, beloved, and erratic General Lytle, whose *bravoura* poem on *The Death of Cleopatra*, written while lying mortally wounded in a Confederate hospital, half of both Western armies got by heart.

"So soon," runs the paragraph, "as it became known that General Lytle lay dead in the camp, officers and men crowded round to take a last look at the face of one so distinguished in the service of Mars and of the Muses. There was no rejoicing over the death of this fallen enemy, but an escort of honour composed of the flower of Southern valour bore the body to the Northern camp. In life he had touched the chord of human sympathy which makes the whole world kin, and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentment, and thrilled the hearts alike of friend and foe with a nobler passion than hatred or revenge."

After the war, along with a crowd of minor and forgotten humourists:—Trowbridge, "Petroleum V. Naseby," Godfrey Saxe, among the least deserving,—"Hans Breitmann," Bret Harte and John Hay prevail as easily by imitators and parodists as by their proper merits. If *Miss Blanche Says* and *The Idyl of Battle Hollow* reflect the sentimental phase of the aftermath of war-time, *Banty Tim* and *The Mystery of Gilgal* report other aspects, translated into Western terms. One couplet of the last is worth an economic dissertation:

"Girls went that winter as a rule
Alone to spelling school."

Much excitement, too, obviously prevailed among the newspaper unco' guild of the Boston *Transcript* and others at "Mr. Bret Harte's and Mr. John Hay's attempts in verse to out-Herod Herod, and make heroes of the most abandoned or blood-thirsty characters." *Jim Bludso* gets the lion's share of virtuous denunciation and parody. A "disgusted engineer" protests that mechanics should be described with 'the eye on the object';—"niggers squat on the safety-valve" are not to his mind; and poets should discriminate

"Before writing of boats and engines,
And engineers' work and the like,
A *safety-valve* from a *throttle*,
And New York slang from Pike."

Of another heroic fireman it is recorded how,

"He just turned the d—— barometer
The down-side up, as you've heard,
And stopped the storm from a-comin' on,
To be just as good as his word."

But now, after Bret Harte and "Hans Breitmann," the author of *Jim Bludso*, too, has passed "away in *der Ewigkeit*"; and we can only hope that the idiom, the manners and opinions of Pike County may prove at least as enduring as those of Scheviningen and Poker Flat.

The Odes of Centennial Year, and several lyrics of Sidney Lanier, much more sweetly successful than his own orchestral effort,—these and *pastiches* of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang, and a record of Tennyson's later emendations, editions, and dramas, end the scrap-book in an atmosphere much more rarefied than that in which it began. The last thing added among the unpasted clippings was a review of Mr. Swinburne's *Astrophel*. It is a comfort that the best of it, forthwith got by heart, especially the thrilling invocation, is here quoted:

"Light of the land that adored thee,
And kindled thy soul with its breath!"

Because, as the compiler said, England had taken three hundred years to

achieve the elegy at which in that time it had hardly ceased working; but she did not live to see it entire,—and to be once again disappointed.

There is, finally, copied from what her memory retained from a single vagrant reading, a fine fragmentary and anonymous ballad, whose opening she thought worthy of Scott:

“She that was wife to that dread Ban,
 The seven-citied, reared a tree,
 ‘Tower thou as only true love can,
 My watch o’er white-walled Buda be.’”

When

“The Ban has crossed the moony sod,
 And heard the words not for his ear,”

he addresses her as we all should write romances, had the trick for this also not suddenly left us with the intrusion of Philology into their proper realm:

“By all white souls, wise Lady, say,
 Made God alone the Budan man?
 And what did He put in him, pray,
 Not in the Transylvanian Ban?”

Her answer, somewhat later on, if it seems to bear on this matter of the romantic touch, impinges yet more directly on my frequent wonder why my own very purposeful efforts to continue the scrap-book, yield such meagre and anæmic results. Can it be indeed that “Sweet Love grows blind with too much light;” that applying, like Fir Jovan, one test too many, I issue in error and loss? At any rate, and not without long and patient hope of discovering in myself the atavistic secret I have come to look on the very method of compilation as a kind of lost art. So that the worn and yellowish regimental ledger and Court record, against whose grim palimpsest entries the poetic overgrowth acquires so significant a relief, is doubly expressive, in my eyes at least, of old mortality.

Maud Elizabeth Temple, 1904.

DAFFODILS.

Sweet April flow'rs, when first you grew
In classic fields beneath the blue
Of Grecian skies; when played
In those same fields the goddess maid,
Persephone, amid her throng
Of sportive girls so straight of brow,
 Did merry song
Spring to their lips as to mine now,—
Your cheerful yellow beauty fill
And pulse through ev'ry heart, until
They swept, like twinkling poplar leaves,
Into the dance's revelries?

Louise Foley, 1908.

IN ST. CLOUD.

Within its garden, fragrant, prim,
The old white mansion stands.
Its spacious rooms are cool and dim,
And quaintly full of precious things
Old sailors brought from distant lands:
Small chests carved out of sandal-wood,
That open as with magic springs,
Thin trays of silver filigree
And tiny fans of ivory.
Within those chambers dim, the air
Is always faintly sweet, for there
Kept in the cabinet with care
And treasured through this length of days,
Are flow'rs from long dead brides' bouquets.
All day the blurring sunshine falls
In patches on the floors and walls,
And never clearly brings to sight
What riches dusky corners hold.
And flickering candle flames at night
The bits of brass and crystal turn
To slender beams and points of light.
And mighty shadows creep and loom
Fantastic'ly about the room.

Louise Foley, 1908.

HALDIMAND.

IT was one late afternoon towards the middle of June, when people in Haldimand were still chary of sitting out of doors or of rowing, that a young girl sat with a book on her lap on the old-fashioned lawn before a yellow stucco cottage. It is the cottage that breaks the line of big brick houses facing, behind embowering trees, Haldimand Creek as it runs straight through the village. Mary Copley was not reading, but carefully tearing green young filbert leaves down their hirsute delicately branched ribbings. The sunshine that day was full and golden, and the green leafage of the trees so newly come, seemed still conspicuous and bower-like.

The gate in the hedge clicked and Mary Copley looked up. She jumped to her feet, dropping the book.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, Ned," she said, holding out her hand, and looking with a pleased face at the tall boy who had come up the flag path. "It is good of you to come." As she said the last words she flushed suddenly under her pale tan and pale overlapping freckles and brushed her hand across her waving clear yellow hair, in embarrassment at an allusion. But she sat down on the rustic bench under a cut-leaf birch, and turned her clear brown eyes on her companion with singular directness. Ned Parnell, the boy, looked at her smilingly.

"I wanted to come to see you right away," he said in a somewhat light voice. "It's quite an event for you to come back to Haldimand."

The girl turned her glance away. "I'm trying just now to realise what an event it is," she said soberly. "I've been so busy unpacking and answering grandmother's questions, that I haven't really remembered that I've come back to Haldimand, and that I've been to Europe, where I never expected to go, and—that I've been at school all I'm ever going to be. It really could be made a heroic moment, you know, and,—after my way,—I've been trying to make it so,—but it comes hard."

The boy, her school-fellow, smiled at her somewhat gravely. In a moment she felt sorry that she had spoken as she had. There were

embarrassing aspects of her coming back to Haldimand, forlorn little town. In this citadel of impoverished fortune and enriched tradition, Mary Copley's family was esteemed a plain English stock of no known distinction. It had no share in the United Empire Loyalist connexion, that resided not in Haldimand alone, but in old settlements of the Province. The Parnells, on the contrary, even added distinction to the town. Mary looked quickly at Ned's face, and resolved to test his expressions and the tones of his voice for possible patronage of her. She remembered that now, with school over, she had come to settle into her family's position at Haldimand. Her childish connexion with Ned had been sincere and unequivocal. She had a sickening conviction that, with Ned grown up, the connexion might not continue so. But now, as she watched him acutely, he seemed to lean back cornerwise against the rustic rail naturally enough, as he pulled away at the green sharp birch leaves from the branches that drooped down behind them. His gray eyes, slightly oval, had deepened their gray, as they always had deepened it in talking to her. His white oval face was faintly flushed, his fine thin features somehow sharpened, in a way she knew well. He looked surely interested and pleased but also a trifle embarrassed, if one judged from his quick voice.

"Tell me, Mary, all the places you've been to; your grandmother never would tell me much. I wondered if you went our old trip on the map."

The allusion drew a smile from Mary's serious face. She was pleased that he remembered so well.

"You might at least have written me that," said the boy quickly, looking straight at her.

Mary felt herself flushing. She plucked at her shreds of green leaves nervously, looking down at them the while. She had not expected him to be considering what she was considering. But she looked up at him in a moment.

"I couldn't write to you at all, Ned," she said, with a serious face, in a full decisive voice. "I have never once believed that I could." She stopped a moment. "Now I've come back to Haldimand once and for all, I'm glad I didn't."

After a moment's silence, the boy in his turn looked up at her. "I shouldn't ask you then. I beg your pardon." He seemed to speak with feeling in his face and voice. He went on in a lowered tone. "I, too, am

getting grown up and ready to cut loose from things, Mary. For one thing," he smiled somewhat nervously, "I built a little boat-house of my own a little time ago. May I take you boating sometimes, and to see the launch I'm building?" As he waited for an answer, he fixed his eyes on the gleaming gray creek just beyond the street, where a canoe was passing.

Mary sat nervously fingering and crushing her leaves; she had just come to Haldimand and she had no decision ready on the perturbing subject of Ned. Now all sorts of considerations regarding her future at Haldimand, —growing and dissolving in her mind when Ned appeared,—seemed to tumble after one another pell-mell. A decision as to whether she should accept Ned's friendship, detached from the Parnell friendship, seemed fluttering about in her mind always just beyond capture. She tore her green leaves to shreds, pulled others and tore them. She wanted to do so, and she did not; she thought it ignoble and she did not. Then gradually she thought it high-minded to accept Ned on the strength of his own feelings; they were the essentials of the situation. Her mind took fire at this idea. "I think the fruit's forbidden only because it's sweet," she thought instantly. She looked at Ned with excitement in her face. He smiled as he met her eyes with a deepening of his faint under-flush.

"Yes, I should like to see the launch," then, in a moment, to start the conversation anew, "I saw the boat-race in Henley once, did you know?" They talked quietly back and forth of their late concerns until, after a long call, Ned took leave and Mary went in to rouse her grandmother from her afternoon rest. Her mind was still heaving up and down between anticipation and foreboding, satisfaction and remorse.

But from that day the days that followed passed with a swing that Mary had been far from expecting when, after her years at school and abroad, she had wonderingly turned her face towards Haldimand for the rest of her life. She took up the household tasks, once her grandmother's, and had, as always, pleasure in activity. And for diversion she went walking and boating with Ned. They sat many times at the arbour table also, and looked over diagrams of his launch, and talked over the little telephone he was fitting up, as his brother Roger in Schenectady had taught him. Their intercourse was happy and, for the moment, easy, as it had always been when, as children, he felt only rancour at his family prejudices, and naïvely told her so. He made such admissions now tacitly, but when, for

example, out in a boat, they would pass some cousins of his whom perhaps, he was neglecting for her, the hardening of his expression for the moment and the completeness of his attention to her, assured her of his loyalty. Yet her scruples at knowing him, in the face of his family, smouldered on, every now and then took fire and made her uncomfortable. She blushed when she saw the Parnell family in their big black walnut pew at church on Sundays and she hurried out early to escape Ned's escort, prefaced as it was by his mother's frigid nod. Sometime during nearly every day the thought of Ned came as a vexation to her. Meanwhile time went on and the summer which once looked long ahead, now lay half before and half behind. The time of Mary's promised visit to a school friend approached. When the time came, she felt something tonic in the idea of leaving Haldimand. She resolved that she would not write to Ned,—a mere burnt offering to her pride, she knew, but not, she thought, an ignoble one.

She refused to write to him determinedly enough when he came to see her the night before her leaving. She had feared a scene, because they had lived without scenes, but her fears even now were groundless. Ned took her refusal quietly, without protest, and bade her good-bye quietly, so that from feeling almost glad to go to Toronto, she began to want to stay, out of a sudden access of grateful feeling for Ned. And she began to consider, as she saw Ned walk away down the flag path and pass out the gate in the hedge, the far-off date of her return to Haldimand. She passed the rest of the evening uneasily.

It was early the next morning, when it was not yet quite time for Mary to start to the station, that Ned came again to the house to see her. She was hurrying with her wraps downstairs, before she should sit down a moment in the dining room with her grandmother, when she heard steps coming up the path, and saw Ned at the open door. His gray eyes were very hard and dark, and they looked rounder than usual. He twirled his blue serge cap nervously in his hand as he spoke to her grandmother, who was coming first down the stairway. He had darted first a keen glance at Mary. "May I go down to the station with Mary, Mrs. Copley?" said Ned in an unsteady voice to the old lady. Mrs. Copley, with whom Ned had always been a favourite, looked at him a moment, while Mary stood in great embarrassment behind her in the hallway.

"Yes," said the grandmother, at last, a smile of good feeling breaking

over her thin pale face. "And you had better start now," she added, pulling her watch from her watch-pocket at her belt. She turned and kissed Mary good-bye, then watched the boy and girl as they walked together down the front path between the shrubbery.

The two did not speak till they had crossed to the creek side of the street, where the boardwalk was shaded by the willows. Mary walked unseeingly along, only conscious of the fact that she was wretchedly blushing and confused. She thought no further than that, and she started at the sound of Ned's voice, deep it sounded then.

"I've come because I don't know when I shall ever see you again," said Ned, slowly, lengthening out each word slightly. "I've got to make a dash and be independent somehow. I'm going to Schenectady."

The words came to Mary with a shock. She glanced quickly up at Ned's face, and confusedly away again when she saw its emotion. Then she spoke quickly herself, seized suddenly on her part with an imperious instinct for restraint.

"I wish you good luck," she said, and looked directly at him in a kind of tense calmness, which she could not long support. She looked down at the hem of her skirt, and they walked silently on. The significance of Ned's words seemed fully to have penetrated her thought. His departure from Haldimand blocked the horizon as she looked ahead. She knew that his going to Schenectady would be no short matter. Her eyes swept the length of the road beside them, till it disappeared under arching green maples; the creek, now molten gray in the sunshine; the row of gray roofs and chimneys appearing above clumps of trees across. The length of days backwards, to which these things belonged with no change, claimed the future and stretched forward now all of a kind. Meantime Ned walked on beside her, and they came to the turning of the street. Ned spoke as they turned across the bridge toward the station. "Time seems long to me, Mary," he said, in a low serious voice. "Yes," said Mary. "I have liked to be with you better than with any one else I have ever known, Mary," he went on, as both of them looked and walked straight ahead.

"I am unhappy when I think I shan't see you for a longer time than I want to think of." His voice sank away into silence, and Mary said nothing, out of great fear and confusion. Ned spoke again in a moment.

"I don't dare to say anything more now. It's absurd to be nineteen,"—his voice hardened. "But that means a lot to me now, and I think it always will." The clatter of his heel as he stumbled against the station steps sounded loud as he ended. The train was coming in. At the steps, with escape just before her, Mary turned. She looked up at Ned, putting at first no restraint on herself till, after an instant, she wished restraint, and turned and hurried into the train. She sat down in the first seat, by the open window. Ned stood without, looking eagerly up at her, his eyes deepened now with springing light. She looked at him again with a sort of tense calmness.

"I hope you always will," she said, and turned her back and made a feint of arranging her wraps. The train started, and she settled back with the shade down.

She looked before her steadily. Her brain was swarming with many things; she sought out the future because she could not clutch the present. For she had sorrow and hope in plenty, but no fear.

Hope Emily Allen, 1905.

AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

WHEN we sat out on the stile—a favourite place with us on summer evenings,—and laughed together over the happy present, or read merry futures for one another in the stars, we never included little Mary Ruth's among the fortunes; indeed, we felt it a concession to allow even Medora a share in such grown-up diversions, though she sturdily urged her right, based on the possession of quite thirteen years. And if Mary Ruth had begged to be allowed to sit up with us and had ever prevailed so far as to form one of the group on the old stile,—squarely set with its broad steps and platform, by one corner of which rose the tall hitching-post, in the very centre of the wide green lawn before the farm-house,—by the time we were among the stars she was probably fast asleep, with her head in the eldest sister's lap; and we forgot that she was ever to grow up and have a future at all, so we never planned one for her.

What had she to do with years? She was playing with dolls still, or tending her pet bantams and naming the little pigs (a doubtful compliment) one for each of us. She moved merrily and brightly among a hundred busy, childish interests, a blue-eyed little girl in a white ruffled apron, its strings tied with amusing precision,—for she must “look neat,” and she was greatly annoyed when her straight yellow hair escaped the comb or the ribbon and straggled down into her eyes as she bent over her sewing or her ironing for the doll-children—a careful, tender little mother in her play. And, sewing or ironing, she was always singing. Perhaps her favourite song about the red-bird, or perhaps one of those strange hymns the darkies sang, reproducing all their melody, and even all the depth of their wild pathos, so that we smiled. As if our fair little girl could know what it meant,—that longing to throw off the burden of the sorrow of the world.

Our petting she repaid with a passionate devotion, almost a jealousy in her love, and with countless contributions to our amusement. Mary Ruth missed no opportunity; nothing escaped her observation. If she

but walked down past the mill,—where the old water-wheel turned round for our fascination,—out the long driveway that led from the house to the road, where she waited, perched up on one of the gate-posts, for the stage to come by, and then came back without the expected package, she changed our disappointment or annoyance into laughter by her exact imitation of the asthmatic old stage driver. When she returned from an errand to a neighbour's, from a call in state with her mother, or from Sunday school, she had always "something to tell," and would act an interview over for us, giving people to the life, so that we recognised them with shouts of delight. As I think over it now I realise how much we looked to her to help us make entertainment for ourselves out of our own lightness of heart from what "Forest Glen" afforded. And careless and happy enough were the pleasures we found in this old Virginia home at the foot of the hills!

The day has passed. It is evening, and we are sitting quietly on the small front porch with the mother, once "the prettiest girl in — County," still so and for ever to the handsome father, who is holding her hand as they sit side by side on one of the benches,—though he is usually shy of love-making before us, to our great delight. We are all rather tired, and for us, very silent. The sun has dropped behind Catoctin Hill, the afterglow is fading, and the stars begin to come out; the only noises are those of the night and of the little stream. Mount Sinai comes round from the kitchen and passes in front of us on her way to the spring-house, erect and graceful, carrying an earthen jar of butter on her head. On the way back she stops to draw a pail of water from the pump,—lingers,—then passes very close to the porch, and whispers something to the eldest sister. No need to be told what it is. We all know. Bob Johnsing is coming to-night with his banjo! We count no pleasure greater. Mary Ruth knows too although she seemed but a moment ago fast asleep on her father's knee. But now she grows wide awake and begins to chatter in order to discourage all idea of her being sent to bed at present. We watch our opportunity to slip away one by one without arousing suspicion, for these visits to the kitchen are frowned upon. But presently we begin to meet outside the kitchen windows, and peeping in I see that Medora has crept in by the door and that she and Mary Ruth are already mounted on the biscuit-block. Mount Sinai has loosened all those tight little braids and her kinky hair stands out six inches on each side of her head.

She has stuck a candle in a bottle and has taken up her sewing; eyes down, she sits demurely unexpectant,—and surprised when the knock comes at the door and Bob Johnsing enters, followed by a tall, and if possible blacker, friend,—a sort of “second,”—who joins in the choruses and “pats” accompaniments to the music.

And now we resign ourselves to the joy of hearing again that reiterated query,—to this day, for all I know, unanswered:

“Who struck Sam?
 Who struck Sam?
 Who struck Sam?
 ’Deed I didn’t, ’deed I didn’t!
 Who struck Sam?
 ’Deed I don’t know.
 Up step Jailer, ten o’clock at night;
 Up step Jailer, ten o’clock at night;
 Big bunch o’ keys was in his han’,
 And a can’le for a light!
 Who struck Sam?” etc.

Next of course the song of “The Hawg-Eye Man”:

“I’m so glad th’ ole hawg’s dead,
 So I kin git some cracklin’ an’ bread!
 Mek up some bread ’n put it in a pan,
 While I dance th’ hawg-eye man!
 Hawg-Eye Man, isn’t he sweet?
 Jes look down at his pretty little feet!”

Then the delightful refrain:

“Ha! ha! Baby likes shortenin’!
 Ha! ha! Baby likes shortenin’ bread!
 Hush, little Baby, don’t you cry,
 Mammy gwine mek you some shortenin’ pie!
 Run away, Baby, run away quick,
 Or Mammy gwine fan you with a shortenin’ stick!”

Then the banjo sounds a sentimental note, and in "chords that tenderest be" Bob bids farewell with equal fervour to Charmin' Betsey and to Cora Lee:

"O I'm boun' for the mountings, charmin' Betsey,
 Charmin' Betsey;
 I'm boun' for to see Miss Cora Lee, Cora Lee,
 And ef you should never no more see me,
 No more see me,
 Look at this ring and think o' me! think o' me!
 Sometimes I live in the country, in the country,
 Sometimes I live in the town, in the town,—
 And ef an ocean obstricts me, obstricts me,
 I jump in the water an' drown, an' drown!
 Mah boat is on this wide ocean, this wide ocean,
 Mah ship is on this deep sea, this deep sea,
 An' ef mah boat should git drownded, should git drownded,
 Oh what would become o' poor me? o' poor me?
 Then come th'ow yoh arms aroun' me, Charmin' Betsey!
 Charmin' Betsey!
 Come th'ow yoh arms aroun' me, Cora Lee! Cora Lee!
 An' ef I should never no more see you,
 No more see you,
 Come kiss me befoh I leave! befoh I leave!"

What need to stop over the lines? Mary Ruth will know them. She will sing the songs through to us to-morrow, remembering all the verses in their delicious insequent order, and each absurd word, every one of which can bring the tears to my eyes now, for all the absurdity.

The last echo of "befoh I leave," prolonged by the chorus, dies away softly, sadly,—and Bob strikes up a merry tune. We know what is coming and our feet keep time with his. The friend springs up and takes his place on the floor,—he pauses a moment; Siney wavers,—pats her foot,—shakes her head and laughs affectedly. Then suddenly with a natural impulse she flings her sewing far into the middle of the kitchen floor as "the prey," jumps to her feet, and begins to circle round it after the

tall black figure. Slowly at first, then round and round, faster and faster they go, following Bob's directions as he calls figures:—"Fly, Buzzard! Fly, Buzzard!" in a series of wild shouts. And at "Light, Buzzard! Pick, Buzzard!" they draw in the circle nearer and nearer to the prey. We are all patting now; the kitchen echoes to our laughter, to the music, and to the shuffling feet. Be kind, oh Fate! What if the father and mother, hearing the music and laughter, should connect them with our absence! A little figure has slipped from the biscuit-block and has joined the dancers. A tiny white bird, she follows the black buzzards in front, keeping step, imitating their every motion, her little arms flying, her body bending and swaying. The eldest sister holds her breath a moment but forbears. Round and round fly the three oddly matched figures, then, at an excited "Fly away home, Buzzards!" the circle swoops down upon the prey. Nearer, nearer, but still in step, still in time to the music;—Siney is first! She has it! She flourishes it aloft with a shrill cry and leads the others across the kitchen and back to their places.

Mary Ruth comes to the window for air. "It certainly is fun!" she giggles; and assures us we can master the step. "Just watch it, and you'll learn."

I seem to think of the low whitewashed kitchen oftenest as it would be at night, a setting for that fantastic dance; its great fireplace where the old crane was still hanging, a cavernous shadow by candlelight. What room in all the house had not its happy memories? Ah, Forest Glen! was there one of your own children, born beneath your roof, who grieved more than I, your adopted daughter, when the news came that you must pass into strange hands?

It was impossible to think of the family in a new home, and hard to meet them there for the first time. But there were other changes as well to show that years had passed since those joyous summers when we were young together. The dear eldest sister was still the same, petting, scolding, and spoiling us as of old. But pretty Martha and Medora had homes of their own now,—and was this tall young girl little Mary Ruth? All doubt was set at rest by the old smile and by the pleasure in her blue eyes at my coming. She was still the happy child, I thought, for I heard her bright laugh again through the house and her song, as from a care-free heart.

So it was strange to hear from the eldest sister of Mary's love for someone, of someone unworthy of her love, and of an engagement broken by her own wise decision. "She never speaks of it," said the sister, "because she cares so much. I think she was real strong." Strong! The sacrifice was accepted as simply as it was made. I could not but think how many who, knowing more than our little girl would ever know of life, felt themselves wise and strong, might yet have hesitated in the face of such a duty, might at least have found a place for self-analysis, for self-pity. But not even to me, to whom with sweet Southern friendship had been given the blessed right to share every sorrow of that dear family, did she ever speak of this. Once indeed, describing the country winter, which I had never known, she added: "It's lonesome here, then. Some times the long winter evenings are so dreary."

It was on one of those dreary evenings that the news of her death came to me after several winters more had passed. She had fought an illness bravely, but this she could not conquer as she had conquered a grief, before which she had never faltered. It was not until another summer took me back among the Southern mountains that I could believe. Then every day I felt the sadness of the truth. To turn with a jest upon my lips, and find no one to share it, no one to echo my laugh! Or to sit alone with the father and mother and hear over and over that story of the summons to the sister's home where she lay dying. "It was one o'clock when I woke," said the father. "As soon as I heard that step on the porch I knew what it meant!" Again I follow him and the mother to the door. I hear the message from the friend who has ridden many miles to bring it. The horses are brought out from the barn and harnessed by the light of a lantern. The roads are heavy, but we hurry on, mile after mile. How quickly the time passes! Morning breaks and now we are near the town. Now we are there. And it is true. . . .

I am on the porch of the farm-house with my little name-child in my arms. In an upper room her mother is singing the baby boy to sleep; the words of the old song come down to me through the open window. "Mamma Dora's singing," says the little girl contentedly; then her eyelids droop drowsily and she falls asleep to the song that has soothed her baby brother. I am alone under the stars, looking across to where the last faint glow of sunset lingers behind the mountain. But I have

travelled far beyond it,—I am with that happy group of sisters again in Forest Glen. I am back in the old farm-house,—in the big hall. A childish voice is singing there, a song about the red-bird, and Mary Ruth is coming to meet me, a little girl in a white apron, shaking her hair out of her eyes, and laughing with pleasure to see me again.

Helen J. Robins, 1892.

THE GAMESTERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THIBAUT, *Count of Gorlay.*

ANDRÉ LUCASTRE, *his cousin, a priest.*

SERVANTS AND LEECHES.

BETTINE, *girl in waiting to the Countess.*

SCENE: *the hall of the Gorlay Manor.*

(Enter André, and a servant.)

- André.* Pray tell my Lord—his cousin Father Luscastre.
Servant. He's hunting now, your Rev'ence. He'll not be
 At home till starlight.
- André.* So! I must wait then.
 Where is the library?
- Servant.* Sir?
- André.* Sirrah. The Gorlay books?
 The books! where are they?
- Servant.* I know not, your Rev'ence,
 Save they be housed betwixt the rafters! Zooks!
 I've seen none here.
- André.* *(Aside)* His father ravaged convents
 In order that the son may toss their treasures—
 To vermin *(aloud)* Go! I'll tarry here—and—bide.
 You need not to inform the Countess.
- Servant* *(Aside)* Marry!
 She's past tale-bearers now! *(Aloud)* I'll mind, Sir!
(Goes out).
(André walks about and examines bows and
harquebusses.)
- André.* Rascal!
 And so each bow is strung! Good marksman still.
 At all events, he's dainty as to quarry.
(Picks up an embroidery frame.)

Heigh-ho!—my Lady's!—and the very same.
Maie—does she still work it? Not over fond
She used to be. Her hands showed whiter stripping
Honeysuckle. Yes, I tied her up that day
In one long strand. Full half the bloom was shaken
By her laughter, and caught all down her loose
Black hair.

Mere child she was, and I—mere madman
To fright her by my austere fits, and scowl
Away her gayety. O he, *he* knew.
Women are won by badge and blazonry
And manor terraces. Ay, and a bold
Gay smile.

(Walks rapidly, and trips on his cassock.)

Now Father André, by my Faith!
How long is't since you've been a priest? Zounds, man!
You clove Love's lockets five years gone; the time
They sheared your hair.

(Enter Bettine, starts, and stands staring.

André sees her.)

Bettine!

(Bettine still stares.)

Bless Thee, my girl!
So sinful that thou shakest at this garb.
What, fear a priest!

(Bettine gasps.)

Bettine. Master André!—'tis you?

André. Father, good Wench.

Bettine. O Sir, O Father—whist!

Master André, O Sir, my Lady!

André. Well?

Bettine. She lyeth ailing, Sir.

André. No, by my soul!

Bettine. Ay, Sir, she ails most grievous. I wait now
For the leeches. O, by bead and blessed Book,
Outstretched she lies, straight as a flower-de-luce.

There in the bed, her own great high one, carved
 With poplar leaves. Too sweet, say I, for sick folk
 Your rank sandal wood.

André. How long then hath she been in such bad case?

Bettine. Nigh to a year—the swooning fits—but now,
 They come more oft, and stay,
 (*Begins to sob.*)

And so, of late.

I've often thought—on you—and how I fetched—
 Your messages. I do confess I gave—
 Them not entire—Alack! Woe's me!

André. Tut, Girl!

Thy Lady knew her mind.

My Lady knew

My mind.

André. How, jade?

Bettine. Faith, Sir! you need not stare.

I speak the truth. I warned her not to wed,
 With one would make her life a burden—Ay, Sir,
 I did; that's me! Lord, Sir! you need not stare so!

(*Begins to cry again.*)

I'm a poor girl, and speak you true.

André. On, Woman!

What counsel else doth your sad mistress owe you?

Bettine. Nay, Sir, she never heeded *me*. Herself
 Spoke you the message—that I bore the morn
 After you'd quarreled on the bridge—the oak one,
 O'er the brook.

André. Out hussy! I'm a priest.

Bettine. Saving your Rev'ence, I was sorry for you.
 'Twas the same bridge whereon my Lord did woo her.
 Soon as the woods come bright a' sunset—there
 Beside the bridge she'd stand, staring up stream.
 And he, my Lord, came hunting through the copses—
 Aye by the self-same thickets.

Faith, he did woo

Most gracious. I saw 'twixt the underbrush.
 And what maid could withstand him?—Him a Lord!
 And who, now who, could see the end? Woe's me!

André. Enough. Thou'rt devil-tongued, Bettine.—And I—
 I've sinned in listening. Evil hath strength of snakes
 To charm the hearer. Nay, be gone unto your Lady.

Bettine. O, Master, an you be a priest, but pray,
 O pray for her.

André. Go, girl! We all need prayers.

(Bettine goes out.)

(After pacing a time in silence.)

So break the marriage-bells in dirges. Maïe!
 Maïe!—by the Mass, I did esteem her glad.
 Perchance it tumbled from o'er eager hands—
 Joy's chalice: and perchance, 'tis women's clack,
 And clatter.

(Hall gradually grows dark. Logs begin to blaze.)

Enter Thibaut with his dogs.)

Thibaut. Heaven bless my scoundrel soul,
 Good morrow, Cousin André.

(Embraces him.)

André. Good morrow.
 I scarce believed you'd recognise the priest.

Thibaut. By Jove, nor should I, were I not informed.
 So you are Father André! Draw you to the fire.

(They seat themselves.)

(Looking at André.)

Now, by the Grail, you've had some sup of life,
 To read your mouth. I deemed you but a boy.

André. I had past boyhood when I left for Rome.

Thibaut. How old are you?

André. I'm twenty-nine in years.

But forty in experience. For life,
 It seems, to some deals out the tale i' their birthdays,
 Chapter by chapter; and to some, she flings
 The whole book wide, bidding them read till dizzy.

Thibaut... (*Aside*) Gods! a Philosopher!

(*Aloud.*) Well, Sir, your age

Is doubtless far beyond mine own. Moreover,
You are Rev'rend. But will such facts forfend
A flagon o' Rhenish, and a game or two?

André. By no means, good my Lord—if you will hear
My business.

Thibaut. Curse your business, Man; and Lord not me.
Ho! Jacques, fetch us two flagons and the chess-board.
Zounds! a dog's leash care I for these spattered cards
The peddlars hawk about. The king himself
Could stalk a deer, but ill after one night
At those stark blinding cards. Good honest chess,
Not lagging,—but a good, swift game of chess,
For me. If men will sweat their brains, by Jove,
Why let 'em stake their kingdoms.

(*Servant brings candles, wine, and chess men.*)

Choose you Red?

André. For me the white queen brings a dower o' luck.

Thibaut. Take her with my free grace, she's clean washed out,
Like all dames, once you know 'em. *Hein?*

André. The fair
Deserve a better judgment at your hand.

Thibaut. (*Looking at him slyly.*)
So ho! methought you'd not, deep Cousin Fox,
Ha' wasted forty years.

Well, well, your pawns—

All stationed? Move, first move, Sir Guest.

(*They begin to play.*)

(*After a pause.*) By Saturn,

Thou art a silent strategist. Come, come,
Dole out a slice of those foul forty years!
There take your flagon.

André. My Lord, I came on business.
Doth it please you hear and play?

Thibaut. (*Aside*) By Jove,
A dogged fellow—yet he affordeth me
Some entertainment. (*Aloud.*) Well, Sir Priest, your way—
Let be. Out with your cursed business, Man,
And then we'll to the game.

André. 'Tis naught, my Lord,
But a stark message from his Reverence, the Bishop.
He bade me to beseech your Lordship's self—
Being your kinsman born—that you'll restore,
Unto the Abbey of Bolerne, the books,
Whereof your Lordship's father did deprive them.

Thibaut. By Jove, I had forgot them! They're disposed
In dungeons of the old domain.

André. And such,
You deem, a casket fitting for a treasure
Full worth its pounds in gold at Rome? Sirrah!
You leave to lice and spiders, scrolls o'er which
Scholars grow blind a-gazing?

Thibaut. (*Yawning.*) Come, good Coz,
We're not in pew and pulpit. Troth, nor yet,
In the confessional. In my new lodge
The dungeon keys do hang. Pray carry them,
When you depart—what time I hope is distant—
To your most Rev'rend Bishop, saying him:
That Lord Gorlay returns what ne'er was his
Nor could be.

Books are made for leathern-face
To pore upon; fair skins cured yellow with lamp-heat.
Ugh! the bare sight doth sicken me; the same
As women's cheeks washed gray a whimpering.
Come, I remove your bishop: Check!

(*Leeches pass up the stairway.*)

André. My Lord,
Our business is concluded. You have been
Most gracious in thus granting my request,
I leave you to your family affairs.

(*Rises.*)

- Thibaut.* Now, by the Gods, *what* family affairs?
My Lady's with her maids, and here I wait
To watch a priest uncheck his king. Move, Sir.
- André.* (*Falters.*) The servants made me partly understand—
Her Ladyship was ailing.
- Thibaut.* Servants love
Talking far more than cleaning harquebusses.
(*Aside.*)
Now curse me if I beat him not this game.
(*Aloud.*)
Uncheck your king.
(*Drinks.*)
- André.* (*Aside.*) I'll stay if but to shrive
His vanity. (*Sits down and looks at the board.*)
(*Aloud.*) Well then, this queen, my Lord
Uplifts your castle.
- Thibaut.* Devil take your queen!
I had not seen her. Hm!
(*Rests his chin on his hands. Silence. Then the sound
of hurrying feet in the upper hallway. André looks up
anxiously. Thibaut drinks.*)
Ha! I have it!—the pawn—Take back your queen.
Zounds, Father André! I thought you keener.
How have you wasted forty years.
Come, Man,
You've spent it hanging over garden-gates.
Bah! these prim priests! They tie not on the cord,
Till they've untied a love-knot. Out, disclose
Your secrets. (*Sips at the tankard.*)
Sound of low voices above.)
- André.* Ay, my good Lord. I've had some such adventure—
Check!
- Thibaut.* Now, by all that's Holy, 'tis a long pate
Beneath thy priest cap.—Here then my knight doth sally.
(*André makes a move silently.*)
Ha! bad played, Sir. Bless me, there goes your castle—

And so you've had adventures!

Come, her name,
Bold, black-eyed witch—forsook thee for a drover?
Hein?

André. No, she'd blue eyes, and wedded, I believe
An idiot, Lord. I take your bishop.

Thibaut. Welcome,
Good welcome. Their slant pace bewilders me.
Now, then. I oust your pawn.—So she was noble.
I fear you preached the maid too deaf to hear
Her own Lord's wedding bells.

André. I glean she grew
Both deaf and dumb and blind thereafter.

Thibaut. Hoot!
You must have done a sorry blighting.

André. (*Musing, in an undertone.*) Nay.
What time I knew her, her quick laugh would ring
As poignant as your shepherd's pipe, he played
To-day at noon. She was as fleet for hiding
As that dew-spattered hare she tried to tame
Within her garden-pen.

Winsome she looked
Among the posies, and as wild, as when,—
Between thick laurel boughs—you start a fawn.
Ah! but the autumn evenings when fire flames
Rainbowed the casement, and her fingers tapped
Upon the panes; those eyes did dance and plead
Like any flower boy's about the streets
Of Rome.

(*Leeches come down and pass out.*)
Thibaut. (*Aside*) By Bacchus, here's a poet.

(*Aloud*) Well, then,
Mad priest, what changed your Goddess so?

André. An I
Knew certain—who hath blighted her: I'd slay
That man, priest as I be—

(*Half rises and sits again.*) could I discern
The blighter (*with a look of scorn at Thibaut*) from the blight.

Thibaut. You wax mysterious.

Tell the whole tale.

André. I've said enough, my Lord.

Thibaut. Fie, Man, sulk not. Ther're other wenches yet
Alive. Thy dame was easy blasted.

André. That

Will the last Judgment Day disclose.

Thibaut. Out, Sir.

Thank Heav'n the Judge will not wear cord and cassock
And scowl as sour as thou.

Come, an I beat

This game, I'll straight require a full confession
Of all your blunders in affairs of love.

An I lose it—Why, then, I'll stake my kingdom.
I'll yield, let's see, let's see,—by all that's precious,
I'll cede thee slim Diana.

(*Whistles to the greyhound—Dog comes up, and Thibaut
with one hand on her head, makes a move.*)

Check!

André. I take

The wager.

(*Pause. Bettine, very white, comes down the stairway.*)

Now, your red knight's gone, my Lord;

Pray, put my castle over there.

Thibaut. Zounds!

(*Makes a move.*)

(*André counter-moves.*)

So!

I'll match thee.

(*Moves again.*)

(*Pause.*)

André. Raise your queen, my Lord,—and check!

(*Bettine comes forward. They both look up and stare.*)

Bettine. Her Ladyship is dead.

Thibaut. Quick priest, hand me
The flagon.
(*André hands it. Thibaut drinks.*)
By the soul of God, speak wench.
How long? Speak!

André. Since the hour we parted.
(*Bows his head.*)

Pray.
ELIZABETH MARSH.

THE LIFE TO COME.

So many dreams I pondered, as a girl!
While reckless ever of the passing days;
I sought the track of all whose venturous tread
For flocks of simple men beat out the ways;

Or from the pine's low-rafter'd, balmy tent,—
Where flecks of sun through glimmering meshes sift,—
I felt the mighty rhythms of the air,
With vagrant summoning, my spirit lift;

Or 'mid green orchard arches, fair emboss'd
With apples jasper-red and pallid gold,
I hungered for remote, unfruitful hills,
Purpled by many a mile's aerial fold.

Thus looked I to the Future, till, at last,
When twilight mists were gathering, chill and white,
You led me gently to the warmth of home,
The ember'd hearth, and beckoning candle-light.

Mine eyes are blind with splendour from within,
Being lit by love of thee; I clasp to-day,
Since Life hath naught, in all her dreams, more dear
Than this, some morrow waits to bear away.

Yet, in my bosom, tender-hued and frail,
Soft as a bud of Spring, with brooding eyes,
And wistful lip—my own and not my own—
A silent, wondering babe,—the Future lies.

Mabel Parker Clark Huddleston, 1889.

THE MIRACLE.

THE Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, gay with its banners of nations hanging between the pillars, its flower-decked shrines, gilded images and pictures, was fast filling with an army of pilgrims come on long excursion trains an hour before. They entered slowly, many of them timidly, and gazed awestricken at the two great columns of crutches, old bandages, strange shoes and all the paraphernalia of infirmity discarded by those upon whom St. Anne had worked her miracles. Some sought the pews, others the shrines of patron saints, while many knelt before the golden statue of St. Anne and the infant virgin. Black-robed priests, stirred to great activity by the number of pilgrims, hurriedly prepared for the service; a Franciscan nun exquisite in her long white garments, guided some women to a shrine, and brown friars wandered about answering questions and exhorting all to have faith. One of these, a tall man with a nervous, emaciated face and the deep, burning eyes of a fanatic, showed particular interest in a lad with a badly twisted foot.

"This will be a great day, my son," he whispered tensely. "Have faith. St. Anne will bless many to-day!"

And the boy, Jean Rousseau, meeting his dark eyes, reflected in his own something of their mysticism.

"Pray, pray," exhorted the friar, and hurried away to perform a like service elsewhere.

Jean, slender, with a delicate face, young and innocent in experience, old and wise in pain, let his great blue eyes wander reverently from image to image until they rested upon the high white altar, mysterious in a golden haze of serried tapers. Behind it, against a rosy background, as if making a frame, grew tall sprays of the lovely white and violet bell-flowers sacred to St. Anne. Above it a golden sun shone resplendently. The boy had seen nothing like this in his little country chapel.

The mass began. After the first prayers, a little half-bald priest, whose round un wrinkled face and gray locks curling about his ears gave him the appearance of a cherub grown old, climbed into the pulpit and uttered a child-like homily, first in French, then in English.

He told them of the founding of St. Anne's long ago, by some shipwrecked sailors; of the sacred healing well which St. Anne had caused to appear; of the blessing of the Pope and powerful relics which had come after striking miracles. Even Lourdes must look to its honours now. For St. Anne, he reminded them, was always called good, "the good St. Anne," as distinguished from mere saints. This was because of the great benevolence of her heart. Many possessed benevolence, however, but good St. Anne possessed what most of the benevolent did not, the power to accomplish the benevolence of her heart. For, as mother of the Holy Virgin and grandmother of the Holy Christ, she stood so high in favour with God that he denied her nothing. "And so, my children," he concluded, "it is necessary to have faith and to pray, and to devote many candles to the good St. Anne, who will then surely help you."

Then he directed the forming of the procession. First the women and children, next the men, came forward to receive their lighted tapers and fall into line. The tones of the great organ swept down upon them like a slow, strong wind; from the choir a sweet tenor, followed by a resonant bass, drifted upward among the arches of the roof, and the beautiful hymn to good St. Anne had begun.

The high clear voice of the cherub priest, now stopping to give a direction, then catching up the hymn again, guided into time and tune the shrill voices of the women and the wordless droning of the men. Soon the procession, headed by three youths chosen from the pilgrims to bear a small image of St. Anne and two sacred lamps, was moving solemnly forward.

The pale tense faces of mothers dragging their crippled children timidly along and assisting their frail little hands to clasp the tapers, the shuffling of lame feet, the clumping of heavy shoes, an occasional deep groan or sharp-drawn breath of pain,—all presented a curiously mediæval spectacle that even the dark ugly garb could in no way make modern. Here and there a self-conscious woman giggled nervously with her neighbour, or a man grinned sheepishly at alien spectators, many of whom watched with tears in their eyes this piteous spectacle of human deformity and human pain.

Among the pilgrims was Jean Rousseau. Above all others rose his rich boyish contralto. His fragile body trembled and his thin face worked

with emotion. Singing loudly and holding his taper before him, almost unconscious of his crutch and dragging leg, he marched through the church aisles, out into the courtyard and finally back into the church again to receive the sacrament.

"A miracle, a miracle, good St. Anne," he prayed unceasingly. When the mass was ended, he followed the example of many others and went from shrine to shrine imploring the intercession of all the saints. Three times he visited each shrine before he left the church. Outside he spent his last pennies for candles, which he lighted and placed with more prayers in the little chapels perched on the steep hillside. A curious elation kept him from feeling any uneasiness. Finally he returned to the church, seated himself, and, fastening his eyes upon the golden statue of St. Anne, he began to pray again. The rosary slipped through his feverish fingers, his prayers became broken and irregular, old formulas gave place to newly made, almost incoherent pleadings. "Oh Mother of God, have mercy! Oh God, have mercy, make me walk, make me run! A miracle, good St. Anne! Oh a miracle, a miracle, a miracle," until at last he knew only one word—"miracle." He became conscious gradually of a curious lightness of his whole body, he seemed almost to have no body. Slowly, dreamily, his wide eyes fixed on the image, he rose from his seat and holding his crutch from the ground walked steadily forward and thrust it deep among those at the base of the onyx pillar. For a moment he knelt on the step, crossed himself, bowed toward the high altar, and then, as if walking upon a cloud, he passed swiftly out of the church. A few people had observed his strange actions and two or three followed him closely, but he gave no heed. Still, with his eyes wide and set, he walked on, through the court and down the street, with no other apparent purpose than to walk and walk. More people noticed him and began to follow, but he went on, knowing only that as he stepped he set both feet squarely down on the earth. But soon the lightness began to leave him, and the weight of his body returned more and more oppressively. He stumbled, darkness came before his eyes, and he fell.

As some one tried to raise him to his feet, he became conscious again. A sharp pain was going through him and the blood humming in his ears. As he stood on his feet one leg gave way under him, and he fell down with a piercing cry: "St. Anne, St. Anne, she has taken away her

miracle!" The crowd had grown thick around him and a fat priest bustled into the midst of it. In a sobbing voice the boy told him of the lost miracle. For a moment the priest's eyes bulged, then, assuming an enlightened expression, "Did you leave money and pay candles to thank the good St. Anne?" he asked. The boy shook his head; he had spent all his money for candles earlier and lighted them at other shrines. Ah, that was a serious mistake, but perhaps if he returned and prayed again and promised to pay later, St. Anne would give back her miracle. But the boy shook his head again, and slipping from the priest's hands seized a stick someone had offered. Limping he hastened towards the station where the first express train was rapidly filling. The priest started forward as if to detain him, then turning away with an indifferent shrug and an sanctimonious air, "See, my children," he warned, "there is what it is to fail to pay the saints their just dues!"

Marjorie S. Canan Fry, 1904.

SONNET.

The year draws on apace: soft buds do swell,
The humid South at every casement sighs,
High, high in air white cloudlets sail the skies,
And every catkin bursts his woolly cell.
Now amorous thoughts the busy birds impel;
The ploughboy whistles and the frogling cries;
In boy and bird and bud resistless rise
The tides of life's inevitable swell.

But on my garden plot sere autumn lies:
A few pale flowers still light the winding path
Where withered leaves impede my listless tread:
The fields are bare, even of the aftermath;
Gray clouds are muffling up the wintry skies,
And soon will winter come, and all be dead.

Emma Stansbury Wines, 1894.

LAND AND SEA ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

There are learned men, I know, who place the Earthly Paradise in Ceylon, though other scholars hold that it lay in one of the wildest ravines of the Armenian mountains. Yet, despite their erudition, the lover of home, however ignorant he may be of the laws of form and colour, if he has once seen the spring sweep down upon the low bluffs and tawny fields by the Chesapeake, will smile at further search for the garden of terrestrial delight. For he is held in thrall by a faint, wistful charm, that weaves itself into the very fabric of his life, by the pathetic surrender of a land, young in man's history, yet old beyond time, a land that, after the stormy ebbing of a lavish past is waiting helpless for the inevitable changes of the future.

I.

THE LAND.

Already one great change has fulfilled itself. The tobacco plant, once legal tender, has made way for the orchard, and struggling lines of peach trees cast their thin gray-green shade upon broken furrows whose dark-red clods are bound down by wiry grass. Other tobacco patches have relapsed into jungles of sassafras and juniper topped by ragged little pines, where the impenetrable tangle of blackberry bushes leaves a foothold in the tough clay. Yet this very waste land has its delights for negro children whose bare arms and legs defy the clawing thorns, defenders of Princess Dewberry; its delights for eager dogs that run Molly Cottontail to earth among the brambles. But there are other more mysterious inhabitants of the briar patch whom no one would willingly encounter. The sun-worshipping black-snakes, it is true, that lie in great, sluggish coils upon the field-stones, are held in honour as the mortal enemies of rattlesnake and copperhead. But, where the briar patch sinks towards a little hidden creek, and the marshy soil sucks at the foot of the passer-by, the moccasin has his hole and that strange devil-snake that takes tail in mouth and hurls the venomous circle into the face of its victim. Many a negro returning from camp-meeting or

funeral feast has seen two fiery points blaze at him from the scrub and madly rushed to the nearest door, the devil-directed hoop trundling at his heels. When the horned snake pursues it is well to pray and wise to run.

Other terrors lurk on the nocturnal highway; headless cattle, flaming with infernal fires, sheeted spectres and even the Great Devil, who can be distinguished from a harmless wanderer by his scarlet-top boots. Those more democratic spirits, however, who, deserting haunted house and yew-shadowed family burying-ground, take to the road, find little shelter in moon-bright nights. For, except in scattered clumps of woodland, survivors of the primæval forest, few great trees grow in this shaggy country, and highways and lanes are bordered by briar and bristling holly trees. On the lawns of former manors, indeed, live-oak, horse-chestnut and maple spread broad squares of shade, while the quarters and the ice-house are curtained off by a waving screen of weeping willows. Flaring crêpe myrtle and overgrown rose bushes, dull crimson and yellow, stand sentinel over gardens already invaded by brambles. Only in the country town is something left of old formality.

For the country town is the centre of life to man and beast. It is in the country town that the stranger from the inland first sees the bay and catches a glimpse of the sea life along the Eastern Shore. If he stands beneath the maples on the court-house green and glances upward between the wooden dome of the court-house and the rusty spire of the brick Episcopal Church, he will see the masts of boats at anchor caught in a network of cross-spars and furled sails. Let him wander down a side street; he crunches mounds of oyster shells and the tang of fish greets his nostrils. Then, standing on the worm-eaten jetty that ends the street, he will hear the faint blue waters lapping at the sides of the fishing boats, seeking the weak spot in the keel that is to be battered in when the next squall darkens the bay.

II.

SEA.

Between land and sea there is constant warfare and compensation. For if men draw their livelihood from the water by seine and dredger, each year the wild storms of spring and autumn leap over the bluffs and shatter the little crippled apple trees that oppose their course. Even in the wind-

less summer heat when the glassy white waters barely heave beneath the breeze, they are gnawing treacherously at the fibres of the banks, sucking out great honey-combed cavities that crumble beneath the feet of an uncautious man or beast. Then the bald turkey-buzzards that are always on watch high in air, swoop down upon their prey, and whitened bones lie upon the firm sand, tangled with driftwood and those unhappy sea things that the tide has cast away.

In the month of August the shoals of white fish visit the bay. Then fishing with a drag-net begins. A great fire is kindled on the bluffs to attract the fish shorewards. Below the water is alive with phosphorescent gleams and the dead white of floating sea nettles; there is small sign of fish on the surface, but the drag-net, weighted with stones, is stretched from boat to boat. At the turn of the night the men begin to raise the seine. Instantly the waters become a churning, seething mass of close-packed, leaping bodies. Many fish escape through the meshes of the net or by frantic bounds; still the boats are heaped high with silvery freight and the men count their spoil by the hundred.

Our boats are of such simple make that, except for the centreboards, Aeneas himself would find in them nothing to arouse curiosity. They sit low in the water and are steered by a long rudder-pole that in a fair breeze needs small attention. When tacking in a high wind, indeed, your boat may stagger as she rights herself, but she is staunchly built, to defy the white squalls and the treacherous gusts of the bay, and the negro boatman knows her every line by heart. When she lies becalmed on the oily water and even a pin in the sail will not fetch a breeze, the helmsman brings forth his store of legends and experiences; he will point out Bloody Isle, where six pirates were hanged in a row, and the rotting timbers of the bugeye that went down in the last equinoctial storm. And then, if the idler has a taste for exploration, he may lend a hand at the oar and disembark on one of those happy islands whose hospitable inhabitants from year's end to year's end live over the same round of life, undisturbed by the agitations of that mainland they have never seen. When he sails home in the cool little wind that comes with the night the boatsman tells in confidence of his poaching escapades and thrilling escapes from the revenne-cutter, and, if he has a voice, he will make the waters ring with weird hymn tunes and ballads, old as the first settlers of the colony.

In summer men take to the waters for profit or pleasure, in winter for profit alone, with no songs and hours of delicious idleness. In winter, strangers, too, invade the bay—captains of oyster-boats who ravage every bed and attack the owner unless he comes with sufficient force to guard his rights. Life on these oyster-boats is usually rendered doubly cruel by the brutality of the captain and mate and the drunken quarrels of the crew. The heavy oyster tongs and the blunt, broad knives show rust that is not sea-water. Every winter the newspapers print small notices of the disappearance of youths kidnapped for the dredging; every spring, when the boats make port, they print other small notices, charges of cruelty and murder brought against the oyster-captain. An investigation is promised, but nothing comes of it. Along shore life is of little worth, and the bay has no heed for the men whose shadows pass over its waters.

Ella Beasten Lewis, 1905.

HORA NOVISSIMA.

The end of work and joy at last must be
A meeting with the blackness all alone;
The thrush that pipes when dying folk make moan,
One spring shall greet the dawning silently.
In some sure hour shall come to you and me
That which to all the men of old is known;
Our eyes shall look on that which has been shown
But once to them that are our wise and free.
O Love, the ending still makes dear the way,
Your mouth is redder that it will be white,
The hour which comes alike to men who pray
Their gods for rest and us who love the light,
May give sad wisdom unto them that will.
For us, it makes the springtime fresher still.

Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, 1907.

VIA SACRA.

“I ’M sorry, Father, I kept you waiting,” said Esther Davis, “dinner must have been ready long ago.”

Henry Davis rose at her words, laughing at her affectionately.

Arm in arm, and chatting comfortably to one another, the two made their way to the long dark dining-room. Through the open windows the rumble of the city came dimly to them; an occasional whiff of wind flapped the curtains and made the white summer coverings rustle against the chairs lined up along the wall. The light from the low lamp above the table fell in unfamiliar shadows across the empty doorways and over the muffled pictures.

“My dear,” her father began, “this is much nicer than a sociable evening with Dodsworth and Benson at the club, discussing the latest failure on the street and the newest political disgrace.”

“Poor Dad,” Esther laughed at him, “I don’t know why I haven’t done this more. But when you wrote that you couldn’t get away from town this week, I just left things and came to you. And then Aunt Sabina is giving a dinner to-night—a worse one than usual.”

Mr. Davis chuckled. “Well,” he said, “I can’t blame you. But there,” he added seriously, “what is the use, Esther; you’ll come to it sooner or later—to Aunt Sabina’s dinners and such things. Why, after two years, you’ll like it.”

“Father, after two years *do* I like it?”

No; but, then, you have a great deal of Davis stubbornness. However, it can’t hold out always.”

“I suppose you mean I’ll marry some one?” Esther put down her fork and leaned across the table toward her father. “Dad,” she said slowly, “I never have seen any one whom I could even imagine falling in love with—and I’m twenty-two.”

Her father shook his head with an exaggeratedly hopeless expression in his face.

“Dear me!” he said, and they both laughed.

"Father," asked Esther, suddenly serious again, "you hate Aunt Sabina's dinners, too, and you said only this evening that you liked this"—she motioned includingly with her hand—"better than politics and the club. When people like one life better than another, *why* don't they follow it? *Why* don't you and I live in the country together and travel and do things we really enjoy? O, I don't understand—understand—the world, I suppose."

"Yes, I know," her father nodded, sympathizingly, "I used to feel that way, too. Did you ever know," he asked suddenly, "that I ran away from home once when I was twenty-two? It doesn't work, though," he went on; "you'll find that there is a reason, after all, for the most difficult problem we ever face. I have come to believe, Esther, that we're put just in the place we're meant to fill." Henry Davis' eyes twinkled. "You, my dear, were meant to fill a place at your Aunt's table to-night."

"We will have our coffee in the library." Esther, with oppressive dignity, rose and led the way to the other room.

As he sank comfortably back in his favourite chair, her father said, glancing at her questioningly:

"Donald Thayer happened to be with me this morning when your telegram came—I asked him to come in and see us to-night. You don't mind?"

"No, indeed," she answered, with a little surprised look at him. "I used to like Don, and I haven't seen him for two or three years, since he began to be so absorbed in 'his philanthropy'—that's what Aunt Sabina calls it; he used to be a delightful person to do things with."

"Donald ought to agree with your theories on the tyranny of the expected-of-one."

"He *has* rather cut loose from—routine," Esther assented.

As she spoke, the old caretaker ushered a square-set, serious-faced young man of twenty-four into the room. "Miss Esther," she half called out, with a rising inflection plainly suggestive of a call to duty, "Mr. Thayer."

Esther rose, quite openly glad to welcome him.

"It's nice to see you after so long, Don," she said, as her father shook hands with him, and pushed over his own chair.

"I hear of you," Thayer replied, "I've tried to keep track of my

friends, but it hasn't always been easy." He hesitated a moment and then added, almost impulsively: "So few of them care about my work, and, for the last few years, *that* has been the most important part of my life."

Esther moved her chair so that she faced him more directly, resting her arms on the broad, bare library table.

"Don," she said, "I'd begun to think that no one anymore—or, at least, no one whom I knew—felt like that. People don't seem to *care* about going out in the world and doing things. One's rather expected to take life for granted; and I,"—she rapped her open hand on the table—"I won't. I'm not going to talk about things I'm not interested in and I'm not going to spend my time with people with whom I have no real sympathy." Esther paused a moment and then laughed across at him. "Father and I have been talking of this very thing," she said, and they turned toward her father; but he had buried himself in a favourite book, and was oblivious of them. "You'll think I've become very decided in my views since you used to know me," she went on; "but so few people beside Father would understand in the least—Father is used to my going off like that."

"You see," Don smiled at her, "it's so exactly the way I feel myself. Don't you sometimes find yourself waking up suddenly to the fact that life is getting away from you, and the something in you which you want to express is going and going and going—that's the trouble, I think. We so often don't know what it is we want to express—so few people ever know it at all."

"That's it," said Esther slowly, unconsciously, almost repeating his words, "that's it—we want to express something, and so often we don't know what it is."

* * * * *

Esther watched the train pull slowly out across the trembling bridge and then with quickening speed disappear round the curve until a long streak of gray smoke against the blue winter sky was all that she could see.

She turned to Donald Thayer, standing beside her. "Father has had a beautiful time," she said, "I am so glad he could come."

They turned away and walked across the station platform. "Let's walk home," Esther suggested, "up along the river—its such a wonderful morning."

Across the frozen sand road they went and past the fields, where the

icy marshgrass crunched under their feet, up to the gray bluff that overlooked the sweeping river and, down behind the woods in the hollow, the white and green village with its one gold spire and twenty smoking chimneys.

"I'm perfectly content," sighed Donald Thayer, "I ask for nothing more than that"—he waved his hand toward the countryside beneath them—"and you," he added, with quick emotion, "my dear, dear Esther."

She laughed affectionately and slipped her hand through his arm. "Don," she asked, "do you remember that first night at home in town one summer five years ago? I never understood why I talked so to you. How young we were."

"Yes," he said, "and desperately dramatic and inexperienced. How foolish we were—but we shouldn't be so wise now"—he smiled happily at her—"unless we had been foolish then."

"No," said Esther, "we were just beginning to think, and we weren't yet brave enough, or, as you say, wise enough to understand."

"Do you know," said Donald, "I think we had both been looking for each other always. The world as it has opened to me—a five-days-a-week-and-Saturday-and-Sunday world, with work and leisure and just enough—never by any chance more than enough—that's the world I want. A few people to love and the country to love—and you," he laughed, "to love me. Come," he cried, "we're too serious for such a day—I'll race you to the clump of willows."

Margaret Morison, 1907.

WITHERED LAURELS.

IN spite of the past weeks of deepening intimacy, Mary Wheaton had never quite realised what she found in her father; why, in spite of a continued contempt for his failures, she had none the less suddenly found his charm. Comprehension, indeed, only first dawned on her, and then in a fugitive gleam, when she heard him say softly over the last leaves of his book:

“That man just misses pathos by failing too utterly. The author should have realised that if a man must be deprived, one by one, of all ambition and ideals, for the sake of tragic art, he should, nevertheless, be left his personal dignity. He should survive the struggle with at least the pride of his loneliness.”

Struck by something in the tone, Mary looked up from the knitting into which she was plunging long needles to her father's face, took in with a perception quickened by his words the significance of the sensitive features. His eyes had for her, as she met them, not only a trace of fatigue, but one of wistfulness, accentuated, moreover, by the lines of his mouth, delicate and drooping, which had hardened to a superficial sternness. The weariness she had always seen, though it had not always stirred her interest, but the sense of futility, of defeat, which was now additionally present, had never before appeared through his veil of reserve. In it, however, she saw what had so long eluded her, felt, indeed, as if, after turning over some rare old coin, whose legend was quite unknown, she had, at last, come unawares upon the intelligible significance. In the first flame of curiosity, in her eagerness to verify her conjectures, she laid aside her knitting preparatory to discussion and rested her chin on linked hands.

“But,” she said, “isn't this kind of pride just one of the impossible things in life? Doesn't it, no matter how firm it may seem in one's solitude or in an uncongenial atmosphere, quite melt away with the first chance of a suitable confidence? It seems to me, because, perhaps, of my lack of years, or my native loquacity, quite impossible to keep things utterly to oneself.”

For some time her father looked at her in silence from where he lay

on the couch, his gray head softened and silvered by the glow of the lamp. While he gave her at first no verbal answer, his smile of indulgence seemed to place before her the chasm filled with worldly wisdom, experience and years which lay between them, kept her from the ground on which he had a little arrogantly placed himself.

"Yes, my dear," he said at last. "It's not easy. But after all, this view of pride isn't anything which you, by the very nature of your years, can know much about. It isn't, you see, a possession which we value very much when we're young. We're not after all so very lonely then, for there's always an intensive curiosity after the morrow, and the hope of a possible future companionship. Whatever isolation we talk of isn't apt to be quite sincere, not half so much of a real as a self-created difficulty. But even when one is old, it's not, I think, very easy to keep things all to oneself. It's a vanity, followed more than all others by trippings and stumblings. Don't you see, though, just for that reason, the man who sustains it without a misstep, takes his heavy and hallowed burden through to the end, is worthy of not a little respect?"

Mary did see, though she was not quite sure she agreed with him. Illuminated as he had been for her in the past by the hard glare in which her mother factitiously placed him, she had never thought him worthy of much respect. For his wife, poor lady, who had given to his exaggerated devotion the fleeting bloom of her youth, had never quite forgiven fate for her bad bargain, especially since she had the added irritation of believing that her purchase failed, not through its structural flaw, but through an innate perversity. They had both of them, while allowing him his wit and vivacity, censured him for not bracing his shoulders to the broader task of growth and performance. Now, in the light of the weeks spent in his sick room, of the opinions so vivid and various, and not a little pathetic in their idealism, which she had drawn from him. She saw him, as he lay before her, making a plea for his pride, a conscious failure, clinging among the loss of all other vanities to this one last prop. He had wanted to succeed, she felt now, but he had wandered through life as through an overcrowded room, quite capable of deftly making his way to a given object, but pausing in the meantime to appreciate the very obstacles which lay in his path.

If, however, he had failed through his almost childlike absorption in

immediate things, the fact had not at all helped to alleviate his humiliation. For her mother, "sold" as she had been in a contract by which she had thought to gain much, had not helped to make his penalty less drastic by applying it with tact and generosity, had let him fall from his aim with never so much as a steadying hand. She had, though not by disappointment expressed as much as by a certain placid grimness, let him slip away to the solitude of his study, sink into his dreary, dingy little room to stay there, like a mouse, in silence among his papers.

So, too, he had remained until these latter days of illness. First he had welcomed Mary with a wan smile that seemed to her, in her sudden sense of neglected filial duty, to ask why, if she were at last to come to him, she had stayed away so long. Later it had changed to a look of wistfulness, one that she found covering her as she sat reading by his bed, and that followed her in her soft, careful tread about the room.

"But don't you think," she said, with a hundred and one little memories at hand of things which had sunk into her consciousness unnoticed, "that this pride, after all, causes only an added misery. Worries turned over and over in one's mind don't lessen by the mental revolution. And just because of that it doesn't seem to me quite fair to one's friends, and most of all to oneself, to keep perpetually silent. Don't you see that such vanity not only leads to unnecessary misery, but to selfishness as well? That it deprives one's friends of longed-for chances?"

She meant the words to give him a sign, not that she might force him to confession, but that she might indicate to him where she stood. She hoped, however, as she saw him clinging to his vanity, not wishing what it abstractly represented, to be despised, yet not allowing it to become personal, that he would know, at least, what were the joys of confidence after so many years of isolation. Her pity, indeed, at first incoherent, and quickened by something in him of which she was not yet wholly aware, suddenly got the better of her, swept over in a wave against which she could make no resistance and spread itself in tangible form.

"Father," she cried, as she went quickly to him, kneeled by him with one of his old nervous hands in hers. "It's you, it's you, I mean, that are so lonely and so proud. It is worst to be the cause of trouble, to see what you've done and can't for the life of you help. It's far, far worse than being victimised by some one else's actions." She stopped, realising how

far she had been carried by the force of compassion which had now somewhat spent itself. "Forgive me," she said, looking up at his face that was turned from her as if to avoid her glance; whether in shyness, in reticence, or whether, lost in the dim vistas of memory, he had quite forgotten her. "I didn't mean to say all this. It's just your very patience, your fortitude and the sudden awakening to it that made me so forget myself."

A silence followed, one filled in for her by dim doubts and vague imaginings as to what, stimulated by her words, was taking place in her father's mind. Then, as she sat there waiting, he turned to her, gazed at her with his faded, tired eyes.

"My dear, my dear," he said softly, "there've been a great many times when I've wanted to tell you how I felt. I've wanted so all my life to give; to spend my life in giving, and instead I've absorbed everything within reach. I can't say, though," he added, with a catch in his breath, "that it, after all, made me so very happy myself."

"Don't, don't," Mary said, as she looked away from him, fearing the revelation of the inner feeling his face might show, apprehending the flow of thoughts, morbid and tragic, which now that she had started she could neither check nor suppress.

"I couldn't help it," he went on, ignoring her stifled murmur. "I was made, more than most of us are, with enough of the willing spirit, but far, far too little of the strength of the flesh. But I've always wanted so to be happy with you and your mother. I used to listen to you sometimes, as I passed the door, you two talking so easily and comfortably together, and I tried to hear what you were saying. I had, you see, to get my laughter muffled, in my place behind the curtain. I should have lost it altogether the moment I stepped from the folds. Why, to be this way, to talk to you so for five minutes out of the endless stretch of hours was more than I ever dared hope for. When you came first I can't tell you how I felt, even then, and now, and now."

He sank back exhausted and turned his face to the wall.

Mary sat in deep trouble beside him, stricken with a brutal clearness of vision that showed her the evil she had unknowingly wrought. For she saw then that his confidence had been paid for at a price too high, that she had taken from him a dignity that could never be returned, had left him with a lost pride and withered laurels.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, 1907.

THE PRIESTESS.

Forth from the silent wood she came,
All clad as if with rosy flame;
She wore a crown of ivy leaves
And thence her amber-coloured hair
Fell in a straight line to her knees.
Her slender, white, young throat was bare,
Her eyes were gray as rain-swept seas.

I thought, I will possess her so—
Make her the priestess of that shrine—
That only she and I may know,
Teach her and keep her ever mine.
How perfect were those days! But now,
Is vanished all that was divine,
Departed with her broken vow.

Louise Foley, 1908.

PRIZE ESSAY.

MAJOR ENGLISH CRITICS.

The Cultivation of the Spirit of Poetry in College Education.

It was an occasion of peculiarly interesting character, namely, the selecting of a college for his son, that stirred with particular intensity, in the mind of a certain man, the memory of his own college days. The influence of his Alma Mater had always been a sure, though sometimes unconscious one in his life and thoughts since then, but under such stimulus as the present one he came to realise with peculiar force what his college life had really meant to him and how much of what he now was he owed to its influence.

In letting his thoughts travel back over those days, he was strongly impressed with a certain sense of unity in the life of his Alma Mater, a strong desire on the part of all connected with her to make real the simple motto "Truth and beauty in all things," which was engraved on every available spot,—over college doors, along the balustrades, and in little unexpected nooks and corners. That had been the ideal that was placed before all who entered there, and from the endeavour of instructors and students alike to realize it, had risen much of the charm which the college, in both its external and internal life, had cast over its sons.

In an external way there had been scarcely anything left to desire. The man could remember distinctly how, coming one September morning from a typical American city, where beauty had been sacrificed to usefulness, the contrast between the loveliness of the place to which he had come and the intense ugliness of the one just left had struck him forcibly, and had made the first impression on the new film of his college experience a strikingly clear and beautiful one. And this first impression had not faded away, as sometimes happens, but had been gradually developed until a perfect picture, with each detail meaning something in itself, but contributing at the same time something to the general effect, had been produced. The whole setting of the place, the broad sweeps of green, the rare trees and bushes,

the college buildings themselves, soft gray and vine-covered,—the work of an artist who realised the certain influence which beautiful architecture has on those who live habitually in its presence,—all these had been parts of that first impression; and then more gradually there had been woven about these separate elements of external beauty certain associations—links between the inner life of the college and its outward beauty. A certain maple tree, under which he had first read the *Iliad* appreciatively, the great sloping hill behind which the sun went down each day, on the top of which he had realised that peculiar emotion which made Shelley cry to the west wind: “Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud;” or the woods to the east, in whose silent depths he had felt the strange, mysterious influences of nature of which Wordsworth tells; the little hollow, with its dark, moist earth, where he had first felt a really passionate love for violets, “dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes”—all these and many more beautiful associations had become a part of his daily existence, and had made it impossible ever afterward for him to live without beauty of some kind around him, without some of “that harmony between the soul and its physical environment which is like perfectly-played music.”

Within the college halls the stimulating effect of surroundings had not been neglected, and the man could remember how, walking along corridors past the busts of great men like Sophocles, Cæsar, Aurelius, Pericles, he had experienced a clearer realisation of the personality of these men; or how pictures of great scenes of the past had stimulated an interest in the events themselves. And so it had come about that around certain places within these halls, too, charming associations and memories had twined themselves, making special spots in the library and in lecture rooms milestones in the travels of his spirit.

In the intellectual life of the college it had been the earnest endeavour to make the ideal, expressed in the motto of the college, real, that had penetrated and transformed each division of human knowledge, relating the various courses of the college curriculum one to another and gathering all into one harmonious whole. In approaching literature, the man felt that he had been particularly fortunate in having the guidance of those who, realising the source of pure joy to be found therein, had given all their energies to make others find that joy. And gradually, as he came to know more intimately the great hearts of those who have recorded the

history of man's spirit, he, too, gained possession of those springs of truth and beauty from which ever afterwards he might drink when he would. In each of these great ones of his own race "who saw life steadily and saw it whole" he had found something which was well worth having. Chaucer's childlike view of life, with the sunshine of the May morning upon it; the "thousand-souled" Shakespeare presenting the broad, free truth and beauty of human life, making concrete, and thereby effective, all the moral precepts of all ages; Milton, the great "organ-voice of England," breathing forth in the majesty of his verse the harmony, the sublimity, and the beauty of that Eternal Spirit to which he had prayed so devoutly; Shelley, who had "lifted the veil from the hidden beauty of the world"—from each of these he had received some peculiar stimulus. In the study of the great masters of other languages he had experienced a particular pleasure in the discovery that between the men of all ages there is a strong bond of kinship. He saw how the great elementary passions and emotions of man recorded in the heroes and heroines of Homer, of Sophocles, of Virgil, of Dante, are as real and as appreciable to the man of to-day as to the man of long ago; and yet how each one of those great men had cast about these truths of life the note or flavour of individual atmosphere, which opened up new visions of the world's great life. The lands of classic Greek, the deep, solemn tone of mediævalism, clothing Dante's "anointed vision," the stern righteousness of the Hebrew life,—all these had been particularly pleasant means of living in the atmosphere of the great civilizations of the past. And thus in whatever form or language any great heart had uttered truth in an inspired and beautiful way, he had found something which had helped in solving the great problem how to live, and how to live joyfully. Only the man himself knew what a source of inspiration some character of Shakespeare had been in the way of conduct, or how, when all the "uses of the world seemed weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," in order to bring back to earth the interrupted music of the heavens it had only needed lines like these:

"Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their sides
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song and waken raptures high,"

It had happened that those who controlled the college, realising the great influence which art, in all its forms, has upon men, had gathered into one room reproductions of all the great masters' works; and the memory of what a source of pure joy and inspiration that room had been; of the hours of pleasure spent in the contemplation of Michael Angelo's *Creation* or his *Bound Captives*, of the marvellous conceptions of Raphael, the tantalizing beauty of Da Vinci's *John the Baptist*, the exquisite dignity of Bellini's great Madonna or the beautiful pastoral landscape of Giorgione—came like a fine breath from the past. Each one of the great paintings, the great works of sculpture, had represented truth and beauty united; and to the hours spent there he could trace the love for beautiful pictures, and the dislike for the cheap in art, that had caused him always afterward to keep some really great picture near him, and which had made the art galleries of Europe landmarks in the delights of travel.

With this increased love for beauty in all its forms had come a strengthening of a love for music which had always been an influence for good in his life. For some reason, not then understood by him, he had always felt a strong desire to be good after hearing any really fine music. But now, when he began to recognise that it was the very greatness of imagination of those supreme masters of musical art, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, that was finding its way into his heart by means of the audible loveliness of the world, he consciously sought the influence of this spiritual exhilaration, never afterwards missing an opportunity to hear a sympathetic rendition of the ideals of the great musicians.

It happened that in the study of poetry of ancient times he had been strongly impressed by the close relation that had existed between poetry and religion. He saw how, without any definite notions either of poetry or religion, the ancients had poured out their hearts in poetry which contained the best religion that they knew, and by means of that poetry had carried religion among men. He began to realize, too, as he thought more about it, that this close relation between poetry and religion had lasted through the ages; that all great poets, consciously or unconsciously, had given us religion, and, on the other hand, that the forms of religion that had taken the surest hold upon men's hearts had been those that clung to poetry, making thereby the straight and narrow path an easy and a pleasant one to travel. He recognised, too, that as all great art had made use of "the

visible, audible, tangible loveliness" of things in interpreting life, so religion at its best had not neglected the sense of beauty in man. The contrast between the cold, stern righteousness of the Puritan's life, and the thrill of religious feeling which built the Gothic cathedrals and carved Michael Angelo's *Pietà* impressed him strongly and stirred in him a desire always to have spiritual things connected with beauty, to see religious ceremonies made lovely with all that poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture and music can add, to see the light of the spirit of beauty giving "grace and truth to life's unequal dream."

From the history of the past he had received, not an accumulation of dates and disconnected events, but the best and truest conceptions of history as a story of human life. The more intimately he came to know the great personalities of the past—Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Richelieu, Pericles—the more he had been thrilled by that peculiar force which had made their influence penetrate every phase of the life of their own times, and had made their names act like magic in the world ever since. By trying to judge them from the standpoint of their own time, place, and circumstances, rather than from his own, he had been able to grasp more sympathetically the ideals which they had followed, ideals sometimes more nearly attained than others, yet always leaving the impress of being attempted on the life of the world. He recognised, too, how all the great movements of the past, the Crusades, the wanderings of the German tribes, the Renaissance, the great revolutions, had all had their beginnings in some need in the heart of man, and how they returned to their source with the fruits of their victories. There had been a certain charm, moreover, in watching the regular ebb and flow of history, in noticing the alternate periods of activity and stagnation through which the great spirit of man had passed. Great systems of thought had sprung up, trying to answer adequately all the strange questionings of the mind of man. Systems of government, of economy, of philosophy, of theology, all these had their bearing on man's life, were evidences of great minds striving after perfection in one particular line,—were necessary to the complete life of the world. But out of all these records of the past, perhaps the most valuable thought that had come to him had been the realisation that it is not the action or the solid realities of the past that come down through the ages to be an inspiration to men, but the ideals which the past has cherished, ideals never to be

attained fully, and yet by that very fact luring humanity of all ages on and tantalising them with hopes of better things.

In considering how the great spirit of the college had worked to relate the various branches of knowledge one to another, he recognised how strong that spirit had been in the case of science. Science, which traditionally has stood apart from art of all kinds, which in the minds of some, indeed, has meant the direct opponent of all things connected with the finer qualities of man's spirit, had been brought into line with the other parts of that intellectual life, and had yielded its share to that accumulation of truth and beauty which every one was to take forth into the world with him. It had been shown to him that in the great discoveries in the realms of physics, geology, chemistry and biology men had been seeking truth, and this truth, though it had found expression in facts rather than in ideas, was essential and absolutely necessary to develop the greater perfection of the realities of life, upon which ideal conceptions are based. But over and beyond this element of necessity, of really great and good usefulness of science, a greater and far higher conception of its moving forces, its wonderful findings, had been given to him in that conception which realizes that under all the great phenomena with which science deal, lies something greater—

“the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps thro' the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear.
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass they bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into Heaven's light.”

As the man reflected on all the forces which had been at work in those days of his college life, its outward beauty, its internal truth, another influence, somewhat intangible but nevertheless strikingly sure, claimed a place in his memory, namely, that companionship of his fellow students, the intercourse with instructors which had represented his contact with real life for that time. In becoming a sharer in the lives of a large number of individuals, who, while in general striving after the same ends as himself, had retained, each one of them, his individuality, he had found valuable

and plentiful illustrations of the knowledge of life obtained from books. And as he had passed those days in close touch with other lives, watching the strength of some, the weakness of others, and realising the interpenetrating joys and sorrows which touched the life of each one at some time or another, there had grown within him a strong sense of comradeship, a deep sympathy with the lives and thoughts of others, which ever afterwards made him have a wholesome contempt for that selfish instinct which makes some men separate themselves from the life of their fellow-men, denying to others a share in what life has brought them.

And so it happened that these memories of his college days, aroused by the problem which confronted him, performed for the man that very helpful service of rejuvenating those influences which in the past had acted for good and of bringing home to him more strikingly the debt which he owed to his Alma Mater. Knowledge she had given him, valuable, interesting, the essence of all the world's intellectual life, and for that he was thankful; but the great sense of gratitude which flooded his heart went out to the spirit of that college life which had taken him out of himself, had made him expand under its magic touch, had aroused a passionate desire to experience the real vitality and glory of life; that spirit which had shed a glory and beauty unspeakable over every item of its life, which had focused all things on

“That Light whose fire kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move.”

The ideals of conduct which ever afterwards made him place the life of the spirit above material needs, the sources of joy which had made happiness assured for him, these seemed to him the things that had been really worth while. And so it was with a heart confident of results that he decided to trust his son to the care of his own Alma Mater, feeling sure that under her guidance he would come to that conception of life so full of truth and beauty, so inspiring, so comforting, so hopeful,—that conception which only a poet had been able to express when he said that man was “only a little lower than the angels.”

Margaret H. Coyle, 1906.

COLLEGE THEMES.

"Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best; . . . not to imitate servilely . . . but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers with the bec, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour; make our *imitation sweet*."—BEN JONSON: *Discoveries*.

THE ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

In it there is the anguish of rudimentary conflicts, and the music of battles. It has the vastness of space, the weariness of waters, and the wind is the wind of the world. It is the sea, not in its time of peace and quiet, when the ripples brim softly the beaten beach and the boat drifts with the wind that drives it, but the sea in its mystery of strife, of passion and tumult. It carries the images of clouds low-hung that, whirling across the sky, leave with their mist and rain a shimmering trail of silver. It has the sway and sweep of wings against winds too strong, the strangling of waves on rocks too hard for them; and the futile call of a human voice daring the rush of the storm from the edge of life, drifting for a short space across the infinite waters, then to falter and grow faint in its struggle against the noise of a tumult more large, more terrible.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, 1907

NEW ENGLAND.

THREE ASPECTS.

The day had not yet dawned. The hills were wrapped in a veil of gray,

and in the valley shreds of cloud still lingered, forming lakes of silver in the shadows. Gradually, however, the sky began to change its colour. The pale green deepened into pink, and just at the horizon a bar of crimson burned and brightened. Then, as the sun rose slowly the farm house at the crest of the height cut through its shroud of mist, and stood out clearly; its square frame and chimneys sharpened in the garish light. Its every window was a patch of orange, and on the branches of the pines surrounding it there sparkled a myriad of little jets of flame. The garden, too, was all ablaze. The roses dew-drenched, cupped in their depths the radiance of approaching day, while on the box-hedges the patterned cobwebs gleamed like sheets of gold. At last, long rays of light crept down the hillside, until as field after field was touched and kindled the whole valley lay bare and blazing under a fiery glow.

The farm-house is at the top of a hill, which rises gently from the valley, and which in this season of autumn is a patchwork of brown and old gold; untilled soil and ripened harvest. A little road winds up to it, a strip of sil-

ver in the grass, and loses itself behind a cluster of pines, whose great branches, shadow-filled, form the shelter of the house. The farm is in itself an unpretentious little building—white, and gable-roofed, with a porch in front, over which a trumpet vine twists its glossy foliage and slim-podded fruit. Now, however, it is glorified by the afternoon sun. The straight lines stand out with sharp edges against the deep blue sky; the windows are a glare of light, and between the blinds are slender shadows. In the garden, which is neatly divided into squares of emerald freshness enclosed by high rows of box, everything is ablaze with light. Sun-flowers and roses send out a warm perfume, and under the pear trees, which rise straight and slim against an old gray wall, bees huddle their furry bodies over the bruised juice of fallen fruit.

Everywhere there are the busy sounds that precede twilight, the shrill chirp of the cricket in the grass, the call of laborers in the neighboring fields, and the faint tinkle of cow-bells from pastures under the hill.

Already the valley below me lay deep in twilight, but the sun still covered the hilltop and fringed the outline of the farm-house there with an edge of flame. Little by little it sank to the horizon, until with a quick slip it was out of sight, leaving behind it one frail band of crimson in the west, and the lingering light of pale gold, soft amethyst and pink on all about me. Then everything took on new colour. The farm, a square little building, with jagged breaks at the gables, lost its

harshness in a rosy mist; the massed pines which shelter it were red against the sky, and nearby, where the pear trees dropped their yellow bells over an old gray wall, the faces of the sultry sun-flowers burned like glowing shields. Gradually the light lessened, and at last I was left alone in this place of fat earthy smells and languorous perfumes, with not even a bird song rippling upward or the music of distant cow-bells on the hill. Everything was at rest; the garden had faded to dim perspective of box and silver pathways, silent and deserted. The night sounds had not yet begun. In the deep tangle of the brier a fire-fly started to flash its way. And above me the broad gold of the moon melted into the sky.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, 1907.

A DANDELION.

When all the world seemed to be sorrowing

For summer that had passed away too soon,

I saw, one late November afternoon,
A yellow dandelion blossoming.

"Sweet flower," I said, "that to the world dost bring

Remembrance of all sunny days in June,

Tell me from whom thou hast this pleasant boon,

That to November thou dost speak of spring."

Then even as I looked the answer came,
For I remembered that adown this hill

My lady sweet doth often make her way;
 And as my heart at sight of her is gay,
 Even so when she comes near the earth doth thrill
 And marks her passage with a yellow flame.

Margaret Franklin, 1908.

odour as of stale musk. The green of the leaves, too, was dimmed as if by the road dust. Therefore people remembered its natural ugliness and cried out upon the metamorphosis of such a little monster. The gardener smiled at this as one who knows his purpose. Many indeed called the flower a book entitled *Madame Bovary*.

Louise Netterville Cruice, 1906.

A METAPHOR.

A famous gardener passed through the fields one summer day, and as he walked his eye fell upon a common little weed that grew by the wayside. It was a plant often seen in those parts and so, little noticed; but the discerning eye of the gardener brightened as he looked at it, and finally he stooped and plucked it, root and all, from the ground. Its flower was broad and distorted, of a dull red shade; and its leaves and stem were brown with the dust of the road. As it lay in his hand a stench crept up from the coarse petals, sickening as the odour of stale musk. But the gardener did not seem disgusted with its ugliness; to him it signified only the flower's nature and possibilities. Therefore he carried it home and replanted it in his greenhouse, and tended it, and worked with it for many months. Then people came and looked at it and marveled at the skill of the gardener. The flower had curved into graceful lines, the petals were grown transparent, and the leaves showed green again. Still the dull red had not paled, and when one bent too near one was sickened by the faint

A HELLENIC LEAGUE.

PART I.

The Junior Professor of Greek was walking up the avenue in a brown study. He was so deep in thought that he forgot not to bow to the Lecturer in Entomology, as they passed each other. The Lecturer in Entomology did not forget, however, but met his colleague's bright smile with a stony stare. He had just come from a rallying of the scientific department. "No compromise" was his watchword. The Junior Professor of Greek walked on sadly. Conversation between him and this promising young scion of the scientific department had never been very gushing, but their daily greeting, up to the last week, had always had a friendly ring. The Junior Professor of Greek fell into a still deeper reverie, and a few minutes later cut the Demonstrator in Physics with the greatest ease.

When he reached the top of the hill he found an excited group of instructors gathered in front of the street bulletin-board. There was no doubt this time as to his reception.

"Hello, Ridgely, we've been waiting

for you. Have you seen the notice? The meeting's to be to-morrow. It's life or death to your beloved Greek, is it not?"

"And life or death to his beloved self, too," put in Richards, the assistant in biology, in an undertone. "If Greek is no longer required, there'll be no more work for poor Uncle Ridgely, and no more pay, either."

"Yes," said his neighbour, "and no more happy meetings with the fair princess of the realm of Biology, Alice Downes. Ridgely won't have the face to look at her when he has no hopes of a salary to offer her. You'll have your innings then, Richards."

"If only we could knock that old corpse of a dead language out of the way," said an enthusiastic graduate. "We've got a good chance at it too. When old Downes gets up and uses his eloquence on our side, there'll be nothing left of the rest of them. So much is certain anyway,—we've got the star member of the faculty on our side. And if we pay any attention to the sentiment of the populace— Just listen to the boys down there! If they had their way it would be all up with Greek."

In the street below the confused shouting had stopped, and one big fellow was calling out:

"A motion is before the house, that the constitution be amended so that the name of Greek be struck out from the list of subjects required at this university. All those in favor of this motion signify it by saying, *Ay*."

"*Ay*," the cry rose from all sides.

"Contrary minded? It is a vote."

The professors listened with ill-concealed disappointment. Most of those in the group were on the Greek side.

Suddenly the graduate physics shark came running up in breathless haste.

"What do you think they are saying over there at the athletic field? They say that Kilby, yes, Kilby himself—"

"Well, what about Kilby? Out with it, man!"

"Well, someone has heard that Kilby is wavering in the cause, going back on himself at the last moment, backing out of the fight for Greek altogether. Pierson vouches for it that Kilby doesn't say a word in defense of Greek at the meeting to-morrow."

"Hurrah!" cries Richards. "The captain of the enemy's army has deserted! Who doubts the outcome now?"

"Don't be too sure," said his friend, the holder of the chair in Gaelic, "I never believe the impossible till it happens."

Meanwhile in the thick of the group around Ridgely, too, incredulity was creeping in after the first wave of consternation. Ridgely, at first aghast, was being reassured by his friends, and reassuring them in his turn.

"Yes, I've heard Kilby talk in a rather despondent tone of the prospects of Greek in the next century, but I'm sure he would be the last man to give up the cause. Still, we must all of us work hard to-night and get up our arguments for to-morrow's contest. The English department is all on our side, and the Teutonic branches are irrevocably with the enemy, but the Romance Languages and Gaelic are on the fence. We must aim our keenest arguments at the Romance Languages. Well, good-bye, friends: I'm off to make the best case I can."

And the Junior Professor of Greek strode down the hill again in fine style.

But as soon as he was out of sight of the others his pace grew slower and his air less buoyant. By the time he reached the street corner his face was clothed in melancholy. He was walking ahead again in a brown study, when he almost collided with the Professor of Biology.

"Hello," said that star of the scientific department, giving him a hearty slap on the back. "Why so sad, young friend? Oh, I know, it's that blessed Greek of yours, isn't it? What a fuss those underlings of mine are making over a tiny bauble like Greek! Why can't people have a little something to amuse themselves with, I should like to know?"

"It is not only the Greek that I am thinking of," said the Junlor Professor, looking straight ahead.

"And I too am thinking of other things," said the Professor of Biology, as a vision of a girl's troubled brown eyes rose before him. There was a pause, while the Professor of Biology too looked straight ahead. Then he went on gaily, "Cheer up, old fellow, we'll see what we can do. I'm afraid I shall have to speak against Greek to-morrow, for the sake of appearances, but I can make a poor speech."

"I doubt it," said the Junior Professor of Greek.

"You'll see," said the Professor of Biology, "just wait till to-morrow. Good-bye."

PART II.

The great faculty meeting was in full swing. Whispering had ceased, and all the men were intent upon catching the words of the Professor of History.

"No one," he was saying, "is a greater lover of Greek than I. But it seems to me derogatory to the dignity of the subject that the common herd of boys should be forced to take it. Those who are able to appreciate Greek will always elect it, and their pleasure in it will be much greater if their work is not clogged by the indolence of reluctant schoolboys. It is for the glory, not for the shame of Greek, that it be made an elective."

"Get up and answer that, Ridgely," whispered the Professor of Biology to the Junior Professor of Greek. "You know what to say; go ahead."

Ridgely had already spoken at some length, but rather ineffectively. His feeling that everyone knew how great was his personal interest in the outcome had robbed him of assurance and made him timidly judicial. He decided to try again, however, and was just making a motion to rise when he was caught by a murmur of excited whispers around him. Looking back, he saw that Kilby who had up to this time been sitting silent in a corner with his head on his hands, had risen and was walking with slow strides toward the front of the room. The other men had merely stood up in front of their seats to speak. Kilby went all the way to the platform, and then turned and faced his audience. He stood still for a moment before speaking. The suspense was breathless. Ridgely clenched his hands to keep them from shaking. Everyone felt that it rested with the most distinguished professor of Greek in the country to uphold the dignity of scholarship. If he failed, all would be lost. The first words reassured Ridgely.

"If my colleague, the Professor of History, had had as many years of experience with young men as I have, I think he would not be so sanguine as to their wisdom in choosing for themselves. When a boy is given liberty of choice, he tries to find either something with which he thinks he has been familiar from childhood, or else something that will be wholesomely distasteful to him. If Greek were made an elective we should have classes no better selected than we have now. The only difference would be that the Greek classes would be smaller. The real point at issue, therefore is to my mind this: Is Greek worth while, or is it not? If it is worth while, let us by all means force the students to take it." (Cries of *Hear!* from the Greek benches.) "But is it worth while? My answer is *No.*" (A storm of clappings and cries of *Hear!* from the scientific benches, and dismay on the faces of the classical men.) "Ah, yes, I see you are surprised. You will say, doubtless, that I am a coward to desert the mistress of my life at the critical moment. I should have said so myself when I was a young man. But the romantic interest that one feels in a losing cause may carry one too far. When we come to the point, is it not, after all, a futile effort we are making to revive a dying flame? This is the age of new science, new thought, new language. The best of our youth should be given to creating the new; not to preserving the old. It is no rash impulse that urges me to speak as I do. It is a conviction that has been stealthily growing upon me ever since I came to the University. You, my friends, psychologists, econo-

mists, scientists, have taught me the difference between living and dead thought. 'The old order changeth, giving place to new.' Be thankful that your work shall last, that you know not what it is to have given your life to a thing that is dead."

All eyes followed the Professor of Greek as he passed through the hall to his seat. Only Ridgely stared vacantly at the wall; almost numb with disappointment. Suddenly he felt something clutch at his vest pocket. He turned and saw his Homer gliding stealthily into the coat of his neighbour, the Professor of Biology. He had no time, however, for conjectures as to the purpose of this strange theft. For the next moment Downes was taking the faculty by storm with a fiery speech for Greek. He got out three times as many words a minute as Kilby, and he had already pelted his audience with a score of ringing sentences, before Ridgely had quite grasped the significance of the situation.

"Biology," he concluded, "has been the staff of my life, but Greek has been, may I say, its music. There is a certain delight, a certain inspiration that cannot come to us from the work by which we earn our living. As Kilby has found that delight in science, so I have found it in Greek. It may be that my best friends have never observed that the happiest of my leisure moments have been spent in the perusal of the *Iliad*. but such is the case. I am never without my pocket Homer." Here Downes drew out a well-worn red leather copy of the *Iliad*. "This book it is that cheers me between lectures, that beguiles the hours when I am

proctoring examinations. Small and unpretentious it seems, but it is worth its weight in gold to me. And how should I ever have learned to know the charm of Greek had I been allowed to spend all my youth in the biological laboratory? Surely there is no one here so unkind that he will withhold this delight from the next generation."

There was a storm of applause as Kilby sat down, then cries of "*Question!*" from the Greek side, and the vote was taken. As the faculty trooped out into the street the throng of waiting students saw the beaming smile on Ridgeley's face, and knew that Greek had won.

Kilby nudged Downes as they met near the door. "Since when have you had such a passion for Greek?" he said. "You might at least have confided it to me."

"I have always had an aversion to talking about books," said Downes.

Kilby lingered behind after the rest had left the room. As he passed the desk, he saw the little red Iliad that Downes had evidently forgotten. Turning back the cover he read in his own writing on the fly-leaf,—"*Thomas R. Ridgely* in token of affection from his friend, Arthur Kilby." "I thought the book looked familiar," he murmured.

Margaret Franklin, 1908.

COLLEGIANA.

[The reports here printed are for the year 1904-1905. THE LANTERN hereafter will be published annually in February, and will contain the reports of the previous year.—EDITOR.]

MEMORIAL DOORS.

THE doors at the head of the main staircase in the new Library are a memorial to Mary Helen Ritchie, presented by the Undergraduates of Bryn Mawr College. The doors, six in number, separated by four columns, are of teakwood, carved in the style of the Library, Jacobean of 1630, after a design by Mr. Lockwood de Forest, of New York. The Trustees have also selected teakwood to match the memorial doors for the stair hall and the main staircase. Facing this, above the doors, is an inscription twenty feet long and one foot high, etched in green bronze at the Tiffany studios in New York. It will read as follows: "In Memory of Mary Helen Ritchie, Secretary of Bryn Mawr College, by the Undergraduate Association, 1905."

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THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE Graduate Club for the year 1904-05 numbered forty members. At the three formal meetings held by the Club, the following addresses were given: *President Stanley Hall's Adolescence*, by President M. Carey Thomas; *The Lack of Ability in Teachers*, by President Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University; *The American Colonies*, by Dr. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr College.

On March fourth, the Club entertained the Seniors in the Gymnasium, with a play which was a parody on the May Day Fête.

Tea was served informally in the Club room, as usual, four times a week by members of the Club. In addition two formal teas were given to the Faculty.

S. H.

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THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE Bryn Mawr Club of New York continued to use as headquarters the apartment at 138 East Fortieth street, and two members live there throughout the year, while the guest-room was frequently used by non-resident members.

The "first Wednesdays" throughout the year were well attended, as usual, and during the Christmas holidays the undergraduates in New York were invited to tea at the club. Later in the year a similar invitation was extended to former students of Bryn Mawr who were not club members.

The annual dinner, on March 24th, at the Hotel Manhattan, served as the occasion of assembling many non-members as well as members. There were also a number of guests of the club, among them President Thomas. At the conclusion of the dinner Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens" was very creditably performed.

If a larger apartment, suitably located, can be found, the club intends to change its quarters next year in order that it may be possible to accommodate more tenants and to have larger club-rooms. There are now one hundred and fifty members, more than half of them residents of New York.

It is much to be hoped, also, that next year arrangements may be made looking toward a closer affiliation of the different Bryn Mawr Clubs.

R. A. F., 1895.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE Philosophical Club decided to hold fewer meetings this year than is usual, but these were so largely attended that we may be said to have had a very successful season. The following lecturers addressed the Club: November—Mr. Frank Thilly, of Princeton University, Nietzsche's *Philosophy*; January—Mr. Dickinson S. Miller, of Columbia University, *Emerson as an American*; March—Mr. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University, *Substitutes for Soul*; April—Mr. James E. Creighton, of Cornell University, editor of the *Philosophical Review*, *Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Methods of Thought, a Contrast*.

N. F., 1905.

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SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

DURING the year 1904-05, as formerly, the students have come together in the Gymnasium, at seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, in an informal, non-sectarian service, led by a student or alumna of Bryn Mawr College. The subjects and the spirit of these meetings, expressing as they do the ethical views of the College, change but little from year to year.

The committees, this year, have perpetuated the excellent plan, started in 1903, of keeping a record of the leaders and subjects. The meetings have been led in most part by undergraduates, with an occasional alumna to bring us an outside point of view. Music has played a still greater part in the service than ever before.

A. D. J., 1905.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE one thing we would like to record in connection with the work of Christian Union during the year 1904-05, more significant than facts and statistics, is the general spirit of interest and earnestness which the College at large showed in its various activities. Together with this revival of interest from within many alumnae encouraged us from without by their active sympathy. Some expressed a desire to be organically connected with Christian Union and a clause was added to the constitution providing for such a membership. It reads,—“Any alumna or former student, or any woman officially connected with the College may become an auxiliary member upon the payment of an annual fee and may be entitled to the report of the Association for that year.” It was later decided that this fee be one dollar, payable to the treasurer before December first.

The regular activities of Christian Union remained the same as in previous years, although they were enlarged in scope. The enrollment in both mission and Bible study classes increased, especially in the former where it more than doubled. Two scholarships in Miss Tsuda's School in Tokyo were maintained. We also joined the International Institute for girls in Spain and raised different sums for various missionary and philanthropic purposes.

The maids' Sunday School and evening classes, the teaching of the laboratory boys, the reading and singing at the hospital and the Kensington work among the factory girls were all carried on with great regularity and interest.

Through Dean Groton, who conducted a mission class on comparative religion, the Missionary Library received a gift of \$250 from Dr. George Woodward, of Philadelphia. President Thomas has promised us an alcove in the new library for our books.

H. G., 1905.

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THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

THE interests of the College Settlement Chapter were this year enlarged by two innovations; the first, the Bryn Mawr Settlement Fellowship, established early in the winter; and the second, a Bryn Mawr Branch of the Consumers' League, lately instituted under the auspices of the Chapter. Two hundred dollars, the sum requisite to the founding of a joint fellowship, was promised by members of the Chapter. This is to be used by a Bryn Mawr alumna in research work on social problems.

The purpose of the branch of the Consumer's League is twofold. Through it the Philadelphia League is to receive the moral and financial support of Bryn Mawr; and, moreover, the students here are to be kept in touch with the work of the League throughout the country.

The Chapter membership dues sent to the general College Settlement Associa-

tion amounted this year to \$159.20, a smaller sum, we regret to say, than was contributed last year. It is confidently hoped that the membership will increase next year.

The Saturday morning work at the two Settlement houses in Philadelphia has been shared this winter as usual by the Chapter members. The work consists of supervising some three or four score children during their playhours.

We were fortunate during the year in having four excellent speakers on subjects connected with College Settlement. The first was Miss Frances A. Kellor, author of *Out of Work*, who spoke on *Opportunities for College Women in Civic Life*. Mr. Easton, agent for the Philadelphia Organized Charities, spoke on *Preventative Philanthropy*; Mr. Edward T. Devine, of New York, on *Social Science*. Our last public meeting was a small one, but exceedingly fruitful, as the establishment of the branch of the Consumers' League shows. Mrs. Kelly, Secretary of the Consumers' League, gave an address upon *Child Labour and the College Student*.

M. A. C. 1907.

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THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

WE feel that too much cannot be said in thanks to Miss Constance Applebee for the improvement in all athletics. Not only was the better hockey due to her, but cricket, lacrosse and water polo were started under her supervision, and much interest was shown in them.

But most of all perhaps the indoor meet showed Miss Applebee's influence. Class teams were formed and trained and the greatest enthusiasm and excitement and much class feeling was shown in the meet. There was a marked improvement in all records and three were broken. A cup was presented by the Athletic Association to the winner of the most points and the class winning the most points is to hang its banner over the alcove. 1905 won the meet. Theodora Bates, 1905, holds the cup for this year. 1907 won the swimming contest.

It is hoped that this increase in interest and clean form in athletics will continue.

C. D., 1905.

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GLEE CLUB.

THOUGH the Glee Club this year was somewhat smaller than usual, its year was on the whole a successful one. The club contained many good voices, and all members were interested and helpful. The work was accordingly pleasant. The club was most fortunate in its business manager, Miss Ford, to whom we owe our financial success.

H. P. K., 1905.

THE TROPHY CLUB.

THE Trophy Club has continued its attempt to keep the college life of the past in the minds of the present students. A few pictures have been added, mainly of the recent classes. The class picture of 1896, and the athletics pictures of 1899 are still needed. A glass case to hold the basketball lantern and the hockey, tennis, and Applebee cups has been presented by the Athletic Association. The chess cup has been taken from the library and placed in a separate case in the collection.

In March an informal tea and exhibition was given for the Freshmen. Miss Robins spoke of the origin and object of the Trophy Club, and Dr. Scott, Miss Randolph, and Mrs. Andrews gave interesting talks about life in Merion Hall during the first years of the college.

M. B. N., 1905.

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THE ENGLISH CLUB.

THE English Club during the year 1904-1905 held its usual informal fortnightly meetings. A change made in the constitution of the club had raised the limit of membership from eight to nine. During nearly the whole of this year the membership was full, and there were besides at most of the meetings the graduate members:—Maud Temple, 1904; Edna Shearer, 1904, and frequently, Marjorie Canan, 1904. The club seemed therefore much larger than ever before. One formal meeting was held in January, at which, by great good fortune, Dean Briggs, of Harvard College, President of Radcliffe College, spoke to the students on John Donne. In the spring the club was entertained by Miss Helen Robins to meet Miss Agnes Repplier.

H. E. A., 1905.

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THE LAW CLUB.

AS no courses in Law were offered by the College for 1904-05, students of Political Economy were admitted to the Club, and the membership for the year has been about seventy.

The night before the Presidential elections a political mass meeting was held in the Chapel under the auspices of the Club. Speeches were made by members of the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition parties, and Theodore Roosevelt was elected President by secret ballot.

Throughout the winter private debates have been held each month, and public meetings have been addressed by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and Mr. Allen Hollis, of Concord, N. H.

M. T., 1905.

BRYN MAWR CLUB OF BOSTON.

IN April, 1904, two meetings were held in Boston for the purpose of forming a Bryn Mawr Club, and at a third meeting, in May, a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and officers elected for the year.

Temporary quarters in the Grundman Studios were taken in May, 1904. The club moved on October 1st to 665 Boylston Street. Tea was served from November to June on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month, and during the Christmas and Easter holidays the Club was visited by many of its undergraduate members.

On December 5 the Bryn Mawr Club was entertained at tea by the College Club.

A luncheon was held by the Club on February 18, by the courtesy of Miss Phillips, at 299 Berkeley Street. President Thomas was the guest of honour and the principal speaker.

The members of the Club co-operated with the Boston committee of the Alumnae Endowment Fund, and in April, 1905, Miss Phillips, the Chairman, announced that \$36,000 had been raised.

The Club has had a very successful year, with seventy-five resident and thirty-one non-resident members.

During 1905-1906 the Bryn Mawr Club will occupy rooms at the College Club House, 40 Commonwealth Avenue, where a study and a chamber with two beds have been rented. It is hoped to have a large number of new non-resident members, as these rooms should prove very convenient to members passing through Boston, or desiring to stay in town for a few days.

E. H. J., 1901.

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THE BRYN MAWR LEAGUE FOR THE SERVICE OF CHRIST.

IN reporting the work done by the League in the year 1904-05, mention should first be made of the four League classes. The class in the studies in the Christian Faith discussed during the year such topics as the Fatherhood of God, the Deity of Christ and the Atonement. The class in Social Problems in the Light of the Incarnation studied the existing conditions and reform movements in connection with problems of poverty and labour. Interesting mission study classes were led on the Evangelisation of the World in this Generation and on the Lives of Three Native Workers. The enrolment in these classes increased steadily throughout the year.

In the course of the year the League became affiliated with the World's Christian Student Federation, and so became able to take an active part in the Christian work of students throughout the world.

The Sunday afternoon meetings were well attended, and the membership showed an increase over the preceding year.

The League sends \$200.00 annually to Mr. Tonumura, a Japanese missionary, and in the year 1904-1905 an additional sum of \$35.00 was raised. We are led to believe that the League is filling a long-felt need in Bryn Mawr, and we hope that it may be of increasing service in the year to come.

M. M. R., 1907.

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THE ALUMNÆ ENDOWMENT FUND.

ON December 29, 1905, the Treasure reported \$39,595.15 in cash in the fund, and \$26,992.50 in outstanding promises. There is also a promise from the Baldwin Locomotive works of \$5,000 in every \$100,000 raised by the alumne, or a total of \$50,000 if the million dollar fund is completed by March, 1910. The money has been raised by local committees as follows:

Boston	\$49,792.00
New York	8,249.50
Hartford	2,255.00
Central New Jersey	400.00
Philadelphia	3,821.00
Scattering and interest on deposits.....	2,070.15
	<hr/>
	\$66,587.65
Philadelphia (conditional)	\$50,000.00

It is hoped that all the committees, especially those which have not yet been active, will join in a vigorous effort to increase the fund to \$100,000 as soon as possible, so that at the meeting of the Alumne Association in February, 1906, a plan may be considered for applying this amount at once to the endowment of a special chair.

The chairmen of the local committees are: Baltimore, Miss Juliet C. Baldwin; Boston, Miss Anna T. Phillips; Central New Jersey, Miss Evelyn L. Fisk; Chicago, Mrs. Morris L. Johnston; Denver, Miss Kate E. Williams; Dubuque, Miss Bessie G. Bissell; Hartford, Miss Marjorie Cheney; Indianapolis, Mrs. Frank N. Lewis; Madison, Wis., Mrs. Hobart S. Johnson; New Haven, Miss Clara H. Seymour; New York, Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany; Orange, N. J., Miss Mary M. Campbell; Philadelphia, Miss Marion Reilly; Germantown, Mrs. John MeA. Harris; Main Line Penna. R. R., Miss Edith T. Orlady; West Philadelphia, Miss Agnes M. Sinclair; Pittsburgh, Miss Mary A. Gleim; Pittsfield, Mass., Miss Elizabeth K. Plunkett; Portland, Ore., Miss Elizabeth Norcross; Providence, Miss Louise B. Congdon; Richmond, Ind., Mrs. Harry H. Weist; San Francisco, Miss Amy Sussman; St. Louis, Miss Lilia C. Dyer; Salt Lake City, Miss Kate Williams; Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. John Dey; Washington, D. C., Miss Edith Totten; Yonkers, N. Y., Miss Helen M. Saunders.

E. B. Kirkbride.

NOTICE.

(Inserted at the request of the College Woman's Club.)

THE College Woman's Club was organized in 1896 for the purpose of lending money without interest to poor girls who desire a college education. That the club may help, but not pauperise, it requires each student to return the money when she becomes self-supporting. Thus the same sum continues the good work, and every dollar that is given assists not only one, but many. Last year we had a beneficiary at the University of Pennsylvania, at Barnard College, at the University of Columbia, at Vassar College, and at the Cornell Medical. The Club is very anxious for girls in and out of college to know about the work, and have decided that the college magazine is the best way to reach them.

Florence A. Cugle.

134 W. Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

President—MARION REILLY.
Vice-President—HELEN SCHAEFFER.
Secretary—SARAH HILL.
Treasurer—FLORENCE HANINGTON.
Executive Committee—MARION REILLY.

HELEN SCHAEFFER.
 EDNA A. SHEARER.
 GERTRUDE WADDELL.
 GRACE M. FERNALD.

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PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—NATALIE FAIRBANK, 1905.
Vice-President and Treasurer—EDNA ASTON SHEARER, 1904.
Secretary—MARION HOUGHTON, 1906.

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

Officer elected in February, 1905.

President—ESTHER MARY WHITE, 1906.
Vice-President—HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, 1906.
Secretary—JACQUELINE PASCAL MORRIS, 1908.
Treasurer—GRACE HUTCHINS, 1907.
Chairman of Membership Committee—ESTHER WILLIAMS, 1907.
Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee—HARRIOT P. HOUGHTELING, 1907.
Chairman of Philanthropic Committee—VIRGINIA P. ROBINSON, 1906.
Chairman of Missionary Committee—MARGARET B. MORISON, 1907.
Chairman of Bible Study Committee—LOUISE MILLIGAN, 1908.
Chairman of Inter-collegiate Committee (pro tem.)—CORNELIA L. MEIGS, 1907.

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COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION CHAPTER.

Undergraduate Elector—MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON, 1907.
Vice-Elector and Treasurer—VIRGINIA P. ROBINSON, 1906.
Secretary—MARGARET THAYER, 1905.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—CARLA DENISON, 1905.

Vice-President and Treasurer—ESTHER WILLIAMS, 1907.

Secretary—ESTHER M. WHITE, 1906.

Indoor Manager—ELEANOR LOVELL LITTLE, 1905.

Outdoor Manager—JESSIE GERMAIN HEWITT, 1906.

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CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

Chairman—DORIS EARLE, 1903.

Undergraduate Members—NATHALIE FAIRBANK, 1905.

JESSIE GERMAIN HEWITT, 1906.

ELSIE BIGLOW, 1906.

LYDIA MOORE, 1905.

Graduate Members—MARION REILLY, 1900.

AMY MAUD HICKS.

MARGARET MORRISS.

Alumnæ Members—E. B. KIRKBRIDE, 1896.

GRACE ALBERT, 1897.

BERTHA M. LAWS, 1901.

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GLEE CLUB, 1904-5.

Conductor—MISS MARTHA C. BARRY.

Leader—HELEN PAYSON KEMPTON, 1905

Manager—LUCIA OSBORNE FORD, 1906.

Assistant Manager—GRACE STANLEY BROWNELL, 1907.

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THE TROPHY CLUB.

President—MARGARET BAXTER NICHOLS.

Secretary—ANNA E. C. MACCLANAHAN.

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ENGLISH CLUB

President—HOPE EMILY ALLEN, 1905.

EMILY LOUISE BLODGETT, 1905

GERTRUDE HARTMAN, 1905, (resigned in December!)

ELEANOR LODER, 1905
 ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE, 1905.
 MARGARET MILLAN WHITALL, 1905.
 ETHEL MARY BENNETT, 1905.
 FRANCES JOHNSON HUBBARD, 1905.
 GLADYS WINTHROP CHANDLER, 1906.
 HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND, 1906.

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THE LAW CLUB.

President—EUNICE M. SCHENCK, 1907.
Vice-President and Treasurer—ETHEL S. BULLOCK, 1906.
Secretary—GRACE S. BROWNELL, 1907.

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THE BRYN MAWR LEAGUE.

President—PHOEBE SINCLAIR CROSBY, 1906.
Secretary—MARGARET MORRIS REEVE, 1907.
Treasurer—CAROLINE ALEXANDER MCCOOK, 1908.

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ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

Directors.

President—ELIZABETH B. KIRKBRIDE, 1896.
Vice-President—MARTHA G. THOMAS, 1889.
Recording Secretary—ELIZABETH NIELDS BANCROFT, 1898.
Corresponding Secretary—ELEANOR O. BROWNELL, 1897.
Treasurer—JANE B. HAINES, 1891.

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ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman—MARION REILLY, 1900.
 ELIZABETH WINSOR PEARSON, 1892.
 ELIZABETH B. KIRKBRIDE, 1896 (Ex-Officio).
 MARY BIDWELL BREED, 1894.
 SUSAN FOWLER, 1895.
 PAULINE D. GOLDMARK, 1896.
 MARION E. PARKS, 1898.
 SUSAN B. FRANKLIN, 1889.

THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF NEW YORK.

- President*—J. O. LOOMIS, 1895.
Vice-President—G. E. HUBBARD, 1899.
Treasurer—L. B. LANGE, 1903.
Recording Secretary—A. H. DAY, 1902.
Chairman House Committee—M. F. HOYT, 1899
Chairman Admission Committee—M. M. CAMPBELL, 1897.

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THE BRYN MAWR CLUB OF BOSTON.

- President*—MRS. H. G. PEARSON, 1892.
Vice-President and Treasurer—K. T. COOK, 1896 (resigned July, 1904) and
 A. T. SHERWIN, 1903, elected.
Corresponding Secretary—E. DODGE, 1902, (resigned January, 1905) and
 J. BATES, 1901, elected.
Recording Secretary—E. H. JONES, 1901.
Director-at-Large—A. T. PHILLIPS, 1903.
Chairman of House Committee—R. WHITNEY, 1903.
Chairman of the Committee on Admissions—MRS. H. S. DENNISON, 1899.

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UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

- President*—JESSIE GERMAIN HEWITT, 1906.
Vice-President—MARGARET AVERY AUGUR, 1907.
Secretary—LELIA T. WOODRUFF, 1907.
Assistant Treasurer—MARTHA PLAISTED, 1908.

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STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Executive Board.

- President*—ISABEL ADAIRE LYNDE, 1905.
Vice-President—MARGUERITE B. ARMSTRONG, 1905.
 ANNA E. MACCLANAHAN, 1906.
 LUCIA O. FORD, 1906.
 MARION REILLY (resigned), Graduate Student.
 ELLEN D. ELLIS, Graduate Student (elected to fill vacancy).
Secretary—ELSIE BIGLOW, 1906.
Treasurer—FRANCES SIMPSON, 1906.

EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIPS, 1905-1906.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow—Emily Ledyard Shields.

Group: Greek and Mathematics.

Prepared by the High School, St. Louis. Holder of the Marla L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, 1904-05.

President's European Fellow—Edna Aston Shearer, Philadelphia, Pa.

A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1904. Junior Fellow in Philosophy, Bryn Mawr College, 1904-05.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow—Helen Elizabeth Schaeffer.

A.B., Dickinson College, 1903. Graduate Scholar in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1903-04.

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RESIDENT FELLOWSHIPS FOR THE YEAR 1905-1906.

Greek.

Mary Louise Cady.

A.B., Radcliffe College 1904; A.M., 1905; graduate scholar, Bryn Mawr College, 1904-05.

Latin.

Anna Martua Walker.

A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1895; A.M., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1901.

Mathematics.

Florence Hanington,

A.B., Trinity University, 1904. Graduate Scholar, Bryn Mawr College, 1904-05.

Physics.

Elizabeth Helen Lundie.

A.B., McGill University, 1903; M.Sc., 1904.

Chemistry.

Mary Violette Dover.

A.B., McGill University, 1898; M.Sc., 1900.

Biology.

Nadine Nowlin.

A.B. and A.M., University of Kansas, 1903.

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UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholar.

Laura F. Boyer, 1906.

Brooke Hall Memorial Scholar.

Helen M. Lowengrund, 1906.

Anna Powers Memorial Scholar.

Mary R. Norris, 1906.

Maria Hopper Scholars.

Martha Plaisted, 1908.

Louise E. Roberts, 1908.

Louise P. Smith, 1908.

James E. Rhoads Junior Scholar.

Emma Sweet, 1907.

James E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholar.

Mayone Lewis, 1908.

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GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS FOR 1905-1906.

Biology.

Amella Montgomery. A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1905.

Elizabeth B. O'Neill. A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1903.

English.

Hope E. Allen. A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1905.

Agnes E. Clark. A.M., Brown University.

Wilhelmina Gordon. A.M., Queen's College, Kinston, Ontario.

Emily Johnson. A.B., Penn College, Iowa.

Annie L. Townes. B.L., University of Texas.

Geology.

Eleanor F. Bliss. A.M., Bryn Mawr College, 1904.

Anna I. Jonas. A.M., Bryn Mawr College, 1905.

German.

Elizabeth E. Roberts, A.B.

History.

Mabel Davls. A.B., University of Toronto.

Economics.

Margaret G. Scott. A.M., Bryn Mawr College, 1905.

Latin.

Lida E. Popejoy. A.B., Illinois University.

Mathematics.

Louise D. Cummings. A.M., University of Toronto.

Psychology.

Grace M. Fernald. A.B., Mt. Holyoke College.

Sarah E. Rupp. A.B., Woman's College of Baltimore.

Romance Language.

Mary C. Burchinal. A.M., Washington College, Pa.

Semitics.

Maud Downing. A.B., University of Toronto.

Foundation Scholars.

Mary J. Hogue. A.B., Woman's College of Baltimore.

Susan L. Meredith. Ph.B., Penn College.

Margaret S. Morriss. A.B., Woman's College of Baltimore.

Earlham Scholar.

Maud L. Helm. A.B., Earlham College.

“LEVIOR PLECTRO.”

UT PRISCA GENS.

The unfinished bleakness of the Library skeleton has, to be sure, a charm of its own. The winter evening west has a trick of shining through the building back of the delicate outline of the Gothic window tracery with a magical red glow that has no legitimate existence outside of Scotland, and that brings back the days when one strummed *Over the Water to Charlie* instead of doing one's Czerny. To the sentimental undergraduate this conjunction of sunset with Library windows means an evening of scraps of verse and no studying, and she catches cold by standing still and repeating,

“the twilight of such day

As after sunset fadeth in the west.”

or with a quivering apprehension of things that even undergraduate sentimentality cannot put into words: “Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.” To that same young person the niches over the doorway have, too, some of the charm of

“the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.”

Doubtless, she has filled them already and written Latin inscriptions, and seen future generations of undergraduates getting a daily portion of courage from the keen lined faces she has chosen. And it is not unlikely, either, that she is occasionally hard-headed enough to contemplate with equanimity the opportunity for solitary confinement in the crises of January and May that come so hard on the sentimentally inclined. But the heart of the sentimentalist is inevitably elsewhere.

For it is not unlikely that she has invested Taylor with a *Bibliothekgeist*: a wraith of the vivid life of twenty years that has run to lectures and essay-boxes and read reserved books,—elusively suggesting the queer, delightful places to which books go when they are out over summer,—little German towns and pine-scented New England woods and cold, rocky sea-coasts with a noisy sea coming up twice a day; a shade of the people who have made our traditions and written our songs: “And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness,” and in the far end flunk-notes and despair. For the *Bibliothekgeist* is as opium to the soul of them that are as yet undergraduates, and its “golden-glory” quite hides the immediate future of quizzes and critical papers. Our sentimental friend is held captive to the queerer parts of the library—to the Greek and Latin books around D, to the Religion corner in the gallery of the reading room and—when she can

escape notice—to the outlandish adorable mysteries of the Mathematical Seminary. An unconsciously tragic figure may be seen wasting the hours due to Gym, and General English in idleness,—mooning over the backs of books—the Professor Hermann Sauppe books, vellum bound and delicately venerable (dear Professor Hermann Sauppe! He knew a book when he saw it. Ave atque Vale!). *Litteræ Obscurorum Hominum, Opera Lactantii, Opera Sancti Thomæ*. Nay more, with unread proofs and undone problems behind her she prowls round the Mathematical Seminary, denied to undergraduates, to wonder over Newton's *Principia*, or the forbidding looking *Acta Mathematica*, as an Israelite before the Veil. Of course, she pictures herself as a great scholar, knowing all the everyday things of scholarship, Cicero and Sophocles and the *Cambridge University Press Books*, but in particular, scraps of obscure wisdom, all the wonderful, out-of-the-way things of scholarship: "What songs the Syrens sang, and what names Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women." Altogether, this sort of undergraduate pretty thoroughly deserves to flunk her quizzes and critical papers—and she generally does.

And those books that have been unfashionable, that have known the appreciation of Burke's select minority only, these have their particular charm for the undoing of the sentimentalist in the initials scribbled on the book-cards—initials still blessedly few enough to be held on one card! For those books—all too few!—hold in concentration the charm of many women—the possibilities of many a future *Ballade of Dead Ladies*; springlike and sweet-smelling still, with the mysterious beauty of the hidden ways in which are dwelling our Lady Floras and Hipparchias and Thaisés, hidden away now

"With April's first born flowers and all things rare,"

and whimsically sad with the lilting melancholy of

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

For elsewhere in the world "there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool forever; seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten."

In the new order, will not the cards be more fugitive than ever?

"Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him."

Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, 1907.

A VALENTINE.

Love, if you were the rose,
 And if I were the rain,
 Then the world would suppose
 Love, if you were the rose,

That the clouds ne'er would close
 On their torrents again,
 Love, if you were the rose
 And if I were the rain.

Love, if you were the rain,
 And if I were the rose,
 For your kiss I'd be fain,
 Love, if you were the rain,
 But would clouds e'er again
 O'er the gay sunshine close,
 Love, if you were the rain,
 And if I were the rose?

Beatrice McGeorge, 1901.

MISTAH TEKKY BUZZARD.

Mistah Tekky Buzzard, I wish dat I
 wuz you,
 Youse de smartes' black man dat I evah
 knew,
 Sailin' long up yondah—don' even flop
 yo' wings—
 Whiist white folks down heah studyin'
 bout flyln' shlps an' tings.

You ain' pester no one, no one pester
 you,
 Dey know whut gwine happen ter 'em
 ef dey do;
 Dem dat bothers buzzards got good
 cause fer teahs,
 Bad luck gwimeter foller 'em, clean troo
 seben yeahs.

Mistah Tekky Buzzard, I wish I hed
 dem wings,
 I'd fly erway frum trubble, jes lak de
 Sammist sings;
 Ef you would len' 'em ter me, I would'n
 ax no dove
 Fer her po' leetle pinyuns ter bar me
 safe erbove.

You ole red head sannah, in dem mo'nin
 cloes,
 You puts me in mln' uv some folks dat
 I knows:
 Always fus ter git dar whin enybody
 died,
 Lookin' mighty monofui, mighty glad
 inside.

You fly mighty high, sah, but you gwine
 come down,
 Jes ez low ez enny when eatin' time
 come roun';
 Lak dese slick, black preachahs, whut
 talks so sublime,
 Scootin' out de pulpit long bout dinnah
 time.

Mistah Tekky Buzzard, I wish dat I
 wuz you,
 You don' nevvah sem ter hev nuthin'
 tall ter do,
 But eat whin you is hongry, an' drink
 whin you is dry,
 Floatin' long between times way up in
 de sky.

Mary Madison Lee, 1901.

TO WILLIAM IN HEAVEN.

My heart leaps up when I behold
Meringue on lemon pie.
So was it in my Freshman year
So is it now, folks call me queer.
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or I'll know why.
A pie is nicer than a man,
And I could wish my meals to be
Bound each to each by lemon piety.

Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, 1907.

TIFFANY & CO.

Diamond and Gem Merchants

Visitors To the New Building

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Fifth Avenue, New York

& 37th Street Formerly at Union Square

